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The Spirit Clarified

Crystallization is a fascinating physical phenomenon. By a law which we do not understand definite and regular forms appear out of formlessness and add themselves one to another until there is an agglomerate mass perfect in its proportions and unity.

We speak of the crystallization of public sentiment or opinion because that takes place also in the same mysterious and imperceptible way. You do not see the separate thoughts assume a certain shape and add themselves silently to the concrete whole. You only know that it happens by some law of rhythmic affinity, and that after much confusion of thought and commotion of ideas people suddenly become united in one sovereign emotion.

And so are people becoming rapidly unified about the war. Disaffection in all its manifestations is treated with increasing severity. Pacifism, which only a short time ago was blatant and offensive, now is in full retreat. There is no tenderness for it even in the guise of intellectualism. We have no room left for those who fight on the other side. As the Allied armies over there have taken the offensive against the enemy without, so at home, behind the lines, keepers of the true war spirit have taken the offensive against all within who obstruct the cause.

The Debses and the Haywoods are put away. The Socialists dare not renege their anti-war platform and are confined to velleities of peace which presently also will cease to be tolerated. Labor will not lose its rights, but it must work or be locked out, as the Bridgeport strikers have learned. But to realize how far the war emotion has crystallized you have only to imagine what would happen to Hearst if he continued to say in his newspapers what he was saying six or seven months ago. He boasted then that he could not get violently excited about the war. He is very much excited about it now. Brisbane has put aside the programme of the Hearst revolution and is writing pale, inconclusive things not only less offensive to the rising war spirit, but less perilous to himself.

The end will be not as the beginning augured. We shall win the war without losing the peace. The forces that, unwillingly perforce, accepted the war, secretly planning to lose the peace, are now coming to their own disaster.

Tanks and Lost Heads

The tanks have won new glory at St. Mihiel, and they have won, too, grudging recognition from the enemy. The World publishes an interesting cable purporting to be a report of General Ludendorff on the causes of the German disaster. It is of date of August 8 and based upon reports from officers sent to the front to find out the reasons for the defeat. At the head of the findings stand these highly informative paragraphs:

"First—That the troops were surprised by the massed attacks of tanks and lost their heads when the tanks suddenly appeared behind them, having broken through under the protection of a natural and artificial fog.

"Second—That the artillery support was utterly insufficient against the enemy and against his tanks."

And among the recommendations we find this:

"Far more must be done than heretofore has been the case in the construction of defenses against tanks. The dislike of the troops for trench digging must be combated by all the means possible."

This is, so far as we know, the first official recognition on the part of the enemy as to the decisive rôle of the tank in the initial blow, and likewise in following up the success thereby attained. All this agrees with a Stockholm cable to *The Sun* as to what is being said in Berlin, that the German retreat in the West was due to the Allies' superiority in tanks and airplanes and to the Germans' lack in artillery ammunition and anti-tank weapons."

The evidence seems fairly conclusive now, first, that the construction of a huge number of tanks by the French and the English found the Germans quite unprepared with means to resist them, and, second, that up to the present time the Germans have not, apparently, undertaken to meet tanks with tanks. In other words, toward what may prove to be one of the biggest, if not the biggest, new things in the art of warfare the German

High Command has maintained an attitude of contempt. It has already paid a bitter price. It remains to be seen how swiftly it can repair its error.

After the remarkable successes attained with the use of the tanks the English and the French will scarcely let up in their endeavors to push production as rapidly as possible. But, as we have repeatedly pointed out, the steel production of Germany is now equal to that of all the European Allies put together, and possibly half again as much more. This is where the United States can, if the materials are available, play perhaps its decisive part as in any phase of the war. But if we cannot get coal and steel men enough to complete our ships it is not clear how we are going to build a vast fleet of tanks in a hurry. Yet, if these could be built, it is not inconceivable that they might force the issue and end the war by the fall of next year.

The All-Highest at Krupp's

With more self-pity and slushy sentimentalism than Werther—the great embodiment of German neurotic emotionalism—ever showed, the All-Highest of Potsdam has again exhibited his mental and moral calibre to the world.

The stage on which he chose to posture as a devoted friend of peace, driven to draw the sword in self-defence by the machinations of evil neighbors, was an appropriate one. It was a workshop of the Krupp's establishment—an enterprise in which he is a large stockholder and from which he has drawn enormous personal profits through the decades in which it was preparing Germany to gamble for military mastery of Europe and of the world.

After four years of desperate fighting and of many temporary German triumphs the Teuton dream of world conquest has faded. It is up to the Kaiser to square himself with a people weary of hardships and facing defeat.

Can he do it? There is no intellectual hypocrisy, no moral and emotional perversion, of which the race of Werther is not capable. What is decadent German philosophy—the philosophy of Nietzsche and Treitschke—but a cloak to cover a reversion of Kultur to barbarism? What is the piety of German officialdom but a hideous insult to all believers in a God of justice, righteousness and mercy?

The All-Highest is himself a philosopher and a pietist. He explains the lamentable origins of the war with all the profundity of Mephistopheles discussing theology with Faust or of Wilhelm Meister discoursing on the enigmas of Hamlet's character.

Here is his last word of self-commiseration and exculpation:

I have thought long on the matter and have come to the following answer: In this world good clashes with evil. That is how things have been ordered from on high—the yes and the no; the no of the doubting mind against the yes of the creative mind; the no of the pessimist against the yes of the optimist; the no of the unbeliever against the yes of the champion of faith; the yes of heaven against the no of hell.

Nothing could be more colossal in its assumption of the sanctity of the German cause and of the complete harmony of German militaristic designs with the purposes of the Ruler of the Universe. Nothing could be more "echt deutsch."

In the very factory in which the guns were made which battered down the forts of Liège—the prelude to the long drama of German infamy in Belgium—the Kaiser classifies himself as the champion of faith against the faithless. In the same room, maybe, in which the "Big Bertha" was forged which slaughtered Good Friday worshippers in a Paris church he prates of Germany's representing the "yes of heaven against the no of hell."

Could moral derangement and besotted egotism go further? Could even the German mind sink to lower depths of hypocrisy and sophistry? Werther and Mephistopheles would both have hung their heads in shame if they had stood there in the great Krupp war temple and listened to William the Second's revolting homily.

The President's Rebuke

The message sent by the President to the five thousand striking machinists at Bridgeport who refused either to abide by the decision of the War Labor Board's arbitrator or to respond to the earnest appeals of the president of their own union is terse and direct. He said:

The arbitrator chosen has made an award which more than 90 per cent of the workers affected accept. You who constitute less than 10 per cent refuse to abide the award, although you are the best paid of the whole body of workers affected, and are, therefore, least entitled to press a further increase of wages because of the high cost of living. But whatever the merits of the issue, it is closed by the award. Your strike against it is a breach of faith calculated to reflect on the sincerity of national organized labor in proclaiming its acceptance of the principles and machinery of the National War Labor Board.

The President points out that the Smith & Wesson Arms Company, of Springfield, Mass., which was engaged in government work, likewise refused to accept the mediation of the National Labor Board, and that its plant and business have now promptly been taken over by the government. He then says:

Having exercised a drastic remedy with recalcitrant employers, it is my duty to use means equally well adapted to the end with lawless and faithless employees. Therefore I desire that you return to work and abide by the award. If you refuse, each one of you will be barred from employment in any war industry in the community in which the strike occurs for a period of one year. During that time the United States Government

Service will decline to obtain employment for you in any war industry elsewhere in the United States, as well as under the War and Navy departments, the Shipping Board, the Railway Administration and all government agencies, and the draft boards will be instructed to reject any claim of exemption based on your alleged usefulness on war production.

All this should be decisive notice alike to labor and to capital that neither the government nor public opinion will tolerate any acts calculated to interfere with the successful prosecution of the war. It is to the last degree lamentable that there should be American citizens, bankers or others, who have any other thought.

It has been pointed out by a French writer that England's greatest difficulty in the first two years of the war was to bring her own people, her workingmen and her factory proprietors and mine owners, to realize the vital difference between times of peace and times of war. It is to the very large credit of the people of the United States, in every walk of life, that they have been swift to recognize this difference and to agree to conform to the exigencies and accept the burdens which this vast world struggle imposes. It is only here and there, as in the case of the Bridgeport strikers and the Springfield factory owners, that this fine loyalty to the war's requirements has been ignored. The President has offered to both a sharp and humiliating reproof. In doing this he has the cordial support of all loyal citizens.

The Soldier and His Books

The American soldier does not expect always to be a soldier. Fighting the battles of his country now, later he expects to be fighting the battle of life. His ambition to succeed in business or profession is reflected by his desire for educational books which he may study with profit.

It has taken a little time for the American Library Association to learn of the army's exact needs. At first more than half of the books sent to the soldiers were fiction. These were, of course, acceptable. But soon requests for serious and technical books were coming in. Simple textbooks, histories, scientific works, engineering manuals, essays, poetry, general literature, books on business and salesmanship and a hundred other subjects are what the boys want and will get.

Intensive training in military drill, physical culture, lectures by experienced leaders and good books make up the daily life of the soldier when he is not engaged in actual warfare. So the military camp becomes under the American system a school, turning out not dumb duffers, but men of ambition and hope.

Fighting Parsons

There may be those who still hold to the theory that the war spirit of America had slept so long that it was not and could not be awakened when the Lusitania went down, and that the President had to keep us out of war nearly two years in order to awaken it. But even they can hardly deny that it is a very lively spirit just now. A significant illustration of the desire of all sorts and conditions to take a hand in the great conflict is offered by the adoption of the Methodist ministers of Philadelphia and adjacent towns in New Jersey. They have met and resolved that they do not wish to be exempted from military service because of their cloth.

They appreciate the intention of the government, they say, in exempting them, in accordance with a custom wherein the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. They admit the need of "sustaining moral and spiritual forces at home." But the red blood in them cries out for active service at the front. They desire "to share with all men of all professions full partnership in the task of making the world safe for democracy and little children."

None would say that the clergy have not been doing their share. The long list of army chaplains and Y. M. C. A. workers would give the lie to such an assertion. Nor are these by any means without the danger line, as many tales of simple heroism have shown. But the Methodist brethren are quite obviously very militant members of the Church Militant. That reference to "little children" shows what they are thinking of. It is the dearest wish of their hearts to play a personal part in visiting vengeance upon the murderers and ravishers who have sent hundreds of little children to death in sinking ships or open boats and who have made a shambles of Belgium.

At ordinary times they would shrink from the shedding of blood. They would think it unbecoming to the cloth. They would not appeal to the example of Leonidas Polk, the fighting bishop of our Civil War, or to the remoter one of Henry Spencer, Bishop of Norwich, who took arms to put down Wat Tyler's rebellion. He met and defeated the rebels in the field, took them prisoners, gave them absolution and sent them to the gallows.

This combination of the spiritual and the secular arm was unusual even in those days, though more than one medieval prelate served his time as a soldier. No doubt the fighting parsons of Philadelphia will be willing to pray for the Huns, but the character of their resolution seems to show that they are far more anxious to kill them.

Vaudevillian Note

From *The El Paso Times*: The Simp Sextet, composed of the six precious sons of the German Caesar, is now appearing daily in the comic opera, "Kultur," and are chorusing the following little ditty: "We are all the sons of old Kaiser Bill; we don't work nor fight, and, by heck, we never will!"

Flashes

By Wilbur Forrest

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE FIELD.—In spite of American censorship regulations, made in Washington, American soldiers who take part in battles are sometimes wounded. It is necessary to make this explanation because American wounded played a prominent part in a piece of admirable American medical enterprise which undoubtedly saved many lives and eased much suffering. When men are wounded badly they must be handled with extreme gentleness, something not always possible in ambulances, in advanced dressing stations and even in field hospitals.

Therefore on an American battlefield, which found itself near a navigable river recently, the medical department rustled a complete river hospital steamer from somewhere and put it into immediate service. It had an operating room, comfortable beds and all modern equipment and appliances for badly wounded cases. The wounded were forced to endure a short ambulance ride and then a staff of doctors, nurses and orderlies aboard the "ship" did the rest.

There was no jarring; the boat gently slid toward Paris and in most cases the wounded arrived at destination in fresh condition considering everything. With its cargo unloaded the steamer would turn its nose upriver at top speed and gather another cargo. The trips were continuous until the battlefield fled with the Allied advance too far away from the river to make the use of the boat practicable.

Incidents which will probably become more frequent as the war progresses in France are happening occasionally now in sectors where American troops are engaged. They are the sudden meetings of soldier relatives in unexpected places and under unique conditions.

The meeting of the Benson brothers is one. Ralph Benson, thirty-two, left Idaho for New York ten years ago. He wrote letters to his family for three years and then the correspondence fizzled. Benson was wounded a few days ago in France. He was placed on a hospital train en route to a base institution near Paris. He was a "lying" case—one of those whose wounds prevent walking. A young doughboy with a wound in the arm passed through the coach on his way forward where the "sitting" cases were assigned. He stopped when he came to Benson's berth and stared at Benson.

"Hello, Jack! Where do you come from?" the youngster asked. "New York," answered Benson. "Where did you live before New York?" the younger one persisted. "Idaho," answered Benson. "Why?" "My name's Benson and I'm from Idaho," explained the youngster, "and you look like a brother of mine."

Then the conversation became more intimate and the hospital train lieutenant, who told The Tribune about it, didn't catch the remainder, but the fact developed that they were the Benson brothers, ten years separated and meeting on a hospital train in France. One was a volunteer and the other was drafted. They were allowed to ride together all the way to the base hospital and now they are both there getting well.

Key's Afterthought

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In view of the fact Mayor Hylan set a day for the learning of the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner" the time may be opportune to call your attention to the fact that the ending of the third line of the first stanza is not what is usually sung, "perilous fight," but "clouds of the fight."

In the interest of accuracy, may I be permitted to call the attention of your readers to an excerpt from the monograph on "The Star-Spangled Banner" prepared by Oscar George Theodore Sonneck and issued by the Government Printing Office in Washington in 1917? On page 92 appears the following:

- "To sum up, it appears that, not counting the original draft (i. e., the real original manuscript), at least five copies of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in Francis Scott Key's handwriting exist—or, at least, existed: "1. The Judge Nicholson-Mrs. Shippen-Walters copy. 1814. (Walters.) "2. The Louis J. Cist copy. 1840. (Cist, present whereabouts unknown.) "3. The supposed Howard copy. Ca. 1840. (Howard.) "4. The General Keim-Pennsylvania Historical Society copy. (Penn. Hist. Soc.) "5. The Mahar copy. 1842. (Mahar.)"

There may be other copies, but these five are sufficient for the purpose of showing the changes that Francis Scott Key himself made in his poem.

On page 94 is given "The Star-Spangled Banner," with the numerous variants appearing in different publications italicized. It is sufficient for our purpose here to call attention to the fact that "perilous fight," which Mr. Key wrote in the original copy in 1814, was changed by him in the Cist copy, the Howard copy, the Pennsylvania Historical Society copy and the Mahar copy to read "clouds of the fight." Furthermore, a photographic reproduction is shown in the back of Mr. Sonneck's book of each of the four holographic copies.

As Mr. Key himself changed "perilous fight" to "clouds of the fight," it would seem only right that we should use it in our national anthem. JOHN W. DAVIS, Director of Attendance, Board of Education, New York, Sept. 12, 1918.

Anthem Day

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Will you please suggest through the columns of your paper that not only on "Anthem Day" shall the people join in singing the national anthem when played by bands at theatres, concerts, moving picture shows, etc., but that every one join at any time in singing it? It has been suggested that it be so done Saturday, September 14, and it seems to me it ought to be universally sung and that our voices should not be mute when the stirring music calls. STELLA F. DAME, New York, Sept. 12, 1918.

A Pledge

From *Dinner Card at Kinship Club, St. Paul, Minn.*: "I cross my heart and hope to die if I should ever, ever buy Another thing on which I see The trademark, 'Made in Germany.'"



"I cannot get so violently excited as some people over the possible effects in Europe of the present war."—William Randolph Hearst, in "The New York American," March 9, 1918.

What It Means

By Frank H. Simonds
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DESPITE natural and justified pride in our American achievement on a single sector of the great Western front, it is essential that we should now appreciate the larger meaning of the victory at St. Mihiel. It is, viewed from this angle, a magnificent example of the advantages of unified command, a revelation of the military genius of our Allied commander in chief and a hopeful evidence that there is to be no let up in the general Allied offensive and no repetition of the costly obstinacy which has made earlier Allied offensives such costly failures.

Foch is following the larger strategy of Grant in 1864. He is attacking all along the line; he is attacking in Lorraine; he has attacked in Champagne, in Ile-de-France, in Picardy and in Artois, and he will certainly attack in Flanders. Ludendorff has retired behind the Hindenburg line with the expectation that Foch would follow him and wear out his resources in a repetition of the Somme and Flanders campaigns of 1916 and 1917. But Foch has shifted his field of operations and inflicted a new defeat, local, but costly.

As a result of our American victory, the only break in the permanent line of French defenses on the Eastern frontier has been repaired. The Toul-Verdun railroad is reopened, giving the French invaluable lateral communication behind the Verdun-Toul front. In the same way the Paris-Nancy railroad has been freed from the surveillance of German guns about St. Mihiel and a forty-mile detour eliminated.

Two major profits for the future have also been realized. Foch is free now to launch an offensive in the direction of Briey and its great iron mines without danger on his southern flank. He is equally at liberty to strike eastward from Nancy between Metz and Strassburg without anxiety for his rearward communications with Paris.

An advance to Briey would be a local operation with a purely limited objective—the iron mines. But an advance from Nancy would be the beginning of the real invasion of Germany, an invasion certain to come next year, and, when it comes, sure to compel the Germans to retire out of Northern France and Western Belgium. In a word, the American success in abolishing the St. Mihiel salient solidly lays the foundation for a great American offensive into Alsace-Lorraine, which is bound to be the decisive feature of the campaign of 1919.

Looked at as a single operation, Pershing's attack is wholly comparable to that of Mangin against the Marne salient and Rawlinson against the Montdidier pocket. In both cases the attack was mainly on one side of a deep salient

or pocket, designed to narrow the mouth and thus compel the enemy in the salient to retreat. But in the case of St. Mihiel the pocket was so narrow that the mouth that a successful advance of half a dozen miles, made quickly, would threaten all the troops in the salient with envelopment and capture. This is what has happened.

Thus Foch, having regained the initiative as a result of his Marne counter-offensive, has successfully attacked Ludendorff in all sectors where the German position was unhappy. In each case he has assailed a position taken by the Germans originally as a jumping-off place for further offensive operations and obstinately retained after the chance of continuing the offensive had failed.

The object of all these various offensives, taken together, is to disorganize the enemy, break down his morale, put a severe strain upon his reserves and exhaust his materials. These are the preliminary steps to the engaging in that great battle which must ultimately come and without which no military decision can be had. No one of the defeats so far inflicted upon the enemy has destroyed an army or shaken the organization of any single army. Collectively the various victories have obviously weakened German morale on the front and behind it and forced the German to accept a defensive fight—the end of which is inevitable defeat.

We are bound to avoid the familiar mistake of fixing upon geographical objectives as the aim of our commander in chief. These geographical objectives, frequently discussed, are but incidental. Foch is not striving to take Metz, the Briey iron mines, Cambrai, Douai or Lille. He is not even largely concerned with turning the Germans out of France and Belgium.

On the contrary, Foch is the exponent and has always been the teacher of the doctrine of absolute war; that is, of war directed against the armies of the enemy for the purpose of bringing them to battle, inflicting upon them a decisive defeat which shall win the war, a defeat like Jena, Sedan, Waterloo, from which no organized enemy force shall escape. And it is in this light that we must look at recent victories, the local successes of Mangin, Rawlinson, Horne and now of Pershing; they are details in the larger strategy which can only be realized when the main German forces have suffered complete defeat.

In this strategy French, British and American armies have now played their assigned rôles. Our army is now a unit in the system of armies. Our first separate victory is in an engagement bigger than Gettysburg or The Wilderness. Henceforth our army is to count in a new sense; we are no longer the reserve of our Allies; we are one of the three great machines in France whose combined energy, directed by a single brain, is to bring victory.

Why "Bitter Enders"

(From *The Village*)

Publications such as "The New Republic" and Mr. Villard's "Nation" are laboring to make popular sentiment for the pacifists' new term, "Bitter-ender." It is uphill work, for the number of those who believe victory over the enemy safer than compromise with him increases daily. Moreover, the phrase itself is not wholly happy. Where there is end there must have been beginning, and many in this Republic can look forward into the dark hours of war with far less troubling of spirit than they can look back over the period of our peace; many suffered more deeply in the days of our cowardly opportunism than ever they can suffer in the days of our trial by battle.

The summer of 1915 was for some Americans—not the editors of "The New Republic" or "The Nation," as we well remember—a black time, a time of anguish and despair such as no enemy outside the gates ever could induce. Unhappily, these emotions were not blotted off with our final entrance into the war; in part, they remain because the cost of our delinquency to the nations fighting the world's cause against Germany must in part remain. We should not now have to be such "bitter-enders" had the beginning been less bitter. "The New Republic" and "The Nation" represent one of the influences which shaped that beginning; unless disaster overtakes us, they shall have nothing to do with the end.

The Battle Flag—A Song

In the "trick plays" of modern warfare, the double pass and going around the end, the flag-bearer may be out of place, but there may come a time when you must go straight through the center, a direct assault, and at such a time happy is the nation that has preserved the traditions of its color-bearers, for men will follow the flag of their fathers to certain death if it will save the war!

- O rippling, radiant, oriflamme,
Full oft in battle's breath
Thy light hath shone, on lives unnumbered,
As a panacea for death.
- O banner, blessed by woman's tears,
As o'er some hero's bier,
She went in pride for him who died
Without reproach or fear.
- O memoir of our deathless dead,
Proud scroll of sacrifice,
From every fold their tale is told
Their valor was thy price.
- O glittering galaxy of stars,
Thy tales of glory tell
Of warriors wise and battle-prize
And patriot sons who fell.
- O fluttering page of history,
Emblazoned by our sires,
To dauntless deed in nation's need
Thy radiant light inspires.
PAUL BRANDON BARRINGER.

War Names in the News

- Vigneulles..... Veen-gul (vashin-blur).
- Charny..... Char-nee.
- Thiaucourt..... Tee-o-koot.
- Les Eparges..... Layz-ay parash.
- Seicheprey..... Saysh-pray.
- Pagny..... Pan-ye.
- Hattonville..... At-ton-veel.
- Dompierre..... Daun-pyare.
- Demboux..... Don-boe.