

Fear is the best guarantee of security—the walled cities outlived the ungarded town. Complacency is the forerunner of defeat.

Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

You can't travel on yesterday's steamer or last year's information. When you exhaust your knowledge you've exhausted your usefulness.

The Melting Pot of Peril

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN.

A life that does not enrich the community with works or ideals—the career that has not benefited its time and place—are futile and wasted.

None are too humble to help a cause. Gold is gathered grain by grain, and the tiniest fleck of "color" tallies in the final reckoning. Give something, do something, be something for America.

Your utmost is as great in moral value as the utmost of the ablest and the richest. Are the smaller rocks in the dyke less important to safety than the bigger? Is not the strength of the chain dependent upon each of its links?

Remember "The Widow's Mite" and in the consciousness that you went the limit of your power and resource to support our arms, hold your head high and yield pride to no man.

Our hope is in the multitude. It is the few dollars contributed by each of many millions, not the many millions subscribed by a few, upon which the Government must depend in extremity.

It is the ardor of the mass—the heartening of neighbor by neighbor—the endless-chain encouragement to sacrifice, rather than the skilled orations of publicists and the studied appeals of professional writers—which must fire the soul of the Nation.

Be fervid and zealous and loyal in every contact and contract.

Gloom and irresolution and anguish are our enemies, too. Wherever they attack, a worthy battle for America is to be fought. Opportunity to serve the Republic and speed its triumph is not all in the trenches.

Those who do not or cannot share the brunt of conflict can at least bear their afflictions and inflictions with fortitude and determination and so fortify the morale of active forces.

If you don't play the game, others will justify themselves with your example and follow suit.

While so many disdain to count life or limb in their devotion to the United States, how dare you count labor, coin or comfort more precious?

You cannot be a slacker without inciting further slacking.

There is no assurance in mere numbers. Over and over, passive myriads have been conquered by dogged handfuls.

Giant China and huge India are today pawns of once pigmy realms, because preponderating numbers bred false confidence; too many men and misers in those ill-fated empires felt certain that their assistance was not essential to security.

There is no "conscientious objection" to which civic conscience does not contemptuously object.

We, too, detest war and equally hate its horrors: we, too, treasure our goods and deeply love our sons; but there are clean stars upon a blue ground that mark our heritage of Liberty and red stripes across a spotless field that spell heroic blood shed for the glory of humanity; and whoever cherishes a creed, a philosophy, a viewpoint, a hardship, a dollar or devotion more than his flag betrays the land that gave him birth and opportunity.

The races that did not survive did not deserve. They toiled for indulgent or cowardly ambitions and became whispers of legend.

Individualism is treason now. In the melting pot of peril we are all for one and one for all. And shame be upon the weakling or craven who shirks his duty.

Lest You Forget

LEST you forget; we are at war
Because we could endure no more
The stigma of supinity
While warsharks vandalized the seas
We won and pledged to liberty.
We are at war, because all pride
In national honor else had died.
We are at war, because our flag
Was valued as a coward rag,
Beneath whose stars a child might die
And in the deeps unvengeed lie.
We are at war, because the Hun
Would have his will on earth be done:
Because the Belgian land is soaked
With blood and Belgium's helpless yoked
For servitude: her women, loot.
We are at war, because the fruit
Of German conquest bodes us ill.
We'll have no "Castle on the Hill."
Say "yea" and "nay" and "how" and "when."
We are at war, because the pen
Must yield its vantage to the sword
If Prussia is the over-lord
And every cherished right of man
Be canceled if a king so plan.

Because God bids us to the fore
To do his work, we are at war.

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!

OFFICIAL avarice fostered the Russian Revolution. Our own independence was an expression of protest against super-taxation.

If food speculators and coal manipulators would cease figuring, for an instant, their abominable profits, they would see that America is in no mood to hesitate at any measure of confiscation, if the fortunes of the country are threatened by predacity.

No democracy takes kindly to dictators, but beneficent tyranny is a thousand times preferable to despotisms engineered for private gain.

We do not make war to profit individuals and we don't intend to waste consideration upon traitors whose only interest in the present situation is the interest on their investments.

With the consumer adjusting himself to all possible forms of sane economy, dealers in fundamental necessities must merchandise their wares reasonably and seasonably or anticipate the consequences exploitation invites.

One hundred million of us are ready to raise further "billions for defence but not one cent for tribute" to the money madmen who, since the breaking of world peace, have seized every available chance to loot Washington and blackmail the markets.

It is especially useless for the coal barons to offer their usual specious explanations. The record is against them. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting in no meanness or illegality that advantages profiteers.

But we are frankly surprised that even they would presume to strong-arm Uncle Sam with a gun in his hand—to rifle the people's pockets when their fighting spirit is at top pitch—to ham-string industry about to challenge unprecedented problems of production—to block transportation just when it is summoned to exceed all traditions of efficiency and to inflict upon several million families (facing loss of indispensable wage earnings through the enlistment of sons and husbands) an extra hardship in the form of the half filled scuttle.

Certain Wall Street influences may expect to find their patriotic attitudes somewhat impugned, if, holding unquestioned control of maneuvering railroads, they do not instantly bring pressure to bear and abort this outrageous (and destined-to-be vain) raid upon the War Chest and furnace bins of the United States.

Should government ownership become a compelling issue, it will be largely because insolent, defiant coal and food barons have furnished the fuel for the flame.

In the light of history plunderers are invariably blunderers.

Greed first makes blind those whom it intends to destroy.

VERSES
by
Herbert Kaufman



**Vim
Vigor
Victory**

WORRY'S an exaggerator
And a confidence
abater—
Ally both of doubt and fear:
If she once controls your ear
What a mess of lies you'll
hear!
Fight your problems, don't
surrender.
Summon Hope, the trouble-
mender.
Optimism will repair
All the havoc of despair.
Don't let pessimism stall you.
What's the use of brain and
muscle
If they get no chance to
tussle?
Your best work is still undone.
Why give in so early, son?

The Eternal Shrine

FRANCE is henceforth an eternal shrine. Her soil is sacred ground, sweet now with the commingled blood of alien hosts, who there perished to rescue civilization.

Beneath the Fleur de Lis, Rajput and Yankee, Pathan and Briton sleep in brotherhood, and from the grave bid East and West ever to hold her wounded plains in tender reverence. The prayers of Brahmin, Jew, Moslem and Christian nightly ride the same winds to fall upon the same dear clay. White man and brown, comrades forever in grief and pride, call upon their Gods to bless her arms with victory and make Tomorrow worthy of the valor and devotion in which their seed so freely shared. Vale, Victrix! Nos morituri te salutamus.

Take a Chance and Make a Change

WHAT would your gifts bring at auction? List the abilities of which you feel sure, but first make certain that you possess them. And if you are quite convinced of talents superior to present engagements, then give them a deserved tryout.

Confidence does not beg long for a hearing. Merit does not wait for an opportunity, but creates one. Common-sense demands that every employer recognize capacity. So many hirelings fall short of excellence that the top folk are as anxious to acknowledge originality and spirit as you are to demonstrate capacity. Take a chance and make a change.

What's Your Particular Folly?

EACH man is some sort of a fool and needs but the proper occasion to demonstrate it. Even very exalted persons entertain ridiculous notions and exhibit vagaries quite as asinine as common, garden members of the Adam Family.

Stupidity mars the best regulated of intellects. There never was an idol without at least a heel of clay. Therefore when a distinguished citizen does make a slight slip, marvel at the poise which so frequently guides him to sane decision rather than exaggerate the significance of a minor lapse.

Reputations rich in credits can afford a random entry in red.