

New York Tribune

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

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1918

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation.

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

Table with subscription rates for various zones: First and Second Zones, Third to Eighth Zone, Canadian Rates, Foreign Rates.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter

GUARANTEE You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—

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.

That Hand!

What makes this powerful German thing so horrible is that its soul has been destroyed. From human understanding it is utterly cut off.

The new Imperial Chancellor speaks of a "new" German government and of a "new" epoch in Germany's internal history, dating from a decree of the Hohenzollerns.

All of that is German rubbish. The Kaiser also speaks. It seems incredible. He says:

"But I will only extend my hand for an honorable peace."

The German Kaiser has but one peace to make, and that is his own peace with God. And as we believe in God so we believe that he cannot make peace with Him until he has paid a price beyond the power of mankind to imagine.

Little as the Germans know of the moral values which the rest of us will save or perish in the effort, they seem to know even less about the temperament of the American people.

They thought we sold arms and ammunition to the Allies for profit only.

They thought we shelved the Lusitania atrocity from motives of cowardice and greed, commingled.

They thought we were pacifists and profiteers entirely.

They thought we went into the war without meaning to fight.

They thought we were half German. And they now apparently think we are willing to embrace peace because it can be proved that it would be to our material advantage to end the war.

We are not the peace makers. We are the war makers. It is true that we have laid down certain abstract conditions of peace, but these concern only our allies and ourselves and are not open to Germany for discussion.

We have laid down one condition of war—one only—and that is to use force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, until we shall have destroyed forever in this world, the indecent,

The Very Least You Can Do Is to Buy Bonds to the Very Utmost

intolerable, criminal thing that now holds out its dripping hand.

Tell your people that, Prince Maximilian of Baden, and if they can understand an epoch may begin.

The Unredeemed Greeks

Two representatives of the Central Committee of the Unredeemed Greeks, Mr. N. G. Kyriakides, and Mr. Chr. Vassilakaki, have come to this country for the purpose of presenting the after-the-war claims of the Greek population still under alien rule—either Bulgarian or Turkish.

So far as Bulgaria is concerned the way has been cleared for Greek liberation. Bulgaria has thrown herself on the mercy of the Allied powers.

Turkey is pretty certain to make an unconditional surrender in the near future. The Turks will then leave Europe forever, and whatever disposition is made of Constantinople the interests of the large Greek population in that ancient Greek community will be fully protected.

Before the Balkan wars there were about 2,300,000 Greeks living in Asia Minor. These suffered bitter persecution at the hands of the Young Turk government.

No peace with Turkey should be made which does not provide for reparation to this abused Greek population or does not give Greece the power to reclaim a part of the Eastern coast of the Mediterranean, historically Greek and inhabited largely by Greek stocks.

Bond Posters and "War Psychosis" Von Hertling would be more than ever convinced we are suffering from "war psychosis" could he contrast our earlier Liberty bond posters with those now filling our shop windows and placarding walls and fences.

There is a difference wide as the sea between the public which responded to a poster of a breakfast food baby, exclaiming "My papa bought me a Liberty bond" and that which is in tune with such suggestive drawings as "Remember Belgium," "Hun or Home" and "Must Children Die and Mothers Plead in Vain?"

The decline of freak legislation appears to be one of the by-products of war. The sanity brought on by wartime fundamentals is manifesting itself even in states where the most fantastic laws are wont to flourish.

The Skeleton in the Sheet

California, smarting under the humiliation of being beaten to this enactment by a rival in freak legislation, held off until July, 1917. Then its Legislature decreed that all beds, except those in

private homes, "must be provided with sheets at least 81 inches wide and 98 inches long." The California state institutions, anxious to please the legislators on whose bounty they depend, forthwith ordered sheets 9 feet long, throwing in for good measure an extra 10 inches above the legal requirements.

Our War Farm in France

By Wilbur Forrest

FRANCE, Sept. 15.—An almost constant roll of cannon fire, echoing and re-echoing against the hills, loud enough and constant enough to be heard far out on the Atlantic; sausage balloons hanging high enough in the sky to be seen a dozen miles; the occasional sound and sight of an aeroplane—this is the distant sound and view of the American army's big and unique "war farm" in action.

The army's "war farm" in picturesque — has been operating full tilt for just nine weeks. I saw it to-day at long and short range. American folks who feel that they are self-sacrificing when they eat mixed flour bread and do several other things to conserve the nation's food should hear of the nine weeks' record of the army "war farm" on the coast. Here it is in part:

A whole trainload of rye so far shipped to Paris for the manufacture of yeast; five hundred tons of hay, cut and stacked; thousands of bushels of potatoes harvested; large quantities of wheat and oats also harvested; vegetables enough produced to feed 15,000 men for a considerable period, and, among many other things, enough fodder on hand for some 9,000 horses.

For the American army's "war farm" is in reality a great artillery training camp, and in addition to its farming has during the past seven weeks sent 10,000 highly trained American artillerymen to the front, and with them a large number of cannon to be added to our ever increasing supply of anti-German war thunder.

Every few weeks some five thousand American doughboys and their officers harness up the horses to the guns and say goodbye. They are off to the front. Within a few hours another five thousand, fresh from home and not long off the transports, file down the white roads and into the "war farm." Not long after the "finished product" has gone the "unfinished product" is on the firing ranges, learning the ways and means, the whys and wherefores of guns and shells which range from three to six inches in size.

"You can't make an artilleryman over night," said the forty-year-old West Point colonel in charge to The Tribune to-day, "so while they are retrenching at the front we are retrenching here."

As the colonel spoke the practice guns were roaring somewhere on the nineteen square miles of the "farm," and past the colonel's office a long column of business-like looking artillery filed down the road on its way back from the firing positions.

The guns were short-nosed 6-inch howitzers, which, with the smaller 3-inch weapons at one stage of the course, the colonel explained, put their noses in the air and below out a chorus that makes the country tremble for miles around. All day long and sometimes at night the guns practise rolling, cheeping, jumping and "box" barges, and for that matter there is no kind of barrage that the finished American artilleryman does not know in detail before he folds up his gun, hitches up his horses and treks off to the front.

There are no idle hands or idle moments on the army "war farm." Every man is chafing to be off to the front, whether his job is shocking oats or pumping shells into a 6-inch cannon.

"No Liberty"

By Sarah Addington

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 29.—If you've travelled a thousand miles to see your husband and you are allowed to see him for one minute, two paces apart, and later for one-half hour in the office of the commander of the station, you know there's a war on. Influenza in the First Naval District drove that knowledge home for the scores of visiting wives and mothers who came up here to the naval aviation ground school yesterday.

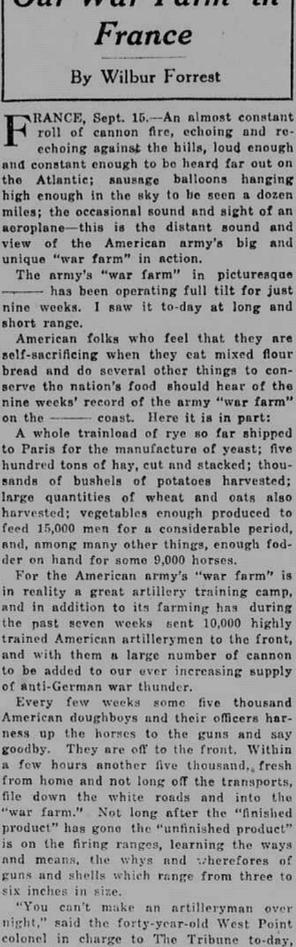
It was all so sudden. The sky was blue, the band was playing and everything was grand during inspection, when like a thunderclap came the announcement, read in the best military tone: "No liberty over the week end." The women waiting with bag and baggage gasped and looked at one another. The men in line moved nary a muscle—but they broke the record for strong language later. Then ranks broke, and while a sentry stood guard, man and wife, mother and son, were allowed one minute of choice conversation, two paces apart, if you please, while the influenza germ hopped around trying to find a home.

The first thirty seconds were taken up by variations of such male standbys as "damn" and "devil," which broke up the formality that would otherwise have stood pat in the presence of the sentry. The next thirty were spent in frantic suggestions about trains and coming again and those wooten socks in the handbag and the tailor's bill and gargling and other such family matters, discussed freely and openly on the drill field for the sentry and the world to hear. Then the women all scuttled away, to come back in the afternoon for one half hour in the commander's office.

The commander's office is a charming place and all that, but it is hardly the place for family reunions. But there we sat, every two of us, the girl who had come from Kentucky and the mother who had travelled from Chicago and the dozens from New York, each with her particular escort in brass buttons and forest green, while the escort jumped up whenever an officer appeared and sat down whenever he disappeared. The officers were very considerate and only came in the room a dozen or two times, and they always said "Carry on" right away; at least, almost always. But it's hard to "carry on" a conversation thus, with the gentleman bobbing up nervously and the clock ticking, oh, much faster than usual, and sentries marching ominously by and the influenza germ lying in wait.

But we all got through it somehow. The mother from Illinois heard all about the horrors of navigation—the boy had made his airplane fly backward in an examination that morning, which was rather awkward, even if ingenious. The girl from Kentucky collected a round dozen (Southern girls certainly do have the technique), and made the rest of us feel poor with only one husband or one brother to regale with our attempts at humor. A pale little woman from South Boston, with three pale little babies, had a half hour of family life there with a huge young Irishman, who used to be the head of the house, even if he was now only a gob in the navy.

THE MASTERS OF THE SHOW



FRANK A. HANKIVE WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO WINSON MCCAY IN THE N. Y. AMERICAN AUG 20TH 1918

Hog Islanditis

By Carl Snyder

THE endless procession of trapping men dilutes efficiency and results in a disappointing product. There was genuine disappointment when it was announced that Hog Island, the greatest shipyard in the world and the greatest ever known, could produce only twenty to twenty-five ships this year.

Next year it will be America's pride. But Hog Island has very serious problems. I can best illustrate them by the following: A couple of weeks ago the "instructors," as they are known, the picked men taken to train others in the riveting school, staged a "riveting drive," the proceeds to go to the Red Cross. It was a rather spectacular thing, you see, for workers to go through eight hours of hard, grilling rivet-driving to earn money to turn over for Red Cross work. But twenty gangs did it. And here were some of the records:

Flander's crew led, with a total of 1,300 rivets driven in seven and a half hours' time. The earnings of the crew were \$155 for this one day's work. This made Flander's share \$69.33. That was a working-man's contribution. But some of the others did almost as well, and the total of rivets driven averaged 505 per gang, 63 per hour.

Now, to get out the difficulties that the Hog Island people have to meet I will record that the average for all the 600 gangs in the following week was seventeen and a half rivets per hour—only one-tenth as many as the star record set merely for an eight-hour day, but for a ten and a quarter hour run.

War Names in the News

La Forges.....la-forzah Confians.....kaun'-fan' Convrots.....koo-vro' Ciergues.....see-airsh La Viergette.....lav-ee-er-zhett Le Messil.....lu-may-neel (u as in but) Valenciennes.....va-lahn'-zee-yenn Laon.....lan' Meuse.....muz (u as in blur)

*Nasal n.

Sacrifices of Arizona

Arizona forbids barbecues for the duration of the war. There seem to be no hardships which Americans are not willing to undergo for the sake of victory.

Same Thing

The Kaiser announces that he is "the protector of small nations." Old man Fagin once took charge of Oliver Twist.

Until You See It With Your Eyes

All this is in the face of the fact that, as I have told above, several men have shown that it is possible at wages paid at Hog Island to make as high as \$70 for an eight-hour day.

The thing is simply incredible, when you see with your own eyes the conditions under which the men work, the comforts, conveniences, attentions and luxuries that the men are given. Hog Island as an industrial plant might almost be called the uplifter's dream. It has a series of restaurants and cafeterias which supply most excellent and tempting food at cost, and this cost very low. I can vouch for its quality, for I have eaten it.

They have an almost perfect system of hospitals, ambulances, first aid depots in every part of the yards, an X-ray establishment making 150 plates a day, keeping guard over the men's health, not merely their bones and their skins, but their lungs and all the rest.

What Hog Island Is Up Against

This sets out exactly what Hog Island is up against—the difficulty of securing, and keeping, skilled men, and especially riveters.

First of all, to have finished the fifty ships on time this year and to go through the schedule for next year, it would need something like 1,400 or 1,500 riveting gangs. It had last week a little over 600, and of these nearly 150 were "student" gangs; that is, men just out of the riveting school, whose average was twelve rivets per hour.

The Hog Island programme called for a completed ship every other day after it got started. Three ships are now in the water and forty-three more on the ways—a sight no human eye has ever seen before.

To complete these ships means driving, with allowances for bad weather, nearly 300,000 rivets on fair days. The average now is a little over one-third this. The second outstanding fact is that on Pershing Day these same gangs drove a total of 155,000 rivets. That was more than twice anything Hog Island had ever been able to do before. It is quite true that this record was made by very carefully, and every man doing his Pershingest. They could not do it every day, and in point of fact the succeeding days dropped back to the former average of less than half this.

What Hog Island Is Up Against

To get the men and keep the men. Here is the story in figures: Since Hog Island was started one year ago, to maintain a working force of twenty-five to thirty thousand men, its industrial department has hired 185,000 men. That is a turnover averaging five or six times a year. That

was the equivalent of hiring over the whole yard on the average every two months. Nor does this apply merely to rough labor. To gain a working force of around sixteen or seventeen thousand men they have had to hire since March a total of 35,000 men. And the rate of turnover is growing instead of diminishing. In August it rose to a rate of 760 per cent, as measured by the rule established by the Labor Board. For the first fifteen days of September, the last records I saw, it was still higher. That means the equivalent of rehiring the entire force of shipbuilders eight or ten times a year. The figure is simply grotesque.

Even the men trained by the company to be riveters will not stick. Because they could not hire one-third enough skilled riveters, the company established a regular training school. This school has now in it sixteen or seventeen hundred men. It takes one to three weeks to put a man through. This would be sufficient to man the whole yard with riveters at the end of, say, three weeks' time. Yet, as I have said, the maximum number of gangs that have been at work is under 700, "students" and all. In other words, even with sixteen hundred or more in the student school, it has been possible to increase the actual riveting gangs very slowly. The men leave almost as fast as they are hired or trained.

What Hog Island Is Up Against

The trouble is not just with riveters. The company has something like 800 or 900 trained riveters who cannot be matched up with "gangs," that is, with holders-on, passers and heater boys.

They have a perfect system of water distribution and water that is guaranteed pure—tested every four hours. They have every kind of recreation, an athletic association, baseball teams, everything you can think of. They have a fine Y. M. C. A., and their own private clubs and organizations, their own savings banks. There is a fire department that makes every yard of the yard nearly fireproof. A wonderful train service and trolley service distributes the men all over Philadelphia and the suburbs within three-quarters of an hour at the most. The housing problem has been admirably worked out, and nearly a thousand new houses are just now ready. And so I could go on.

So much has been done, and so well done, that some of the officials of the navy and the emergency fleet corporation have felt that the men were being "pampered" too much. But people like to be pampered, like to have comforts, and as a protest against even too much of it they would scarcely be leaving in droves as they are. They would not, at the slightest bother, or without any visible bother at all, lay down their tools and move on to some other yard. This is not the reason.

Nor is it "slackerism." There was a very great outcry a fortnight ago in the Philadelphia papers, and wild charges that Hog Island and the other shipyards, too, were full of "slackers"—baseball players, barbers, actors, and Heaven knows what else, there just to escape the draft and do as little work as possible. As is usual with such stories, there may have been and there still may be some element of truth; it was not large. In a new yard, with an enormous force, and taking all who come, it would be almost impossible to keep this sort of thing out.

The Three Principal Reasons

1. It is a little technical, and perhaps a little dry. First of all, it has been hard to get sufficient steel in just the order that it was wanted—that is, all matched up. The steel mills, anxious for big tonnage, turned out the big stuff and let the little stuff go.

2. In an immense new plant like this, creating one of the greatest industrial enterprises in the world out of the blue in a single year, it was inevitable that there should be defects in the organization at some points. Training, drilling and keeping a thousand or more foremen is alone a pretty solid job.

3. And the product of an immense force, a large part of it changing, shifting and new, is inevitably low. It is the incessant drifting of the men that knocks the best organization and the best laid out plans awnsive. The difficulties at Hog Island stand out so glaringly because the whole thing is on such a tremendous scale.

What could be done? That is a very hard thing to say. But it has got to be faced. The big employers, at Hog Island and hundreds of other plants, have to face the fact that very high wages alone, fantastic wages, if you like, will neither get nor keep a large body of men. Perhaps Admiral Bowles was right when he said that the high wages were largely responsible for these very conditions. Thousands upon thousands of mechanics and workmen are utilizing the war and war wages to prosecute a seeing-America tour.

The problem is to anchor them, and here I believe the big employers will have got to the cognizance of things in the make-up of the human machine and the human mind that they have never had very seriously to consider before.

"Rodmar"

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Will you be good enough to try to locate "Rodmar" through the columns of your paper? She is, like myself, a reader of The New York Tribune, and I am most anxious to make her acquaintance. She is a young girl in the downtown section who is corresponding with about a dozen boys "over there," one of whom I am especially interested in, and I would be particularly interested to know her because of the fine, cheery letters she wrote my boy. If you could run a few lines like this: "Will the young lady kindly let her boys over there as 'Rodmar' kindly communicate with Mrs. Edwin A. Sommers, 2372 Webster Avenue, N. Y.?" I would greatly appreciate it, as I know that she reads every inch of The Tribune. MRS. EDWIN A. SOMMERS. New York, Sept. 21, 1918.

A Stickler for Trifles

(From The Oberlin, Kan., Herald) The first war baby was born last week to Mr. and Mrs. Glen Wilson and is a girl. In noting its arrival last week we said it was a boy, which its mother objected to, and asked us to rectify our mistake, as she considered it important.