

THE RIGHT AND ONLY THING.

The talk of those who wanted to throw cold water on the prosecution of the war by insisting that there would be a revolution in this country because of strikes and dissatisfied laboring men passes as a shadow. The recent action of the American Federation of Labor in pledging its support to the government means everything. It takes again the strength from the pro-German element, which thinly disguises its love for the kaiser. The New York Herald says:

The action of the American Federation of Labor in unanimously pledging the support of that body and of its members to the government and in endorsing the patriotic work of the Alliance for Labor and Democracy comes as no surprise. No sane person ever has doubted the loyalty and patriotism of the great mass of American workmen. At all times and under all circumstances they are Americans first. In taking their stand for the vigorous prosecution of the war they show themselves true not only to the country's but to their own best interests. As President Wilson so clearly showed in his Buffalo address, a victory for Prussianism would be of greatest menace to labor the world over. No matter what his nationality, the intelligent workman should bend all his energies to accomplish the complete defeat of Germany. The American workman will.

The American workman understands that all men are going to be deprived of many things. He understands that at the machine, in the mine, wherever he may be employed, he can do his bit by being loyal and by keeping down contention. If he isn't getting all he should, he will remember that men in the trenches are maybe getting more than they should get. He understands that wealth has been asked to give, and has given; that this is every man's war and all of us must fight in our own way, to settle it. The man who would agitate now and disturb industrial conditions cannot justify such conduct. This the great army of federated workers knows, and it has boldly proclaimed its attitude. The walking delegate must haul down his banner. The agitator must keep still. After the war is over, after victory on the battlefield has been won, then the industrial army may take its colors and make whatever reasonable demands it wants to make—but now is no time to disturb the nation.

THE HINDENBURG LINE.

Many people are speculating as to results of the recent successful drive of the British against the famous and supposedly impregnable Hindenburg line, and as there are many views we are presenting the speculation of the New York Herald. That paper says that "whether the British advance between St. Quentin and Arras is a straight drive through lines that heretofore have held and have been expected to hold, or between a Hindenburg line weakened by withdrawals to new positions in the rear, the moral effect is the same. The report of large hauls of prisoners argues strongly against the withdrawal excuse which will be advanced by Berlin and bears out the British official statement that the attack came as a complete surprise to the enemy."

Three facts stand out from the record of Tuesday's and yesterday's accomplishments. Allied supremacy in the air on that front cannot be questioned; without it there could have been no taking the Germans by surprise. The advance was made without the heavy artillery bombardment which in the past has served as notice of intention to attack, the lumbering tanks, once objects of German derision, taking the place of the artillery barrage—here is a development that promises much for the future. The fact that the breaking through was accomplished with comparatively slight losses to the attacking force not only establishes the cause for surprise, but also proves a broken or breaking morale in a large section of the German army.

British official reports indicate that there was glory enough to go around and that it was well distributed. In the main the attacking force was made up of Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen. These cleaned up along a front of thirty-five miles, their wedge reaching in to a depth of five miles, and still going. Those successors to Britain's "contemptible little army"—citizens drawn from the civilian life—have shown that for them the vaunted Hindenburg line has no terrors. They have accomplished against a line defended by the kaiser's own supermen all that the picked shock troops of a dual kaiserism could accomplish against an Italian line undermined by a Bolshevik socialism.

The result is an object lesson that should be of great value in its effect upon the German masses held in delusion by the talk of Hindenburg impregnability; one that should hearten the forces of civilization arrayed against the Germany that would destroy civilization; one that should stiffen the weak kneed, who tremble at mention of the German name; one that should close the ears of Americans for all time to the calamity howlers of Germany's whispering propaganda in this country.

"This war against Germany is going to be won. It will be won by just such splendid drives as this of the men of Great Britain and Ireland, and it will not be long before American soldiers, every bit as good as they, will be doing a full part in the winning."

IMPORTANT MAP.

On the front page today is a map of the famous front which is just now the one topic of the world. This map is accurate and will help those who are rusty in their geography on the war situation. The hope is that by another week we can print one showing the front absolutely gone—but that is a hope hardly permissible. However, the news today reads good—let it keep on coming this way.

IN THE SMOKE.

The world has not gone wrong, not a bit of it; but the people somehow are living so swiftly, so fast, that they haven't time to stop long. No matter what happens, tomorrow is a long time, and the wheels hardly cease to revolve. If Death comes in and sits at feast with Happiness for a brief hour all is hushed and sombre stillness fills the room and air; but 'tis only for a little while, and again the buzz and whirl and grind are heard distinct above the sobs and moans and groans of those whose hearts were broken.

Only a little while and the flowers we heaped upon the new-made mound are dried and withered, and yet another funeral train wends its way to the Silent City, and time is all too precious, and horses that walked with weary tread and muffled feet go back with creaking vehicles and hoofs striking fire on the pavements of the streets. It is true that there are mourners still; but other things, the things called Duties, press us on and ever on, and while our hearts may still be sad we are out in the garb of business clutching for the dollars that grow upon the trees; reaching for the bubble fame that dances in the sunlight of today; crowding out others, throwing down and trampling upon the weak—anything and everything to gain the desired end.

And after the week is done we figure down the columns on the ledger's page, count the dross in the till, and with fiendish leer chuckle to ourselves that the six days find us ahead of the last six some several shekels—and Monday comes and still fiercer still the next day's gathering. More, more, more! Not that we need it, not that we should have it; but we have tasted blood—the human blood that is in all gold—and, like the lion which speeds faster after his prey, we rush on and work on in order that we may have five thousand instead of four thousand five hundred plunks.

And do we love? To be sure we do. Have we sympathy? To be sure we have. But we seldom manifest this love or this sympathy because a dollar might drop here or there and some other greedy devil might pick it up. In the old days it was not so. There was a time when a young man would wear the socks his mother knit; would wear the hickory shirt her tired fingers made for him; would—but not so now. There was a time when youth still hovered under the protecting wing of home and Father and Mother were names revered.

Those were the days when the head of the house thought that honesty was a good policy, if not the best; the days when everything wasn't mortgaged to the hilt in order that Moneybags might collect his per centum; when a man with moderate means was satisfied to live in a moderate house, and when to owe a debt was evidence that it would be paid. Grocers had no black list in those days, and installment men were not carting back the furniture tomorrow that made a grandstand play today. Those were the days when men found time to "go visiting," to spend an hour or two talking on events and in a social manner. Today and two men get together they are talking about how much they made or how much they are going to make. An insurance agent hides behind every bush and an installment man is on every step. Paper representing fifty times the amount of actual wealth in the country is floated and kited through the banks and stocks containing ninety per cent. water sell at a premium because last year they earned a good rate of interest.

No one is kicking, but the old days have gone down the valley, turned the hill and crossed over the knoll; they are out of sight, and this new age, this busy age, this greedy and devouring age, hurls us on, and pretty soon unless a check is made men and women will not find time to even come home to meals.

The playhouses are not suffering because of the war tax. What is a dime more if you want to see a play? That is the way it is figured—and why not?

GREAT RESULTS.

The Red Cross Seals are going in great shape, over a thousand dollars' worth sold in the first two days, and the outlook is for big sales to the smaller customers. This paper cannot emphasize too strongly the need of this campaign. No man can give to a better cause. And if he can give only a nickel he has helped that much—he has done some real good in the world. Those who suffer are relieved. The nurses are given opportunity to secure little comforts and often aids to those down with tuberculosis. Think it over, and if you haven't bought some Red Cross seals make up your mind to do so. Buy all you consistently can—but if it is only one five cents' worth, understand you have done some real charity.

Samuel Gompers has again been elected president of the Federation of Labor, and this is Sam's manyeth time on this shift.

WAR SAVING CERTIFICATES.

Pretty soon there will be a campaign started to raise two billion dollars in America by a new plan, what is called the war savings certificates. These certificates will start off on the twenty-five cent stamp proposition—a person secures a book and buys a twenty-five cent stamp. This stamp is put in the book, similar to a trading stamp book, and when the book is filled it is redeemed by a war certificate. These certificates bear interest; they are as good as gold, and the plan is to let every man, woman and child in on an investment backed by the government. It is predicted that the war certificate will become one of the most popular known, and the two billion dollars will doubtless be raised in short order.

BUT WHY SPECULATE?

Just now, with a world-wide war, we had supposed the speculators on the mysteries of the world would take a side seat and wait for the stern realities to be cleaned away, but we get from a society of theosophy a bundle of literature trying to prove something or other, and we haven't yet taken time to read all of it. We also get a letter, not anonymous, but from a reader of our weekly, who wants to know why we don't write about the end of the world, which is plainly foretold in the Bible? Another correspondent insists that so far as he is concerned one cannot read the books of the great minds of the past and still believe many things which are today jumbled together and called religion.

But we do not know. We have heard it stated that when Copernicus wrote his wonderful book away back over four hundred years ago which he called "Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies," and sent home apparently for keeps the Heliocentric idea that instead of the sun revolving around the earth, the earth and the other planets revolved around the sun, he completely revolutionized the old theory of the universe and of man's place in it. Those who had believed, and all living did and all dead had, that this earth was, or properly the earth was, the center of the universe, had their apple cart upset, and they stood holding a phantom broom stick for support. When it was no longer doubted that this was the smallest pebble in the hierarchy of worlds and that man was just an ordinary bug buzzing around upon it, the stock fell about thirty points a minute for several days. The words of Genesis, to those who were obliged to admit the great revelation, lost their mighty significance, and while the author may have established the fact that we were on the wrong train it was impolite, to say the least, to throw us out before we got to a station—leaving us wondering, doubting, "where we were at."

So it may be said that Middleton's "Free Inquiry" didn't leave a grease spot of the champions and defenders of the so-called "Patristic" miracles, which, as we understand, were the miracles that were alleged to have taken place after the establishment of the church, and this opened up an investigation of the miracles of the Bible, and in the minds of the doubting Thomases who then abounded, and who yet abound, all the Bible was destroyed simply because an investigation found things a little wobbly so far as dates and various books of that grand old Guide were concerned.

And then we had Lyell's "Principles of Geology," and while with a general recklessness and almost utter abandon—it was proven beyond a doubt that the earth was many millions of years of age, and that man had been rubber-necking on this planet in different stages of civilization for ages and ages and countless ages still, the old world yet spins forever down the ringing grooves of change.

We all read Tom Paine's wonderfully adroit proposition which he called the Age of Reason—a dynamic force of intellect almost strong enough to shatter the strongest faith—and Darwin came along and proved beyond any question at all that man was evolved from the bowels of a monkey; and brighter lights and lesser lights have illumined the pages of time with their wonderful productions; but still, but still, my laddies, we find the churches yet rearing their domes to heaven; we hear the children repeating their "Now I lay me"; we see old folks in tears, and with all our wisdom, with all our wonderful array of facts and figures, we stand mute and dumb when the question is pronounced: Whence? Where?

The past with its golden glories, the present with stern demands, the future with its promise, all, all are speculation, and no master mind has ever or will ever solve the problems which concern creation.

Geology is a science which knocks the spots out of some things, and then when geology has done its chore they bring us in the twentieth century a bit of radium, a mighty force before which all science stands appalled, and the space writers commence to weave their theories—and yet they do not know.

And it seems to us that while speculation is an interesting pastime, the man or woman who wastes precious moments in trying to "figure it out," attempting to discredit the Bible, accomplishes nothing and only brings to his or her heart a yearning and a desire that can never be satisfied. What difference does it really make, my brother, to either of us if there was not a universal flood? What earthly reason can you give for wanting to brand as a lie the fairy tale that a whale swallowed Jonah? Suppose the case that many inaccuracies have crept in the sacred history. Suppose, for argument's sake, that the whole story is a myth, a tale told by writers of the East the same as we have told tales to children of Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood. Suppose that it would come home to all of us with indisputable and incontrovertible evidence that the whole thing was a hoax from Genesis to Revelation. Suppose by some mystic force the entire book was swept from the world and all written testimony and oral tradition concerning it were lost forever. If it all were a lie as black as night, a fabrication as false as hell, would the world be better for its going? Has it not furnished hope for the millions dead, and does it not furnish hope for the millions living? Why should we theorize on such a subject as its authenticity? If one does not care to believe it in its entirety or in any way, that is up to him. There is nothing smart, there is nothing learned, there is nothing healthful in knocking the props from under a man and letting him fall with a dull, sickening thud. We are not caring about the matter—it concerns us in no way. Why? Because the intellect which we possess and which controls us assures us that there is a living God, and on every hand, every day and every night, no matter where we turn our eyes, we see miracles still performed; we stand ap-

palled before the evidences of the wonderful and incomprehensible intellect which not only planned and set in motion the mysterious machinery of the universe, but which directs with mathematical precision the entire complex and bewildering groups of worlds which are set in sublime array, each planet helpful and dependent upon the other.

FAR REACHING.

The world-wide war is far reaching, and it will reach much farther before it is over. We have just been reading in the Official Bulletin the announcement that in England it has been found necessary for the government to set the pace and price and style in shoes. The report reads:

It is reported that the shortage in and constantly rising price of civilian footwear has caused the Government to formulate a scheme for the production of cheaper boots. It is proposed that four classes shall be manufactured under Government control, two for men and two for boys and youths. Those for men will cost from 13s. to 16s. 6d. (\$3.16 to \$4) per pair, and those for boys and youths 10s. 6d. (\$2.55) and above. These standardized boots will be especially adapted to the needs of agricultural workers, quarrymen and miners, and for common ordinary town wear by artisans.

The plans will be developed speedily and soon these boots will be in the hands of retailers. If they lack finish and style they will excel in durability. Later standardized boots for women and girls may also be produced.

In other words, the ordinary people will have a certain shoe prescribed, just as the soldier today has his shoes prescribed, and the price will be fixed by the government, and no imitations will be allowed.

In a thousand different things the governments have come in and laid their hands on what in times of peace were supposed to be "private affairs," and before the war ends no telling how commerce will be done. In this country the coal production is watched, and the grocers are restricted from doing certain things that in other years would have at once been termed "unconstitutional." The railroads are going to refuse to handle some four or five hundred different commodities, simply telling the shipper his goods are not needed by consumers. Civilians are practically drafted into war work, which they accept cheerfully, and high-priced men are giving all their time free to war work. Women have shown their wonderful capacity to do things of which they never dreamed, and the whole world is changing. After the war there will be such changes in conditions that it will be an entirely different world. Perhaps that is why we are in the war—a change is necessary and it must come. The old South was transformed by a four years' war between brother and brother, and today the world is in a war that means an absolute transformation. Whatever is ordered by our President or our Congress we stand for loyally—no questions are asked by loyal men.

TATTERED FLAGS.

The people forget that Old Glory should always look bright and clean, and when in our enthusiasm we ran up a lot of flags months ago we felt we had performed our duty and let it go at that. We know this to be a fact, for the tattered bunting over the doors of The Record office suggest neglect. The Vigilantes send out this little reminder by Pauline Worth Hamlin, and we guess it applies to most of us—at least the flag over the city hall and the two small ones over The Record office. She says:

All over this country there are now flying faded, tattered flags.

If we do not respect the flag ourselves, whom shall we expect to respect it?

The Stars and Stripes are our emblem. Shall it appear that we consider dirt and tatters symbolic of our country? Never! Our flag should be as white as the snows, as blue as the skies, as red as our blood, and as whole as our hearts. Let it be truly symbolic and when a flag becomes bedraggled take it down. If you cannot put up another, be happy in the consciousness that you honor it far more by not flying it when it is faded, ragged and dirty.

True, Pauline, and with shame we confess our part in keeping to the winds a flag so dirty that it isn't what it professes to be. However, one of these days, after we get a big flag on the court house flagstaff and pay for the Thanksgiving turkey purchased by a joint stock company on the installment plan we are going to buy a real Old Glory and float it right. Let us hope the other folk who haven't thought about it will also fall in line.

If never before was there just cause for the war with Germany it is apparent now, because a paper comes to these headquarters announcing that "the Huns are in every midst."

REMEMBER THE START.

The stands for the sale of Red Cross seals will be on pretty soon. At stores and public places willing women will give their time to offer to the individual the seal. You are expected to buy some—maybe only five cents' worth, but a dollar will look better. These seals are to adorn your letters, postcards and Christmas greetings, and the desire is this year to make these sales larger than ever before. The fact that the larger purchasers came across more liberally this year than ever before makes us hope that the smaller buyer will do his part.

The situation in Russia is likened unto scrambled eggs. One day one thing and one day another, but all the time confusion.

AS PRICES ADVANCE.

We note that in many places the shoe shiner, the artist who runs a shoe blackery plant, has raised his price to ten cents—just a one hundred per cent. increase at one dash out of the box, and he wonders why the price of living does not come down. We fear the shoe-shine artist has made a mistake. Five cents is a very good price for a shoe shine, and many thousands of people will pay that; but when it goes to ten cents the man who has his shoes polished four or five times a week will get along perhaps with one shine, and the artist will find his business going to pieces. Now and then a shoe shine is necessary, but thousands of men, through force of habit, take a seat to have their shoes simply "brushed off." The man who has tried to economize understands that one shine a week by the artist and four or five rubs by himself will keep shoes looking pretty good. Therefore the theory of the ten-cent shine will hardly go. A few years ago the shoe shiners of San Francisco had a union and charged ten cents. When the rate was cut to five cents their business increased tenfold, and that price has since obtained, unless the recent high price condition has changed it.

THE VICIOUS SPIES.

This country is running over with spies and traitors, and almost every day some outrageous falsehood is given legs and it is found that it can pass all over the country. The latest lie has just been denied by Secretary McAdoo. He says:

Among the many absurd and vicious rumors which are being put into circulation these days, probably through German influences, is one that the Government proposes to confiscate the money on deposit in the banks. The absurdity of the statement is obvious on its face, but I have received letters from several parts of the country which indicate that this rumor is being circulated for an evil purpose. Of course these rumors are wholly without foundation. In fact, the Government has no power to confiscate the money of depositors in banks.

Naturally the man of ordinary intelligence would know that the statement concerning the confiscation of money in banks was a falsehood, but the uninformed can be easily gulled. It seems that there is at work all over the country a chain of liars sending out its poisonous stuff and especially letting it fall into the ears of farmers. That is why the farmer is so careful with his money. He is afraid in many cases to leave it in the bank; he is afraid to invest in Liberty bonds. The pro-German liars are at work all the time, and doubtless have a wonderful system of disseminating their falsehoods. Maybe when the lies are put under cover, as they soon will be, the trouble will be partly overcome.

The Red Cross Seal workers are out among the people today, and they are engaged in a most holy work. Let every man who can come across to his full limit. The suffering neighbor needs assistance—tuberculosis is a plague and a pest—Red Cross seals help wonderfully. If you can't buy a thousand, buy one when the time comes.

THE SMALL CHANGE.

There was a time when the little brownie, the red copper cent, was a despised sort of thing—people were willing for the one proffering them to keep the change. But this week it is announced from Washington that the penny is now playing a most important part in the finances of the country, and it is predicted that when the stamp book is issued by the government all toy banks which harbor pennies will be asked to yield their treasure. So scarce have pennies become that the government in the past six weeks has turned loose sixty-two million six hundred thousand of them, along with seventeen million new nickels.

It wasn't long ago, as it seems to us, when the five-cent piece was spurned. In the far west we always had what was called the short bit and the long bit—the five-cent piece not figuring. In other words, it cost a "bit" to get shaved, and if you handed the barber a dime, all right; and if you handed him twenty-five cents he gave you back ten cents. The five-cent piece was not used as a medium of exchange—it was a coin that wasn't recognized. Now the copper cent is a great factor in commerce, and agitation for a coin of smaller denomination is on. Funny how we get closer to fractions as we get richer and more populous.

GOOD WAR NEWS.

The war news for the last week has been good—good for the allies—and naturally people in this country rejoice. Every man can tell you just about how it is now, although no man has knowledge of what will happen. The best that we can do is to hope that finally the tide is turning and that the Germans will find themselves so overwhelmingly outnumbered and outgeneraled that Peace some day soon will come. But it must not be forgotten that in war, as in all other things human, there is what is called a "run of luck." Just now we are having our inning. The U-boat menace seems to be off for the nonce; the Italians have done nobly; the British thrilled the world by their terrible onslaught on the Hindenburg line, and yet a day may change that run of luck and ill news may come. When a world is at battle and when engines of destruction are employed never before dreamed of, no one must be alarmed at the news he hears. Natural to feel the thrill of satisfaction when our side wins, but we must be prepared for other news, for certainly it is true there is "no telling what will happen" over night.

The good weather continues to be good, but in these particular days of November you can't tell what will happen, or when.