

Public Opinion

USED TO IT.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

There is such a thing as getting used to sitting on a volcano, as the Hapsburg monarchy knows.

COMING STRONG.

(Southern Lumberman.)

Since the outbreak of the war Japan has been energetic and forehanded in pushing her shipping policy, with the result that she now stands fifth in the list of the world's merchant tonnage. Formerly the Japanese flag was seen almost exclusively on the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Now it is encountered all over the world.

THE GARDENER'S REWARD.

(Windsor Record.)

War gardeners may be tired at night, but they can sleep like a log. There's no soothing syrup nor sleeping powder equal to that given by dear old mother nature. "No matter what your troubles are, they are all packed in your old kit bag," says one lassie. "You can't think about your troubles," says another. "You dig and ache and think of the way the boys in France are working. You work and ache and eat and sleep—and are happy." That's the way another worker puts it.

FARMERS' OPPORTUNITY.

(Southern Lumberman.)

Somebody has called attention to the fact that there are about six million farms in the United States and most of them have accumulated nearly a ton of junk of various sorts. Farmers now have an opportunity, through the sale of their discarded implements and machinery, to make up for some of the increased cost of other materials.

Many farmers produce junk quite rapidly, owing to their habit of leaving machinery out in the weather. The annual implement bill of the farmers of this country is \$165,000,000. And now every piece of old metal has its price—even a rusty bolt or a discarded hinge. The government needs metal. Patriotism as well as thrift should impel farmers to "rake around" and collect everything possible in the way of this sort of farm produce.

BRIDGING THE SUEZ CANAL.

(Christian Science Monitor.)

An announcement has appeared in the newspapers so insignificant that it has almost passed unheeded. The size of the item was altogether out of proportion to its importance. The single paragraph was to the effect that the swinging bridge over the Suez Canal at El Kantara, about thirty-five miles south of Port Said, had been completed. Yet that bridge affords direct railway communication between Cairo and the cities of Palestine; it conquers the desert which separated Egypt from Palestine and which has for centuries barred the march of nations; it joins Asia to Africa; and it assures the world that the Holy Land will henceforth be under Christian guardianship. Xerxes bridging the Hellespont is nothing to the British bridging the Suez Canal! Surely the bells of all Christendom ought to have been rung when that insignificant announcement crept into the corners of the papers!

HEROES OF THE PRESS.

(From the Churchman.)

Two bits of news during the last week have shown again that experts are often mistaken. In the early days of the war that most picturesque of war correspondents, Richard Harding Davis, announced that the days of the war correspondent were over. He had suffered severely at the hands of the modern censor. Last week came the story that "Jimmie" Hopper of Collier's had gone over the top with the Americans. A few days later followed news of the wounding of Floyd Gibbons of The Chicago Tribune. He had said to a friend a few months before, as they talked of the terrors of the censorship to newspaper men: "I'm getting sick of it. I'm going over the top with the boys at the first opportunity." He was severely wounded by an enemy machine gun last Thursday, suffering a fractured skull, a flesh wound in the arm, and the loss of an eye. But no doubt he "got his story."

Each of these men has written brilliant narratives from the front. Let us not forget these heroes of the press, who are willing to go over the top unarmed that we, in our comfortable homes, may know what our boys are doing for the saving of civilization.

A FORMER BLACK SHEEP.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Australia's wool crop has been sold at a huge figure to Great Britain, thus ensuring the prosperity of the colony and the maintenance of the cloth making industry in Britain. And once Australia was merely the home of Britain's black sheep.

TYPEWRITE THE SIGNATURES.

(Toronto Telegram.)

In these days of typewritten letters and equally typewritten official documents, the writing by hand is becoming a lost art.

Average of time for reading letters is two minutes for the body of the letter and anywhere from fifteen minutes to two hours trying to figure out who made the hieroglyphics that stand for a signature.

KAISER LONG OF STOCK.

(The Wall Street Journal.)

The position of the Kaiser, figuratively speaking, is like that of the man loaded up with one stock with no market to sell. He is "long" of Germany, leader of the war brides. He accumulated everything in sight and Germany looked good on paper. It was 1000 bid at one time, but the Kaiser was the only bidder. Now that he has everything he wants he would like to unload peace-meal. But his market is ragged. Everyone will sell him a little more but no one will buy. If he had a little short interest he might pull out. As it stands, his stock is selling at top prices, but he is going broke. After the war is over the Kaiser will learn that the world is not a one-man market.

INFLATION vs. EXPANSION.

(The Nation's Business.)

"We have had marvellous business expansion," said Charles S. Hamlin of the Federal Reserve Board. "Some people tell us we have inflation. I have questioned banker after banker about that. I have asked them to define inflation and how it differs from expansion, and I venture to say almost every man has given me a different answer. If I were to define inflation I think I should have to define it in the same way that the clergyman did in regard to the five points of religion."

"You get religion when you don't want it. When you get it, you don't know it. If you know it, you haven't got it. When you get it, you cannot lose it. And if you lose it, my brethren, you never had it."

THE LAND TO SETTLE FIRST.

(Grain Growers' Guide.)

A solution of the land problem lies in getting hold of the vacant land already served by schools, churches, and other facilities of civilization. There is no use dodging the issue. It is plain as a pikestaff, and it looks everybody in the face who has ever travelled over Western Canada. It requires a strong hand, however, and plenty of courage. We have plenty of land, good land right alongside our railways and there are plenty of men who would like to get onto it. Here is a chance for the government to show its mettle. Putting this idle land to use will at the same time solve the railway freight rate question, because it will create enough traffic to make the railways profitable.

LUXURIES IN WARTIME.

(Chicago Tribune.)

It is doubtless the fear of injuring respectable business that has prevented agitation in favor of taxing luxuries. But if we relate the problem solely to the question of victory our decision cannot be in doubt.

The production of luxuries requires skilled workmanship which could better be employed in manufacturing articles of military value. On the other hand, these luxuries absorb earnings that ought to be devoted to subscriptions for the Red Cross, for war saving stamps, or for Liberty Loans.

France and Great Britain are instituting taxes on luxuries. The United States is about to prepare a revenue measure designed to produce some \$8,000,000,000. Is there any reason why the persons who can still afford to purchase luxuries should not bear a considerable share of this burden? We do not believe it would be wise for the government to prohibit altogether the manufacture of so-called non-essentials; none of the belligerent countries has thus far taken so radical a step; but common sense would suggest that the purchase of luxuries should be discouraged rather than otherwise.

THAT HAMILTON MOUNTAIN.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

The "Blue Devils" were entertained in Montreal on the mountain top. But they won't really get homesick for their native Vosges until they climb the dizzy heights of the mountain at Hamilton, Ont.

KUHLMANN'S VAIN CRAFT.

(Boston News Bureau.)

Somewhat like the Bourbons of other days, the Prussians of today regret nothing, concede nothing. That is the burden of the wordy maze which the crafty Kuhlmann has flung about many points of the war situation, without being definite or accurate on any of them. He does not proffer peace, merely saying in what manner peace must come; his evident purpose is to sketch a background for a "German peace" of trickery, salvage and of substitution—i.e., of East for West.

He has tried to talk deviously to two audiences—those at home who sigh or shout for peace, those abroad whom he hopes to incite to some degree of a similar impatience. It is a hard verbal straddle. The best he can hope, with such tangible assertions as he makes, is to poultice the domestic impatience. He need not expect any allied converts outside a few professional pacifists.

THE ELEMENT OF TIME.

(The New York Evening Post.)

"How essentially time enters into the situation on the Western front is shown by Secretary Baker's assertion that more than 700,000 Americans have been sent to France. This number is equal to Berlin's fantastic claims of allied losses since last March. Think of the Americans as replacements for such allied casualties—our own losses have been a trifle by comparison—and the French and British would stand in numbers where they were early in March, while the Germans have their own very heavy casualties to deduct. The question is, of course, whether all of these 700,000 Americans can be estimated as so many replacements, man for man. This, in view of their period of training, can not yet be done. But in this respect two or three months make a vital difference. It is for this respite that the allied armies are now fighting. Given this respite, we must visualize within the next two or three months an American army of at least half a million trained men available for bringing the German offensive to a permanent standstill. Supposing no dramatic shift in the situation in favor of the allies, it is a match between the 25 miles the Germans must cover before they can begin an effective bombardment of Paris and an American army of half a million men fitting itself for the supreme test."

A CANDID SOLDIER.

(San Francisco Bulletin.)

In the possession of a naval officer in San Francisco is a questionnaire sent to a young San Franciscan who had enlisted before it was mailed. The postal authorities thoughtfully forwarded it to the young man, and it found him fighting in France, already a soldier.

But he dutifully sat down and answered all the draft questions and mailed the document back to the proper authorities. These are the questions and the San Franciscan's answers:

- Q.—Are you an expert in any occupation?
A.—Fighting Huns with a bayonet.
Q.—What language do you speak?
A.—Pidgin French.
Q.—What enterprise are you engaged in?
A.—Fighting Huns.
Q.—State the name under which the enterprise is conducted?
A.—European war.
Q.—What is produced by said enterprise?
A.—Hell.
Q.—How many persons are employed in the plant where you work?
A.—Ten million.
Q.—Are you engaged in agricultural enterprise?
A.—Plowing "No Man's Land."
Q.—Are you an employee or managing head of the enterprise?
A.—Rear of enterprise.
Q.—State what kind of farm.
A.—Poor farm.
Q.—What branch of the work are you engaged in?
A.—Digging trenches.
Q.—What is produced by that branch?
A.—Shell craters.
Q.—State the number and kind of livestock on the land.
A.—Crumbs and other vermins, also Huns.
Q.—How many persons live on the land?
A.—None, very long.