

# New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truths—Editorials—Advertisements—Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1918

Published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York Corporation, 400 N. York St., New York, N. Y.

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

Third to Eighth Zone Inclusive—More than 150 Miles from New York City

Canadian Rates

Foreign Rates

Printed at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class 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

Swan Song and Alibi

One effect of the German defeat in the Marne salient has been to bring von Hindenburg back into the limelight. For some months past he has been in eclipse. He was said to be incapacitated. Ludendorff no longer needed his services as a stage war god, into whose wooden images the German populace was burning to drive gold and silver nails. But in this crisis he is welcome again at Grand Headquarters, where he gravely echoes the after-the-event wisdom of the present head partner in the reconstituted Hindenburg-Ludendorff firm.

Ludendorff has just given the German newspaper correspondents his version of the Marne disaster. Of course, he didn't use the word disaster. Disasters happen only to the enemy. It seems that the grandiose fifth offensive failed only because "the enemy evaded us on July 15." How did they do it? Possibly because they didn't try to defend their outpost lines. That was hardly good sportsmanship. At any rate, they "evaded" annihilation and other things they were due for.

So it became clear to Ludendorff on the evening of July 16 that operations must be broken off. As a matter of fact, they weren't broken off until July 18. Then they stopped short because Foch's counter offensive intervened.

Foch's attack was reckoned with as likely to come on July 18, says Ludendorff. "We were prepared for it." If that is so, the German Grand Headquarters strangely neglected to transmit its expectation to the commanders on the German right flank. They knew nothing about it until after it was in full swing.

"By the afternoon of the 19th we were masters of the situation." By the afternoon of the 19th Ludendorff had secured his left flank below Soissons and had escaped envelopment. But a retreat to the Aisne was inevitable. So "it was conducted according to our regular plan."

It seems, on the whole, that the fifth offensive was arranged for the specific purpose of giving Foch a chance to crush the German right flank and compel a retirement from a salient which Ludendorff was tired of holding. In that case the world will agree with the chief quartermaster general of the German armies that you can never catch him napping. Everything he does is in accordance with prearranged plans.

Ludendorff sat back, smiled inscrutably and agreed that the whole operation was managed with wonderful "economy." The troops are nearer their supplies—and nearer home. Everything was "planmäßig"—the unfailing German alibi.

But what was the German stage war god really thinking? Probably that Ludendorff, in giving Foch a chance, had also meant to give him a chance. Next time if there is any alibi to be manufactured he will manufacture it himself.

Stationary Gas

There is nothing more hopelessly unpopular than to make, or defend, such a decision as that given by ex-Justice Hughes as referee in the 80-cent gas case. And yet certain facts have to be faced. Apparently a great many people have an impression that gas is made chiefly of air, and water-gas chiefly of water; and as this costs little, therefore that the profit must be enormous. Therefore an ex-justice of the Supreme Court and recent candidate for the Presidency has to be assailed by every Hearst and Hearst-like organ in the country for saying quite simply and directly that this is a mistake, and that an 80-cent gas rate for the environs of Brooklyn is confiscatory to the company. Gas cannot now be made and sold at a profit at this price.

We have to point out one fact on which more emphasis might be laid, for it is really the heart of the whole question. In three years the average wholesale price of all articles of commerce has very nearly doubled. In the same time wages in many lines have increased from 50 to 100 per cent. And every housewife or house owner knows how

the price of coal has gone soaring, while its quality has gone down. This coal is used in making gas. Other materials and labor have increased in the same proportion. The conscienceless inciters of disorder and discontent know perfectly well that if 80 cents was a just and fair rate three years ago a proportionate rate to-day would be much higher.

It is plain that we cannot have high wages, and dear food, and dear coal and dear everything else and cheap gas at the same time. The gas companies would simply go into bankruptcy. We cannot have a dollar that will buy only 55 cents' worth of food and fuel and labor and still expect that it will buy a full dollar's worth of gas. We cannot have a depreciated currency and expect that the public service corporations can go on giving the same kind of service or sell electric light and gas as if a dollar were still worth 100 cents.

We Are Ready

Not lightly have Americans sent their youngest and bravest to war. No enthusiasm of victory blinded our eyes to the cost of the glorious news from France. The lengthening casualty list we have foreseen and steered ourselves to face. We should ill deserve to have such men fighting our battles were we prey to false hopes and shallow excitement.

The country is ready. As splendidly as the whole nation accepted that great call to freemen, the draft, so splendidly will the nation read its honor rolls in the days to come. We shall be soberer and steeper in our war duties here. We shall wish less display of easy pleasure, we shall demand an increasing vigor in every sacrifice and labor here behind the lines. We shall grieve and we shall pray. But we shall not flinch.

Remaking the Federal Reserve Board

We have called attention to the fact that the resignation of Mr. Delano and the expressed wish of Mr. Paul M. Warburg that he be not reappointed take from the Federal Reserve Board its two strongest and most experienced members. Of the three who remain Dr. Miller, of California, was a college professor; Mr. Harding was a banker from Birmingham, Ala., and Mr. Charles S. Hamlin was a Boston lawyer. None of these was heretofore prominent or well known in the field of economics or finance.

The five members of the Federal Reserve Board, with the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency ex officio, have now practical control of the entire banking system of the country. Aside from all the national banks, some 500 or more of the strongest state banks and trust companies have likewise joined the Federal Reserve system. Through these banks and through its control of Federal rediscounts the board likewise has practical and decisive control over the volume of the actual banking currency of the country; therefore the whole question of wartime inflation is in its hands. There never was a time when there was so deep a need for men of large understanding, ripe experience and firm character as now. The law requires that:

"In selecting the five appointed members of the Federal Reserve Board the President shall have due regard to a fair representation of the different commercial, industrial and geographical divisions of the country."

There is no mention of the far larger need of men who have a working comprehension of the relations of money and prices and of the unfortunate results which will accrue to the country if the Federal Reserve Board does not set its face against the policy of unlimited bank credit expansion.

A Belated Trust Casualty

The agreement to dissolve the International Harvester Company and discontinue further litigation is the far-away echo of a tempest adjourned. But it illustrates something which never was sufficiently emphasized during all the exciting work of American trust busting. The evils of the defendants were numerous and ugly, and many trusts were condemned and executed for wrongdoing, yet people hated and feared them and were emotionally resolved to abate them, not for their sins but for their power. Likewise in the case of the railroads, it was never so much the rates, as such, that people complained of, nor even the maladjustment of rates, but the power of life and death held by the railroads over municipalities and industries. Once we were so naive as to suppose that the distracting affair could be settled by a simple distinction between good trusts and bad trusts. That was a delusion, as the case against the Harvester trust proved. The government in that prosecution recognized the fundamental prejudice, and proposed the dissolution of the corporation not because it was bad, which was not even alleged, nor because it had ever been bad, but because it was a big trust with high potentialities for evil if it should ever turn bad. The lower court sustained the government's contention. The defendant appealed to the United States Supreme Court, but now it accepts the decree of the lower court and volunteers to break itself up. The appeal, therefore, was dismissed.

There appears at this point a very curious contradiction. The government with one hand is eliminating competition as fast as possible, notably in case of the railroads, in order to achieve greater war-time efficiency with less waste, while with the other hand it is still working to restore it in private industry. Has the

principle of regulation been abandoned? Hereafter shall there be nothing between competition, which is notoriously wasteful, and government control, which is experimental?

The Endowed Revolution

We know that our intelligentsia were thoroughly bored by the war and more or less silently grieving at the foolish way people were fighting it instead of discussing it. We had no notion they were growing irritated and minded toward desperate measures. Yet here is the bloody evidence we stumble upon in reading our last "New Republic":

Such brazen assumptions, paraded as news, illustrate day by day the kind of capitalist activity against which the intelligentsia is in ferment.

Is an endowed newspaper the answer? Or a world-wide revolution? It all depends, of course, on the varieties and degrees of social pressure. It is hard to imagine a revolution in the United States, and impossible to imagine it until Germany is fought to the finish. But dissatisfaction with American newspapers is growing and is likely to keep on growing. The more it grows the better.

World-wide revolution! Intelligentsia in ferment! The more it grows the better! We seemed to hear newsboys shouting the headlines hoarsely. But they were not headlines. They were sentences, as we said, from "The New Republic." They were from a book review by F. H., a small but very important portion of intelligentsia-in-a-ferment. They came as a climax of much deserved wit at the expense of newspapers. Concealed there amid proper "New Republic" matter upon the state of the nation and the universe, glared forth this stinging prophecy—as if a sublimated street urchin had seized a bit of red chalk and scrawled "The Day!" on the walls of our solemnest and most select club.

The very calmness of the gesture added to its omen. Pure and thoughtful souls are a joy and relief in a world of stupidity and sin. When they pick up a meat axe one pauses—for an explanation. We paused.

We recalled that once before "The New Republic" threatened revolution. That was long ago, over a year back, soon after the nation went to war, on May 19, 1917, to be exact. "The Greater Victory" was being hymned as usual, the precise object then being to placate the Bolsheviks. Without Russia there could be no victory over Germany "except as a consequence of a complete organization of the fighting power of the United States as that which has taken place in France and Great Britain." An army of four million soldiers, conscription from twenty to forty, three or four years of fighting, formed the terrible picture painted. And: "The result would almost certainly be a revolution in America far more bloody and drastic than the revolution in Russia."

Of course, all that "The New Republic" shuddered at has come—except the revolution! That is naturally postponed—until, as F. H. handsomely concedes, "Germany is fought to the finish." And precisely here, amid much relief, we found our clue to "The New Republic's" revolution. It is a cheerful explanation and we gladly share it.

It is not a real revolution, but an endowed revolution that "The New Republic" wants. There is nobody who would be so shocked and stunned by a real revolution as these well bred, intelligent souls. They may like to pick up a meat axe once in a while and run a finger along the edge shiveringly. Who does not? But, bless you, they hate the very thought of blood. It is brains they are strong in, not stomachs.

Just how does an endowed revolution work? It is always retreating and never arriving, for the first and main point. It is a theory and not a condition. Or if it ever did arrive it would be arbitrated at once in the "New Republic" editorial room. Only the best grammar would be used in the revolutionary placards. And tea would be served at the guillotine—a purely symbolic machine devoted to splitting infinitives for the edification of the more red-blooded of the intelligentsia. If Charlotte Corday, of Greenwell Village, discovered Mr. Herbert Croly at his bath she would merely shake her bobbed hair at him and sell him a *vers libre*.

We would not do F. H. or "The New Republic" an injustice. There are several chances conceded against the revolution. An endowed newspaper might forfend it, for one thing. "It all depends, of course, on the varieties and degrees of social pressure." That is, more simply, upon the state of the endowment. Here, we suggest, lies one of the chief beauties of the endowed revolution. It runs just as long as the endowers enjoy it and are willing to put up for it. When the endowment stops the revolution stops, too.

Mr. Hylan's first seven months in the City Hall school is not wholly without benefit to himself. Governor Capper of Kansas asked him to take a seat on the invention board, whose self-assumed job is to devise a tax that will take all the money from the other fellow. Our Mayor, with novel self-repression, writes: "I am not competent to say how much the people or the business community can contribute in any given time," etc. Last December he said: "I propose to take the burden off the poor little fellow and put it on to the big rich fellow." Seven months at school! Congratulations to our Bushwick neighbor! His cocksure flivver hit the same old boulder—taxation—in the middle of the road. This same old "nigger-head" has sent many a six-cylinder economist to the repair shop. Nothing is final, but certainly it indicates a moral advance for Mr. Hylan to write to Governor Capper of Kansas, "I am not competent to say," etc.

The Aerophone Mail

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: My attention has been called to a letter by John S. Wise, jr., published in The Tribune of July 18, stating that a letter for the aerophone mail in Washington was posted a little before 11 o'clock on July 11 and that it was not delivered to him until the following morning. The trouble lay, not with the Aerial Mail Service, but with Mr. Wise.

The aerial mail from Washington arrived at New York at 2:28 p. m. on July 11, and the mail was in the hands of the carriers for delivery to the patrons shortly after 3 o'clock that afternoon. Mr. Wise failed to state in his communication that he did not mail the letter at the stations designated for the receipt of aerial mail at Washington. An investigation discloses that Mr. Wise's letter reached the Washington Post-office from whatever point it was dropped in the mail receptacle at 12 o'clock noon on July 11, or after the aerial mail for that day was closed. By the time Mr. Wise's letter reached the postoffice the Washington aerial mail had already passed Elkton, Md., on its way to New York.

The United States Aerial Mail Service is the only institution of its kind that operates day in, day out. During the month of July only two short legs of the journey failed because of storm conditions. At the inception of the aerial mail aeronautical authorities questioned gravely whether it would be possible to accomplish such a record. The service is beset by endless weather and mechanical difficulties, which are being overcome in a gratifying manner. It needs all the help and encouragement from the public that a pioneer venture of this character can get, and he who cannot lend a hand to help it up should at least refrain from reaching out to pull it down.

OTTO PRAEGER, Second Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., Aug. 2, 1918.

The Sacred Nickel

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The question is: Has the war taught us that the penny is no longer to be despised?

For years Americans had been accustomed to buying in units of five. The nickel, dime and quarter were the American price units as well as coin units. The old 2-cent copper piece and the silver 3-cent piece were long since abolished, and even the great American penny was considered more or less of a nuisance if one had more than three of them.

But increased prices for the lesser priced commodities have gradually forced the public into a readjustment of its buying ideas, and manufacturers no longer find it difficult to sell goods at odd prices. Now the public is beginning to appreciate that it is wise, economical and almost as convenient to lay down 12 cents or 17 cents for 10-cent or 15-cent articles, instead of having these articles advanced by the system of fives, which would bring them to 15 cents and 20 cents.

In these days of saving necessity the public has appreciated that it is advisable to accept the idea of odd numbers and has been prompt to see the advantages of buying at these prices. It is safe to predict that the aggregate savings of odd pennies more than offsets in the public mind the supposed inconvenience of carrying pennies.

We are abandoning the superstition that there is some special virtue in the number 5. The safety and progress of public utilities and large corporations depend upon its abandonment to no small degree. And the public has realized that it has a tremendous interest in the success and maintenance of these corporations, no less than the stockholders themselves.

FRANK SEAMAN, INCORPORATED, W. A. Hine, Vice-President, New York, July 24, 1918.

Past Fifty

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial in to-day's Tribune, "Man and the Heart's Interest," opens another interesting field that is being neglected.

Why should men that have reached fifty be left out of all calculation in estimating our war man power? As you truly state, "They (the older men) have an impotent feeling of being 'out of it.' There are few sacrifices they would not make if it would bring them intimately into the war." A man's usefulness in middle life should not be judged by his relation to the calendar. Many that are past fifty, yes, even past sixty, are among our most useful. Such have experience and judgment often lacking in younger men, so when sound physically why should they not have an opportunity to give their services? Why are they obliged to sit idly by as spectators when every impulse of their being is crying out for an active part in our country's and the world's great work?

The keen desire for participation that many at fifty have is but little appreciated. Yet there is no way that they can get into the work, for, forsooth, measured by the yardstick of their years, they are found wanting. When one considers the many that are now actively engaged in the great war who have passed the "fifty" milestone, and without whose success cannot be expected, the wonder is that a way is not provided whereby a man's usefulness may be determined by his fitness and not by his years.

No one would consider General Foch impotent because he is in the sixties, especially after the events of the past two weeks.

B. A. HAPGOOD, Springfield, Mass., July 30, 1918.

The Whisper Unanswered

Having nominated Hearst for Governor of New York, Arthur Brisbane is the guy who ought to unnominate him. The loud calls for Hearst don't sound even as loud as a whisper.

Uncertain Economy

When the shoe tops come down to the maximum height of eight inches, in obedience to the government's order, we suppose that what we save on shoes we will have to spend on hose, for there will be that increased distance between shoe top and skirt hem that will have to be covered with something, and, of course, it will have to be silk.

Reciprocity

Kaiser Wilhelm has the Spanish influenza. It would be an act in the return courtesy of royalty for King Alfonso to contract a case of German measles. As Kaiser Karl said, "We kings must stick together."

An Unwarranted Fear

The gentlemen who fear that prohibition will throw vital war industries into confusion are highly imaginative. Already millions of Americans in dry territory are getting on without booze, and there have been no riots over the deprivation. Let the timid souls cheer up. People can get along without things much better than they suppose. At a pinch they can get along without white bread. They can get along without coffee. They can get along without beer.

The Two Classes

In this country the women are divided into two main classes—those who don't believe all their husbands tell them and those who haven't any husbands.

It Is an Ill Wind

The war has also made it possible for the "kid brother" to enjoy the porch swing more often than formerly.

## The Aerophone Mail

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: My attention has been called to a letter by John S. Wise, jr., published in The Tribune of July 18, stating that a letter for the aerophone mail in Washington was posted a little before 11 o'clock on July 11 and that it was not delivered to him until the following morning. The trouble lay, not with the Aerial Mail Service, but with Mr. Wise.

The aerial mail from Washington arrived at New York at 2:28 p. m. on July 11, and the mail was in the hands of the carriers for delivery to the patrons shortly after 3 o'clock that afternoon. Mr. Wise failed to state in his communication that he did not mail the letter at the stations designated for the receipt of aerial mail at Washington. An investigation discloses that Mr. Wise's letter reached the Washington Post-office from whatever point it was dropped in the mail receptacle at 12 o'clock noon on July 11, or after the aerial mail for that day was closed. By the time Mr. Wise's letter reached the postoffice the Washington aerial mail had already passed Elkton, Md., on its way to New York.

The United States Aerial Mail Service is the only institution of its kind that operates day in, day out. During the month of July only two short legs of the journey failed because of storm conditions. At the inception of the aerial mail aeronautical authorities questioned gravely whether it would be possible to accomplish such a record. The service is beset by endless weather and mechanical difficulties, which are being overcome in a gratifying manner. It needs all the help and encouragement from the public that a pioneer venture of this character can get, and he who cannot lend a hand to help it up should at least refrain from reaching out to pull it down.

OTTO PRAEGER, Second Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., Aug. 2, 1918.

## The Sacred Nickel

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The question is: Has the war taught us that the penny is no longer to be despised?

For years Americans had been accustomed to buying in units of five. The nickel, dime and quarter were the American price units as well as coin units. The old 2-cent copper piece and the silver 3-cent piece were long since abolished, and even the great American penny was considered more or less of a nuisance if one had more than three of them.

But increased prices for the lesser priced commodities have gradually forced the public into a readjustment of its buying ideas, and manufacturers no longer find it difficult to sell goods at odd prices. Now the public is beginning to appreciate that it is wise, economical and almost as convenient to lay down 12 cents or 17 cents for 10-cent or 15-cent articles, instead of having these articles advanced by the system of fives, which would bring them to 15 cents and 20 cents.

FRANK SEAMAN, INCORPORATED, W. A. Hine, Vice-President, New York, July 24, 1918.

## Past Fifty

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your editorial in to-day's Tribune, "Man and the Heart's Interest," opens another interesting field that is being neglected.

Why should men that have reached fifty be left out of all calculation in estimating our war man power? As you truly state, "They (the older men) have an impotent feeling of being 'out of it.' There are few sacrifices they would not make if it would bring them intimately into the war." A man's usefulness in middle life should not be judged by his relation to the calendar. Many that are past fifty, yes, even past sixty, are among our most useful. Such have experience and judgment often lacking in younger men, so when sound physically why should they not have an opportunity to give their services? Why are they obliged to sit idly by as spectators when every impulse of their being is crying out for an active part in our country's and the world's great work?

The keen desire for participation that many at fifty have is but little appreciated. Yet there is no way that they can get into the work, for, forsooth, measured by the yardstick of their years, they are found wanting. When one considers the many that are now actively engaged in the great war who have passed the "fifty" milestone, and without whose success cannot be expected, the wonder is that a way is not provided whereby a man's usefulness may be determined by his fitness and not by his years.

B. A. HAPGOOD, Springfield, Mass., July 30, 1918.

## The Whisper Unanswered

Having nominated Hearst for Governor of New York, Arthur Brisbane is the guy who ought to unnominate him. The loud calls for Hearst don't sound even as loud as a whisper.

## THE ROD OF NECESSITY



—From The St. Louis Republic

## Kultur Kolossal

John Courvos, in The New Europe

NO ONE imagines that the Russian débâcle was entirely the result of German propaganda, or that it was due to the plotting of a few individuals. We could go back to Empress Catherine if we liked, but perhaps it would be better if we examined the Russian fabric of the past thirty years or so. The Russian newspaper *Vecherni Cas* (March 18) reproached the Allies for their ignorance of Russia, for which "they paid very dearly, and we even more dearly"; and in the course of this article the writer says:

"The Germans have made a thorough study of Russia. During the past twenty or thirty years, when it became clear that an armed collision was inevitable, the Germans formed themselves of the whole resources of our country, and entered into war with us armed not alone with guns but also with a most detailed knowledge of our industrial, economic and intellectual life; not to mention the fact that during the past thirty years the whole of Russian science and almost all our intellectual activity lived and developed under the dominating influence of the German mind. Our jurisprudence is German, our philology is German, while our Socialism bears also the stamp of 'Made in Germany'..."

## Our Soap And Theirs

The statement is worth studying, and particularly the last part of it. We may detect *Kultur* as we detect poison gas, which, however, we did not hesitate to use ourselves when the military need for it became urgent; how much more reason there is to oppose German *Kultur*, which we consider a detestable thing, with our own culture, which we consider a noble thing. Before the war we were perhaps a little too contemptuous of ideas; we took our soap too much for granted. And yet there is such a thing as Anglo-Saxon civilization, Anglo-Saxon political freedom, Anglo-Saxon democracy, Anglo-Saxon Socialism (such as we may hate the word), Anglo-Saxon science, art and literature.

England has more original genius, but the Germans are the great adapters, and go in for cumulative effects, impressing outsiders by the pressure of sheer weight, not unlike their tactics in the battlefield. Like ancient Egypt, modern Germany goes in for the *Kolossal*. We may admire the organization and energy which went to the making of the pyramids; our curiosity is aroused as to how those huge stones were lifted, and as to how many thousands of slaves it took to produce those gigantic monuments; but when all is said and done, upon reflection, we cannot but conclude that, considering the centuries, Egyptian art is monotonous, expressing itself always in one model, lacking all individuality. Even the music of modern Germany—and music was once Germany's most precious pearl—showed this tendency; just before the war one read of symphonies requiring two thousand performers. The world was impressed. Russia, Germany's nearest neighbor, and farthest removed from the Western world, was impressed. German education and science, in particular, gained a pyramidal reputation in Russia by its colossal and systematic thoroughness; Russia was just near enough to see the tops of the German cultural pyramids, gilded, like their Egyptian prototypes, to catch the sunlight, and hiding by their sheer size the finer and

more exquisite cultural monuments of England and France.

## Pyramidal Propaganda

German propaganda in Russia was worked with the same pyramidal machinery and on the same pyramidal scale. Russian medicine, engineering, philology and jurisprudence were, indeed, German. France was a beautiful but decadent country which knew how to produce seductive feminine garments; England was a faraway political legend; Germany was the real fact. The German language was a necessity, French was a habit and an accomplishment, English was a luxury practised by a few aristocrats who could afford private tutors and governesses. Even Russia's famous literary men are wholly deficient in English, just as English authors are of Russian, with the result that in both countries the translations of the works in both languages are largely done by "hacks."

The deepest ignorance prevails in Russia regarding English conditions and problems. English political institutions, their evolutionary and democratic character, institutions which form an integral part of Anglo-Saxon culture hardly less pyramidal than Germany's more vulgar monuments, the Russians are almost ignorant of. At this moment the impression prevails in Russia that England is an imperialistic country, holding her large and numerous colonies in subjugation. It is only men acquainted with Byron and Shelley and other spokesmen of political freedom who see something of English character and the English striving for freedom. It was precisely the great Russian authors—I will not mention their names—who, during my stay in Petrograd, expressed to me their intense love of England; they, indeed, looked upon England as Russia's last hope; they were intensely annoyed with England because England had not sufficient foresight to educate Russia to English ideas. Speaking of propaganda, one of Russia's most brilliant *littérateurs* said, "The Germans know how to do these things well." How little the two peoples understand each other is borne out by their mutual *débâcles*. The Englishman, after the Russian *débâcle*, said, "The Russians have let us down." The Russian, after the catastrophe, said practically the same thing.

## Why Not Show Ours?

On our part we must show Russia that we have a noble civilization; we can only show it to them through the work of our noblest minds. We must ourselves learn to respect ideas, not hold our own ideas in contempt. Before the war we learned to respect Russia because of her magnificent novels, her fine opera and ballet, what we knew by hearsay of the Moscow Art Theatre. Why not, when peace is once established, send over Mr. Granville Barker to Russia with a series of Shakespearean performances? Why not utilize the services of Mr. Gordon Craig, already known and admired in Russia; send an exhibition of Epstein's sculptures to Russia? Or the war paintings of our official artists? Why not establish a library of British and American authors? Why not make available to Russian readers the works of the greatest poet of modern democracy—an Anglo-Saxon, Walt Whitman? If we mutually exchange our spiritual merchandise, then all the rest "shall be added unto you."

## Glimpses

By Wilbur Forrest

Copyright, 1918, by The Tribune Association (The New York Tribune)

WITH FRENCH ARMIES, July 1.—Just being an American is an asset in France to-day. War correspondents and other Americans find it a pleasant sensation as compared with the stage of America's neutrality. Two of us were waiting for a train in a small French town a few days ago, when a bright faced, small boy strolled up to look over Americans at close range.

"Have you seen any American soldiers yet?" we asked.

"Mais, oui, I've seen them every day trainloads of them going to the front, and they're very good soldiers," he chirped.

"How do you know they're good soldiers?" we demanded.

"Everybody knows it, and my mother has read all about them in the paper. They've come over to help France, and there's a lot of them here."

"Where did they come from?"

"They're coming from America, and it's right over there," he volunteered as he pointed over the top of a clump of trees a few hundred yards away. A compass corroborated the juvenile mind. He had pointed due west.

It was during the German drive between Soissons and Rheims, when the Germans had reached the Marne in the vicinity southwest of Château Thierry. A group of correspondents, among French troops, had been on the south bank for several hours watching the enemy's slow advance along the north bank of the river. They were going toward Château Thierry, and their transport wagons were plainly visible on the roads under artillery fire. Leaving the observation point and following a road slightly back from the river bank, the correspondents met a Ford automobile. It carried four American lieutenants, and they stopped to talk.

It was the first time Americans had been seen on this part of the front, and naturally one correspondent put this question: "Are you in this sector for fighting or is it just observation?"

Three of the officers were quiet—impressed with the importance of not talking to strangers—but the fourth, a lanky youth, who still wore his wide brimmed campaign hat instead of the "oversize bonnet" which Americans wear after they have been long in France, spoke up:

"We're fighting men, we are! None of this observation for us."

It was evident by the way he talked that he wasn't a fighting man yet, though subsequent events proved that he was speaking the truth. He was one of an American machine gun battalion who saw first hostile fire a few hours later and then went into Château Thierry, where, with French *Célonais*, they stood heavy shell fire and fought off superior numbers of Germans for five days without a break.

That little Ford was full of fighting men and there wasn't any mistake about it.

"American?" yelled a French soldier from a column of reserves marching along a road toward the front the other day.