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SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1918.

"The Battle of the Nations."

The theater of the war is no longer hippodromic in magnitude. It is a compact, concentrated little stage placed upon a serried stretch of the fairest plains of Europe. The epitome of the whole world struggle is now being written in France and Flanders.

Who cares what happens "somewhere east of Suez" now—in Mesopotamia, or Vladivostok, or Palestine, or the Cameroons? These campaigns in the hinterland of the war have been great wars in themselves, but they have practically lost significance in relation to the death grapple into which the conflict now has been resolved, by decree of the German war lords. In fact, there is no war now save that which is being waged on the main "frontier of freedom," as Secretary Baker has called it.

Has ever such a mighty and cosmopolitan army been seen before in history as that now fighting under the banner of civilization on the Western front? Here are French, British, Americans, Italians, Portuguese, Sihks, Algerians, Canadians, Australians and South Africans—many of them of Boer as well as British blood. The accession of the Italians to the front makes the allied line-up complete, and it shows more clearly than anything else the response of the free peoples of the world to the impudent challenge of the autocracy that is seeking to strangle them to death.

Who are missing? First of all, the Russians, the bulwark of the whole cause for the first two years, without whose heroic sacrifices under the despised Czardom the entente would have had no more chance against the Prussian military machine than a child in a den of lions. Russia has fallen now, but for aught we know the detachment of her soldiers which were sent to the Western front early in 1915 may still be fighting there, Bolsheviki notwithstanding. The Rumanians, of course, have been ground to dust, and the Serbians, the remnants of whose army is still fighting in the Monastir plain, are utterly broken, save in the flaming courage which nothing can extinguish. And the Japanese, although in the war, have never been able to enter the major theater of the conflict, which has now become its sole theater. The Chinese, however, ought not to be overlooked, because there are hundreds of thousands of coolies in France today whose services have proven invaluable.

There have been many coalitions in European history in which nations fought together against a common peril—such as the wars against Louis XIV and the struggle against Napoleon—but never a world line-up such as is today seen in France and Flanders. Slowly but surely all the democracies are being drawn into the vortex, which is now concentrated on a single spot. All the campaigns in the outlying nations for the moment are forgotten. They no longer count. Perhaps in the next few months we may see organized efforts to withdraw troops from Saloniki, Palestine and Mesopotamia, for service nearer home. There is only one way to beat Germany, and that is to beat her in a knock-down and drag-out fight on the Western front. For the time being we have forgotten all our good old stock speculations about economic attrition, political offensives, propaganda against the morale of the central empires, the Berlin-to-Bagdad corridor, a "limited liability" war against Kaiserism and not against the German people.

It has taken many weary months, many heart-breaking days, to boil this all down into a single issue. So singular a thing is the mind of man that he can, with conscious intellectual dishonesty, fail to see the clean-cut facade of a fact—although he can see around it, through it, over it, beneath it, and everything else. But the eye of neither governments nor peoples can wander now; it is held by an immediate menace which looms as large on the horizon as Destiny itself.

Now there is not an American who does not know that there is no royal road, no easy route, to victory—no way but to send millions of our blood to France, there to crush the Boche in a "regular fight." He who would rule by the sword must perish by the sword. There is no escape from that fate for him, and there is no escape from the fact that it is we who must wield the sword that will make safe the faith and the freedom of men.

German Newspapers.

Germany's proudest boast before the war was that the United States would remain neutral because of the presence of so many German-Americans, and not until Mr. Gerard intimated that America had a lamppost for every traitor did they ever doubt it.

The war made real Americans of hundreds of thousands of German-Americans. Loyal to the land of their adoption, they dropped the hyphen and became patriots. Many of them today suffer embarrassment because of their German names, and having no sympathy with Prussianism, they must bear the criticism inevitable in the present crisis.

With these patriots of German birth no one has any quarrel. Indeed we sometimes feel as if the greatest patriot of all is the one who renounces his own country for another, and who is now baring his arm to fight, perhaps a brother. We have Americans high in command in this country with German names, but he is a foolish person indeed who associates lack of patriotism therewith.

On the other hand, we are teaching the German language and German literature in our schools, and at a time when German kultur's standard is stained with the blood of our sons and of women and children. German literature contains propaganda—perhaps not in words, but in specious arguments—that has a tendency to undermine our Americanism.

This nation is a melting pot—but the perpetuation of the customs and the ambitions and the languages of other peoples to the exclusion of American ideals, American customs and American ambitions—and even of the American language—is a colossal mistake. If we are to serve as a "melting pot" for the nations of the world, let us first insist on immediate Americanization. We have the right, if we protect, to set a standard up to which they must live. To continue to print German newspapers in America is an insult to this idea.

The Washington Herald has no faith nor gives credence to anything emanating from Germany. German newspapers published in America are keeping alive German ideas. German newspapers published in America are catering to German readers. German-Americans who became Americans when the die was cast stopped reading German newspapers. The government should stop others from printing them.

A writer in the current issue of the New Republic says it is "cruelly unjust to wantonly murder all that is precious and beautiful as the German heritage."

Mr. Wendt, the writer of the article, was in Paris when the war broke out. He was an American, dreaded German militarism and imperial politics. He adds: "It is hard to mow down cousins and friends of long standing, yet insofar as they defend a pirate government they are culpable and we do not hesitate to impose the death penalty."

That is all very commendable and thoughtful and patriotic, but when Mr. Wendt says: "To speak the familiar tongue is sedition. To sing an ancient folksong is treason. The music, the philosophy, the architecture, the literature of our fathers is rankest poison," he is off the track, it is not true. The rabble should not be quoted in an argument like this. No one with sense talks "of treason of speech or of sedition in singing or of poison in admiring the German language, architecture, etc." It is the Germany of the German who "defends a pirate government" who is the object of attack—and nothing or no one else.

The Tanks.

The tank as an instrument of war was born on Friday in September, 1916, after two years' human ingenuity in the art of killing had been exhausted. Today one of the first born of the family of tank reposes on the Ellipse. It's a battle-scarred veteran. When you see it, you almost instinctively doff your hat to the inanimate land cruiser.

This tank will help to focus thought on the realities of war. When building these tanks word was sent out that they were intended to carry water for the troops across the deserts of Egypt and Mesopotamia. Others were told that they were to be used as snow plows in Russia. These yarns went uncontradicted, for secrecy was desired. When shipped from England they were labelled, "With care to Petrograd," in order to carry out the previous fiction of the snow plow.

The German name for tank is "Schutzengrabenvernichtungsautomobil." That's why they called it a "tank." When a German saw it and called it by name he was dead before he finished.

When the "tanks" were let out of the bag the Germans were surprised. When they started across No Man's Land after the Huns scurrying across the crater-pitted surface, they never stopped. Neither did the Huns. It was a startled remnant that reached the German base.

At the battle of the Somme, Frederick Palmer estimated that 20,000 British lives were saved by the use of tanks.

Lieut. Gen. Baron von Ardenne, a German commander, said: "These powerful armored cars are undoubtedly the most wonderful weapons which modern tactics have revealed in warfare."

Nowadays when in battle they say "Johnny get your gun." They add, says Col. Swinton, "—and bring your tanks."

Home Rule.

The Washington Herald believes it has the courage of its convictions. It has been, is now, and always will advocate the desirability of giving Ireland home rule—but to shut one's eyes to the mistakes of present-day Home Rulers would be the sheerest folly.

Great Britain, in passing its man-power bill, which provides for conscription in Ireland, introduces a bill giving complete home rule to Ireland. Conscription in Ireland, it is understood, will not be enforced until the latter is accomplished.

Ireland itself stands in the way of unity. The orange and the green are violent colors in springtime and they are apparent now more than ever in the North and South of Ireland. The Orangeman arises and says he will favor the bill and will agree to even subordinate the interest of Ulster to the Nationalists as the price.

On the other hand, the head of the Roman Catholic churches denounces conscription and threatens passive resistance from "Malin Head to Cape Clear." Yet the Roman Catholic members of the national Parliament voted for the war and for the conscription of Englishmen in England, Scotchmen in Scotland, and Welshmen in Wales. Now they are united against conscription of Irishmen in Ireland.

With the editor of the Christian Science Monitor we hope the humor of the situation will soon strike Irishmen.

Let this thought sink in. Ireland has been fighting for liberty through all the ages. Now when the world's liberty is at stake where is Ireland? We believe the "dear isle" will find herself.

Are You Worth Fighting For?

Are you worth fighting for, little girl,
You with that sweet fair face,
You with blue eyes and rosebud lips,
And a smile that naught can efface?

Are you worth fighting for, sister dear,
You with a heart so true,
You who sit and knit so fast,
While he fights for the Red, White and Blue?

Virginia, dear, how is it with you,
You who are his own wife,
Are you worth fighting—fighting for,
E'en to giving up one's own life?

Are you worth fighting for, ma and pa,
You with sons over there,
You who with freedom gave them up,
That freedom might reign everywhere?

Are you worth fighting for, baby dear,
You with your dimpled face,
You whom we love the best of all,
You who're boss and rule every place?

And so, dear mother and father,
Sweetheart and sister, too,
If you can't lend them your dollars,
You're not worth the fight that's for you.

You're all worth fighting for, I'm sure,
But that's no help over there,
The civilian army here must fight,
Buy bonds! Help them—over there!

PEARL V. BUTTERFIELD.

THE HUNS DID THIS

"French soldiers, after having seized and killed the German garrison, discovered in a clothes closet the body of a French girl of 18 tortured by the soldiers of the Saxon Guard and nailed to the wall by a bayonet."—From the French official report on German atrocities at the farm of M——; Aisne (military file), September 26, 1915.

In New York today there is an exhibit of modern French paintings hanging in the home of Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt. This exhibit was sent to this country to further the relief fund for disabled French soldiers and to show Americans the German guilt. The exhibit is indorsed by President Poincare of France and Gen. Joffre.

The Washington Herald, beginning today, will publish exclusively in Washington five of these famous paintings. They were drawn by Ferdinand Gueldry, member of the French Artists' Society, chevalier of the Legion of Honor and delegate from the French war department for the official accounts on atrocities committed by the Germans. These pictures were officially drawn for the French government. The incidents are absolutely true to life, picturing exactly the incidents as related in the official French government documents on German atrocities.

BOOKDOM - - By Lonjac

Fontaine Fox, clever cartoonist, who draws "Funny Folks" for The Herald and a score of other leading newspapers throughout the country, laid his pen down in his palatial office up New York way the other afternoon to tell Bookdom readers about his literary likes and dislikes. At least it is customary to deal both with likes and dislikes, but Mr. Fox proved to be exceptional, in that he has so little time to read that he only chooses matter which particularly attracts him, and thus never finds it necessary to voice any adverse rumblings in regard to this pleasing form of recreation.

"O. Henry is my favorite author," Mr. Fox confided soon after he opened up on the book subject. 'I read and re-read his stories and it seems to me I will never tire of this author's inimitable style.

"Then I am partial to many of our so-called popular present-day writers.

"Unlike most cartoonists I do not peruse the newspapers carefully. Of course if I drew those sort of cartoons which are known as timely ones I would follow them closely, but from other sources I am afraid I neglect them fearfully in view of their vast current event importance at the present time.

"My drawing takes the early part of my days and it is only in afternoon after a nap that I really get a good opportunity to read. There are good many excellent volumes on my shelves which I anticipate enjoying and in the meantime I suppose I will continue a practice of long standing—that of snatching time between sketches to follow a couple of our best standard magazines."

Soldiers Are Fatalists.

It is universally acknowledged that soldiers are mostly fatalists in time of battle. "If your luck's in, it's in; if it's out, it's out" is the common attitude. Only the bullet with a man's name and address on it will ever hit him; but no parapet will shield him when that one comes along. It is an attitude of mind that is Calvinistic, without the high, religious sense which a genuine Calvinism always possesses. It only requires the exclamation, "Kismet!" to make it indistinguishable from the mental attitude of the East.

The war has brought into sudden and overwhelming prominence a whole set of questions to which in times of peace the majority had grown indifferent. We are inclined to assume, perhaps, that the new questioning or fervor or need in religious matters comes most strongly to those who are left at home to bear the losses of those they love. But the experiences of those whose lives are hourly in jeopardy force them to adopt some definite philosophy of life—or death. To all those who are interested in finding out what the men in the trenches are actually thinking the following analysis, taken from "God and the Soldier," by Norman Maclean and J. R. P. Sclater (Doran), is illuminating:

"Some chaplains tell us that theological questions are not rife in the minds of soldiers, and that, amongst the rest I think we may reasnoably doubt that opinion—partly because it is inconceivable that those who see the horrors of war face to face should not find food for thought concerning the world-government which permits them and partly because we have direct evidence to the contrary.

"In certain instances soldiers have been known to discuss this matter for long stretches of time, and sermons and addresses upon it provided they were frank and open, never failed to rivet attention. But, for the most part, the man who expected that those who were in daily touch with death would have much to teach him upon these perplexities came empty away."

"Over Here."

"Over Here," by Hector MacQuarrie (J. B. Lippincott Company, $1.35 net), is a highly spiced volume of snapshots of America. It is a species of camouflage on the part of a British officer for a desire to interpret America to his fellow-countrymen; he confesses also to "a definite hope that I shall succeed just a little in helping to cement a strong intelligent friendship between the two great nations."

Invalided from Ypres, the author was sent to America on "light duty" as inspector of production for the British government. This brought him into intimate contact with the great steel manufacturers and their plants, and a phase of American industrial life that is full of vivid contrasts. It is from the pages of a journal he was in the habit of keeping, that he has drawn the singularly honest, fresh and humorous comment upon all that came within the field of his observation, without a trace of straining after effect or pretense of any kind.

This rapid synopsis of some of the topics touched upon by the gallant author, does not give any idea of the humor, the zest, the delightful quality of his book. And more than all else it is a book about people; people great and small; people good and bad, including the American manufacturer, whom he found an "honest gentleman," with better manners, particularly toward women, than the English have. Throughout the book flows the current of good feeling, the love America has inspired in his heart, and the inspiration it gives toward hearty fellowship and co-operation with our allies in prosecuting the war to final victory.

Face to Face With Kaiserism.

There is no man in America who is better able to write about, talk about or explain the hideous combination of greed, imperialism, and we may call it insanity that exists in the group of war lords in Germany who are now forcing Western Europe to experience a super-hell that their ends might be attained, than James W. Gerard, former United States Ambassador to Germany.

Mr. Gerard told us some marvelous things in his "My Four Years in Germany," but it is doubtful if that publication can even be compared with his latest book, "Face to Face With Kaiserism," (George H. Doran Company, N. Y. $2.00 net). To realize more fully just what our boys on the Western front are up against one must read this book.

In "Face to Face With Kaiserism," Mr. Gerard goes much further in exposing the triple-headed monster that has threatened the democracies of the world for the past four years. No man or woman, however much inclined toward pacifism, can help but realize, after reading this book, that force is the only thing that should be used against force. We cannot too highly recommend this book to every red-blooded American.

"Thrift in the Household."

"Thrift in the Household," by Dora Morrell Hughes, might well be called the unofficial aid to Hoover.

Mrs. Hughes, a trained editor of domestic magazines, and at various times a contributor to nearly four hundred different publications, is now a home-maker, representing the third generation of notable skill in cooking and household management. She is therefore one whose advice may be trusted implicitly, and her pleasant style makes her teachings attractive.

She shows by recitals and recipes how food may be made more palatable as well as nourishing, while costing surprisingly less than is often the case, and how efficient management in all household matters will not only save the dollars, but produce the greatest economy of all, the saving of the mistress herself. Practically every suggestion has been tried out by the author, and many of the numerous and very valuable recipes have come down through pure merit from those before her.

This book can save its cost in a week if given a chance, and will be the prized companion of many a puzzled housewife. (Lathrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. $1.25 net.)

Book You Have Been Waiting For.

The Library of Congress has just issued a "Handbook of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress." It is now available for those who desire to make use of this very comprehensive volume at 65 cents per issue. To quote the prefatory note:

"The origin of each collection is stated, but this requires a word of explanation. What is entered as a purchase may have been bought for a nominal sum, which had little reference to the real pecuniary value of the papers. It is a common occurrence for the owners of papers to transfer them to the library, and accept such sums as the library may be able to offer, the owners being actuated mainly by a desire to have the papers in the government custody, and the papers thus acquired are largely a gift. The origin of some of the collections is unknown. These seem to have come to the library in the dim past, by gift or with collections of books, and there is no record of the source.

"Happily, no obscurity can attach to the origin of papers which have been acquired in the past twenty years, since the manuscript division was created and a systematic record has been kept of all accessions. Beginning with the year 1917, the manuscript accessions recorded in the annual reports of the Librarian of Congress will serve to keep this handbook record up to date."

"Blocking New Wars."

"Blocking New Wars," by Herbert S. Houston, member of the committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on Economic Results of the War, (Doubleday, Page & Company, $1.00 net), is a book for the war and the great day of victorious peace. Mr. Houston says:

"Economic pressure against Austria might have averted the present war. It can be used to help prevent another one. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has twice supported this view in a referendum. President Wilson, in his memorable statement of America's war aims, declared that even the free seas should be closed 'by international action for the enforcement of international covenants'—a powerful agency on exerting economic pressure.'"

The author gives a clear and graphic survey of the arguments and facts on both sides. How Napoleon used the embargo and the Kaiser the submarine to throttle business. The way the French investor halted Germany's war drive after Agadir. How commerce can strike down the mailed fist.

"Your Vote and How to Use It."

"Your Vote and How to Use It," by Mrs. Raymond Brown (Harper & Brothers, $.75 net), is a book written especially for use by the large number of newly qualified women voters. To quote Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who wrote the foreword:

"It is one thing for women to win the vote and a totally different one for them to know how to use that vote so that it will count to the greatest good of the State. The keynote of woman's long struggle for the ballot has been her ardent desire for service. Now that she has been given the vote, she is eager to learn how she can best render that service

"Citizenship has been very lightly regarded by our country in the past. It has been given to the immigrant without any ceremony, in the midst of the sordid surroundings of a local courtroom; it has come to the boy of twenty-one without any special preparation on his part; it has often been bought and sold. It remains now for women to treat it with a new dignity and to give it the importance it deserves."

"Germany at Bay."

"Germany at Bay," by Maj. Haldane MacFall (George H. Doran & Co., $1.50 net) is another publication touching upon a subject that every American citizen should know about, namely, the kind of an organization our boys are up against.

Maj. Haldane MacFall was already engaged in a series of books designed to prove the rottenness of the German Kultur in peace and its inevitable downfall under the test of war, when the war broke out. The deliberate judgments based on thirty years of study of strategy have been amazingly proved in the events of this war. Maj. MacFall speaks, therefore, with the special authority of one whose predictions have already been fulfilled in utmost detail.

His object is to put the facts of German strategy and the necessary steps to overcome it, into language which the ordinary man can understand, and to waken the people of Britain and America to the appalling danger that lies ahead in the making of peace. The final chapters are devoted to a forecast of the peace map.

The volume is illustrated with portraits and maps.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

Newsie Notes.

Winston Churchill is the author of a volume shortly to be published on France and England in wartime. It is entitled "A Traveller in War Time" and narrates Mr. Churchill's impressions of these great countries as he found them on his recent trip abroad.

It is not of England and France as they were in the first year or the second year that he writes, but of England and France in the third year of this titantic struggle.

The book is attractively illustrated.

Zane Grey, whose novel, "The U. P. Trail," has become the best-seller in America according to "The Bookman," has returned to New York from Florida. Mr. Grey is a skillful and enthusiastic fisherman and while talking with his publishers, Harper and Brothers, last week, told many amusing yarns of his experiences as president of the Fishing Club at Long Key. "The U. P. Trail" was one of the books to head Harpers' spring list.

The Honorable Brand Whitlock writes that he has been reading Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border," "with fine joy."

"It is a wonderful piece of work," he adds, "quite an epic poem and an historic document at the same time. It is a rare delight—it makes me homesick. It brings me a breath of Western life; a peace and contentment far different from that we have tried to carry in this din of horrid strife. It should be put into French."

"A Girl Alone," by Evans, which the Putmans will publish in May, is a vital, throbbing story of a girl, alone in London, thrown entirely on her own resources, suffering the most abject poverty, beset by sinister forces and sorely tempted to obey the injunctions of degraded associates, forced upon her, to follow "the easiest way." It is pictured with a broad, compelling brush.

Robert R. Updegraff, whose book, "Obvious Adams," was recently published by the Harpers, was one-time advertising manager of Mellin's Food, Boston, and Daniel Low & Co., mail-order jewelers of Salem, Mass. Mr. Updegraff is now with the Erickson Company, New York. "Obvious Adams" is based mainly on real occurrences in the author's advertising-and-selling career and has met with a big success.

"How to Sell More Goods," by H. J. Barrett, is a book on salesmanship to be published immediately by Harper and Brothers. The author admits that salesmanship in its entirety cannot be learned from a book, but that many a valuable pointer can thus be acquired. "How to Sell More Goods" is written largely out of the experiences of the many salesmen the author has met in the course of his own work. He approaches the subject in a very informal way, as two salesmen might talk over their experiences: "What do you think of working by schedule?"—"Do you shake hands with a 'prospect'?"—and then come anecdotes on the value of a knowledge of human nature and the asset of optimistic personality in securing sales.

"You and I have been too much concerned about the preaching and too little about the doing of things. There are some people who think you are not doing Christian work unless you have a hymn book in one hand and a Bible in the other and are singing 'Come to Jesus.' I am glad I haven't to live with that kind of people. I call them the Lord's Awkward Squad." Gipsy Smith in "You Boys" (Doran).

BOOKLOVERS TO MEET.

Booklovers of the Y. W. C. A. are to discuss "The Art of Stirling Calder" when they meet in the "Room of Friendliness" at the association tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. Miss Alice Hutchins Drake is to be in charged.

War Books

The list of war books is a long one, and it is steadily increasing. Almost every phase of the war has come in for interpretation and analysis. Every country, people, city and village, every farmhouse and fortress, every leader, hero and group of men and women that has played a prominent part in the savage game, has been "written up" descriptively, anecdotally and biographically. Prewar books, bearing a cognate relation to the subject, whether close or remote, have been taken from dusty, forgotten shelves to swell the formidable array and to be as eagerly read as the rest of them, says the Christian Science Monitor.

There have been biographies of generals and character sketches of statesmen; the outpourings of bards and the personal stories of the men at the front. No one and nothing connected with the great war has been neglected by the pen of the present-day author, and almost every volume has won a ready market with the public. There have been controversial volumes, volumes on strategy and propaganda; history has been ransacked for countless treatises, and poets militant, high of moral courage, lifting the "cup of battle to their lips as if it were the Grail," have inundated the bookstands of the continents. But amid all the mass of war books, by far the greatest bulk is formed by the works recording personal experience of the fighters, newspaper men and the flotsam and jetsam of war followers. The volumes tell of the progress of battles, and hairbreadth escapes, of raids, prisoners, comrades and guns, of hardship and struggle, of friendship and good cheer, of mud, sand and human grit. Terse and vigorous in style, full of action and interest, they crowd the railway stands, and have even found their way to the motion-picture theater.

Judging by the conditions pertaining to other wars, there is no indication that the war books of this period will lose their interest with the end of the struggle. Indeed, they should have a vogue long after the actual conflict is past. Their number will no doubt be swelled to enormous proportions, so that the already established war libraries of London, Berlin and other centers will be seriously concerned with the problem of how to cope with them. The work of indexing will be stupendous. They will have to be divided according to the year of issue, then subdivided according to months, and possibly days, then sub-subdivided into endless other classifications. Moreover, there will be the ante and post-war books, and the last named will probably be the most formidable of all. The stream of stories and histories of the United States Civil War was as strong and vigorous as ever in 1914, and was finally arrested only by the still stronger flood of bellicose literature that supervened.

Who shall dare to take full count

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

LIGHT EVERLASTING.

The morn is here
With gifts of cheer,
And sunshine golden bright,
To speed my powers
On through the hours
Unto the goals of night.

And when o'er all
Night's shadows fall
I sleep, and make my way
O'er sunlit streams
In cheery dreams
On to the new-born day.

In weal or woe
Where'er I go
Sunbeams my steps attend,
And e'en the night
Holds stores of Light
To guide me to the end.

(Copyright, 1918.)