

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Reprinted by the Frisco-Man in line with the President's desire that this address be given the widest publicity.

Washington, D. C., April 15, 1917.

My Fellow Countrymen:

The entrance of our own beloved country into the grim and terrible war for democracy and human rights which has shaken the world creates so many problems of national life and action which call for immediate consideration and settlement that I hope you will permit me to address to you a few words of earnest counsel and appeal with regard to them.

We are rapidly putting our navy upon an effective war footing and are about to create and equip a great army, but these are the simplest parts of the great task to which we have addressed ourselves. There is not a single selfish element, so far as I can see, in the cause we are fighting for. We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself. We must realize to the full how great the task is and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and self-sacrifice it involves.

These, then, are the things we must do and do well, besides fighting—the things without which mere fighting would be fruitless.

We must supply abundant food for ourselves and for our armies and our seamen not only; but also, for a large part of the nations with whom we have now made common cause, in whose support and by whose sides we shall be fighting.

We must supply ships by the hundreds out of our shipyards to carry to the other

side of the sea, submarines or no submarines, what will every day be needed there and abundant materials out of our fields and our mines and our factories with which not only to clothe and equip our own forces on land and sea but also to clothe and support our people for whom the gallant fellows under arms can no longer work; to help clothe and equip the armies with which we are co-operating in Europe and to keep the looms and manufactories there in raw materials; coal to keep the fires going in ships at sea and in the furnaces of hundreds of factories across the sea; steel out of which to make arms and ammunition both here and there; rails for worn-out railways back of the fighting fronts; locomotives and rolling stock to take the place of those every day going to pieces; mules, horses, cattle for labor and for military service; everything with which the people of England and France and Italy and Russia have usually supplied themselves but can not now afford the men, the materials or the machinery to make.

It is evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient than ever, and that they must be more economically managed and better adapted to the particular requirements of our task than they have been; and what I want to say is that the men and the women who devote their thought and their energy to these things will be serving the country and conducting the fight for peace and freedom just as truly and just as effectively as the men on the battlefield or in the trenches.

The industrial forces of the country, men and women alike, will be a great

national, a great international service army—a notable and honored host engaged in the service of the nation and the world, the efficient friends and saviors of free men everywhere. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of men otherwise liable to military service will, of right and of necessity, be excused from that service and assigned to the fundamental sustaining work of the fields and factories and mines, and they will be as much part of the great patriotic forces of the nation as the men under fire.

I take the liberty, therefore, of addressing this word to the farmers of the country and to all who work on the farms. The supreme need of our own nation and for the nations with which we are co-operating is an abundance of supplies and especially of foodstuffs.

The importance of an adequate food supply, especially for the present year, is superlative. Without abundant food, alike for the armies and the peoples now at war, the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail. The world's food reserves are low. Not only during the present emergency but for some time after peace shall have come both our own people and a large proportion of the people of Europe must rely upon the harvests in America.

Upon the farmers of this country, therefore, in large measure rests the fate of the war and the fate of the nations. May the nation not count upon them to omit no step that will increase the production of their land or that will bring about the most effectual co-operation in the sale and distribution of their products?

The time is short. It is of the most imperative importance that everything possible be done and done immediately to make sure of large harvests. I call upon young men and old alike and upon the able-bodied boys of the land to accept and act upon this duty—to turn in hosts to the farms and make certain

that no pains and labor is lacking in this great matter.

I particularly appeal to the farmers of the South to plant abundant foodstuffs as well as cotton. They can show their patriotism in no better or more convincing way than by resisting the great temptation of the present price of cotton and helping, helping upon a great scale, to feed the nation and the peoples everywhere who are fighting for their liberties and for our own. The variety of their crops will be the visible measure of their comprehension of their national duty.

The Government of the United States and the Governments of the several States stand ready to co-operate. They will do everything possible to assist farmers in securing an adequate supply of seed, an adequate force of laborers when they are most needed at harvest time, and the means of expediting shipments of fertilizers and farm machinery, as well as of the crops themselves when harvested.

The course of trade shall be as unhampered as it is possible to make it and there shall be no unwarranted manipulation of the nation's food supply by those who handle it on its way to the customer. This is our opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of a great democracy and we shall not fall short of it.

This let me say to the middlemen of every sort, whether they are handling our foodstuffs or our raw materials of manufacture or the products of our mills and factories. The eyes of the country will be especially upon you. This is your opportunity for signal service, efficient and disinterested. The country expects you, as it expects all others, to forego unusual profits, to organize and expedite shipments of supplies of every kind, but especially of food with an eye to the service you are rendering and in the spirit of those who enlist in the ranks, for their people, not for themselves. I shall confidently expect you to deserve and

win the confidence of people of every sort and station.

To the men who run the railways of the country, whether they be managers or operative employees, let me say that the railways are the arteries of the nation's life and that upon them rests the immense responsibility of seeing to it that these arteries suffer no obstruction of any kind, no inefficiency or slackened power.

To the merchant let me suggest the motto: "Small profits and quick service," and to the shipbuilder the thought that the life of the war depends upon him.

The food and the war supplies must be carried across the seas no matter how many ships are sent to the bottom. The places of those that go down must be supplied and supplied at once.

To the miner let me say that he stands where the farmer does; the work of the world waits on him. If he slackens or fails, armies and statesmen are helpless. He also is enlisted in the great service army.

The manufacturer does not need to be told, I hope, that the nation looks to him to speed and perfect every process; and I want only to remind his employees that their service is absolutely indispensable and is counted on by every man who loves the country and its liberties.

Let me suggest also that every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps

and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations and that every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation.

This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance.

Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring.

In the hope that this statement of the needs of the nation and of the world in this hour of supreme crisis may stimulate those to whom it comes and remind all who need reminder of the solemn duties of a time such as the world has never seen before, I beg that all editors and publishers everywhere will give as prominent publication and as wide circulation as possible to this appeal. I venture to suggest, also, to all advertising agencies that they would perhaps render a very substantial and timely service to the country if they would give it widespread repetition, and I hope that clergymen will not think the theme of it an unworthy or inappropriate subject of comment and homily from their pulpits.

The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act and serve together.

WOODROW WILSON.

"The successful worker is the one who can do what he ought to do when he ought to do it, whether he wants to do it, or not."

—*Paintology*.

U. S. OF GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA, UNITED IN AIM MIGHT AND GLORY.

Hall Caine's Word From Over the Sea.

St. Louis Republic, Sunday, April 22nd, 1917.

London, April 21.—The United States of Great Britain and America separated in government as they needed, must, and should be, but united in aim, in hope, in might and in glory.

Such was the thought with which we came out of St. Paul's Cathedral Friday after the dedicatory service in commemoration of the entrance of America into the war.

American day in London was a great and memorable event; it was another sentinel on the hilltop of time; another beacon of fire in the history of humanity.

The two nations of Great Britain and America can never be divided again. There has been a national marriage between them which only one judge can dissolve, and the name of that judge is Death.

Nature herself seemed to celebrate the nuptials. Morning broke fine with the breath of summer and the smile of spring after the prolonged snowstorms of last week. It seemed as if we were having the first sunshine of the year.

Such of us as had driven into London from the country had seen young lambs nibbling early grass and heard the mating birds caroling under a bright sky. Winter seemed to have gone at a stroke. The mysterious yearly resurrection of the earth had begun again.

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Never had the city looked so bright and heartsome. The crisp air seemed to crackle under the thud and rumble of the thoroughfares. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were intertwined on countless flagstuffs. Cordons of police were keeping back the crowds that lined the course of the Royal procession. The broad circle of St. Paul's was framed with

faces. Rarely if ever has our old, gray cathedral, compassed round with its tides of traffic, seen such a congregation. It was a solid mass of people from portico to altar steps.

The King and Queen were there with beloved Queen Alexandra; the American Ambassador and Ministers and Ambassadors of the Allied nations; leading statesmen, soldiers, sailors and a fair representation of the beauty and intellect of the nation, but above all there were present as a majority of the worshippers a vast multitude of the American people who are our friends and guests and who have made their homes among us.

They had gathered within the walls of the old sanctuary where so many of our bravest and best men lie in the deep repose of death, to subscribe to the high resolve and join in the sacred pledge of a hundred millions of their fellow-countrymen across the sea.

How the mighty facts of life strike us down to our knees before the altar of Him whose kingdom is eternal righteousness. In the hours of peace and prosperity our philosophies seem to eliminate the Almighty and to make prayer a presumption. But when great trials come, the great perils, the great adventures, we want a God who knows, a God who cares, a God who judges between right and wrong and is ready to listen to our cry.

Hence, at birth and at marriage and, above all, at death, we come humbly to His footstool, remembering only the fragility of our poor human life and the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. If the American people had chosen to walk in the procession through the streets of

London to the rolling of drums and the cheering of crowds it would have been a brave sight, but hardly fitting for men.

Not in pride and vanity has the American nation entered into this war, but in solemnity and steadfastness of soul, knowing how much we ourselves have suffered by it, how surely they must suffer, how cruelly our hearts are torn and how cruelly their hearts must be torn also, yet facing certain loss and inevitable death for the sake of truth and freedom.

Two lessons at least must be learned from the service of Friday in St. Paul's Cathedral. The first is that the accepted idea of the American nation as one that weighs and measures all conduct by material values in dollars and cents must henceforth be banished forever. Thrice already in its short history has it put that hoary old slander to shame and now once again has it given the lie to it.

The history of nations has perhaps no parallel to the high humanity, splendid self-sacrifice and complete disinterestedness that brought America into this war. With nothing to gain and everything to lose, it has broken forever with the triple monarchies of murder.

To live at peace with crime, was to be the accomplice of the criminal; therefore in the name of justice, of mercy, of religion, of human dignity, of all that makes a man's life worth living and distinguishes it from the life of the brute, America for all she is or ever can be has drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. God helping her, she could do no other.

The second of the lessons we have to learn from the services of Friday is that, having made war in defense of right, America will make peace the moment the wrong has been righted. No national bargains will weigh with her; no questions of territory; no problems of balance of power; no calculations of profit and loss; no ancient treaties; no material covenants; no pledges that are a legacy of past European conflicts.

Has justice been done? Has the safety of civilization been assured? Has reparation been made as far as reparation is possible for the outrages that have disgraced the name of man and for the sufferings that have knocked at the door of every heart in Christendom?

These will be her only questions. Let us take heart and hope from them. They bring peace nearer.

It was not for nothing that the flags of Great Britain and America hung side by side under the chancel arch on Friday morning. At one moment the sun shot through the windows of the great dome and lit them up with a heavenly radiance. Was it only the exaltation of the moment that made us think the invisible powers were giving us a sign that in the union of nations which those emblems stood for lay surest the hope of the day when men will beat their swords into ploughshares and know war no more?

The United States of Great Britain and America!

God grant that the union, celebrated in our old sanctuary, may never be dissolved until that great day has dawned.

Charm is that nameless something in men and women that draws one to the person possessing it, regardless of admirable qualities of head or heart. It is undefinable and irresistible as the power of the north for the mariner's needle.

—Henry James.