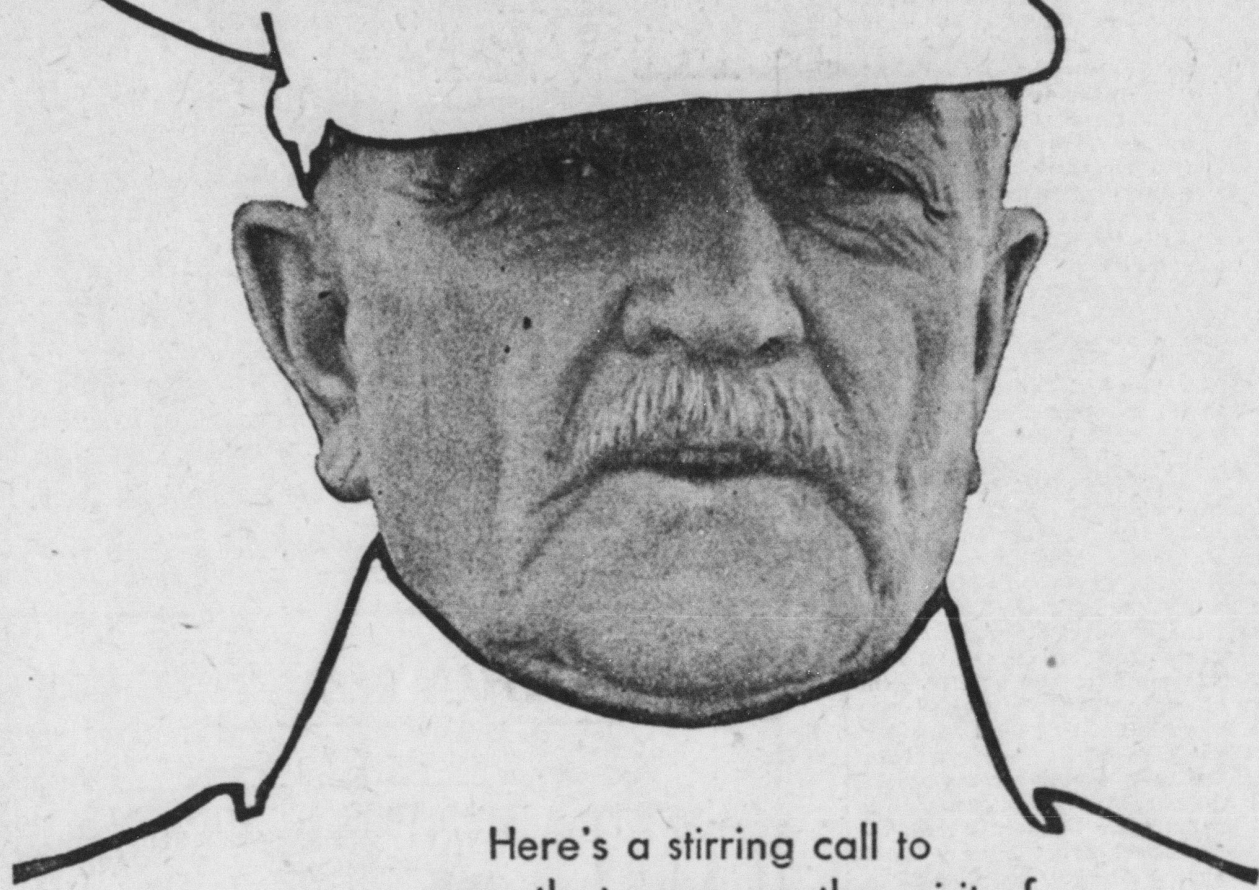


We Are at War!

By GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING



Here's a stirring call to arms that summons the spirit of those half-forgotten days of resolute marching men

Article I

FOURTEEN years ago an army of two million American citizens was gathering in France. They had left their homes and families and businesses; they had traveled three thousand miles across submarine-infested seas; and now they were ready to lay down their lives, if need be, for their country. Millions more, in America, were prepared to follow them and do likewise.

Today the nation faces another crisis, in which the enemies allied against us are more insidious but not less dangerous. Pervasive self-seeking and corruption, which the chosen officers of the law seem powerless to suppress; the sinister growth of the underworld, whose tentacles reach out to touch us all; the ever-increasing extravagance of government; and the mysterious paralysis of our economic system—these are the enemies which now confront us. They have been allowed to encroach upon us largely through our own carelessness and neglect of duty as citizens.

In the battle against them the average citizen is at a disadvantage because he is unprepared; he is willing enough, but he is bewildered. He doesn't yet realize that he himself is primarily to blame, hence he is taking no serious part in the conflict. By average citizen I mean a great many men to whom we should look for leadership, as well as the larger number who possess no qualifications for it. In fact, too often do citizens of all classes assume that politics, and crime, and even economics, are no business of theirs. It does not occur to them that they are, every one, individually, responsible.

Why is it that patriotism burns so brightly in times of war, so dimly in times of peace? It is just as necessary in meeting the complex obligations of peace, but these obligations do not stir the imagination like the primitive emotions of war. The average citizen feels that, somehow, the problems of peace will be solved for him, and fails to realize the possibility that calamity may result from his own indifference.

Still Can Be Proud.

We have as much reason now as we had fourteen years ago to feel proud of our country and to love it. We believe, with some justice, that it is the greatest republic in the history of the world. Under no flag in the world does a people enjoy more freedom or find greater happiness. We boast of public education, universal suffrage, liberty of speech and the press. We enjoy rights undreamed of in ancient Greece and Rome. Yet even with the sounder principles upon which to base the hope of permanence of our institutions, we too may some day go down, as did these older republics, unless we recognize and live up to our civic obligations. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon every citizen in a democracy that it is his duty to help—actively help—in the task of government.

The other day I was talking to a substantial business man from New York. We were discussing an issue of increased taxation then up before the house of representatives.

"By the way," I said, "who is the representative from your district?" He grinned sheepishly.

"I don't know," he said. My friend pays a goodly share of taxes to support the government, and yet he doesn't know who votes for him on the tax question. He relies on "a substitute" and doesn't even know who the substitute is!

This is something of a retrogression from an earlier period. When our government was founded, our forefathers did not let unknowns represent them. They made it their business to know all about the character and achievements of the men they elected to public office. Then the outstanding men in the country took part in

write that military axiom into its books for the years to come.

We have made two other military blunders. We began by underestimating the strength of the enemy, and progressed from that to overestimating it. The cry, "We are just turning the corner," of 1929-30, was the equivalent of "We will have the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" of 1914-15. And our "This country is going to the dogs," of 1932 is the equivalent of "The Central Powers are invincible" of March, 1918. I have heard leading men, given over to fear, prate of national failure, bankruptcy, and

I cite my own experience merely to show how men and women actually gain a new strength and courage when thrown upon their own resources and responsibility in times of crisis. They find in themselves powers they never suspected.

The life of a military man furnishes another example valuable in times like the present. In every army career there come occasional times of dullness. The officer, stationed at some remote army post, has his routine duties to perform. When these are completed he finds the temptation almost overwhelming to give over his leisure to cards, light reading, social evenings, painless time-wasting. It is the officer who resists that temptation, who spends hard hours each day studying the latest advances in artillery technique, in transport, in tactics—it is this officer who receives recognition when the opportunity for active service comes.

So it is in business. In this time of extreme dullness, many have sunk back into a kind of lethargy. But the wise business man, like the conscientious officer, is using his present leisure to prepare for the battles to come. He is devising new economies of production and distribution. He is studying the problem of how his product may be varied or made more attractive. He is getting ready to take advantage of the upturn when it comes. He is not accepting gloomy defeatism. He is thinking for himself.

I have touched at some length on the depression because it has so glaringly shown us the folly of carelessly delegating our thinking to others.

It has also thrown a bright cold light on the flaws in our political methods and on our crime problem. During the years of prosperity following the war an underworld of gangsters and racketeers unparalleled in any other civilized nation, grew up and flourished in our cities. The criminals who manned this underworld were of a new type. They were not the masked and shabby plug-uglies who filled the jails in earlier years. They were expensively dressed; they owned machine guns, high-powered cars, and speed boats; they had money in the bank. With this money they were able to establish a relation with corrupt officials and police which seemed to make them immune from prosecution.

Bolshevism This is no time for craven cowering. Looking out of my window, I see the shaft of the monument to Washington. I think of Valley Forge, and wonder how those who now lament and wring their hands would have enjoyed that winter. This is Washington's bicentennial. It is time for a new reckoning, a new responsibility, a new courage.

During the winter past many a good man, willing and able to work, has gone through a hell of unemployment and uncertainty. Remembering that, we may also find that some good, along with the evil, comes out of all depressions.

I am not a stranger to depressions. Economists tell us that the panic of 1873 was the closest analogy which history furnishes to our present troubles. My father, a well-to-do business man and farmer in Missouri, was caught in that general disaster. I was just thirteen years old. One day my father told me the whole story.

"John," he said, "everything I own has been swept away except the farm, which is covered by a heavy mortgage." (We finally lost it.) "I must try to make some money by traveling as a salesman. While I am away you must take care of the family and manage the farm." During the next three years my brother and I ran the farm. We plowed, sowed, and reaped. We took our produce to market. Those days were not so different from these for the farmer. I remember we had a field of timothy hay which was particularly fine. I baled it up, carted it, and sent it by rail to St. Louis, hoping to receive a top price, but it did not bring enough to cover the freight charges.

During those years my attendance at school was limited and I had to do the best I could to keep up with my classes by studying at night. Those were certainly hard times. Yet, "sweet are the uses of adversity," and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. It taught me more, gave me greater confidence and a keener sense of responsibility than anything else could have done.

Unsuspected Powers.

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Association With Sage

Not One-Sided Honor

That's a grand Shaw story. The one relating to his trip to Russia. Strolling along the banks of the Volga, he encountered a beautiful girl playing in the sand.

He stopped to chat with the child, who immediately took a liking to the bearded sage. They walked along the river for a while, her hand in his, Shaw, enjoying the trivialities of which they talked. Finally the little one informed the Shavian body that it was time for her to go home.

"Good-by, my dear," he said, "and when mother asks you where you have been, tell her you have been walking along the Volga with George Bernard Shaw."

The great name was absolutely unknown to the child, but she recognized the courtesy in the words of her strange friend and was not to be outdone. Her pleasant smile and bow acquired a quaint gravity. She replied:

"And when you go home and they ask you where you have been tell them that you were walking along the Volga with Katherina Ivanovna Fyodorovitch."—New York Morning Telegraph.



Lulled Into Complacency by Prosperity, Our Citizens Passively Accepted This Poisonous Growth With Small Concern.

Satin Trims Smart "First" Frocks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SATINS are coming. In fact they are here. We say satin in the plural because there are so many varieties. The list includes dull satins, lustrous satins and the most talked of is reversible satin which has a deeply pebbled rough surface, on one side with a dull crepe back. This is featured not only in pale shades for evening but in black and dark colors.

There is scarcely a cable or letter or buyer returning from Paris that does not quote these satins. However, one really cannot sense the satin movement now on, from the testimony of others. The revelation comes as to how really new and out-of-the-ordinary satins can look when you actually see their novel weaves, their unusual colors and in the very ingenious ways in which designers are employing them.

At the immediate moment satin is playing the part of trimming in a manner to hold the attention of the world of fashion. There is nothing smarter being shown in the way of a "first" frock for midseason or early fall than the dress with a satin yoke, the satin extending into the sleeves and repeated, perhaps, in the belt. The unique thing about these satin-trimmed gowns is that the satin is almost without exception confined to the bodice, seldom if ever appearing on the skirt. The frock worn by the young woman to the right in the picture illustrates the idea.

Black satin with sheer woolen is considered good style. The dress sketched in the oval is typical. However there is a selection of conservative street colors being shown which are tete de negre, very dark wine red and bottle green. Most of these satins in the new colors and black are made reversible, the dull crepe side being employed for

the body of the dress and the satin surfaced for the trimming.

The model to the right is carried out in this manner. The satin side of the rough, heavy silk crepe forms the loosely draped collar and diagonal band trimming on the sleeves. Please to take note of the swanky black kid sandals this youthful member of the smart set is wearing. They have a dainty piping of white with decorative insets of white.

As to the other dress it is voguishly colorful, flaunting as it does the very new combination of beige with wine red. You will agree that this is a perfect dress for first autumn days. The surplice collar emphasizes the trend to diagonals which is so characteristic of the newer styles. The handsome olive green crepe of which it is made has an intriguing satin sheen.

Because satin is being so definitely featured as a trimming at the present moment does not mean that it is not being used for the dress entire. Up-to-the-moment evening modes stress the all-white satin gown trimmed in snowy ostrich.

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MIDSUMMER VOGUE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It is difficult to conceive of anything more charming for midsummer wear than this dainty frock of white organdy which is so delightfully cool looking and which is so artfully patterned with delicate duren embroidery. The simple jumper bodice is beautifully worked about its edges with cut-out embroidery which gives it an exclusive air of fine workmanship. The leghorn hat tells a story of wide brims such as are gracing the most fashionable garden-party scenes and formal summer fete.

Classic Sports Frocks

For hot days in the country the designers universal offering is the sleeveless sports frock of cotton pique, shantung or silk pique in colors as varied as a box of bonbons. Powder blue, daffodil yellow, water green, shell pink and saffron are included in the selections.

RED NOW FAVORITE SHADE FOR SUMMER

Red is running riot these summer days and giving an impression of warmth.

Hats are red, trimmings are the same. Several women have even been sporting bloody red gloves. Belts, belts and shoes come in all the warm red tints. Brilliant scarlet is one of the favorite shades and another is of even madder variety and is lovely for soft chiffons and evening muslins.

Polka dots on a red ground make many sports accessories and red is put with green and navy, with black and white on marocain, satins and silks.

A new rust-red threatens to usurp the color calendar for early autumn wear. It makes a number of the very new velvet hats appearing at the smart modistes.

The reds seem all but certain to oust the blues which have had such clear sailing since early spring.

Bias-Cut Frocks Are in

Favor for Sports Wear

Whether you are an ardent tennis player or not, the new tennis frocks are proving a great boon to the all-around sportswoman. All allow for great freedom of movement. Many of them are backless and sleeveless and all are made of some cool, washable fabric.

The most popular model has a bias-cut, slightly circular skirt and a bodice that ties in bows over each shoulder. Another of pinstripe seersucker has pleats between the shoulder blades and kick pleats in the skirt.

If your shoulders get sunburned more viciously than the rest of you, there is a model with sleeves, but they are cut out under the arm to allow for coolness and action.

Pique Hats

No wonder girls are buying them by the half-dozen, for these new hats of stitched pique come in every possible color combination, are not too large to wear with comfort in a motor and have brims sufficiently wide to shade the eyes.

Figured Coats

Sometimes the jacket or coat is figured, the dress beneath it is plain. That's a reversal of the usual fashion that is both decorative and amusing.