

Public Opinion

THEIR JUST DESSERTS.

(Christian Science Monitor.)

They do some things with more than average efficiency in the Southwest of the United States. Take the case of the twenty-nine persons in Oklahoma who have recently been tried for creating antidraft disturbances. The ringleaders were sentenced to ten years each, and all of the others to terms ranging from six months to six years. The authorities in Oklahoma are evidently determined to discourage sedition.

WHY INDEED!

(Christian Science Monitor.)

In war times, as in peace times, many things that take place in the United States are unaccountable, or at least seem not understandable. It may be asked, for instance, why, while an American citizen is serving his country, his neighbor, who is not a citizen, is privileged to step into a better position than any he has hitherto held, draw a good round wage or salary, and then incite strikes or suggest treason among scores of his kind. The answer may be simple and satisfying, but what is it?

A REAL PRAYER.

(Chicago Evening Post.)

"Do the soldiers at the front ever pray?" The question was asked by a preacher at a ministers' meeting in a Canadian city. This is the story a returned army chaplain told in reply:

"One of the boys had been given dispatches to carry over a road exposed to the enemy fire. He stood by his motorcycle ready to start. He knew well the danger he must ride through, the slim chance of escape. Looking ahead and unheeding bystanders, he exclaimed: 'O God, I don't give a damn for myself, but for England's sake help me through.'"

A real prayer. The spirit of it is the spirit that must inspire every man who gets a clear vision of what this war means.

NEED FOR THRIFT.

(Buffalo Commercial.)

One of the important results of the Liberty Loan will be to prove to many doubtful persons that it is possible for them to save money when they are determined to do so. Those who have hitherto declared they can never save a dollar will find themselves mistaken, and the discovery of unsuspected ability will gratify as well as amaze. If the wasteful will only pause to consider the matter, they will realize that to buy what they do not actually need is to waste labor and money which the nation requires. The habit of thrift is an American necessity. It has taken the pressure of events to bring this truth home to most of us. Such a habit, acquired in the course of the war, will outlast the conflict, and it is necessary that it should, for we will need to repair the waste of war at home and assist in the much greater task of repair which confronts our Allies.

AN ICE ROAD TO PETROGRAD.

(New York Commercial.)

Canadian soldiers, who have seen railroad tracks laid on ice and operated throughout the winter on the St. Lawrence and other waterways where the ice is eighteen inches or more in thickness believe that the Germans can march up the Gulf of Finland to Petrograd and build railroads on the ice as fast as they advance. The Baltic Sea contains only half as much salt as the oceans and the water in the gulfs that run in from it is still fresher, so ice forms much more readily than in open seas. If the Gulf of Finland freezes up as solidly as is generally supposed winter might make the advance easier instead of harder.

When the trans-Siberian railroad was constructed tracks were laid on ice across large rivers and lakes over which transportation was interrupted for months. In Canada tree trunks and telegraph poles are used for cross ties and are almost instantly attached to the ice by pouring water on snow shovelled around them. No grading is required and the result is a dead level air line track. On a graded roadbed American and Canadian construction gangs can lay ten miles or more of new track in a day and still faster work can be done on level ice. Of course, the feasibility of this plan depends on the kind of ice encountered in the Gulf of Finland inside of Reval. Ice eighteen inches thick will support a railroad track under heavy traffic.

PLATTSBURG—CURE FOR DIGNITY.

(The Wall Street Journal.)

If you want a cure for dignity, go to Plattsburg. You don't do any bossing there because somebody else does it; all you do is obey — and promptly. Many a business man accustomed to having one or several at his beck and call all the livelong day finds to his consternation that at Plattsburg he doesn't give any orders — he takes them. A young Wall Street man, of considerable prominence for his years, recently wrote to a business associate: "This is a terrible blow to my dignity; there isn't a soul here I can order around."

THE AWAKENING EAST.

(Christian Science Monitor.)

Canton, it appears, is about to exchange her walls for an electric tramcar system; quite a startling announcement in connection with this ancient Far Eastern city. Her wall is six miles in length and contains, it is computed, 421,000 square yards of bricks, 450,000 square yards of stone, and 1,000,000 cubic yards of earth. What is more, the removal of the wall means the removal also of some 5,000 houses. Canton, which is thus taking such a step towards conforming to up-to-date western ideas of utility and comfort, was, it will be remembered, the first Chinese port to open its doors to European trade.

VACATION.

(Southern Lumberman.)

On the subject of vacation, in our judgment, there exists a great deal of misconception and delusion.

For one thing, there is that hoary fallacy: Rest does not mean idleness but change of occupation. Persons who believe this doctrine are likely to wear themselves out in the strenuous pursuit of something different. The belief that discomfort will tend in some mysterious way to the renewing of strength impels misguided persons to go in for "roughing it." In furtherance of this purpose they repair to a tent in the wildwood, there to fight flies and ants and things.

The other day we read, in an article on vacation: "The mere act of making new acquaintances is good for the tired cells of the brain." Yes, indeed! It is so restful—at a summer resort, for instance—to have people ask, "Where are you from?" or to hear the sage remark: "I can tell from your accent that you are a Southerner; you can't fool me!"

We feel that we have no delusions concerning vacation. We know what is not reposeful; but we don't know what is! Our knowledge seems to be entirely negative. The prospect, therefore, is rather gloomy, but we shall chance it once again—and probably shall end, as usual, by going to the wrong place.

THE STATISTICIAN.

(The Annalist.)

The statistician is a queer animal. He makes his home in the most out-of-the-way corner in the building. If the janitor comes along and wants that spot for a barrel, the man of figures uncomplainingly gathers up his precious pencils and papers and moves to another corner. Sometimes he has no particular claim on any desk, and has to snatch at opportunities to do his work. He has no rights and receives no consideration. The President wants a report on the effect of a proposed amendment as it would apply to half a dozen corporations in which he is interested, and pauses a moment on his way home in the afternoon to tell the statistician about it. Usually he expects the figures to be on his desk when he arrives the next morning, which means that the clerk must go without his dinner or take the work home. Every officer of the institution gets into the habit of calling the statistician to ask what rate Great Britain levies on munitions manufacturers, how much tonnage was sunk by the submarines in the third week of March, what day July 4 fell on in 1888, who was Vice-President of the United States under Cleveland, and what the score was in the second game of the last world series. The statistician is meek, self-effacing, and prone to jump when a chair falls over. He lives in a suburb with three trains in and out each day, where he tries to raise vegetables by rule and fails; he has no vices except a liking for cigarettes, he wears glasses and a green eyeshade, and he is so accustomed to having a headache that he unconsciously rubs his forehead every few seconds as he works. The oddest thing of all is that he likes his work.

PONDER THIS.

(Indianapolis Star.)

Happiness comes to us by degrees. We have to bite through the bread before we reach the chicken in the sandwich.

DUTY OF THE UNITED STATES.

(New York Herald.)

The duty of the United States to-day is to grit its teeth, to steel itself for a task far greater than it had anticipated, to realize that this development on the Italian front may make this a two or even three years' war for us—and to go to it.

A PAPER'S GOOD WILL.

(New York Editor and Publisher.)

Much has been written on the subject of the asset-value of good-will to a newspaper. What about the commercial value of ill-will? An independent newspaper wins enemies in the very process of winning friends—and it often happens that a newspaper becomes fully useful only when its list of local enemies is quite as complete as its list of friends.

SUNDOWN.

(B. L. T. in Chicago Tribune.)

(When the wounded in hospital come to die, says a British officer, their last request, in the great number of cases, is for the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep.")

When my sun of life is low,
When the dewy shadows creep,
Say to me, before I go,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

I am at the journey's end;
I have sown and I must reap;
There are no more ways to mend—
Now I lay me down to sleep.

Nothing more to doubt or dare,
Nothing more to give or keep;
Say for me the children's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Who has learned along the way—
Primrose path or stony steep—
More of wisdom than to say
"Now I lay me down to sleep?"

What have you more wise to tell
When the shadows round me creep?
All is over, all is well. . . .
Now I lay me down to sleep.

ARE WE A RACE OF CRIPPLES?

(Physical Culture.)

Physical training should stand as a premier science. Scientific dietetics comes next, or should be regarded as equal to it in importance.

Until within recent years those who have given their lives to the study of the science of body building have been inadequately rewarded. The financial returns were usually small and their standing in the community was of a questionable nature. Medicine, law, the church; in fact, almost any profession or business ranked above that of physical training.

The physical trainer is a man with the emphasis on the M-A-N.

He has developed stamina and endurance. He is not crippled in any part of his body. His business is to develop men. His life is devoted to the work of building up the body, the house in which we live — God's Masterpiece.

Is there any profession or occupation that can compare with this in its importance to the human race? And where have we placed this business of training the body? Until within the last five or ten years those who followed this occupation were frequently compelled to turn to other fields of work in order to earn a living.

This age has lost its balance wheel. For the past two or three generations we have been gradually evolving methods that have made us a race of cripples.

Cripples do not always use crutches. Some of them can walk. A few can run, but not many.

You can have a crippled heart, crippled lungs, crippled liver, crippled kidneys, crippled eyes, or even a crippled brain, and still be able to walk around. You may even possess the semblance of health, if you have a suit of clothes which properly hides your defects.

If an edict should go forth compelling us all to divest ourselves of raiment, what a miserable lot of human wrecks the majority of us would be shown to be.