

THE CALL FOR MILLIONS.

Millions for Dreadnoughts, nothing for poverty!
Millions for slavery, nothing for slaves!
To princeling exploiter, surrender earth's property—
Millions for nothing, to sink in the waves!

Halt not to reason why—yield up your treasures—
Reason would break the spell binding you fast:
Jingoists call for blood, offer hell's pleasures—
Give your life, give your all, give to the last.

Turn from the paths of peace, think of war's glory—
Widows and orphans to weep for the slain;
Ignorant feuds shall need bayonets gory—
Plutocrats urge it, your loss is their gain.

Millions for Dreadnoughts, nothing for poverty!
Millions for Moloch, for Jesus a cent!
Heed not a praying world—license its robbery—
In the whirlwind of nations find time to repent.

Ben Cosman.

LONGFELLOW ON WAR.

(A poem written after a visit to the arsenal at
Springfield.)

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.