

THE SPIRIT OF '18

By Booth Tarkington

DURING the spring of 1917 certain groups of patriots in the East, particularly in New York and Boston, did a great deal of worrying about the Middle and Western states. These Easterners would come together at luncheons and committee meetings, and after getting into a condition of collective depression about the apathy of the country, they would appoint one of their number to act as an oratorical commission. "Rudiger, go out there," they would say to him. "Rudiger, for God's sake, go out there and rouse the middle West!" And Rudiger would go out on his rousing expedition and make speeches before commercial clubs, and at larger meetings, and then go back home without having noticed that the Middle and Western states were already passing their quotas for enlistments of fighting men, whereas Rudiger's own state, at that time, had filled just about



America Aroused and United Is Following the Shining Figures of the Leaders of '76

posed to poison gas or liquid fire, felt that it imposed a reputation for patriotism to make virulent oratorical attacks on these "swivel-chair warriors" who were remaining out of the zone of fire—remaining in Washington, with the congressmen. And so, some of the departments, yielding to oratory and other pressure, threw out many men who had learned their jobs and were working more hours a day than any union would have allowed; and then other men, some of them far less competent, and all of them beginners, were put into the swivel chairs, and the work of the war was thereby just so much disarranged and just so much delayed—all of which means something in the casualty lists.

We had to learn that criticism must know its own job thoroughly; it mustn't be merely "blowing off steam." And enthusiasm is useful only when it never takes its eye off the ball. Thousands of unfit men were themselves ill used and made a useless expense to Uncle Sam by too much indiscriminate en-

a third of its own enlistment quota. However, the Rudigers were not all Easterners. About 100,000,000 people seemed to feel that the United States did not realize that it was at

war. Rudiger's name was not legion, but populace; and yet he believed that he was almost the only person in America who "comprehended the full seriousness of the situation." He got a somber satisfaction out of his forebodings. "They'll see!" he would predict. "They'll wake up and find out what they're in for, some day when it's too late maybe; but I tell you they won't know what it means! They're at war with the greatest military power in the world, and they're sound asleep! I tell you it drives a man almost crazy to see, as I do, what this war means, and then look about him at all these millions of people behaving as if there weren't any war at all!"

East, West, North and South, Rudiger got the habit of scolding. He felt that he had the whole war on his one pair of shoulders. For a day he might forget it a little, and go out and play golf. Then another day would come, when the weight of the war would lie heavily on him, and he'd see some other Rudiger playing golf, and Rudiger would watch him from the clubhouse veranda, and groan and scold. "The big dunderheads!" he would sputter. "They just can't realize it! Nobody doing anything! Nobody even worrying!"

Yes; almost all of us had a touch of Rudiger in those days. We imagined that we felt the war more than our neighbors did; the thought made us irritable, and there was a vast scolding. We produced many thousands of editorials and posters founded on the YOU theme. The kaiser will get YOU if YOU don't enlist, or if YOU don't subscribe to the Red Cross, or if YOU don't buy Liberty Bonds. Are YOU doing your duty? If not YOU will be painted yellow.

Of course this going after YOU in such an obstreperous way was considered by advertising experts to be the most effective form of rousing, but in the light of later events one may venture to express a doubt and to express also an opinion that the YOU campaign was inspired mainly by its congeniality with the nervous irritability of the time. It was Rudigerism. Whereas, what has really made things happen on the great scale is neither the attack on YOU nor YOUR susceptibility to scolding, but the WE, US and OUR spirit.

When a poster shouts at me, "YOU aren't in the trenches," I am apt to feel a little antagonized, and my thought may be: "What business is it of yours, you poster man, or advertising specialist? YOU aren't in the trenches, either. YOU are as safely at home as anybody, and YOU haven't the right to be screaming reproaches and warnings at me. YOU don't know what I'm doing or trying to do for our cause. YOU seem to think it's more your war than it is mine, and YOU think YOU have to wake me up, and YOU make me tired!" Or, if I'm a selfish and gnat-brained person, the kind at whom the YOU shouting is chiefly aimed, my emotional process may take this form: "Cut out the bull! Yelling 'YOU' isn't going to get me to do anything I don't want to do. You can't work ME, bo!"

Of course there were individuals who had to be shamed into war efforts, and no doubt the YOU work helped to get them into line, but the really important American pronouns have proved to be those of the first person plural. It was WE, US and OUR that reached those citizens whom we formerly called "German-Americans." It was WE, US and OUR that left nothing of the hyphen—and the hyphen had only smarted the redder under the mustard plaster pronoun YOU. When the "German-Americans," as we called them, found that OUR country was at war, they erased the hyphen. They might have remained "German-Americans" if we had gone to war with any country except Germany, and this is one great benefit that Germany conferred upon us when she attacked us: she killed the hyphen. She counted on killing it, and so far her calculations were correct. But she is not pleased with her success in the matter, for she made a mistake in an important detail: she thought the "German-Americans" would drop the American side of the hyphen; she thought they were really Germans. They weren't. The hyphen is gone forever, and there aren't any "German-American" citizens any more in our country; there are only American citizens. From August, 1914, until April, 1917, the "German-Americans" often said YOU to the rest of us and the rest of us often said YOU to them; but now all of us say WE, US and OUR.

A young friend of mine, of German descent, told me how it was with him. Until April, 1917, he had been pro-German, and at times critical of our government's attitude toward Germany. Only a week or so after war was declared I met him and he was in uniform—a fighting man's uniform. "Of course I am!" he said. "Oh, yes; everything was different until my country went to war. I loved Germany, and I naturally thought that Germany was right in her struggle with other foreign countries. Don't you take your old and admired friend's side when he gets into a controversy with people who are strangers to you? Well, I think I was all right to have felt that way and to have taken that attitude up to the time the United States went to war, and I can't be ashamed of it, even though I may have been mistaken. But Germany is no friend of mine now. No, sir! Not from the moment when she became the recognized enemy of my country. My country's enemy is my enemy and I'm going to fight this enemy of my country if it costs my life. Germany is my enemy! I'm out to help get the kaiser, and we're going to do it!"

The "German-Americans" encountered skepticism from people who found it difficult to see how a viewpoint can change with changed circumstances; and the doubt was galling and unhelpful as suspicious doubts nearly always are. A great many good Americans who couldn't get into uniform and fight Germans felt the need of attacking somebody they could get at and make wince. They suffered from the natural and just anger against Germany, but Germany was too far away, and too sheltered behind Hindenburg, to be directly affected, and a lot of us just couldn't contain ourselves; we were so hot we had to let out and give something or somebody within our reach a "good cussing." We cursed the "German-Americans," and made it a little harder for them to declare their loyalty, but the vast majority of them behaved so well under the stress that after a while we had to abandon this means of blowing off our steam. So we picked up the British word "slacker" and used it to vent our irritation; and perhaps we did a little good, here and there, with our "slacker" talk; and certainly we did some harm. We were very free with the word, we editors, writers and speakers, who were not in uniform ourselves. We were especially bitter against what we liked to call the "swivel-chair warriors" in Washington. There were men of draft age, it appears, serving in some of the departments in Washington, and without pausing to inquire how many of these were physically unfit for service in the field, or how many had become indispensable in the positions they were filling, we raged against them. Virtuous congressmen, who themselves had no intention of ever being ex-

posed to poison gas or liquid fire, felt that it imposed a reputation for patriotism to make virulent oratorical attacks on these "swivel-chair warriors" who were remaining out of the zone of fire—remaining in Washington, with the congressmen. And so, some of the departments, yielding to oratory and other pressure, threw out many men who had learned their jobs and were working more hours a day than any union would have allowed; and then other men, some of them far less competent, and all of them beginners, were put into the swivel chairs, and the work of the war was thereby just so much disarranged and just so much delayed—all of which means something in the casualty lists.

One day last April we had a "Liberty Loan" parade in Indianapolis. Some 40,000 of us marched and the rest looked on and helped to cheer, and perhaps tried not to cry when the flags went down the street with the people who carried them singing "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" There were soldiers—infantry and artillery—in the parade, and hospital units, and lines and lines of surgeons and nurses, and there were state and city officials, and governors and senators and ex-ambassadors; but the great part of the marchers were just the people of a city at war. Factory owners marched with their men; labor leaders marched with millionaires, and unless you knew them you couldn't tell which was which. The merchants, the bankers, the lawyers, the doctors, the dentists, the clerks, the railroad men, the barbers, the bricklayers, the steel workers, the cannery men, the carpenters, the plumbers—they all marched and they all sang when the bands played and when the bands didn't. The Catholic organizations marched, and the Protestant organizations marched. Thousands of negroes marched in their church orders, singing and free and in the war, like the rest. And there were great clubs and organizations that had been called German, but would no longer be called German, they marched and sang and were most absolutely and violently a part of the war on Germany. There were Bulgarians, shouting the allied battle call, singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and there were Roumanians, and Serbians and Greeks and Russians, all Americans and all in this war. There were Chinese and there was a band of Japanese, dressed as antique bowmen. Nowhere in the city was there anything that wasn't at war with the Germans. And overhead sailed the airplanes. But it was not so with Indianapolis alone, or with all the cities and towns and villages and countryside of Indiana alone. The same manifestation was visible all over America where there are 100,000,000 people!

So we said: "If that Rosenkranz and Guldernstein pair of worthies in Germany, Hindendorff and Ludendorff, could only get a bird's-eye view of what is showing forth today, if they could get but a glimpse of this America roused, they might also get a glimpse of what is coming to them!" America not only roused, but America united. Our trouble has taught us our unity. We have said: "Come, brother!" and we stand together, steadfast. We are at war with militarism. The kaiser, knowing that he is the front and symbol of militarism, said: "Those who wish to destroy us are digging their own graves." He knows well enough what we mean to do, and in his rage he talks graveyard to frighten us. His worst mistake has been his thinking that "terrorization" terrifies; that murdering a man's child subdues the man and keeps him quiet! Zeppelins, submarines, 70-mile guns, poison gas, rape, setting peaceful towns on fire, turning machine guns on women, children, priests and old men—these are the raw head and bloody bones he uses, hoping through fear to make all the wide world his own private ogre's castle. But America will not have it so. Let him wave his raw head and bloody bones; let him threaten us with graves, and let him make the German people believe that it is Germany we mean to destroy; he knows what this republic means to do; he knows what the united democracy of the world means to do—and it is he that is afraid, and proves his fear, like a coward talking big in the dark.

America is marching. Leaders go before us, mighty and implacable for America and for the freedom of man, and we see them not in dimness, but as shining figures, alive today and alive forever, at the head of the nation: Washington and Franklin and Hamilton and Adams and Jefferson and Patrick Henry and Francis Marion and Paul Jones and Light Horse Harry Lee; and Decatur and Madison and Scott, and William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. And the solemn, great figure of Lincoln marches there, at our head, with Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. We know what these men said to us: that the word to us was always the same, yesterday and today and tomorrow—always their word to us is "Forward!" And we follow them.

Their way lies straight upward over emperors and kings. For a while, in our prosperity, it seemed that we had forgotten our leaders; that we had forgotten that the power of the spirit is greater than the power of dollars, that we had even forgotten to keep ourselves a nation, one and indivisible, and had become a collection of grabbers, living on fat and laughing at corruption and shame—and it was thus the German thought of us. Never was there so false a lie! The time has come that brings us our test. America woke and woke in arms. Not one true son of America doubts the future.

Some Interesting Facts

A gasoline engine driven dynamo that is entirely automatic in its action is attracting attention in England. Frequent and moderate rain is the most effective of all sanitary agencies. Sixty men a thousand are now being killed in the war, and about 150 men out of each thousand are wounded. Almost automatic in its operations

For home consumption Great Britain imports about 30,000,000 pounds of coffee annually. Wisconsin must increase her wheat acreage 50 per cent over last year if she is to produce her share in 1918. Over 200,000 loads of sawdust and other mill waste were used during last year in the United States for making paper pulp. Four working parties building a rail-

INSANE MAN CUTS UP HIS FAMILY

Chloroforms Wife and Children Then Seriously Slashes Them With Razor.

London.—The Health association recently discovered one of the queerest cases of insanity in Canadian medical annals. As a result, Frank Bolton, a former regimental bandman, now is in an asylum for the insane, while his wife and two children are in a hospital, recovering from starvation and wounds inflicted upon them by the insane man.

Bolton's insanity manifested itself in a novel form. He labored under the delusion that he was a famous British



Operated on His Wife.

surgeon, and his mania led him to "keep his hand in practice" by operating on his wife and children.

Bolton obtained a bottle of chloroform and, mounting an ironing board on the backs of chairs, he put his wife to sleep for the purpose of operating for the removal of an imagined cancerous growth. The woman did not explain why she submitted, but when found by investigating nurses she was suffering from incisions made in three places. A dangerous wound had been inflicted in her abdomen, another in her hip and the third in her right leg.

Bolton, after cutting his wife, had taken his eight-year-old daughter and had operated upon her, making numerous incisions with a crude collection of old razors.

"Why did you do it?" he was asked in court.

"I am a noted surgeon," he replied, "I operated to scrape the bones." A younger child, a boy of four years, was just recovering from an anesthetic when the nurses arrived. He, too, had been operated upon.

ALARM CLOCK DRAWS FIRE

American Patrol Leader Strung it on Wire in Front of German Trenches.

Paris.—Americans who had been trying to draw the fire of certain German batteries used an alarm clock to fool Fritz and caused the Germans useless expenditure of large quantities of machine gun and rifle ammunition. In order to fool the Germans an American patrol leader tucked an alarm clock under his arm and crept into "No Man's Land" in the darkness, fastening the clock to a wire.

Soon the alarm rang, whereupon the Germans opened fire. The alarm had been so arranged that the clock cut loose intermittently, and each time drew a violent fire from the enemy. Meanwhile the Americans rested in their trenches and enjoyed a hearty laugh.

BOY'S INITIALS ON INSTEP

Girl's Love Changes and She Now Finds Tattooing is Embarrassing.

Oakland, Cal.—A pretty Oakland maiden who thought her romance with a soldier would be a lifelong love affair had his initials tattooed across her instep. She is now in grave distress.

The bathing season is here. She has forgotten her first love in spite of constant reminder and is now infatuated with a sailor whose initials unfortunately are different. Wardell Martin, Oakland tattooist, has been appealed to in an effort to remove the tell-tale initials. Martin says he will try to cover them by working in two flags on a blue ground.

Offers to Buy Powder for Own Execution

Memphis, Tenn.—Otto Dohrmann, a German arrested as a dangerous enemy alien, asked the jailer to shoot him. The jailer told him he was not worth the powder and lead that would be necessary to kill him. "Here," said Dohrmann, as he extended a dollar bill through the bars of the cell, "take this. Shoot me. That will pay for the ammunition."

JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Commissioner of Mediation and Conciliation Board Tries EATONIC, the Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and Endorses It.



Judge William L. Chambers, who uses EATONIC as a remedy for loss of appetite and indigestion, is a Commissioner of the U. S. Board of Mediation and Conciliation. It is natural for him to express himself in guarded language, yet there is no hesitation in his pronouncement regarding the value of EATONIC. Writing from Washington, D. C., to the Katoonic Remedy Co., he says:

"EATONIC promotes appetite and aids digestion. I have used it with beneficial results." Office workers and others who sit much are martyrs to dyspepsia, belching, bad breath, heartburn, poor appetite, bloating, and impairment of general health. Are you, yourself, a sufferer? EATONIC will relieve you just as surely as it has benefited Judge Chambers and thousands of others. Here's the secret: EATONIC drives the gas out of the body—and the bloating goes with it! It is guaranteed to bring relief or you get your money back! Costs only a cent or two a day to use it. Get a box today from your druggist.

Itching Rashes Soothed With Cuticura

Every Woman Wants Pachtine ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. This extraordinary cleanser and emollient powder. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Pachtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

REMARKS BY NOTABLE MEN

Forceful Expression Frequently Heard From Prominent Personages in the Public Eye.

Ezra Pound—Go out and defy opinion.

John Galsworthy—We are awakening to the dangers of Gadasening.

General Foch—A battle is never lost until its loss is acknowledged.

Clarence Rex—It is all right for a girl to marry for money if she is worth the money.

Rudyard Kipling—Nine-tenths of the atrocities that Germany has committed have not been made public.

Billy Sunday—Germany lost out when she turned from Christ to Krupp and from the cross of Calvary to the iron cross.

Lloyd George—There is no time for ease, delay or debate. The call is imperative, the choice is clear. It is for each free citizen to do his part.

T. C. O'Donnell—A stanza or two from "America" sung whenever opportunity and time permit, will bring oxygen into your lungs and strengthen the muscles of the abdomen and breath.—New York Independent.

Jewelry or Munitions.

A high official in the British ministry of munitions says that there are several reasons why people should not buy platinum jewelry. In the first place, it is very expensive; then the world supply has almost been exhausted, and also the men at the front need more munitions, and platinum is required for the manufacture of explosives wherewith to win the war.

Remember, the spirit of sacrifice is as glorious as it is inconvenient.

Put Into Practice

Conservation means the use of foods requiring less sugar, less fuel, and the minimum of wheat.

Grape-Nuts

requires NO SUGAR, NO FUEL, less milk or cream than other cereals, and is part BARLEY. It's a concentrated, nourishing, economical and delicious food. TRY IT!