

WHAT THEY ARE DOING OVER THERE :: GERMAN POLICY AFTER WAR

FRANCE PURCHASES NEW PORTRAIT OF GENERAL PERSHING

Painted in Paris by a Russian Artist, Mlle. Micheline Resco.

SHOWN AT EXHIBITION OF AMIS DES ARTISTES

American Commander in Chief Attended Annual Exhibition in the Galerie Georges Petit.

(Special Dispatch.)

PARIS, Saturday. The society "Les Amis des Artistes" inaugurated its second annual exhibition of works of art at the Galerie Georges Petit recently in the presence of Mr. Dalmier, the Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts, the officers of the society and General Pershing, who was the principal guest. General Pershing was especially invited to be present at the first showing of his portrait, which was painted in Paris by a Russian artist, Mlle. Micheline Resco.

General Pershing, who was accompanied by two members of his staff, Brigadier General Harbord and Colonel Boyd, spoke in the highest terms of praise of the exhibition, calling it "an oasis of art in a world of desolation." The society was notified that General Pershing's portrait had been acquired by the French government.

These annual exhibitions, which have been organized since the war and are composed of the works of the foremost artists of France, have taken to a great extent the place of the French Salons. Besides serving as the greatest encouragement to the artists whose ere for the beautiful might be blighted in these difficult times, they satisfy to some degree a longing for the artistic, which is always to be found in French nature.

Others present were Mrs. W. G. Sharp, wife of the American Ambassador, and Miss Sharp, Mrs. Paul Gans, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Shoninger, Miss Kahn, Mr. Sidney B. Veit, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heidebach, Mr. Monocal, Cuban Minister, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence V. Bent, Professor and Mrs. J. Mark Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Lines, Mr. Charles Carroll, Mr. A. M. Thackeray, Marquise de Dion, Baronne de Marasy, Comtesse de Montequiou, Mrs. Alfred Bradley, Mr. Seguin, director of the Beaux-Arts; Mr. Walter Berry, Mr. Carcova, Mr. Raphael-Weil, Mr. G. Scott, Dr. Van Dyke and Professor Nettleton.

See the Boys Swing Along at — ? in France

PARIS, Saturday. Every American in Paris, every American in the United States—in fact, Americans, no matter where they may be—should see the first film of the American troops "somewhere in France."

For an American this film has a real meaning, not a sensational shock that lasts merely for a few minutes, but a feeling that comes at the beginning of this motion picture, when "our boys" are seen swinging gaily along a picturesque French road, and gradually increases until it reaches a climax as the American flag waving as nobly as any Star Spangled Banner ever did, moves across the screen with a mass of khaki behind it, a moving mass that is symbolic of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers that are going to follow that flag to victory.

The feeling is not an expression of cheap patriotism, nor is it born of sentimentality. It is an overpowering feeling of affection for the country that is our mother, that is dedicating to the cause of right and justice and peace the sons of America, the first to put foot on the soil of France.

"Les Sammies sur le sol francais," as shown at the Pathé Palace, gives the many Americans who will never have the opportunity to see the American camp a picture that comprehensively covers the daily life of Pershing's men.

The men are busy at work with their barracks; they are leading their horses through a stream; they are marching off to manoeuvres; they are digging trenches; they are learning how to throw hand grenades and fire rifle grenades; they are crawling around on all fours, as part of their physical training; they are rushing across fields in a mimic battle, with Chassey as their instructors; they are lining up and getting a meal, with beans and white bread the menu, and, with the inevitable dog, they are being reviewed by General Pershing.

Yes, "Les Sammies sur le sol francais" is a film to be seen by all Americans. And it ought to be seen by all Germans.

American Girls Who Do Things



MISS KATHERINE THAW seems perfectly happy in the hospital at St. Valery-en-Caux. Her uncle, Mr. Benjamin T. Thaw, of Pittsburg, father of Lieutenant William Thaw, of the La Fayette Escadrille, is on her left.



At the left is Dr. Ralph Fitch, of Rochester, N. Y. Dr. Fitch won the decoration of the Legion of Honor for his work at the St. Valery-en-Caux Hospital. It has recently been moved to Quereaux. Miss Eleanor Fowler, one of the American girls who has been doing a big work, is shown at the right. The hospital has passed hundreds of wounded French soldiers through its doors and has a firm hold on the affections of the entire French nation.



MISS MARGARET CASE, of New York city, and Armand, who constitute the old clothes repair squad of the hospital, pose for their pictures (above). At the left Miss Mary K. Nelson, who is the head nurse in the hospital, is making certain her charges have everything to make them comfortable.



PRUSSIAN POLICY OF FORCE AND MYTH OF "SUPER RACE" DECLARED TO BE ABANDONED

(Special Dispatch.)

LONDON, Saturday. There has been of late increasing evidence of the significant fact that among the more thinking section of German publicists the consciousness is awakening that after the war the traditional policy of "force" will no longer suffice for the maintenance of German prosperity; that the "super race" of Nietzsche and Godel is a myth; the "Weltpolitik" of Schlieffen and Treitschke a chimera, and that their doctrines must go by the board. So far this consciousness has been expressed almost exclusively by those writers and publicists of what may be called "pacifist" tendencies—Maximilian Harden, Theodor Wolff, Wolfgang Hone, Georg Gottlieb—who have been commonly but erroneously supposed to be party to the "peace plot."

More recently the same idea has been found penetrating, even the professional mind. "Intellectuals of the standing of Professor Otto Heinze and F. W. Forster have lent it their advocacy. Only a week or two ago there was Professor Friedrich Meinecke's remarkable pronouncement in favor of "intellectual Demobilization." Now a more sensational convert has appeared in the person of Captain Pershing, the well known naval correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, who boldly comes forward as the champion of disarmament.

Taking as his starting point that sentence in the German reply to the Papal Note wherein the government expressed its (qualified) adhesion to the principle of "universal limitation of armaments, Captain Pershing affirms that the sentiment

"will be echoed by millions of Germans who place Right before Might, and who would see in a reduction of armaments the most valuable gift that the sufferings of the war could bestow." On the other hand, it will alarm those who "fear lest, after all the outpouring of blood and treasure, they may miss the expected recompense of a full measure war indemnity."

But what, he asks, is to be understood by a "full measure indemnity?" "Who will maintain that a few hundred, or even thousand, square kilometers of land or many millions of money—were it obtainable—could recoup us for what we have staked? Who will contend that any extension of our frontiers could render us secure in perpetuity? No nation—with the strongest army or the strongest navy at command—but is to-day exposed to the danger of a more powerful coalition of other nations. For us full measure indemnity can only exist in measures which shall secure us for all time against a catastrophe such as the present. And this security is not to be attained by the old precept of 'St. vis pacem, para bellum.' The old well-trodden path must be forsaken."

"The nations must unitedly bring pressure to bear upon their governments to insure that at the conclusion of peace the existence of the civilized peoples of the world may be freed from the eternal clang of arms. We hope for a peace that shall not, as hitherto, be an armed peace, and thus serve only as preparation for future war."

AMERICAN AND BRITISH NAVIES LIKE BIG FAMILY

Fight Among Themselves and All That Sort of Thing, Writer Says.

CHARLES DAWBARN TELLS OF FLEETS

No Happier Crews Could Be Imagined, He Says—Sinn Feiners Felt Their Coming.

(Special Dispatch.)

LONDON, Saturday. Writing in the Daily Chronicle on "The United States Fleet in Being" and discussing America's invaluable services, Charles Dawbarn says:— "It is not the American way to fear publicity. Uncle Sam likes to get in the broad eye of day and to have his deeds emblazoned for his own encouragement. But the English are secretive. This is one of the revelations of the war. In any case, a veil of silence has been dropped over American naval action in the service of the Allies—in conformity with British traditions. Being in Rome, the good Americans do as Rome does. In this particular Rome holds its tongue and looks wise. Not the least of American services to England is her readiness to become dumb and anonymous, because that is the immemorial way with the British navy."

And yet it would not do to suppose that our cousins have not contributed very sensibly to the reduction of the peril which awaits us on the water road to the east. Sir Eric Geddes paid handsome tribute to them in his maiden speech as First Lord in the Commons. The United States "Jackie" is a fine fellow, and one of his first attributes is his speedy adaptation to the new conditions of service in European waters. He has become our own Jack Tar's firm friend. At first there was some fear that the difference in rates of pay would create difficulties. But they have not arisen. This is due to some extent to the working of the allotment system, whereby a man (and the same applies to officers) can transmit the greater part of his pay to his dependents. It is done through the allotment bureau at Washington without any money passing in the mails. Thus the "Jackies" ashore have little more to spend than our own men. The same system is adopted by our Canadians at the front, whereby their pay is "cut" to about Tommy Atkins' level.

The Family Feeling. Gratifying examples of co-operation between the two services are furnished every day. Officers and crews of the two fleets like each other so well that they "get mad" at each other, as the Americans say—just as if they were members of the same family. Accidents occur in the best regulated families. They are inseparable from the sea. Thus collisions take place and errors in identification.

In courts of inquiry both services participate when both are involved. Perhaps the senior officer will be British and the two juniors American, or the senior will be American and the others British. The unity is such that British and American destroyers swing at the same buoy and follow each other in their sea practices. At sea they exchange signals on shore they use the same clubs and hats. At one base a converted cinema hall is now a rendezvous for the bluejackets of the two nations. There they fraternize in the most cordial manner. Between countries painted by sailors and in front of an orchestra of destroyer musicians English and American artists sing their songs and deliver their monologues to their brothers of the sea. Southern Ireland has been an eye opener to the United States sailor. When he first landed on the Emerald Isle he was inclined to sympathize with the extreme Irish point of view, he had been speaking with the "boheys" in New York and knew it all beforehand. But contact with the native has removed some impressions. The peasant who is "too proud to fight" is not too proud to overcharge. Again, Sinn Feiners adopted other ways even more aggressive. They attacked "Jackie" who he walked in the park with the blue-eyed lady of his choice, and "Jackie" had to defend himself, with the result that Sinn Feiners are now in the hospital. The wrong element is not good propaganda for Ireland, but "Jackie" discriminates. Inidentally, his coming to Eborac has taught him some of the difficulties of home politics.

Peace and War Work. The incessant work of the destroyer and patrol boats in conveying troops and merchant ships, or in chasing the submarine, has not blunted the edge of the sailor's keenness. If you speak to him about his present "metier," and compare it with his peacetime labors, he will declare that the latter were heavier to bear. There was the eternal manoeuvre for the officer which never came, and after it, the officer had to analyze the theoretical results. Navigating and engineer skills lived in an atmosphere of paper problems. Nowadays they are swept away. There is no time for them. And the spice of danger has given zest to the daily round. He understands that, one must understand the danger. His danger is real enough. Hydroplanes and other appliances have not proved a sufficient solution. The only real solution is a search for him. And in that search the spot, to catch the thief. "A hit, a palpable hit," perhaps, and yet the result is uncertain. This is the common experience of submarine chasing. You are never certain of your bag. But whatever German apologetics may assert, the number of "tin fish" disposed of by our Allies steadily grows greater, and the system of convoys—a number of ships in a "bunch," surrounded by destroyers—has at least this advantage, that it brings the enemy to the defence force and thus places a search for him. And in that search the sea lanes leading to these islands, the United States navy is performing a duty essential to our existence and one which the old maxim—consecrated once before at arm's of material law to protect it—