Great Chautauqua Movement Has Become Mobilization Agency for National Policies

Worth-While Things of World Are Brought Close to the People in Many Little Villages of the Nation

This survey of the Chautauquas is intended to combine as in one picture the emotions discovered by the writer in the course of an extended trip around the circuit. It concludes a series of detached articles that have been appearing in the daily columns of The Tribune. The purpose is to show what American sentiment is and how it is being "mobilized" for war.

By WILLIAM J. BLACK

FROM the Jersey coast across the Alleghanies, over the rolling prairies and into the far Northwest is flung the line of Chautauqua tents, moving northward like an army with banners.

Not in the military cantonments alone are there evidences of tribal preparation for war, but in these 1,500 red-trimmed khaki tents of the numerous Chautauqua circuits where the people are being emotionally prepared.

The full significance of this nation-wide instrument for social organization is felt only after one has actually received the thrill of the tented assemblies where the countryside is being made articulate which before was dumb, after one has shared the indulgence of the New York villager in these rural encampings of community emotion, after one has wondered with the Kentucky mountaineer at these new things, after one has heard the challenged Chautauqua orator earn his triumph before a Michigan crossroads audience and after one has caught the contagion of a Mississippi hamlet aroused.

The nation is fortunate in having ready to hand this surprising Chautauqua movement, which originating in Illinois some fifteen years ago as an independent offshoot from the stationary Chautauqua Assembly at the lake of the name in New York State, has within the past four years swept over the entire country.

One trembles after a trip over the Chautauqua routes to think of such a machine in the hands of an enemy.

England spent $25,000,000 during the first two years of her war teaching, entreating and enthusing the public and promoting the "will to war." But here is an institution, controlled by no one, springing from the communities themselves in twenty rival organizations, supported by the peoples and believed in by the people, which has turned itself whole-souledly into a mobilization agency for the national policies.

The pacifism of yesterday was made vocal in the Chautauqua tents, and the Bryans, Champ Clarks and La Follettes drew from these sources their mysterious power. But to-day this citadel has been captured by the National Security League and by Secretary of War Baker, whose formulas for war receive the benediction of 20,000,000 American people in the khaki tents of the Chautauqua circuits.

Chautauquas Make Public Opinion

As with Bryan, so with the more militant Taft and Hobson, it is not what formulas they bring to the rural Americans, but what reservoirs they can tap that is important. A genuine public opinion was the manifestation two years ago, and no less genuine is the evolved Chautauqua route opinion of the war year.

The suggestions of the War Department that a patriotic campaign be launched upon the 5,000 Chautauqua audiences have been acted upon with a will by most of the organized bureaus, the Redpath circuit of New York and New England, the Swarthmore, of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, the Coit-Alber of Ohio and Michigan, the Redpath-Harrison, of Ohio and Indiana, the Lincoln Chautauqua circuits of Illinois and Wisconsin, the Keith-Vawter circuits of Iowa and Kansas.

The Chautauqua Idea (not to be confused with the stationary camp at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., in the grape juice belt, the old Methodist, handkerchief-waving, temperance, educational enterprise of the excellent Bishop Vincent) is a non-partisan, non-sectarian, propagandaless institution, an open forum, a recreational centre, a concert hall, an educational bureau and a lecture platform, carrying the highest type of culture from rural hamlet to rural hamlet.

The Chautauqua affords human contacts for the detached communities, and farmers and villagers flock to these tents to unburden their souls of their solitude and to indulge in a bath of emotions. The khaki tents become a great moving market for social feelings. People who are left cold by the printed page are warmed by the thrill of oratory and the neighborly contacts. Mountaineer hamlets that never in their histories felt the touch of civilization greet the Chautauqua tents with wondering eyes and drink in athirst these inspirations for social betterment. From personal contact with the staff of men and women workers attached to the Chautauqua tents the remote communities catch a spirit of nationalism to which their hearts had been silent.

Lecturers' Coming Like a Visitation

To these detached rural people, unaccustomed to the social interdependence and sympathies which dwellers in close quarters must possess lest they trample each other down in tenements, accustomed rather to silence and to soul-searchings, the coming of the itinerant Chautauqua tent is like a visitation.

Picture, then, the continental line of tents, veritable cantonments for the training of opinion, ministering to these 20,000,000 American people who live on farms and in remote villages. Picture the trained army of 25,000 lecturers, demonstrators, melodists, recreational experts and managers who keep this vital institution moving. Picture the eager country folk, hungry for real community life, themselves the raw material for national sentiment and national opinion and national force, subscribing for the financial support of this new institution; Kentucky mountaineers signing with a cross (X) individual pledges for $20 for its maintenance, so that their barefooted boys and their gingham-gowned girls may wrest something from these canvas temples which their poverty-stricken schools and flea-bitten churches have denied them.

Then ask yourself if you are not face to face with one of the most important social movements that has evolved since a century ago, when the little red schoolhouse itself became the flaming way to civilization? It takes rank with the women's clubs movement, the union labor movement and other social evolutions of broad significance, the unrecognized fruit of which is usually reaped during the generation that follows.

Such is the institution of the itinerant Chautauqua, and such is the agency which Washington has discovered for mobilizing public opinion back of the soldier, the better to hurl both at the Kaiser.

Next year this nation-wide agency may fall to other uses, but this year it is oriented toward war. The drums beat and the bugles call, the pennants flutter, the enlisted boys parade and the women's hearts throb as the big Chautauqua tents move on in groups of six from county to county. In New York they are now operating at Penn Yann and at Tupper Lake, and from twenty New England camps the gonfalons of American democracy fly fresh defiance at Germany.

No one has half a chance to know just what the American people are thinking of, just what they vibrate to and if dully, unless one has sung with them in the tents, and listened with them, and looked into their eyes and, crying "Hail, fellow," to their reticent hearts, asked them if all goes well, and chilled with them and thrilled with them here in passionate quest with them for the thing they seek.

National Defence Appeals to People

In the Geneva Lake district the group of Chautauquas discovered the war attitude of the people only by a direct appeal to their sentiments. Pomp and circumstance left them cold, even as the printed page leaves them. But when the Administration orator, Joe Mitchell Chapple, of Boston, linked up the national defence with sentiments of "heaven, home and mother" the sturdy farmers gulped with emotion and felt their instinct for social group defence tingle in their veins.

Mental pictures of dying soldiers, weeping Presidents, yearning mothers and proud fathers and of glorious national destinies gave these rural audiences thrill after thrill. The great American heart was seen to be as sentimental as a woman's. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, the distinguished Chicago preacher, carried them to loftier heights with his visions of a great nation, strong in morality and in democratic purpose and yet unselfish in its missionary spirit to do and die abroad for humanity. And they heard him gladly.

Oratory still is the great avenue to the American emotions. Emerson and Lowell were master players on this American instrument. Lincoln was a stump orator. The Civil War flame was lit by Garrison and Phillips. And on the stump, our national policies are shaped. Now comes the Chautauqua. There is very little of the "yodle," very little of the vaudeville "Silly Sisters," very little of the Barnum left in this final grouping of oratory, dramatics and recreation.

Wherever the Chautauqua pennants flew that hamlet became for the week the dynamic centre of American feeling. One day it was Ovid, next day it was Naples, and again it was Clifton Springs, N. Y. The countryside poured out with automobiles and buggies and on foot. Naples, with 600 population, yielded an audience of 1,200 each night of the Chautauqua week, even when the farmer's fields were great with the harvest, when the beard was on the barley and the gold was on the wheat.

At Ovid, N. Y., which to all intents and purposes is the United States, were encountered the American people. There was the sophisticated hotel man who complained that the farms were being stripped of their sons.

"The farmers' sons will have to go," he said, gloomily, gazing at his choicest possession on the wall, an advertisement for a transatlantic steamship that is now on the bottom of the sea. "The farmers' sons are the only ones who are physically fit."

And there was the village pessimist, who averred that "this country wouldn't have gone into the war had it known what a big chunk of trouble it was biting off." And there was the village optimist, who said every one was in the war with a will, that "Ovid had sent the first man and was ready to send the last." And there was the stout sentiment of the women in the little stores and the reticent opinion of the farmer in his automobile, all orthodox, all knowing very well what Washington was doing, all phlegmatic and detached and acting from a slow sense of duty.

Until the Chautauqua orators came to town, and then sentiment flared up. It had something to flare up on; it had a fagot to consume.

Mother the Power Behind the Soldier

At Naples Orator Chapple had shrewdly guessed that the mother was the power behind the soldier. He found a way of liberating emotion in the big tent. He did not require to be too coherent. He found that he could make Naples unsafe for autocracy by mobilizing the soul-gropings of the mothers. And he recited the deeds of Spartan mothers.

"This war cannot be fought, our safety cannot be insured, the Prussian conqueror cannot be prevented from overrunning the wheat fields of Naples until the mothers are ready for their boys to go. Oh, mothers! Your country is calling, calling," the orator was saying. And the mothers of the young men of Naples rose with a shout to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose militant strains were written by an American woman.

It is not stupidity, nor ignorance, nor antipathy that the Chautauqua encounters, but hunger for social feelings. While their dusty automobiles, that carried unselfish loads of neighbors and children, nap drowsily at the fence, the country folk fill the tent with tense interest. War apathy gives way to war enthusiasm, just as social apathy gives way to social enthusiasm. These long silent farmers and villagers are indeed grateful for the bath of war emotions which the oratory affords them.

At Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., the populous camp of the original institution serves as well as Ovid or Naples, if no better, to reveal public opinion at work in social groups and to feel the wisdom of the government in utilizing this agency. At Chautauqua Lake is a veritable cantonment, where 10,000 persons, mostly women, are assembled, their ideas mobilized for war.

Here war and education, war and religion, war and recreation were blended. From this centre a great moral drive was made upon public sentiment and speakers were trained and sent out to remote parts under the auspices of the War Department, even the recreational work of the army camps being in charge, in large part, of Arthur E. Bestor, president of the stationary Chautauqua institution.

The National Security League as far back as January last shrewdly appraised the value of this social instrument for moulding opinion and "getting into the mind of America the fundamental principles for which the war ought to be fought."

Supplanting the "Prince of Peace" talks of the pacifists who gripped the West are the militant enthusiasms of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, and Dr. Shailer Matthews, of Chicago, who, with Dr. Bestor, hold chairmanships in this new propaganda. Observe how frankly stated in the Chautauqua Lake literature is the motive:

"It becomes tremendously important that the millions of people should understand precisely for what ideals the war is being pursued. The speakers must emphasize the cause of our participation. Chautauqua asserts its capacity for national leadership and it assumes a definite function in relation to the whole intellectual mobilization of the country."

Audiences Rock With Approval

War week at Chautauqua Lake was a veritable "war dance," the preparatory tribal whettings. Never was the extraordinary gregariousness of the human species better advertised than in that $1,500,000 grove where 10,000 people rose to the war idea like a Western front. Large audiences in the assembly hall rocked with approval at the touch of the orators, Dr. J. W. Slaughter and Professors R. H. Fyfe and Earl Barnes. The bands played, the women knitted and the Red Cross Committee made carnival in the square.

But there was insurgency, too, at Chautauqua Lake. Dr. Slaughter, while accepting the American participation in the war, declared boldly for a restatement of American war aims, lauded the Kerensky principles and called for open-faced diplomacy and a participation of the American voters in the treaty of peace. The feminine audience cheered him vigorously. And Miss Helen Varick, of Boston, proved the Middle West to have a feeling, too, for industrialism as well as for militancy. For when she passionately declared Americans to be ruthless of human life in industry and demanded that the nation care for the worker as well as for the fighter the purely war orator had cause to be jealous of the applause she got.

Northern Ohio and Michigan did not lend themselves as pliantly to the war formulas of the Chautauqua orators. At Perrysburg, Ohio, rich in the lore of Commodore Perry's exploits against the British, there was an apathy that could be felt with the hands.

Remote from Berlin and secure from the ravages of the submarine, Perrysburg, Ohio, lounged in the evening content of a full harvest day. "This isn't our war, anyway," said the man on the village street corner. "Aw, Uncle Sam can lick that bunch e-a-s-y," drawled the idler in the barber shop. Perrysburg is not hurrying to the ramparts.

The explanations of the Coit-Alber managers of this extensive Ohio and Michigan circuit reveal the detachment of this district. T. V. Hendricks said:

"We have given the programme a patriotic tone, according to the suggestions from the War Department. But it is not our business to tell the people what they want. We give them what they want, and sometimes what they want is not what the Administration at Washington wishes them to have."

In the Perrysburg tent Colonel W. H. Miller, of Spokane, Wash., was able to enthuse the audience to a patriotic pitch rather with appeals for community spirit, for better roads, for better schools and for the larger things of our internal national life. The war in the Eastern Hemisphere left them cold. New England and Old England are remote influences.

At Rochester, Mich., there was uncovered a finer spirit, though this was the state that made pacifism famous. Ground shifts slowly from peace to war, though the example of Henry Ford in rushing to the common defence has proved efficacious. Hon. Francis Neilson, former member of the British House of Commons, was the anti-militarist orator of the Chautauqua circuit in Michigan. Though careful to accept the American entry into the war, he did not fail of his applause when he scored "secret diplomacy as the mother of the war" and pictured an international ideal.

Attacks on Germans Arouse No Thrills

What is regarded with suspicion in the East, and as morbid and treasonable, is in Northern Ohio and in Michigan more or less normal. The Chautauquas were careful to capitalize what enthusiasms there were without straining the point, just as at Manitowoc, Wis., La Follette's straw-vote pacifist German town, where patriotic feelings were aroused by pictures of American championship of democracy, direct attacks upon the German people earned the orators no thrills.

But in Chicago one found quite a new centre of national thought. Here the Chautauqua idea flourishes. Tents, four in number have invaded the suburbs of the metropolis. At the big Chautauqua meet at Fort Sheridan 12,000 people were in attendance and the occasion was made a great military rally, with enthusiasm in plenty.

Chicago, the home of Mayor William Hale Thompson, of dubious fame, has the war spirit strong. "A parade every hour," one man called it. But in the assemblies one discovers the strident note to be not pro-Ally as much as pro-American in a selective, almost exclusive way. "The Chicago Tribune" has long preached military preparedness, military aggression and military glory to its Illinois constituency, not on behalf of any stricken Allies but for the aggrandizement of the United States.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the Merrimac, whom one encountered on the Chautauqua circuit at Erie, Ill., hard by the Mississippi, has caught this imperial idea and whips his audiences into a great fervor of patriotism by declaring for the "greatest fleet in the world," so that we may wrest the supremacy of the seas from England, so that we may defy Germany, and so that we may "prepare for the inevitable conflict with the Jap."

There is pacifism and pacifism, and patriotism and patriotism, and militarism and militarism, evidently. And one could not successfully indict the Mississippi audiences for lack of Americanism on feeling it thrill to the Hobson-"Tribune" war twist.

It is in its ministry to the not overfed national spirit in Southern Indiana and in Kentucky that the Chautauqua idea is at its best. It constitutes practically the only rallying point. The drafted boys have been lined up in the red-trimmed circuit tent, where with pageantry and songs of school children the boys are given tearful yet rousing "send-offs."

Without the Chautauqua these remote hamlets would be lacking a stimulus. The countryside discovers at once its community soul and its national spirit. It begins to feel at one with the whole world of democracy. In the Hoosier towns, where all the schoolboys in hickory breeches say "Howdy?" to the stranger, the Chautauqua brings perhaps the first impulse to a John Hay or to an Abraham Lincoln.

A hamlet like Crothersville, Ind., is no great mart of soldiery, and yet it contributes its quota and more. It earlier lacked the bands and the drums and the flags, and yet the Chautauqua orator, Judge George D. Alden, of Boston, was able to elicit a full measure of applause for his appeal to the group instinct for defence.

Crothersville, without a village square and with five village pumps, has its social wrestlings. Fine touches of sentiments were elicited, tear droppings and hand clappings for Uncle Sam at war, and also spiritual tremblings with the demon of treason. Said the village druggist:

"That German-American who works for Henry Smith has been blowing about the Kaiser again. I've told him that there's to be no more of it, or we'll have him locked up for the duration of the war—and longer, if it don't last long enough.

"This here war has hit Crothersville hard, and our sons are going off the farms and from the village, but we'll do our duty like men. We haven't as many parades as they have in Chicago, but when it is all counted you'll find that we've done our part."

Public Opinion Largely Feminine

Public opinion, however, in rural Indiana and Ohio is largely feminine. The women are the club-goers, the lecture-goers, the Chautauqua-goers. And the best speakers on the Chautauqua circuits prove to be the unadvertised women whose passion for the practical and whose hatred for platitudes give them peculiar effectiveness.

Prohibition, pacificism, peace, child welfare and practical economics are the things nearest to the community heart, and here the feminine side of Middle West politics takes its source—Kernism, Marshallism and Bryanism. The collective intelligence of the Middle West is tinged with feminism because of this monopoly in culture by the women.

The Administration at Washington has discovered the Chautauqua idea. Presently it will discover this feminine public opinion and the organized minds of these effective women speakers and organizers of the Middle West, like Miss Helen B. Paulsen, who caught the women of Crothersville up to her heart with her talks on "The Development of a Community Consciousness." Rousing the Middle West to war practically means rousing the women to the sacrifice.

The orthodox, if phlegmatic, attitude of rural New York on war, the finer spiritual rousings of the Chautauqua Lake assemblies, the apathy of Perrysburg, in Northern Ohio; the reluctant shiftings of Rochester, Mich.; the frank aggressiveness, not to say selfishness, of the Illinois war spirit, and the simpler response of Southern Indiana to the patriotic oratory are all reactions from a quiet, staid appeal.

The orators are careful not to offend. They feel that they are talking to people who "voted for Wilson because he kept us out of war." They talk in abstractions and half apologetically, as to people who have German-American neighbors, and to people who, like the colored man who protested: "The Kaiser ain't done noffin to me."

Not so Lincoln McConnell, the war orator of the Lincoln Chautauqua circuit to be encountered in one of the six camps now operating south of Cleveland, O. He introduces a new note that sounds more like a war whoop than anything emitted in this country. And instead of offending his audiences he stands them on end with excitement.

The McConnell delivery and its effect might profitably constitute study No. 1 by the administration. This passionate anti-German crusader lit upon the hamlet of New London, O., like a tornado and tied its emotions into a war-knot. He left a trail of anger and fear and hate against Germany across the Lincoln Chautauqua circuit from Alabama to Cleveland, and the War Department found it profitable to send a recruiting officer to accompany him to catch the drip.

"The Kaiser and the Devil" is McConnell's theme, with apologies, he explains, to the devil. This is his strain:

Time to Smite German Power

"I am here to fill your hides with shot. I am here to flay the Kaiser and the German murderers. For forty years the German people were taught to believe that the Kaiser was God's little boy. Some power is leading him on athirst for glory, on to his destruction. And it is not God. It is the devil. Is it not time for us to arise and smite the power that left 200,000 German babies to Belgian and French women victims?

"The Germans dared us to even loan Belgium a rag to bleed on. The Kaiser murdered our citizens at sea. He said we were slackers, that we were soft. I voted for Wilson just like you did because he kept us out of war. I was a slacker. But I've had my eyes opened. If we do not slay this Beast of Berlin he will devour us. We'll go over there 2,000,000 strong and beat him. Germany must be crushed or humanity will be compelled to live under her lying, barbarous heel. You boys get a good tail-hold on Germany and lam the stuffing out of the big bully."

The American people who sit in McConnell audiences inwardly bless him for giving them a tangible hate motive for bidding their sons depart. The mothers, inadequately sustained by academic abstractions, here feel that they were getting some emotional return for their supreme sacrifice. It comforts them to feel that their boys are going to give their lives in the killing of a hateful thing.

The Chautauqua has gone to war, and in its very act of mobilizing for the sacrifice, it has discovered its own power and has disclosed to students of sociology at once its tremendous bulk and its pregnancy.

Tommy and Sammy—a Comparison

LONDON SEES THE BROTHERS-IN-ARMS SIDE BY SIDE

By FRANK DILNOT

Correspondent for The London Daily Chronicle

The lean jawed, sinewy young Americans, whose progress on the battlefield will soon be stimulating two hemispheres, are already being appraised by their French comrades and their associates in England, where, for various reasons, it is obvious large sections of them are passing through. What will the Englishmen think of them? It does not require much guessing to get at that. Already some of the American lads have marched through London, and have received a welcome they will remember all their lives.

Some of them are now mixing with the crowds along the Strand and Fleet Street, passing through Trafalgar Square and down Whitehall, for London is a great war rendezvous not only of British soldiers, but of Belgian, French and even of Russian soldiers.

In this wartime England's capital is more cosmopolitan than ever. And, like the visitors, at least half of the Britishers one meets in the crowds on the sidewalks are in khaki or its equivalent. As the American number on the Western front increases it cannot be doubted that more and more American soldiers will be seen in London, snatching an evening's amusement, in the theatre, examining some of the historic scenes of the capital, taking dinner at the Café Royal or at the Corner House at Charing Cross, or perhaps paying a hasty visit to the leafy reaches of the Thames.

London henceforth is to have an American note such as it has never known before. What is London going to think of these young Americans? How are they going to appear in English eyes, compared with the lads from Kent, from Devonshire, from the mountainsides of Wales and the glens of the Scottish Highlands? It would not be human if the Londoners did not turn an appraising eye on them.

Well, I know Londoners pretty well, having lived the last twenty-four years among them, and I know the things they will say of the Americans. In the first place, it is necessary to state that the common people of England have a far greater admiration for the Americans than finds expression in the newspapers or is voiced generally by the highbrows, and, whatever was the hesitations of the politicians and authors and other big-wigs, the steady common sense of the rank and file Britishers never left them in any doubt from the start as to the eventual participation of Americans in the war. They had in their slow, instinctive way a pretty good understanding of the impulses and capacities of the population of the vast Republic in the West.

Now, since the Americans have come in they welcome them as brothers in arms, without much effusiveness, for that is not in their nature, but with whole-hearted satisfaction and a supreme confidence in the outcome. It is easy to be imagined with what interest they will turn to a sight of the vanguard of this vast young army enlisted to save civilization. They will look at them by the side of Britain's gallant sons and will have an intensive pride in them which it is hard to convey to those who have never lived in Britain.

At the same time they will find striking differences between the American and the British soldiers—no difference in essence, but difference in manner, in appearance, and possibly in methods. (I am speaking now of the civilian population which though war-seared is not the same as the great body of fighting men with whom the Americans will be aligned in the trenches.) These people at home are used to soldiers now and they will turn a keen and friendly eye on the new arrivals. What will strike them most?

Uniform Is Picturesque

The first thing will be the dress. The picturesque brimmed hat of the Americans approximates to the headgear of the Canadian and Australian soldiers, so that that feature will not be very strange, but what will hit the English at once is the smartness of the American uniform. It is cut with a style to which the British uniform is a stranger. The British Tommies have a tunic which fits them comfortably but formlessly; the Americans have an elegant waisted tunic which gives them what London will call a stylish air. There is a jaunty looseness about this tunic, and this same looseness goes well with the sporting fulness of the American breeches. This is very different from the straight cut garments of the Tommy.

The American uniform gives the man a lithe and business-like air. It is also very becoming. Then there are the leg coverings. If the fashion one sees in New York streets may be taken as a rule there will be smart gaiters for men from the knee down to the boot in place of the puttees which Tommy winds spirally up his calf to his knee. It is an expert business to make those puttees look neat, and no practice is required for the American gaiter. Altogether, therefore, in dress the Americans will introduce a note of smartness into the ebbing and flowing tide of soldiers which now sweeps through the main London streets by night and day.

No less striking to the old country than the clothes will be the faces of those young men from the West. Of course, many of them with an Anglo-Saxon strain in them might well be Europeans themselves, but, taken in bulk, the American soldiers will have distinctive physical traits of their own. Compared with the English, they will not be quite so thick set, they will appear leaner in build, with a nervous alertness in their movements which is alien to the old Anglo-Saxon type at home.

British Seem Heavier

The British infantryman, whether he be drawn from the farms, the workshops or the big stores, has in contrast a certain staple steadiness, maybe a touch of heaviness across the jaw and a thickness of the neck and a deep chest, which go well with those steady, imperturbable blue eyes and that unexultant but unconquerable spirit which is always so trying, not to say agonizing, to his enemies in the field. Against this the Americans will present a springiness and litheness, a kind of electric nerve force, which, translated into war action, will make them a terrible fighting machine.

Then the Englishman's face is more of an oval, with a good deal of fulness about it, whereas the American is of a rather classic type, with thinner face, more of Julius Cæsar, latent with nervous energy. The English people will certainly see both strength and fire in the faces of these young Americans.

There is, of course, a good deal of difference in their tastes and habits as compared with the British Tommies. Chewing gum is a wonderful thing to those not used to it, and the steadily moving jaws of the Americans will certainly be regarded with interest by those who take their sweets straight; that is to say, believing that part of the necessary process in connection with all candy flavors is the actual swallowing. This gum chewing is only a trifle, but it is the trifles which make up the vivid impression on the whole.

Something more than a trifle will be the alienation of the American soldiers from alcohol. I don't mean that I suppose all of them are teetotallers, but I do mean that they will not be so habituated to the drinking of alcohol—of course I mean in moderation—as the inhabitants of the damper and more varied climate of Britain. A visitor coming from Europe to America, accustomed to his glass of claret or his bottle of beer with dinner, finds that he has really little or no taste for it on this side of the Atlantic. And so it comes about there will be traits in the soldiers of the New World which will gladden the heart of the prohibitionists.

Slang is Contagious

What will strike the Londoners as much as anything will be the talk of the Americans. They will speak rather more slowly than the average Londoner, but with a different and higher intonation. The country of their origin will be indelibly marked on them by this, if not by any other characteristic, and I forecast that the sound of their voices will prove an open sesame to all kinds of hospitality, to every sort of welcome. If the actual pronunciation is not enough to mark their nationality, their phrases will certainly be sufficient to do it.

There is a racy, epigrammatic flavor to American slang which makes it attractive to strangers—increasingly attractive as its allusiveness is better understood. Appeals to "forget it," questions as to "flagging" a car, general scorn of an "alibi," the comprehensive "gee," the emphatic affirmativeness of "sure,"—all these things and many others will have a refreshing tang to the Britishers, who will assuredly appropriate a good many of the words and phrases before very long.

Naturally, the Americans themselves will find in London many habits and methods to which they are unaccustomed and which have interest for them. They will leave new cadences of the English tongue, and many of them who have not travelled before will hear with interest the softness and low pitch of the Londoner's words. Some of them will be surprised also at the amenities among the ordinary people, how one never takes a ticket on a trolley car without saying "thank you" and getting "thank you" in return, how the same rule applies to every purchase, however small or large, in a store.

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Great American Air Corps Can Seal Doom of Germans

Teutons Are Defeating Their Own Purpose by Raids Over London and Are Arousing an Almost Irresistible Demand for Reprisals

By REV. ELMER T. CLARK, LITT. D.

I have just seen the greatest spectacle of its kind that has ever been enacted since human history began, a scene which but a few months ago belonged wholly in the realm of dreams. It was the world's biggest battle in the air, fought over London almost at midday on July 7, 1917. It would be vain to attempt a description which would enable the average person to understand in any adequate degree its grandeur, or the awe and wonder with which one beheld it. To see almost a hundred great battleships engaged in mortal battle high in the air, to watch them in their manœuvring for position, to observe the onslaughts of the defending force against the battle array of the invading enemy, to hear the whirr of the engines mingled with the constant roar of machine gun fire, and both being overwhelmed ever and anon in the giant roar of bursting bombs, to see the reeling of an airplane as it was struck by the fire of the enemy, and to watch its plunge downward, turning over and over, perhaps righting itself and advancing again to the attack or perhaps crashing to the earth in a ruined mass—all this is impossible of description. I thought it exciting to be chased by a submarine intent upon sending my ship to the bottom of the sea; I never expect to see a more thrilling sight than the one I witnessed when the British flying corps met and defeated the Kaiser's "Air-Huns."

The Engines Are Heard

I was in a taxicab being driven to a railway station when my attention was first attracted by the sound of the engines and the intermittent fire of the anti-aircraft defence guns. Suddenly my automobile was shaken by the shock of a great bomb explosion. The sound seemed remarkably close to me and I felt the shock distinctly. The taxicab immediately drew up, and when I had alighted the German air flotilla plainly could be seen.

They were advancing in battle array, spread out like a great fan, or like a flock of geese flying South in the autumn time, led by a great plane, evidently occupied by the commander of the expedition. They were flying very low and their speed seemed leisurely, although it must have been at the rate of at least fifty miles an hour. Their lines were straight and it was apparent that they were under a strict discipline in anticipation of the attack from the British machines. At irregular intervals a machine gun could be heard, then the roar of the defence guns, and then the swiftly falling bomb could be seen for a moment before the noise of its mighty crash reached the ear. For what seemed three or four minutes, but which in reality could not have been so long, I gazed at the approaching instrument of German ruthlessness. The official figures have placed the number of hostile machines at twenty-two, but I am confident that I counted over thirty and I mentally estimated the number of machines in the fleet as above forty.

British 'Planes Attack

Suddenly the British fliers went upward to the attack, but in much smaller numbers. With a marvellous daring they soared directly in the path of the enemy and drove straight at him. Clear vision now somewhat was obscured by the smoke from the guns as the two squadrons opened a terrific fire upon each other, while a din that was piercingly sharp and clear rang in my ears.

At the first onslaught the British broke the Hun's formation completely, and the machines became so mingled that I could no longer distinguish between them. It now was simply a floating and whirling mass of demons fighting furiously as they dashed madly through the air. The bomb carrying machines continued to discharge their missiles, however, and it was possible to hear them plainly as they struck the earth.

I distinctly saw two of the enemy machines swerve to one side, reel unsteadily for a moment, and then go plunging madly downward. I do not know whether the pilots regained control and saved themselves or whether they were actually brought down, but the official reports declare that at least five were destroyed.

I was quickly aroused from the spell which the battle had cast over me when the fleet turned sharply and came speeding in my direction. I leaped into my automobile and ordered the driver to proceed to the nearest tube entrance; I had determined to seek refuge underground from any bombs which might fall near me. This entrance was, fortunately, but a few blocks away and was soon reached. When I looked upward again, however, I discovered that the enemy had made another turn and were speeding away to the sea, with the British air fleet in full pursuit and still raining their fire upon the invaders.

One Hundred Bombs Dropped

I was quite sure that at least 100 bombs must have been dropped, but the exact number has never been officially stated. Several unexploded missiles were found, and they were closely guarded by the police until carried away by the military authorities. When an explosion occurred the damage done in the immediate vicinity was, to me, remarkably small. I was quite sure that any of the explosions I heard were sufficient to wreck an entire block of houses, and it was a matter of great surprise to find that most of the damage was but broken glass and great holes in the street. Some of the bombs, however, struck prominent buildings with disastrous effect. One fell on a church and killed a girl who was arranging flowers on the altar. In a certain spot I saw some large iron pickets which practically had been severed by the flying shrapnel. More than thirty-five persons were killed and three times that number were injured.

A strict censorship of news of the raid was observed in London. Although the papers printed columns of news, none of them was permitted to mention any definite place where damage was done. The utmost precautions were adopted to prevent the taking of photographs.

The heart of London evidently was aimed at. The East End, where the poorest section of the population live, suffered greatly. The "East" always suffers because the invaders follow the Thames and naturally aim at the docks and the Tower, which can be seen easily from the air. It has been suggested also that the Germans mistakenly imagine that some munitions are made or stored in the "East."

The Lessons of the Raid

From this aerial battle over London three things stand out:

First—The Germans most assuredly are defeating their own purposes by this barbarous method of murdering women, children and non-combatants and bombarding defenceless cities. Their purpose evidently is to terrorize the people to such an extent that they will demand peace. But the actual result is to anger them and to make them more determined in their conviction that such an enemy must be completely crushed. Hence, nothing that Germany could do so unifies the sentiment of the nation. I saw no terror on the streets of London and have heard no comment which indicates that the people will be influenced by such a warfare. While the bombs rain down the people gaze curiously and the school children stand at attention and sing "Rule Brittania"; windows are quickly boarded up, and in an incredibly short space of time the signs appear: "Business as usual while the windows are replaced." Ruthlessness surely is defeating its own aim so far as the air raids are concerned.

Second—The people are demanding a policy of reprisals, and the government will not be able to resist the pressure much longer. Heretofore England has held herself aloof from such methods. She has argued that her skirts are clean in this war, and must be kept so, and the fact that Germany so far forgets herself as to violate all international precedent and to outrage all righteous sentiments by the murder of innocents does not justify England in resorting to the same tactics. Two wrongs do not make a right. This position is taken by leading men all over the nation, and they have thus far kept the government from undertaking reprisals against German cities. It has been a noble stand taken by a nation that went to war in defence of the sanctity of national treaties, and to enforce such sanctity, especially as it regards weaker powers, and if it could be maintained throughout the war it would clear the name of England of many things of which she is accused by other nations and give her a great standing as a moral force in international affairs.

But there is an end to human patience. The people are not content to sit still and allow the German to pursue his ruthless way unchallenged. The press is unanimous in its demand that the devil be fought with his own fire and the barbarian be repaid in his own coin. This is the demand of London, and it has an added force by virtue of the fact that France has already adopted a successful policy of reprisal, and also from the fact that the Allied air fleet holds an unquestioned supremacy on the fighting fronts in France.

Third—America can do much to win the war by devoting her energy to the production of an efficient flying corps and by assuming and maintaining an absolute supremacy of the air. If the Hun can be driven from the skies his doom is sealed. An air fleet that can drive him from the skies can also nullify his submarine warfare in a large degree, prevent the effectiveness of his artillery by keeping him from locating the range of the Allied batteries, destroy his supply bases, demolish his munition plants and win the war.

As is well known, there is a scarcity of flying machines among the Allies, and this fact is the basis of the non-reprisal policy of England more than a pure sentiment of morality. This has been openly stated many times, and again was made plain by the ministry immediately after the last raid, when the demand for reprisals again was made. The Allies can hold their supremacy on the fronts and can defend and protect their cities tolerably well, but with the present equipment they cannot see their way clear to undertake reprisals on any large scale.

If America can send to Europe at an early date from 20,000 to 50,000 flying machines, adequately manned, the issue of the conflict between autocracy and democracy will soon be decided.

This is the opinion of the people of England, and it is presumed to be the opinion of the government also. Everywhere Americans are asked what their country is doing in regard to flying machines, and the news that Uncle Sam is alive to the situation and is preparing to meet it creates a distinct thrill of pleasure.

Britons Learning to Cook

The English are not a nation of cooks, says a correspondent, and although cooks have gone up considerably in popular estimation the nation cannot suddenly change. Do the better off realize how extraordinarily small is the amount of cooking which takes place in the homes of the working classes? Bread is indeed the staff of life, not only because under normal conditions it is cheap, but because it is bought cooked and is portable.

It is a convenient food because it can be cooked in large portions, whereas the substitutes require cooking in small pieces, thus at the same time increasing the labor and the amount of oven space required. These substitutes require new methods of treatment, careful preparation; in fact, both time and considerable study on the part of the housekeeper. The upper classes have both the spiritual and material conditions necessary for satisfactory substitution and the working classes have not.—Manchester Guardian.

An Anecdote of Balfour

Mr. Balfour has said in public singularly little about his experiences in America, but some day he may consent to record his impressions. Should he do so we may look for an entertaining comparison between the House of Commons and the House of Representatives. Here, for example, is a characteristic circumstance which the reporters seem to have missed.

The first stage of the war crisis was a kind of Baby Month in Washington. Children, and sometimes very young children, were taken into the visitors' galleries in order that they might carry into later life the memory of being present at an historic sitting, and on the day of Mr. Balfour's address to the House a good many members of Congress had children with them on the floor. The one Congresswoman, Miss Rankin, was accompanied by two juvenile relatives. It was remarked that some of the children in the galleries were kept, overcome with sleep, to the end of the long night sitting at which the war vote was taken.—Manchester Guardian.