

Public Opinion

A WAR INDUSTRY.

(Editor and Publisher.)

Newspaper making is a war industry — in time of war. The newspapers will bear their share of the war burdens in the same spirit in which they perform their share of war service.

A RECIPE.

(Life.)

—Take everything evil under the sun
That man since time began has done,
Add to that we shudder at and shun
In the snake and the rat and the scorpion,
Mix them together and roll them in one,
Stew in hell-broth, and when it's done
Then you'll have something approaching a Hun.

COX'S.

(The Wall Street Journal.)

Cox & Co. of London, better known as Cox's, may lay claim to being the bankers of the British army. Wherever the British vanguards go, Cox's is at the front. For nearly every, if not every, British army officer carries a Cox check book in his pocket. His salary is often paid direct to Cox's, which acts, in a way as his fiscal agent. And though the officer may be stationed for years at some colonial post with adequate banking facilities, he will still draw on the London institution. Cox's "follows the flag."

HOW MUCH THE TRACTOR SAVES.

(Farm and Fireside.)

Within the next 90 days I judge that orders for fully 100,000 tractors will be placed by farmers who have come to the conclusion that mechanical power is better and cheaper than horseflesh for heavy farm work. Here is a little incident which some may regard as trivial, but I hope those seriously interested in tractors will appreciate its true significance. At the demonstration I met two young men who were brothers. They already had a tractor which they own in common and which they bought last fall. First they went to their state short course where one of them studied farm mechanics and the other took a course in crops and soils. Then they both went to last year's tractor demonstration, picked out a machine that suited them and placed their order immediately. A month later it was delivered, and they used it for fall ploughing, also for belt work during the winter. By spring they knew their machine perfectly and were able to rush their crops into well prepared seed beds. "The year before we paid \$850 for the extra help and horse labor we needed on our 240-acre farm," one of the brothers told me, "but in the year since we have had the tractor we have cut that cost to \$300—the wages of just one man. The total cost of running the tractor for the year was between \$250 and \$300, including fuel and oil."

"EAT 'EM UP!"

(Buffalo Commercial.)

Of all the happy war slogans which have had their inception in the countries at war, and are for the purpose of inspiring soldier and homester alike, surely none is better than the typical Americanism which has its origin with Pershing's boys and which is being boomed as the greatest war cry of them all.

"Eat 'Em Up!" is the slogan, and isn't it a whole-hearted, Pike's-Peak-or-Bust kind of a Yankee slogan? "They Shall Not Pass!" has been good enough for the French and there's no denying it's a fine, exalted cry which will certainly never die. "Carry On," expresses completely the deathless, do-or-die determination of the dogged Briton. "Forward With God," is the hypocritical cry of a rotten nation, whose falseness is transparent.

But "Eat 'Em Up!" Ah, there's a great, unlickable, rallying sort of cry, breathing defiance and determination. If that cry won't put the fear of America in the hearts of the Huns nothing will. "Eat 'Em Up!" Feel it roll off your tongue! Takes you back, doesn't it, to the scarred football field with the good of team hurtling through the foe's broken line; to the baseball field with its glorious, frenzied partisanship. It's got the note of battle and the lust of conquest in it. There's a slogan that's not too proud to fight.

Come on now boys, over here and over there — "Eat 'Em Up!"

GILDING THE PAINTED LILY.

(Ohio State Journal.)

Another thing that would have been considered impossible four or five years ago is that Turkey could possibly get into any company that would be bad for her morally.

"SOLDIERS TO SOLDIERS."

(Kingston Standard.)

Four British and three American war correspondents have been honored by being given the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Government. The honor is well deserved. But the point is that General Antoine in bestowing the decoration, said that they were "from soldiers to soldiers." That is true. He also spoke of the invaluable work of the British and American press. It has been of inestimable value, and the members of it appreciate the fact that the French Government has acknowledged it in this way.

RUTHLESS HAND OF WAR.

(London Daily Express.)

War with merciless shears has clipped off the golden fleece of pleasure and flung it into the fire. Take the old English taverns; they are shorn of many of their enchantments. George Borrow and Jasper Petulengro might well curse the times, for in vain would they call for a deep, cool draught of the British ale whose praises they sang. Strawberries and cream, the delight of lovers in shady nooks in the old-world gardens which grace our wayside inns—these, too, are but a memory. Mars has commandeered the food of Venus.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF DRINKERS.

(Christian Science Monitor.)

What the United Kingdom has to face, at the present minute, is the grim menace of starvation. From the 4th of August, 1914, to the 30th of April, 1917, the war had lasted 999 days. During that time 4,400,000,000 tons of grain, which could have been converted into bread, had been wasted in the manufacture of drink, and during the same period 340,000 tons of sugar, which could have been used for food, had been wasted in the manufacture of beer. In other words, the food destroyed for the manufacture of drink during the first 999 days of the war would have provided flour, for the whole Kingdom, for 43 weeks, and sugar, for the whole Kingdom, for 33 weeks. To-day, owing to the fact that the noble army of poor men have not been deprived of their beer, the country is reduced to a bread allowance and to a very great difficulty in obtaining sugar at all. Still, the moderate drinker may take comfort. There is apparently no immediate cause for anxiety on the subject of his drink. There was in stock at the last date mentioned 156,000,000 gallons of spirits, all of which might be redistilled for the use of the munition factories, but which has been kept for the delectation of the appetite of the drinker, even if the rest of the country has to go short of bread and short of sugar.

FORCING THE FINANCIAL SPEED LIMIT.

(The Magazine of Wall Street.)

We are getting so accustomed to billions that figures have lost their meaning. Secretary McAdoo plans to expend \$24,000,000 in the next fiscal year. That is about \$1,100 for every family in the country, rich or poor, black or white, on Fifth Avenue, or in the Tennessee mountains. And of this he proposes to raise \$8,000,000,000 by taxation, or something like \$350 from each family.

Is not the Secretary going a little too fast in this proposal? We could, perhaps, pay these taxes, for we are a rich country. But is there any sound reason why we should now assume the heaviest burden of taxation ever imagined? Would it not be more reasonable to raise, let us say, one-quarter through taxes and three-quarters by sales of bonds?

We are fighting this war, a war so great and so savage that orders are scarcely worthy of mention in comparison, in order to preserve the blessings of liberty and democracy for future generations. Inevitably we must bear almost the whole burden of the loss of life and property and the waste of our productive capacity—for posterity is not here to bear it. Posterity will not grumble at paying part of the money bill.

Moreover, the interest on Government bonds is not to be pictured as a crushing load for the future. For the people will own the bonds and will be paying interest to themselves. The payment of interest will be a redistribution of money, not a loss.

DRAWING THE LINE.

(London Morning Post.)

There are some things honest men will not stand; and the German at sea is one of them. Not for a generation, and very likely more than one, will the German put to sea without some peril to himself. When he struck at the brotherhood of the sea he struck at a power as wide as the sea, as strong as pitiless. Seamen have long memories, and minds untainted by money, for money does not come their way. They cannot be bribed to trade with the German. Were it no more than a matter of self-defence, the seaman would still be constrained to teach the German his lesson. There are people who argue that the prospect of receiving a part of their dues after the war encourages the poor misguided Germans to go on fighting. But whether they go on or not, they cannot undo the past. They will reap as they have sown.

THE COUNCIL OF THE NATIONS.

(London Times.)

If the Imperial War Cabinet were merely a glorified form of the pre-war Imperial Conference; if it could do nothing more than make recommendations to the British Government after long discussions of academic resolutions; if it were, in fact, a Cabinet, merely in name, but a Conference in fact, having no executive authority, it is very certain that the Overseas would manage to avoid attending it. Most of the great developments that have moulded the constitutional system of the Empire have been reactions to needs that had imposed themselves on what might be called the subconscious national instinct; have been carried out in a rough-and-ready way; have only been appreciated in their full meaning long after they have passed into the rota of accepted institutions. The members of the Imperial War Cabinet may do worse than reflect on this normal rule for the progressive development of Imperial constitutionalism. It may serve to reassure them if they feel at times inclined to be discouraged by public scepticism about the work that they are doing.

THE TEARS OF MRS. HOHENZOLLERN.

(The Evening Sun, New York.)

The German Empress, in company with Prince Joachim, one of the Kaiser's six sons who have as yet escaped injury in the war, visited recently some new hospitals in the Rhine towns. These were crowded with wounded soldiers, mostly Prussians from the zone of the German offensive along the Marne, which collapsed last week. At Strassburg the Kaiserin saw so many wounded that she broke down and wept.

The Kaiserin's tears have good reason to flow. Her royal husband applied the torch to Europe. Upon her family rests the responsibility for the present plight of all the German people. Her tears fall as symbols of the great flood of tears which German women are fated to shed for a hundred years because "Germany's military necessity" knew no law.

The Kaiserin wept for the German wounded. She may well weep for them and for the great armies of German dead whose lives have paid the price of Prussian ambition. So great a lady as the Kaiserin might even spare a tear for the unhappy women and children of Belgium, whose sex and helplessness could not defend them against her husband's soldiers, who were stronger than these unarmed non-combatants. Are there no tears for all the dead in France, the unnumbered thousands tortured and slain in Poland, in Siberia, in Armenia, at the bidding of the Kaiser? The Kaiserin's tears may flow in a stream as great as the Rhine, but the guilt cannot be washed away. Moreover, no German of any degree have learned as yet to shed tears of penitence; they weep in self-pity. Of the broken and the contrite heart they have no conception.

The awful retribution which is to fall upon Germany for the next cycle of years is already foreshadowed. Germany's men are slaughtered or crippled, her women are bereft. Upon them rests the curse of grinding toil performed under the unpitiful scorn of a whole world for a people who delivered up their souls and minds at the bidding of rulers who saved them the trouble of thinking for themselves, reading justice, doing right.

The air of the world will be filled with the sobs and howlings of Germans for many years to come. A people degenerated so close to madness can have no conception of proper behavior. Their life will be regulated for them by the rest of the world, because they have shown their unfitness for any free hand of their own.