

Public Opinion

USE FOR CHURCH BELLS.

(London Daily News.)

According to official Austrian figures, up to the end of August no fewer than 15,200 church bells had been melted down for munitions in the Dual Monarchy, the yield of metal being returned as 7,464 tons. That averages half a ton per bell, but as there were probably a fair number of big bells included — it was recently announced that the famous 17-ton bell from St. Stephen's, Vienna, had been scheduled for the melting pot — there may be some truth in the report which emanated from Rome a few weeks ago that in many country places the church bells had been exempted from service on condition that all the cowbells of the district were substituted in their place.

Russia, at any rate, can look with equanimity on the turning of bells into shells, for if the victory is to rest with the side that can do the biggest things in that direction there is an enormous reservoir to draw from in Russia. The Great Bell of Moscow tips the beam at 230 tons, nearly twelve times the weight of Austria's biggest bell, and three bells in the church of St. Ivan, Moscow, can provide not far short of 150 tons of metal should the necessity arise.

BRIEF HISTORY OF MARGARINE

(Christian Science Monitor.)

There was a time, and not so long ago, when the word margarine was a term of reproach. At first, margarine wanted to call itself "butterine," but the agricultural interest rose in arms against such an outrage, declared that it should not lay claim, even by the slightest similarity of name, to being connected with the ancient product of the churn, but that by the name of margarine should it be called and by none other. The British parliament was called upon to deal with the matter, and in 1887 a law was passed compelling margarine to keep itself to itself, and not to attempt to be anything but itself, and to be thankful that it was allowed to be that. All the time, however, margarine steadily grew in popularity until, today, when it is so much in demand, there are some people who actually buy it in preference to butter.

HOW THE LLOYD GOT INTO GEORGE.

(Taunton, Mass., Gazette.)

He was born George and christened David. Orphaned early he went with his mother to live with an uncle named Lloyd. In honor of his mother's brother, the youngster called himself not plain David George, but David Lloyd George, and in his early political career he was called Mr. George. But the emphasis he put on Lloyd got people into the habit of using his middle name; he became Mr. Lloyd George. The English "Who's Who" inserts a hyphen, probably reasoning that if custom compels the two names in speech they should also be coupled in print. Many American papers have taken the English "Who's Who" as authority. The best English usage, however, is still Lloyd George without the hyphen.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE MONTHLY.

(Toronto Globe.)

Through its Department of Agriculture the Government of Saskatchewan for the last five years has issued monthly, in pamphlet form, a little paper called The Public Service Monthly. It is unique amongst the numerous Government publications of Canada for its general news value. The December number, which is just to hand, reflects particular credit upon Saskatchewan and the editor of the Monthly, Mr. Stokes. It contains the first of a series of historical sketches of the different Provincial departments, with the expressed object of setting forth "the exact nature of the public service which each of them is now rendering." Saskatchewan's Public Service Monthly is an educative institution which every Province in the Dominion might well copy.

CHESTERTON AND INDUSTRY

"The very word 'industrial' suggests something of the narrowness which so long made industrialism insufficient," writes G. K. Chesterton, in the current issue of "Land and Water", London. "The mere derivation involves something unimaginative which misses the main part of the labours of men under the sun. There really was a notion that a man must be industrial in order to be industrious.

"There is nothing in which we shall find ourselves more lucky in our Alliance with France and with Russia than in a certain widening of experience about the possibilities of rural industry, such as those two great peasant countries can give. Widely as the Frenchman and the Russian differ in their high and diverse types of virtue, they are alike in the fact that they have done all their great work by industry; but have done it without industrialism.

"But this truth does not merely belong to our Allies; it belongs historically to ourselves, for it belonged very decidedly to our ancestors. It is notable that even when the Englishman became a town mouse he still talked with the tongue of a country mouse.

"The Early Victorian merchants encouraged children to be not slothful in business by reciting: 'How doth the little busy bee'; though they already had a rather hazy idea about how he doth. A mercantile youth of the early nineteenth century may well have been adjured to work like a beaver, and had merely the impression that he was being told, somewhat unreasonably, to imitate a bat. All the links with a country life, however, would not thus have been lost between one generation and another. Even to this day the proverbs of business, in its literal sense of being busy, are proverbs coloured by the countryside and somewhat incongruous in the streets.

"A man in the middle of a London fog briskly announces that he is going to make hay while the sun shines. A man standing on a hard asphalt pavement is needlessly recommended not to let the grass grow under his feet.

"The early mistake of the Manchester philosophy, contradicted even by those common forms of speech which it still had to employ, cut off many Englishmen for a generation or two from many sentiments which in the long run are found necessary to the very manhood of man. These must be recovered by modern industry if it is to become once more human."

THE RECEPTION MANAGER.

(Dodge Idea.)

The modern office-boy, indeed, is not an office-boy at all, but a man, and an expert executive. He is the reception manager. Just as the correspondence department is one gateway of money into the plant, so the office of the reception manager is another gateway. This official is an encyclopedia of the business — a diplomat, an artist.

In Cleveland the writer sat for an hour one day and watched a reception manager at work. Probably a hundred persons called.

"The standard on which I work is this," he said to me: "No person shall be allowed to leave this office with a feeling of resentment against the house."

In and out of that office, with quiet and deferential bearing, moved the real office-boys, as directed by the reception manager. They are selected boys, and at certain hours during the day they attend classes within the plant; and they study, among other things, the money-making art of personal contact.

IMPOSSIBLE

(Wall Street Journal.)

We cannot sell our wheat and leather and steel and labor to the rest of the world at war prices and buy our food at peace prices.

A QUESTION FOR GERMANY.

(New York Sun.)

The last century asserted that peace and slavery could not exist together. Does this century intend to give the lie to the nineteenth?

THE RICH MAN.

"Who is the rich man?" asks Arnold Bennett, in the Strand Magazine, London.

"The man who does not sooner or later spend a large part of his income is regarded as either a fool or queer in the head," he writes. "He is not primarily regarded as a rich man. And, in fact, nearly all rich men recognize the obligation to prove that they are rich by spending money — in other words by exchanging their so-called riches for something else. This state of affairs shows that in truth great financial resources are not generally held to make a rich man — they are only the key to being rich. That man may be said to be rich, who has the means to get whatever he wants and who does get it.

"The nuisance for the man who has acquired great financial resources usually is that he doesn't know what he wants. Possessing the resources and feeling the moral necessity to have recourse to them, he looks about for something to want, and he selects the most costly thing. The acquisition of this most costly thing always involves, in practice, the separation of the rich man from society. Thus he will acquire a large estate, or several large estates, and cut himself off from the world by gates, doors, miles of drive, lodgekeepers, menials and secretaries. Or he will acquire a two-thousand-ton yacht and cross the Atlantic privately, though less quickly, less comfortably, and even less privately, than on a great liner. Or he will keep a private orchestra, instead of being seen at concerts. All which, though magnificent, is anti-social and silly, and is secretly felt to be so by the rich man when he happens to wake up in the middle of the night and can't go to sleep again.

"An attitude of mind, however, will not in itself constitute riches. To be rich is to possess the world, and nobody can do this without knowledge and experience and sympathy. You may own a great picture, but you will not possess it until you can appreciate it, and you will not appreciate it until you have acquired knowledge and have knocked about among pictures somewhat.

"As to pictures so with everything else — be it in the realm of art or science, you will not own without possessing. Possession is not enough. Possession is a mere humiliation. None of us possess it intimately at one point, and all who are really very rich manage to touch existence sympathetically and comprehendingly at many points.

"In fine, it may be laid down that he who gives all the time to getting money has no time left for getting rich; while he who neglects to get money will probably, before he dies, discover that money is one of the means to riches and should accordingly be treated with due respect."

READING THE FUTURE

(New York Commercial.)

Wall Street is full of resourceful men who act quickly when anything happens. They are awake and on the spot, but they do not read the future and they never will. Many people are worried because some prominent manufacturer or politician says that this country will be hurt by peace. The only thing that anybody can predict along that line is that a general crop failure or a great war in which we would be actively engaged would hurt this country, but that is something like predicting that the sun will rise tomorrow.

Let the timid who are frightened by Wall Street gossip in the newspapers remember that Wall Street neither predicted nor expected the war a week before it broke out. When the crash came the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors to give people time to think.

The moral is, do not worry because someone in Wall Street predicts what will happen a year hence. It has never been done. No human hand has ever drawn aside and veil that mercifully hides the future from our gaze.

HARD TIMES.

(Nevada (Ark.) Picayune.)

"Yes, these are hard times. We throw away ashes and buy soap. We raise dogs and buy hogs. We grow weeds and buy vegetables and brooms. We catch fish with a \$4 rod. We build schoolhouses and send our children to be educated away from home. And at last we send our boys out with a \$40 gun and a \$19 dog to hunt 10 cent game."