The Soldier and the Billy Goat

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The Sign of the Billy Goat

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A WORD TO SOLDIERS.

The articles that follow are not intended in any way as an insult to the soldiers of this country. The writer is frankly and outspokenly opposed to war, and to the industrial regime that makes war a necessity, but he is not unmindful of the economic causes that force many men into the army, nor is he unfamiliar with the viewpoint of many who gladly join the army, actuated to do so by so-called patriotic motives.

There has been much loose thinking on this question of "patriotism," and there has been much false use of the term by the master class, that they might beguile men to fight their battles of conquest and exploitation, men who, did they but understand the real purpose of the army and militia, as a part of the plans of the industrial rulers, would not and could not be induced to become food for cannon for such ends.
It is the hope of the writer that many soldiers will read what follows, read it with care, and think it all over seriously. It is your privilege to disagree with any position the writer has presented, but at least give the matter the earnest consideration that the gravity of the subject demands.

If you are in the army or militia stay there—but do not stay as an unthinking automaton, a murder machine; use your BRAINS to think out your proper place in a proper society; and use your best efforts to help speed the day of universal peace, when the armies of the world will disband and the swords and bayonets will be beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks.
WORN-OUT BOXING GLOVES OF THE RULING CLASS

THIS ILLUSTRATION FROM "WAR—WHAT FOR?"
I saw them at the moving picture show—the "soldier boys of Michigan," as they are proudly proclaimed. I saw them strut around in their gaudy uniforms, clanking their sabers and looking as brave as they possibly could, while the camera was pointed in their direction. I saw them at their drill, saw them going in camp, pitching tents, eating—eating food PRODUCED BY THE WORKING CLASS.

I saw them in their sham battle, running, shooting, fighting—and as usual FIGHTING EACH OTHER—for here were the members of the working class getting ready to BUTCHER EACH OTHER at the command of the master class,—who came out to watch the battle—at a safe distance—always at a SAFE DISTANCE.

And as I looked a great feeling of loathing took possession of me—that members of the working class would lend themselves to such practices, and offer themselves up as willing sacrifices on the altar of the God of War; not only offer their own bodies as targets, but be willing to USE THE BODIES OF THEIR FELLOWS as targets, to let
the life blood of the members of their OWN CLASS to safeguard the FINANCIAL INTERESTS of the Master Class.

Who talks these days about the "glory" of war—put him down as a fool!

War is a matter of commercial conquest of forceful dominion of the strong over the weak. War is cruelty, brutality, bestiality, lust of power, injustice, hell with the lid off. War means misery, MISERY always to the working class! War means widows and fatherless children and added burdens to those workers who are left, and who after the war is over must GO BACK TO WORK AND PAY ALL THE BILLS.

The "manoeuvres of war" in Michigan, or any other state, today simply means the preparation to answer the strike with the gatling gun.

Don't talk to me of the "glory" of war, or of its "honor" or of its "patriotism." There is no patriotism in playing guard for Capitalism, the most brutal industrial regime that ever ground the faces of the poor. Patriotism, forsooth, it is but a term to befuddle the poor brains of the workers and make them "food for cannon." True patriotism is CLASS PATRIOTISM—and when the working class of the world becomes CLASS CONSCIOUS then war will cease and cease forever, for no working man will consent to act as a target to stop bullets, nor will he be willing to shoot down the husbands and sweethearts and sons of the working class army that opposes him, just because they are of a different nationality, and serving a different FINANCIAL GROUP OF EXPLOITERS.

Patriotism—we need a new word to express that principle that stands for THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER—the protection of our rights; the making of this country what it should be—the PROPERTY
OF ALL THE PEOPLE. But this bogus patriotism that deludes the weak minded into fighting for the system that EXPLOITS the MANY for the benefit of the FEW—the sooner this kind of twaddle is knocked out of the heads of these ‘‘soldier boys’’ the better.

The term ‘‘soldier’’ sends a shudder thru my being, it typifies in my mind a human being that has ceased to be human, and has become an automaton, a thing of flesh and blood that has no brain, and simply OBEYS any command that is given it, tho that command be to shoot a father, or thrust a bayonet thru the trembling flesh of a brother.

And to think that after nineteen centuries of so-called ‘‘Christian Civilization,’’ men whose mission it is to KILL MEN are still ‘‘honored,’’ and the members of the working class, whose mission it is to FEED, CLOTHE, SHELTER AND EDUCATE the world are dishonored and offered up as TARGETS for the ‘‘heroes’’ in uniforms, uniforms MADE BY THE VERY TOILERS whose bodies are torn to pieces by the VERY GUNS THEY THEMSELVES MAKE.

Ye Gods! My limited power of language exasperates me! Would that I could send a sentence into the decaying brains of the working class soldiers that is as sharp and cutting as the bullets they are getting ready to send thru their brothers’ heart! Would that some ‘‘Angel of Peace’’ would touch their eyes and show them what they REALLY ARE. Would that they could hear the heart cries of the widows and orphans they are PREPARING TO MAKE.

These moving picture dress-parade affairs and ‘‘sham’’ battles are all very ‘‘nice,’’ nice amusement for grown up children. After the battle they all come back to camp to eat a hearty feast, a feast that has been prepared by the sweat and toil of the WORKING CLASS, the working class that they have just recently been shooting into imaginary insensibility with blank cartridges.
A MURDERER OF
a SINGLE MAN

A MURDERER OF
THOUSANDS
But this moving picture show is not the REAL thing—it is but a sham, as it is all a sham—under the surface is the real PURPOSE of it all, the protection—not of flag, country, or honor—but of the PRIVATE PROPERTY OF THE MASTER CLASS; the continuing of the system of exploitation that has reduced the working people to poverty and misery, and made life one long-drawn out agony.

Across my brain there comes a vision—no sham battle this! Here on the one hand are my brethren, the toilers in the mills, mines, factories and workshops, the PRODUCERS of wealth. Their faces are pinched, their forms are bended with toil, their brains are dwarfed, they have had no chance, they have been beasts of burden. And with them are their wives and their children, who are also toilers, and whose forms are also bended and crippled, many without fingers on their hands, many with legs and arms missing, all, all, with misery and degredation stamped on their features, even to the babes in their mothers' arms.

And I hear a cry, a heart cry, it is low and agonized at first; but it keeps swelling and swelling, until it becomes a mighty voice of PROTEST. The worms have turned. These beasts of burden ask for JUSTICE. They ask for the right to POSSESS what their own hands have CREATED.

I see the Masters in their beautiful mansion, builded by the toilers hands, I see them arrayed in fine linen and gold. I see them sitting at their tables loaded down with the choicest foods and wines; I see them corpulent, conceited, heartless, relentless, and drunken with their own "success," as they call it. I see their faces blanch—the voice of the toilers has penetrated their seclusion at last. I see them in hasty conference; I see their eyes flashing angrily, their lips curling, their hands working convulsively, I see them go to the phone and call for the "Governor." I hear the conversation—they DEMAND PROTECTION—and they get it.
I see again the boys of the moving picture show. This time they have forty rounds of ammunition in their belts, and no blank cartridges. The situation is CRITICAL. The command has been given "Shoot to kill!"
Do you want the rest of this vision? It is not necessary. YOU WILL SEE IT ALL SOME DAY, but it will be no vision, it will be an awful, horrible reality—that is, you will unless you get sensible pretty soon and join the great PEACEABLE ARMY OF REVOLT, that is standing for a change of the economic system from competition and trust rule to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Call me "dreamer" will you?

Bah! Your brains are ossified if this vision does not penetrate them.

Talk about "dreamers"—the people sleep; sleep on the brink of a volcano! Sleep while all hell is getting ready to break loose. Sleep, sleep! They even snore, and talk in their sleep, and they assure each other that "all is well" in their sleep.

But all is not well; graft rules supreme; the power of greed sows to the wind; the storm clouds gather, and the handwriting is on the wall!

"Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates AND MEN DECAY."

Oh, ye members of the army of toil! Arouse! Arouse! before it is too late, and once again this old earth be bathed in seas of blood, YOUR blood, for it is ever the blood of the workers that it offered up on the altar of war.
THE MILITIA VS. THE STANDING ARMY.

In some ways the militia soldier, the "tin soldier" as he is sometimes called, is not to be compared with the "standing army" breed. In the first place he goes into the militia of his own free will and accord, goes in because he has been caught by some of the clap-trap, has been hypnotized by the "flag-waving act," and his soul burns with zeal to "save his country"—from WHAT?—he hasn't figured that out, at least the militiamen who belong to the WORKING CLASS haven't. If he is the son of a rich man he, or his father, may understand the matter better, for even the sons of the rich occasionally join the militia—it is comparatively safe to shoot holes into unarmed and defenseless strikers, especially the women and children.

Do you tell me that this is not the purpose of the militia? Then show your ignorance. It has not happened by mere chance that they are locating forts and arsenals at every INDUSTRIAL centre.

The Indians are not going on the warpath at this late day, nor is there any FOREIGN foe that threatens to invade the state of Michigan—or any other state. But the WORKING CLASS, the working class is restless, it is dissatisfied, it is awakening to the fact that it is exploited, and that it is being reduced to a condition of abject servi-
tude and slavery, and the working class is getting sassy. The masters need a "strong arm" to handle this situation, and they have devised the militia to fill this need, and as usual the members of the working class itself have offered themselves for the purpose—the purpose of shooting holes into themselves, or their CLASS, it means the same thing.

Many a poor devil who joins the standing army, joins out of necessity. Wandering around in search of a job, the appeal of "steady work," even at a very small pay, is a strong one. The gaily painted pictures of camp life, especially the mess tent, attract him, the alluring arguments about "travel in foreign lands" and "promotion," grapple hold of him. He is tired, hungry, discouraged, hopeless—and he joins the army so he can have a chance to eat three square meals a day and free his mind from the awful struggle to exist under the capitalist environment.

But these militia boys have not this excuse, they join, most of them, because they do NOT KNOW WHAT THEY ARE DOING, because they have been FOOL ED, TRICKED, played for suckers—and lured into the ranks where they will be forced, if need be, to OBEY any command that issues from headquarters—and headquarters, in the last analysis, is WALL STREET.

Most of these militia boys are not bad fellows—they are not cruel, heartless, bestial—but they are uniformed; they do not understand what will eventually be expected of them, if they did they would never join. Nor is it the purpose of the Master Class to have them understand, until it is too late, and they are bound and gagged, if need be, and forced to OBEY,—for the only duty of a soldier is to OBE Y.

"T heirs not to reason why, x
Theirs but to do, AND DIE."

Even tho some one has blundered they are to OBEY, to follow orders, tho it sweeps them into the very jaws of
death—or what is more likely in this case, sweeps their brothers and fathers and mothers and sisters of the working class into the range of their cruel rifles and death-dealing gatling guns.

The spectacle of thousands of men spending hours and hours of their time each year in drill work, and several weeks in camp life is one that any true economist will at once figure as a GREAT WASTE OF HUMAN ENERGY. Energy that could be directed to some noble purpose and bless the race, energy that would build good houses, produce food and clothing and education for the working class, who are being forced into revolt because of a LACK OF THESE THINGS. But no, this energy is expended in a preparation to subdue the working class when it cries for JUSTICE, and in this very preparation the revolt of the workers is hastened, for the soldiers, ceasing to be producers themselves, consume large quantities of the products of the workers, whom they are getting ready to slaughter when the workers rise in revolt and demand more of their OWN PRODUCTS.

But if the militia consumes the workers' products in this useless manner, what shall be said of the standing army, that must be fed and clothed and sheltered and provided with death dealing weapons and forts and battleships and airships and all manner of offensive and defensive paraphernalia—say nothing of the wages of the millions of soldiers, the "salaries" of the commanding officers, and the GRAFTS of the master class put over on the people thru this avenue?

Each year the standing army consumes enough wealth and energy to build beautiful homes for all the people and feed and clothe and educate them. And they produce nothing but misery and crime and death.

War is HELL, nor can it be excused on any pre-
text whatsoever except as a relic of barbarism, a survival of the age of tooth and fang.

And they call this nation "Christian," and ministers, who profess to believe in the teachings of the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth, act as "chaplains" in these armies, and are ever ready to "open up" the war with prayers. And all over the land members of "Christian" churches belong to the militia, and God's blessing is invoked for it all! Ye Gods!—is it any wonder that thinking people turn from the churches in disgust?

Since when was the command "THOU SHALT NOT KILL" set aside?

Since when was the beautiful ideal of beating the swords into pruning hooks and plowshares supplanted by the idea of beating the brains out of the working class in revolt?

And now we find the Boy Scouts making their headquarters in the Y. M. C. A. buildings! And the Catholic church organizing Catholic Boy Scout brigades, and preparing to continue them as SENIOR SCOUTS. And the people SLEEP. Great God! will they never wake up? Will they never understand that preparations are being made to drench this old world again with human blood?

Truly the WORKING CLASS MUST SAVE ITSELF, and the words of Karl Marx should be a slogan on every class-conscious working man's lips:

"Workers of the world, UNITE. You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain."
WHOSE LAND IS IT, ANYWAY?

A so-called "weary Willie" had turned in under a shady tree for a peaceful slumber, when he was rudely awakened.
by the snobbish owner of the property on which he had inadvertently trespassed.

Owner—'Here! here. Get up and get out of this! What right have you to sleep on my land?'

Tramp—'Is dis your land, boss?'

Owner—'Why, certainly it's my land!'

Tramp—'Where did yous get dis yere land, boss?'

Owner—'I inherited it from my father.'

Tramp—'And where did yer dad get it?'

Owner—'He inherited it from his father?'

Tramp—'And where did yer grandad get it?'

Owner—'My grandfather, sir, fought for this piece of ground—and I want no further parley with you, get yourself off of here in a hurry.'

Tramp—'Not so fast, boss; not so fast—you say yer gran' dad fought for this ground—did dat make it hisen?'

Owner—'Certainly it did, it came to him by right of conquest.'

Tramp (commencing to take off his coat)—'Well, sonny, peel yer jacket, dis yer place suits me bully, and dere is going to be another fight fer it in just a jiffy.'
THE ARMY OF DESTRUCTION AND THE ARMY OF CONSTRUCTION.

What a difference between the great industrial army and the army of destruction. The one clothes and feeds and shelters the world, while the other consumes, consumes, consumes, and when not consuming it destroys, in its wake lie the bodies of dead and dying men, ruined homes, orphaned children and an impoverished nation.

When the great earthquake destroyed San Francisco it was the INDUSTRIAL army that cleared away the debris and reared a fairer city on the ruins of the old. The industrial worker ever blesses the world with the products of his toil; and the world, thus far, has kept his iron heel on the very necks of these industrial workers by whose labor applied to natural resources all things are created.

Did you ever think it all out—LABOR MAKES EVERYTHING BUT THE LAWS, these are made by the master class, or their flunkies, and are always so made as to hold the industrial army thus far in subjection. When the workers shall come to their own and gain political power, such laws as are needed will be made in favor of ALL the people—for then ALL THE PEOPLE WILL BE WORK-
ERS, the useless parasites will be taught how to make an honest living.

As it is today it is foolish to talk about making laws in favor of the people, for the people are divided into antagonistic classes, and laws in favor of one class are not in favor of the other, nor can they be so long as these economic class interests obtain.

It is to the interest of the master class today to have the armies of destruction, no matter how much food and clothing and shelter they consume, or how much human blood they spill upon their battlefields, for it is by FORCE ALONE that an unjust rule can be perpetuated.

One would think that it would be to the interest of the industrial army that every man be an industrial worker, and it would be to their interest if we had a just economic system that required every person to GIVE BACK TO SOCIETY AN EQUIVALENT OF WHAT HE OR SHE TAKES AWAY, said equivalent to be measured in honest toil, the only real measure of value.

Under the strange system that now obtains, however, it is not to the interest of the workers to have new workers added to the industrial army, for this means new competitors for jobs, and the more competitors for jobs the cheaper do the masters hire the workers, literally buy them, as they bought slaves in former days.

As it is today the workers carry the burden of the Army of Destruction, the burdens of the world, and the more workers there are to carry this great burden, strange to say, the harder the burden is to be borne.

When the Army of Destruction joins the Army of Construction, the Army of Industry, and each man labors for himself, receiving the full social value of his individual toil, then, indeed, will the human race blossom into perfect manhood and perfect womanhood, and we will start our upward climb toward moral, intellectual and spiritual height today undreamed of.

Here is to the speedy disarmament of the Army of Destruction and the complete supremacy of the Army of Industry.
This article is not a plea for anti-patriotism, but for more real patriotism, for a patriotism that recognizes the value of HUMAN LIFE above all things else and that life should be safeguarded instead of PROPERTY.

This does not mean that property should not be protected, if it is property that deserves protection, nor does it mean that, we as a country, should not defend ourselves against a foreign foe, if a real foreign foe threatens us, which is very unlikely in this age, if we mind our own business, as we properly should.

The wars of the present day are wars of COMMERCIALISM, they are brought about by the desire of the ruling class for more markets and MORE WORKING PEOPLE TO EXPLOIT.

That we have no business warring with any foreign nation is a truism that needs no spacious argument to demonstrate, for if we will stay at home and take care of our own affairs—and KEEP OUR PRODUCTS HOME TO BE CONSUMED BY THE PEOPLE WHO PRODUCE THEM, there will be no occasion for our invading foreign markets with our "surplus."

It is ever this effort to gain a market that results in war, an effort that will no longer be necessary when the WORKERS SHALL RECEIVE THE FULL SOCIAL VALUE OF THEIR TOIL, and thus be able to CONSUME THEIR OWN PRODUCTS.
As we look around us and see the poverty and misery and lack of decent homes, decent clothing and proper nourishment, the want and privation of the American working people, we can easily see where the surplus product that is now sent abroad to foreign markets, preceded by ambassadors and guarded by dreadnaughts, can well be disposed of to the very best advantage.

With our own people enjoying the fruits of their own toil this nation will have a people who will defend to the very last man any attempt at foreign invasion, and they will do it with a feeling of PATRIOTISM worthy of the name, for this country will then be a country worthy of defending, even to the last drop of one’s blood, it will in truth be “our” country, and we will be defending “our” interests, the interests of the great common people.

Under such a regime I would be in favor of every able-bodied man belonging to the PEOPLE’S MILITIA, a militia that meets and drills occasionally, just enough to keep itself in good practice, and that stores its arms in the individual homes of the people. Such an army would be invincible on their own soil—and would have no desire or purpose to go on any other soil, and such soldiers would be true patriots.

Today men are HIRED to defend their country. But in reality this “defense” is only a pretext, for they are actually hired to defend PRIVATE PROPERTY of the master class.

In spite of the fact that jobs are scarce and men are compelled to work long hours at most laborious, and often most dangerous occupations, for a mere existence, still the working class do not turn to the army jobs readily, they have to be “enticed” by beautifully printed lithographs and a great showing of gaily colored bunting, and by “inducements” that sound good to hungry and discouraged people.

Old Bob Ingersoll summed the entire matter up in a very terse and humorous way when he said:

“It takes a mighty brave man to shoulder a musket in defense of a boarding house.”

Any man, however, will shoulder a musket in defense of his OWN HOME and his OWN COUNTRY, when he really has a home and a country.

The real anti-patriots of this country are the RULING CLASS. Their ruthless destruction of the rights of the
people to own homes and to the protection of their civil and economic rights is responsible for the growing feeling that it makes little difference to the workers whether they be exploited by a class of American slavedrivers, or by foreign slave drivers. The wage has reached so close to the subsistence point it can scarcely go lower under ANY form of rulership, hence the people, having nothing to defend, are losing interest in defending OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY.

Such men as Morgan and Rockefeller and their ilk, instead of defending their country, have robbed it and debauched it and made it a slave-pen. It makes no difference how many flags they fly from their private dwellings, or how loudly they proclaim their patriotism, they are traitors to every ideal of true patriotism, and history will class them as the degenerate descendants of the pirates of the high seas who had the moral courage to fly the black flag, instead of trying to hide behind the stars and stripes.

Speaking of flags, the fact that the Socialists have an International flag, the red flag, that has an historic meaning antedating the American revolutions, does not necessarily mean that they are opposed to the national flag.

As a plain matter of fact we are more concerned with PRINCIPLES than we are with EMBLEMS. But some of us think enough of the Stars and Stripes to DESIRE TO SEE THIS BANNER PLACED OVER EVERY SHOP AND FACTORY, AND MILL, AND MINE in this country, placed there by the working people, and typifying COMMON OWNERSHIP of these means of producing our COMMON NECESSITIES of life.

It is not the Socialists who desecrate the flag, but the master class who trail it in the dust and slime of commercial conquest and exploitations; who stain its white bars with the red blood of men and women who strike for a living wage.

Yes, let us have more patriotism, but let us be sure it is the REAL THING, and not a cheap imitation or a bogus, and let us wrest the Stars and Stripes from the hands of plutocracy and make it truly represent what it is now supposed to represent, and be an emblem of a nation of ECONOMICALLY FREE AND INDEPENDENT PEOPLE.
THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

I am convinced that many people look upon the Boy Scout movement as being a fine thing, people who are not at all friendly to war measures, people who would not for a moment give their son’s as food for cannon. For all that I am more profoundly convinced that the real purpose of this Boy Scout movement is the preparation of material for the army, navy and the air ships, that are soon to come and make war for a time even more hideous, tho they may prophesy the end of war, and the beginning of rebellion for industrial democracy.

No bad movement flaunts its real purpose out in the open, it always hides behind some cloak of philanthropy, charity or religion; it pretends to bring some great blessing to the poor sheep it intends to shear.
Viewed from its "pretenses" the Boy Scout movement is one that every right minded person could indorse. To be sure we want the boys to be manly and self-reliant. To be sure we want them to get out in the open air, out with Nature and to learn the secrets of the woods and the hills and the vales. To be sure we want them to show bravery in a time of danger, and have knowledge of methods of "first aid" to the wounded and injured. To be sure we want them to learn to work together, co-operating their efforts in the completion of larger than individual tasks, and to learn to recognize the necessity of order and system, even to the obedience to authority—IF THAT AUTHORITY IS PROPER AUTHORITY, and the only proper authority is such as is DELEGATED from the MASS to the INDIVIDUAL, the CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED, must ever be considered, as well as the right and power of the governed to UNSEAT the "governor."

But are these the real purposes of the Boy Scout movement?

They may be the real purpose of the originators of this movement, tho I doubt this, but the alacrity with which the Master Class "stood behind and pushed" this idea, and the further development of it, as we know it to be in operation, easily proves to one who is onto the wily games of the cunning Fox of Capitalism, that whatever its original idea, they saw in it a chance to prepare material for WAR, and they have been using that chance to a considerable advantage in implanting the war spirit in the boys of our country.

That, under this present capitalistic regime, this Boy Scout movement would inevitably lead to Militarism, is a conclusion that it seems to me thinking people could not escape,—but if they have escaped it and will take the trouble to study into the movement and see the boys drilling with arms and fighting sham battles and becoming sub-
missive to "ORDERS," learning to OBEY, no matter what or from whence the command, they would be easily dis-
illusioned.
If they could look a little farther and see the Catholic church organizing its battalions of Catholic Boy Scouts, with the avowed purpose of CONTINUING THEM INTO "SENIOR SCOUTS," they would have still further grounds for a careful consideration of this menace to peace and the ideals of human brotherhood.

In the little town of Dowagiac I recently saw what this Boy Scout movement was doing to the plastic minds of our boys, and the uninformed and thoughtless minds of their parents. Here I saw a boy on the streets dress in a complete khaki uniform, with his toy gun and all, a complete miniature soldier. But it was not so much his garb, so out of place and unfitting on a child, as his bearing and deportment, which showed him to be thoroughly saturated with this accursed lust of slaughter.

Here is the harm of it, the brutality of it, the injustice of it. They take the boy's mind at the stage when it is plastic and amenable to suggestions, and they train into it these ideals of militarism, they train them to "obey orders," they prepare them for the day that is coming when they expect to maintain their power by FORCE.

It is hard to get soldiers these days, many are physically incapacitated, and many more revolt against this idea of killing human beings, even if it is done on a large scale. The Boy Scout movement came in sight at a very opportune time. The masters of the bread needed it, and they were not slow to recognize this need, tho they were stealthy enough to do most of their "pushing" under cover.

If any parent who reads this article has boys in this Boy Scout movement I say BEWARE, the good that may come from it is overbalanced a thousand times by the harm that is sure to come before we get thru with the rule of the Master Class.

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If you want the proof for what has been imperfectly suggested in the foregoing article you can have it in black and white, absolute, unanswerable, convincing. It is in a book called "War What For?" written by George R. Kirkpatrick, a comrade tried and true. This book is the strongest appeal for world peace that has yet been penned. It is written by a soul on fire with the ideals of LIBERTY and JUSTICE, and it nails the Master Class to the very wall, and leaves no argument of theirs unanswered. It is the strongest possible indictment of the present industrial regime, for it shows that under capitalism peace is even worse than war. It comes sissing hot, from a free soul that isn't afraid to say "damn," and say it in the right place.

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THE BILLY GOAT PUBLICATIONS.

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