



Goodwin's Weekly

EDITORIALS

THINK of it! One hundred and fifty millions of big American dollars raised for the Red Cross—and all in one short week! This achievement is without parallel in all annals. Never has there been such a spirited and generous outpouring from human hearts; never was work of mercy contemplated on such magnificent scale. It is all too wonderful to comprehend at present—it even bewilders the imagination.

And what shall be said of the spirit that prompted this unprecedented offering? Surely the great-hearts of America have forever refuted the charge that we are a sordid, dollar-hunting people. But why speculate? Wherever our Red Cross reaches out its hands to minister to unhappy peoples—binding the wounds of battle, comforting sorrowing women, caring for the homeless children and scattering good cheer everywhere,—wherever a despairing human heart has felt the magic touch of the Red Cross and found health and happiness and hope again, there is to be found a fine regard and firm friendship for the American people. Who can calculate the hundreds of thousands who will bear personal testimony and tribute to our ministrations of mercy in their darkest hours?

The cause of the American Red Cross is something more than a crusade to reclaim human bodies and broken hearts from the wreckage of war; it is the forerunner of a wonderful fellowship that will some day reach around the globe. Silently but surely its angels of mercy are forging the golden links of sentiment and affection that are to bind the nations together in one big brotherhood of human hearts. What we have made possible by simply unloosing our purse-strings is a most inspiring contemplation. And in serving others we have served ourselves best.

Today we are mobilizing our armed forces to make a mighty demonstration against the enemy. Military authorities are all of the opinion that this alone can save the day in France and insure ultimate victory for ourselves and our Allies. It will doubtless embrace the most determined and decisive military movement of the world's greatest war. Should our hopes be realized, this achievement will glorify the name of the Great Republic for all time to come. We will never weary of recounting the story of our great adventure abroad, nor will our gallant comrades-at-arms across the sea ever tire of telling how the magnificent American army rushed to their rescue and turned the Hun in his tracks.

But even the human heart has strange whims, and one fancies that the favorite legend of the war, the one that will make the strongest appeal to the children of today and the generations yet unborn, will be that which relates the stirring story of a gallant and generous people who, during the stress of war, found time and furnished means to carry on the work of mercy behind the battle lines. The relative merits and exploits of the great armies in the field will always be open to dispute, but memory of the American Red Cross will ever stand as an enduring monument to the charity and chivalry that is lodged in the hearts of the citizens of the Great Republic.

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A BOOMERANG.

WE suspect that Champ Clark is sorry he made that Fort Wayne speech. He intended to sound the keynote of the Democratic congressional campaign; instead of that he seems to have stirred up a veritable hornets' nest among the loyal Hoosiers, whose hospitality they claim he abused. Speaking for the loyal people of that state, the Fort Wayne NEWS wants to know why Speaker Clark signaled out Indiana among all the forty-eight states to hear first-hand his tearful

plea for "the election of a congress that will stand behind the President in the conduct of the war."

It so happened that the Democratic spokesman delivered his address that night in the district of a Republican congressman who has a better batting average in supporting the President's war policies than the Speaker himself. The Indiana press reminds him of this in unmistakable language. It likewise reminds him—much to his chagrin, we fancy—of his inglorious opposition to the conscription bill, jogging his memory as to how he sought to use his silent influence as speaker to defeat the measure and how he finally took the floor and denounced a government that would contemplate recruiting an army by force, declaring that in his eyes and the eyes of the people he represented "a conscript was no better than a convict." Why, then, this paper wants to know, should Speaker Clark of all men "journey clear from Washington to Fort Wayne to tell us that another man who stood by the President in his hour of trial is not worthy to be continued as congressman—because, forsooth, the President needs men who will support him in the conduct of the war. For disgraceful gall can you beat that?"

And then another writer, becoming purely personal, wants to know how it happened that the Speaker's son, Bennett Clark, obtained his commission as lieutenant colonel, in view of the fact that less than a year ago he was a civilian clerk in the House of Representatives. He suggests that perhaps the celebrated Houn' Dawg from Missouri has now become a War Pup and is busy scenting out "deserving Democrats" for orderly duty. Which is a good way to put it, but why limit it to Missouri? Surely the houn' dawg that was once so outrageously kicked about has now come into his own and is feasting on the fat of the land. As we view it, Speaker Clark will serve himself and his party best by keeping his silence. Certainly the American people are in no mood to be scolded by him or to listen to his preachments on patriotism.

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THEY ARE STANDING GUARD.

IT is a pleasure to watch the work of the two senators from Utah in the present war congress. They are both wide awake and hard at work, and their work stands out in bold relief to that of the great majority of their colleagues. Their fearlessness is most refreshing, especially in these days of "me too" statesmen. Also, they are quite as far-seeing as they are fearless; they are looking forward to the day when the great American people will call the government to an accounting, and they are trimming their sails accordingly. Which might mean that our senators are simply playing politics but that is not the point in mind.

Senator Smoot is admittedly the watch-dog of the national treasury. Need one observe that he has a tough job on his hands? Nor is it necessary to say that his post is not the most popular in Washington, particularly during the consideration of the River and Harbor measure now before Congress. The Southern senators are assaulting the "pork barrels" in mass formation and our senior senator, with what help he can muster, is hard put to the task of standing them off. It was to be expected that a certain substantial element in the Senate, mostly of his own political faith, would rally around Senator Smoot, but when the junior senator from Utah jumped into the fight with a fierce denunciation of his Democratic brethren from the South the controversy assumed a different aspect. Incidentally, the "Judge" let the cat out of the bag and it is doubtful whether those hungry Southerners will ever forgive him for what he said.

In many respects, Senator King reminds us of a certain type of Utah citizen, now almost extinct, who was in the habit of "eating a Mormon for breakfast every morning." Just so, since he has gone to