

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials

Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1918

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, New York, Corporation. Office: 110 N. York St., New York, N. Y. Telephone: 1000.

Subscription Rates: By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York. In the United States: Outside of Greater New York.

Foreign Rates: Daily and Sunday, \$10.00 per month; 3 months, \$27.50; 6 months, \$50.00; 1 year, \$90.00.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

GUARANTEE: You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—for if dissatisfaction results in any case THE TRIBUNE guarantees to pay your money back upon request. No red tape. No quibbling. We make good promptly if the advertiser does not.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS: The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not credited to it in this paper and also the local news of metropolitan origin published herein.

"A Free Route to India"—What It Means

If any shadows of question as to Germany's wild dreams of world power remained they must have been dissipated by the terse announcement from the semi-official Wolff Bureau in Berlin: "We have acquired a direct free route via Russia to Persia and Afghanistan."

The curtain is now drawn back on Germany's immediate aims. She feels that her position in the West is fairly impregnable, at any rate in no danger. She has, or soon will have, Russia, practically all of Russia, in her grasp.

The enterprise to Bagdad and the Indian Ocean was checked. But that has merely deviated her route. The astounding collapse of Russia, Germany's unreamed of success in the quarter which at the beginning of the war she most deeply feared, has opened up vistas which the most imaginative of Pan-Germans would have regarded four years ago as little better than a seductive mirage.

The German alliance with the Turk and the Mahometan will now begin to bear fruit! With the hundred and fifty millions of Russia under her heel, with a route opened to the back door of India, with her submarines blockading the Mediterranean, with the difficulty of England's sending a considerable army to the East, she feels assurance that there is now no hindrance toward her next and vaster enterprise.

India is her goal. With a "free route" for her arms, an Indian uprising is probably the next on her programme. One does not need to read far back into history to imagine something of what this might mean.

This is not to say that such a result could be achieved next month or this year. Or even next year. But every month of the appalling inability of the United States, through lack of ships, to make effective its vast resources to help in forcing a decision on the Western front makes nearer the realization of Germany's dream.

In the face of this situation we balance and quibble over the question of engaging the active aid of Japan. That nation alone has the equipment, the organization, the men, actively to oppose the advance of Germany into the East. It alone at this time can offer any effective check to the Mahometan hordes which Germany may resort to aid in her assault upon India.

The only other possibility is China. Japan has intimated her willingness to invite China to cooperate in the defence of Siberia. China could be an aid. It is in no sense a first class power.

Is it to be our policy to make Japan at this time an ally or give it a rebuff? It is now in reality a world war. The pawns in danger are no longer in Europe.

Our Other Army

Every night they come through from Ottawa—the American casualties among the Canadian overseas forces—usually late, so that the newspapers do not display them very prominently. Bald as these lists are, they have a certain sombre eloquence.

John Jones, Petaluma, Cal., killed. James Smith, Watertown, N. Y., killed. Thomas Robinson, Detroit, Mich., gassed. Samuel Brown, Dallas, Tex., missing.

Presumably there is a record somewhere of all the Americans who have given their lives or sacrificed their freedom with the Canadian armies. Many more than 30,000 men from the United States have enlisted under the Maple Leaf. In the aggregate their casualties far exceed all those announced from Washington and even now they are running as heavy as our own.

Our own? They are our own. Restless men, rovers, adventurous spirits these volunteers from the States have been called. Even so. But they remain idealists every one, some perhaps unconscious of it, and most of them hopelessly inarticulate. They saw the issue before we did, and without much fuss or feathers took their places along the frontier of civilization.

Now that we are at last steaming hot in the battle and have begun to count our dead, do not let us forget those quiet pioneers who have fought for us for nearly four years. Do not let us forget

that across the death zone the American flag first swept snapping from a Canadian bayonet.

A Concrete Cargo Fleet

We present in this issue a careful review of the possibilities of a large fleet of concrete cargo boats.

There have been grave doubts as to the feasibility of this type of ship construction. It is new. Marine engineers and ship designers have been almost unanimously against it. It is the old story.

Engineers of standing have investigated and are now ready to put their reputations behind the innovation. A 4,500-ton ship will be launched in San Francisco next week. Three or four others are under construction.

A 600-ton craft has crossed and recrossed the North Sea. We have an almost unlimited supply of concrete. The boats could be built on almost any shore. They require no heavy expenditure for "yards."

They would engage no labor that could now be employed on steel or wooden ships. We could add 500 concrete cargo boats to our present product of ships—between two and three million tons. We could very nearly double with these boats the present prospect from steel construction.

It is solely as an emergency measure that the concrete fleet is urged. It might prove a permanent addition to ship types. But the ship need is here. Congress and the Shipping Board ought not to waste another month in testing out the new boat San Francisco, and if the results are satisfactory begin this cargo fleet at once.

It might mean a tremendous gain. While we are pouring out billions for munitions it seems worth the gamble to risk fifty or a hundred millions to get boats enough to land these munitions in France.

A New Musical Composer

In his account of the VERNON Concert on Friday Mr. Vernon paid tribute to the power and vitality of a new symphony, written by a twenty-one-year-old Swiss composer. It was heard here for the first time in America, for the fourth time anywhere.

It was written nearly sixteen years ago. That is what it means to be a musical composer of the highest type. One must wait.

Last spring the Society of Friends of Music gave an entire concert of the works of this new composer, Mr. Ernest Bloch. It was, if we mistake not, the first time that an orchestral concert of almost wholly new works, from an almost wholly unknown composer, had been given in America.

Mr. Ernest Bloch has written operas as well. One of them was given some years ago at the Opera Comique, in Paris. It was acclaimed by the friends of modern music as a work of great originality and power. It is extremely "modern."

Perhaps when it is done with the production of such masterpieces as "Lodoletta," "Marouf" and the like, the Metropolitan, with its present great financial success, might give New York an opportunity to hear Mr. Bloch's "Machbeth."

The Russian Tilsit

Lenine tried to make head against German militarism with a phrase. Now, cuffed, kicked, plundered and outraged, he tries to invent another phrase to cover up his humiliation. "We have concluded another Tilsit peace," he says. "We shall yet arise to victory, even as Germany, after Tilsit, attained deliverance from Napoleon."

In 1807 Prussia yielded to overwhelming military force. Her territory was completely overrun. She succumbed from exhaustion. When Russia, her ally, was defeated at Friedland her last hope of resistance vanished.

But the Russian Tilsit of 1918 does not represent a necessary submission to an all-powerful invader. Russia's plight was not desperate, in a military sense. She had lost but a small fraction of her territory. She had powerful allies, ready to help her. For nearly two years she had held the enemy at bay. Since the great retreat of 1915 she had actually recovered ground in Volhynia and had again penetrated into Galicia and Bukovina. Her armies were fully equal to the task of meeting any forces which Germany and Austria-Hungary could spare for use on the Eastern front.

Then suddenly the revolution disarmed. It disorganized and disbanded its veteran troops. It set up a deluded ideal of international fraternization, grounding its own weapons and appealing for a peace without penalties to the fellow feeling of the German and Austro-Hungarian proletariats. There never could have been a Russian Tilsit in 1918 except for the grotesque and paranoiac self-betrayal which Lenine himself staged at Brest-Litovsk.

And how about the war of liberation which is to follow enslavement? Prussia was freed in 1813 because Napoleon overreached himself in the campaign for Moscow. Had he stopped at Smolensk the history of Eastern Europe might have been very different. Does Lenine expect William II to repeat Napoleon's blunder by trying to send a Grand Army to Peking and Tokio? That is a desperate hope.

Another thing. Prussia was able to take advantage of the Moscow débâcle, because her people had been aroused, after Tilsit, to a keen sense of nationality. Koerner, Fichte, Stein, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and other great leaders inspired them with burning patriotism, which replaced the fashionable, languid internationalism by which even Goethe had been affected. Can Lenine and his

internationalists—men who have no feeling for Russia, who are not patriots or even Slavs—turn in their tracks and re-create a militant, intensely nationalistic Russian state?

It is incredible. The deliverance which Lenine prophesies in order to gloss over the ruin which he has wrought will not come from him or from Russians of his stamp. If it comes, it will come through leaders who are genuine Russians in heart and thought—nation builders, not nation wreckers—by whom he will be remembered only for the infamous heresies through which he brought Russia under the German yoke.

The Machinery of Art

Fabricated art is as old as fabricated ships are new. So a correspondent accurately points out in the following letter:

To the Editor of The Tribune, Sir: Concerning your reference this morning to the historian Hubert Howe Bancroft, who "employed a large staff of assistants and turned out gigantic works" and was designated by Dr. Holmes as the inventor of "the application of machinery to literature," what about the late Mr. Pope, who organized a syndicate of versifiers and reproduced Homeric history in rhyme. Is he not entitled to the distinction Dr. Holmes probably through inadvertence, conferred upon Bancroft?

ALFRED O. TATE. New York, March 6, 1918.

Such credit as goes to Bancroft must go for organizing the manufacture of machine-made history on a scale to make Henry Ford jealous. That was his new idea. Pope did hire translators to help him out with his Odyssey, and they wrote whole books for him. But why stop at Pope?

And what he saw and liked he took.

That was written of Homer; and the chain runs clear down to those master fabricators of assembled literature, the columnists, B. L. T. and F. P. A. There is no line of division that can be drawn. At one extreme is old Dumas touching up the sheets penned by his busy hired staff. At the other the great poet, like Homer or Shakespeare, who merely welds the crude, shapeless metal of some other and lesser artist into a finished whole. Most of the great painters and sculptors were fabricators, with pupils by the score who often brought the works to a certain point at which the master brush or chisel supplied the final touches of genius.

Was Michael Angelo, therefore, only a syndicate—and Rubens an early assembling portrait plant? Not unless a ship is the same thing as the carloads of plates and rivets now rushing to Hog Island. Not only the skilled hand lies between, but plan, design and the imaginative genius, which begins where ordinary human labor leaves off.

Breakfast in Bed

Is it a lingering Puritanical instinct which makes American stomachs revolt at the thought of breakfast in bed? Is it too comfortable, too pleasant, too luxurious to be quite moral? There lies an interesting speculation. Puritanism has declined rapidly in this land of freedom and the "movies," yet a plenty of it sticks around picking up a dry crumb of tribute here and there. Very possibly stomachs, those most sensitive and temperamental of organs, have retained more of the ancient prejudice than souls or eyes.

At any rate the instinct against the bedside breakfast is still strong with us. One good American after another breaks away from the instinct and succumbs to the blandishments of the bedside tray.

The aroma of effiteness still clings to the practice. It has no call for the husky American man who always sniffed at the mention of tea and viewed the wrist watch as the last word in effeminacy. Appetite for breakfast, for an American breakfast, was inconceivable in bed; not only a tub, but exercise and a dining room, a full start on a fresh day, were a necessary foundation for fruit, cereal, bacon, eggs, coffee, rolls.

In England and Europe stomachs have long lived by quite another rule. So was it made exceedingly clear in a poetry contest in "The Westminster Gazette." A prize of one guinea was offered for a poem called "Breakfast in Bed," and the replies were endless. They came from the trenches, cries of longing and regret: Breakfast in Bed! I do not know. Of anything that's half so topping.

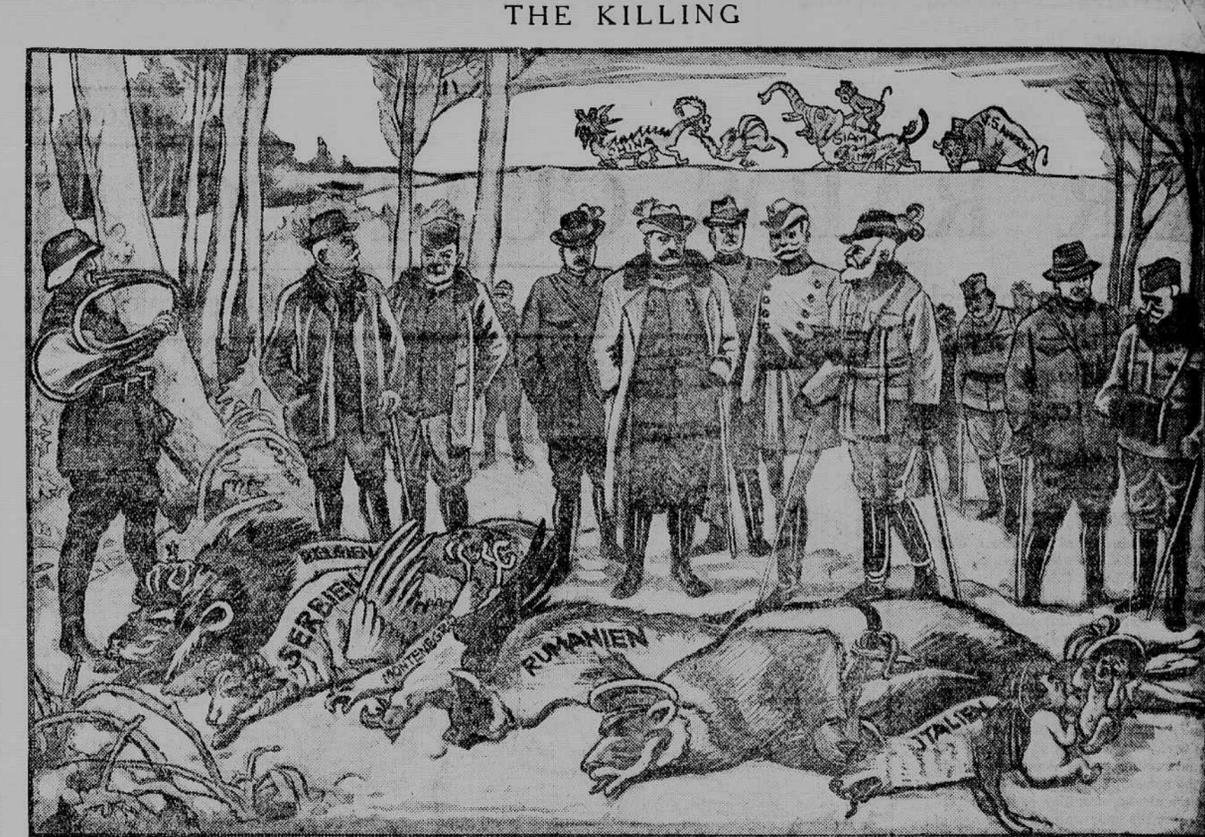
One poet sang "the reign of Ordered Peace," an "un-U-boated sea" and the "League of Peace" among the war's goals, but topped them all with cream and oatmeal and toast and butter and jam served in bed. The thing was hymned as the ideal of rich and poor, the last reward of the pure in heart. Apparently the labor leader who will promise breakfasts in bed to his constituents can count on every vote in the British Isles.

Will the war bridge this chasm? Will breakfast in bed seep into the hearts and minds of our soldiers in France—even though they have precious little chance of practising the faith in the trenches? We shall have to await the advent of the international mind to find out. The international stomach may follow in its train. And, again, it may not.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

(From Harper's Magazine.) Mary was a very serious minded young miss of ten and was keenly interested in the religious education of her younger sister, Dorothy, aged six. Indeed, she felt that the little sister's education in Biblical stories had been sadly neglected. One day she confided to her mother that Dorothy was very ignorant on the subject of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection and should be enlightened before the next Easter time came around.

The mother suggested to Mary that she be the one to tell the little sister the stories, and to make them just as vivid and real as she could. This Mary did, and at the close of the recital the only comment made by Dorothy was this: "Say, were those men Germans?"



This cartoon, from the German comic weekly "Jugend," shows how Germany is gloating over her victories. The picture is called "Halali," which means the shout on a hunting horn at the death. The bag includes the Belgian lion, the Serbian goat, the Montenegrin two-headed eagle, a Rumanian fox (?), the Russian bear and the Italian wolf (with Romulus and Remus weeping at its side). On the skyline are the Chinese dragon, the French rooster, the Siamese elephant, the British lion (very lean, with a sword in his vitals) and a rather pathetic buffalo, with Uncle Sam's top hat on his head.

The Rattle of the Snake

YESTERDAY morning the New York Hearstorgan contained a huge portrait of the President, covering half of its editorial page.

The other half was given up to a pean of praise, under a head reaching across the page, to "Pres. Wilson's Protest Against Japan's Occupation of Siberia." It begins:

"President Wilson has risen to the full height of splendidly useful and foreseeing statesmanship in protesting against Japan's proposed invasion of Siberia." With all this goes a "personal letter to the editor" from Hearst:

"It was not intended for publication but for private editorial guidance. Yet we have decided to print it here, as expressing views which should have the thoughtful attention of every American." For the same reasons we print most of this amazing piece of sinister and unmeasured impudence, with merely this remark:

So far as is publicly known the President has made no such protest, taken no such action.

Does Mr. Hearst, alone among all the newspapers of the United States, know what the President has done or intends to do?

The Hearst letter, with some italics of our own, runs: March 8, 1918. Editor of The New York Americans: I think that President Wilson's action in protesting against Japan's occupation of Siberia is perfectly splendid, and we ought to forget everything we have ever said against him and write an editorial in the morning of the highest praise.

There is no doubt that as civilization marches westward there will be a Renaissance among the Oriental nations. Japan and China and India, with their teeming millions, will revive in power, in military efficiency and in ambition. And it is more than likely that another great wave of yellow men, bent on submerging the world, will sweep out of Asia.

In times past these onslaughts have been aimed at Europe or at America. In times past these invading hordes have been turned back; but there is no knowing whether or not in some future time they may succeed.

As I said in a former editorial, the only important battles in history are the battles which defeated these yellow invaders and preserved the white races to develop the highest type of world civilization.

In the past two thousand years there have been a thousand battles fought, each one of which seemed of some importance to the people and petty princes engaged in them; but none of these battles or none of these territorial changes amounted to anything of lasting consequence.

That is the reason I cannot get so violently excited as some people over the possible effects in Europe of the present war.

My concern is for my own country and for the white race as a whole. No matter what the immediate European results are, no matter what the temporary changes in the boundaries of nations, the progress of the white race is not materially affected; and the changes in lines and confines of nations will be changed again within the next few years.

Therefore, I say that, no matter what Mr. Wilson has done or has not done, no matter how much we have disagreed with him and may still disagree with him on minor points, this great act of his, if he has the courage to see it through and make good his protest, redeems every mistake, annuls every error.

We would be untrue to our principles, treacherous even to our country, if we did not, feeling the importance of this Japanese matter as we do, glorify Mr. Wilson for his protest against the Japanese occupation of Siberia.

Labor and Socialists

By ARTHUR S. DRAPER

All the men in British public life are trying to find a way out of the war, but they are not all working along the same line. In the thirty-two months I have been in Europe I have met many of the war leaders and have had a chance to study their methods and to measure their influence on public opinion. In this series I have divided these leaders into three classes—Labor and Socialists, War to a Finish and Moderates.

THE first time I met Arthur Henderson was shortly after his entry into the Lloyd George ministry, when I went to interview him on the question of Prussian militarism. He was an exceedingly busy executive, in constant conference with labor leaders. He was mourning the loss of a son on the field of battle, but he found time to express his views on what he considered were Great Britain's war aims. On his invitation I attended, a week later, the trade unions' conference at Manchester. During this day I sat in the conference and watched this short, middle-aged Scotsman, who was once an iron moulder, handle a thousand noisy delegates. Dressed in a black morning suit, white shirt and white tie, he looked more the typical temperance lecturer than he did the "boss" of British labor. Whoever the speaker and whatever he had to say, he was constantly interrupted, and at times it seemed that the meeting must end in a general fight, but just at the psychological moment Mr. Henderson, who had given no indication of his interest either in the speaker's words or the shouts of the dissentients, would intervene, and order was restored instantly.

Philip Snowden is a near neighbor. He is badly crippled and moves about with the greatest difficulty. At the subway station where he takes the train to go to the House of Commons some one choked on the fence "Down with Snowden, the Pacifist!" It remained there for many weeks, but late in December, 1917, it was erased. Mr. Snowden, who takes a part in labor and socialist affairs almost equal to that of her husband, is an invaluable aid to him. Though burdened with household duties, she goes to many places he is unable to attend because of his infirmity; she helps him in his research work, but her greatest value is in clearing his tendency to take a sour, bitter attitude toward everything with which he is not in agreement. During the war Mr. Snowden has made speeches which would have landed him in prison or in front of a firing squad if he had lived in Germany, but he has labor's confidence to-day because labor considers him absolutely honest.

W. C. Anderson, M. P., is another Scotsman who wields a big influence in labor circles. I interviewed him for the first time immediately following President Wilson's offer of his services to bring peace to Europe. In those days there was a lot of disappointment in Britain over America's attitude toward the war, and the charge of "America's greed for the slimmest dollar" was frequently heard. But in Mr. Anderson I found a warm friend of America and of President Wilson. In no sense was he classed as a pacifist or a "weak-kneed patriot." He took a moderate course, fought for recognition of labor at every turn and still maintained the respect of all parties in the House of Commons. His wife, Mary MacArthur, is perhaps even better known as a labor worker. At the Nottingham conference he repeated his frequent warning that labor intended to fight out many great issues after the war, and that it was preparing for the political future.

If Britain has a labor government, which many experts consider one of the possibilities of the near future, there will undoubtedly be a place in it for W. C. Pringle, M. P., a comparatively young Scotsman, who is fast making a record as a keen thinker and a forceful speaker on all labor subjects. I have heard that he has been invited on several occasions to accept a place in the George government.

A fiery veteran Though not a member of the House of Commons, George Lansbury, the veteran editor of "The Labor Herald," rivals many of the working classes. Mr. Lansbury is an extreme radical, almost a Bolshevik—but he preaches brotherly love, world-wide peace and tolerance toward all. He is a powerful writer, a fearless editor and a generous friend. To an unbiased judge it would seem that his paper frequently overstates its case against the government and credits the enemy with virtues he does not possess. Its attacks on capital are often so violent they lose whatever effect they might have if framed in a more temperate tone. But Mr. Lansbury is a good patriot, a good Briton and an honest advocate for the masses, who often show a real love for him. The British workingman is mighty fair; he loves to talk, debate and argue violently, but he is slow to anger. I have heard of no arguments which I expected, according to New York standards, to result in immediate fist fights, but I have yet to see two workmen come to blows. Mr. Lansbury knows the British workingman and he is giving of his best to help him reach a higher level in the social scale.

No class in Britain has changed more since August, 1914, than the working people. Their wages have jumped to unexpected heights; they have altered their style of living; they have obtained concessions no one anticipated; they have performed miracles in the workshops and done heroic service on the battlefield; they have gained confidence in themselves and lost much of their subservient attitude toward the middle and upper classes. But they are not satisfied and probably will not be until the whole social structure of Britain is revolutionized.

Not Ready for a Contest

Just why Mr. Henderson adopted that course is not known. It might be because of his high sense of patriotism, his fear of jeopardizing the success of Britain, or it might be because his Labor party was not ready to enter a contest for the political control of the country. Probably all of these reasons influenced his action. In any case, he showed he had lost none of his power.

Ramsay MacDonald talked to me for an hour in the spring of 1917, and then the censor blue-pencilled the whole of my report of the conversation. But times have changed, and censors, like every one else,

In Barracks

The author of this series of soldier poems is Lieutenant Baker Brownell, for some months in training at Camp Doniphan, Okla., and Fort Myers, Fla. They are taken from the March number of "Poetry."

Departure AMERICA in shuffling crowds Pelted high-voiced goodybs Upon the ragged troop train. Muddled sound of partings. An accent here and there acute, Popping, sudsy soap-sprays, A girl's bright dress, a frantic flag.

America, shuffling, clattering To her high moment— A swelter of faint calls, Upraised civilian arms, and then Curly fluctuations of vague color— Drifted about the boarded station house, Upholding it like an ark, Ever more in the distance.

L. Company drifted crankily down the track, Entrained in hasty coupled cars For mobilization, And left there, behind, Democracy, Slack Democracy on the station boards; Left America clattering into emotion And shuffling heterogeneously home, "Emotional—not spiritual," one said, Who, with Company L, saw A new America somewhere, Waiting, unknowing the future.

Reveille Sleep-soaked bodies are pried Out of the obese night; laziness, Yearning in porous flesh, Is squeezed as from a sponge. Silver tubes lifted upward by young buglers Spout glistening sound Upon the mark of early day. The sounds of first call Clink and glisten in the early air; Bright chips of sound tinkle and clink sweetly Like ice in the dusky water of an urn.

Reveille and the murmur of men— A murmurous cloud of dust lifts From the earthen floor. A murmur Distant, huge, sweet with Being's joy, Rises from the awakening thousands Of earth-born bodies. The bare of regimental bands Hoists finally night's curtain With distant shattering.

The Hurricane The wind soured into night. Acid of a narrow rain Pitted the sentries' paces With spits of cold. The wind grew in hoarse breaths With the night's age, Until the night was wind, And darkness snouted on the prone earth From the West's nozzle.

Wind and night, roaring Like mated beasts, Pressed huge bodies On the bulging walls Of tied Sibley tents. One by one the double-headed pegs Pulled with a sousing click From the rain-weak earth.

A rope snapped; a wall flap Jumped; the tent heaved, Bulged upward With scared awkwardness, And fell on a broken tripod. The wind, night, rain, With huge onrains, West, south, east, north, poured itself Bitterly on the flat earth.

Three nature-whipped sentries, Tied into their ponchos, Pried through the heaving night Like tired swimmers

Taps Into pure night A strand of golden sound Weaves a design. Life woven in sound Is night and song. Pathos—of a soul— Inspires the darkness. BAKER BROWNELL