

Public Opinion

THE BITTER END.

(Louisville Courier-Journal).

"Germany will fight to the bitter end." Of course. The sweet end was the end at which the dash for Paris promised to end under the Arc de Triomphe.

BE OF USE IN THE WORLD.

(Insurance Press).

Have a larger interest in mankind than your commissions. As an avocation, try to be of some use in the world. What a man does in his spare moments reveals his real character.

Don't live so that when you die nobody will miss you but your family!

THE SEAS WERE FREE.

(Chicago Tribune).

The seas were free enough before 1914. During upward of a century Britannia ruled the waves, but she also charted and policed them, and the benefits of her trusteeship were shared by all nations. A sea power has always been an enlightened power; its selfishness has been an enlightened selfishness. It is not the fault of Britain that the seas are no longer free.

WILL BE FOUGHT TO A FINISH.

(New York Herald).

What else can come from meddling at this time except serious complications for the nation whose interests the President has been chosen to safeguard? The American people have nothing to gain and everything to lose by a premature, an inconclusive, peace in Europe. It is to their interest, as well as in the interest of right and justice, that the war be fought to a finish. It will be fought to a finish.

THE EYES OF THE ARMY.

(Southern Lumberman).

Without air reconnaissance an army is blind. Russia learned this when her army blundered into von Hindenburg's trap in East Prussia. The Germans, with efficient aircraft, spied out the Russian positions in Galicia, in May, 1915. In their recent advance on the Somme, the British and French ascribe their success largely to supremacy in the air.

It now transpires that Roumania's dreadful plight was due in large part to the inefficiency of her aviation corps.

"THE DOWNTOWN DAY."

(Philadelphia Public Ledger).

The downtown day is likely to be a ruthless procession of appointments that—like a last year's calendar—one does not care to keep. There is not always room for dashes of humor or a vein of sentiment; men "with eyes like little dollars in the dark" are vexed if their progress from millions to billions is checked by a jest or an anecdote, even as Lincoln's Cabinet was impatient when he halted the proceedings to read a few lines of Artemus Ward or to tell a mirthful story. "We have no time for riddles in this office," said a disgusted engineer when an old-fashioned person mildly propounded a conundrum of the sort Douglas Jerrold and Sydney Smith, Theodore Hook and Tom Hood spent much of their time in asking. "If a man wears a flower in his button-hole, that ends him for me," declared a steelmaster into whose composition much of his own metal had entered. "When I have no time for lunch I swallow a couple of these," said a promoter, exhibiting a bottle of little tablets of compressed food as he was dropped earthward in an express elevator. A railroad official observed the other day that the fellow who a century ago fumed when he missed the weekly stage-coach now frets when he misses the compartment of the revolving door. "More speed!" is the cry of the era. Most of the maxims murally decorating business offices, that answer the eye with a black glare of print, can be reduced to this, "Get out! Time is valuable. Space is as costly as pew rent in a fashionable church. Don't dare to frivol when you come round these premises. State your business with the decorum of an undertaker's assistant, and decamp. Here's your hat."

And as an antidote the Ledger advises love, at home, and elsewhere: "Even the life of business need not be a grinding mill, a cheerless hustle, a sordid scuffle for the hyena's share. Life still is the master of us all—but love is the master of life."

COST OF BAD ROADS.

(American Lumberman).

A company in Stanislaus county, California, that buys skimmed milk from the farmer has demonstrated to the rural residents in an emphatic manner the value of good roads to them. This company sends trucks directly to the farms to collect the skimmed milk, but it pays higher prices to farmers living on good roads than on bad roads. On poor roads the company pays 17½ cents per 100 pounds, but on good roads it pays 20 cents. Of course, the farmer always has been paying this tax on every hundred pounds he hauled over bad roads and he has been relieved of it on every hundred pounds he hauled over good roads, but that fact has not been brought to his notice as in the case cited. When he measures his distance from town in minutes instead of miles he will realize the profit of good roads.

THE Y.M.C.A. ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

(Chicago Tribune).

In the riot of red tape, inefficiency and disorder incident to the mobilization of the national guard last summer there was just one bright spot, the Y.M.C.A.

While the government was unable to obtain even wood for its hospitals and while the Red Cross was making a loud noise but accomplishing nothing, the Y.M.C.A., unostentatiously built its reading rooms in every camp, furnished adequate secretaries, and brought to the men an opportunity for innocent amusements that did much in preserving the high moral standard of the soldiers.

Every branch of our military establishment, the Red Cross included, must be revolutionized before we can carry on successfully military affairs. The Y.M.C.A. alone is fully prepared to do its work.

PLAYING INTO GERMANY'S HANDS.

(Wall Street Journal).

It has been truly remarked that while you can be a little bit sick or a little bit in love, you cannot be a little bit married or a little bit dead. There are some well-meaning people, and others not so well meaning, who believe it is possible for us to be a little bit at war. In the event of an overt act by Germany they propose an entirely defensive campaign, with the accumulation of arms and armament solely for ourselves, to exclusion of our present customers for such supplies, the allies, upon whose side we should supposedly be fighting.

Nothing could more effectually play into Germany's hands. This embargo is precisely what German sympathizers have been working for during the past two years, and what was formally refused when Austria demanded it of our government. If to such a trade policy were added the proposal to keep our financial credit to ourselves we could hardly help Germany more if we actually entered the fighting on the side of the central powers.

Defence is not the function of a navy when engaged in conflict with another not overwhelmingly superior in strength. It is the standing rule of the British navy that its battle line is the enemy's coast. Attack is the best defence on land, as the German strategists have proved, and it is still more so at sea. Anything else would mean a complete surrender to the submarine frightfulness threat, and we have already made a long stride in that direction, without the declaration of war, by detaining American vessels in American ports. Germany has, in fact, blockaded our Atlantic ports already by her submarine activities. If this is not an overt act, what is?

Our policy in the event of war is indicated as clearly as need be. It would become our duty to take over from the Allies every possible burden susceptible of being transferred. In no other way would our entry into the campaign have any effect other than to prolong the war and to leave ourselves at its close without a friend in the world and in a situation of the gravest danger. Without even firing a shot we should still be at war with Germany; and unless we entered the pact of the Allies to act in unison in securing peace we might witness the spectacle of New York, Boston and Philadelphia paying as ransom the indemnities which Germany no longer hopes to extort from her adversaries.

THE INVISIBLE FLEET.

(Archibald Hurd in the Fortnightly Review).

The British people have not seen the British Grand Fleet or any other of the naval services since the ships, great and small, steamed out of Spithead at the end of July, 1914, passing off the Nab lightship the royal yacht, from which the king inspected the country's first line of defence. That phrase—the first line of defence—has gained a new meaning in the months which have followed. Without a fear of the consequences, the people of the British Isles learned of the transportation overseas of the expeditionary force, of the army reserves and of the territorials. Those soldiers, regular and citizen, have been followed by the new armies, and yet the British people have remained undismayed. In that condition of mind rests the most supreme triumph of sea power over ignorant fears of which history holds any record. The overseas danger remains today what it has always been. The peril of invasion does not exist. On the other hand, "raiding forces, each consisting of a comparatively few thousand men, might . . . be dispatched by an enemy in the more or less desperate hope that, owing to the small tonnage of shipping employed in transporting them, some way might be found through the chain of mobile defence on the British coast." That relatively small peril confronts us. The more desperate the condition of the central powers, the greater it will become.

Book Reviews

ECLIPSE OR EMPIRE.

Eclipse or Empire, by H. B. Gray, D.D. Oxon.; President of the Educational Science Section of the British Association (Canada) 1909; (Australia) 1914, etc., and Samuel Turner published by Nisbet & Co., Limited, London, Eng., at 50 cents nett, gives in a valuable glossary facts and figures which the writers claim show "that during the last 20-40 years most of the inventions, new ideas, and developments, have been given to the world by countries other than our own (Great Britain); furthermore, that their value has been more quickly appreciated and put to practical use in foreign lands." The authors say: "In our judgment the reason is to be found in the absence of a scientific education among the young in all grades and conditions in this country, and to this fact is due the failure to produce in our people at large a scientific habit of mind. Other contributory causes have doubtless led to our inability to maintain pre-eminence in the world of industry. But our educational system, or want of system, is the root cause."

"Coppers in a Nutshell" is the title of a little booklet issued by Howard A. Riley & Co., of New York and Philadelphia, which will be sent free upon request. The booklet is confined to the seasoned, standard, producing copper companies, whose securities are traded in on recognized exchanges. It furnishes some data as to the possible changes in capitalization of the company, controlling interests, effective capacity, earning power on various prices of copper, price range, and marketability of the security and reasons back of the price movements, and in many ways this booklet departs radically from the usual run of "copper books."

The Thirteenth edition of "Heaton's Annual", a book that has become indispensable in the office, contains all the old features as well as some new ones. The first part of the book consists of complete official directories of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, also a long list of titled and decorated Canadians, also postal information; a shipper's guide giving every banking town with banks and railway connections, population, etc.; Commercial Regulations and complete Customs Tariff revised to date. The second half contains complete descriptions of every commercial town in Canada with hotels in order of merit, industries, population and industrial opportunities as well as a summary of the resources of the Dominion, covering agriculture, agricultural districts, finance, fisheries, forests, fur farming, mining, sport, water powers, etc. The information is full, clearly arranged and concisely stated. Cross references are given through the text to a bibliography of Government and Standard publications under the heading "Where to Find It", so that the reader has access to complete information upon any subject in which he is interested. Heaton's Annual, Heaton's Agency, Toronto, Ont. Price, \$1.25.