THE SPIRIT OF '18

by Booth Tarkington

America Aroused and United Is Following the Shining Figures of the Leaders of '76

DURING the spring of 1917 certain groups of patriots in the East, particularly in New York and Boston, did a great deal of worrying about the Middle and Western states. These Easterners would come together at luncheons and committee meetings, and after getting into a condition of collective depression about the apathy of the country, they would appoint one of their number to act as an oratorical commission. "Rudiger, go out there," they would say to him. "Rudiger, for God's sake, go out there and rouse the middle West!" And Rudiger would go out on his rousing expedition and make speeches before commercial clubs, and at larger meetings, and then go back home without having noticed that the Middle and Western states were already passing their quotas for enlistments of fighting men, whereas Rudiger's own state, at that time, had filled just about a third of its own enlistment quota.

However, the Rudigers were not all Easterners. About 100,000,000 people seemed to feel that the United States did not realize that it was at war. Rudiger's name was not legion, but populace; and yet he believed that he was almost the only person in America who "comprehended the full seriousness of the situation." He got a somber satisfaction out of his forebodings. "They'll see!" he would predict. "They'll wake up and find out what they're in for, some day when it's too late maybe; but I tell you they won't know what it means. They're at war with the greatest military power in the world, and they're sound asleep! I tell you it drives a man almost crazy to see, as I do, what this war means, and then look about him at all these millions of people behaving as if there weren't any war at all!"

East, West, North and South, Rudiger got the habit of scolding. He felt that he had the whole war on his one pair of shoulders. For a day he might forget it a little, and go out and play golf. Then another day would come, when the weight of the war would lie heavily on him, and he'd see some other Rudiger playing golf, and Rudiger would watch him from the clubhouse veranda, and groan and scold. "The big dunderheads!" he would sputter. "They just can't realize it! Nobody doing anything! Nobody even worrying!"

Yes; almost all of us had a touch of Rudiger in those days. We imagined that we felt the war more than our neighbors did; the thought made us irritable, and there was a vast scolding. We produced many thousands of editorials and posters founded on the YOU theme. The kaiser will get YOU if YOU don't enlist, or if YOU don't subscribe to the Red Cross, or if YOU don't buy Liberty Bonds. Are YOU doing your duty? If not YOU will be painted yellow.

Of course this going after YOU in such an obstreperous way was considered by advertising experts to be the most effective form of rousing, but in the light of later events one may venture to express a doubt and to express also an opinion that the YOU campaign was inspired mainly by its congeniality with the nervous irritability of the time. It was Rudigerism. Whereas, what has really made things happen on the great scale is neither the attack on YOU nor YOUR susceptibility to scolding, but the WE, US and OUR spirit.

When a poster shouts at me, "YOU aren't in the trenches," I am apt to feel a little antagonized, and my thought may be: "What business is it of yours, you poster man, or advertising specialist? YOU aren't in the trenches, either. YOU are as safely at home as anybody, and YOU haven't the right to be screaming reproaches and warnings at me. YOU don't know what I'm doing or trying to do for our cause. YOU seem to think it's more your war than it is mine, and YOU think YOU have to wake me up, and YOU make me tired!" Or, if I'm a selfish and gnat-brained person, the kind at whom the YOU shooting is chiefly aimed, my emotional process may take this form: "Cut out the bull! Yelling 'YOU' isn't going to get me to do anything I don't want to do. You can't work ME, boy!"

Of course there were individuals who had to be shamed into war efforts, and no doubt the YOU work helped to get them into line, but the really important American pronouns have proved to be those of the first person plural. It was WE, US and OUR that reached those citizens whom we formerly called "German-Americans." It was WE, US and OUR that left nothing of the hyphen—and the hyphen had only smarted the redder under the mustard plaster pronoun YOU. When the "German-Americans," as we called them, found that OUR country was at war, they erased the hyphen. They might have remained "German-Americans" if we had gone to war with any country except Germany, and this is one great benefit that Germany conferred upon us when she attacked us: she killed the hyphen. She counted on killing it, and so far her calculations were correct. But she is not pleased with her success in the matter, for she made a mistake in an important detail: she thought the "German-Americans" would drop the American side of the hyphen; she thought they were really Germans. They weren't. The hyphen is gone forever, and there aren't any "German-American" citizens any more in our country; there are only American citizens. From August, 1914, until April, 1917, the "German-Americans" often said YOU to the rest of us and the rest of us often said YOU to them; but now all of us say WE, US and OUR.

A young friend of mine, of German descent, told me how it was with him. Until April, 1917, he had been pro-German, and at times critical of our government's attitude toward Germany. Only a week or so after war was declared I met him and he was in uniform—a fighting man's uniform. "Of course I am!" he said. "Oh, yes; everything was different until my country went to war. I loved Germany, and I naturally thought that Germany was right in her struggle with other foreign countries. Don't you take your old and admired friend's side when he gets into a controversy with people who are strangers to you? Well, I think I was all right to have felt that way and to have taken that attitude up to the time the United States went to war, and I can't be ashamed of it, even though I may have been mistaken. But Germany is no friend of mine now. No, sir! Not from the moment when she became the recognized enemy of my country. My country's enemy is my enemy and I'm going to fight this enemy of my country if it costs my life. Germany is my enemy! I'm out to help get the kaiser, and we're going to do it!"

The "German-American" encountered skepticism from people who found it difficult to see how a viewpoint can change with changed circumstances; and the doubt was galling and unhelpful as suspicious doubts nearly always are. A great many good Americans who couldn't get into uniform and fight Germans felt the need of attacking somebody they could get at and make wince. They suffered from the natural and just anger against Germany, but Germany was too far away, and too sheltered behind Hindenburg, to be directly affected, and a lot of us just couldn't contain ourselves; we were so hot we had to let out and give something or somebody within our reach a "good cussing." We cussed the "German-Americans," and made it a little harder for them to declare their loyalty, but the vast majority of them behaved so well under the stress that after a while we had to abandon this means of blowing off our steam. So we picked up the British word "slacker" and used it to vent our irritation; and perhaps we did a little good, here and there, with our "slacker" talk; and certainly we did some harm. We were very free with the word, we editors, writers and speakers, who were not in uniform ourselves. We were especially bitter against what we liked to call the "swivel-chair warriors" in Washington. There were men of draft age, it appears, serving in some of the departments in Washington, and without pausing to inquire how many of these were physically unfit for service in the field, or how many had become indispensable in the positions they were filling, we raged against them. Virtuous congressmen, who themselves had no intention of ever being exposed to poison gas or liquid fire, felt that it imposed a reputation for patriotism to make virulent oratorical attacks on these "swivel-chair warriors" who were remaining out of the zone of fire—remaining in Washington, with the congressmen. And so, some of the departments, yielding to oratory and other pressure, threw out many men who had learned their jobs and were working more hours a day than any union would have allowed; and then other men, some of them far less competent, and all of them beginners, were put into the swivel chairs, and the work of the war was thereby just so much disarranged and just so much delayed—all of which means something in the casualty lists.

We had to learn that criticism must know its own job thoroughly; it mustn't be merely "blowing off steam." And enthusiasm is useful only when it never takes its eye off the ball. Thousands of unfit men were themselves ill used and made a useless expense to Uncle Sam by too much indiscriminate enthusiasm on the part of boards that packed them off to training camps. And too often certain drafted men were sent to the camps in sullen moods, when tact and an eye on the ball would have sent them not in a mood at all, but at least beginning to glow with that steady fire of patriotism which no normal man can lack when he feels and knows, understandingly, that his country needs him. No doubt the word "slacker" has had its uses; but it is possible that we should have done better not to adopt it; and one thing is certain; those of us who have never worn a uniform are not well entitled to use "slacker," in its military sense, as a condemnation of any other man who is not in uniform. We can use the word "traitor" when we can make it good by proof, but we should leave "slacker" to soldiers and those who have been soldiers. We must judge not, lest we be judged. Let us save our bitterness for our enemy.

To a nation war comes as a great trouble comes to a family. When a great trouble comes to a family the members of that family draw closer; they depend upon one another as never before; and they are kinder to one another than they have been in happier times. They forget differences that have come among them, and they make sacrifices to help one another. They find many goodnesses and nobilities in one another that they have not discovered before. Their strength to meet their trouble comes from their unity; they cannot meet it if they bicker and fall apart. If one does not do his share, the others will get less from him by scolding than if they say: "Come, brother!"

. . . One day last April we had a "Liberty Loan" parade in Indianapolis. Some 40,000 of us marched and the rest looked on and helped to cheer, and perhaps tried not to cry when the flags went down the street with the people who carried them singing "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!" There were soldiers—infantry and artillery—in the parade, and hospital units, and lines and lines of surgeons and nurses, and there were state and city officials, and governors and senators and ex-ambassadors; but the great part of the marchers were just the people of a city at war. Factory owners marched with their men; labor leaders marched with millionaires, and unless you knew them you couldn't tell which was which. The merchants, the bankers, the lawyers, the doctors, the dentists, the clerks, the railroad men, the barbers, the bricklayers, the steel workers, the canners, the carpenters, the plumbers—they all marched and they all sang when the bands played and when the bands didn't. The Catholic organizations marched, and the Protestant organizations marched. Thousands of negroes marched in their church orders, singing and free and in the war, like the rest. And there were great clubs and organizations that had been called German, but would no longer be called German, they marched and sang and were most absolutely and violently a part of the war on Germany. There were Bulgarians, shouting the allied battle call, singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and there were Roumanians, and Serbians and Greeks and Russians, all Americans and all in this war. There were Chinese and there was a band of Japanese, dressed as antique bowmen. Nowhere in the city was there anything that wasn't at war with the Germans. And overhead sailed the airplanes. But it was not so with Indianapolis alone, or with all the cities and towns and villages and countrysides of Indiana alone. The same manifestation was visible all over America where there are 100,000,000 people!

So we said: "If that Hosenkranz and Guilderstern pair of worthies in Germany, Hindendorff and Ludenburg, could only get a bird's-eye view of what is showing forth today, if they could get but a glimpse of this America roused, they might also get a glimpse of what is coming to them!"

. . . America not only roused, but America united. Our trouble has taught us our unity. We have said: "Come, brother!" and we stand together, steadfast. We are at war with militarism. The kaiser, knowing that he is the front and symbol of militarism, said: "Those who wish to destroy us are digging their own graves." He knows well enough what we mean to destroy, and in his rage he talks graveyard to frighten us. His worst mistake has been his thinking that "terrorization" terrifies; that murdering a man's child subdues the man and keeps him quiet! Zeppelins, submarines, 70-mile guns, poison gas, rape, setting peaceful towns on fire, turning machine guns on women, children, priests and old men—these are the raw head and bloody bones he uses, hoping through fear to make all the wide world his own private ogre's castle. But America will not have it so. Let him wave his raw head and bloody bones; let him threaten us with graves, and let him make the German people believe that it is Germany we mean to destroy; he knows what this republic means to do; he knows what the united democracy of the world means to do—and it is he that is afraid, and proves his fear, like a coward talking big in the dark.

America is marching. Leaders go before us, mighty and implacable for America and for the freedom of man, and we see them not in dimness, but as shining figures, alive today and alive forever, at the head of the nation: Washington and Franklin and Hamilton and Adams and Jefferson and Patrick Henry and Francis Marion and Paul Jones and Light Horse Harry Lee; and Decatur and Scott, and William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor. And the solemn, great figure of Lincoln marches there, at our head, with Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. We know what these, men said to us: that the word to us was always the same, yesterday and today and tomorrow—always their word to us is "Forward!" And we follow them.

Their way lies straight upward over emperors and kings. For a while, in our prosperity, it seemed that we had forgotten our leaders, that we had forgotten that the power of the spirit is greater than the power of dollars, that we had even forgotten to keep ourselves a nation, one and indivisible, and had become a collection of grabbers, living on fat and laughing at corruption and shame—and it was thus the German thought of us. Never was there so false a lie! The time has come that brings us our test. America woke and woke in arms. Not one true son of America doubts the future.

The Workers

But it is to you, ye workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honorable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread dispair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. . . . Plowers, spinners, and builders; prophets, poets, kings; Brindleys, and Goethes, Odins and Arkwrights; all martyrs and noble men and gods are of one grand host; immeasurable, marching ever forward since the beginning of the world. The enormous, flame-crowned, conquering host, noble every soldier in it; sacred and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him tremble for himself. Stars at every button can not make him noble; sheaves of Bath-garters nor bushels of Georges; nor any other contrivance but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O heavens, will he not betlink himself; he, too, is so needed in the host.—Carlyle.

Some Interesting Facts

A gasoline engine driven dynamo that is entirely automatic in its action is attracting attention in England.

Frequent and moderate rain is the most effective of all sanitary agencies.

Sixty men a thousand are now being killed in the war, and about 150 men out of each thousand are wounded.

Almost automatic in its operations is a new cabinet for quickly developing X-ray photographs for dentists' use.

On the canals of Europe the boatmen are usually astir before five in the morning and seldom turn in much before midnight.

On the Isle of Man fresh herrings are packed in ferns, and arrive at the market in as fresh a condition as when they were shipped.

The water supply of the city of Tunis is obtained from the same source that supplied ancient Carthage and some of its cisterns still are in use.

For home consumption Great Britain imports about 30,000,000 pounds of coffee annually.

Wisconsin must increase her wheat acreage 30 per cent over last year if she is to produce her share in 1918.

Over 300,000 loads of sawdust and other mill waste were used during last year in the United States for making paper pulp.

Four working parties building a railroad across Australia keep in touch with one another by wireless telegraphy.

Nearly 20,000 British South African natives have been recruited for service behind the lines in France and Flanders.

Ten thousand workshops in Great Britain are engaged in the production of munitions, of which 5,000 are controlled and 150 are national factories.

Thousands of cords of wood, useful for fuel, are rotting on the forest reservations of New York because the constitution forbids their sale or removal

HOME TOWN HELPS

TOO FEW ARTISTIC ROADSIDES

In That Respect It Must Be Admitted That the United States Is Far Behind Europe.

The advantage and pleasure to be derived from an artistic roadside seem so apparent that it would appear unnecessary to comment on the matter, but when we travel about and see our highways with their bordering improvements we are forced to the conclusion that the appearances are not sufficiently appreciated.

Streets of the usual box-type of clapboard houses may be found in and about most of our cities. That they are devoid of any artistic conception is particularly proved when we contrast them with the roadsides which may be seen in charming variety throughout the most progressive European countries.

The awkward boxlike type shows a lack of thought beyond merely filling out the physical requirements, whereas the European type shows a graceful treatment of the roof lines and grouping of the chimneys.

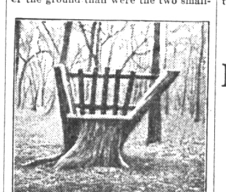
In countries where the general surroundings are so artistic it becomes the natural habit to follow the prevalent examples, so that the idea when once started has a natural growth.

Architectural design may be artistically and economically applied to all classes of buildings, notwithstanding the general opinion that such thought is only applicable to expensive construction. When we arrive at a proper appreciation of the artistic roadside we will not hesitate to insist on architectural treatment of all construction work of whatever class.

EASILY MADE RUSTIC SEAT

Limb of Felled Tree Quickly Converted Into Useful and Ornamental Addition to Yard.

It was merely as a matter of convenience that the largest limb of a tree which was felled, was sawed off nearer the ground than were the two small-



Shape of This Tree Made Simple Task to Construct a Seat From Its Stump.

er branches. However, this at once suggested a seat, which was very easily made. A piece of board was placed on the large stump and a simple back made of cross poles with vertical slats nailed to them, was fastened between the two smaller limbs. With the bark removed and the surface coated with a dull green paint the seat harmonizes with the surroundings.—Popular Science Monthly.

TO HARMONIZE WITH HOUSE

Grounds Surrounding Structure Must Be Laid Out Solely With That Object in View.

The garden surrounding a residence must harmonize with the structure. If the latter be a palace the grounds should have palatial treatment; if a simple cottage or bungalow of modest appearance, a quiet, simple, almost rustic scheme may be made to surround the domicile. This argument may be followed out to its natural conclusion by the thought (or statement) that if one inhabits a natural cave no gardening would be necessary or even advisable. Starting from this basis to the other extreme, it will readily be seen that a magnificent home must have liberal and harmonious treatment or it, as well as the grounds, must suffer. Large residences of pretentious or classical architecture should be set once planted about with a certain amount of large and pretentious trees.

Would Let Cities Build Houses.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature at Albany, N. Y., permitting the larger cities of the state to purchase land and construct houses, the purpose being to relieve the great shortage of homes that exists in many cities. Massachusetts has been the pioneer in this state construction work.

The Solo Hop.

The late Capt. Vernon Castle was very popular with the flying cadets under him. No teacher of flight was ever more affectionately regarded.

Captain Castle and a cheery way with him. A cadet one morning awaited rather nervously in the flying field his "solo hop," as the first flight alone is called. Captain Castle, noticing the cadet's perturbation, slapped him gaily on the shoulder and said:

"Cheer up, man. Don't be nervous. You'll come down again. There's no known instance of an airplane ever failing to come down."

The Servant Problem.

"What made you leave your last place?"

"The woman that wanted me to work for her was too much of a gossip. She insisted on asking me questions about my previous employment."

Quite Reasonable.

"I suppose she married that rich man for his money."

"Oh, I don't know. Outside of romances, some rich men can be quite as attractive as the poor ones."

WHAT CAN WE DO?

In the New England Bulletin of the American Red Cross there is a splendid review of its work during the past year from which the following is an extract under the title of "The Human Side."

"The American Red Cross recognizes that our first duty for humanity in this war is the protection of our soldiers in France. It recognizes also that this duty lies with the United States government and that the government is responsible for it. As a supplementary relief organization the Red Cross stands ready to co-operate with the government in this work, and to put its organization, money and supplies into service at the call of the American army whenever and wherever they can be of use. Fully realizing the disadvantages that are always met in a foreign country, and with the view of keeping our soldiers in touch with things American, the Red Cross begins at the port of landing in France by establishing rest stations. These rest stations extend inland toward the camps and are located in a series at Junction points and railroad stations where the soldiers are required to wait for train connections.

"Chief work of the American Red Cross in helping care for wounded soldiers lies in its co-operation with the government in supplying an efficient nursing service; in assisting the Army Medical corps in cases of emergency, and in furnishing materials for hospitals. There were on March 1, 1918, more than twenty-three hundred American Red Cross nurses employed in base hospitals and in the French military hospitals throughout the republic. The total number of hospitals of various sorts in the French republic exceeds five thousand, and more than half of these are receiving all or part of their medical and surgical supplies from the American Red Cross.

Re-education.

"The re-education of mutilated soldiers is being carried on jointly by the French government and the American Red Cross. There are between fifty and sixty schools of various kinds for this work. The Red Cross has provided more than six hundred mutilated soldiers with artificial legs of the best type, and has established a factory near Paris where artificial limbs are manufactured. By arranging for consultation between the surgeon and the manufacturer, the Red Cross has been able to secure the best possible treatment for each case.

With the wanton destruction of homes by the German army and the uprooting of the population in the devastated regions, the home as an institution in France is in peril. Realizing this condition, the Red Cross is endeavoring to keep the soldiers' homes intact; to find homes for the outcast children who have neither homes nor parents, and to help the refugees and repatries to find a place to live until they shall be able to rebuild their homes.

"The most telling work of the Red Cross in France, as far as helping to win the war goes, is the care of the families of the French soldiers. The Red Cross is giving to the needy families of these French soldiers supplies and money, according to their needs.

"When the German army invaded France, hundreds of thousands of French people were driven from their homes and are now scattered throughout the republic. These people are known as refugees. The number has increased, of course, for various reasons until now there are more than 1,200,000, embracing all classes and ages, except able-bodied men. There are approximately 500,000 refugees in Paris alone.

"The housing of these people is one of the greatest problems of the French government. The American Red Cross is co-operating with the French government in this work."

MORE STYLES IN SERVICE GARMENTS

Women are swarming into new activities to meet the needs of industry and to release men for service at the front. These war times call upon every individual to do some kind of work, excusing only the very old or the very young from active service. And women are acquitting themselves like men. They are getting down to business in uniforms scientifically designed to meet the requirements of the various kinds of work they have undertaken to do, and to meet their own sense of fitness. Many a smart uniform proclaims that its wearer is doing her bit by discharging the duties of some man who is "over there"—or on the way.

For the factory or farm or garden there are overalls and service suits like those shown in the picture. They prove to be immensely convenient for house work, and for outings in the woods or mountains there is nothing so comfortable and satisfactory as the service suit. For tramping, climbing and fishing it has any outfit that includes a skirt discredited: there is no comparison between them for convenience.

For work that does not demand breeches or bifurcated skirts there is a service suit like this except that it has a skirt. All these suits are made of Warren Jean material in khaki color. Caps and hats to match are made to be worn with them.

Smart society women who have dedicated their cars and services to the government have donned a tank uniform for driving them. Girls who are replacing young men as ushers in the theaters are uniformed in spirited coat and breeches suits with puttees and dashing little caps. Women serving in canteens like to be uniformed. Red Cross workers don cap and apron—everywhere the service garment is worn as a proud badge of duty fulfilled.

Julia Bottomley

Cheerful Looking Umbrellas.

Why should we look dull on a rainy day? We can be cheerful-looking even to our umbrella now, for the colored silk umbrella for rain or shine is to be popular this summer. This combination umbrella and parasol offers protection from sun and shower alike. Some of these umbrellas have ivory tips and ferrules to match the handles.

Keeping the Frill in Frills.

No, you simply can't escape those fluted frills. They are omnipresent. Dainty blouses and dainty frocks and dainty collar and cuff sets all owe much of their charm to the fluted business. However, unless you have a goffer, or, more important, the patience to use one, you would rather forego the frills than have them come out of the wash frillyless. Here's an idea for you.

What do you say to running a row of machine stitching or hemstitching across the frills and about a sixteenth of an inch from the edge thereof? It makes a charming finish, also it "stays" the tiny pleats. Or you might make the stitching more decorative. With your row of machine stitching for strength, you might work over this with a cat stitch or a briar stitch in colored silks.

Golden Brown Tulle.

Golden brown tulle can be used lavishly on gowns and hats and always with much charm.