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AN ARRAIGNMENT OF GERMANY

By Rudyard Kipling.

THE German has spent quite as much energy in the last forty-five years preparing for war as we have in convincing ourselves that wars should not be prepared for. He has started this war with a magnificent equipment which took him time and heavy taxation to get together. That equipment we have had to face for the last ten months. The Germans went into this war with a mind which had been carefully trained out of the idea of every moral sense or obligation—private, public or international. He does not recognize the existence of any law, least of all those he has subscribed to himself, in making war against combatants or non-combatants, men, women and children.

He has done from his own point of view very well indeed. All mankind bears witness today that there is no crime, no cruelty, no abomination that the mind of man can conceive which the German has not perpetrated, is not perpetrating, and will not perpetrate if he is allowed to go on. These horrors and perversions were not invented by him on the spur of the moment. They were arranged beforehand—the outlines are laid down in the German war-book.

They are part of the system in which Germany has been scientifically trained. It is the essence of that system to make such a hell of the countries where her armies set foot that any terms she may offer will seem like Heaven to the people whose bodies she has defiled and whose minds she has broken of set purpose and intention.

In the face of these facts it is folly for any fit man to waste one minute in talking about what he would do if our system of recruiting were changed, or to wait on, as some men are waiting, in the hope of compulsion being introduced. We shall not be saved by argument. We shall most certainly not be saved by hanging on to our private jobs and businesses. Our own strength and our own will alone can save us. If these fail, the alternative for us is robbery, rape of the women, starvation, as a prelude to slavery. Nor need we expect any miracle to save us. So long as an unbroken Germany exists, so long will life on this planet be intolerable not only for us and for our Allies, but for all humanity, and humanity knows it. At present six European nations are bearing the burden of the war. There is a fringe of shivering neutrals almost under the German guns who look out of their front doors and see, as they were meant to see, what has been done to Belgium, the German-guaranteed neutral.

But however the world pretends to divide itself, there are only two divisions in the world today—human beings and Germans. And the German knows it. Human beings have long ago sickened of him and everything connected with him, of all he does, says, thinks, or believes. From the ends of the earth to the ends of the earth they desire nothing more greatly than that

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this unclean thing should be thrust out from the membership and the memory of the nations.

The German's answer to the world's loathing is: "I am strong. I kill. I shall go on killing by all means in my power till I have imposed my will on all human beings." He gives no choice. He leaves no middle way. He has reduced civilization and all that civilization means to the simple question of kill or be killed. Up to the present, as far as we can find out, Germany has suffered some three million casualties. She can suffer another three million, and, for aught we know, another three million after that. We have no reason to believe that she will break up suddenly and dramatically as a few people still expect. Why should she?

She took two generations to prepare herself in every detail and through every fibre of her national being for this war. She is playing for the highest stakes in the world—the dominion of the world. It seems to me that she must either win or bleed to death almost where her lines run today. Therefore we and our Allies must continue to pass our children through fire to Moloch until Moloch perish. This, as I see it, is where we stand and we're Germany stands.

Turn your mind for a moment to the idea of a conquering Germany. You need not go far to see what it would mean to us. In Belgium at this hour several million Belgians are making war material or fortifications for their conquerors. They are given enough food to support life as the German thinks it should be supported.

By the way, I believe the United States of America supplies a large part of that food. In return, they are compelled to work at the point of the bayonet. If they object, they are shot. Their factories, their houses, and their public buildings have long ago been gutted, and everything in them that was valuable or useful has been packed up and sent into Germany. They have no more property and no more rights than cattle; and they cannot lift a hand to protect the honor of their women. And less than a year ago they were one of the most civilized and prosperous of the nations of the earth. There has been nothing like the horror of their fate in all history, and this system is in full working order within fifty miles of the English coast.

Where I live I can hear the guns that are trying to extend it. The same system exists in such parts of France and Poland as are in German hands. But whatever has been dealt out to Belgium, France and Poland will be England's fate tenfold if we fail to subdue the Germans. That we shall be broken, plundered, robbed and enslaved like Belgium will be but the first part of the matter. There are special reasons in the German mind why we should be morally and mentally shamed and dishonored beyond any other people—why we should be degraded till those who survive may securely dare to look each other in the face. Be perfectly sure, therefore, that if Germany is victorious every refinement of outrage which is within the compass of the German imagination will be inflicted on us in every aspect of our lives.

Over and above this, no pledge we can offer, no guarantee we can give, will be accepted by Germany as binding. She has broken her own most solemn oaths, pledges and obligations, and by the very fact of her existence she is bound to trust nothing and to recognize nothing except immediate superior force, backed by illimitable cruelty.

So you see, there are no terms possible. Realize, too, if the Allies are beaten, there will be no spot on the globe where a soul can escape from the domination of this enemy of mankind. There has been childish talk that the Western Hemisphere would offer a refuge from oppression. Put that thought from your mind. If the Allies were defeated, Germany would not need

to send a single battleship over the Atlantic. She would issue an order and it would be obeyed. Civilization would be bankrupt and the western world would be taken over with the rest of the wreckage by Germany the receiver. So, you see, there is no retreat possible. There are no terms and no retreat in this war. It must go forward, and with those men of England who are eligible for service, but who have not yet offered themselves, the decision of the war rests.

A WOMAN, A DOG AND A WALNUT TREE

By Pat O'Cotter, Seward, Alaska.

This land is the Orphan Kiddie
Of the group with their stars in the Flag,
And she's looked on back home as an alien
Where her treatment makes honest man gag.
She's treated the same as the harlot
Who barter her body for pelf
And carries it home to her master,
And is told to look after herself.

Of course we're an orphan adopted,
When cast off by the great Russian Bear
And our lot's been the lot of an orphan,
And we've had a stage orphan's care.
Our coal land was grabbed by our Uncle,
Our copper and furs by the Jews,
While another gang robbed all the salmon
And corrupted our natives with booze.

Our Uncle took all of our townsites,
Each harbor's a naval reserve,
And the water that runs down the hillsides
Has been grabbed by statesmen with nerve,
Our gold goes to pay off Sam's taxes
Till there's damned little left here, you bet,
And after the gang get their rake-off,
Pray, what does the poor orphan get?

Sam gave us an army commission
And told it to build us a trail,
But all that he gave was permission,
Sam didn't come through with the "kale."
Now a trail in Alaska costs money,
And when Dick tries to get a bill through,
Some jackass from Maine reads his figures
And "moves the amount cut in two."

Our Uncle Sam owns all the cables,
And the prices he gets are a sin.
It costs more for a word to Seattle
Than it does from Salt Lake to Berlin.
Our coast lines are rugged and broken,
A menace to each ship that sails,
Yet Sam has no money for coast lights,
They get the same treatment as trails.

And Alaska is some husky orphan,
We could reach from the Gulf to B. C.
We could stand with one foot in Kansas
While the other was washed by the sea.
Yet we've only one voice there in Congress,
And that one's bereft of a vote,
And has to get some one's permission
Ere he loose the protest from his throat.

Sam gave us a group legislative
But barred them the making of laws;
They could only "memorialize Congress"
And give it the reasons and cause.
The cry of the world is for Home Rule,
Yet imported fools crowd our bench,
And some of their mining decisions
Send up to high Heaven, their stench.

You made us quit gambling—that's all right,
But one thing that nobody knows
Is why Sam let a bone-head from Georgia
Hang the crepe on our own picture shows.