

New York Tribune

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

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Which Are the Good Hotels?

On behalf of the public that eats we arise to ask for the facts which the Health Department is getting from its inspection of restaurants and hotels.

The downtrodden ultimate consumer is especially defenceless before the hotel waiter. He must eat what is set before him—he has no way of knowing of the freshness or desirability of the food until after he has eaten it.

But at present this information is being whispered in the ear of the restaurant keeper only—and no one but the Health Department force will reap any definite practical benefits.

The idea of grading hotels, retail stores and food handling establishments is not a wild or dangerous innovation.

It does not require malice and murderous design to run a dirty, disease infected hotel. It only requires a certain pressure, shortage of capital, ignorance and contributory negligence on the part of the proprietor.

As we understand the workings of our Health Department's inspection every effort is made to insure a fair, impartial rating. To begin with, every requirement on the inspection blank, from medical cards, clean clothes and proper washroom facilities for handlers of foods to garbage and refrigerator requirements, represents a code regulation, passed by the Board of Health and having the force of law.

The Health Department is doing a fine service in cleaning up our eating places. Let it give full publicity to the results and

every consumer of a "beef and—" luncheon will become a health inspector on his own account, glad to help the good work along.

Beware the Dynamite.

The failure of the Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation to settle the railway dispute leaves the representatives of the "Big Four" just where they were before mediation was attempted.

Why should they hesitate? If their claims are just they can have no fear of the result. The same regard for "common decency" which impelled them to consent to mediation rather than to impose on the public all the horrors of a general strike should impel them now to accept arbitration according to the regularly established government machinery.

Everybody Satisfied.

Judge Seabury, that "anti-Tammany" Democrat who on more than one occasion has received Tammany support, has in effect been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor at Mr. Murphy's Saratoga direct primary.

The net result is that Democracy has a candidate for Governor ostentatiously wearing the tag of independence instead of Murphyism, and Mr. Murphy and his associates have the rest of the jobs on the ticket. That suits both. It will also suit Murphy that no particular responsibility for electing Judge Seabury can devolve on him and his organization, in this year when Tammany men are declaring that the conduct of the national campaign "has relieved the Democratic organization of this state of all responsibility in the campaign this fall."

Those who in former times advocated the construction of a tunnel across the Straits of Dover have found in the present war a suitable occasion to revive the project and to fortify it with many arguments hitherto undreamed of. A fortnight ago a number of French and English engineers, railway managers and legislators dined together at the House of Commons and discussed the problem at length, all apparently agreeing that the objections of a quarter of a century ago were no longer valid.

The Channel Tunnel Again.

The French guests were less urgent in their appeal than the others, because, as M. Yves Guyot said, though all of his countrymen hoped for a Channel tunnel and believed it to be most desirable, yet they felt it was a question for Englishmen to decide and had no desire to use the present alliance as a means of bringing pressure to bear on them.

There are a good many people, however, who remember that military opinion was at that time overwhelmingly opposed to the undertaking, and it will not be easy to satisfy them that the arguments then advanced are wholly irrelevant to-day.

Wolsley, Roberts and Kitchener all regarded it as a mistaken proposal; the Duke of Cambridge, at that time the field marshal commanding in chief, spoke strongly against it; Admiral Sir Cooper Key, Admiral Sir John Hay and most of the leading naval authorities of the time were among those who opposed it.

"I wish to record my opinion, an opinion shared by the ablest of our officers, that our only possible security can be found in following the example of our neighbors by creating a vast army like theirs, an army which would probably entail the necessity of a compulsory system of universal military service."

The answer may be that that system has already been established and that the taking of Calais is not so simple an enter-

prise as the Germans supposed it to be. But the possibilities of surprise must be taken into account, and on this head the late Lord Wolseyley said:

"To assert that no such operation as a surprise can be effected without our obtaining ample warning of it is to assume that the general charged with its accomplishment is as entirely ignorant of the business of war as the man must be who makes such an assumption."

The Romany Flivver.

It had to come, of course. When you band the breast of Nature with steel rails for rushing railway trains and smudge your blue air with chimneys and factory smoke and finally produce real, live flivvers at \$325 per flivver, f. o. b. Detroit, you must prepare to take the consequences.

Now, gypsies of our day and generation are no particular treat to any one. They must have been better once, when George Borrow followed their wanderings and George Meredith took touch-me-not women out of their camps to praise for pluck and loyalty.

Better Blueberries.

Efforts to improve the breed of blueberries still occupy mighty minds, we gather from "The National Geographic Magazine." The last we heard the experimenters had failed; the more kindness accorded to blueberry bushes the more they peaked and pined.

Youth's Conservation.

The author, Corporal (now Acting Sergeant) Streets thus wrote home of the antics of some of which the following is one: "They were inspired while I was in the trenches, where I have been so long that I have had little time to polish them. I have tried to picture some thoughts that pass through a man's brain when he dies. I may not see the end of the poem, but hope to try to do so. We soldiers have our view of life to express though the boom of death is in our ears. We try to convey something of what we feel in this great conflict to those who think of us, and sometimes, alas! mourn our loss. We desire to let them know that in the midst of our keenest sadness for the joy of life we leave behind us good to meet death grim-primed, clear-eyed and resolute-hearted."

The Old Gypsy.

She is too old to see again, The age of threescore years and ten; She is as hale as an old tree, Straight as its shrivelled stem, and dark And full of wrinkles as its bark; Children and grandchildren has she, Fourteen they are and forty-three, And sixty years has she been wed, And never slept in any bed Under a roof of tile or slate, And never will, alive or dead, And whether death comes soon or late, Her hands are heavy with gold rings, She has three rings of heavy gold On every finger, earrings old Of gold and gold and orange things For kerchiefs and head-coverings, Her voice is gentle as a bird's, And there is savour in her words, For she, although with stealth she hoards The private speech her people have, Knows well the depth of every lac, Her eyes are secret, and her mouth A gentle and grave hypocrite; She reads the heart of age and youth, Seeing, not understanding it, And tells for money half the truth; But in her ancient soul there lies, Deeper than she can ever look, The root, laid open like a book, Of earth and of our destinies.

The Choosers.

Oh! ye Fragile and tremulous Haunters of the deep glades! Shall I see ye again, Parting the leaves of beech and aspen Ere ye slip through? Men have said unto me: These are but flying lights and shadows; Light on the beech boles, clouds shadowing the corn-fields; The wind in the flame of birches in autumn, Wind shadowing the clear pools; But ye cried, laughing, down the wind: Men are but shadows, but a vain breath.

Youth's Conservation.

Shall I see ye again, oh, flying rout O' the forest-hunters, while I couch silent In a wet brake o' blossom, Dark ivy wreathing your whiteness, Ere I am torn from the scabbard? (Lo, one To be a sword upon my thigh!) Knowing no longer that earth Lieth in the dew, shining and sacred. —Frederick Manning.

Youth's Conservation.

The monuments that tell our fathers' faith Shall be the altars of our sacrifice, For kerchiefs and head-coverings, Laughing at death, because within Youth's breast Flame lambent fires of Freedom; man for man We yield to thee our heritage, our best, Life's highest product youth exults in Life; We are Olympian gods in consciousness; Mortality to us is sweet, yet less We value Ease when Honour sounds the strife. Lovers of Life, we pledge thee liberty And go to death calmly, triumphantly! JOHN WILLIAM STREETS, 12th Service Battalion, Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment.

CRADLE SONG.

O little head of gold! O candle of my house! Thou wilt guide all who travel this country, Be quiet, O house! And O little gray mice, Stay at home to-night in your hidden lairs! O moths at the window, fold your wings! Cease your droning, O little black chafers! O plover and O curlew, over my house do not travel! Speak not, O barnacle-goose, going over the mountain here! O creatures of the mountain, that wake so early, Stir not to-night till the sun whitens over you. PADRAIC PEARSE.

"Tobacco."

I have seen, in an inland city, With a sweet, sudden surprise, A man who has come from the wide sea With the wide sea in his eyes, And he laughed, as a little boy does, At all things gray and wise. (The men who watch horizons They are not like me or you, For the evil that is in them Shines up through leagues of blue, And like great sails in the sunlight Are the good things that they do.) I have passed him on the pavement And he never knew I had seen Behind the smoke of the factories The Atlantic's stormy green And felt the waves on the Devon coast Washing my body clean. So in the midst of shell-fire (Like a man from the wide sea) The strong reek of tobacco Has come as a friend to me. I have known great peace in the evening Such as there used to be. In the deep slums of horror, There was that familiar thing, And instant into the trenches Its good blue smoke could bring The unwarlike fields of England Where the same man is king. B. E. F. FRANCE. TIPUCA.

Home.

Under the brown, bird-haunted eaves of thatch The hollyhocks in crimson glory burned Against black timbers and old rosy brick, And over the green door in clusters thick Hung tangled passion-flowers, when we returned To our own threshold; and with hand on latch We stood a moment in the sunset gleam And looked upon our homes as in a dream. Rapt in a golden glow of still delight, Together on the threshold in the sun We stood rejoicing that we two had won To this deep golden peace ere day was done, That over gloomy plain and storm-swept height We two, O love, had won to home ere night. II—CANDLE LIGHT. Where through the open window I could see The supper table in the golden light Of tall white candles—brasses glinting bright On the black gleaming board, and crockery Colored like gardens of old Araby— In your blue gown against the walls of white You stood adream, and in the starry night I felt strange loneliness steal over me. You stood with your eyes upon the candle flame That kindled your thick hair to burnished gold, As in a golden spell that seemed to hold My heart's love rapt from me for evermore. And then you stirred, and opening the door, Into the starry night you breathed my name. WILFRID GIBSON.

Home.

As soon as twilight fell we started on the nightly round. Here was Section 4 of the American Ambulance doing hot service for Hill 304 and Dead Man's Hill. It was on this ride that I saw the real Verdun, the centre of the deadliest action since men learned how to kill. The real Verdun is the focussed strength of all France, fowing up the main roads, trickling down the side roads and overflowing upon the fields. The real Verdun is fed and armed by the thousands of motor cars that bray their way from forty miles distant, by the network of tiny narrow gauge railways, and by the horses that fill the meadows and forests. Tiny trucks and trains are stretched through all the sector. They look like a child's railroad, the locomotive not more than four feet high. They brush along by the roadside, and wander through fields and get lost in woods. The story goes in the field service that one of these ve trains runs along on a hillside, and just back of it is a battery of 220's which shoot straight across the tracks at a height of three feet. The little train comes chugging along full of ammunition. The artillery men yell "Attention," and begin firing all together. The train waits till there seems to be a lull, and goes by. We were still far enough from the front to see this engineering of war as a spectacle. The flashing cars and bright winged aeroplanes, the immense concourse of horses, the vast orderly tumult, thousands of mixed items, separate things and men, all shaped by one will to a common purpose, all of it clothed in wonder, full of speed and color—this prodigious spectacle brought to me with irresistible appeal a memory of childhood. "What does it remind me of?" I kept saying to myself. Now I had it: When I was a very little boy I used to get up early on two mornings of the year: one was the Fourth of July and the other was the day the circus came to town. The circus came while it was yet dark in the summer morning, unloaded the animals, unpacked the snakes and freaks, and built its house from the ground up. Very swiftly the great tents were slung, and deftly the swinging trapezes were dropped, ropes uncoiled into patterns. The three rings came full circle. Seats rose tier on tier. Then the same invisible will created a mile long parade down Main Street, gave two performances of two hours each, and packed up the circus, which disappeared down the road before the Presbyterian church bell rang midnight. A man once said to me of a world famous general: "He is a great executive. He could run a circus on moving day." It was the perfect tribute. So I can give no clearer picture of what Pétain and his five fingers—the generals of his staff—are accomplishing than to say they are running one thousand circuses, and every day is moving day. Our little car was like a carriage dog in the skill with which it kept out of the way of traffic while travelling in the centre of the road. Three-ton trucks pounded down upon it and the small cuss breezed round and came out the other side. The boys told me that one of our jitneys once pushed a huge camion down over a ravine, and went on innocent and unconcerned, and never discovered its work as a wrecker till next day. But soon we passed out of the zone of transports and into the shell sprinkled area. We went through a deserted village that is shelled once or twice a day. There is nothing so dead as a place, lately inhabited, where killing goes on. There is the smell of tumbled masonry and mouldering flesh, the stink that waits for fresh horror. Just as we left the village, the road narrowed down like the neck of a bottle. It is so narrow that only one stream of traffic can flow through. The young man with me had been bending over his steering gear, a few days before, when a shrapnel ball cut through the seat at just the level of his head. If he had been sitting upright the bullet would have killed him. And another bullet went past the face of the boy with him. The American Field

HIS MASTER'S VOICE



The "Vlaamsche Stem" ("Flemish Voice"), a Flemish Paper, Was Bought by the Germans, Whereupon the Whole Staff Resigned, as It No Longer Represented Its Title. Louis Raemaekers in "Land and Water" Edition of Raemaekers Cartoons.

THE AMERICANS AT VERDUN

By ARTHUR GLEASON.

Service has had nothing but luck. "But don't publish my name," said my friend. "It might worry the folk at home." We rode on till we had gone eighteen miles. "Here is our station." I didn't know we were there. Our Poste de Secours was simply one more hole in the ground, an open mouth into an invisible interior—one more mole hole in honeycombed ground. We entered the cave, and something hit my face. It was the flap of sackings which hung there to prevent any light being seen. We walked a few steps, hand extended, till it felt the second flap. We stepped into a little round room, like the dome of an astronomical observatory. It was lit by lantern. Three stretcher bearers were sitting there, and two chaplains, one Protestant, one Roman Catholic. The Protestant was a short, energetic man in the early forties, with stubby black beard and excellent flow of English. The Roman Catholic was white haired, with a long white beard, a quite splendid old fellow with his courtesy and native dignity. These two men, the best of friends, live up there in the shelled district, where they can minister to the wounded as fast as they come in from the trenches. Of one group of thirty French stretcher bearers who have been bringing wounded from Dead Man's Hill to this tunnel, where the Americans pick them up, ten have been killed. We went out from the stuffy, overcrowded shelter and stood in the little communicating trench that led from the Red Cross room to the road. We were looking out on 600,000 men at war—not a man of them visible, but their machinery filling the air with color and sound. We were not allowed to smoke, for a flicker or light could draw fire. We were standing on the crest of a famous hill. We saw, close by, Hill 340 and Dead Man's Hill, two points of the fiercest of the Verdun fighting. It was the wounded from Dead Man's Hill for whom we waited. Night by night the Americans wait there within easy shell range. Sometimes the place is shelled vigorously. Other nights attention is switched to other points. "I shouldn't stand outside," suggested one of the stretcher bearers. "The other evening one of our men had his arm blown off while he was sitting at the mouth of the tunnel. He thought it was going to be a quiet evening." But the young American doctor liked fresh air. It was a wonderful night of stars, with a bell-like clarity to the mild air and little breeze stirring. A perfect night for flying. We heard the whirr of the passing wings—the scouts of the sky were out. Searchlights began to play. I counted eight at once, and more than twenty between the hills. Sometimes they ran up in parallel columns, banding the western heaven. Sometimes they located the night errand and played their streams on him at the one intersecting point. Again the lights would each of them go off on a separate search, flicking up and down the dome of the sky and rippling over banks of thin white cloud. Star lights rose by rockets and hung suspended, gathering intensity of light till it seemed as if it hit my face, then slowly fell. The German starlights were swift and brilliant; the French steady and long continuing. "No good, the Boches' lights," said a voice out of the tunnel. A French stretcher bearer had just joined us. Other rockets discharged a dozen balls at once, sometimes red, sometimes green. Then the pattern lights began to play—the lights which signal directions for artillery fire. They zigzagged like a snake and again made geometrical figures. Some of the fifty guns, nested behind us, fired rapidly for five minutes and then knocked off for a smoke. From the direction of Hill 304 heavy guns, perhaps 220's, thundered briefly. We could hear the dron of large shells in the distance.

THE AMERICANS AT VERDUN

"Wait while I close the door," he said; "we must not show any light." When the cave was securely closed in he flashed a pocket electric. We were in a room scooped out of the earth. The roof was so low that my casque struck it. A cot filled a third of the space. The available standing room was three feet by six feet. "You will forgive me for asking it," he went on, "but please use your pocket lamp; mine is getting low and I am far away from supplies. We can get nothing up here." My friend handed over his lamp. The clergyman flashed it on a photograph pinned against a plank of wood. "My wife," he said; "she is an American girl from Bensonhurst, Long Island. And that is my child."

He turned the light around the room. There were pages of pictures from "The London Daily Mail" and "The New York Tribune." One was a picture of German soldiers in a church, drinking by the altar. "I call this my New York corner," he explained, "and this is my visiting card." From a pile he lifted a one-page printed notice, which reads: "Declaration Religieuse. "I, the undersigned, belong to the Protestant religion. In consequence and conforming to the law of 1905, this is my formal wish: In case of sickness or accident, I wish the visit of a Protestant pastor and the support of his ministry whether I am undergoing treatment at a hospital or elsewhere; in case of death I wish to be buried with the assistance of a Protestant pastor and the rites of that Church."

Space is left for the soldier to sign his name. The little circular is devised by the chaplain, Pastor _____, chaplain of the _____ Division. At 2 o'clock in the morning we were ordered to load our car with the wounded, one "lying case," three "sitting cases." We discharged them at the hospital, and tumbled into the tent at 4 o'clock.

Quatrains.

(From Poetry.) THE WOLF AT THE DOOR. The Russian traveller in the story, lest The wolf attack, casts out his precious store. So we surrender all that we hold best, To drive back him who clamors at the door. THE ANNIVERSARY. With no observance is my birthday set From other times aside, But once each year—would God I could forget! Comes back the night I died. RUTH HALL.