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The Same Old Gang and the Same Old Game

A year ago, when the German Emperor solemnly invited the nations of the world to make peace, President Wilson exposed the real purpose of the German proposal by inviting the belligerent nations to state their terms. Incapable of complying with this request without exposing her true intentions, her plans to demand the terms of a victor and hold provinces and nations to ransom, Germany fell back upon her ruthless submarine warfare.

Now, taking advantage of Russian collapse and Italian disaster, as she did of the Rumanian defeat last year, Germany has again proposed peace, but this time she has been compelled to show her hand. And what is it that she means by peace? Simply to take 120,000 square miles of Russian territory, including all the Baltic seacoast and upward of 25,000,000 of people, all but a minor fraction Slav, and place them under Hohenzollern and Hapsburg rule. This is what the Germans have meant by their formula of no annexations and no indemnities.

Here then is the measure of Germany's purpose. Here is the fact as opposed to the fiction. Those who rule Germany now are just as willing to accept the Russian formula of no annexations and no indemnities as they were to pledge themselves not to invade Belgium. But for them the word, the promise, the principle—these are nothing. Actually all that counts is the power; if they have the power they will disregard the principle themselves, while always invoking it to paralyze their foes.

Is it not time for the world to recognize, after this latest demonstration, that all the humanitarian, liberal, honorable phrases in the world mean nothing when uttered by those in control of Germany, that these phrases are just weapons in the hands of those who are limited by no scruple, bound by no principle, inspired by none but selfish ambitions?

The same old gang and the same old game which were revealed in the invasion of Belgium, in all the atrocities and crimes of that early period disclosed in the Lusitania and the subsequent submarine campaign, exposed in the enslavement of the conquered populations, revealed in every German act since the war began, dominate Germany still.

How can any one think of making peace with this gang? How can any one permit himself, however weary of war and anxious for peace, to surrender to such a foe?

If France, Britain, Italy, the United States should follow the example of Russia and destroy their national strength in the pursuit of idealistic aims, what would be the German course? Can any one now doubt? Would not the same policy which seeks to steal the Russian seacoast and strangle 20,000,000 Poles, under the cover of the principle of no annexation and no indemnity, find an equally high-sounding phrase to cover a similarly vicious performance?

The people who controlled Germany when she forced this war upon the world control her still. They forced the war to gain domination of the world and plunder Europe as they plundered France in 1871. They have never deviated from this purpose. It was the purpose in their mind a year ago when, through the Kaiser, they proposed peace, not with the idea of producing a real and honest settlement, but of harvesting what they could of their profits without more cost. It was their purpose when they proposed peace with Russia, and it is revealed in the terms which they have endeavored to impose upon that stricken and helpless state.

With these people the choice cannot make peace, not even if the choice is between

peace of the German sort and four more years of war. Why is it that when the Germans utter fair words covering foul purposes there are people who are still willing to listen? When, since the war began, have the Germans uttered any but fair words, and when have their actions been anything but foul? The men who ordered the invasion of Belgium, after having forced the world into war, are still in control and they still mean to have their profit. They still mean to create new Alsace-Lorraines, they still mean to erect a German Empire, to preserve which will require Germany to remain in arms and against which, for safety, the whole world will have to stand to arms.

The Russian experience discloses the German government once more as dominated by the same men and inspired by the same ideas as in 1914. The same will to conquer, the same purpose to enslave—these are written into the proposals of Brest-Litovsk with a clarity which permits of no mistaking. To make peace with this gang, no matter what principles they proclaim, in the face of their practice, notorious the world over, is to surrender not alone honor, but safety. President Wilson's insistent declaration that it is impossible to make peace with those now in control of Germany acquires new and impressive force in the face of the newest self-revelation of the German rulers.

We have had nearly four years of experience with the German. Collectively, the German people have committed the most terrible crimes which history records to the shame of any great people. Individually their offenses have been equally abhorrent. They have massacred hundreds and they have murdered individuals. They have burned cities and they have found time to defile and wreck the home of the smallest peasant in an invaded district. They have plotted against the peace and security of neutral nations, which have received them as welcome guests. No intrigue has been too base, no crime too terrible or too vile for the German at home and abroad in the last terrible years.

And now the same old gang is at the same old game in Russia, and the game and the gang have been revealed, just as they have been revealed a thousand times before since the war came. With such people how can there be peace? Does the picture of a tiger standing with bloody jaws over the prostrate victim inspire belief in the essential kindness and humanitarian purpose of the tiger? But this is the position in which the world now sees the German tiger astride unhappy Russia. And to the credit of the tiger, it might be said that the animal never pretends to be a friend of the man he means to murder. Can one say this of the German?

No, it is not yet possible to make peace with Germany; nor will it ever be while Germany is controlled by the present rulers and committed to the present policies. The world must go back to the trenches, the war must continue until the German people in their agony, if not for any nobler motive, cast off the yoke of those who now lead them and renounce the policies of crime and violence to which Germany is now committed. The Germany of Brest-Litovsk is the Germany of Louvain. German necessity knows no law in the Baltic provinces as it knew no law in Belgium. It may take one year or five to prove to the German people that the world cannot be conquered by them, but for the world there is no choice; of this the Russian experience is the final proof.

A "Lincoln" Compromise

The vice-president of the National Academy of Design has been at infinite pains to collect opinions on Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln" from members of the American Peace Centenary Committee, yet it is to be feared that his letter to Sir Alfred Mond will only add to the perplexities of those for whom the gift is intended. Less than three weeks before he wrote the question of a site in London was brought up again in the House of Lords, and the Earl of Crawford had the satisfaction of assuring all doubters that "no protest had been received from America, but, on the contrary, within the last two days a telegram had reached the First Commissioner of Works from leading men in the political, artistic and journalistic worlds, who declared that the statue was of high artistic merit."

Now on top of this comes the warning from our National Academy that the members of the American committee had "never been consulted," but appear, in fact, to be "overwhelmingly opposed to sending the Barnard statue."

to have the controversy settled on this side of the Atlantic.

The quarrel is not altogether edifying, yet in one sense we may perhaps regard it as encouraging. It shows at least that we are beginning to take a passionate interest in art. A few years ago foreigners used to reproach us with languid indifference in all matters of this kind, but now it is quite clear that not only our artists but our laymen, too, and even our academicians, can work themselves up into a great state of genuine excitement over a simple piece of sculpture. Thus the vice-president of the National Academy tells us of the "angry opposition" of the members of the Centenary Committee, and for his own part is so deeply concerned that he has actually convinced himself that Mr. Barnard's statue may "put in jeopardy the relations between England and America," or at the very least interfere with the successful prosecution of the present war. Who dares to say we do not take art seriously enough?

The matter ought undoubtedly to be settled at once, and perhaps the best way to settle it is to adopt the compromise suggested by the member who declares himself "in favor of Saint-Gaudens with hands crossed in front."

City Letter Rates

Many New Yorkers cannot understand why a letter mailed in lower Manhattan will be carried to the northern end of the Bronx for two cents, while a three-cent charge is made for delivering it at the other end of the Brooklyn Bridge. To meet complaints from merchants and others of this inequality in rates Senator Calder has offered an amendment to the postoffice appropriation bill, providing that "the rate of postage on drop letters of the first class, mailed in the City of New York for delivery within the confines of that city, shall be two cents an ounce or fraction thereof."

The adoption of this amendment would give us a flat charge within the city limits. But its adoption is unlikely, because it aims at exempting New York City from the application of a general postal rule. If New York is exempted, then any other postal area in the United States can ask for a waiver of the restrictions of the war revenue law and the purpose of the added letter tax will be defeated to a large extent.

The real trouble here is that New York City is not a postal unit, with a single general postoffice. The law allows a two-cent rate on drop letters—that is, letters to destinations within the limits of the postal areas in which they are mailed. Thus Manhattan and the Bronx—the old county and city of New York—are in one district. But Brooklyn has a separate postoffice, and there are various separate postoffices in Staten Island. All told New York City embraces more than a dozen distinct postal units.

The natural cure for the situation, therefore, would be to consolidate all our intra-city postoffices into one postoffice, with a drop letter rate for the whole territory. If that remedy is sought, New York will be asking no special favors of the government. It will abide by the general regulation, which is a sound one. Our multiplicity of postoffices is an inheritance from the era before consolidation. Federal patronage considerations have stood in the way of the unification of the city's postoffice organization. Now we see one of the practical disadvantages of segregation. We cannot in equity ask to be relieved from this disadvantage simply because we have never taken the trouble to consolidate. Consolidation is the true remedy. And we have at last a compelling economic motive for getting rid of a handicap we didn't take sufficient notice of when the outlying boroughs were merged with New York County to create the municipality of greater New York.

Australia and Conscription

New Zealand and Australia have made relatively greater contributions of man-power to the war than Canada, not because of their military systems. Australia still clings to voluntarism. New Zealand is under conscription, but it has not been necessary to apply the law, as the number of volunteers has hitherto met all the demands of the government. Our sister nations under the Southern Cross have done more because of their comparative homogeneity. Ontario or any Western Canadian province could match its recruiting record with that of New South Wales, Victoria or New Zealand, but Canada has a large minority of non-British origin who have lost their racial sympathies with Europe, and even their European traditions, and are peculiarly aloof from world currents of thought.

These differences should be borne in mind in weighing Canada's effort against Australia's and in viewing Australia's rejection of compulsory service. With a population of only 5,000,000, the commonwealth has sent almost as many men overseas as Canada, and has in addition manned her navy and maintained a large home defense force. In all 500,000 Australians have volunteered, or in ten of the population, compared with one in eighteen in Canada. If the Canadian Prime Minister's pledge of 500,000 men for the cause, given in January, 1916, had been fulfilled under the voluntary system there would have been little agitation in this country for conscription. Even in Canada agriculture and other essential industries have suffered from the shortage of labor, but conditions in Australia must be much more onerous, and the majority of Australians should not be reproached if they object to further drafts on the manhood of the country by compulsory methods. The conscription issue also seems to have been complicated by partisan strife and sectarian controversies.

Air Raid Costumes

In the West End there was a very smart display, I am told, of Zepplin costumes. These are usually made of silk or satin, warmly lined, of the nature of a dressing gown, but often trimmed with fur, with a cap to match. On likely nights they are laid out near the bed so that the lady can in a few minutes be ready for the street or the cellar. The costumes are particularly smart, and solve the difficulty of arranging the hair. Vacuum flasks and electric torches are part of the outfit.



The End of Fighting on the Eastern Front — Abel Faivre, in L'Echo de Paris

Westward

Westward the Happy Islands hide Where the Greeks knew their heroes went To take their hire for toil, and bids Remembering much, in all content.

And if folk-phrases still hold truth— Strong moat within a warding rim Out of our war, the chosen yard, Pass west, and walk among their kind.

Their elder brethren there, I think, Change tale for tale with many joy; And iron names pass over the drink: Verdun—Protonis—Alsne—Marne—Troy.

Ulysses scans the tangled lines, A sapper draws of trench and bridge, And laughs to hear of burrowing mines, That cleared and won a bloody ridge.

Jason, hearing from sailor men, Tense, salty gossip of the Fleet, Feels in his fist an oar again, Argo leaping under his feet.

And one who breathed of middle air And died in flight—at ease upon A wind-befriended billock there, Holds converse with Bellerophon.

Folk-phrases still hold truth: their clay— Shell-smashed, gas-livid—left behind, Our mother takes and uses: They Pass west, and walk among their kind.

WILLIAM LAIRD.

An Old Inn by the Sea

All night long we had heard the voice of the Sea Roaming the corridors, Across the worn and hollow floors There went a ghostly tread incessantly. The walls of our old inn, By windy winters eaten grey and thin Trembled and shook, the wild night long, With resonant, vague, hoarse-throated song, Like a storm-strung violin.

All night we heard vast forces throng To onset in the dark, indomitably strong, An army under sable banners flying, And then, above the din Of far wild voices crying And farther, wilder voices dreadfully replying, Slowly, far down the unseen mysterious shore, With fearful sibilance and long unintermittent roar, We heard another, mightier tide begin!

Then our hearts shook, there on the world's wild rim Fronting eternity and neighboring the Abyss, Had we not covered all night from the face of Him, The King of Terrors, from the coil and hiss Of the pale snakes of death Writing about our very door? Had we not borne his clammy breath Upon our hair, Nightlong, and his stealthy footstep on the stair, His vast voice everywhere?

Had not each echoing wall and hollow floor, Worn by his winds so grey and spectre-thin, Resounded like the shell of a fragile violin That screams once at its death and never more?

Had he not homage of our fear enough before He sent this last dark cohort crashing in?

From "The Masque of Poets," a series of poems appearing anonymously in "The Bookman." The names of the authors will be published in the February "Bookman."

The Little Loves

The little loves that laugh and sigh They tempt me not, they come and pass Unheard, unanswered, and unknown, Like whispers stifled in the grass.

The little breezes that are light Can never stir a ripple, dear, Where the broad beauty of my love Lies calm, before the world, and clear.

Who, that has heard the tempest sing, Who, that has felt the winds prevail, Is shaken by a little breeze?

Great Love, you were the rocking gale! MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

FRATERNIZING

Getting Together

By Arthur Gleason

(FIRST ARTICLE)

"If I ever get home I'm never going to leave it again—never! You have to get away to 'preciate your own home. There's no place to stay here, so you go down street. You go into a cafe, and another fellow says, 'Have a drink.' So you have it, and you drift through the evening, and it's cost you ten or fifteen francs. Go into a barber shop, and you can't get out again without dropping five francs. 'Here's an American,' they say. 'He's a millionaire!' Go into a shop for most anything and they charge you four kinds of pieces. There's one price for Frenchmen and there's four kinds of prices for us. Those fellows that came early, the Field Service crowd and Norton-Harjes, they're well-to-do fellows. They gave the waiter a five-franc note and spoiled him. Now you can't get decent treatment unless you spend money."

I am going to tell in these articles of the interpretation that is now being made of each nation to the other—of the Americans to the French, of the French to the Americans; of the British to the Americans; of the Americans to the British. So I begin with the story of what a young American, just in for a rest in Paris after four months of ambulance service, said to-night in my hotel as he stood wondering where he would go for the evening.

Making Us Friends

Something permanent and constructive in good will is being wrought out of all the hate and horror of war. Something that makes for lasting peace. But to tell of that I must first tell of the little irritations that separate us. Until now we had the Lafayette and Rochambeau romance, but that hasn't really meant much to the Danish boy from Tyler, Minn. It is all right to use catch phrases about making the world safe for democracy. But if that means anything it means simply that more people are going to get together in a neighborly way. This war is going to make more people friends than ever were friends before. It is going to make Americans, French and English friends.

American in France have caused a series of reactions to the Americans and to the French. There have always been Americans in France, domesticated and popular. In the provinces you meet an occasional countess, a little homesick, but adapting herself graciously to conditions unlike those of Chicago. There are charming American wives of distinguished Parisian publicists. There is the American colony. It would fill a book to tell the story of the American colony in Paris. It contains expatriates like James Hazen Hyde and James Gordon Bennett. It contains passionate patriots, such as Whitney Warren and Professor Mark Baldwin and Charles Prince, who chided a tardy administration by long-distance communication and preached historic Anglo-Saxon Americanism to the professors and politicians and publicists of France.

Who Brought Us In?

"Wait, you'll see," they said. "America will come, because she must in honor come." Mr. Roosevelt was their oriflamme. There are prominent Frenchmen to-day who believe that Whitney Warren brought the United States into the war.

These Americans and many others carried on relief work, which resulted in much immediate help to a suffering nation and which contributed to Franco-American good will. Laurence Benet conducted the American Hospital at Neuilly, which won the affection of wounded French soldiers. E. J. Shoninger, former president of the American Chamber of Commerce, became president of the Society of Reducation for the French Crippled. James Barbour, H. O. Beatty and their associates displayed executive ability in their conduct of the clearing house, and enabled supplies to flow in an unbroken stream from New York to the war hospitals, instead of being dumped up on the dock or scattered to unstrategic points. Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, wife of the first secretary of the American Embassy, and her friends instituted the "Service de Distribution Americaine" and they organized a work for frontier children. Mrs. Wharton turned from making her contribution to letters and devoted her full strength to the "American House for Refugees." Children of Flanders Rescue Committee" and the work for "French Tuberculous War Victims." A wide group of persons, including Judge

He kept saying: "But it is stealing. We French regard it as stealing." "Not our boys," I replied. "They mean to harm." The points of irritation are unavoidable, inevitable, and are not serious. They are worth watching, lest they spread to wider infection. Honest publicity and frank explanation right now will save us from some grief later on. One of the little things that has been misunderstood is the free spending of money by our men, who are rich in comparison with the poilus. Prices were driven up till they became prohibitive for the average French family in certain sections of Paris and certain villages of our camps. The taxidivers and the tradespeople are reaping richly, but the ultimate consumer, the family in a small way, is being straitened in a number of sections of France. At the village of I heard an elderly Frenchman, surveying the wretched dinner spread before him, say: "Five francs and nothing to eat. Every thing commended by the Americans." And back of this surface irritation is the fear among many that American business is entering France to organize it industrially and dominate it. The admiration of the French is hearty for our alleged colossal organizing power. "This marvelous organizing race will gobble us up—mills and factories and little shops." The salary of a Paris stenographer rose from 350 francs a month to 450, 500 and even higher. Small business found itself a little strangled by the new wage scales.

Currents of Good Will

Added to these oldtimers—many of them resident in France for from seven to twenty-three years—were the hundreds of young workers, doctors, nurses, orderlies, ambulance drivers, Foreign Legionnaires and fliers, who came in increasing numbers by every boat into Bordeaux. The heroism of our fliers, fighters and drivers was noted in orders of the day. The American Field Service, the Barjes Formation and the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, known as the Norton Corps, performed brilliant services for their friends, the poilus. Such were the heralds and forerunners of the Great American Invasion.

This gathering of the currents of good will came to flood on the Fourth of July, when American troops tried to march through Paris and were engulfed by an enthusiastic mob. The great Republic, friend of France, had come.

Then began the slow, wearing work of learning to know each other. Up till then it was a long-distance romance, heightened by a comparatively few choice lighteners. It had been the bridal engagement of the republics, culminating in the honeymoon on that Fourth of July. Now we settled to the daily grind of close companionship. Little faults showed through on both sides.

A number of young Americans of volunteer service, unconnected with the army, were left at loose ends around Paris. A few of them drank too much and a few hundred were rather noisy. I know one hotel which housed a hundred of them. I live in it. Each night they returned in twos and threes at midnight and at 1 o'clock, with a tread of good American boots, audible through the corridors and in the rooms of residents long accustomed to a war bedtime of 10 o'clock. The boys shouted out to each other across the court, even held lively talks at a distance between speakers of fifty feet. Gradually the French people, with whom I had been living for months, moved out.

NOTICE OF THE MANAGEMENT

Please don't forget that France is at war. Things which may have been excusable before are not so now. It will delight and entertain the sacrificing French people to see our buoyancy, our good spirits, our friendliness, our alliance with them, but it hurts to substitute rosyday for these things. France measures America by each one of you men. Don't give the wrong impressions, the wrong conclusions, to a country which, fundamentally, has so much the same spirit and national ideals and history as has the United States. This policy begins in this hotel. Here the French people who are equally guests with you know you it is for the sake of our friends, and they also demand the same degree of fair play and quiet enjoyment of a substitute home life as you yourself demand.

Men guilty of destruction of towels, napkins, electric lights and wiring, or other things of value around the hotel, from mere winter foolishness and not by accident, will be proceeded against in a legal way. Only a few have done these things, but follow you that this ruling is made in a perfectly friendly manner. The management is glad to do all it can at any time to cooperate in making your stay in Paris interesting, and does not try to place any barriers other than preservation and fair play on all guests around any of its patrons.

College Boy Pillage

I saw the pile of pillage collected by this same manager from the rooms of the American boys—ash trays, match safes, silverware, impartially lifted from the better class hotels of Paris. The proprietor himself was grieved, because a large silver goblet bequeathed him by his mother had disappeared. According to Romanes, the horse "is the only animal which under the influence of fear loses the possession of every other sense in one mad and mastering desire to run." This pathetic falling was utilized by our men in the recent advance on Cambrai, when at one point, it is recorded, a squadron of cavalry dismounted and stamped their horses, which fled panic-stricken in the darkest toward the enemy lines, and so drew the German fire.