

Public Opinion

REPRISALS!

(Ottawa Citizen.)

The Huns fired 56 big shells at a doughnut wagon supplying American troops with "sinkers," and demolished it. This is a miserable violation of the accepted rules of warfare. The Yanks should retaliate by bombarding the first pretzel station they can observe.

THE WAR'S RECOMPENSE.

(Found upon an Australian soldier.)

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the Heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight,
I saw the Morning break."

MISTAKES.

(Pittsburgh Credit Bulletin.)

When the credit man makes a mistake, it is "good night." But when the plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it; when the lawyer makes a mistake, it's just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case again; when the carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected, because the chances are 10 to 1 he never learned his trade; when a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it; when a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land; when a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference; and when an electrician makes a mistake, he blames it on induction, the meaning of which nobody knows.

NO SHIRKERS WITHIN THE EMPIRE!

(New York Times.)

If Englishmen must give up their lives to save everything that is essential and sacred to the national life, no part of the empire will be permitted to shirk its duty. Loyal Irishmen are no shirkers. They have done splendid service at the front, where their blood has mingled with the blood that has flowed from the veins of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders. Only the irreconcilables in Ireland talk resistance. They forget that if Germany were the master of their destiny, that Germany so many of them here treasonably conspired to aid, they would be scourged into the ranks and no bones made about it.

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING.

(Round Table, London.)

What was wrong with our pre-war organization of industry can be stated in one word. It was inhuman. The coming of the joint-stock company and the growth of large-scale undertakings had destroyed the old personal tie between masters and men and the sense of common service to the community that was associated with it. It has been replaced by mechanical profit-making organizations, which have not yet either been humanized or related to public service. Trade Unions and Employers' Associations are necessary parts of the organization of a modern state and collective bargaining is clearly an advance on the old unequal system of individual wage-contracts.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

(Baltimore Sun.)

The lamentable feature about this situation is the wrong and loss which Ireland is inflicting upon herself—the blindness which keeps her from seeing the greatness of her opportunity, the hate that causes her to strike at the very things that the Irish heart generally reveres. If this battle for right and humanity is lost, Ireland loses the hope for the realization of which she has struggled through many years of storm and gloom. If it is won without her aid—and won it surely will be—she may be given home rule, but can she ever recover her self-respect? It is not to curse, but to weep, that Ireland—of all countries—should be missing on such a glorious battle line as this. Oh, if American Irishmen could only carry their message to the heart and brain of Ireland.

WHY NOT WRITE TO-DAY?

(Chicago Tribune.)

"The man who gets a letter from home is a 50 per cent. better fighter that day than the man who does not. The great thing is to write—write—write. Always write cheerfully, even if you do not feel cheerful."

This is the testimony and admonition of Sir Walter Lawrence, an emissary of the British army, who is now in the United States. His words are recorded here to remind the reader to write to his relatives, friends, and acquaintances in the service. By the time the letters arrive in France our first hundred thousand will be in the thick of the fighting.

THEY ARE DYING FOR ENGLAND.

(London Daily Chronicle.)

The nation's heart goes out to the men facing with wondrous courage the enemy's crashing, scaring shells, the insidious gas, and the waves of attacking infantry. To think of these sons and brothers of ours, standing indomitable in the very gates of hell, barring the road to England with a rampart of English dead, makes our sheltered lives seem pitifully mean. Their deeds will never be forgotten. Their story will "the good man teach his son" until the end of time. The nation remembers, too, the mothers and wives and fathers waiting for news in cities and villages, in mansions and peasants' cottages. They are paying the bitterest part of the price of freedom. Yet their hearts, with all the apprehension, must be comforted by a deep tearful pride. It is good to know that our men are such splendid men. If death comes to them, it is no mean death, but death for a great purpose—"to the Song on your bugles blown, England."

TO GEN. PERSHING.

(Chicago Tribune.)

It was Gen. Pershing, we are told, who proposed the incorporation of American soldiers now in France into the organization of our allies in order to make them immediately available in the emergency of the German offensive.

America may be proud of that action. Perhaps civilians will not realize what it meant. It meant the sacrifice of professional pride and ambition, of honorable considerations which are in the necessary code of the soldier. It meant a fine comprehension of military value, a clear headed recognition of facts, a high and selfless devotion to a great cause.

There are not many such acts in the record of armies, and if Gen. Pershing had done nothing else or were to do nothing else in his career he would be highly distinguished by it alone.

The American people salute their commanding general at the front for this honorable decision. It deserves their admiration. It has their most cordial acquiescence and support. He has honored his country, his army, and himself.

14,000 MILES TO ENLIST.

When Germany first went crazy and thought she could "clean up" Great Britain and several other nations, says a writer in the World Wide, I was in the Hawaiian Islands. I soon decided to take a hand in the big "scrap," but not being flush of money I had to travel the "hobo" and "working tourist" route, and this is how I reached London:

(1) From Honolulu to Portland, Oregon, as a stow-away on a lumber barque; (2) as a "hobo," "beat-beating" passenger and freight trains from Portland to Galveston, Texas; (3) from Galveston to Havre, France, as seaman on a cotton ship; (4) on a military pass from Havre to London.

The journey took over two months, the distance traveled being close on fourteen thousand miles, and not once did I pay a cent for railroad or steamboat fare.

I had several uncomfortable and more or less exciting experiences. More than once I was nearly frozen while crossing the Rockies in Colorado, and twice I was fired at by railroad police, a bullet going through my hat on one occasion. At Las Vegas, New Mexico, I was arrested and given sixty days' "road gang" by a "hyphenated" J. P., but I escaped in less than an hour by knocking out the Mexican-Indian guard.

I also had a little excitement at sea, being nearly washed overboard during a gale in mid-Atlantic. Off the Bishop Light, moreover, a "U"-boat tried to end my travels by letting go with two "tin fish," both missing the ship by a few yards.

TWILIGHT OF TITLEDOM.

(Grain Growers' Guide.)

On the whole the most of the Canadian titles have been given to men who have succeeded in building up large fortunes either by fair means or foul, or to politicians. Titles have been looked upon in Canada as a sort of political blunder. The whole system in Canada has brought titles into disrepute among the rank and file of the citizens. No man is entitled to public honor simply because he is a politician. As a matter of fact these tin-pot titles have no place in a democratic country, and the sooner they are abolished the better it will be for our relations with Great Britain. Canadian support to Great Britain does not need to be purchased by any such trumpery. We are no longer children seeking gaudy playthings.

AMERICA'S WAR.

(Commerce and Finance.)

From now this will be America's war, and we must fight to win it.

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Germany has been immensely strengthened in both morale and resources by the surrender of Russia and Roumania.

From the Ukraine she is already receiving large quantities of food. From Roumania she is getting an abundant supply of petroleum. The iron and coal mines of France are within her lines. Complete control of the trans-Siberian railroad is only a question of a little time. More than half of Europe and Asia are under her domination.

The theory that she can be forced to yield by economic strangulation must be abandoned.

To win the war, to protect our families and our homes, it is now necessary to defeat Germany by force of arms and the sooner we realize that, until it is finished, this is America's one and only business, the better for us.

What we earn or what we get for our wheat or corn or cotton, or whether the Republicans or Democrats are in power will make little difference to us if we become the slaves of Prussian autocracy.

THE GREAT GOLD BRICK.

(From the Saturday Evening Post.)

What Russia has been experiencing the last six months is a huge experiment in anarchy. It began in the army, when the Bolsheviks took effectual authority out of the hands of the officers and introduced a "democratic" elective scheme by which the rank and file acting in innumerable practically independent groups were to exercise final authority in everything. Discipline rapidly disappeared, and soon there ceased to be an army in any real sense.

Grant that the old army command, beginning with the general staff, had been reactionary, oppressive, harsh, not very competent. Nevertheless, it maintained an organization that was highly serviceable to the Russian nation. With it 50,000,000 Russians would not have been handed over to foreign masters—the condition least favorable to real liberty and self-development, as the history of every subject race in Europe shows. The Bolsheviks blithely swept the organization aside in favor of an untried and exceedingly dubious idea.

As a result the Russian army became a thing utterly useless to anybody.

The Bolshevik practice bore its logical fruit when, in February, Russian troops repeatedly refused to offer any resistance to mere handfuls of invading Germans. Say there is to be no subordination, no minatory discipline; every group is to consult its own feelings in every case. Under that teaching why should Indiana and Illinois farmers fight to save New York from foreign domination? Facing machine guns is excessively disagreeable. It would be much pleasanter for them to trot home and trust to luck for the issue.

That is just what the men who once composed Russian armies did.

What happened in the army has extended through the country's industrial organization. Verbally the Bolsheviks repudiate anarchy. They say their socialism is the philosophical antithesis of anarchy. But anarchy is the practical result of their teaching and practice.

Theirs is a bogus democracy and a bogus liberty, for real democracy requires a higher discipline and readier subordination to authority than czarism does. Obedience, submission to the general plan—are implicit in it. Moreover, there was never a real advance that did not build upon experience. Discarding experience in favor of pretty looking theories is like trying to fly without, by pains and patience, finding out how to do it.