

Spirit of the Press

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Philadelphia Public Ledger :—The soul of Jeanne d'Arc is the soul of the land for which her life—not merely her death—was given. She who talked with Heaven five hundred years ago has for less than a decade been numbered among the saints of churchly canonization. But God has always known the immortal beauty and the immortal goodness that all France reveres in the person of the maid who was "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

GET THE RIGHT MEN.

Brantford Expositor :—Winnipeg has done away with the Board of Control system for the management of its civic affairs, and is going back, for the time being at least, to the Aldermanic committee system, which other large cities now consider to be quite impossible. Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton find the Board of Control method to work well, and if Winnipeg's experience has not been equally satisfactory it must be because it has not had the right kind of men on the job.

POETRY AN ESSENTIAL INDUSTRY.

New York Tribune :—The official definition of poetry as an essential industry may breed in the paragrapher many a merry quip ; yet for once the official definition agrees with the critical judgment. Much ink has been wasted in debating whether war is a stimulus to poetry, whether it inspires great poetry. It is often hard in these cases to trace cause and effect. Yet it is plain that an epoch characterized by an awakening of national consciousness feeds the imagination. Thus the Great Armada preceded and in some sense was responsible for the great Elizabethans. But we need not consider the matter too curiously. "Tis verse that gives immortal youth to mortal maids" and to many other mortal things besides. Whether the poets themselves live in war time or peace time, they write much of war.

LAY IT TO THE HUNS.

New York World :—A few persons suffering from influenza have arrived in New York and have been closely quarantined. If the disease should unfortunately get a fresh start in this country, Health Commissioner Copeland advises sufferers to cure themselves and safeguard others by going to bed for three days. There is no more reason for calling the disease "Spanish" now than there was in former years for calling it "Russian grip." It has been familiar in Europe 400 years, and in this country at intervals since steamships shortened the ocean passage. If it needs a name, call it, this time, German influenza, since it has actually and seriously interfered with military operations on the Western front—not for the first time in history.