

# Gen. McCain, Human Link With People

## Adjutant-General, Whose Name Is Signed to All Death Messages, Most Tender Hearted

By ALBERT WHITING FOX.

THERE is one officer in the United States Army whose name is bound to become associated with grief and sorrow in thousands of American homes before the end of the war. This is Major-Gen. Henry P. McCain, Adjutant-General of the army, whose name is signed to despatches notifying relatives of soldiers of casualties at the front.

At present something like a score of messages are going out daily from his office reporting deaths occurring in the ranks of Gen. Pershing's men. After the sinking of the Cunard liner Tuscania by a German U-boat more than 100 death messages were sent out with Gen. McCain's signature. After the first serious clash between American and German forces it is probable that the messages will go out in thousands.

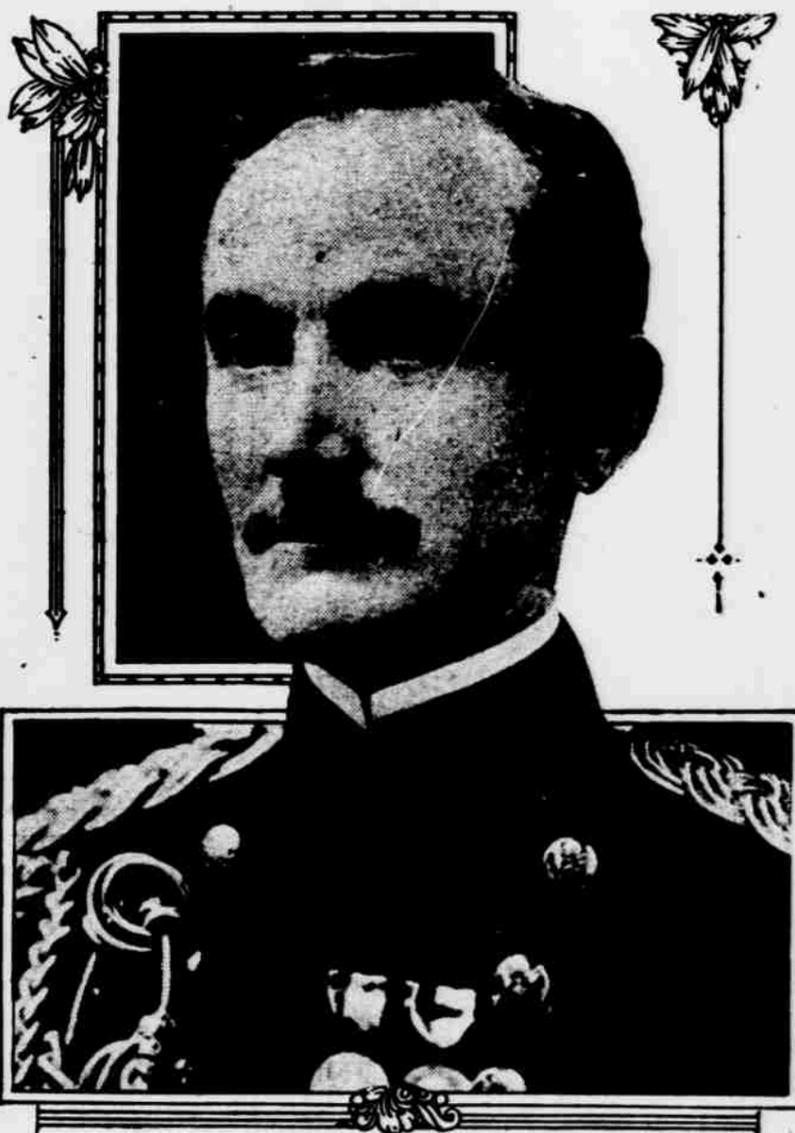
One of the many unusual conditions brought about by the war is that Gen. McCain, whose lot it is thus to impart grief and sorrow wholesale, is one of the most humane, tender hearted officers in the service. The story of Lincoln and the pig that stuck in the mud would apply to McCain. He might ride on and let the pig stay, as Lincoln did, but he, too, would turn back eventually and help the pig out. His mind would not be at ease otherwise.

This characteristic of Gen. McCain has been frequently in evidence since America began assuming her share of war's burdens. Indeed he is unable to conceal it.

A group of newspaper correspondents were in Secretary Baker's office recently when Gen. McCain, agile, erect and with the marked bearing of a soldier in fine trim, walked in. He bowed as usual and stood waiting to have a word with the Secretary. It is customary to see him frequently in the Secretary's outer office, but his presence on this occasion somehow attracted particular notice.

"What's the matter with McCain?" somebody whispered.

It was manifest that he was laboring under stress. It was noted that his eyes glistened when he looked around after a word with one of Mr. Baker's assistants. As the Secretary was engaged the General did not wait to see him. He had



Henry P. McCain, Adjutant-General of the Army.

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hardly left the room when the news spread about that Lieut. March, son of Major-Gen. March, the new Chief of Staff, had died of injuries following an airplane accident in Texas.

That was the uncontrollable human element in Gen. McCain's makeup that gave the first intimation that something serious had happened when the Tuscania went down. He brought the message to Secretary Baker late in the afternoon while the Secretary was holding his customary conference with the newspaper men. It was deemed advisable by Mr. Baker to say nothing about it until he had ascertained if the Navy Department had confirmation.

There was no change in Secretary Baker's demeanor when he read that more than 1,000 American soldiers were missing from the Tuscania, and later Secre-

tary Daniels read the news with the same imperturbability which it was necessary at the time to assume. But Gen. McCain did not succeed in disguising his feelings at all. It was obvious that something had happened and that its effect had been in the nature of a shock to sensitive heartstrings.

The human element in Gen. McCain's work is demonstrated daily in his conferences with the endless chain of visitors who go to his office. He is the one ranking officer at the War Department who maintains the policy of the open door.

Although crowded with work which keeps him going until well into the night he places no restriction whatever upon visitors who come to him with troubles they want settled and take up his valuable time in explaining useless details. Outside his office is a negro messenger whose

## Keeps Open Door in Washington Office and Gives Sympathy Alike to Rich and Poor in Trouble

instructions apparently are to greet each new arrival by opening wide the door and ushering him in. Gen. McCain has no outer office for visitors and seldom if ever does a visitor's card reach him.

The daily gathering begins when he starts work in the morning. First, perhaps, comes an aged man whose son in France has not written to him for months. He is worried about his boy John. He tells McCain what a fine boy John was, how he worked his way through school and always wanted to be a soldier. John's grandfather fought in the civil war. Naturally this leads up to questions of family history, which the visitor tells Gen. McCain just as he has told others hundreds of times.

From the moment the visitor presents his case Gen. McCain knows exactly what he is going to do about it. He is going to refer the visitor to the officer in charge of the mail and personnel of the American troops in France and take steps to relieve the father's anxiety. He sits back and patiently listens to all the ins and outs of John's career and the family history. There is not a sign of impatience or boredom in the General's manner. And the point of it is that he has not been bored.

The next visitor is a Congressman with a telegram from a constituent who is worried about a mysterious message he has had from his boy.

The family, it develops, has been sending the boy jam and chocolate and woolen socks and has another box all ready to go to the training camp when a letter comes saying that the boy is well and happy, but is not at the training camp now and will write later. The Congressman's constituent complains because the letter gives no address and the family does not know where to send the jam. Gen. McCain laughs heartily.

There seems to be an idea that Gen. McCain's work is so wound about with red tape and routine that all matters are decided by prescribed forms and that there is little opportunity for him to exercise individuality. Such, however, is not the case. None is better at cutting red tape than Gen. McCain.

Major-Gen. McCain is a native of Mississippi and is 57 years old.

## Bolshevism and Socialism—Here's the Difference

(Continued from preceding page.)

is almost tempted to think that their sudden invasion of Russia is a punishment they inflict on Lening and Trotzky for not having carried out the plans of the Herren Professors and Staatsrathe. Of course Trotzky ordered the demobilization of the Russian army, "because the Russian revolutionary proletariat does not want to fight the German proletariat." But why did he do it before making sure that the German proletariat does not want to fight the Russian proletariat?

Why did he call upon the soldiers of other nations to throw down their arms when he must have known, from the German demands alone, that Prussianized Germany was never more thirsty for conquest than when he and his acolytes parleyed with them at Brest-Litovsk? The answer is Trotzky's and Lenine's insincerity. They were more occupied in finding a catch phrase than in grappling with the truth.

For centuries the Russian peasants were crying for more land. In the midst of all his troubles Trotzky tried to pacify them by taking away on a decree 16,000,000 acres of land owned by the churches and monasteries. But the fact that they no longer belong to the church does not make these acres sprout immediately with bread. And bread is what the peasants wanted.

All the land in European Russia owned privately and by the peasant communes has an area of 628,000,000 acres. Of this land 276,000,000 acres are in the hands of private owners, 21,000,000 were owned by the Romanoffs and 16,000,000 acres are owned by churches and monasteries. To

form an idea of what these figures mean it must be kept in mind that Russia occupies a sixth of the land surface of the globe, that European Russia alone has one-third the land surface of Europe.

Of the 20,000,000 farmers in Russia only 2,000,000 possess as much as a pair of horses. All this land the Bolsheviki proposed to divide equally or in accordance with some equitable rule among the peasants.

But this dividing up is against the fundamental principle of socialism, which aims not at distribution of wealth but the socialization thereof, the pooling together of all the means of production, the division to be made of the products.

What the Socialists never tire of pointing out is this, that under the present system of production and competition nearly 40 per cent. of the labor is wasted, that on account of competition the standards of production are lowered. Socialism may not be a very humane system; we must not forget its origin; but more than any other economical philosophy it teaches order and economy.

Were the Bolsheviki Socialists they never would have countenanced the destruction of property. They would have ordered the common use of all property. They would have abolished private property altogether, but would not have divided it. But they did not want the carrying out of the socialistic programme. They wanted to keep themselves in power. The peasant's cry had always been "land," so let him have land.

A Government can take over an industry only when it has been previously organized to perfection. In this respect the trusts are the best agents of socialism, be-

cause they organize a thousand little industries under one system, and thus killing competition they actually kill business. Were all the industries in the hands of the trusts we would have only a few big industries, concentrated in such places where development, means of transportation and distribution would be most favorable for them. The rest of the people would be compelled to produce; far fewer men would be engaged in unproductive work, as they are now.

But what industries are there in Russia ready to be socialized? Except the railroads none. Almost all the machinery is imported—the reapers from America, the threshing machines from England and Germany, the weaving looms from France. Up to now Russia has been economically the most dependent country in the world. And it is on account of that dependence that industrial countries appreciated Russia and vied for its friendship as a market for their own overproduction.

Lenine and Trotzky, Lenine especially, because he is a statistician, know this well enough. They are both Marxian Socialists of the old school. They have studied social problems backward and forward. And it is on account of this that their socialism, as they wanted it applied to Russia, smacks of wilful malice, to say the least.

The socialism of Trotzky and Lenine is about as sincere as that of Villa. And the peasants of Russia are about as ready for self-government as were the peons of Mexico who followed Villa.

Socialism stands for universal education. Bolshevism exists because of the ignorance of the masses. Honest Social-

ists are doubting whether the people of countries where there are no illiterates are ready for self-government, for the brotherhood of man. Bolshevism declares that not only are the ignorant masses in Russia ready but they must also have a dictatorship over all matters without appeal.

Socialism stands for order, Bolshevism for disorder. Socialism stands for the socialization of production and products, Bolshevism for distribution and decentralization.

We must not confuse the two terms. Socialism teaches that "liberty ends where another man's liberty begins." The Bolsheviki have declared that liberty is only an appanage of Bolshevism, which is, as they have shown, just the opposite of liberty. The Socialists of all the world have declared that they would fight to defend their respective countries against the enemy. The Bolsheviki have demobilized the army and allowed the enemy to invade and occupy without resistance as much of Russia as he wanted. The Socialists proved to the world that they were loyal to their country, the Bolsheviki traitors.

But all this will soon be forgotten. The Russian revolution after an orgy of Bolshevism will seek to walk soberly in reason and in accordance with the democracies of the other nations. The economic forces of all the world will have to be pooled together to heal the wounds this war has inflicted.

Russia will be the "sick woman" of the world for a long time to come. But after a long convalescence she will emerge to take her place among the democracies of the world, of the whole world, including the misled people of Germany.