

The Amusing Incident of the Accommodating Prizefighter Who Cheerfully Posed for Opponent's Knock-Out Blow

The following article by Ellis Parker Butler is issued by the Committee on Public Information:

Clean, unadulterated nonsense can always get a laugh from me. I love it and so do most Americans. I remember one bit of Weber and Fields seriously acted nonsense that always left me gasping for breath. It was the silliest, most inconsequential bit of acting that genius ever dared to put in a show that cost the spectator \$2 a seat. It was a prize fight between Weber and Fields, and one of those matchless comedians showed the other how to do it. They put up their money and put on the gloves, and immediately the rank amateur began to batter the wise one over the head, but that was not the way to do it. The wise one explained that that was not at all the proper way to do it. He explained that he would show the poor amateur the right way. He stood the poor amateur just where he wanted him, turned his face at the proper angle and then arranged his hands. He stepped off and considered the poor amateur but he did not feel just satisfied. He arranged the hands again, placing them down at the sides of the poor amateur's legs. Then he told him to keep them there. Then he stepped up quickly and hit the poor amateur a whale of a blow in the face and knocked him clear across the stage and into the wings. It was awfully funny; everyone in the house screamed with joy. The poor amateur was such a fine example of simple-minded, confiding idiocy!

Parallel in Some Americans

I have to laugh in the same uncontrolled way when I see the confiding manner in which some Americans are letting the wily but treacherous German peace propagandists convince them that we ought to let our hands hang at our sides, turn our faces at the right angle, and stand in idiotic poses until we get the blow in the face that will knock us into the wings. For pure, unadulterated nonsense the act being staged by the wise German agents and the simple-minded peace lovers is enough to make anyone sick with laughing.

On the one hand is a Germany in arms, with millions of veteran soldiers and an armament such as no man dreamed of 10 years ago, and, on the other hand, our simple-minded peace lovers would have us pose as the poor amateur. "Stand here, turn your head this way, put your hands down at your sides," say the German agents, and the purchased or infatuated peace propagandists echo, "Stand here, turn your head this way, put your hands down at your sides." A fine future for the great American nose if we did it!

Germany, "All Dressed Up"

If America keeps her hands down, she will be knocked not only into the wings but off the stage and off the earth. With America out of the war, the best that can be hoped is a drawn battle, ending with a "hands off" peace, and leaving Germany, as the saying is, "all dressed up and nowhere to go." Germany's "all dressed up" will mean a Germany dressed in hardened, veteran armies, in trained commanders, in the finest possible military equipment, and with an untouched navy, vast air force, and no one knows how many submarines. The "nowhere to go" will mean Africa and Asia, where Germany wanted to gain dominions. But there will be one place where Germany, "all dressed up," can go. She can come to America. She can come to South America first, or to Mexico, and that is where she will come and where she has planned to come.

What happens when German agent even partially convince a goodly number of persons that the right way is to turn the cheek and hold the hands down can be seen in Russia. Russia is not a well-trained actor. She would never get a job playing a Weber-Fields burlesque in a \$2 theater. She will not keep her hands down when the German agents tell her to put them down, but she has lowered them once or twice. Russia is far, far from happy.

Russia as an Example

I can not believe that any sane person can wish the United States to become as Russia is to-day, but

that is exactly what will happen if we listen to the German agents and put our hands down now. Let me put it most simply. The great body of Americans believe to-day, as they should, that our continued existence depends on our own military preparation. A small, noxious body of German agents and purblind peace lovers are crying, "Put our hands down! Put our hands down!" Suppose I listen to the cry and begin crying the same words. I am added to their number. I cry, "Put our hands down! Put our hands down!" You listen to me and are added to the number. You echo the cry. Suppose the majority of Americans come to that same way of thinking. The majority rules and we do put our hands down. We stand with our arms hanging, our faces exposed, and wait. For what?

No doubt the German agents will be satisfied and pack their trunks and go home to Germany. Merry thought.

We have seen what the German agents will do; they did it before we entered the war and they would do it now if we backed out of the war. They would foment strikes, race riots, class prejudice, and stir up national resentments. Having gotten us out of the war against Germany they would try to get us into a war with France, Italy, or England. They would no longer be peace propagandists but war propagandists, because we would be unarmed and easy victims. They would create civil war if possible. They would use German money to throw us into the state poor Russia finds herself in to-day. Then Germany would strike defenseless South America.

It is my honest belief that Germany has had for many years two alternative plans for conquest. From Berlin she has drawn two lines, one to the southeast through Saloniki and to the Orient, the other to the southwest through Spain to South Amer-

ica. She hoped England would do the Weber-Fields act and keep her hands down while German armies stunned France, and then she would leap on the Orient and grasp a vast dominion there. England did not keep her hands down. She is not entirely a fool. That plan failed. It seems hopeless now.

Germany is not our worst enemy. With our fists up we can take care of Germany. Our worst enemy is here. He is the man who asks us to put our hands down and stand like a silly sheep until Germany is ready to strike.

Johnny's mother (seeing him crying near the house quite early in the morning)—"Well, what is the matter with my boy so early in the day?"

Johnnie—"Mamma, I got my trousers on wrong side front, and I don't know if I am going to the house or to the barn."



These are Anxious Days

NEVER in the history of this old world have the people lived under such tremendous nervous strain as to-day. Millions awake each morning in fearful dread of what the day may bring forth, and live each hour with nerves at highest tension.

While many are falling under the strain, others have found one means or another of fortifying the nervous system so as to maintain health and vigor.

The treatment most widely used is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, popularly known as the food cure, because it feeds the exhausted nerves and stores up nerve force and nervous energy.

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