

to regulate the lives of Jewish children) from their natural leaders in home, church and school, to institutionalized "centers" and scientific "play spots," under "trained leaders" whose whole effect, consciously or unconsciously, is to lead the modern child to look to the State, instead of its natural environment, for leadership. All this focuses up to the World Plan for the subjugation of the Gentiles, and if it is not the Jewish World Plan it would be interesting to know why the material for it is so largely Gentile children and the leaders of it so often of the Jewish race.

Jewish liberties are the best safeguarded in the United States. Gentiles take their chance with public matters, but every Jewish community is surrounded by special protectors who gain special recognition by various devices—political and business threats not the least of them. No public spirited Gentiles are welcomed to the task of regulating the lives of Gentile children. The Jewish community in every city is all-sufficient in itself as far as such activities go. The most secret of all parochial schools are the Jewish schools, whose very locations are not all known to the officials of large cities. The Jew is almost anxious in his efforts to mold the Gentile mind; he insists on being permitted to tell the Gentile what to think, especially about the Jew; he is not averse to influencing general Gentile thought in a manner which, though it come about by wide circles, works ultimately into the Jewish scheme of things. The anxiety and the insistence, so well known to all who have observed them, are only reflections of the Jew's conviction that he is the superior race and is capable of directing the inferior race—of which there is but one, including the whole non-Jewish world.

Every influence that leads to lightness and looseness in Gentile youth today heads up in a Jewish source. Did the young people of the world devise the "sport clothes" which have had so deleterious an effect on the youth of the times that every publicist has thought it worthy of mention? Those styles come out of Jewish clothing concerns, where certainly art is not the rule nor moral influence the main consideration. The moving picture is an interesting development of photography allied with the show business, but whose is the responsibility for its development along such lines as make it a menace to the minds of millions—so serious a menace that it has not escaped observation and condemnation everywhere? Who are the masters of musical jazz in the world? Who direct all the cheap jewelry houses, the bridge-head show parks, the "coney islands," the centers of nervous thrills and looseness? It is possible to take the showy young man and woman of trivial outlook and loose sense of responsibility, and tag them outwardly and inwardly, from their clothing and ornaments to their hectic ideas and hopes, with the same tag, "Made, introduced and exploited by a Jew."

There is, therefore, something most sinister in the light which events cast upon that paragraph:

"We have misled, stupefied, and demoralized the youth of the Gentiles by means of education in principles and theories, patently false to us, but which we have inspired."

"Principles and theories" do not necessarily imply lofty or even modest intellectual qualities. The youngster who spends his noon hours and evenings at the movies is getting his "principles and theories," just as the more intellectual youngster from a higher grade of society who listens to a Jewish "liberal" expound "sex liberty" and the "control of population" is getting his. The looseness which inheres in these "principles

and theories" does not emanate from the Gentile home, or the Gentile church, or from any line of money-making which is filled principally with Gentiles, but from theories, movements and lines of money-making mostly fancied by Jews. This line of accusation could be run much deeper, but it is preferred to restrict it to what is observable by decent eyes everywhere.

And that "the youth of the Gentiles" are the principal victims, and not the youth of the Jews, is also observable. While a certain percentage of Jewish youth itself is overcome by this social poison, the percentage is almost nothing when compared with the results among the youth of the Gentiles. It is a significant fact that Jews who link this process of enervation of Gentiles with large profits are not themselves, nor are their sons and daughters, the victims of this enervation. Jewish youth comes through more proudly and more cleanly than the mass of Gentile youth.

Many a father and mother, many a sound-minded, uncorrupted young person, and thousands of teachers and publicists have cried out against *luxury*. Many a financier, observing the manner in which the people earned and flung away their money, has warned against *luxury*. Many an economist, knowing that the nonessential industries were consuming men and materials that were necessary to the stabilizing of essential industries; knowing that men are making knick-knacks who should be making steel; knowing that men are engaged in making gew-gaws who should be working on the farm; that materials are going into articles that are made only to *sell* and never to *use*, and that materials are thus diverted from the industries that support the people's life—every observer knowing this crazy insistence on luxurious nonessentials has lifted up a strong voice against it.

But, according to these Protocols, we have been starting at the wrong end. The people, it is true, buy these senseless *nonessentials* which are called *luxuries*. But the people do not devise them. And the people grow tired of them one by one. But the stream of varieties continues—always something else being thrust at the people, dangled before their eyes, set bobbing down the avenue on enough manikins to give the impression that it is the "style"; newspaper print and newspaper pictures; movie pictures; stage costumes enough to force the new thing into "fashion" with a kind of force and compulsion which no really worthy essential thing can command.

Where does it come from? What power exists whose long experience and deliberate intent enable it to frivolize the people's minds and tastes and compel them to pay most of their money for it too? Why this spasm of luxury and extravagance through which we have just passed? How did it occur that before luxury and extravagance were apparent, all the material to provoke and inflame them had been prepared beforehand and shipped beforehand, ready for the stampede which also had been prepared?

If the people of the United States would stop to consider, when the useless and expensive thing is offered them—if they would trace its origin, trace the course of the enormous profits made out of it, trace the whole movement to flood the market with uselessness and extravagance and thus demoralize the Gentile public financially, intellectually and socially—if, in short, it could be made clear to them that Jewish financial interests are not only pandering to the loosest elements in human nature, but actually engaged in a calculated effort to render them loose in the first place and keep them loose—it would do more than anything else to stop this sixfold waste—the waste of material, the waste of labor, the waste of Gentile money, the waste of Gentile mind, the waste of Jewish talent, and

the worse than waste of Israel's real usefulness to the world.

We say the *Gentile public* is the victim of this stimulated trade in useless luxuries. Did you ever see Jewish people so victimized? They might wear very noticeable clothing, but its price and its quality agree. They might wear rather large diamonds, but they are diamonds. The Jew is not the victim of the Jew, the craze for luxuries is just like the "coney island" crowd to him; he knows what attracts them and the worthlessness of it.

And it is not so much the financial loss that is to be mourned, nor yet the atrocities committed upon good taste, but the fact that the silly Gentile crowds walk into the net willingly, even gaily, supposing the change of the fashion to be as inevitable as the coming of spring, supposing the new demand on their earnings to be as necessary and as natural as taxes. The crowds think that somehow they have part in it, when their only part is to pay, and then pay again for the new extravagance when the present one palls. There are men in this country who know two years ahead what the frivolities and extravagances of the people will be, because they decree what they shall be. These things are all strictly business, demoralizing to the Gentile majority, enriching to the Jewish minority.

Look at the Sixth Protocol for a sidelight on all this:

This is an excerpt from a longer passage dealing with the plans by which the people's interest could be swung from political to industrial questions, how industry could be made insecure and unfair by the introduction of speculation into its management, and finally how against this condition the people could be rendered restless and helpless. Luxury was to be the instrument:

"To destroy Gentile industry, we shall, as an incentive to this speculation, encourage among the Gentiles a strong demand for luxuries—all enticing luxuries."

And in the First Protocol:

"Surely we cannot allow our own people to come to this. The people of the Gentiles are stupefied with spirituous liquors . . ."

—incidentally, the profits of spirituous liquors going in large amounts to Jewish pockets. The history of the whisky ring in this country will show this. Historically, the whole prohibition movement may be described as a contest between Gentile and Jewish capital, and in this instance, thanks to the Gentile majority, the Gentiles won.

The amusement, gambling, jazz song, scarlet fiction, side show, cheap-dear fashions, flashy jewelry, and every other activity that lived by reason of an invisible pressure upon the people, and that exchanged the most useless of commodities for the prices that would just exhaust the people's money surplus and no more—every such activity has been under the mastery of Jews.

They may not be conscious of their participation in any wholesale demoralization of the people. They may only be conscious of "easy money." They may sometimes yield to surprise as they contrast the silly Gentiles with their own money-wise and fabric-wise and metal-wise Jews. But however this may be, there is the conception of a program by which a people may be deliberately devastated materially and spiritually, and yet kept pleasant all the time—and there also is the same program translated into terms of daily transactions and for the most part, perhaps altogether under control of the members of one race.

SOON after the Civil War began a ragged, sallow-faced fellow went to Chicago and confronted George F. Root, the famous musician who wrote "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and other thrilling songs. The near-invalid drew a manuscript from his pocket and handed it to the composer who first glanced at it and then became deeply interested.

"Did you write the words," the professional asked, "and do the tune too?"

"Yes," the caller feebly admitted.

The man was Henry C. Work, a sickly printer, and the manuscript was "Kingdom Coming." Root then and there predicted a great future for the song; and his prophecy proved true. The Chicagoan could see that the ghostlike individual had genuine talent; so he encouraged him to keep his pen active.

The kind advice was not lost. A few years later Sherman began his wonderful sweep through the South to Atlanta where he wheeled his army about and went on to the sea. This heroic movement, this dash into the enemy's domain and definite breaking away from the commander-in-chief, gripped the emotions of Work and caused him to seek some way of expressing himself. He picked up his pen and wrote the soul-stirring production of "Marching Through Georgia."

Some biographers say that through all the years of his boyhood and manhood Work had retained a most vivid impression of a fateful moment in the life of his father, and that this episode furnished much of the background for the song. Henry was nine years old when in Missouri he and his father met some fugitive slaves who asked where they could find a free state. Alanson Work told them how to proceed; he not only did this but he also gave them money. Shortly after-

ward he was arrested and subsequently sentenced to spend twelve years of his life at hard labor within prison walls. He served about a third of this time before he was pardoned on the condition that he would go back to his native state of Connecticut.

Root declared that the song was more frequently used during the war than any other that sprang out of it. He attributed this fact not to the excellence of the lyric nor the music but to its general retrospective quality. "Other war songs, like the 'Battle Cry of Freedom,'" he said, "were for exciting a patriotic feeling on going into the war or into battle, whereas 'Marching Through Georgia' is a glorious remembrance on coming triumphantly out."

General Sherman liked the tune and the words that commemorated the movement that practically ended the war; that is, he liked the melody until his ears had been so thoroughly assailed by it that he became virtually fonder upon it. Like "Mary's Little Lamb," it followed him wherever he went. His worst ordeal happened in Boston in 1890 at a national encampment of the veterans when a hundred drum-fife corps with two hundred and fifty bands passed in review before him. During seven hours the strains of "Marching

Through Georgia" never ended. Finally the old general used some strong language and vowed he never would attend another encampment unless the bands agreed to leave the song off the musical menu. Half a year afterward it was played at his funeral.

"Wherever I go, not only in my own country but in Europe," Sherman once expostulated, "the song pursues me. On one occasion, arriving at a Dublin hotel in a driving rain, I was congratulating myself that the weather was such as to preclude the possibility of the

usual serenade. Drawing forth my writing materials, I addressed myself to my long-neglected correspondence. "Scarcely had I gotten under way, however, when the strains of that infernal tune smote upon my ear. I sprang up and, hustling into my uniform, stepped out upon the veranda.

"In the distance a band was approaching, followed by a number of men with guns on their shoulders. I advanced to the railing and prepared for the pending ovation, but without a pause or even a glance toward the spot where I stood they went on 'Marching Through Georgia.' It was a gunning club, so some one told me afterward, going to a certain place to shoot at a target."

Work was born in Connecticut, in 1832. Though apprenticed to a printer, the ambitious boy used his spare moments in studying harmony. He achieved his first successes during the Civil War. He wrote seventy-five songs, but "Marching Through Georgia" towers above them all. His entire fortune was lost in a fruit-growing venture in New Jersey. The Chicago fire of 1871 swallowed up his savings at that time. His children died and his wife had to be taken to an asylum for the insane. He himself wandered from place to place, a broken man with no heart to write songs again.

Stories of Old Home Songs

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

Marching Through Georgia