

The Gospel of the Jungle

By Jerome K. Jerome.

FOR five years—and a bit before that—the guides and rulers of the people have been preaching Hate, Greed and Violence as the three cardinal virtues. And now they are shocked and grieved that their curses are coming home to roost. For five years — and bit before that—our pulpits and our Press have proclaimed to the people the gospel of the jungle. Our advertisement hoardings have screamed their Hymn of Hate. Our poets and our popular writers, our journalists and politicians, our teachers and our talkers, have glorified Force and Selfishness as the only means of progress. Every decent instinct of humanity has been held up to contempt and ridicule. Christ has been tricked up in the robes of Caesar, and a fifteen-inch gun placed before God's altar in St. Paul's Cathedral as a symbol of our new religion. Mr. Winston Churchill's posters still proclaim the joyous delights of war. The pamphlets of the Ministry of "Reconstruction" paint Peace and Reason as mere idle hypocrites, and seek to impress upon the people that the will to warfare is the only test of man's virtue, his only possible road to success. And now the whole chorus of our classes is in terror lest the workers should apply the lesson to their own desires. It can not be done, my Lords, ladies, and gentlemen. You can not deny Christ to suit your own purposes of yesterday, and today seek to protect your own interests behind the Sermon on the Mount. For five years—and a bit before that—you have filled the people's hearts with hatred. It was to be directed by you, for your own unholy aims. You are finding that you can not set fire to passion and be sure of controlling the conflagration. For five years you have fanned the flames of hatred. And, now that there is a danger of the fire coming your way, you are awakening to the advantages of brotherly love.

The ruling classes are hot against class warfare. Because class warfare brings war to their own doors. They can no longer, sitting in security, direct its course and reap its spoils. All war is civil war: man against his brother man; against his sister and his sister's child, his blood relations. Does humanity, at the command of a Kaiser, stop at the Vosges? Are the children of Adam bounded by the right bank or the left bank of a stream? Is Mother Nature, like some spell imprisoned princess in a fairy tale, caged by the dotted lines upon our Lilliputian atlases? Did God make all men in his own image for diplomatists and newspapers to deny their common likeness? Hum, Bolshevik, unspeakable Turk—friend of yesterday, foe of today. Has he not eyes, has he not hands? Is he not fed with the same food, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, shall he not revenge? At the beginning of the

war, in an American newspaper, I came across a cartoon that deserves to be remembered. It represented the Beast of War, vomiting murder and destruction. A monster with senseless eyes and cruel jaws. And in a corner of the picture was the trembling, tiny, figure of the German Emperor. "I am giving you the run of your life," was stammering the little emperor, addressing the monster he had helped to loosen. "But remember, you have got to be back in your cage before the leaves fall." Five years ago, the old men who ruled Europe (History will apportion their guilt when she has the whole truth before her) let loose the Beast of Blood. For five years they have hounded him on with their shrieks of hate and vengeance. The little German Kaiser he has swallowed up. It was a dainty morsel. And others of his patrons that fed him and caressed him; patted with their little hands his scaly head. And he is not back yet in his kennel. There is more yet that he will devour before he sinks again into gorged slumber, and the poison from his nostrils has died out of the people's heart.

Clippings From the Press

Suggestion Made to State Council That Peace Offer Be Made to Foes

(From Vancouver "Sun")

LONDON, Oct. 23.—A Bolshevik wireless message from Moscow says the Soviet Parliament will convene, December 1.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Michael I. Terestchenko, former minister of foreign affairs of Russia, who fled to Sweden from his native country in 1918, has proposed to the State Council at Moscow that a peace offer be made to the enemies of Russia, according to a despatch received here from Berlin.

SEATTLE I. L. A. TO STOP GUN RUNNING

Seattle longshoremen are seeking an injunction to restrain American Manufacturers of Munitions from shipping such material to Kolchak, whom they cite as "not even the head of a de-facto government, and a filibuster against the law and peace of nations." They are soliciting funds to make a test case having obtained credentials from the Seattle General Labor Council for this purpose.

SIBERIA

Lieut-Colonel J. W. Warden, who returned recently after an extended stay in Siberia and China, spoke before the domestic and foreign trade bureau of the Board of Trade Thursday, upon the trade possibilities of China and Siberia.

During his remarks he stated Japan hoped to dominate Siberia. That country now had officially 40,000 soldiers in the country. But unofficially there were 600,000 Japanese soldiers there. In addition there were a vast number of soldiers along the Manchurian border.

In answer to a query, Colonel Warden said there was as yet no evidence of a stable government in Siberia. He

Dusty Dan

(From Glasgow "Socialist")

"THAT American bloke says that th' export of coal is 20 million tons short a month, er sumthing. Did yer see that?" remarked Dusty the other night.

"Yes, I saw it," said someone.

"Yuss," goes on Dusty after a deep guzzle and splutter, "yuss, mate, an' 'e begs the miners tew work extra 'ard to save the bloomin' world from collapse. And in the next column the capitalists is refusing a twopenny rise in wages to stop a strike, aint it? What's that mean? Why, that the capitalists won't give twopenny to save the bloomin' world from collapse and total eclipse, but keep all on imploring the workers to dew it with sweat an' cheap labor. You've saved the world once, yer noble fellers, they say, by killing the Germans; save it again by slavery, 'ard and glorious slavery! Work 'ard! down the coal mines, my dear fellers, they says, so that we may enjoy warming our 'ands at a comfortable profit! You fought the Germans practically for nothing, an' yer don't think we is such fools tew pay yer for digging up coal, do yer? That's the tune they keep all on singing. Wot's the sense o' keepin' up the everlastin' jaw about the coal crisis, when in reality it's only a question o' money. Capitalists won't let go a penny o' their profits unless they is forced tew by law: an' 'oo makes the law? Why the Capitalists theirselves. And so it goes round in the same circle. They feed the workers on a mass o' everlastin' daily lies through their newspapers, a-tellin' about the necessity and terrible shortage an' all the rest of it, while all the bloomin' time they is creating these theirselves by point-blank refusing to let go their wealth, privileges, position of Boss, an' all that. They're a pack of liars. Humbugs, swindlers, doos, cheats, hypocrites, blood-suckers, profiteering bone-crushers! Liars, mate, that's wot they are. It aint a joke, it's a cool fact. Well, if it's a fact, 'ow is it the working class don't see it tew a man, and up an' stop it? How is it they don't see it, I says. Why, because o' the Rich Man's newspapers an' printing machines: that's wot does it. Why look 'ere, the pages o' stuff they print day an' night all on their own side is mil-

did not think the Kolchak government would survive. That general was surrounded by administrators who were "frightful crooks," he said.

—Vancouver Sun, Oct. 24.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

The loss of £100,000,000 in one year's operation of the railways in Great Britain by the Government is now shown to be a ludicrous myth. Sir Eric Geddes figures are challenged. It was shown that the transportation of soldiers and military materials, etc., were never placed to the credit of the railways. Sir Leo Chiozza Money, the statistician, declares that the Government really made a profit of £59,000,000.

lions an' millions. The population is absolutely stuffed up, covered over, bunged up with the capitalist hypocritical lies an' 'umbug, and wrong way of putting things. They show the crowd everything through their own green spectacles. They show yer every problem an' hargument from th' wrong side, their side. If you compare the printing machines in our hands to th' printing machines in their hands, why it's like the voice of a little tiny child a-shouting out against the chorus of fifty thousand roaring giants. An' wots more they knows the himportance of print these here Capitalists do; if we print a pamphlet they don't like because it talks a bit too clear about their downright swindling, what do they dew? Why they comes in an' walks off our printing presses, don't they, I know they does. They knows the value o' print, I tells yer: it's more to them than the whole o' the British army. Incourse it are, fer if it wasn't fer the Newspapers o' conservatives lies, the whole o' the army would be against them. Who's that bloke over there?"

"That's a Labor M.P.," replied someone at once.

Dusty shoved his fingers in his mouth and issued an awful whistle. Talking ceased everywhere for a moment, and angry faces turned towards the corner.

"Come over 'ere, Guv'nor! I've got sumthing ter tell yer!" shouted Dusty.

The M.P. and little group of Labor Aristocrats looked at each other; but they came across slowly.

"I've got sumthing tew tell yer, gents," said Dusty.

"What is it?"

"Wot is it, why this, you know all the jabber wot goes on about Direct Action; sort o' 'arf an' 'arf threats from the Triple Alliance o' Labor to the Capitalist Government; where Labor keeps all on sort o' shaking its fist an' saying, you be careful or I'll do sumthing: an' never does nothing, because they are afraid they ain't got enough o' the crowd behind 'em. Wot yer ought ter do with yer Direct Action is simply this. A General Strike against Capitalist Newspapers! Smash th' Yellow press by a direct demand. Say, 'stop them lies!' General strike it, force it: Stop them lies! We've 'ad enough of them! Stop them newspapers, Mr. Humbugging, Swindling Capitalist, or we shall walk in an' take yer printing presses, like yer do tew us. A resolution an' a General Strike could silence 'em: that ain't bloodshed, it's only a fair request. Force it with Direct Action, I tell yer. It'd dew more for Russia than all yer jaw about withdrawing troops. Stop the capitalist lying-machine and the population would see things fair an' square for the first time fer a couple o' hundred years. Smash the Yellow Press by a General Strike! There yer are, that's all I'm goin' tew say!" And he dismissed them with a wave of the arm.

H. C. S. C.