



Goodwin's Weekly

EDITORIALS

If the Kaiser will take the trouble to casually survey the events of the passing week he ought to be able to detect developments of portentous significance. His spokesman's feeler for peace, that of Baron Burian, the Austria-Hungarian foreign minister,

found its answer when 13,000,000 red-blooded Americans registered their willingness to serve their country in any capacity. Surely he must see by now that in the contest of the survival of the fittest, into which he has forced the Great Republic to enter against its every wish, he hasn't a ghost of a show to win. For can he not already see the black storm clouds rising in the West that will soon beat down upon him and his kind with all the pent-up fury that this mighty nation can muster? He mocked America once; he will yet plead for mercy at her hands.

And therein lies the danger just ahead. All their vainglorious boastings aside, the Prussian war lords do not relish the idea of being forced into a show-down fight with America. They made frantic and, in many respects, foolish efforts to settle the awful issue before we were able to marshal substantial military strength against them. But they found themselves baffled at every turn. America was there in sufficient force to help stop them in their tracks. The Huns have turned tail and are now on the run. What is going to happen, say, next summer, when our armed forces number 5,000,000, simply challenges the imagination. "We are just beginning to fight," says Secretary Baker, and he is right. When we finally get up steam and all our magnificent armies are in full swing, the chances are that there will be nothing but a grease spot left of the Kaiser and his crowd, provided they have the nerve to stand up like men and fight it out to a finish.

But will they? Or will they soon make a plea for peace on such terms as is likely to make a strong appeal to our war-worn allies? This must be our chief lookout. Not that our gallant comrades are weakening in the faith, but it is conceivable that Germany could easily make overtures that would tempt them to listen to the siren song of a premature peace. It is our plain mission to see that such subterfuge does not succeed. We are rapidly getting into shape to do the big end of the fighting; we have already made preparations to substantially feed our allies; and in addition, we must steel ourselves to the necessity of cheering our glorious comrades on until the military might of the enemy is broken and his spirit crushed.

That can be the only satisfactory settlement of the issue; that is the primary object of calling 13,000,000 Americans to stand ready to join the colors; and now that the start has been made, it is for us alone to see that peace is established by the sword, and not by petition on the part of a craven enemy. A peace obtained on any other terms short of military supremacy and unconditional surrender, would simply mean another war in the near future. Now that we have the upper hand, it would be a crime against civilization if we fail to keep it.

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IS HINDENBURG WHISTLING?

It is said that during the early months of the war someone asked Hindenburg what he was in the habit of doing when things went wrong.

"I always whistle," replied the old marshal.

The story was given wide circulation throughout the empire, and when their armies did not appear to be meeting with the success hoped for, it became the custom of the German people to inquire whether Hindenburg was whistling. Upon being assured to the contrary, they

went their way feeling that everything was going well at the front.

Well, if there is any truth to the story, then old Hindenburg must have been whistling steadily for the past two months; and right now he ought to be whistling loud enough for the German people to hear with their own ears. He has been experiencing a tough time of it this summer, and it is beginning to look as though his troubles have just fairly commenced. We are told, of course, how he counseled strenuously against the inglorious drive of the Crown Prince which struck an American snag at Chateau Thierry, so that in this one instance he could perhaps look the Kaiser and his young hopeful straight in the eye and say "I told you what would happen." And the chances are that the grim old soldier said something to this effect, for the Prussian war lords are given to plain speech among themselves. But whether Hindenburg had the nerve to tell the people just who was responsible for the ill-fated offensive, is open to speculation. Our belief is that he simply went off by himself and began whistling, and was content to let the people draw their own conclusions.

Which reminds us that Frederick the Great was also in the habit of seeking solace in the strains of his own music when things were not right with him. It was his habit to shut himself for hours at a stretch and play incessantly upon his flute, and at such times the people always knew that something was wrong. We have yet to learn what the Kaiser does when he finds himself in a bad fix. It would be interesting to know.

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JIMHAM A HERO.

WHEN President Wilson's Handy Andy, Senator J. Ham Lewis, suddenly popped up one day in Paris, at a time when by all calculations he should have been out in Illinois mending his political fences, it was clear to all that he was simply seeking to popularize himself with his constituents by an unprecedented program of long-distance campaigning. And, posing as the President's emissary on a particular mission, he managed to keep himself in the spotlight for a few days. Then he suddenly faded from view.

Which was not at all surprising. What with a million and a half Americans at the front and the big end of them in action, and with the British doing some of the fanciest fighting of the war, it was not to be supposed that the picturesque, pink-whiskered statesman who had gone to Europe to strut around a bit and advertise himself in unseemly fashion, could continue to monopolize the cable service across the Atlantic. So one fancies that the latter part of his sojourn abroad was not altogether to his liking, and for want of front page notoriety his vanity was pricked.

Then the unexpected happened. The American transport Mount Vernon, while homeward bound was torpedoed some two hundred miles off the coast of France. And it was Jimham's luck to be aboard the troopship. The boat was badly damaged but was able to make a safe port under its own steam. A number of lives were lost, and when the full story is told it is bound to prove a thrilling narrative. Meanwhile the dispatches have been most meagre, and strange to say, the presence of the Illinois senator on the ship and the fact that he contracted a slight cold while looking after the wounded, have called for more comment in the cablegrams than all the other casualties combined.

From what we have read, it was fortunate that Jimham was present when the boat was struck. For who else would have looked after the injured? It stands to reason that the crew and other able-bodied passengers had all they could do to look after themselves. So Jimham saved the day. In addition to his other accomplishments, he is now a hero. Will his lucky star never desert him?