

Printers' Pie

A Page of Press Opinion, Wit and Humor

PROHIBITION MEANS BETTER HOMES.

(American Lumberman.)

National prohibition means more and better homes, because there will be more money to build them with. Dollars spent for booze can't buy lumber. The only line of building work that will languish under the new regime will be the erection of jails and asylums.

THE MEANING OF "BOCHE."

(The Bookman.)

The origin of "boche" is obscure. There used to be current in Paris and other large cities in France the phrase *tete de boche*, which signified obstinate or hard-headed. In France the Germans have the reputation of being *tetes dures* (hard heads), hence *tetes de boche*. To describe this quality they were called *Allemand-boche*, which became successively *Allemoche*, *Alleboche*, *Alboche* and finally just *Boche*. Whatever its origin, it is used as a term of reproach. The Germans themselves take it very seriously.

PROTECTIONISM FORTIFIED.

(Grain Growers' Guide.)

Ever since the protectionist system established itself in Canada it has continued unceasingly to consolidate its position and strengthen its bulwarks and fortify itself in its stronghold. And never before have there been such evidences of its power and of its determination to dominate the public policy of our country and the life of the Canadian people as there are in plain view at the present time. Never before has the combination of the Money Power and Big Business been so mighty, so swollen with wealth and so active in elaborating and strengthening its organization and making itself more powerful.

THE NOBLE MULE.

(Providence Journal.)

An invasion of the Turks bestowed the gift of coffee on Europe and the western world, and the world-war has introduced the American mule to peoples overseas who have never known that, noble animal. The British military authorities have always recognized its merits as demonstrated by our army in all our wars, and since 1914 the British armies both in the East and West have been supplied with thousands of mules. It is now desired to distribute the surplus usefully among the civil population, but in England an "unaccountable prejudice" against them is reported.

The prejudice is perhaps natural, considering that the mule has long been a favorite theme for thoughtless jokemakers. Even in some parts of the United States, the notion persists that it is an obstinate and cantankerous beast. The favorable testimony of military men might fall to overcome the absurd judgment; but a little experience with this most gentle, as most capable, of draft animals would surely correct the unjust impression of its characteristic attributes that apparently prevails among the English. Spain knows the mule, and esteems it even above the horse.

There are said to be ten thousand mules at the remount stations in England, for which the army has no further use, but civilians are not inclined to buy them. The authorities are advertising the mule's strong points, its wonderful strength and endurance, and its moderate appetite as compared to a horse, while "for every horse that goes sick, less than half a mule is sick." But, so far, this publicity does not seem to be producing the desired impression. The farmers and other users of draft animals in England should consult the experience in the United States outside of the army, before deciding hastily against the mule. There must be two million mules in daily employment in this country, and their owners will declare unanimously that they are the best kind of investment.

WOULD IT?

(Vancouver Province.)

A New York paper hopes that when King George visits America he will wear his famous \$14 suit. It would create more popular interest than any uniform in the royal wardrobe.

GETTING TOGETHER.

(Toronto Globe.)

A bluejacket in the Royal Navy has just been appointed Captain. It is the first time on record that a ranker has risen to such a position. Perhaps this is what Captain Carpenter, V.C., meant when he urged that all classes should "get close together."

SINN FEIN FOLLY.

(Hamilton Herald.)

Under no other flag than the Union Jack in all this world would such proceedings as those in Dublin be possible. The silly Sinn Feiners are like a petulant little child, who, denied something for which it has been bawling, turns on its mother and calls her naughty names, threatens her and pummels her with its puny fists. Can any level-headed Irishman anywhere view these proceedings without shame?

A SENSIBLE PRINCESS.

(Toronto Globe.)

The Princess Patricia will lose none of the respect and affection that have been hers by her renunciation of the title of "Royal Highness" that she may marry the man of her choice. Canadians will join in the movement for a national wedding present from the Dominion with all the more good-will because the Princess has made herself a home among the people of Britain instead of marrying some foreign princeling.

AN EFFICIENT SCRAP OF PAPER.

(Literary Digest.)

Those who talk of foreign red tape and of how we Americans cut it are invited by June Richardson Lucas to consider the British hospital telegram, which serves also as passport, railroad and steamer ticket and hospital permit. She writes in *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago, December):

"Englishmen can hurry with a skill and an efficiency that take even an American's breath away. When it comes to their fighting men they break all speed records. Thousands of men have died in the mud of Flanders—thousands have been wounded and sent home—but thousands have had to lie in those 'Halls of Glory,' the base hospitals behind the lines, and suffer—beyond the conception of any man—before the tide turns back toward life, or slips out in the gray dawn of Flanders, never to flow back. And the British fight to save those suffering men just as stubbornly as they fight to beat the enemy beyond the heavy cannonading a few kilometers away. . . . After the doctor's rounds, he sends a telegram asking her to come to such-and-such a base hospital to see Private ——. That very evening, perhaps in Devon, where the sun sinks low, a small boy comes running and puffing up the lane waving the precious paper; the door under the thatch stands open. She is there, waiting as the women are waiting the world over to-day and the message says 'Come.' That is all she needs—that telegram is passport, railroad-ticket, bus-fare, channel crossing, entrance to the war-zone, space on troop-train, pass into that long, low building where her 'love lies bleeding.' Yes, it's a wonderful highway the British build from the aching ward in Flanders to the cottage in Devonshire. Just a telegram—no bewildering officials, no hours of waiting outside important doors—just a telegram; and the next evening, at sunset, she is sitting by her man in Flanders as he sleeps for the first time because the tide has turned. Just a thin bit of blue paper—just a telegram."

BOBBY'S VERSION.

Asked to define "lunch," Bobby replied: "Lunch is what you have for dinner when your father is away."

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN.

"What are you laughing about?"

"Now that peace is here I'm thinking of the poor guys who got married to escape the draft."—Judge.

HOW HE REMEMBERED HIM.

"Did your rich uncle remember you in his will?"

"Not personally. But he endowed a home for the indigent. I fancy he expected me to collect my share that way."

THEN THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.

"Are you going to pay me that bill?"

"Not just yet."

"If you don't I'll tell your other creditors that you have paid me."

ECONOMIC DELUSION.

Buying apples by the barrel

Is one way man's peace is wrecked—

First he picks and eats the specked ones,

By that time the rest are specked.

CARRYING ON.

"Well," said Uncle Si Bruggins after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever saw. Just as soon as that young man began to sing, every other member of the choir stopped. But he went through with it, and I must say I admire his spunk."

BRIEF BUT PITHY.

The fire-eating colonel had received a letter which consumed him with rage, but this was his noble reply:

"Sir,—My stenographer, being a lady, cannot transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. But you, being neither, will understand what I mean."—Life.

OBLIGING.

A countryman on a visit to London found he had lost his stickpin. Fortunately he had a friend at the police station, so he went and told him of his loss. The friend assured him he would not leave a stone unturned until the pin had been found.

When the man got back to his lodgings he discovered the pin on his dressing-table and immediately started off to the police station again. As he wended his way along one of the principal streets he saw some workmen pulling up the roadway to lay some new gaspipes.

"Don't trouble to take up any more, my lads," he cried. "I found the pin."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A DIFFERENT VIEWPOINT.

Chairman Baruch of the War Industries Board said at a Washington banquet: "I was brought up to consider that it was impossible for a soldier to carry an umbrella. A soldier with an umbrella seemed as absurd to me as a soldier with a fan. Well, the other day, in a deluge of rain, I beheld a soldier, a big umbrella over him, stepping along briskly. I stopped my car and said: 'Young man, this is the first time I ever saw a soldier with an umbrella.' 'Well, boss,' he answered, 'maybe it's the first time you ever saw a real, live, up-to-date soldier.'"

QUITE SO.

Sir John Foster Frazer said at an insurance men's banquet in Hartford: "I used to know a theatrical manager who had a great many ups and downs. He never, though, came to actual grief, for, by the strangest good luck, whenever a show was a failure, and he couldn't meet his expenses, then—by the strangest good luck, whenever a show was a failure, would burn down, and the insurance would put him on his feet again. I met him the other day. He told me he had just taken over the Knickerbocker Theatre in Tenth street. 'How do you think the place will go?' he asked. 'Fine,' I answered. 'Fine. Why hang it, man, it's all wood.'"