

## Public Opinion

### BOY! PAGE THE PAIR!

(Ottawa Citizen.)

The Minister of Justice in the new Polish Cabinet is Mr. Luckwieski. But he has not made such a name for himself as the new Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Mikulskipomorski.

### A REMINDER.

(New York Herald.)

On foot, without pomp and circumstance, General Allenby entered Jerusalem as a true Crusader should enter the holy places. We now know that the capture of the Holy City was delayed by the British refusal to bombard it. To-day the sacred temples and mosques stand untouched, each under the guard of soldiers of its faith. How it all reminds one of Rheims and Louvain — because so different!

### THE RESOURCEFUL TOMMY.

(Christian Science Monitor.)

The British Tommy has always been famous for the brilliance of his powers of romance. If asked questions he did not want to answer by people who had no right to know. The latest illustration is afforded by a repatriated soldier of a Welsh regiment. He had been a prisoner in the camp of Gutrow where the German authorities, with a view to securing skilled labor, were anxious to learn the occupation of the prisoners. But surely never before were there such callings—a treacle bender, a watchmaker's striker, a milestone inspector. The Germans gave it up.

### CANADIAN INDIANS IN THE WAR.

(Chicago Post.)

Early in the war the Indians of Canada offered to do their part. For some unexplained reason the Government issued an order that no Indian was to be recruited for overseas service. But the Indians were not to be discouraged. If they were forbidden the privilege of fighting for the Empire, there were other ways in which they could help. They did not ask. They bought machine guns and presented them to the Government; individual Indians gave generously from their small earnings to the war relief fund. And thus they won the right to go to the firing line. In January of this year a battalion from London, Ontario, landed the first Indian unit in France—the Middlessex Indians. Others have followed. The red man now fights shoulder to shoulder with his white brother, and his worth as a fighter has been proved. His eagerness to follow the flag is merely another evidence of how the spirit of democracy and free institutions fuses all races.

### HONORING OUR MAIMED HEROES.

(Insurance Press.)

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," he will get a royal hurrah, but will he also get a job?

Among the "after war problems," this is the most momentous to "Johnny" and his million brothers. The celerity with which the Nation and business as a whole become adjusted to the exigencies of war is an assurance of equal adaptability to the conditions following the war.

But while the American people collectively may accommodate themselves to either the restored or revised post-bellum conditions, the individual problems will be most complex.

To the "Johnny" who comes marching home, robust in health, sturdy in body and triumphant in spirit, possibly a reward for his valorous service to his country may be found amid the plethora of prosperity which is confidently predicted by business seers and prophets.

But to the "Johnny" who, by reason of disablement, cannot march with his comrades or is invalided home before the cessation of the war, the problem of earning a livelihood will be extremely serious.

A nation honors its dead heroes, lauds its living heroes, but, beyond a compensation allowance, makes slight provision for the heroes who shed only a part of their blood for their country.

To most of the disabled troopers the question of earning their bread will be vital immediately upon their discharge. The big heart of business should open warmly to receive these battle-scarred boys. Insurance concerns, by reason of the wide scope of their activities, may find a way of honoring practically some of the men who laid down their various tasks at the call of their country, and who most now perforce earn their livelihood under a handicap.

### SOCIALISM A FAILURE.

(Wall Street Journal.)

People who talk in terms of names, of self-assumed labels, and not of facts, speak of "the spread of socialism." But people who look facts in the face must be struck by the collapse of socialism, on every test to which it has been submitted in the duration of the war. Internationally it has lamentably failed, and, indeed, has only been used as a tool of German propaganda. Subjected to the administrative test in Russia, all it has succeeded in setting up is anarchy. The promising cause of liberty there may have been set back half a century.

### IRELAND'S BEST ASSET.

(Springfield, Mass., Republican.)

One of the best assets the Irish cause has ever had is American sympathy, but this country is at war with Germany, and American sympathy for the Irish causes cannot be increased by wild cat conspirators fomenting armed rebellions in Ireland with German assistance. England's fortunes in the war are now our fortunes, and armed attacks on England cannot be disguised from attacks upon America. What has America ever done to hurt Ireland? Nothing. Is there any country able to do more in the future as a friend of Ireland than America? There is none. Then why should the De Valeras and the Jeremiah O'Learys and all the Irish revolutionaries, whether in Dublin or New York, act in a way to increase the war burdens of the United States or consort and intrigue and sympathize with its European enemies?

It is encouraging to read that one Sinn Fein leader is beginning to appreciate this aspect of the situation. He will appreciate it the more if he continues to think about it.

### THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

Judge Henry J. Allen, editor of the Wichita, Kansas, Gazette, one of the Red Cross European commission who is making the Red Cross tour with Henry P. Davison, tells a story of a Madame Tirol that illustrates the fiber of the women of France.

This peasant woman's home was near the front in the shelled zone. Her husband was in the army. She refused to leave her home, though it was ruined by shell fire, but insisted on staying and cultivating her farm. Whenever she tried to work in the daytime, the Germans would begin to shell her and forced her into her dug-out, where she was obliged to spend her days, and had to work her farm at night.

Absolutely alone, she raised and harvested 30 acres of wheat, then took 10 days off and had a baby, which she brought to the Red Cross Children's Home at Toul, and asked them to care for it, saying she must return to her farm because France needed her wheat more than her baby needed her.

And yet it is reported that there are United States farmers who say they are not going to plant any more wheat this year because they are only guaranteed \$2 a bushel for it!

### THE FOOL MOTHER.

(Minneapolis Journal.)

The Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman, of Brooklyn, in a talk to a gathering of mothers, told of one fond and foolish New York mother who took her enlisted son all the way to the Texas border in a limousine instead of letting him rough it with the other guardsmen. This mothering proved almost a calamity to him when he found himself among his fellows.

The fate of boys with fool mothers is far worse than that of those who have to face war's grim realities without homes in which they are lovingly remembered. This is no diatribe against the fond foolishness of the loving mother, for these things the boy can stand and thrive under. And they give him imperishable memories of home and of the loving care that is so dear in the memory.

But there is a line to be drawn between the fond — perhaps almost foolish — mother and the fool mother, who demoralizes and handicaps her children by her silly and narrow perspective of life.

War is an awful disaster and a sad waste, but it has its values. One of these is found in the fact that it is making men of boys whose mothers have done much to make something else of them. Some of these boys may even teach the beginnings of good sense to the mothers who have tried to spoil them.

### COMPETITION IN SERVICE.

(New Orleans Item.)

The manufacturing world is beginning to realize that both now and after the war its greatest problem will be to keep its output equal to the demand. There will be plenty of work to go around, even under the standardization system. America, after the war, will be in a position to equip the wasted world if her factories can "speed up" and also keep down the cost, and her ships can furnish the transportation. Standardization in manufacturing and standardization in shipbuilding will solve both of these problems. The competition in which the transportation and manufacturing world can engage more and more after the war will be competition in service rather than competition in non-essentials, the constructive rather than the destructive competition.

### THE CRAZE FOR CHANGES.

(New York Annalist.)

If the Government got a tax of, say, 10 per cent. upon the cost of altering new buildings it would collect a tidy sum from Wall Street in a year. As a rule the interior decorators, electricians, marble workers, and finishers hardly get out of a new banking structure or office building before a new crew arrives to make changes. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful interior work is torn out to make way for doors which the architects had not been asked to provide, for extra elevators, for hall booths, and for additional private offices. Incidentally, most of this work must be done at night, at double pay for the workers.

### YOUR LAD AND MY LAD.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Down toward the deep-blue water, marching to throb of drum,  
From city street and country lane the lines of khaki come;  
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim appeal,  
While rays of western sunshine flash back from burnished steel.  
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame the serried ranks advance;  
And your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to France.

A sob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweep by,  
Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great ships lie;  
The batteries half, the columns wheel, to clear-toned bugle-call,  
With shoulders squared and faces front they stand a khaki wall.  
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in every glance;  
For your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to France.

Before them, through a mist of years, in soldier buff or blue,  
Brave comrades from a thousand fields watch now in proud review;  
The same old flag, the same old faith—the Freedom of the World—  
Spells Duty in those flapping folds above long ranks unfurled.  
Strong are the hearts which bear along Democracy's advance,  
As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to France.

The word rings out; a million feet tramp forward on the road,  
Along that path of sacrifice o'er which their fathers strode.  
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, with cheers on smiling lips,  
These fighting men of '17 move onward to their ships.  
Not even love may hold them back, or halt that stern advance,  
As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to France.

—Randall Parrish.

Little Irene, says Facts and Fancies, marched into the room breathless. "Oh, mother," she said, "don't scold me for being late for supper, because I've had such a disappointment. A horse fell down and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so I waited, and what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was only a man."