

Hot Heads and Cold Feet
Cause Most of Our
Trouble.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

Where Jealousy Guards
the Gate Merit Can-
not Pass.

The Golden Sword of Victory

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

The sword is in the making, the long sword, the strong sword, the Golden Sword of Victory. What part of the blade will yours be? Add your bit to its bite—time presses—quick, lest the splendid weapon lie unfinished in the forge.

The Rhine Dragon is again free. France writhes in his clutch and his horrid tail flails poor bewildered Russia.

Slay the accursed thing, hew the talons from the beast! Break his back and release Germany from the dread spell which blinds and binds her, while the monstrous power of militarism persists.

The fate of civilization is on our anvils. We alone can make the magic weapon for world rescue.

Europe is dying under the onslaughts of the ravaging monstrosity.

Belgium is a charred, blood-dabbled waste. Rheims is a stone-pile. The Marne and Aisne bear sanguine tides to sea. The slopes of Champagne are heavy with the grapes of wrath and whitewashed crosses blossom in million-fold from Calais to the Hellespont.

Blind men stumble over every road and mouthing, mangled wretches, once stalwart images of God, carpet the night with agony.

Death and his carrion hordes feed fat beneath the shuddering stars.

The heavens whirl with the beat of hawk men contending.

From sun to sun the ceaseless parks of cannon pound devoted regiments to pulp, and every salvo swells the orphans' ranks and dooms more women to despair and want, while famine snarls without the door and pestilence crawls nearer, nearer, nearer.

This is WAR. The war that Prussia brings—the hell on earth designed by Frederick's insane brood to halt the power of Democracy and make the Teuton might supreme.

This is the war that we shall know if Kaiserdom prevails and the oceans are free for the ever-growing fleets which patiently wait behind the mines of Kiel.

On with the making of the sword, the Golden Sword which holds our hopes.

We are late at its crafting; ominously tardy. The clock speeds while decision lags.

Delay is treason. We can't spare one hour.

Billions are our surest bulwark. Misering forebodes misery and woe for America.

Do your duty. Add your strength and your savings to the great cause.

If you can't go to war, your dollars can. Enlist your purse today. Your money is not too old to fight.

The heaviest price of victory is cheaper than the lightest penalty of defeat.

Our allies cannot hold their ground if we hoard our wealth.

We cannot deliver our forces for months, but we can, we shall, we must mobilize the bank accounts of these exhaustless United States for the immediate and unswerving support of the confederated champions of Freedom and right.

Is your check-book a slacker or a patriot?

Buy your Liberty Bonds at once! If you hang back, France cannot hold out.

Finish the sword—the long sword—the strong sword—the Golden Sword of Victory.

The Price of Place

THE wrong tool is not to blame for its ineffectiveness. But even though we appreciate the mistake of its choice, that knowledge does not alter our attitude toward its performance.

Thus, it is now obligatory upon National confidence sensibly to estimate and if needs be, boldly censure men chosen for certain definite tasks of peace, who find themselves unable to fill the specifications of suddenly imposed war jobs.

America, in her extremity, is forced to operate mainly with ready organizations and many a legislator and executive, who might under normal auspices have acquitted himself with distinction, will fail to sense the values in moves and measures for which neither training nor expectation fitted him.

We are chiefly factors, farmers, financiers and our leadership bears the mark of its molds.

At best, the present situation is a colossal experiment in potentials and we must hold ourselves in patience as the experiment proceeds. The majority of our first officers and administrators will be half-baked tacticians—amateurs hothoused for the front—and the direction of the ponderous, perilous enterprise with its myriad ramifications, to be co-ordinated under such pressure as no military undertaking of equal scope was ever before promoted, is, for need of drilled and seasoned captains, thrown into the hand of a novitiate citizen body.

We are slated for bumbles, bumbles, bumbles. Problems, problems everywhere and not a man to think the solution for half of them.

When preparation should be bounding along air-lines, it is bound with red-tape lines.

Congress fiddles as opportunity burns. Every day another regiment is being talked to death on Capitol Hill. Fumbling, mumbling incompetents snarl for the bones of party credit, meanwhile creating fresh snarls for the sore pressed Administration.

Many upon whom we have learned to pin faith as authorities in their respective specialties are destined to make a ghastly mess of their alien endeavors.

Honestly won reputations will be bitterly lost. When the strength of a commonwealth is devoted to a life-and-death trial, the price of place is critical with humiliation. We are battling against a desperate and an amazing enemy, and as fast as we recognize inferiority at any point, instant correction and improvement are vital to our fortunes.

If politics, influence or sentimentality play a part in this crisis—if figure-heads are permitted to direct men or methods—if false conceptions of gratitude for previous service rendered the Republic mislead us to keep square pegs jiggling in round holes—if ability alone does not rule our councils—if the wisest and shrewdest and staunchest are not permitted free thoroughfare and the roads to promotion are not always clear for genius and generalship, then God help us.

Real Food Control

TENFOLD the thriftlessness of the American housewife would not cost the country nearly so much as the habitual shiftlessness of the American farmer whose disregard of ordinary precautions subjects an appalling share of his crop to bugs, blights, worms and vermin. This year we cannot afford to board the pests with usual lavishness. The high cost of extermination is more than offset by the higher cost of existing. Before we meet our new foes it is essential that we beat these old ones.

Since Congress is in a billion-dollar mood, we urge a proper appropriation for a vigorous drive against the crop eaters. In the worst years we plant sufficient acreage to satisfy our requirements, but the silent partners of the farmer reduce the gross yields enormously. The right sort of food control starts at the beginning.

A determined and intelligent attack upon the forces of pillage will materially support our military adventures and ease the pressure upon the popular purse.

When one set of warriors is levelling their guns at a temporary enemy, by all means let an equally important battalion turn their microscopes upon these permanent ones.

VERSES
by
Herbert Kaufman

**Vim
Vigor
Victory**



You quit! No other fact explains
The paltry end of all your pains.
You quit, while other men pushed through
And took what was your equal due.
With half a hundred goals in sight
You give up midway in the fight.
One disappointment chilled your zeal,
At one rebuff you turned on heel
And gave your second wind no show.
Life thrashed you with a single blow.
How could you estimate the winnings
Or count the score of unplayed innings?

Truth, the Dime Novelist

THE weakness of logic is its faith in averages. Theory always substantiates its case with majority examples. It works in air-lines and in its fondness for ideal conditions frequently goes amiss.

Destiny is a regardless rule breaker. We can never be sure that any state of affairs will continue to exist because it is fundamentally right or ruled hitherto by invariable laws. Disruption and disaster appear in the least expected quarter. History has taught us constantly to be ready for the worst. Whenever man begins to congratulate himself upon his increasing control of mundane affairs and his growing mastery of natural forces, Providence chastens his conceit with a horrid whaling.

At the very apex of human achievement, right upon the heels of the most brilliant discoveries as yet to be credited to a single generation, with our feet upon the lintel of millennium and an anvil ready to beat the last sword into a plowshare, an obscure citizen of a trumpery little kingdom assassinates an Austrian Grand Duke and at the impact of his bullet the whole machinery of progress is wrecked.

The novelist who in June, 1914, dared submit the events of the past three years as a plausible plot, would have been laughed out of every editor's office between the Seven Seas.

Imagination is a febrile substitute for reality.

Truth, not romance, strains credulity.

The Apostate Overplays His Hand

THE apostate overplays his hand. By constantly condemning his deserted breed or creed he arouses curiosity as to his own antecedents. Few men are so bitter against a negro as those who realize that there is some black blood in their veins. The proselyted Jew is the hardest persecutor of his people, the parvenu most insulting to menials. Pretense is always too emphatic. The lion's kin invariably recognize the ass in the lion's skin.