

WITH THE EDITORS

Discuss Questions of Interest to People.

With the issue of \$5 baby bonds everybody can start in to saving for Uncle Sam without having to worry over his bank account.

Some people boast over having bought two \$50 Liberty bonds and swell up with a patriotic pride.

Yankee inventors are credited with originating a shell that will not ricochet when it hits the water and which thus acts practically as a depth bomb that can be dropped accurately from a long distance.

If the kaiser knows what is going on in this country, and presumably he does, as there is no effort to conceal it, he must smile grimly at the spectacle of thousands of industries being closed arbitrarily and millions of workmen being made idle by government authority.

So you are tired of giving, are you? Well, do you know we have not begun to give what the people of Canada have already given in this war.

A farmer was discussing the other day the probable necessity of business and professional men turning out next harvest and helping the poor farmer whose boys have gone off to war to save his crops.

A subscriber once received a dun through the postoffice and it made him mad. He went to see the editor about it, and the editor showed him a few duns of his own—one for paper, one for groceries, one for fuel and several others.

The people of the State of Oregon, in the personification of the State Highway Commission, have awakened to the dire necessity of completing the road to Tillamook via Grand Ronde.

Persons of German birth who are loyal to their adopted country, but who have neglected naturalization, should remember that when obliged to register as aliens they are paying the penalty of the acts of those who while content to live in the United States and profit by its institutions have committed acts intended to weaken this government's efforts in the war.

the light where they belong—as secret enemies.—Independent.

No business man in any town should allow a newspaper published in his own town to go without his name and business being mentioned somewhere in its columns, says an exchange.

The Kaiser's American Friend.

In a recent speech before the Union League club in New York, former Senator Elihu Root used strong words:

"There are men walking in the streets of this city tonight who ought to be taken out at sunrise and shot. They are doing work for Germany under false pretenses and are lying about it.

"It is only a matter of time when we will get these spies and traitors. We can't be fooled or played with too long."

Senator Root is not a hotbed of spouting irresponsibility stuff, but one of the clearest thinkers of the country. He was speaking of conditions that are not alone confined to New York and several centers of population, but to general conditions.

There are men in almost every town and city in the United States who could not be of greater assistance to Germany if they were transported bodily to the German empire to serve the kaiser.

They preach pacifism, industrial slacking, military shirking and prate of the war regulations which have been invoked to secure the liberty of the country.

They are pandering to every sentiment or interest that is hostile to the purpose of the United States.

They have been embodied in the seditious and disloyal attitude of certain congressmen, for under the protection of free speech, which has been so shamefully abused by some men, our countrymen are being urged to withhold their support from the government.

Mr. Root is not speaking at random when he declares that these enemies will have to be dealt with severely. The time will come when they will have to be dealt with summarily unless they are wise enough to cease their activities.

In the preparatory stages of the war, it may have been advisable to refrain from complicating the country's task with matter of internal discord, but the president has been more patient than the people, for public sentiment everywhere is rising against those who are actively hostile to the purposes of the United States.

When the casualty lists begin to be flashed from France, the men and women of this country who are sacrificing their sons upon the country's altar, are not going to tolerate such enemies in their midst, and that time is almost here.

There is such a thing as fair criticism and loyal criticism. That is necessary in many instances, but downright disloyalty and a spirit that would encourage the enemy by bulking the war plans of the government or instigating disorder or disloyalty among civilians who owe a duty to their country, ought not to be tolerated, and when our armies are at last in France, the manhood and womanhood of this country are going to demand a decent regard for the cause for which their boys are fighting.

Wasting Government Time.

(Thomas F. Logan in Leslie's.)

Relatives of American soldiers are eager for news of their loved ones at the front. The stream of inquiries has reached so great a volume that four telephone lines have been set aside in the adjutant general's office at the war department for anywhere questions about the welfare of the men in training camps or trenches.

under an assumed name" and wished an instant report, by telephone, from the adjutant general's office.

To His Hunka Tin.

The horrors of war are unable to quench the sense of humor which is so important a factor in the makeup of the American and particularly the American soldier, for it helps so much toward the bearing of hardships and dangers.

You may talk about your vintures When you're setting around your quarters,

But when it comes to getting "blesses" in Take a little tip from me, Let those heavy motors be, Pin your faith to Henry Ford's old hunka tin.

The paint is not so good, And no doubt you'll find the hood Will rattle like a boiler shop enroute The cooler's sure to boil—

And perhaps she's leaking oil, And often times the horn declines to toot,

And when the night is black And there's business to take back And they hardly give you time to take a smoke.

It's mighty good to feel When you're setting at the wheel She'll be running when the bigger cars are broke.

After all the wars are past, And we're taken home at last To our reward of which the preacher sings.

When these ukelele sharks Will be strumming golden harps, And the aviators all have regular wings;

When the kaiser is in hell, And the furnace drawing well, Paying for his million different kinds of sin,

If they're running short of coal, Show me how to reach the hole, And I'll cast a few loads down with Hunka Tin.

Yes, Tin! Tin! Tin! You exasperating puzzle, Hunka Tin, I've abused you and I've flayed you. But the Henry Ford, who made you You are better than a Packard, Hunka Tin.

What Did You Do ?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man And bearing about all the burdens he can

Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue And the smile would have helped him battle it through.

Did you give your hand? He was slipping down hill And the world, so I fancied was using him ill.

Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road? Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.

Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile. Were what he most needed that last weary mile.

Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares That is every man's load and that sympathy shares?

Did you try to find out what he needed from you? Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight When a lit just in time might set everything right?

Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?

Do you ask what it was—why the quivering lip And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip? Where you a brother of his when the time come to be?

Did you offer to help him or didn't you see? Didn't you know it's the part of a brother of man To find what the grief is and help what you can?

Did you stop when he asked to give him a lift, Or were you so busy you left him to

shift? Oh, I know what you meant—what you say may be true— But the test of your manhood is, "What did you do?" Did you reach out a hand? Did you show him the road? Or did you just let him go by with his load? —Frank Butler in Pinchurst Outlook.

Had His Number O.K.

A drafted man put in a claim for exemption on account of being the head of a family dependent on him for support.

"Dear United States Army: My husband ast me to rite you a rackment that he supports his family. He can't read so don't tell him, just take him, he aint no good to me. He aint done nothing but drink lemme essence and play a fiddle since I married him eight years ago, and I gotta to feed seven kids of him. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun hes good on squirrels and eatin, Take him and welcome. I need his grub and bed for the kids. Don't tell him that but take him.—E. H. R. Marion Ohio.

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