

American Comment On the War

Bewitched with Militarism. (Rochester Herald.) Militarism has wrought havoc with German perception. After we fear very much that Germans are so bewitched at present that they are going to act like barbarians until their power to work mischief is crushed by the success to the armies of the allies. When that has happened the true German spirit will, we predict, again assert itself and be restored to its rightful place not only in Germany, but in Europe and the world.

Anti-Vandalistic. (Erie Dispatch.) There is a movement on foot in Great Britain to restore the Louvain library immediately after the war. It is a fine thought, and as an indication that Germany also is not vandalistic and does not wish the destruction of the homes of science and art in the world, the co-operation of some Germans in the work after the war would be very inspiring.

Barbarism. (New York Herald.) Of course it may be a sign of lack of "kith" on our part, but, some way we Americans cannot help feeling that this business of German levies upon the helpless little cities and towns of Belgium smacks mightily of the days of Genghis Khan.

Exploding a Fallacy. (Pittsburg Gazette-Times.) One good result of the present war may be the elimination of the "dead line at 50," which some shortsighted employers are said to have adopted in Great Britain, at least many of the alleged old fellows are responding in a manner that ought to make even Dr. Oiler sit up and take notice.

Portents. (New York World.) "When the British Parliament adjourns with Irish Home-ruers, Scotch and Welsh Liberals and English Radicals embracing fine old crusty Tories, an even weeping in the excess of their emotion, the demonstration has a meaning which soon or late will be revealed on the battlefields of the continent."

Watchful Waiting. (Philadelphia Public Ledger.) The situation in the North Sea imposes exceedingly onerous conditions upon the British fleet, for the German vessels are under the shelter of their land fortifications and they possess every advantage of position and opportunity for the successful sorties.

If the German fleet could be drawn into the open the advantage would be with the British, but as long as the German ships keep out of range, the British trial of "watchful waiting" must be endured with such patience as the British seamen can command.

Making a Soldier. (New York Press.) Kitchener's war school uses a 26 week course to prepare a man to be shot over. This causes impatience among the patriots and at the same time cures it. Every young man that enlists for the Spanish war expects that he would be snapping at the foe as fast as a steamer could take him to Cuba, and undoubtedly the same spirit prevails in England.

Hands Off to the Very End. (Buffalo Courier.) The people of this country should protest against having their president of any United States governmentally agency take part in any movement involving an agreement among European powers. Hands off to the very end should be our official policy. Any other policy would be a violation of the wise precepts of our great statesmen from the days of Washington to the days of Wilson.

Sound British Policy. (Detroit Free Press.) The war has demonstrated to Great Britain that her plan for the handling of overseas possessions has been essentially sound, and that despite minor discontents she may depend even in time of considerable stress on the fundamental loyalty of her dominions and dependencies, some of which seem to have awakened to the needs of the moment more quickly than the mother country itself.

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REALISM OF KHAKI

(By Robert Lynd.)

While I was standing near the tents at the back of the Horse Guards' "Well," he said, "I think about the first just war this country has ever fought." It is, I imagine, the popular belief in the justice of the war which explains why London is comprising herself just now in the spirit of a workshop rather than of public meeting. There are, of course, other reasons. There is no public departure of troops to bring the crowds into the streets and the rail way stations. Regiments disappear as secretly as the wind. There never was a less advertised war. It is a serious affair, not an orgy. Men do not need to be indoctrinated into believing in the liberties of Belgium by a sea of flags and cheers and barbaric show.

To be in London now is more like being behind the scenes in the theatre than like watching a gaudy drama from a seat in the house. Here is nothing theatrical in the ordinary sense, but just the naked machinery of the thing. One walks across St. James' Park to the Horse Guards, where all the day long, among the tents, a hoarse sergeant shouts out a list of names. Hundreds of young men eager to enlist pack themselves near to hear if their turn for medical examination has come. They are just like a crowd of workers waiting outside a factory gate for a job. Horse police are there to keep the crowd in order, but the crowd does not seem to be in order. It is attentive, curious, men sit around with their backs against a wall, reading papers and greasy novels.

Giants at Lessons. One passes into Birdcage Walk, where the Guardsmen, those modern relatives of the giants, are drilling outside their stucco-fronted barracks. They are all in khaki, and the khaki that whirs around them. New recruits are being drilled in handfolds, each of which seems to attain a new personality, to become something halfway between a machine and a strange animal as it marches this way and that. It is all done to an interruption of blowing bugles, of officers coming and going, exchanging fierce salutes, as unreal as the gestures waiting some hither and thither with much slapping of rifles. Colored pictures that from outside the railings look like the landscapes around the world are taken from one part of the yard to another. They are pictures of mountains, fields, rivers. Soldiers gather round them in groups. They are having geography lessons. Rifle and fixed bayonets. The men in khaki have ceased to look dull now that those long knives are flashing. The soldier armed with a bayonet is no longer the mere twentieth-century businessman of war. He is once more primitive man with the spear.

Pomp of war is not here, however, suddenly it blazes out in music. Sweeping down the road from Buckingham Palace comes a tide of bearskins—bearskins that give the soldiers the air of savage chieftains. It is a regiment of the Guards, marching in a quick march. Behind the band droop the regimental colors, and behind the colors a forest of bayonets gleams above ranks that are gleaming above ranks that are gleaming. There is something exotic about it all. It is as remote from the business of life as "The Arabian Nights." It is boastful of war, challenging, contemptuous of the drab of shopkeeping. It is the perfection of an aristocratic game. It was prophetic of the doom of war when the soldier cast off his gay clothes and disguised himself in khaki. After that he became a practical man, a democrat in the making. He could not much longer remain a baron's toy, an abiding justification of war as the lordly sport of a huge bearskin on his head and a scarlet coat on his body, and he becomes a lure to the eye of men and children. His extreme colors, his exaggerated steps, as the regiment performs the last grades in the barracks years before dismissal, are as bright a denial of this staid world of every-day as an Eastern ballet.

The Realism of Khaki. Not that the appeal of soldiering depends entirely on charming follies of dress. When one reaches Hyde Park and sees a company of horsemen in khaki riding in order under the trees in Roten Row one finds a crowd gaping at them as inquisitively as though every man alone in a helmet and cuirass. As inquisitively, but not as excitedly. This is the realism, as compared with the rhetoric of soldiering. The horsemen wheel round and form themselves in single file down the Row. Then one hears a burst of bugles and sees a long stream of khaki-clad men marching from the direction of Knightsbridge, headed by a pipers' band with bagpipes and the band of following buglers, an interminable body followed by an interminable string of baggage carts with more green flags flying from them than you would see in a Nationalist procession. The men accompany the buglers at regular intervals with a shout.

Opposite Knightsbridge Barracks a line of horse show is in progress. They are selecting horses for the army, and animal after animal is trotted up and down, its flanks shining in the sun, while a little group of officers and their assistants decides on its merits. One passes into Kensington Gardens, and here, too, is a field of tents. Roped in from the public, the men in khaki sit late in the open air at long tables drinking tea from mugs and keeping a man in his shirt sleeves busy cutting and but-

terring thick slices of bread. Nurses-maids gather round the ropes, and boys camp in an out, wetting their hands in dirty water that is pouring long a wooden drain into big, newly-lug holes. Motor cars and commandeered shop vans stand in dozens behind the tent. Apart from the crowd, a young officer sits with a woman and child. He rises and tosses the child in the air, holds it by the heels, chases it, laughing. Near by, the children at the Round Pond pay little heed to all this. They are as heedless of the war almost as the ducks that lie out there in flocks with their bills buried in their spines as one eye open. They are interested in the splash which a handful of gravel makes in the water. They do not tire of watching the boats racing in the wind across the pond, beside the white reflections of sloping sails. They make sails of advertisement cards, and are puzzled when their jerry-built craft heels over at the first baby wave.

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Cascarets Keep Bowels Regular And Cure Colds

No Headache, Constipation, Bad Cold or Sour Stomach by Morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Colds—whether in the head or any part of the body—are quickly overcome by urging the liver to action and keeping the bowels free of poison. Take Cascarets to-night and you will wake up with a clear head and no doubt you will wonder what became of your cold. Cascarets work while you sleep; they cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels.

Remember the quickest way to get rid of colds is one or two Cascarets at night to cleanse the system. Get a 10-cent box at any drug store. Don't forget the children. They relish this Candy Cathartic and it is often all that is needed to drive a cold from their little systems.

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Fine Old Gentleman Suffered 40 Years With His Kidneys

He even had Hemorrhages from the Kidneys, so you may know how bad he was. Yet today, at 67 years, Mr. Allen is able to do a good day's work or enjoy a long drive with-out the least pain. This is what Gin Pills did for him. They will do as much for you if you have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble.

"I feel it my duty, for the sake of those afflicted with similar troubles, to send you these few lines about Gin Pills. I am about 67 years old and have been troubled with Kidney Trouble since I was 25 years old. This was brought on by my getting over-heated and then sitting on cold steps in a draught."

"At last, I had Hemorrhages from the Kidneys. I went to three doctors and I tried most everything on the market but got no relief. I got very weak, had pain and lameness in the back, often, I had to lie down during the day and it hurt me to be in a wagon. I began to think there was no help for me. The bleeding continued for 18 months until I just happened to try Gin Pills which has now put an end to the trouble."

Now I can look back over 15 months at my relief from suffering and anxious care. I can do a lot of chores, drive all day, have no pain, although I am still taking 2 pills a week as they seem to make things easier."

JEREMIAH ALLEN

Gin Pills are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial treatment sent free on request. These pills can be had in the United States under the name "GINO" Pills.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS