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THE PEACE PROPOSAL

The peace overtures of the Austro-Hungarian government are important. That fact ought to be understood at the outset. Only by a true sense of their importance can they be treated with due seriousness. They are important; but also, in their present form, they are impossible.

The hand is Esau's, but the voice is Jacob's.

The overtures are symptomatic. Therein lies their importance. They are not wholly sincere; therein lies their impossibility.

In the first place, Germany is the moving spirit. The signatory is the Royal Austria-Hungary government; but the author of the document is quartered in Berlin.

War-weary, beaten Austria-Hungary is but a tool. The Dual Kingdoms want peace, want peace genuinely and sincerely—none knows this better than Kaiser Karl. The German militarists do not want peace. They want to keep on with the war and the people have no stomach for it. Too many bereaved homes have photographs of the Kaiser where once they had sons. The only way to solidify the people for the continuance of the war is to plead for peace. Then when the plea falls unheeded, the militarists will proclaim again a war of defense, a war for the preservation of the homeland.

The peace plea is genuine with Austria and hypocritical with Germany.

Austria-Hungary sees the grim spectre of starvation and tells the imminence of revolt. She is cracking under the strain. She cannot continue much longer. That is why the peace overtures are called symptomatic. Soon Austria-Hungary must be as impotent as poor little, yet courageous, Roumania.

Germany's only hope is to solidify her own people with that cry, "Defend the Fatherland!"

Soon she may be alone. Bulgaria is sick of the struggle. The Balkan situation needs the stamanship of a Venizelos. Bulgaria has

no Venizelos. She rues her decision now. Turkey—well, the campaign of misinformation, the inciting of the Holy War—all this has been paled by the fact of Britain's peaceful occupancy of Bagdad and Jerusalem. The unspeakable Turk is also the speechless Turk—he is too full for utterance. He has discovered a truth enunciated of old: "Ye cannot serve two masters." He was beguiled and led by a man who wore a fez one day and a helmet the next; who spoke of Gott in one breath and Mohammed the next. The Sultan is a very sick man today. In fact, he has more maladies than Abdul Hamid ever knew. But he has begun to perceive. He has glimpsed truth.

The peace overtures are also important because they are the first direct approach. They cannot be wholly disregarded.

But they are impossible because they are predicated upon falsehood.

Germany was led into the war by a campaign of lies. And the militarists have shown more fear of exposure to truth than to artillery.

The peace plea in its present form is but a pretext for diving out truth with a lie.

The Book of Books tells of the capture of the Ark of the Covenant. It was set side by side with the idol Dagon. In the morning Dagon was on his face on the ground. So he was put in his place again. When next he was found he was broken. So the Philistine decided to get rid of the Ark; not to get rid of Dagon. They sent the truth away when it shot across the lie.

So with Germany. Truth, crushed to earth rises again, and the Germans try to avoid her, to send her away.

Until there is in Germany a responsible government that knows its potency well enough to venture no effort for the ultimate triumph of the false, there can be no peace.

The new peace must be built upon foundations of truth and righteousness. The truth shall make us free and in that day none shall be afraid.

DON'T USE AN UNDERSIZED DOLLAR

Some energetic persons in the Department of Labor have just published figures showing something we already knew: that, compared with its purchasing power in 1913, the dollar of today is worth about 59 cents. We didn't realize it was worth that much.

But there is always this comforting thought: it is all due to the war. We are feeding and clothing and arming about two-thirds of the world. When everybody in the world gets back on the job again, the dollar will begin to recuperate and get its old glow into its cheeks. One hundred copper cents ought to be their value then, maybe a little more.

So what is the obvious thing to do with these imitation, fifty-nine cent dollars that we have got on hand after the grocer has been paid? Spend

them now, and get fifty-nine cents worth? Or put them aside and wait until they begin to make a noise like a real dollar again? You don't have to be a graduate of a business college to figure that out for yourself.

Putting them away, however, would be a rather unpatriotic thing to do, were it not for the fact that a way has been found to make it one of the most patriotic acts you can perform. The Government has to spend dollars now, fifty-nine cents or not. So you can turn yours over to the Government and let it use them to win the war with. And then, when you are paid back, you will have some nice one-hundred-cent dollars, plus a little bit more for your trouble. When, as a matter of fact, it was no trouble at all—just good common sense.

AUTOCRACY HAS AN ARMY; DEMOCRACY IS AN ARMY

Anyone can catch the force of that epigram, which has been posted in some of the American camps. It sums up the difference between Germany and the United States. It tells why we are at war.

Autocracy has an army because an autocracy is a government of a few men, an inner circle, a "ring," whose numbers are so small that if they did

their own fighting the police of any large American city would be able to take care of them.

The German autocrats are the Kaiser and his "ring." The ring is made up of fifty-seven royal families, who hold a pompous control over their little countries, once independent, but now united into a group composing the German Empire.

Prussia, being the biggest of these countries, is the big bully of the lot, and the Kaiser is boss among the autocrats. The Germans have a body which corresponds to our United States Senate, but instead of the members being elected by the people in the different countries, it is made up of the rulers of those states, and this council of princes, with the Kaiser, runs Germany.

Within the ring also are, of course, merchant princes; lords of the stock market and other big interests, who hope that their wealth will some day float them to some of the numerous titles of high rank which the Kaiser keeps dangling before their noses. The ring gets its chief support from the land owners, who have an intolerant outlook on life because they rent their lands to the poor peasants, and the income from this source is sufficient to support them in leisure. Naturally this class of men, which are called junkers, do not want to see democracy in Germany. They might lose their castles and be forced to work like the rest of us. The German Government assisted the merchant

princes to build a great merchant fleet to take "Made-in-Germany" goods to all parts of the world.

But the Germans found that they had to meet competition in selling their goods. This came from England, France and America; and Germany, although her ships were welcomed everywhere and her goods sold everywhere, was not content. She got hoggish and talked angrily about "a place in the sun," even though the ring was constantly getting richer out of the increasing trade. Thinking that they would crush their rivals by force and have the whole pie for themselves, they provoked a war. Autocracy had an army.

And it was a very good one. There was none bigger, or better armed, or better drilled in the world.

But it did not win. The forces of democracy, determined, like any free man, to fight for his liberty whenever and wherever it is assailed, are arrayed against German autocracy. They do not have to be told to fight. They decide for themselves. They fight for themselves and for all men who want to be free.

Flag Of Freedom

BY EARL BALDWIN THOMAS

What is it thrills the souls of men when the war drums shriek and rattle?

What but a flag can stir such men, weary and torn in battle?

Some are stained in crimson and shadowed deep in shame;

The Banner of our Fathers' today's a living flame!

The U. S. A! Its heroes lie on many a foreign slope,

The battling bayonets follow on when Death is strangling Hope;

In sun-blit Moro wilderness, on flame-faded Cuban plain,

The Flag has quivered to the air and flapped in loaden rain.

Today, today though feet of clay have sunk back into earth,

The souls of men advance again in Freedom's grand rebirth;

Spirit of an invincible land, the Flag is leading all,

She rallies to her standard those who answer misery's call.

Her ruddy bars, her shining stars, glow in the battle line;

The gladdy fight is her delight—this splendid Flag of Mine—

This Flag of Mine, this Flag of You, who would not die to save it?

Its hues were born in brave men's blood—the God of Freedom gave it!

NO WONDER THAT HE LIKES THE CAMP HE'S SOLID NOW WITH BABY VAMP!

The world is now a funny place, it's shifted me from off my base. A year ago I pushed a pen and called each night upon some wren. I cannot say I was a hit—and then I thought I'd do my bit. I went to war by way of camp, and now I hear the village vamp has got a picture on her wall of me, whom she would not let call when I was just a simple clerk and thought of nothing else but work. I'll tell her when I go back home of how I broke a foeman's dome, and you can bet your bottom bean some sentiment will mark that scene. I used to think I'd go out West and wear a fancy shooting vest to make them gals sit up and see I packed no household flies on me. But since I got this O. D. stuff the girls can't write me half enough. When I'm in town I am a bear, I've gathered fourteen locks of hair!

LUCKY

3 DAYS IN THE SERVICE



HOW LONG ARE YOU HERE?

DO YOU SEE THESE?



LEATHER PUTTEES

ZOWIE!

GEE! YOU'RE LUCKY! LOOK WHAT THEY HANDED ME?



CANVAS PUTTEES

Geoffrey