

Bankrupt Politicians

THE little old town of New York is all astir over the fact that a prominent politician, who has recently made an assignment in bankruptcy, still continues to wage an active campaign for the office of city comptroller. His enemies are seeking to make political capital out of his financial failure, of course, while his friends insist that these personal reverses should not militate against his availability for the office. The ethics of his candidacy have entered into the controversy and there is a considerable difference of opinion.

All of which reminds us that many of our greatest Americans were financial failures in private life. Grant was in miserable circumstances at the outbreak of the Civil war and had grown despondent over his reverses. McKinley was a bankrupt, and Webster and Clay were in a constant state of financial embarrassment. The story is told that one day Webster went into a certain bank at the national capital where he was in the habit of getting temporary accommodations over his own signature and asked for a \$250 loan. The president of the bank, who was a personal friend of the senator, refused the favor to the great surprise of the distinguished applicant. After Webster had shown his indignation in no uncertain fashion the banker was obliged to explain that a new rule had been adopted by the institution requiring the endorsement of all personal paper before it could be accepted.

The story goes that as Webster was hurriedly leaving the bank in search of an endorser he ran across Clay and told him his troubles. It appears that the eminent Kentuckian was on a similar mission himself, and after due consideration of ways and means to meet the emergency, the two resourceful statesmen finally walked into the bank arm in arm, signed a joint note for \$500, and then split the money. For some reason or other this note was never collected and after a time it was framed and hung on the wall of the banker's private office, where it was carefully preserved for years after the death of both of its famous signers.

A Bit Presumptuous

A CARPING English critic is fearful lest the alliance between Great Britain and the United States result in our becoming overly conscious of favors extended and assuming a patronizing attitude towards our English ally. Of course, this would be too much for the pompous Briton to stomach and so he insists that a strict accounting should be kept, in order that England will be able to financially reimburse America in full for all services performed.

The poor fool: Does he think for a minute that the assistance this country has given and will continue to give to England can be compensated in dollars and cents! He reminds us very much of a certain city official who expended considerable money to insure his election, and, when elected, assumed the attitude that he was under no political obligations, in that he had paid for all services performed during his campaign. In fact, the fellow was so earnest about it that he constantly referred to his check book in substantiation of his position. The mistake he made was in overlooking the moral obligations incurred—the support he received that money couldn't buy—and the Englishman is indulging in the same sort of sophistry.

So far as Americans are concerned, they are fighting this war for themselves. The fact that England will profit from our entrance into the conflict is of secondary or no consideration at present. The moral and material support that we will render to our ally will be such as is dictated by practicability and not by sentiment. Circumstances have made us comrades-at-arms and we will not stop to count the cost. Nor is it at all likely that the day will ever come when we will

seek to humiliate our ally by pompously reminding her of the hour when we found her in deep distress and came to her assistance. The calibre of American character is too big for that.

AMERICA—1917

By Charles H. Stone, Jr.

TO the full-throated challenge of bugles
The troops go up the street,
And far and wide, like a rising tide,
Comes the tramp of marching feet;
And over the khaki column,
Flung wide to the sun and sky,
A flag floats fair on the stirring air,
As our boys go marching by.

Blue for the skies of Dixie,
And white for our northern snows,
And red for the flowers that summer show-
ers,
North, South, wherever she goes.
These for the flag of our country,
The Red, the White, and the Blue;
As it greets your eye from its place on high,
What does it mean to you.

Does it float as an emblem of honor,
Or droop as a badge of disgrace?
Is the flag one sees as it snaps in the breeze
The flag of a servile race?
Has our father's spirit perished?
Shall we cringe from a foreign foe?
When comes the test, from each loyal breast
Rings the mighty answer: "NO!"

NO! By our country's sires,
By glorious Washington led!
By the wintry gorge at Valley Forge
And the snow that their feet made red!
NO! In the name of Lincoln,
Great heart and high-souled will,
Who freedom gave to the shackled slave!
We are Freedom's children still.

Whatever our birth or breeding,
Whatever our hopes or plans,
All these we lose and this we choose
To be only AMERICANS,
Filled with the sense of honor
And thrilled with a high ideal.
God make it so that we may know
The shadow from the real.

When the blasts of war's bugles thrill us
We shall spring to the Nation's call,
And the flag of our country must fill us
With the will to do all for all.
Now the sword, not Hate, our cause,
With faith in the midst of Humanity's right
To conquer, by all God's laws.

Red for the blood of our heroes,
And white for the faith they proved,
And blue for the thread that the loyal dead
Wove in the flag they loved.
Let the foe strive to tear down that banner,
And its stars with our blood to imbue;
Blow, bugles! Draw sword! In the cause of
our Lord,
We shall fight 'neath the Red, White and
Blue!

False pride is still the prevailing trait of a certain English type and the consciousness of having to call to America for assistance seems to prick their vanity. In view of the situation, how-

ever, their attitude is most ridiculous. Americans got a fair idea of the emptiness of this kind of English honor when Cornwallis and his army marched out of Yorktown to the tune: "The World is Upside Down." There is a standard of English honor that rings true to the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is the only code that Americans know. And so it is to smile whenever some pretentious Englishman seeks to cover his humiliation with the cloak of fictitious honor.

Their Dual Allegiance

IT is reported that the Crown Prince of Germany recently addressed a letter to the Burgomaster of Berlin, complimenting certain regiments recruited in that city in the following characteristic language: "With such soldiers we can fetch the Devil from Hell." To which remark a celebrated writer has added the suggestion that the world at large has long been under the impression that there was "no need of fetching that phosphorescent worthy from his torrid abode," in that he was generally supposed to have been actively associated with the kaiser and the crown prince in the direction of their brutal warfare against civilization. One might add to this that the German method of fighting was too much for his Satanic majesty to stomach, perhaps, and that he preferred after a while to retire to his more civilized abode. He must be there now, else his Teutonic ally would not speak of fetching him back to earth.

On the other hand, the kaiser would have us believe that the war for the advancement of German Kultur is being waged by a close corporation consisting of "Me und Gott." Are the Hohenzollerns seeking to hoodwink the world with this pretension, or is it possible that they have effected a working agreement with both the Creator and the devil that will enable them to play both ends against the middle? Perhaps their new scheme of worship embraces the American aborigine's crude idea of the existence of two kinds of spirits—the good and the evil ones; for their program seems to be to so divide their allegiance as to be able to stand in the good graces of both. This supposition is not as far fetched as it might seem.

The Right Idea

THE state of West Virginia recently enacted a law requiring every male resident between the ages of sixteen and sixty to perform some kind of useful labor for at least thirty-six hours each week until the termination of the war. There are no exemptions whatever, save that of physical incapacity, and an offender of the act is classed as "an able-bodied male idler, loafer or loiterer," liable to the penalty of compulsory labor and a stiff fine besides.

This is the most drastic piece of war legislation that has yet come to our attention, but we like the idea and believe that it could be adopted with profit in every state. Labor is scarce throughout the country and the demand for it is steadily increasing. In face of this alarming condition, it is a crying shame that idlers should be allowed to go their easy way without molestation. They should all be put to work.

Utah has no direct legislation covering this particular subject, but we believe that her laws relating to vagrancy could be resorted to with a most salutary effect on the whole community. It might be necessary to stretch the law a point or two in certain instances but that would be justifiable in view of the emergency. The idlers could be apprehended and then sentenced to some useful labor. Or better still, why not impress the street loafers and other questionable gentlemen of leisure into active service in the war, and thereby spare many a willing worker for service in the civilian ranks?