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Sea Power

Winston Churchill, British Minister of Munitions, says Great Britain is resolved to submit to no restrictions upon armament which would prevent her navy from maintaining its "well deserved superiority on the seas." He speaks for the Lloyd George government, and also, we suppose, for a very large majority of the English people.

If this statement of British policy sounds at all like a challenge to us; that is owing not to anything inevitable in the facts but to a state of mind recently created in this country. The facts are that the British navy has been the most formidable weapon on the side of right, that without it we should have lost the world to the Hun and that English superiority at sea is not an aspiration, but a condition. It existed long before Mr. Wilson, in the campaign of 1916, tardily persuaded to a doctrine of preparedness, began to talk of making the American navy "incomparably the greatest." So far as we know that policy has never been renounced, and our tremendous programme of construction is under way. But lately we have been talking of "freedom of the seas" almost as if it were something that would have to be gained in spite of the British navy, and there is abroad a theory that Mr. Wilson proposes to point to our own naval programme as the strongest concrete argument in favor of limiting armaments. That is like the old game between England and Germany before the war.

Mr. Winston Churchill's statement is met by a significant wireless message from the U. S. S. George Washington saying that the President will propose the end of armed domination by any one nation. That would forbid, of course, our own nation's superiority at sea.

Therefore, in our thought of having "incomparably the greatest navy," in our naval programme itself, and now in Mr. Wilson's peace policy, we seem in a threefold way to have challenged the fact of the British navy's supremacy. So it would seem to any English point of view. Yet we shall see England's refusal to relinquish her sea power treated as a piece of high contumacy. We shall hear it said that we are obliged either to accept second place or engage in a navy-making competition with Britain.

But all of this desperate dilemma is purely fictitious. Great Britain's situation is that of an island power; ours is that of the nation on earth potentially the most nearly self-contained, if need be.

If the British navy should continue to be the most powerful one weapon in the world, what of it? And if the American navy should rise to second place, where it never was, that would be a position we should perhaps be as loath to relinquish as England is to give up first place. And if the English and American navies together should constitute an Anglo-Saxon weapon incomparably more powerful than any three or four others, the world would be, if anything, a safer place for all of us.

"The Good Old Times"

The professional cynics are already saying that nothing new has been won by the world's travail and that soon we shall all be back quiet where the war found us. Or, if not soon, with the unrolling of time. "In a thousand years it will be all the same."

With the cynics in their dejection, but grieving for a different reason and on exactly the contrary theory, are the mellow old-timers with their croaking: "The good times are gone, never to return." Mr. Cyril Maude, playing the part of an elderly British army officer, utters this sentiment most engagingly and makes it plain that so runs the mind of his crowd.

Both griefs cannot be sound, and we think there is no doubt which way truth lies. "The good old times" are gone, never to return, and nothing is going to be as it was before the war. The sooner leaders and people realize this the better. But we need equally to realize that the "good old times" thus mourned were far from perfect and that new times may mean better times if we only make them so. As Dr. Anna Howard Shaw said of that portion of society which has most changed its ideas and its activities during the war:

No thinking person can expect that the change will be altogether back to a pre-war basis. The women can be no more

relieved from their obligation to see that these changes make for a richer heritage, healthier environment and freer opportunity for their children than they were from their obligation, now faithfully performed, to see that their soldier sons had every protection, physical and moral, thrown about them, both in the camp and on the firing line.

The new part that women will certainly play in the future years is easily the most striking result of the war. From some of their war occupations they will undoubtedly withdraw. But the door has been opened wide and women will never withdraw from the new vision of life which has opened before them and from their newly won paths of obligation and power. What is true of women is only less true of uncounted groups of men, young and old. The war has gone to the bottom of everything. It has questioned every faith, it has uprooted every habit. Faith and habits will grow again. But they cannot be the same. It is ours to say whether they shall be better or worse.

Our New Financial Head

Mr. Carter Glass is, if we mistake not, the first newspaper man to become Secretary of the Treasury. His life has been one of notable simplicity. He was born in Virginia, a few miles from where the President was born, and only two years after. There he grew up, became a newspaper proprietor, state Senator and then Congressman, and there he still lives. This is his eighth term in Congress. He has taken no very conspicuous part in that body until, as chairman of the House Committee on Banking, he had charge of the Federal Reserve bill. It seems universal testimony that in the handling of this measure he showed a clear and remarkable grasp of the problems involved, that he fought steadily against the inclusion of meretricious features in the act, and displayed a notable courage and tenacity of purpose throughout the long discussion of it. As much as to any one man, the credit for its passage in its present form is his.

The advent of Mr. Glass to the Treasury portfolio will be precisely at a time when these qualities of courage and understanding and a clear and cool head are deeply needed. His influence and his acts may be most salutary. It is well known in Washington that Mr. Glass has regarded the policy of the Federal Reserve Board with grave apprehension, as calculated to be subversive of the very ends for which the Federal Reserve System was established. Certainly no one ever dreamed the Reserve System would, almost with its full formation, be made a vast engine for credit inflation, with the inevitable attendant effects upon prices and business. There was a substance of justification in the extremities of war. That justification is now gone. A Secretary of the Treasury who will guide this country out of a period of gross inflation and back to a sane basis of banking and finance will win high fame and do his country a great service. That is the opportunity that awaits Mr. Glass. Among those whom the President had under consideration, perhaps no more fortunate selection could have been made.

Turkish Seizure

By his Turkish seizure of the ocean cables Postmaster General Burleson has alienated many citizens who were open-minded as to the public ownership of natural monopolies, such as water supply systems, and utilities which inevitably become monopolies, such as street railway systems. Ocean cables are not monopolies. There is no overpowering advantage, economic or political, in operating jointly a cable to England, another to the west coast of South America and another to China. A hundred competing cables to Europe would be practicable and convenient, whereas a half dozen telephone systems in one community would be an intolerable nuisance. During the war any act was condoned which had a colorable excuse of military necessity. But seizure by proclamation, after the President had told Congress that "the war thus [by the armistice] comes to an end," even if literally consonant with the language of the resolution empowering the Executive to take possession of such facilities prior to "the exchange of ratifications of the treaty of peace," is palpably contrary to the spirit of that resolution.

The Commercial company, in appealing for judicial protection against Mr. Burleson, states that no provision has been made for the payment of compensation to the company, and that, in the case of the Postal Telegraph system, Mr. Burleson fixed the terms of compensation at 6 per cent of an arbitrary valuation of the physical plant without any allowance for earning power or goodwill, thereby arriving at the figure of \$1,680,000, whereas the profits in 1917 were \$4,269,547. Further, that the only method available to the complaining corporation to collect any compensation which a court may award is by the voluntary action of Congress, and that Congress has thus far failed to pay an award for damages made to a cable company by the proper courts in 1913.

What a vista of scandal is opened up by the thought of Congress having ultimately to determine whether the owners of the railroads, the telephones, the telegraphs and the cables should receive the vast sums awarded by the courts in exchange for their property! That would be to throw into the political arena the very apple of discord which the advocates of public ownership contend that their remedy would remove from politics. Through the taxing power Congress can constitutionally take the property of all citizens upon equal terms; but neither constitutionally nor morally can a few

corporations be singled out for confiscatory seizure. Only public discussion, before the fact, can protect alike the public and the corporation. The satisfaction of President Vail of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company with the compensation awarded to his company seems only to throw into higher relief two facts complained of by the Commercial Cable Company, namely: First, that Mr. Vail had long represented antagonistic and rival interests; and second, that the government derived its "expert" advice all from one side of what has been for years an intensely competitive condition in the cable and telegraph field.

Sea Justice

There is a direct, straightforward justice about the attitude of the British seamen toward Germany that will appeal to every downright human being.

Their sentence of Germany is based accurately on the extent of the German sea crimes. A boycott of all things German to last two years followed the Lusitania crime—and the applause of it by the German people. Thereafter an additional month was added to the boycott for each fresh crime. The total of seven years was finally reached.

The British unions say nothing of the lives lost in fair battle. It is only the 17,000 murdered in violation of international law and the law of the sea that bring them to act. And their action is thoroughgoing and beautifully just. Not only will they not handle any German goods or carry any German passengers; they are pledged not to salute the German flag and not to sign on a German sailor. All for seven years.

Justice by land should be not less perfectly designed to record the verdict of the world and bring it home to the German people. There must be trial and punishment of the leaders—as is also demanded by the British seamen. There must also be trial and sentence of the German people not only to pay for the damage they have wrought, but also to undergo a world boycott proportionate to the moral turpitude of their deeds.

Mr. McAdoo's Twenty-seven Billions

It was with a gasp of astonishment that the public read yesterday Mr. McAdoo's estimate of needed expenditures by the government for the next fiscal year—a matter of twenty-seven billions in all. It is reassuring to know that these estimates were made up before the signing of the armistice, that they were "very hastily revised," and represent rather the maintenance of an army on a war footing than the probable cost of returning our army from Europe within the next year. The probabilities are that the sums required will be very heavily reduced. If an early peace is signed they may be cut more than half.

Something like five billions was estimated for loans to our allies. This may or may not be needed. Private loans abroad may be adequate to cover the enormous trade balance in our favor and shut out the inflow of any more gold. We shall, of course, have to maintain our share of the army of occupation, and the requirements of an army seem almost limitless. The war to date has cost us, aside from loans, under fourteen billions. It is not very clear why, under present prospects, it should cost much more than an additional five or six billions. Juggling with billions has become, during the war, a kind of financial pastime. With the passing, let us hope for a long time, of the shadow of a military dominion, government expenditures will be sharply scrutinized now as before the storm.

"Spes" stamped on an article means "Made in Switzerland," or, literally, "Syndicat pour l'Exportation Suisse." The national trademark has been adopted by Swiss manufacturers to keep German-made goods from being foisted on the world as of Swiss origin. The syndicate grants the use of the mark only to "products of the Swiss soil or of the Swiss mining industry or for merchandise having undergone in Switzerland a manufacturing process such as to change its character." We should have a national trademark.

If the elections held in November were to be held to-day the Administration would be far more overwhelmingly defeated than it was a month ago, and it will be still more completely defeated two years from now unless the Democratic party finds a great issue that will make a powerful and convincing appeal to the people and so cause the people to lose sight of the unpopularity of the Administration in the popularity of the issue.—The New York American.

With the Administration only one day out at sea!

New York's Disgrace

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: As I write this the whistles are blowing, celebrating the departure of our Executive.
What a contrast this is to what I witnessed yesterday at Hoboken, on Track 14, Lackawanna Railroad depot! There was a train packed with suffering men, not only from the anguish of their wounds, but from the added distress of a rough voyage. These heroes, whom we have given such lip service to, came unattended and evidently unwelcomed. There was not a single flower on the train, nor did I see during my trip through the train a single woman.
Would it not be possible for sufficient women to take upon themselves the duty of greeting these men, and at least seeing that they receive a cup of coffee upon their return to their home shore? All that I could do was to buy a few cigarettes at a newsstand and give them to the boys.
HENRY A. MORISON.
New York, Dec. 4, 1918.

SHOES & SHIPS & SEALING WAX

NOCTURNE

I hear wide water running through the shadows,
To sob in silver swirlings o'er the stones;
The young night walks where fireflies star the meadows,
And through the dusk the quivering hawk-moth drones
Toward where the flowers raise their eager faces.
The winds of night tramp slowly to and fro;
Far, far above, the planets take their places
And in the west the Huntress bends her bow.
Among the trees the mists are gently creeping
Where bending branches bubble in the stream.
While, wrapped in murk, the summer world is sleeping,
For God's own voice has whispered to it, "Dream."

True neutrality is the feeling that permeates the average citizen on reading accounts of the warfare between the restaurant men, who charge so much, and their waiters, who get what's left over from the bill.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Dear Newt Ryerson.—We used to envy you, Newt, for you pumped the organ and got paid 25 cents a Sunday for going to church. We went by parental decree, and the chief good we derived therefrom was the habit of yawning as unobtrusively as possible.

The pleasant little old Dutch church, Newt! Remember the quaint window panes of soft yellows and blues that they tore out and replaced with tawdry pictures in glaring stained glass?
We still can see your head bobbing in time to the Doxology, Newt, right across the "Flight Into Egypt" that filled the window behind the pulpit. St. Joseph wore what appeared to us then to be golf trousers, and the male he led seemed to have her off hind foot wedged between two rocks.

And the prayer meetings! We always rather liked them, for you could skylark through the darkness on the way home, and in summer there were always beetles blundering into church, and once in a while a bat, to live ten times up.
Remember the time Doxson Wortendyke, who was mighty in prayer, began, "Oh Lord, I remember, and I've no doubt you do?"—And I'll bet you remember when they found you'd formed the habit of sneaking out on the back stoop of the church Sunday mornings to dodge the dominie's sermon.

And then there was the time Ike Mann sang "Toll Mother I'll Be There" as a solo, and bust out crying in the middle of it, and then went home and continued not to speak to his mother until the old lady died eight years later.
Where did you ever drift to, Newt? And who pumps the organ now in the little old church with its white steeple reaching up from the trees? Remember with what alarming regularity it used to get hit by lightning, Newt?

Whom will we send Kaiser Bill as a companion in exile, folks? We nominate the person who seeks a bloodier war between capital and labor on the horizon; with the pest who insists we beat Germany single handed, as an alternate.

Job's Congratulator
Dear F. F. V.—So you needn't worry any more where all that column estate is going when you shuffle off this mortal coil (new stuff)! And it's a boy. Congrats! He'll relieve you of worry over the handling of superfluous cash.
FELIX ORMAN.

The Crown Prince says he was sure the war was lost after the Marne. So he fought Verdun just to make absolutely certain.
F. F. V.

Views of Wilson

Tribune Foreign Press Bureau
S PRESIDENT WILSON leaves these shores for France French papers and publicists find themselves far from being in agreement in their estimates of him. "L'Humanite," the leading Socialist organ, charges those it calls the "reactionaries" with being ungrateful to President Wilson and proceeds to laud the "German Republic."
Replying in "Le Figaro" to "L'Humanite," Alfred Capus says gratitude toward President Wilson is natural and necessary, "but it does not mean blind submission and does not force us to abandon our conception of French interests." He says "L'Humanite" is a fetich worshipper and tries to create a demigod who is infallible. "The President might not be pleased with this at all," he continues. "We greet him with a more reasonable and deeper enthusiasm, for we know how much he has contributed to the common victory."
The only reactionaries in France are the Socialists, Capus declares. They cling to their theories as if they were the only things the universe was interested in and the only thing two million Frenchmen have died for.
Albert Thomas, the Socialist leader, believes the line between democracy and Bolshevism could not be drawn too sharply. Pointing out the disastrous results of Bolshevism, a movement which could arise only in a perfectly prostrated country, he strongly accuses the followers and admirers of that tendency and declares a distinct choice must be made. There are only two roads to follow, he says: on the one hand, democracy, born of the French Revolution, fortified by the struggles of a century and developed by the great Republic of the United States, or, on the other hand, the incoherent, primitive and brutal forces of Russian fanaticism. Wilson or Lenin?

AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION



Poland's Temptation

By Eugene S. Bagger

WHERE are we going to have the next war?
You say it is too early to ask this question, considering that officially the last war has not come to an end yet. But you are mistaken.

Almost all wars in Europe during the last two hundred years were due to the fact that when a war was finished nobody—at least nobody who mattered—went to the trouble of asking that question, because everybody took it for granted that the next war was bound to occur somewhere and somehow. In a sense a peace treaty in those bad old times was simply regarded as a more emphatic—and more hypocritical—sort of armistice. The whole theory of the "balance of power" and of armaments was based on this tacit assumption.

Now, those who know, the fire insurance experts of international relations, so to speak, seem to agree remarkably that the next war, if any, will occur in that vast basin of intermingled races stretching between the racial bodies of Teutondom and Muscovy—in the countries known as Poland, Lithuania and the Ukraine. The next European war will be fought by the Poles on the one side, the Ukrainians and Lithuanians on the other—unless the nations of Europe and America are on the job and forestall that calamity by bringing about a just settlement of the controversy separating those remote nations.

A Wrong To Be Righted

There is nobody in the world to-day to dispute the assertion that one of the results of the Allied victory in the Great War will be the righting of the wrong committed against the Polish nation by Frederick the Great of Prussia, with the aid of Maria Theresa of Austria and Catherine II of Russia.

Justice and the safety of Europe and the world demand that Poland shall be reestablished as an independent state. Moreover, if there is a race that has earned freedom by suffering and working and fighting for it, that race is the Polish. The whole world admires Polish heroism and Polish endurance. In the past the exiled patriots of Poland have made friends for their nation wherever there are friends of liberty and justice. From the battlefields of the American Revolution to those of the Boer struggle for independence Poles were always found shedding their blood in defence of right against might, of the weak against the strong. In the Great War the millions of Poles all over the world exhibited a new quality in addition to those which the world is accustomed to associate with the Polish name. We mean an ability for concerted action, an advantage the lack of which in the past has cost the Polish kingdom its existence.

Like the Magyars

But isn't there something sentimental, something question-begging, in this world-wide worship of the Polish nation? What we mean will at once become clear to Americans when their attention is called to the analogous example of the Magyars. For the last two generations the world has admired the heroic struggle of the Magyar nation for independence. No race has ever put up a gallanter fight against twentyfold odds than did the Magyars in 1848.

But heroism and the love of freedom did not prevent the Magyar nation, or, rather, their leaders, from suppressing and exploiting in the most ruthless fashion millions of the non-Magyar subjects of Hungary. On the other hand, world-wide admiration for Magyar heroism and love of freedom did prevent for the last half century the oppressed victims of Magyar tyranny from getting a hearing before the nations of Europe and America. The very glamour of the Magyar fight for liberty cast a shadow on the fact that liberty in the Magyar aristocratic conception meant not only liberty for Magyars to live their own lives, but also liberty to oppress others. The present writer presumes to speak on this subject with a sort of authority, he himself being a Magyar, but one who always believed in freedom for Magyar and non-Magyar alike, to which belief the horrors of the last four years have apparently converted the entire Magyar nation.

Two Gallant Races

Now, there is a striking analogy between Magyar and Polish national characteristics. There is very much in common between the two peoples in intellectual and sentimental make-up. They are both liberty loving; they are gallant, artistic by instinct and tradition; also a little unstable; they are both born "charmers"; they have dash and grace of manners, and, above all, an exceptionally suave and at the same time fiery eloquence, which, coupled with an amazing

What We Did

By Frank H. Simonds

ALTHOUGH there are already scores of narratives of the First Battle of the Somme, the simplest and the best account is that contained in the official report of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, and it may be doubted if America's share in the winning of the final campaign of the war will ever be more concisely or impressively presented than in the modest and straightforward statement of General Pershing.

It is, too, a wonderful story. On April 20, at Seicheprey, we had a skirmish, memorable only for a certain quality which it disclosed in our young troops. On April 26 our first division went into action and took Cantigny, held it, broke the counter attacks. Cantigny is the beginning. We arrived there after the first flood of the German rush had been checked; we opened the process of regaining lost ground.

A little more than a month later Ludendorff wins his last victory and bursts across the Aisne. In that critical hour American divisions, gathered up from rest camps, seized upon in the moment of supreme necessity, appear on the road to Paris and south of the bridge across the Marne at Château Thierry. In both places we hold. The marines win new glory and the road to Paris is barred. We were the last reserve in that moment, and, little as we had to give, it was just enough.

Another month, and the tide turns. While divisions of ours share the burden of breaking Ludendorff's final bid for success, others are with Mangin in the spearhead of Foch's counter offensive. Ours is only a smaller share. It is Gouraud who breaks the German attack; the pick of the French storm troops are with Mangin. But we are a part.

Then at last the greater chance comes; we have an army, and in mid-September our army fights its first battle at St. Mihiel. It marks the first recession of the German from ground held since 1914. He loses towns and territory, he loses 16,000 prisoners, while our casualties are but 7,000. This is our first real blow, but more is to come shortly.

As it stands in the last days of September, the German is hard pressed on all fronts. His retreat has begun, and for this retreat he has two routes, that northward through Liege, that southward through Sedan. It is to be our mission to close the southern door. If we can, then so great is the concentration of men, material and munitions which the Germans have in four years accumulated in France and Belgium a disaster is bound to follow. The Liege neck of the bottle is too narrow to serve the purpose.

So from September 26 to November 11 we fight to close that Sedan gateway. One army grows to two, and besides we lead divisions to help in Flanders and Champagne. We lack tanks and war material, for our allies need all their resources elsewhere. We have to make men serve for machines. The German perceives the peril and sends his best troops to face us, forty divisions first and last. For more than a month he holds his ground, but his strength begins to ebb, he cannot keep up the pace and, on November 1, we break through and in the next days our troops reach the edge of Sedan; the southern gateway is closed. There is left surrender or a supreme disaster, and Ludendorff chooses to surrender.

The thing that happened to Napoleon has then happened to William II. In the end the young troops of the aroused nationalities of Europe wore out his veterans. To the end his troops fought well and the skill of his command was unmistakable, but he lacked the force. His victories were local and of passing importance, his defeats were heavy and his battle losses irreplaceable. So finally we had the abdication of Fontainebleau; companion piece to the armistice of Senlis.

When Ludendorff began his last campaign our allies were outnumbered by upward of forty divisions, and we had one division ready. When it ended we had forty divisions, thirty in the field, ten serving as material to replace wastage. More than all else this tells the story of the campaign of 1918. Seicheprey with a regiment, Cantigny with a division, not more than three divisions at the Marne in June, perhaps twice as many in July; and then—our army at St. Mihiel in September, two between the Seille and the Bar in October.

We were the last reserve of civilization; we arrived terribly late upon a field on which disaster had been avoided only by the supreme and unbelievable heroism and devotion of our associates. But, having arrived, we gave all that we had unhesitatingly, and what we gave was placed in the hands of one of the greatest captains of all time.

The winning of this war is not the single achievement of any nation; comparisons of amounts contributed will not be made by those who shared all the tasks loyally and to the limit of their capacities. It is for our allies to appraise the value of our services, but they will be the first to recognize that national sense of deep and lasting pride in our young army, newly come from farm and factory, which made the campaign of the Meuse of 1918, broke the German lines, closed the Sedan gateway and was on the road to Germany itself when the foe surrendered.

As for General Pershing, his personal achievement is revealed in that of his army, and he wisely and characteristically leaves it at that. But how many foolish tongues will be silenced by the generous and just tribute he pays to our associates—abominable word!—to our allies!

Britain's Day

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Aprons of "Britain's Day" it is well for all men of magnanimous spirit to pause for a moment and give expression to that fair need of praise which cannot be denied to the people across the sea.
The significance of Britain's contribution to the war will never fade; our children and our children's children will contemplate the story with wonder and admiration and will be uplifted and inspired thereby. One may hardly choose any single factor entering into the mighty epic for special mention—it is all so consistently glorious and immortal. Perhaps it may be admissible, however, to recall here a few words from one of the utterances of Lloyd George, words that convey to the open mind the true index of the strength and humanity of British character. Said this God-given leader and inspirer of his people: "We are scourged to an elevation, where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for nations—the great peaks we had forgotten, of honor, duty, patriotism and the pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to heaven." In honoring Britain we do credit to ourselves.
WM. TAYLOR.
New York, Dec. 5, 1918.