

SAM'S DANDER IS UP

Observations of a Canadian who spent six months in the United States getting the War Opinions of other men

By FRANK YEIGH

of many colours, and his progressive development of high temper typifies the rising temper of this hundred-million country, the quickening pulse, the stiffening purpose, the clearer ringing note, the coming to its true and best self of a mighty nation that is finding its soul.

Washington, April 5.

THIS is the third great occasion on which I've recently been in Washington. The other two were Election and Inauguration. In comparison—pass them up; alongside of April 2 they were mere circus parades. I have seen the defiant banners of the Suffragettes, the wandering bands of pacifists, waylaying senators and congressmen and passers-by; the opposing "Pilgrims of Patriotism," urging war action, and the crowd of all sorts and conditions filling the halls of the great white parliament of the nation and the surrounding plaza. Nothing in comparison to this deep-seated, bull-goaded tantrum of Uncle Sam, who is not inarticulate with uncontrolled rage, but has an ominous set of the jaw and eyes that should be danger signs to even a defiant, supercilious, cocksure Germany.

Government, nation and people are a unit in this thing. The moment the President signed the real proclamation of war, on Good Friday, at 1.13 by the clock, the news was flashed from the Capitol roof to the wireless station on Arlington Heights, and from there three thousand miles to sea and to every United States ship, arsenal, navy yard and army post, and so to the Chancelleries of Europe.

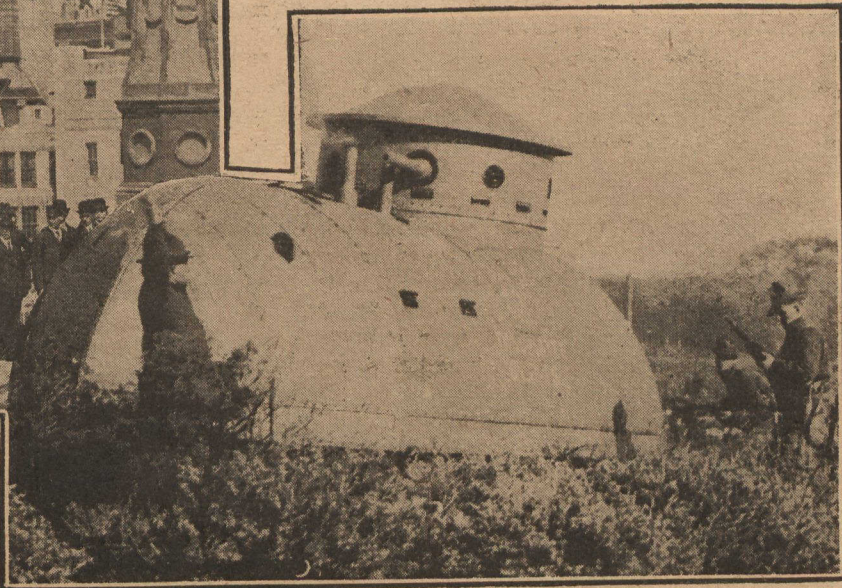
Last night, too, while the world slept, government officers and troops seized a hundred million dollars' worth of German ships at the Hoboken piers and elsewhere. I've just passed them, their huge, smokeless funnels silhouetted against the New Jersey skyline, while their officers and crews are kicking heels together as virtual prisoners of war.

The bomb-makers on the interned German boats were sentenced to-day to five years each in Atlanta Penitentiary. La Follette and Vardaman are being burned in effigy, and presented with thirty pieces

(Concluded on page 27.)



Tiffany's employees gathered for drill on the roof to protect the great jewellery establishment in case of riots and to enter the army.



Citizen soldiers of San Francisco have built a tank for active service somewhat different from the British tank.

Boston, April 4, 1917.

I'VE been watching Uncle Sam getting mad. I write these lines at a monster patriotic meeting in old Boston town. The air is tense with excitement; audience keyed up to billows of cheering on the slightest provocation. A Bostonian—cultured or otherwise—can't help warming up under the spell of his local orators. In this old town, where the ante-George-Thirders spilled the tea in the harbour in 1775, just mention Plymouth Rock or Bunker Hill, Lexington or Concord—and hear the rafters ring.

Yes, Uncle Sam's dander is rising—like a tide, or the slow upward movement of the mercury when a storm is brewing. I witnessed the change from week to week, indeed, from day to day, in chance conversations with fellow-travellers, from Minneapolis to Kansas City; from St. Louis to New Orleans; from Boston to Richmond. The press also reflected the changing temper of the public mind, while war-preparing activities, in scores of ways, filled the news columns.

The way the country is responding to the presidential mandate is also thrilling, again reminiscent of the days of the Sixties. Monster patriotic demonstrations on Boston Common, in Philadelphia's Independence Square, in Chicago Coliseum, Washington's Convention Hall, and New York's Madison Square Gardens. Sights and sounds we have long been familiar with in Canada are being seen and heard all the way from Maine to the Mexican border; the bugle call, the appeal of the recruiter, the challenging posters, and the demonstration of loyalty through the flag.

A few Sentries at bridge ends, tunnel openings and industrial plants. Entering New York last night on a Jersey City ferry, flash lights were penetrating the darkness from Battery and tower, meeting the bar of light from the illuminated Statue of Liberty, and searching the waters and wharves for lurking enemies, of which the country has all too many.

Uncle Sam and John Bull are alike in this, that both are slow to anger, but look out for trouble when they quit arguing and start scrapping. Uncle Sam's genial, shrewd smile and unruffled shirt front and rear coat tails have been laid aside once more, as in the fateful 'Sixties. There's an ugly look in his eye and a menacing twist to these same coat tails

But the men I'm listening to here in Boston are not merely in a state of angry excitement. They are saying unusual things; they are speaking out in meeting. What do you think happened before the meeting was opened? A bugle rang out; a squad of National Guards, with a standard-bearer carrying aloft Old Glory, marched up the centre aisle; the great crowd stood, and following Old Glory came the flags of England, France and Russia. So the Big Four among the world's standards of freedom decorated the platform.

Listen to these sentiments from the orators: It is a contest between free nations and freebooters. Patriotism has a quality that is spiritual, and the spiritual is coming to its own. The United States has at last joined the hosts of free peoples, America can now look the world in the face and the German in the eye. Our blind eyes have been opened, our dull ears unstopped. We are finding out that it is not the sinking of ships that is at stake so much as the threatened sinking of the Ship of State—our red blood is flowing faster now! Let us send millions of those shining soldiers of fortune in gold dollars across the seas in financial help—back to the countries from which we got them. If we withhold our gold, it will be ground to powder and mixed with the blood of our fallen sons and we shall be compelled to drink it! Such are the sentiments I hear at this meeting.

Astonishingly frank were the admissions of unpreparedness. One speaker deplored "our humiliating helplessness," and the national failure to profit by the relative unpreparedness of all the Allies.

But in spite of Canadian enthusiasm there was one thing that made any Canadian in that audience just a little critical, if not a trifle warm under the collar. Only one speaker definitely reminded the audience of the part already played by the Allied powers. A stranger might have gathered that the war is only beginning as a fight to the finish between German autocracy and democracy, and that the American Republic had done all the world-fighting for freedom, but when a speaker reminded them of the initial part played by Belgium, and of the unselfish act of England in coming to the rescue, the approving applause was loud and long and heartily given, but only one of the seven on the speaking programme made such a reference.



Col. Roosevelt calls at the White House to offer his services at the head of a division, and is interviewed by the reporters.