

AGITATORS IN ARMY QUIETED BY FRANCE; TROUBLE NOW ENDED

Government Uses Drastic Measures Against Those Who Incited Mutiny.

SOLDIERS SOUGHT RELEASE

Many Objected to Year of Additional Service After Enlistment Period Had Expired.

Paris—The government's last drastic measures against the agitators who caused the recent mutinies among soldiers in various parts of the country as a protest against the three years' military service, and the knowledge that M. Clemenceau is one of the strongest men in France today, is ready to come to the assistance of the president, have entirely taken the wind out of the sails of the hotheads of the General Confederation of Labor, and no more troubles are anticipated.

Everybody here knows the French soldiers to be patriotic and eager to sacrifice everything for the sake of their country, so it would be as absurd to identify the recent disturbances in the French army with the antimilitarist movement as to identify the recent strike of the workmen in the Champagne vineyards with the temperance movement.

The workmen of Champagne were not interested in temperance theories—very much the reverse—but they did want shorter hours and more pay. Similarly it is safe to reckon that the vast majority of the young men who have got themselves into trouble with the military authorities were not interested in antimilitarist theories and accepted military service as a more or less unpleasant necessity, but they do not want to be kept a third year in barracks just as the normal moment of release, upon which they had so long been reckoning, arrived.

The whole situation can only be understood in the light of the history of revolutionary syndicalism, from which the antimilitarist movement is a natural offshoot.

It was not long before the General Confederation of Labor discovered that society possessed in the army an unanswerable reply to all its attempts to overturn the state.

Its only hope was to gain the army to its side, and that could only be accomplished by working on the young conscript. The Catholics had already formed associations with the purpose of keeping the young soldier in touch with his religion and making his life more easy and more interesting for him.

The leaders of revolutionary syndicalism decided to follow the example of the Catholics, and they formed the institution called the *Sou du Soldat*, which was kept alive by subscriptions from the various syndicates. When any member of a syndicate was called to the colors he would receive from the *Sou du Soldat* a postal order for \$1 and a letter begging him not to fire on his fellows of the "oppressed" proletariat if he was called out on strike duty.

Throughout his military service this institution tried to keep in touch with him by sending occasionally a postal order and far more often a more or less revolutionary or antimilitarist tract.

All this revolutionary propaganda produced only one practical result, the mutiny of the Seventeenth regiment during the wine riots in the south, and this mutiny was due to an entirely special cause. How hopelessly revolutionary syndicalism had failed to touch the army was shown during the railway strike. M. Briand mobilized the railway men and practically every striker, as soon as he became a soldier, forgot his grievances.

The truth is that revolutionary syndicalism, as at present constituted, can never do more than carry on a guerrilla warfare against society. It can no more overthrow the present order than the wandering tribes of the Sahara can hope to overthrow French rule at Fez. Where discontent exists it can exploit it and give it an organization, but it cannot produce a general movement throughout the working classes.

It is the irony of fate that so long as the General Confederation of Labor seemed to be a power in the land it could find no discontent in the army ready to its hand. Now that it is discredited the international situation has given it an opportunity that a few years ago would have seriously complicated matters, though there can be little doubt that the national spirit of the people would have come victoriously through the crisis.

Wasting Wealth.

From the Mexican Herald. "Mexico," says a northern contemporary, "which a little over two years ago was a prosperous and progressive country, now seems to be possessed by the very demon of destructiveness. The waste of wealth down there must be prodigious. It will require many years of patient labor, aided by foreign capital, to make good the great losses."

The worst of it is that the statement quoted above is true, and that the destruction of property is going on with a free hand. It all reminds the student of Mexican history of the great devastation wrought during the war of Mexican independence, when in extensive districts, haciendas and ranches were ruthlessly pillaged and long remained uncultivated. A loss was inflicted on the country which required years to repair.

At the present time not only is rural property greatly suffering, but railway communication is interrupted and internal trade checked to the great detriment of all interests. Banking, manufacturing and commerce are badly injured and the government sustains a large loss of revenue. It is no exaggeration to say that the wealth so plentifully accumulated in the 19 years preceding the Madero revolution has been swept away. And all this in the name of patriotism!

A Comparison.

"So you were one of the workers who appeared in the big spectacular event to promote the cause?"

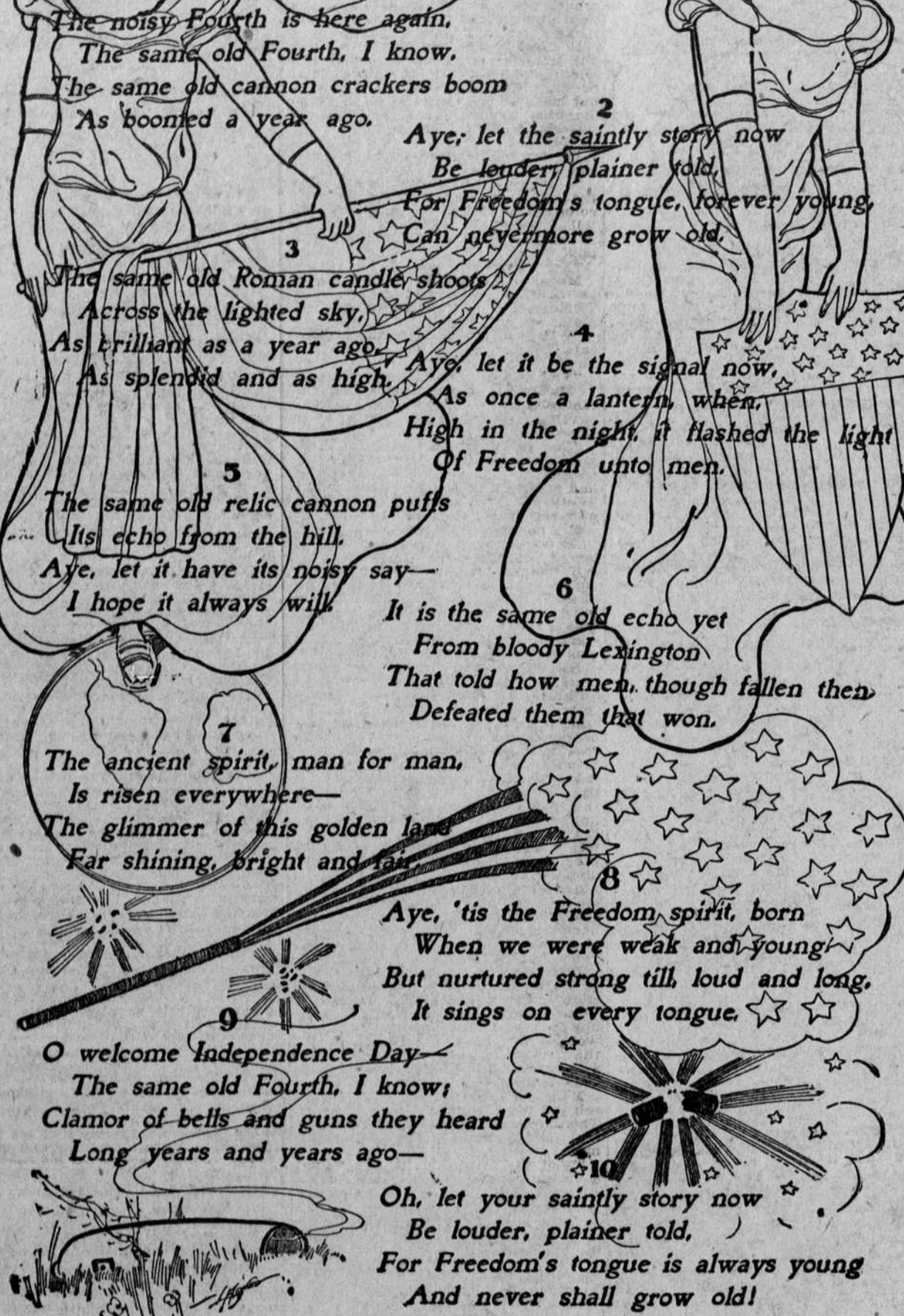
"Yes."
"How do you feel about it now?"
"Well, I must admit that the discipline of a large industrial plant isn't anything like as exacting as the tyranny of a stage manager."

Coal exports from the United States in the current fiscal year will approximate \$20,000,000, against \$20,000,000 in 1920.

THE SAME OLD FOURTH OF JULY

By ALOYSIUS COLL

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The noisy Fourth is here again,
The same old Fourth, I know,
The same old cannon crackers boom
As boomed a year ago.

Aye, let the saintly story now
Be louder, plainer told,
For Freedom's tongue, forever young,
Can nevermore grow old.

The same old Roman candle shoots
Across the lighted sky,
As brilliant as a year ago,
As splendid and as high.

Aye, let it be the signal now,
As once a lantern when,
High in the night, it flashed the light
Of Freedom unto men.

The same old relic cannon puffs
Its echo from the hill,
Aye, let it have its noisy say—
I hope it always will.

It is the same old echo yet
From bloody Lexington
That told how men, though fallen then,
Defeated them that won.

The ancient spirit, man for man,
Is risen everywhere—
The glimmer of this golden lance
Far shining, bright and far.

Aye, 'tis the Freedom spirit, born
When we were weak and young,
But nurtured strong till, loud and long,
It sings on every tongue.

O welcome Independence Day—
The same old Fourth, I know;
Clamor of bells and guns they heard
Long years and years ago—

Oh, let your saintly story now
Be louder, plainer told,
For Freedom's tongue is always young
And never shall grow old!

THE FIRST FOURTH.

A Letter Written by John Adams to a Friend the Day After the Declaration of Independence, Reproduced From a Newspaper in the Possession of W. S. McCrea, of Chicago.

"Philadelphia, Pa., July 5, 1776.
"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever decided among men. A resolution was passed unanimously, 'That these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.'
"The day is passed. The 4th of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations, as the GREAT ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL! It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to the Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires and illuminations—from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forever! You will think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet, through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory; I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue—which I hope we shall not. Yours, etc.,
"John Adams."

Roll Call After the Fourth.

"Reginald Grant!"—the principal read.
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear.
"Reginald Grant had lost an ear."
But stood in line with bandaged head.

"Andrew Blake!"—then a silence fell
Many an eye had watched him sail,
Clinging fast to a rocket's tail.
Had he alighted? None could tell.

There they stood, in the morning sun,
Lads who answered the call by turns.
Marked with pockmarks, scars and burns;
Another glorious Fourth was done.

A cottage and barn were blackened coals;
The shreds of crackers were everywhere;
An odor of brimstone filled the air,
And coats and trousers were full of holes.

"Herbert Peters!" a voice said low,
"Herbert Peters was standing near
When the cannon burst; and the doctors
Fear
He won't be up for a month or so."

Harold Judd and his brother, Tom,
Found their places with halting tread.
William Cabot was home in bed,
Badly scratched by a sudden bomb.

Endicott Milliken lacked a thumb—
A pistol had taken him by surprise.
Sparks from a pinwheel had seared the
eyes
Of Anthony Collins—he could not come.

Look at the record! Year by year
Powder and Folly take their toll,
Adding names to a mournful roll—
'Tis a glorious Fourth, but it costs us
dear!
—Anthony Guterman, in Life.

In Baluchistan even the wolves go mad.
In his book "The Frontiers of Baluchistan," G. P. Tate writes: "The shepherds give a strange reason for the epidemic of rabies. According to them it was caused by the wild beasts eating dead larks. In some years, they said, the larks develop extraordinary vitality and pour forth such a flood of songs as they rise on the wing that they become suffocated and fall to the ground dead. A wild animal which eats one of those dead birds infallibly develops rabies. This is a widespread superstition and seemed not unfamiliar to the natives of India who were with me."

THE OLD FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY.

The dawn of the Fourth—the old annual story—
The nervous man's dread and the small boy's glory.
The east is yet gray when all the land rumbles,
And the small cannon pops and the big cannon grumbles;
And the torrid sun creeps through a blue haze of powder,
And the torpedoes snap and the cannons boom louder—
On the Fourth of July—
The old fashioned Fourth of July!

The small boy's abroad, and his breakfast forgotten,
With his long stick of punk or his smouldering cotton;
And he touches off bombs and crackers and rockets,
And drops pinwheels in the policeman's pockets;
Old gentlemen swear and old ladies mutter,
And the Chinaman peeps through his steel-bolted shutter—
On the Fourth of July—
The old fashioned Fourth of July!

The nervous may fume and sizzle with ire,
But the rocket will flare and spurt its red fire;
The police protest, and almost profanely,
And the papers may plead to spend the day sanelly;
But remember the days when you were a tacker,
And list to the boom of the big cannon cracker—
On the Fourth of July—
The old fashioned Fourth of July!
—Victor A. Hermann in Judge.

Before Ice Was Plenty.

"Henry, you are getting old."
"Nothing of the sort."
"Yes, you are. Every Fourth of July, now, you tell about how your folks used to have to cool the watermelon in a tub of pump water."

What He Wanted.

Mrs. Winkers—I heard you whisper to that soda fountain clerk to put a little tonic in yours.
Mr. Winkers—Y-e-s, my dear; I'm getting quite bald, you know, and I wanted hair tonic.

Utterly Impossible.

Jimmy—D'yer know dat firecrackers wuz invented by de Chinese?
Tommy—Ah, wotcher givin' us? W'y, de Chinese don't celebrate de Fourt'.

Defensive Patriotism.

"Do you always have fireworks?"
"Yes, indeed. The only Fourth of July noise we really enjoy, you know, is the noise we make ourselves."

"Old Glory."

A Fourth of July celebration would be a tame affair without "Old Glory" to flout in the folds and wave in the breeze. It flutters everywhere it can be called or fastened, and in all sorts and sizes, moreover, it is known all the world over, few people, even among the half civilized, not being able to recognize it as the emblem of a free country.
Yet, it was not until nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence that the nation had a regular flag. At Cambridge, Massachusetts, Washington displayed the original of what is the present flag, without the stars, however, as there were then, January 2, 1776, no states. He therefore constructed the flag with thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, but where the stars are now, he put a St. Andrew's cross of white on a blue field.
On June 14, 1777, by resolution of congress, the flag was made to consist of thirteen alternate red and white

A REPEATER.



"I always thort Jedge Beasley was a man of some originality."
"Well, ain't he?"
"No, he ain't. That there Declaration of Independence he read at the Fourth of July doin's was the same one that Squire Brown read last year."

"Old Glory."

English government never forgets to do so now, even on the Fourth of July

Patrick Henry's Words.
"It is useless," said he on one occasion, "to address further petitions to the government or to await the effect of those already addressed to the throne. The time for supplication is past; the time for action is at hand. We must fight, Mr. Speaker. I repeat it, sir; we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us."
"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty powers! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

An Easy Mark.
"Boo hoo! Dis cracker won't go off!"
"Never mind. Here's a dime for another. Now, why won't it go off?"
"Cause I shot it off already!"

A Silent Part.

Grooves—That's Bascom. He isn't on speaking terms with any member of the company.
Foyer—You don't mean it! What was the cause of the ill feeling?
Grooves—Never was any cause; always the same. He has only thinking parts, you know.

Artistic.

He flew up in the air at the cannon's bombard.
But he fell to the pavement much faster.
He is now laid out in the surgical ward.
A beautiful study in plaster.

The Modern Fourth.

The one great trouble with the kid,
He makes it come too soon;
He takes his squib and pyramid
And sets them off in June.

Came in Handy.

Mrs. Crabshaw—You'd better go see the doctor. You're getting as deaf as a post.
Crabshaw—All right, my dear; I'll go as soon as the Fourth is over.

JIMMY'S FOURTH OF JULY TEST.



coarsely; "And now de mystery of whedder dat ole guy is truly blind or not is about to be unraveled."

Why do actors so often wear long hair?

Perhaps this is the reason: There once was a statute in England under which actors found wandering were liable to be branded through the right ear. The long hair concealed the decoration, and thus the custom was started.

Ecuador exports about 20,000 tons of vegetable ivory annually, of which Germany takes about one-half and the United States one-fourth.

The Salvation army preaches the gospel in 21 different languages.

Denatured alcohol has been successfully manufactured from flax straw at the North Dakota agricultural college. The yield of 25 gallons a ton does not make it a paying proposition.

The largest known species of orchids grows in Ceylon. The leaves measure up to 10 feet in length, and a single plant will have as many as 8,000 blossoms in one year.

In 1908 the American merchant marine carried only 1 1/2 per cent of the freight between the United States and Uruguay.