

LETTER THE LAST

My Dear E.,—

These last few words upon our absorbing topic are being written as the greatest and most frightful carnival of carnage the world has ever seen, breaks upon us. A deluge of tears and blood, for the moment overwhelm the civilized world. A holocaust flares up in Europe that threatens to involve all the nations of the globe. Great food raising areas are being devastated. Under the plea of military necessity, nations are being robbed of their productive capacities. Devastation stalks red-handed and blights with a searing torch the patient upbuilding of countless workers. Already a rise in the price of farm products is noticeable, and economists are busy forecasting gloomily a dearth of the very staff of life. They raise their voices in dolorous acclaim, demanding all sorts of devices for the stimulation of productive activity, as usual, politely ignoring the problem of distribution.

Let us not be swayed by any appeal to sentiment, for well we know these sentimentalists and their cheap jargon. Never think that the hearts of our masters have been touched for any measure of pity for those who must suffer the frightful consequences of famine. Those who did not hesitate to unchain the dogs of war, will not falter at the suffering of others. The fear that besets Conservative and Liberal alike lies in a very different channel. The secret of the masters wealth is to be found in their ability in getting as much as possible from the workers in return for as little as possible, and their chief anxiety (so far as the farm slave is concerned) is to make sure that there shall be no scarcity of farm products in this country. For observe, if such a calamity should come to pass the laws of the market controlling price would compel them to pay the farm slave handsomely therefor, in accordance with the scarcity of grain and live stock. A most monstrous thing, and not to be thought