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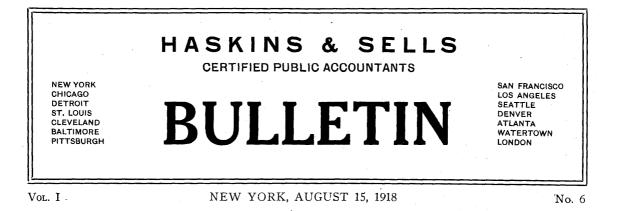
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By Comparison

ONE finds it difficult to develop much enthusiasm for anything during these summer days. They are filled with humidity, dullness, and a longing for the cool breezes of the country or seashore. It is a time for holiday and vacation.

Society women who have worked faithfully for the Red Cross all winter are finding it difficult to forego their perennial summer sojourn out of town. There is, by common report, in some places, a scarcity of workers so great as to threaten the continuation of the activities during the summer.

The great struggle across the water respects not vacations. It goes on regardless of heat. The scene of the present fighting is in north latitude about forty-nine degrees. True, this is equivalent to Quebec on the east side and Vancouver on the west side of North America, but it must not be forgotten that Northwestern Europe is warmed by a spur of the Gulf Stream which physiographers call the North Atlantic West Wind Drift. Paris often becomes as uncomfortable from heat in the summer as New York City.

There is nothing cool about the uniform of a soldier. There is nothing cool about a gun-pit when the gun is in action. There is nothing especially attractive about facing the hordes which Germany is pouring into the hell-hole on the western front. Yet the draft army of 1917 was organized with only here and there a murmur from a conscientious objector. This, as compared with the draft riots of 1861 during which property in the city of New York to the extent of a million dollars is said to have been destroyed.

The men who have gone to the other side have gone with enthusiasm. One reads everywhere of the spirit displayed on all sides. Eagerness and determination to win overshadow fear of injury, of the surgeon's knife, of long days of suffering in hospitals, of death. Already large history has been written of the deeds of bravery performed by our troops—always, we are told, with the same dash and energy.

We complain of the heat and lack of enthusiasm. Is it any cooler in France? Is it any less difficult to cheer one's entrance into the "valley of death"? When we need fortitude to bear the burdens which the hot weather brings us we have but to compare our lot with the lot of our men on the other side.

It is true we have heat. It is true we lack enthusiasm. But we still have all the comforts which modern civilization can give us. Our pleasures have really been very little curtailed. We have none of the discomforts of an army in the field. We are safe from the assaults of the enemy. Comparisons may be odious. We need them occasionally to make us appreciate our many blessings.