

# YOU AND YOU

TO THE AMERICAN PRIVATE IN THE GREAT WAR

By Edith Wharton

EVERY one of you won the war—  
You and you and you—  
Each one knowing what it was for,  
And what was his job to do.

Every one of you won the war,  
Obedient, unwearied, unknown,  
Dung in the trenches, drift on the shore,  
Dust to the world's end blown;  
Every one of you, steady and true,  
You and you and you—  
Down in the pit or up in the blue,  
Whether you crawled or sailed or flew,  
Whether your closest comrade knew  
Or you bore the brunt alone—

All of you, all of you, name after name,  
Jones and Robinson, Smith and Brown,  
You from the piping prairie town,  
You from the Fundy fogs that came,  
You from the city's roaring blocks,  
You from the bleak New England rocks  
With the shingled roof in the apple boughs,  
You from the brown adobe house—  
You from the Rockies, you from the Coast,  
You from the burning frontier-post  
And you from the Klondyke's frozen flanks,  
You from the cedar-swamps, you from the pine,  
You from the cotton and you from the vine,  
You from the rice and the sugar-brakes,  
You from the Rivers and you from the Lakes,  
You from the Creeks and you from the Licks  
And you from the brown bayou—  
You and you and you—  
You from the pulpit, you from the mine,  
You from the factories, you from the banks,  
Closer and closer, ranks on ranks,  
Airplanes and cannon, and rifles and tanks,  
Smith and Robinson, Brown and Jones,  
Ruddy faces or bleaching bones,  
After the turmoil and blood and pain  
Swinging home to the folks again  
Or sleeping alone in the fine French rain—  
Every one of you won the war.

Every one of you won the war—  
You and you and you—  
Pressing and pouring forth, more and more,

Toiling and straining from shore to shore  
 To reach the flaming edge of the dark  
 Where man in his millions went up like a spark,  
 You, in your thousands and millions coming,  
 All the sea ploughed with you, all the air humming,  
 All the land loud with you,  
 All our hearts proud with you,  
 All our souls bowed with the awe of your coming!

Where's the Arch high enough,  
 Lads, to receive you,  
 Where's the eye dry enough,  
 Dears, to perceive you,  
 When at last and at last in your glory you come,  
 Tramping home?

Every one of you won the war,  
 You and you and you—  
 You that carry an unscathed head,  
 You that halt with a broken tread,  
 And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead!

Lift up the Gates for these that are last,  
 That are last in the great Procession.  
 Let the living pour in, take possession,  
 Flood back to the city, the ranch, the farm,  
 The church and the college and mill,  
 Back to the office, the store, the exchange,  
 Back to the wife with the babe on her arm,  
 Back to the mother that waits on the sill,  
 And the supper that's hot on the range.

And now, when the last of them all are by,  
 Be the Gates lifted up on high  
 To let those Others in,  
 Those Others, their brothers, that softly tread,  
 That come so thick, yet take no ground,  
 That are so many, yet make no sound,  
 Our Dead, our Dead, our Dead!

O silent and secretly-moving throng,  
 In your fifty thousand strong,  
 Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropt,  
 And streets are empty, and music stopt,  
 Silently coming to hearts that wait  
 Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,  
 And hear your step and fly to your call—  
 Every one of you won the war,  
 But you, you Dead, most of all!

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# WHO PAYS THE COST OF THE WAR?

By A. Barton Hepburn



SINCE the war was brought to an end a controversy has been waged in the halls of Congress and in the various forums of public opinion in regard to the proper means of financing it, and the revenue bill now before Congress brings renewal of this discussion. The issue resolves itself into this question:

*Should the government raise the required funds wholly by taxation, or should taxation be imposed as severe in amount as may be without impairing the business efficiency of the country, and the balance of funds required be raised by the proceeds of bonds sold?*

A large number of economists have said that the "all-taxation" policy is practicable, because the current income of the people in any case must pay all war expenditures; that the choice between bond issues and taxation is merely a choice whether the government shall take income with a promise to repay those who furnish it, by issuing bonds; or whether the government shall take income without such promise, in the form of taxes; that the amount issued in bonds might just as easily be taken in the form of taxes; that the policy of borrowing within the country itself does not shift any part of the nation's war expenditure from the present to the future; that if the people can support the war at all, they can do it on a cash basis; that borrowing creates nothing; that except by borrowing abroad, we cannot get anything which we do not produce; that borrowing and issuing bonds produces inflation and increases the cost of the war; that taxation does not produce inflation and makes for rigid economy. In effect, it is claimed that the cost of the war must unavoidably be paid by the present and is paid by the present, and issuing bonds payable in the future does not relieve the present, but imposes a burden upon posterity, who are compelled to pay a second time.

We could have entered the war and have been more or less efficient by using

such funds as we could raise by taxation, but could we have accomplished the proud results we did achieve? We placed 2,000,000 men in France, and we were a most important factor in feeding our allies as well as furnishing military supplies. In fact, we have been given the credit by our allies of winning the war; at least we were the determining factor.

To accomplish this gigantic task, we expended, in nineteen months, about \$22,000,000,000,\* including loans to our allies. The devotees of the "all-taxation" principle would have had this amount raised by taxation and paid by our citizens within said nineteen months.

The question is, would such a thing be physically possible? The net income of our nation before the war was variously estimated as from \$2,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000. No economist, to my knowledge, placed it higher than the latter figure. Of course, the net income or net increment of the nation is the net profit left after the payment of all expenses, including the cost of living and expenditures for indulgences of any kind. With the stoppage of all unnecessary expenditures the increment available for taxes would be very materially increased; the amount of the increase depending, of course, upon the rigidity of the economy exercised. But with rigid economy would the amount equal the enormous expenditures which our government has incurred?

If taxation is to be depended upon, the first necessity is to have something to tax. Since the income tax and war-profits tax are the main reliance, the government revenue would depend largely upon individual and corporate prosperity. All agree that taxes should be made as high as business will bear without discouragement, but too great taxation would, in effect, be a capital tax and would reduce the capital investment, and hence the volume of business. The imposition of \$11,000,000,000 yearly in taxation would

\*The amount authorized by Congress by appropriation and contractual obligations available by July 1, 1919, amounts to \$57,000,000,000.