

"The Fourth Liberty Loan Is the Barrage That Will Precede the Victorious Thrust of Our Army"—Secretary McAdoo

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Pershing's men are not limiting their output, and shame and disgrace should be the portion of any man who limits his output here at home.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Mitteleuropa Cracks

The iron ring that Germany burst out of when she murdered Serbia and hacked a corridor through the Balkan peninsula to Constantinople has closed again. This is great news.

Bulgaria, the purchased member of the Unholy Alliance, the nation that in the sight of the world weighed its own soul against German gold and deliberately sold it, is the first to surrender. The consequences will be enormous.

Strategically Bulgaria was the keystone of the pan-German bridge into Asia. That bridge is in ruins. Germany and Austria-Hungary are about to be thrown back within their own borders.

Bulgaria's denunciation of the German alliance undoes at one stroke all Germany's Eastern triumphs. It makes the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest "scraps of paper."

Whether Turkey yields at once or fights on hopelessly for a few months more, Constantinople's fate is sealed. She will fall, and the Allied navies can then enter the Black Sea. That will restore a powerful Eastern front, for as soon as the Ukraine, Poland and the other Germanized Russian provinces are sure of Allied assistance they will rise against their weakened German garrisons.

These results are in the near future. The more immediate effects of Bulgaria's surrender will be the complete restoration of Serbia, the evacuation by the Austrians of Albania and Montenegro and the shifting of the Salonica front to the Danube. Rumania will be put in a position to escape from German tyranny and to reassert the claims which drew her into the war.

Germany's war was a war of conquest, pure and simple. It flourished so long as Germany was able to retain the offensive. It was fed and nourished on territorial spoils. When it became defensive, as it has been since July 18 last, all the vitality went out of it.

They have made up their minds that for the rest of the war the only profit in sight is on the Allied side of the ledger. We need not flatter ourselves that the Bulgarian conversion comes from the heart or the conscience. It is purely mercenary. But it will be of enormous political and military value, nevertheless, because of Bulgaria's position on the map.

We were not at war with Bulgaria (not officially), and for that reason we should have no right (no official right) to criticize the terms imposed upon her at the signing of the armistice if we disapproved of them. But they are terms that leave nothing to be desired on our

part. Bulgaria is simply cast out of the combat, disarmed and tied, and she will remain in that condition for the duration of the war.

Suffrage, a War Measure

It is in a great and moving hour that the final test of woman's suffrage comes in the Senate of the United States, and it was with an appeal worthy of that hour, both in its near and immediate limits and in its far-flung influence, that President Wilson appeared upon the legislative scene.

The international bearing of the reform was the chief subject of the address to the Senate. Upon that Mr. Wilson spoke with a peculiar authority. Those Democratic Senators of the South who chiefly block the cause at this time may well feel that the traditions of their party lie in opposition to the Federal amendment. But war time, the climax of the greatest of human battles, is no day for party traditions, however old and settled, when they run contrary to the paramount needs of the nation.

The course of Great Britain gave Mr. Wilson his starting point. Is the Senate of the United States alone to refuse to learn the lesson of democracy which even the House of Lords accepted readily and as a matter of course? In the President's eloquent and definite words:

Are we alone to ask and take the utmost that our women can give—service and sacrifice of every kind—and still say we do not see what title that gives them to stand by our sides in the guidance of the affairs of their nation and ours? We have made partners of the women in this war. Shall we admit them only to a partnership of suffering and sacrifice and toil, and not to a partnership of privilege and right?

There was a frank echo of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith in the declaration that the war could not have been fought without the aid of women. And especially persuasive force lies in the plea for women's share in the settlements and adjustments of peace.

But it is the bearing of the measure upon the world forces of democracy that the President particularly stressed. There is a legitimate war plea, an argument that sweeps beyond party, beyond section, beyond every small habit of mind. Here is not only the sign and symbol of our faith for which we fight, but the very act and practice thereof. To rebuff suffrage in this hour would go far to hamper the country in its labor for the liberalization of the world. President Wilson spoke here the cold, inescapable truth. His goal was a high and ideal one; his immediate argument was severely practical.

The President's plea will have its effect. The suffrage amendment must pass, here and now. We greatly hope that it will be accepted by such a margin of votes as will place the faith of this country in the fundamental truths of its government beyond the questioning of criticism or debate.

Ghost of Czolgosz

Yesterday the editorial page of Hearst's Evening Journal was devoted to a scurrilous attack upon the National Security League. It says this body has been "first denounced by representatives of the war administration and now by members of the war Congress," and that it is guilty of conduct that is "morally treasonable." Then it singles out Elihu Root for special abuse.

It is true that the National Security League has been denounced in Congress. This was done by Representative Frear, of Wisconsin, whom the league opposed for reelection because he had voted against the declaration of war and against the Kahn amendment which was essential to the selective draft, and for the notorious McLemore and Cooper amendments, thereby failing to stand the "acid test" stipulated for by President Wilson. So much for Frear.

Hearst attacks the National Security League for a similar reason, namely, that it has denounced his disloyalty. It once debated taking steps to have his newspapers barred from the mails. All of that is current matter.

But Hearst's feud with one of the most distinguished members of the National Security League is deep, undying and historic. On the night of November 1, 1906, Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, stood on a platform at Utica, New York, and said:

"In President Roosevelt's first message to Congress, in speaking of the assassin of McKinley, he spoke of him as inflamed by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, and envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sown by the men who preach such doctrines, and they cannot escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped. This applies alike to the deliberate demagogue, to the exploiter of sensationalism and the crude and foolish visionary who, for whatever reason, apologizes for crime or excites aimless discontent."

"I say, by the President's authority, that in penning these words, with the horror of President McKinley's murder fresh before him, he had Mr. Hearst specifically in his mind."

"And I say, by his authority, that what he thought of Mr. Hearst then he thinks of Mr. Hearst now."

creature in the hemisphere; his name is hated; his figure is burned in effigy." "The bullet that pierced Goebel's chest cannot be found in all the West; Good reason, it is speeding here, To stretch McKinley on his bier."

"Institutions, like men, will last until they die; and if bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done."

"There has been much assassination in the world, from the assassination of some old rulers who needed assassination, to the assassination of men in England, who, driven to steal by hunger, were caught and hanged most legally."

"Is there any doubt that the assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday changed history to some extent? What proof is there that France would have settled down into imperial Napoleonism and prosperity if Marat, the wonderful eye doctor, had been allowed to live and retain his absolute mastery of the Paris populace?"

"If Cromwell had not resolved to remove the head of Charles I from his lace collar, would England be what she is to-day, a really free nation and a genuine republic?"

"Did not the murder of Lincoln, uniting in sympathy and regret all good people in the North and South, hasten the era of American good feeling and perhaps prevent the renewal of fighting between brothers?"

"The murder of Caesar certainly changed the history of Europe, besides preventing that great man from ultimately displaying vanity as great as his ability."

"When wise old sayings, such as that of Diraali about assassination, are taken up, it is worth while, instead of swallowing them whole, to analyze them. We invite our readers to think over this question. The time devoted to it will not be wasted."

Then followed the most terrible indictment of a living, shameless man, cunning beyond the law and impervious to moral indignation, that has perhaps ever been uttered in our time. Said Mr. Root: "What wonder that the weak and excitable brain of Czolgosz answered to such impulses as these! He never knew McKinley, he had no real or fancied wrongs of his own to avenge against McKinley or McKinley's government; he was answering the lesson he had learned, that it was a service to mankind to rid the earth of a monster; and the foremost of the teachers of these lessons to him and his kind was and is William Randolph Hearst with his yellow journals."

"The offence is deepened by the revolting hypocrisy which, to avert public indignation when the fatal blow had been struck and that strong and gentle spirit had departed, lauded the dead President to the skies, and said of him in The New York Journal:

"Nowhere in the history of great men's lives, or of great men's deaths, can be found such resignation and deep religious faith as marked the last hours of William McKinley. He faced the other world and the other life with the quiet confidence of a man who had done his best. Slowly the heart's strength died out. He carried him through two wars, through many political battles, through many long days of toil, through many years of hard work and serious purpose. He began life as a simple Christian citizen. He worked hard. He succeeded; he reached the highest place in the nation. He exercised and represented the greatest of earthly powers. He was called a second time to the highest position that men can give to any man. He ended his life as he began it, a simple Christian citizen."

Ghostly camouflage! Mr. Root was moved to exclaim: "Is there no one left who loved McKinley? Are there no workmen left in New York who cannot see with satisfaction honors heaped upon the man who is not guiltless of McKinley's death?"

A remarkable prophecy came at the end. Mr. Root concluded his Utica speech in these words:

"The same kind of teaching is being continued now, month by month and day by day, in the Hearst journals. Its legitimate consequences, if continued, must be other weak dupes playing the role of Czolgosz; other McKinleys stretched upon the bier; discord and bloody strife in place of the reign of peace and order throughout our fair land. 'It is not the spirit of Washington and of Lincoln; it is the spirit of malice for all and of charity toward none; it is the spirit of anarchy, of communism, of Kishineff and of Bieloostock.'"

What was coiled in the flag then is coiled in it still.

War Rides the College

The juggernaut of war has overridden ruthlessly many sacred structures, but none has it overwhelmed quite so thoroughly as the college. That home of liberal learning and football would be quite unrecognizable to the peg-top freshman of decades gone by. Your incoming youth arrives groaning at the thought of wasting even a few months in so dull a spot, and promptly elects, for his liberal learning, trigonometry, war aims and measures and English A, with S. A. T. C. claiming the rest and the bulk of his time and attention.

Football has been reduced to a mere shadow. The fraternities no longer rush (by request) and their houses become as ordinary hostleries. Bewildered professors seek for subjects bearing directly or remotely on a certain advancing line in France. Almost anything scientific scores. Botany, astronomy, zoology—all science has its help to bring. The poor classicist can only resolve—like so many others belonging to one honored profession—to bring up his son to be a plumber or something else of real value in the world of reality and let his war aims go at that.

Will all this topsy-turviness be disappated when peace returns? Will our

colleges relapse with a thud to the old ways of a little learning about nothing in particular and much athletics directed to the very particular end of winning games? Anybody's guess is as good as another's. The power of tradition is strong in our colleges. It is the tradition, a fine tradition, of patriotism that has made them step gracefully aside and let war upset their most precious ways.

The coming generations will decide, that is certain. They always have decided, as a matter of fact. Prexies and faculties propose and undergraduates dispose. Life will be distinctly nearer, pressing upon the college student in a way it never has, we think. The old liberal learning may, indeed, have to fight for its life. But if the old college days of much waste and little gain (however valuable that gain), should pass, there might well be room and time for everything, even, strange as it may seem, liberal learning and science, in the same young life. Some might even study Plato in pluming within the same sacred walls of culture.

A Brisbanality

Editor, "Evening Charnel," New York City.

DEAR Sir: Knowing you are always ready to help the poor, would you kindly assist me in my hour of need? My husband is a manufacturer of nozzles, which are, as you surely know, an important part of the gas masks used by our boys in France. He has been offered a loan of \$375,000, without interest or security, by a group of gentlemen whose names end in —stein, —boch, and —heimle. How can he secure this money without letting the facts become known?

Yours sincerely, (MRS.) S. O. HUMBLE. P. S. These gentlemen are to continue manufacturing nozzles for my husband, as he has a government contract.

Mrs. Humble, you did a WISE thing in writing to this paper. Your station in life makes NO DIFFERENCE to us. Think what might have happened to you if you had applied for help to one of the other New York papers CONTROLLED BY THE PREDATORY INTERESTS OF WALL STREET.

Your problem CAN be solved, Mrs. Humble. You have taken the FIRST STEP, and, as Napoleon said: "C'est le premiere pas qui compte," meaning, "It is the first step WHICH COUNTS." Alexander, Hannibal, Alcibiades, Aaron Burr and Achilles ALWAYS took the first step before proceeding anywhere or undertaking ANYTHING. So, Mrs. Humble, your FIRST step is taken. So far, so good.

Your NEXT STEP is to visit a lawyer, BUT be sure to go to one YOU KNOW. Too many lawyers USE the law as a cloak to HIDE unlawful acts. Therefore, we repeat: GO TO A GOOD LAWYER, not one of the hirelings of the MORGANS, ROCKEFELLERS or RYANS, who would spurn your business and most likely advise against your husband accepting the LOAN.

Tell your lawyer to SEE the representatives of the gentlemen who wish to buy control of your husband's NOZZLE FACTORY. Tell him not to WRITE, but to SEE THEM. Written records are the BANE OF PROFITABLE TRANSACTIONS. Sappho wrote. Caesar wrote. Where are SAPPHO AND CAESAR TO-DAY!

Instruct your lawyer to INDUCE your financial FRIENDS to go to SEATTLE with DRAFTS on Honolulu certified by Lloyd's of LONDON, ENGLAND; deposit the CASH in a DENVER BANK; and then hand you the \$375,000 in ONE DOLLAR bills LATER on at NIAGARA FALLS. In this way the Wall Street INTERESTS can pilfer no commission on the transaction. Furthermore, the U. S. GOVERNMENT cannot interfere.

If modern banking METHODS had only been understood in the TIME OF JUDAS, his thirty pieces of silver would never have been traced. It is by the ABUSE of these METHODS that WALL STREET has been able to ACQUIRE ITS ILLEGITIMATE POWER.

It is the same with many OTHER things. Mrs. Humble, TAKE BEER, for instance. Used moderately IT IS A FOOD TONIC. Used immoderately, God knows WHAT IT MAY BRING A MAN TO!

Thank you for writing so FRANKLY to us. We are always HAPPY to help even the lowliest of our FELLOW CITIZENS.

PERCY WAXMAN. Scarsdale, N. Y.

Gangway, Please!

WITH little of tumult or shouting, With nothing of boasting or bluff, One fact becomes clear beyond doubting, One thing's growing certain enough; And that is, this land is united To see that full justice is done; The country's determined and plighted To fight till it conquers the Hun.

And those who can't see it will suffer, The nation will trust them as aid, The way the sea did to that duffer Who tried to say "Whom" to the tide, The people have formed their opinion Of Huns, and their deeds we abhor, And we to the misguided minion Who gets in the way of the war.

O "I double-double-you" plotting, O blind, futile pacifist crew, The tide's rising over you, blotting Your cause and yourselves out of view; Immense, undissuadable, quiet, Without any frenzy or wrath, It sweeps you who curse and deny it Like kernels of sand from its path.

Get this, oh, you cowardly faction, Who bid us desert and desert, The country is roused and in action, And he who obstructs will get hurt; And if you desire toleration, And peace, which you're clamoring for, Don't stand in the path of the nation, Don't get in the way of the war. BERTON BRALEY.

CAN'T THEY SEE SHE NEEDS REST?



The Battle at Its Climax

By Frank H. Simonds

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THERE can be no mistaking the fact that Foch's battle has reached its climax. Within a brief period, perhaps of hours, certainly days, a German retirement out of Northern France is assured. German resistance, tremendous and sustained in certain sectors, is breaking down completely in others.

Perhaps the most amazing single incident of recent days has been the Belgian success about the old Ypres salient. In a single day, with insignificant losses, the Belgians have retaken all the ground which the British spent five months and half a million casualties in taking one year ago. This can only mean one thing: that the German army, as a whole, is breaking down.

Foch's tactics are now clearly revealed. The period of manoeuvre is over. The moment in the battle has arrived when a decision is to be sought and from the Yser to the Meuse Foch is throwing in his last reserves. The pace cannot be long maintained; the "event," to use the Napoleonic term, is in sight.

It is no longer one offensive, but half a dozen, all coordinated. In Belgium King Albert and General Plumer are winning the Battle of Ypres, in French Flanders and Artois, Horn, Byng and Rawlinson are fighting victoriously the Battle of Cambrai. Over the Aisne Mangin is winning the battle Nivelle lost in 1917. In Champagne Gouraud is winning the contest only partially won by Pétain in 1915.

Finally, the famous fields about Verdun are behind Pershing and he is advancing over ground which has seen no Allied soldier since August, 1914. In sum, all the old offensives are being re-fought simultaneously. All the old hopes long postponed are being realized. We are going forward from the sea to the Meuse, slowly in places, with phenomenal rapidity at others, but everywhere advancing.

And in this situation it is no longer possible to watch or weigh any single phase. Perhaps Foch himself does not yet know where the decisive break will come. But it seems certain that one of the many blows will achieve the first objective, to compel a general German retreat out of France, away from the Hindenburg line. And the second objective is to crush the retiring armies, to turn the withdrawal into a rout, to break the military power of Germany, to do it this year, and in the present battle, this is the single purpose.

We are seeing to-day a Battle of France, a battle in extent of front, in numbers engaged, in material employed, and, unhappily, in casualties, unexampled in human history. Foch is now making his supreme bid for a decision. And it is essential that we should see it whole—see it as a single battle, like Waterloo or Gettysburg—not a series of

battles, not a number of unrelated engagements.

It is equally necessary to perceive that neither cities, territory nor positions are of great importance. All these circumstances have become minor. Ludendorff accepted battle on the Hindenburg line more than a month ago with a clear perception of the issue. He has now been beaten, geographically. His lines are in retreat and he must shortly go back to the Meuse and the Scheldt. So much has already been decided.

In this sense Foch has won his Leipzig; but after Leipzig Napoleon took his beaten army behind the Rhine, fought on, almost escaped ultimate defeat. Can Ludendorff do the same? This is the present problem. We shall have an answer now in a time relatively brief. We are on the threshold of one of the greatest military events in all human history.

And turning to the Balkans, we have an appraisal of Allied prospects. Bulgaria took the German side, confident of German victory, three years ago. The battle news in Sofia has changed all. Bulgaria will not wait another hour. She surrenders unconditionally. Why? Because there is no longer any doubt in Sofia as to what is to happen—is there any reason to question that events in Bucharest and in Constantinople will now move with equal rapidity?

What is happening now is like the break-up of the ice in a river when spring comes. This is the real parallel to the military situation in France. The German lines are breaking like the river ice—rapidly in some places, slowly in others, but everywhere breaking. Cambrai, Roulers, St. Quentin, Laon, Vouziers—these were the objectives of campaigns lasting months, of separate campaigns which were the main efforts of a whole year, and now we are at the gates of all of them at one time.

At the moment the Belgian and American operations at opposite ends of the line are most interesting, because each is cutting away one of the anchorages of the whole German front. A little further advance in Belgium or in Lorraine, and Ludendorff can delay no longer. In fact, it is hard to see how he can stick it out much longer in any way. Both of his flanks are turned north of Ypres and Verdun. Mangin is breaking his centre toward Laon. Haig is dealing the heaviest blow of all toward Cambrai.

It seems to me the situation of the German line in France is already comparable to that of the Confederate army about Petersburg after Five Forks. It has been broken in many places; it is held by troops already plainly shaken, as the enormous total of captives day by day indicates. The German is still fighting desperately, but when one thinks of the months it took last year for Haig to advance from Ypres to Passchendaele the achievement of the Belgians on

Saturday is explicable only in terms of declining German morale.

It is time to begin to study the line of the Scheldt and the Meuse. The Hindenburg line is about played out. But can Ludendorff reach the new line? This is becoming the military problem in the last weeks of the campaign of 1918.

Patriotic Convicts

The New York Tribune Foreign Press Bureau

SIR EVELYN RUGGLES-BRICE, director of the English convict prisons, finds that the British prison population has been extremely loyal during the war. Inmates of prisons have not only responded to the call on them for increased manufacturing output, but many of them on release have volunteered for military service. Examples are not infrequent of men with the gravest criminal records performing acts of sacrifice or gallantry, while several have been decorated and a number have been killed in battle.

Sir Evelyn told the story of a "man who had received three sentences of penal servitude, and whose whole history showed him to be a man of violent character, embittered against society, enlisted on his release in 1916. Invalidated after service in the fighting line, he volunteered to save another man's life by giving his blood for transfusion. During the operation he contracted blood poisoning and was sent to England, very ill. After recovery he obtained a first class certificate as bombing instructor and returned to the front, where he won the Military Medal and the Distinguished Conduct Medal. His officer reported: 'He is one of our best N. C. O.'s and has rendered splendid service throughout, and that after three months in the hottest part of the line.'"

The following are the figures of the average daily prison population in England for the last year before the war and for this year:

Table showing convict and local prison populations in 1917 and 1918.

The average value of prison labor has increased nearly \$45 a head since the war, according to Sir Evelyn.

Telephone Manners

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: The courtesy of the telephone user: "Is this Central 6752?" "No, 5758." "Ringer up, in speaking voice: 'Get off!'" NEW YORK'S CIVILITY. New York, Sept. 25, 1918.

War Names in the News

Table listing war names and their phonetic pronunciations.

\* Nasal n.