

# New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements—Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1918

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York Corporation. Editor: Walter Dill Scott. Vice-President: Richard H. Lee. Secretary: F. A. Suter. Treasurer: Address: Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone: Broom 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By Mail including Postage IN THE UNITED STATES: OUTSIDE OF GREATER NEW YORK

FIRST AND SECOND ZONES—Within 150 Miles of New York City. Daily and Sunday \$1.00 4.00 12.00 36.00 Daily only .80 3.00 9.00 27.00 Sunday only .20 1.00 3.00 9.00

THIRD TO EIGHTH ZONES, INCLUSIVE—More than 150 Miles from New York City. Daily and Sunday \$1.50 6.00 18.00 54.00 Daily only 1.20 4.50 13.50 40.50 Sunday only .30 1.50 4.50 13.50

CANADIAN RATES. Daily and Sunday \$2.00 8.00 24.00 72.00 Daily only 1.50 5.00 15.00 45.00 Sunday only .50 2.00 6.00 18.00

FOREIGN RATES. Daily and Sunday \$3.00 12.00 36.00 108.00 Daily only 2.00 7.00 21.00 63.00 Sunday only .50 2.00 6.00 18.00

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 scribbling. 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 otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news of spontaneous origin published herein. All rights of reproduction of all other matter herein are also reserved.

## Republican or Nothing

The gathering of Republicans at Saratoga is not a nominating convention. It should have nothing to do with the rivalries of individual candidates. They may properly be left to the party primaries next September. The business of this "unofficial convention" is to write a declaration of principles and convictions, which we call a platform. Its opportunity is to challenge the notion that partisanship must be taboo in war time. To do this it must elevate partisanship to a plane high above common politics. Partisanship may be either adherence to a party or adherence to a cause. Let this distinction be clearly drawn.

The cause is unlimited victory. In that cause all people should be united. Unfortunately, that is not the case. Victory is still a thing of many definitions. In all countries at war with Germany, and in both the Republican and Democratic parties, there are people who confuse peace with victory. When they think or speak of victory they imagine a peace by parley, a peace of terms, a peace in which the Allies will have won the war, but in which Germany will not have lost it.

We tolerate those who advocate every kind of settlement with Germany short of peace by the unconditional surrender of the enemy. We have the reformed pacifists advocating peace by diplomacy. We read with only passing indignation in our "intellectual" publications that the thought of literally destroying the German power is a kind of hysterical phantasy.

All reservations as to the meaning of victory retard the war, directly and indirectly, in a very dangerous, impermissible way. That such reservations do exist is notorious. Partly they survive from the emotional confusion into which we were betrayed by Democratic leadership before we got into the war. Partly they arise from the singular tenderness of the Democratic Administration for "intellectual" moderation. And partly, also, they come from a certain German-mindedness the subtle emanations of which are often with difficulty distinguished from other currents of thought.

It has been said that the problem of the Republican party is how to support the war and at the same time avoid supporting the party that is running the war. That is not the problem at all. The Republican party may shift this perplexity. It has only to define victory, and the means thereto, in terms so heroic and unqualified that the Democratic party will be obliged either to accept the Republican platform or adopt a defensive attitude.

Let the Saratoga platform be a challenge to all the forces everywhere that hold for an inconclusive peace by any name.

Let it define victory in words which admit of no dialectics.

Let it say that the peace we want, the only peace we will have, is a peace dictated by the Allies in Berlin.

Let the Republican party call for the utmost means to that end—for an army such as 120,000,000 of the richest, strongest people in the world can afford to raise; for sacrifices on the part of the whole nation such as the government has not dared to require; for an effort twofold, threefold, fivefold greater than we have dreamed of making; in short, for bending the will of America to the single idea of unlimited victory—and let the Democratic party call that partisanship if it can.

Let the Republican party make disloyalism of every degree and disaffection of any color an issue so searching that

the Democratic party in New York City and in Washington and elsewhere will have to purge itself of its evil taints.

Let the Republican party make an issue of the fact that members of the Administration are on terms of intimacy with Arthur Brisbane, who is suggesting revolution to all the alien, Bolshevik and anti-American elements in the country, under pretence of supporting the war.

Let it make an issue of the fact that Tammany is flirting with a candidate for Governor of New York State whose disloyal newspapers are being destroyed all over the country in bonfires.

Let it make an issue of the fact that the Democratic Administration does not interfere in this sinister distraction, but leaves people to infer what they will from the incongruity that the fomenters of revolution are hailed as patriots on White House stationery.

Saratoga is the threshold of an historic opportunity.

Will the Republican party support the war or embrace victory? That is the only issue.

Will it say what victory means and what it will cost and cast the truth upon the people?

Will it write a platform with no twilight edges?

Will it have the strength and courage to say the things which only a great party, sure of its faith, can say at this time, regardless of any consequences?

If so, it will come into its own again, true partisanship will be restored to its proper function: in a national crisis, and mere politics will be forgotten.

## A Brave Son

There will be few Americans not to feel the deepest of sympathy and a keen personal sorrow over the death of Quentin Roosevelt. The son of his father, he could not but be a true and dauntless American. His death in the skies of France, fighting for his country, sums up all there is of human bravery. Such combat is the utmost of stout-hearted courage, of swift skill, of devoted sacrifice. There is surely no more fitting death for a Roosevelt.

It is a proud record that the Colonel and his family show in the war. Every effort was made by the Colonel to fight himself. And, denied that wish, he has fought the fight for Americanism and the vigorous prosecution of the war as only he can fight. Of the Colonel's four sons, all at the front, Theodore has been gassed and Archie has been wounded—both have been decorated by the French.

The Colonel purposes to fulfil his engagement to speak at the Saratoga convention to-day. That is an act and an example that might be expected of him. One is reminded of the Colonel's greatest speech, that in opening the Progressive campaign in this city. "Spend and be spent" was the motto which he put forward as his personal faith, the ideal manner of all living. And the words come home now with fresh and poignant meaning.

It is the lesson which all America needs to learn in the war and will be the better and braver for learning. Without willing sacrifice, without the swift offering of all one has in the cause of right, there can be no strength of soul, no life worth the living. Such a death as that of Quentin Roosevelt is a grievous loss. But let us not lose sight of the fact that it makes for truth and honor and right as scores of years of living seldom can.

## The Firemen's Union

Following the example of fire fighters in many other cities, the 3,600 members of the Uniformed Firemen's Association of New York—almost the entire membership of the force here—have joined a branch of the American Federation of Labor. They expect through this unionization to be able to bring stronger pressure to bear on the city administration for higher pay and the adoption of the two-platoon system or, if possible, a three-platoon system. If relief be not forthcoming from the city authorities they think that with the support of union labor they may be able to obtain help from the Legislature, even to the passage of a law putting into effect an eight-hour day—that is, the three-platoon system for which they have been agitating for years.

It is not to be expected that the Hylan administration will take kindly to this move, which is both important and significant. But it will be extremely difficult to fight it. The National War Labor Board has expressly affirmed the right of workers to unionize and to bargain collectively through chosen representatives. If this is good doctrine for industrial workers, it is hard to see why it should not be extended to public employees, as the firemen have determined it should be. No threat of a strike is contained in their unionization, it is expressly announced, yet the power of a union, backed by the sentiment of other unions, in future negotiations for shorter hours of duty and increased pay is bound to be great even without any such threat.

The Fire Department's force is much depleted by the loss of members who have entered military service. The pay, in these days of mounting living cost, is scant, and because of the depleted force the work each fireman has to do has greatly increased. Their appeal for more pay, like that of the policemen, has good basis. But as a matter of practical

administration it will be almost impossible to grant them what they ask without granting more money to the policemen, the street cleaners, the nurses in the Health Department, the school teachers and many other city employees pinched between small salaries and high living costs. To make these increases would mean a big jump in the tax rate, which, in turn, would mean a vast unpopularity and unlimited trouble for the city administration.

Yet there is a way out, if the Board of Estimate and Apportionment will take it—to cut out needless jobs and needless expenditures and to use the savings for raising the city's wage scale. If the formation of this union helps to bring that about it will have worked for the benefit of the firemen and the public, too.

## Babies Rich and Babies Poor

The interview with Dr. Josephine Baker on the Institute page of Sunday's Tribune had in it facts which we hope every mother who read took deeply to her heart. Ten years ago, before Dr. Baker began her work as the head of the Bureau of Child Hygiene in New York City, the majority of deaths under one year was among the foreign population, which comprises the poorest of the city. In an analysis made in 1915 it was shown that the deaths among the children born of American parents are now nearly twice that, per thousand, of those of Italian, Russian or Austro-Hungarian parents. "The pendulum has swung the other way."

But this is not all. "Who but the wealthiest women," asked Dr. Baker, "are under the care of a trained nurse during the entire period of motherhood?" The poorest! "Who but the babies of the very rich are weighed and examined by experts every week during the first year of life? The babies of immigrants and the very poor." That is to say, the poorest people of New York City have to-day as good care as the children of the richest folk. It is the children of the great in-between population, who will not or can not pay for the best medical care and who refuse to avail themselves of the free clinics, among whom the mortality of the infants is highest.

It seems to us this is an extremely significant fact. It is a kind of collective or social effort that is most needed. Perhaps in time a large part of the medical profession will come into the service of the state, or, if you prefer, of the municipalities and communities. That is the obvious path to the universal introduction of preventive medicine.

## The Czecho-Slovak Romance

Every brief bulletin out of Russia adds color to the romantic adventure of the Czecho-Slovaks. Their exploits read like a chapter from Plutarch or Herodotus. The retreat of Xenophon's Ten Thousand was no more heroic than the campaign which the Czecho-Slovaks have been conducting in Siberia and Eastern Russia.

They are in the heart of a continent, serving the Allied cause, but cut off by Allied inaction from touch with the outer world. William T. Sherman showed his genius as a strategist when he broke communications with the North and set out on his famous march from Atlanta to the sea. Everybody wondered at his boldness. But he was marching toward new communications. The Czecho-Slovaks never severed their communications. They didn't have any to sever. Nor are they travelling toward new ones. They have always been isolated. They must play their own hand and subsist on the resources of the territory through which they move. They must feed and equip themselves as well as fight.

Yet they never flinch. Not satisfied with clearing and holding the Siberian railway from the Urals to Lake Baikal, besides securing independently its eastern terminus at Vladivostok, they are steadily pushing west into Russia proper. They have just taken Kazan, a big manufacturing and trade centre on the Kazanka River, near the latter's confluence with the Volga. Kazan is a clearing house for trade between old Russia and Siberia. Its possession brings the Czecho-Slovaks close to the borders of Great Russia and opens wider a way of communication for them down the Volga with the province of the Don Cossacks, which has always been a focus of resistance to German invasion and to the Teutonized Bolshevik government at Moscow.

The Czecho-Slovaks are soldiers of singular resourcefulness. They have organized native Russian auxiliaries and named them Black Guards. Lenin's mobilization order has been cleverly turned to account in recruiting this new Russian force. Thus the Allies owe to the Czecho-Slovaks not only anti-German control of the Siberian railroad, but the creation of a nucleus of an anti-German Russian army.

How long shall these gallant upholders of a cause which they have cheerfully made their own—ex-prisoners fighting their own government—be left to struggle along in Russia unrecognized and unaided?

## Had You Not Gone Away

BELOVED, had you not gone away,  
All suddenly, 'twixt day and day;  
If all days brought your voice to greet,  
All eyes your homeward hurrying feet,  
The sharp crash of the closing gate,  
Your welcome, close and intimate,  
Ah, then I never might have known  
How dear, how very dear, you'd grown.  
If I had never learned to miss  
The swift assurance of your kiss,  
Nor for all troubles and alarms  
The comfort of your harboring arms;  
If we had gone our even way  
From day to uneventful day,  
I never had grown strong to stand  
Alone, beyond your steady hand.  
JEANNE OLDFIELD POTTER.

# Birdboys

By Wilbur Forrest

(Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Association)

WITH THE FRENCH ARMIES IN THE FIELD, June 15.—I have visited many air camps in many parts of France during the past few weeks. Everywhere I have been I found a fast growing internationalism in the air. A French escadrille, solely French during the many months of the many years of war, dying of ennui during the long spells of inclement weather and thoroughly fed up with bad weather and isolation in general, suddenly finds itself invaded by a group of red-blooded American youngsters. They speak no French, they have had no real war flying except the make-believe kind in training camps, and they are tickled to be through with the make-believe and ready for the real thing. They are endowed with as much "pep" as a school kid on the way to the swimmin' hole or before a Saturday picnic, and you can imagine how contagious is this "pep" when suddenly thrown into a lonesome group of men blessed with all the wonderful qualities of Frenchmen. French and English tongues soon become Franco-English tongues, with a good bit of American slang thrown in. French food in the mess begins to have an occasional American touch, and the French army cook finds himself trying his hand at doughnuts or flapjacks. And everybody enjoys the diversion, because it is a diversion which could have been brought about only by such unique mixture of the two races.

I dropped into one of these international camps a few days ago unexpectedly and found everybody at home. It was the cloudy, overhung kind of day when aviators have nothing much to do but sit around and wonder when the sun is going to come out and chase the clouds away.

I was met at the entrance to the camp by a French lieutenant.

"Have you any American aviators here?" I asked.

"Mais, oui!" he responded with a show of enthusiasm. "Mais oui," it may be incidentally mentioned, is French equivalent for "Well, I should say we have!"

The lieutenant led me to a large tent, where I found a Franco-American bridge game in full swing. It was being played in that "Franco-English" tongue, where French players never fail to at least answer in the affirmative with "yes" and Americans with "oui." There was enthusiasm in that bridge game, and there was a spirit of camaraderie seldom seen when two separate and distinct races get together. Questions were asked in bad French and answered in equally bad English. An hour's visit in the tent was convincing that "Franco-English" had gone far beyond the "oui" and "yes" stage.

The French lieutenant told me things about a small town in Iowa that I had never heard before, and he went on with his knowledge of another small town in Ohio, which he mixed up indiscriminately with the merits of New York, Chicago, Washington, Indianapolis and Pittsburgh. It was plain to see that several young American aviators had been boasting their own home towns, and that the boys who came to France from the stocks of Iowa and Ohio were just as good in explanatory French as the lads from the city.

The Iowa and Ohio towns were the best for their size in the United States. In fact, the lieutenant was convinced that everybody in America knew about these towns and frequently spoke of them. Pittsburgh was especially noted for being one of the cleanest cities in the world and Philadelphia was famous for a certain hotel, which has a certain central location. Washington, the French lieutenant had heard something of before, but Chicago, in the far distant West, was a model city, which almost ranked with New York. It was here evident that the young New York aviator had been holding up his end of the string, because Broadway, among both French and American fliers, seemed especially to be a place for future reference after the war.

But boosting home towns, eating and playing bridge are things forgotten in these Franco-American camps when there is work to do. A sunny day finds them out in force over the enemy lines, doing their best in an enthusiastic way to down the Boche. They fight him with machine guns, bomb him, photograph him and give away his battery positions to the Franco-American artillery. This new international game is a sport which is pleasing to the birdboys of the two nations. They have formed a combination which works in the most efficacious manner and, moreover, with most perfect harmony.

## The Hearst Within Our Gates

(Ipsued by the Vigilantes)

XIII

### Hearst Friend of the German Hun

"Truly, as Kipling says, 'The Hun is at the gate,' but the Hun comes not, nor ever has come, from Germany, nor from any part of Europe, but will come, as he has come in the past, in successive, almost irresistible, tides of invasion from the interior of Asia . . .

"That is a fearful prospect for you as Englishmen and for us as Americans. The only way surely to stop these appalling possibilities is promptly and positively to stop the war."—William Randolph Hearst, in The American, September 10, 1914.

Mr. Hearst controls the following publications, with a total average daily circulation of 2,572,885 for the Hearst newspapers, and a total average circulation per issue of 2,281,627 for the Hearst magazines:

- Newspapers: The New York American, The New York Evening Journal, The Chicago Herald and Examiner, The Chicago American, The Boston Advertiser, The Boston American, The Atlanta Georgian, The Atlanta American, The San Francisco Examiner, The Los Angeles Examiner, The New York Deutches Journal (discontinued April 21, 1918).
- Magazines: The Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Hearst's Motor, Motor Boating, Puck.

# GERMS OF DEMOCRACY



From The Chicago Daily News.

# Rheims in Danger

By Frank H. Simonds

THE official reports of the second twenty-four hours of the German offensive serve to clear up much concerning the operation. We are clearly confronted by another local operation, fully comparable with that undertaken west of the Oise between Noyon and Montdidier a little over a month ago, and designed to remove an obstacle to a later and greater operation. The battle which is now proceeding is manifestly a struggle for the possession of Rheims and the high ground immediately behind it, known as the Mountain of Rheims.

It is necessary to point out, too, that while the German has not, in his fifth effort, scored any such success as he did in Picardy, in Flanders or on the Aisne, he has made such an advance as to imperil gravely the entire Rheims salient and to make probable an evacuation of the ruins of the Cathedral City unless there be some change in the situation within the next twenty-four hours.

On the larger side, the German operation may be fairly called a failure, in so far as there has been no rupture of the Allied front, no immediate and sweeping success like that on the Somme or the Aisne, nothing to compare even with the breaking of the Portuguese front at Armentières. The fifth German attack, as a piercing operation, as a surprise, has failed to produce profits comparable with those of any previous attack. This explains the optimism which is revealed in all the foreign dispatches. The fear that there might be another piercing of the line, another thirty or thirty-five mile gap like that in Picardy and more recently along the Aisne, has been dispated.

On the other hand, optimism, and proper optimism, born of a recognition of the larger failure, has served to disguise and to cover the extent of the progress which the German has made in the removal of a local obstacle of great menace to him and of great value to the Allies in the defence of Paris. In point of fact, it must be clear now, from any study of the official reports and of the maps, that the Rheims position, if not fatally compromised, has been dangerously imperilled by German progress east and west of that city.

The simplest way to explain the situation is to revert to the old discussion of salients. A salient is a loop in the line, thrust out into the enemy's front, as a cape extends into the sea. To reduce such a salient the invariable practice is to attack it not at the point of projection, but at the two points where it touches the main line. This the Germans have done in the case of Rheims, and have done with considerable local success.

What actually has happened is this: At the point where the western side of the Rheims salient joins the main French line—that is, on the south bank of the Marne—the Germans have forced a passage of the river on a fifteen-mile front and have made sensible progress eastward across the base of the salient or peninsula. If they can advance eight miles they will take Epernay and cut the line of retreat of all the French troops defending the Rheims salient in the whole circle.

Meantime, on the eastern side of the salient, where it rejoins the main French line along the Vesle, the Germans have occupied the Moronvilliers Heights—the most conspicuous and considerable military obstacle rising out of the Champagne Plain, and the scene of Pétain's notable victory last year—and are now cutting westward toward Epernay, exactly as their other forces are coming eastward toward Epernay on the other side of the salient.

Actually, the French troops who are defending Rheims and the Rheims salient are now cooped up in a narrow bottle, the neck of which is less than a dozen miles wide and is slowly being narrowed. They have only one main road of retreat, the national highway from Rheims to Epernay, and this must be very completely commanded by German artillery.

If the Germans can push a little nearer to Epernay, either from the east or from the west, then, as a matter of precaution, Foch will have to draw his troops out of the point of the Rheims salient, evacuate the ruins of Rheims and conceivably surrender that great military obstacle, the Mountain of Rheims. Any considerable retirement will take the French back behind the Marne and straighten out the line be-

# Trades for Girls

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: New York City as well as the nation is to be congratulated on the recent decision of the War Department not to accept the new building of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls for use as a hospital. An equal, if not greater opportunity for patriotic service is thereby given to the city in the speedy carrying out of the original purpose of the building. One of the greatest needs of the nation to-day is trained women in industry, as reports of the Federal employment bureau convincingly and alarmingly show. Moreover, this need is not temporary, but, forecasting from the experience of England, will continuously increase as a larger army of women workers is called to meet the demands of our war industries.

Educators, industrial employers and all patriotic citizens, therefore, should join in urging the boards of Education and Estimate to do all within their power to equip as rapidly and adequately as possible this beautiful new building. These bodies should be encouraged to extend and to aid in every practical way the work of New York's only trade school for girls, a school whose record in giving to industrially inefficient girls opportunity for preliminary training and trade experience has been for many years a credit to this city and has won for it a country-wide reputation. Both the faculty and graduates are eager to take up the new challenge which the national situation presents.

JANE F. CULBERT,  
Secretary Public Education Association,  
New York, July 13, 1918.

## 'The World's' Mitchel Memorial

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: You may be interested to know that I sent a check for \$10 to 'The World' for the Mitchel memorial, with the following letter:

"I have just read The Tribune's editorial plea for the Mitchel memorial suggested by you. I hasten to send my bit with the most earnest wishes for success.

"But the greatest memorial must be in our hearts and souls, a resolution never again to let so good and fine a public servant be turned from office because our citizens mistook talk for accomplishment.

"Has any one thought of another splendid public servant, Colonel Waring, who also went to his death because Tammany conquered the better sense of political New York? Both lost their lives doing their duty for the country; both would have lived—in all probability—had we possessed due civic pride and recognition of public service."

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER,  
New York, July 10, 1918.

## A Letter by Aeroplane

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I think the aeroplane service is entitled to public notice of such a wonderful performance as is chronicled in the communication below.

JOHN S. WISE, JR.,  
New York, July 12, 1918.

"Hon. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir: Permit me to extend to you my congratulations on your great aeroplane mail service between New York and Washington.

"Yesterday morning at Washington, a little before 10 o'clock, I paid the trifling sum of 24 cents for an aeroplane stamp, instead of squandering 3 cents on regular postage. I stuck it upon a letter and posted the letter before 10 o'clock. I waited until 12:40 a. m., took a train to New York and got to my house a little before 8 o'clock, and believe me, the aeroplane letter actually got there before 9 o'clock this morning. I know it, for I saw it when it came in; I came into New York a little ahead of it. And the best part of it is, the man who handled it had been so careful as to stamp on it that he had claimed the fee at the first address to prove that it had been handled through the postoffice just like a special delivery. Yours very truly,

"JOHN S. WISE, JR."

## The Means to an Eastern Front

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: You may have read the statement published to-day from General Horvath, vice-president and general manager of the Chinese Eastern Railway, as follows: "With 1,000,000 men, of whom 300,000 only need be Allied troops, it would be possible to reconstruct the Eastern front on a line running through the Ural Mountains. Japan must supply the bulk of Allied troops for intervention, the other Allies must supply money, locomotives and materials."

Here is a statement from one of the most enlightened and intelligent of those who are in touch with the situation. Could not this advice be promptly carried out? If so, there would be no need for another commission to return home with no new light to shed on Russian darkness.

EDW. LOWER STOKER,  
Philadelphia, July 10, 1918.