ADDRESS DELIVERED BY SECRETARY GLASS IN PITTSBURGH, SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY THE EIGHTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN, BEFORE THE PITTSBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE -:- -:- -:-

FEDERAL RESERVE

WAR LOAN ORGANIZATION
FIFTH FEDERAL RESERVE DISTRICT
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce:

I have such an agreeable recollection of a visit to this great industrial community some five years ago that I genuinely regretted my apparent inability to respond favorably to the invitation to be your guest on this occasion. When the invitation subsequently was repeated and pressed with evident cordiality I was glad to find that I might accept it, and the warmth of your reception encourages me to think that I did right.

On my former visit to Pittsburgh I came to make to the business men of the city a brief exposition of the Federal Reserve Act, particularly to point out to them the inestimable advantages of the legislation, only just then enacted, in facilitating their activities and making secure the credits upon which all great commercial and industrial enterprises must rest. This evening I might very appropriately take as my theme the singularly gratifying way in which the Federal Reserve system has verified the predictions and even surpassed the confident expectations of its proponents. Recalling the severities of the memorable contest for a better and safer banking and currency system; how it was bitterly resisted by the very interests which have become its chief beneficiaries, I very naturally derive intense satisfaction from the contrast which one may fairly make between the old system and the new. The transformation, in detail and in the sum, is startling. It causes us to marvel that the thing was not sooner done. The change has given us order in place of chaos, hope instead of despair, confidence where timidity and uncertainty used to prevail. The Federal Reserve system to-day is the firm base from which the readjustment of after-war enterprises must make the start, just

as it was the sure foundation against which the financial storms raged in vain during the entire period of the great world-war.

Let us for a moment contemplate the change. For fifty years we clung to the most unscientific banking and currency system in the world. It was barbarous; and, repeatedly during the half century of its existence, its glaring defects found expression in financial irruptions which shook the country from end to end. Five times within the thirty years preceding the passage of the Federal Reserve Act financial catastrophe came upon us in the very midst of apparent business prosperity and contentment. These disasters ensued from two fundamental defects of the old system, one an inelastic bond-secured currency, and the other an utterly fictitious bank reserve, the two joined together as a sort of Siamese Twins of disorder. This close union of two primary evils baffled all attempts to reform a desperately bad scheme. Various efforts were made to cast over our rigid bond-secured currency, which was something that everybody desired; but no Congress had ever seemed inclined to tackle its twin evil, the fictitious national bank reserve system. To do that was to defy and challenge the powerful interests which for so long had profited by a system under which much the greater part of the idle funds of the United States was congested at a single money center for use in stimulating speculative enterprise. That precisely is what the 63d Congress did, and in the doing of which it gave to the country a banking and currency system which has splendidly withstood the shock of war, and will now endure the phenomenal test which the new and stupendous problems of peace will impose upon it.

For fifty years under the old system we proceeded upon the assumption that the country

always needed a volume of currency equal to its bonded indebtedness, and never at any time required less, whereas we frequently did not need near as much as was outstanding, and just as often could have absorbed vastly more than was available. Hence, when it happened that the circulating medium was redundant, when its volume was too great to be used in local commercial transactions, instead of taking it through the expensive process of retirement it was bundled off to the great reserve centers at a nominal interest rate, to be thrown, at call, into the vortex of stock speculation.

In a different way and to an immeasurably greater extent the business of the country was made to suffer by this rigid currency system in times of stirring development and enterprising activity. It could not begin to meet the commercial and industrial requirements of the country. The total capitalization of the national banks, under the old system, measured their full capacity to respond to the currency requirements of the country. Thus in time of panic, such as that which convulsed the country in 1907, these banks found it impossible to utilize their gilt-edge, short-time commercial paper in exchange for currency wherewith to respond to the requirements of business. Practically all the banks were in the same desperate plight, every one, with rare exceptions, looking out for itself, with no other source of supply.

The Federal Reserve Act revolutionized this wretched currency system, the unhappy victims of which are without number, and the losses beyond human approximation. It substituted for a rigid bond-secured circulating medium, unresponsive at any time to the commercial requirements of the nation, a perfectly elastic currency, based on the sound, liquid commercial assets of

the country, responsive at all times and to the fullest extent to every reasonable demand of legitimate enterprise. It is a currency which comes forth when required, and is canceled when not needed. The amount is ample when business is active, and only enough when business is lax. Every dollar of it is based on a stable commercial transaction, whether of a mercantile, industrial, or agricultural nature, fortified by a 40 per cent. gold reserve, by the assets of a great banking system, by the double liability of member banks, and by the plighted faith of a Government of a hundred million free citizens. Banks under the old system, in time of stress, could not get a dollar of currency on their commercial holdings because there was no source of supply; but, under the new system, member banks can exchange their liquid assets at a Federal reserve bank for a like amount of the best currency on earth, less a fair rate of discount. That one reform represents the difference between disaster and success.

Another fundamental defect of the old system was its fictitious bank reserve, created by that provision of the national-bank act which authorized a deposit or book credit of individual country banks with banks in reserve and central reserve cities to be counted as reserve, just as if held in the vaults of the interior banks. On these reserve balances, subjected to a process of multiplication, the big banks of the money centers would pay nominal interest, which operated as a magnet to attract the reserve funds of the entire country; so that eight months before the Federal reserve system was put in actual operation, the New York banks alone held nearly a billion dollars of the funds of outside banks, while they were loaning outside banks only $192,000,000. Already the congressional monetary inquiry had disclosed the startling fact that on November 24, 1912, the

legal custodians of these reserve funds had put $240,000,000 of them in the maelstrom of Wall Street stock operations. That means that these millions and many millions more were withdrawn from the reach of mercantile and industrial uses throughout the United States at a fair rate of interest and loaned to stock speculators at an abnormally low rate of interest. The old system was a rank panic breeder. In periods of greatest business activity the country was made to suffer desperately for lack of adequate credit facilities. When the prospect was brightest; when men of vision and ambition and energy would press forward in pursuit of prosperity, and the hum of industry would literally be heard throughout the land, the currency and reserve links in the chain would suddenly snap, tearing to shreds the whole business fabric, and carrying dismay to every community on the continent. Country banks, responding to the commercial and industrial demands upon them, would seek to draw in their reserve balances from the congested centers. The big banks of these centers would, in turn, call their loans on stocks, interest rates would quickly jump higher and higher, until panic would ensue. Banks throughout the country would stop payments across the counter, and consternation would reign where confidence and contentment so soon before had prevailed. These losses affected not alone the financial institutions immediately involved, but the merchants whose credits were suspended; the industries whose shops were closed; the railroads whose cars were made idle; the farmers whose crops rotted in the fields; the laborer who was deprived of his wage.

The Federal Reserve Act corrected this vicious bank reserve system by establishing regional reserve banks and making them, instead of private

banks in the money centers, the custodians of the reserve funds of the United States; by making these regional banks, instead of private correspondent banks, the great re-discount agencies of the country; by requiring these regional banks to minister to commerce and industry rather than to the schemes of speculative adventure. Under the old regime we had been taught to believe that the balance of the country was dependent on the money centers. Under the new dispensation the fact was quickly revealed that the money centers are dependent on the balance of the country. Under the old system the country banks were subservient to the money centers, for only there could they resort for re-discount favors. Under the new system it is no longer a question of favor; it is purely a question of business. Under the old system it was at times a question of ability to serve, and at other times of willingness. The new system supplies both the ability and the incentive to do business.

The whole startling contrast between the old system and the new may be summed up in the single statement that in 1907, under the old system, the failure of two banks in New York City precipitated the greatest financial panic that ever afflicted the nation, whereas, under the new system the greatest war of recorded history failed to create a ripple of alarm in the banking community of the United States! In the panic of 1907 New York could not let a country bank have $50,000 of currency to meet the ordinary requirements of trade. In 1915 New York loaned two European nations $500,000,000 for the prosecution of war! Before the advent of the Federal Reserve banks the financial system of the country, in times of exigency, could not minister to ordinary domestic needs. To-day, besides taking care of these, the United States has bought back

from foreign nations in excess of $3,000,000,000 of American securities, has loaned foreign nations $11,000,000,000 for purposes of war, has floated on Government account $18,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Certificates, not to mention the billions of dollars of treasury certificates of indebtedness issued in anticipation of the Liberty Loans. Aside from the tremendous volume of discounts by member banks of the system and by banks not members, the twelve reserve banks alone have engaged in commercial re-discount operations approximating $1,500,000,000, and have made open market purchases amounting to $1,818,000,000. The regional banks hold a gold reserve of $2,100,000,000, an increase over last year of $402,000,000; and, notwithstanding the splendid provision made for the tremendous military and commercial needs of the country, the system maintains to-day a gold reserve of 64 per cent. behind its notes and of 53.7 behind its combined note and credit issues.

Keeping pace with this great regional reserve bank system, the national and State banking systems of the United States have made amazingly rapid strides during the same war period.

Has a financial record like that through nearly five years of war no promise for us in time of peace? Should it not banish fear and stir the spirit of business adventure and carry us confidently and swiftly along toward the goal of national supremacy in the wide field of industrial and commercial endeavor? In the contemplation of achievements, such as I have recited, we should, it seems to me, put an end to suspense, and give free play to our business faculties. A world is to be rebuilt! Should we timidly pause and debate as to who should rebuild it? Not for an hour, gentlemen; the enterprise should be started right away, here at Pittsburgh, by the

blare of your furnaces and the whirr of your mills, and the din of a thousand essential industries. It should spread, in healthy progression, to the uttermost parts of the land. The American people should supplement the patriotism of war by the patriotism of peace; and, just as American soldiers on the fields of battle made notable conquests for liberty, so American business men in a different way and through different instrumentalities should now give expression to their patriotism by promptly and cheerfully meeting the obligations of citizenship which exigently involve triumphs of peace easily comparible, in their ultimate consequences, to the greatest victories of war.

And the foremost obligation of which I can think is the duty of every American citizen, of humble station or high, to guard jealously the honor of the nation; to regard its commitments as his own, and willingly to pledge his labor and his substance to a complete payment of the debt. The guns have ceased to fire? Yes; yet, but for the commitments of the Government at Washington their dreadful crash might to-night be disturbing the peace of the world, and, with poignant grief, be wringing the hearts of a million American mothers. The guns have ceased to fire? Yes; but should we requite this grace of God by haggling over the debt incurred to silence eternally the artillery's frightful roar?

On every side they tell me of the stupendous nature of the official task which the President was gracious enough to commit to me by the appointment to the portfolio of the treasury. Every felicitation, every word or note of congratulation, has admonished me of the gravity of my unsought elevation. The grim old Speaker of the House of Representatives, noting the generous things said of me by the public press, cautioned me to take warning from the Scripture which says:

"Beware when all men speak well of you." For a little while I felt prompted to take refuge in my library, there to renew an acquaintance of my youth, and from the pages of Martin Chuzzlewitt get inspiration from Mark Tapley, the only character even of fiction who felt it a privilege to be cheerful within the distressful precincts of a cemetery. But I think I shall not yield to discouragement. Of course, I perceive the difficulties which precede as well as those which confront me. The surpassingly brilliant administration of my predecessor in office will never enable me to shine by comparison. No man of this generation could hope to excel William G. McAdoo in the domain of national finance. And then, too, the war is over, in a sense. A reactionary spirit is abroad. The verve of mortal combat is abated. Men think they may give their patriotism a rest. But I refuse to halt in my task. I decline to believe that the American people are indifferent to the honorable commitments of their government, or would diminish the splendor of the nation's achievements in war by an exhibition of avarice in time of peace. Four Liberty Loans have "gone over the top," and nothing nor anybody can shake my faith in the purpose of the country to put the capstone to the splendid structure of national credit by making the "Victory Loan" an abundant success.

Moreover, Mr. Toastmaster, I have lived to see so many impossible things come to pass that I am not easily deterred by insuperable difficulties. I told the President of your Chamber of Commerce that it was impossible for me to be here to-night. I told ex-Congressman Burke the same thing, and 'phoned and wired and wrote other officials of the Chamber to a like purport. But I am here. People change their minds, men as well as women. Perhaps mine

was changed by the persistency and cordiality of your invitation; or it may be that my determination was altered by the subtle operation of that curious element of human nature so graphically depicted by Edgar Allen Poe as "The Imp of the Perverse," the thing in us that makes people do what they very well know they should not do. Whatever the cause, I am here; and the impossible in this instance has become a verity.

They said it was impossible to revise the banking and currency system of the United States. The thing had been tried periodically for a quarter of a century. From the time of the Indianapolis Monetary Conference the most astute public men of the financial sphere had attempted the feat and failed. Yet the banking and currency system was revised so effectually that those who were opposed, as frankly as those who approved, confidently declare that the achievement helped tremendously to win the war, and completely saved the nation from financial chaos.

After the system was devised, the war breaking suddenly on an affrighted world, it was said to be impossible to put the system immediately into operation. One of the very sanest of all American bankers gave warning that to open a reserve bank in such an exigency was to invite wreck and ruin. Yet the echo of the first gun fired at Liege had scarcely died away when the system was put into effect; and Pittsburgh, with its branch bank, can attest the fact that the system is not wrecked yet.

When the intolerable maritime atrocities of a barbarous autocracy drove this nation into a war for the preservation of civilization, it was said to be impossible to organize an American army that would be effective in the struggle then deluging Europe in blood. Yet we know, and the fugitive William Hohenzollern knows, that we did organize an army, which speedily helped to drive

the mad monarch into exile, and to insure the peace of the world. And when the army was organized, it was said to be impossible to transport it across the seas in time to be a deciding or helpful factor. I sat in the halls of Congress and heard a distinguished and discerning statesman, with cruel bitterness, deride the American Minister of War for a suggestion that, within an appointed time, we would transport to France an army of 500,000 men. It was asking us to "live in a fool's paradise," it was "giving play to wild and unstable imagination," it was "misleading the American people into a belief in impossibilities." Yet within the designated time 750,000 American soldiers were landed at the ports of our allies.

Then it was said that these untested troops could not be trained in time for effective combat. Yet it was a unit of American army engineers, brigaded with the British before Cambria, who threw down their implements and picked up the castaway rifles of their British comrades, with which they impeded the desperate attempt of veteran Prussian divisions to retrieve the fortunes of battle. It was the "impossible" American army that arrested the German drive at Chateau Thierry, first halting the Huns and then driving them back. The sorely pressed, but brave and heroic French, shaken by four years of frightful struggle, were in desperate retreat. They told American officers that to go forward was impossible, and besought them to turn back. A few weeks ago in France I was personally told of the laconic answer of the American commander to this appeal. "Go back!" he exclaimed. "Why, hell, we've just got here; and my orders are to go forward!" And they went forward; and, as President Wilson in his address to Congress so pointedly said, "From that moment it was back, back, ever back for Germany." She never there-

after wrested a single foot of soil from the allied armies.

For four fateful years, nearly, the dangerous salient of St. Mihiel projected its threatening head into France, menacing Verdun from the flank. The Germans could not be driven back, it was said, without frightful slaughter of the allied force. Those familiar with the topography said it was impossible. Yet, that untried American army made the assault and drove the Prussians helter-skelter under the defensive guns of Metz. The operation was over in fourteen hours, with 15,000 German prisoners in the American prison pens.

So impossibilities are constantly made possible; and when I am told of the difficulties which will beset the Victory Loan I refuse to lose faith in the enduring patriotism of the American people; I decline to believe that the fathers and mothers who gave four million sons to die, if need be, that liberty might survive, will now higgle over the material cost of saving the very soul of civilization from the perdition of Prussian tyranny.

But, I am told in a rather disconcerting way, by men of steady judgment and tested patriotism, that we must approach the problem of future loans in a distinctly cold-blooded mood; that things have assumed a different phase; our attitude of mind and heart is altered; we must consider the matter strictly from an investment point of view, and put the loan on a commercial basis. Some men tell me it will be impossible again to appeal to the patriotism of the American people. Frankly, gentlemen, I should despair of my country if these things were exactly true. I should doubt our ability to cope with the problems of peace if we so quickly should forget the obligations of war. I wonder if those who talk in this fashion speak considerately? They tell about

the "sacrifices" the American people have made, and in their voices there is a metallic tone and in their mien unconscious austerity.

What is meant by the "sacrifices" of war for America? Where are our devastated fields and ruined cities? Where our cathedrals destroyed and homes profaned? Where our flooded mines and pillaged factories? Where our defiled women and starved children and wrecked men? Where on this wide continent does hunger stalk abroad or pestilential disease claim its thousands of victims? Is it, then, a serious "sacrifice" to invest one's money in the interest-bearing obligations of one's government in order to make everlastingly secure the nation's freedom as well as the nation's property? Is it a grave sacrifice to devote one's labor to such a cause, and in the process to acquire the habit of thrift and saving, so sadly lacking as a characteristic of the American people? Our allies fought for us nearly three years before we began to fight with them. For nearly that period of time the United States profited tremendously, in a commercial and industrial sense, by the European war. Immense fortunes were made; prosperity pervaded our land. Our domestic trade was almost past computation; our foreign trade in many lines was epochal. It reached the immense proportions of $23,462,191,652 of exports against $11,881,973,986 of imports, showing a balance in our favor of $11,580,217,666. We imported more than a billion dollars in gold from debtor nations. France and Britain lost millions of men killed and millions of others wounded. Less than sixty thousand American heroes sleep beneath the sod of France. These men made the supreme sacrifice. Should we dishonor their memories or diminish the glory of their service by pausing in the cheerful performance of an imperative duty?

When men undertake to compute the sacrifices of a war for freedom in terms of commerce I would like them to get a vision of some things I saw not long ago on the long-flung battle fronts of France and Belgium. I would like to take them to the battle field of Ypres, which will live in song and story, through time and eternity, as the most memorable of which history will ever give account. There they might perceive the real meaning of sacrifice. There they could see what human heroism endured for the liberty of the race here and the wide world over. Standing on a gentle knoll this historic town of Ypres, with no strategic or real military value, was seemingly the symbol of that for which Britain and her comrade nations fought. From its ruins one looks out and around upon miles and miles of a dead level plain. There is not a shrub to shield from view the body of a single brave man whose valor illumines the history of the tremendous conflict there. Directly to the north is Paschaendale Ridge, and to the southeast Mt. Kimmel, constituting the only high ground anywhere to be seen, taking Ypres in front and flank. These heights were held by veteran Prussian legions, who from their summits could see the coveted waters of the English Channel. Spread out in the plains below, without shelter from enfilading fire of great guns, was the army of our British ally. The only protection the men could get was from the multitude of shell holes, nearly every one half filled with water. Here by night and day, in fair weather and foul, fighting their way step by step, waist deep in mud and mire, chilled to the bone, these incomparable heroes, these crusaders in the cause of liberty, fought their way through inconceivable obstacles, and drove the enemy off the heights from which the Hun had literally viewed the Promised Land!

Great God! What a moment was that for civilization! And how beyond the imagination of man to picture human endurance and courage so everlastingly sublime!

One day riding through this devasted region of Belgium, we came upon a weary sailor, one of the crew of the French mine-sweeper "Vidette," who, after years of perilous service, had been given sixteen days' leave to find the remnants of his home. He asked if we would "give him a lift." Of course we would. Taking him in the machine, we carried him three miles along the road to where he formerly lived, in the town of Bailleul. As we drove to what was once a happy and thrifty village, and came to the intersection of two streets, the boy alighted and said, "Here is where I lived." He looked upon the scene of utter desolation with a sad, pathetic face. Turning to us he quietly said, "My home is gone." And then, with eyes aflame, he added, "but France is free!" He was an humble blacksmith; now only a sailor lad. But the sentiment to which he gave utterance made me think that in his person there was knighthood in flower. "My home is gone, but France is free!" That was his sacrifice.

Taking one from the devastated region back of the lines, I would like those who think we should approach the subject of our Victory Loan in cold blood to go among the Red Cross workers in France. While there I was permitted to read the diary of a Red Cross worker; and, in its simplicity and pathos, it was a veritable epic. I was privileged to make a copy of it, and have thought some time, when I might happen to address a Red Cross audience, I would read some of the entries. Perhaps it would not be inopportune to read one or two of them here to-night in order that you may get a clearer understanding

of what sacrifices were made for us three thousand miles across the seas, and with what spirit real suffering was borne. This woman wrote:

"Sometimes the soldier boys who are sent back to this hospital are so anxious not to worry their families that they want to send home impossibly cheerful messages, such as no mother on earth would for a moment believe. For instance, the following gem: 'Wounded yesterday in the stomach. Feeling fine. Tell mother will be up in a day or two.' "

And then another extract:

"All day the wounded poured in and by afternoon we had three sheds full. Some of those who came had had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours. As one boy, too badly wounded to raise his head, said to me as I gave him hot coffee through a glass tube, 'I tell you what it is, lady—the Red Cross is just a great big mother to all of us boys.' "

And then again:

"In the afternoon I washed faces and hands for three new wards full of patients. That afternoon was perhaps the most satisfying one I have spent in France. I have rarely felt as joyful and as triumphant as when I stood at the end of the long ward and looked down both sides at faces, now bright and shining, and three shades lighter, which shortly before had been grimy and stained with blood. After one has been in France a year, one begins to think that there are few experiences left; but until one has passed a warm, wet washcloth over a dirty face that has almost forgotten how warm water feels, and heard the boy say, 'Gee, that feels good!' and sigh with happiness, the greatest thrill of all is still in store."

"I saw all day horrible things. Men held on to both my hands so hard that I thought my fingers would break. Some of them were wonderfully brave, and ground their teeth together, or even whistled to keep from crying out."

And another extract:

"During the morning a very gratifying thing happened. I handed a comfort bag to a boy and told him some lady from the Red Cross had made it and sent it to him from the

States. He thanked me, and, without another word, pulled his last twenty-franc note out of his pocket and gave it to me. 'You just take that, lady, and give it to the Red Cross to get things for some other boys, and tell those ladies that we sure do appreciate all they do for us over here.' "

And finally this typical display of fortitude:

"One boy I shall always remember. His right shoulder was practically all shot away, he had a big wound in his back and one in his left eye. But he sat right straight up, and wouldn't let anybody help him and didn't say a word while they pulled off the tight clinging gauze from the red, raw-wet flesh that quivered in spite of him. When the first wound was finished, all he said was, 'Do you think I could rest a minute, Doc, before you do the second one?' "

Is there no obligation upon us to recompense vicarious suffering like that? Do we quite fully appreciate the sacrifices made by these boys for us when we talk about discharging our debt on a commercial basis in a cold-blooded way? May we not, in this temper, present a distasteful contrast with the spirit of that American soldier who, standing at the brink of eternity, pulled out and gave over his last farthing to help the Red Cross aid other wounded men? I want to be sensible in dealing with the Victory Loan; my own life has been too hard and too real to even suggest an excess of emotion. But, as the question looks to me, we should not approach it in cold blood. We have a right to invoke the patriotism of the people, and to-day it takes a higher type of patriotism to serve the nation than was required in the delirium of war. Upon this I shall confidently rely; and I here predict that the response will in no measure disappoint the expectation of those who set a high estimate upon the fine spirit of the American nation.

We call this last the Victory Liberty Loan. It is that and more: it is a Thanksgiving Loan. I

stood upon the Battleship New York with Admiral Rodman when the wireless news came that Germany had capitulated; and from the Grand Fleet I went down to Edinburgh to accept an invitation from the Lord Provost to a service of thanksgiving in the Cathedral of St. Giles. There, under the nave, I heard the great organ peal forth its sweet thanksgiving strains, and heard the great choir sing a psalm of praise to God for the victory over a common foe. It was the 124th Psalm that was rendered, and it sounded like a six-thousand-year-old prophecy, so well adapted was it to the moment, acclaiming the goodness of God for sustaining the spirit and stirring the valor of the allied troops until they had overcome the enemy when the hour seemed darkest. And when I come home and hear gentlemen say that we must suppress all sentiment, and approach this last Liberty Loan on a cold-blooded business basis, I wonder if I was too easily moved by the thanksgiving strains that went up from the cathedral in Edinburgh on the 12th of last November.

Men in this great exigency of war have been transformed. We think to-day of the Transfiguration as if it were altogether and finally supernatural. We speak of it as if it were two thousand years away in time and twelve thousand miles away in space, among the hills of Palestine; but it is my belief that in every great trial of humanity the Transfiguration is ever present, and that men and women with spirit to sacrifice and with courage to conquer, mount to its highest peaks, and bring heaven down upon earth. It is my belief that Edith Cavell among women, and Albert among kings, and Mercier among churchmen, and Burgomaster Max among the lesser councillers, have their type in every nation of this earth; have their type among the humble

and private citizens of this land; have their type here in Pittsburgh to-night. While the best among us may presently witness in our own minds and hearts a singular contest between avarice and that better element of human nature which makes us willing to believe that man was created in the image of God, the right eventually will prevail. We are not going to approach the last Liberty Loan strictly in a commercial spirit. We are not going to float it strictly on a commercial basis. It is impossible to do it. A little thought will teach the wisest among the financiers of this country that it is impossible now to float, purely for investment purposes, a loan of five or six billions of dollars. We have got to appeal to the patriotism of the American people, and it will not be done in vain. There are yet two million American boys in France and Germany who must be maintained in comfort and brought home in safety and provided with employment on their return. While Congress is writing off the books $15,000,000,000 of authorizations, for which public funds would have been expended had not the war suddenly terminated, the Government is still expending two billion dollars per month to meet the honorable commitments of the country. The honor of the Government is involved. Being your Government, it is your honor that is involved; and I know that the appeal of the American Government to the American people will meet a response of which the nation will be proud.