

ment orders for vital supplies. According to the Garfield decree, we must stop that work for the Government. Thus the Government orders us to work for it and then suddenly orders us to stop. We did not see why we should stop when we knew that the Government needed the goods. We knew that two departments of the Government had unconsciously pitted themselves against each other. We put it up to the Government and got exempted from the order.

"But why throw us and our employees into such astonishment and turmoil? Is this a Government, or is it not? Manufacturers and business men are well-nigh crazed with alarm. If the Government can spring such an order on the country overnight, what will it not do next? For both capital and labor the 'overnight' was worse than the decree itself. Of course there are plenty of people who saw long ago that some such order had got to come. They saw it last August when Congress directed the President to proceed with power and when he appointed Garfield. If either the President or Garfield had understood the country's real situation, we would have had a drastic order then, when the milder weather would have enabled us to stand the strain. But now, and in zero weather! And the man has had the cheek to offer the zero weather as an excuse for the order! If he knew anything about the coal situation, he knew last summer that the country needed repose. He also knew that winter weather was coming. Why did he not act like a man of common sense and order the repose when the country could best have taken it—in the summer, instead of waiting for winter?

"The decree operates severely as to labor. The Outlook Company will doubtless keep up the salaries of its personnel, and the personnel will pay for value received by working extra hours on regular work days. But how about the companies who cannot do this or bring it about? How about the Steel Corporation? Must its vast army of employees be thrown into the street? You can almost hear the cries of the hungry children of those employees! If the corporation cannot pay its employees full wages, then, I say, the United States Government should—that is, if it expects to justify its decree.

"But the decree will do good in one way. It will jar our people into the knowledge that we are at war. I have always thought that it would take an actual armed invasion by the Boches to make us realize that. Now, however, we have had a Boche invasion from the inside. It is not easy to face either. We are alarmed. Our National industrial heart's blood is threatened—and unnecessarily threatened. Suddenly we see, as never before, our greatest enemy, namely, our own inefficiency and empty-headedness.

"It is all very well to say, 'We shall muddle through.' But there would be no reason why we should have to muddle through had Wilson and Baker and Garfield acted *in time*."

On the other hand, a high Administration authority, and one thoroughly conversant with the coal situation, said, when I asked him his opinion of the wide public protest against the order:

"Must Garfield go? What a question! Why go? Just because of last week's coal order? But who was really responsible for that? Baker. He upset the apple-cart last June when he

jumped on the agreement entered into by Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, Judge Fort, of the Federal Trade Commission, and Francis S. Peabody, of Chicago, a large coal operator appointed by the Council of National Defense as the Chairman of its Committee on Coal Production. They had fixed a price of \$3 a ton at the mines—a fair agreement all around. Mr. Baker insisted on \$2—an unworkable price. If any Administration official is ultimately responsible for the present situation, it is not Garfield.

"With the power granted by Congress, Mr. Wilson had to name a Fuel Administrator, and, as you know, he named the President of Williams College. You hear that no college president has had the necessary practical experience for the task. Perhaps that is so. But Garfield had the essentially fair-minded, irenic way of approaching any problem, and as to expert advice he has had as his right-hand man Rembrandt Peale, the coal expert, chosen for this position by the coal operators themselves and recommended by the Federal Trade Commission. Peale has been right on the job all along. To say, then, that the recent order is out of harmony with the coal trade is to say what is not so.

"There is only one trouble with that order. It ought to have been issued last summer instead of this January. Except as affected by weather, conditions were worse then than now. But here is the point, and it is not generally appreciated: Garfield's supervision has made conditions better, not worse. Despite that, the weather of the past few weeks has brought about a situation that demands the surgeon.

"You hear that Garfield kept saying last autumn that there was no shortage of coal. There was none apparently, for we were producing fifty million tons more than the year before. I do not believe the papers quoted all Garfield said. Doubtless he said that there was no shortage of coal if you can get it delivered. Perhaps Mr. Garfield did not realize that the immense new demands of our industries and transportation upon coal and the demands of our allies in the war would more than use up the extra amount produced. But what I am sure he did realize was that the coal would have to be delivered in order to be of use to any one. To get railway tracks clear was the real object, I believe, of the Garfield order. It was really not a Garfield but a McAdoo order. If people want to find fault, let them find fault first with Baker, second with McAdoo, and only third with Garfield.

"Again, you hear that a patriotic people do not find so much to blame in the order itself as in its suddenness. Well, what would *you* do? Here is an Administration trying to do its best but clogged by Congress. Just let Congress into this and you would have had unending debate. *Time* is of the essence of this matter. Garfield did the patriotic thing. He got the best advice he could, he made up his mind, he took his courage in both hands and acted. Even suppose his plan faulty in some detail, would you have him rescind it as a whole? No; and the proof of its general applicability is that criticisms against it are becoming fewer every day. I say, Stand up for Garfield."

Washington, D. C., January 22, 1918.

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

WE WANT THE FACTS ABOUT THE WAR

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

Dr. Odell was commissioned by The Outlook last autumn to visit personally many of the training camps of the country, and to talk with enlisted men, officers, and Administration officials. The result was the series of articles which have appeared in The Outlook's pages under the general title of "The New Spirit of the New Army." The series was completed last week. In this work Dr. Odell came naturally into possession of information which gives the following paper special authority.—THE EDITORS.

IN the smoking compartment of a Pullman car a half-dozen men were recently discussing the conduct of the war by the United States Government. One was bitter and contended that we had made every possible and conceivable mistake; another asserted that we were *sui generis* among the belligerent nations and were entirely free from trace of blunder, misdirection, or spiritual misapprehension; four admitted that we had done some things exceedingly well, but that we had fallen far short of perfection in several notable instances. The four were indubitably right and represented the true temper of a discriminating democracy. Not even a democracy can be

altogether right or altogether wrong—superman or Caliban. Democracy rests upon the postulate that the majority of citizens possess discrimination.

During the latter part of 1917 I went from camp to camp and from cantonment to cantonment investigating the morals and the morale of our New Army. In the pages of The Outlook I have given almost unstinted praise to the achievements of the Commission on Training Camp Activities—a part of our War Department. The work being done by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick and his associates stands unparalleled in the history of nations and armies. More than a million of our citizen soldiers

are benefiting by a physical and moral environment such as no civilian community could provide; they are learning priceless habits in which disciplinary, educational, and ethical elements blend in a degree which tends toward the creation of a most vigorous and self-respecting manhood. As a Nation, we may freely congratulate ourselves upon the manner in which we have met our highest obligations toward the men we forced into a position of moral peril by compelling them to adapt themselves to a strange and inexorable social environment. Whether anything else has failed or not, the Fosdick Commission of the War Department has been a brilliant success.

Altogether we have about one million five hundred thousand men under arms. That itself is a remarkable achievement. Congress passed the enabling acts with hardly a splutter. The drafted men accepted their guerdon scarcely less enthusiastically than the volunteers. Industry closed its ranks and almost instantly increased its volume of production. Democracy assumed the semblance of autocracy, but instinctively every one acknowledged that it was a temporary necessity with ethical justification. With one consent and cheerfully a people proud of their freedom surrendered their most precious liberties for the time being. If the war teaches no other lesson, it has impressed upon the world once for all the lesson that the freest democracy and the firmest discipline can exist at one and the same time.

Dollar diplomacy was long considered a curse, but dollar democracy is a glory. The United States is financing half the world. We have not stinted one of our allies in cash or credit. When our Government began to speak in terms of billions, even our daily wage-earners nodded approval. If the first and second Liberty Loans had each been twice the amount specified, each would have been oversubscribed. Men and women looked upon the call as a sacrament. Peter the Hermit, Francis of Assisi, John Wesley, or Dwight Moody never saw a nobler exaltation of spirit than I saw when the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross, and the Young Men's Christian Association campaigns were carried into the factories, mills, and homes of the country. A speaker had only to say that America needs your dollars to back your sons, and the money was outpoured with uncalculating devotion. Something splendidly chivalrous was transforming, or had already transformed, the soul of America. And up to the close of 1917 the people lived in the glow of that new experience—a transfigured race. Even as late as December 31 it would have been physically risky to speak with disapproval or doubt of the manner in which the Government has conducted the war.

And now, within a month, all has changed. Everywhere—in Congress, in the press, among the men who slaved for patriotic loans or philanthropic gifts, amid the rank and file of the citizen body—there are doubt, anxiety, fear, and foreboding. It is like a cloud which comes suddenly over a mountain and casts the plain into shadow. The America of January, 1918, is a land of purgatorial gloom compared with the America of December, 1917. Every one is talking about it; in every hotel, on every train, around every hearth, about the stove of every country store, men are asking what it means. Can it be that in the critical hour America has failed? America, the heir of all the ages, the exemplar of democracy, the product and the protagonist of liberty—can it be that America has failed? The America of Washington, the America of Lincoln? A sense of fearful dread is freezing the souls of the people. The multitudes, the commonalty, the proletariat, “the folks at home,” as Lincoln loved to call them, refuse to believe it. And yet there are doubt, anxiety, fear, and foreboding on their brows.

It is more than nine months since President Wilson declared that a state of war existed between the United States and the Imperial Government of Germany. More than nine months, and the official voices of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and Serbia are still calling to us piteously for help. During the thirty-two months preceding April, 1917, the war cloud was moving obviously westward, threatening to involve us in the conflict. Forty-one months, nearly one hundred and seventy weeks, almost fifteen hundred days, since the boundaries of Belgium were violated and autocracy challenged democracy to a fight without quarter—and yet America is scarcely in the lists! The mind and soul of America have sensed the perspec-

tive, but they are growing infuriated or melancholy about some of the details. On the whole, among the generality of men and women, it is a combination of incredulity and shame which is felt and expressed. I wonder whether Washington realizes this—official Washington, superior Washington, professional Washington, salaried Washington, expatriated Washington! Does Washington know?

The generality of men and women, the multitudes, the commonalty, the proletariat, “the folks at home,” may not express themselves in academic terms, but they are asking very blunt and pertinent questions. There are certain things which they want to know and which they have a right to know, because they are footing the bills, giving their sons, and hazarding their most cherished liberties.

The thing about which they are most anxious is the absolute sincerity and the ethical earnestness of every one in a position of administrative responsibility. Americans cannot forget the subtle influences which disabled Russia. They want to know why Dr. Harry A. Garfield should be the dictator of the one vital and dynamic factor of industry. When a paper like the *Troy “Record,”* published within thirty miles of Williams College, the president and editor of which are Williams College alumni, makes an editorial statement as follows, the matter becomes one of public discussion: “It is just the sort of an order [the coal administrator's fiat suspending industry for five days] that would be issued if Germany had control of our machinery. It will give more comfort to Prussia than to America. And the fact that Mr. Garfield was formerly strongly pro-German and later practically a pacifist will aid in ending public confidence in him in many quarters.” (*The Troy “Record,”* Friday morning, January 18, 1918.)

The American people want to be reassured that they have an all and altogether American Administration, eager and able to put one hundred per cent of America's energy and resources into the war at the earliest possible moment. There is reason for this anxiety when they remember that even France, fighting for her life, can produce a Caillaux, and England, with her back to the wall for the first time in history, has had its Haldane episode. Viscount Haldane has been entirely cleared of the charge of unpatriotic pro-Germanism. But the point is that his quite open admiration for certain features of German civilization before the war broke out in 1914 so gravely affected English public opinion in war that he could not successfully hold office. Still, let this be recorded quite clearly and emphatically: Americans make no charges; they are simply disturbed, anxious, and profoundly solicitous. For democracy to break down just at the moment when it is dedicated to making the world safe for democracy would be diabolical irony on a cosmic scale. And if a democracy cannot be trusted with a knowledge of the facts as they are, then democracy is unworthy of a safe place in the world. To withhold the facts, encouraging or discouraging, from the people is to act upon a fictitious need of secrecy; it is pretty safe to assume that Germany knows all that it wishes to know of American preparations with quite approximate accuracy. Therefore what I am pleading for is such a frankness and candor on the part of the Administration as will re-establish public confidence. When Senator Chamberlain, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, makes the terrific statement that “the military establishment of America has broken down” for the reason that there was “inefficiency in every bureau and every department of the United States Government,” it ought to be met with something more than an official stigmatization of exaggeration and an apologetic based on the unparalleled magnitude of the task.

But the people of the democracy which is dedicated to make the world safe for democracy want to know many more things, and very specific things. Caspar Whitney has come back from France with an appalling story of deficiencies in our Army at the front. In the *New York “Tribune”* of January 13, 1918, he says that our troops have only “five days' advance rations,” that there is a “shortage of shirts and ponchos,” that there are “no reserves of heavy shoes,” “no rubber boots,” “no machine guns or reserves of rifles,” “no artillery save that got from the French,” “no labor with which to complete cantonments,” insufficient truck and transportation facilities—in brief, a scar-

alous condition, if borne out by the facts, which brings shame to the cheeks of all Americans at home and unconcealable contempt to the lips of all the nations whom we are supposed to be saving from defeat and ruin.

There is more that the American people want to know: What was the ultimate reason for the rejection of the Lewis machine gun by our military bureaucrats, when more than seventy thousand of them are now being used effectively by the French, British, and Italian armies, in favor of the Browning gun, which has been demonstrated only by "wet-nurse"¹ methods and has never yet been used on active service? Why has General Leonard Wood's official report upon our Atlantic coast defenses never been made public? Why not make it public immediately? Why did we have to send 200,000—(official correction 20,000, accepted)—20,000 gas masks to our Army in France and then bring them back in favor of better gas masks, when the satisfactory French and British models have been available from the beginning of the war? Why have we no American artillery in France, and when shall we have a quantity sufficient to protect our troops without stripping the French and British lines?

These are some of the questions plain matter-of-fact Americans are asking. As they pass from mouth to mouth across the

country they are producing an uneasiness which is both pathetic and ominous. The spiritual objects of this war have reached down into the souls of the people and America is eager to grapple with the serf army of autocracy in the name of the God of Righteousness. They know the war cannot be won by phraseology, however adroit or stately or unctuous it may be. They have risen sheer above party politics, and are passionately intolerant of any one who uses any phase of the war for party advancement. They have proved their willingness to consecrate themselves or their sons to the glorious hazards of the battlefield. They have made, are making, and will still make unlimited sacrifice of wealth and comfort in order to bring the war to an honorable and righteous conclusion. They realize now that the Belgians died for us at Liège and Louvain, the French at the Marne and Verdun, the British at Ypres and on the Somme, the Italians at the Piave and the Brenta. They know this, and all the honor that lies in the soul of America urges them to take their share in the line which is the last barrier left between barbarism and civilization. Every delay or deficiency or misdirection drives into the heart of America like the dagger of an assassin. We must know the worst, not because we like morbid criticism, but because we must cure the evil before it kills our honor.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN THE CHURCH

BY THE PASTOR OF A CITY CONGREGATION

THIS letter came to my desk a few days ago from a member of the church:

I do not come to church to hear war sermons and Red Cross appeals. To my mind, the church has no business to preach about war, and if the women of the church attended to their homes they would be more Christian than going to Red Cross meetings. Neither do I think that the church is any place for flags. I will not come to your church any more.

Yours,

I felt very sorry about this letter, for I had great hopes of making out of the writer a good American and an energetic church worker. You see, I need men, for all my young men and some of the older ones have gone into the service of the country. The service has taken our best, and I am short-handed. But then, on the other hand, if my friend the writer, who is of German descent, could not stand the very mild exhortations which I have delivered to my people as to their duty to their country in this crisis, then perhaps we are better off without him.

I am serving a congregation which has a number of Germans in it, both American-born and a few foreign-born. In ordinary times I count that as a decided benefit to the church. The church in America should be as cosmopolitan as the Nation, and the representative American church is that which is composed of many nationalities. But since the beginning of the war the presence of Germans in the congregation has been somewhat of an embarrassment and sometimes a decided detriment to the spiritual life of the church.

The German as I have known him in the church is not a spiritual-minded person. Many of the women have a devout, simple faith, but the men are apt to look upon church membership more as a duty which they owe to their families, and sometimes in the nature of an insurance for the future life. Seldom do the men become active in religious work. With them it is each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

After the beginning of the European war I felt it incumbent upon me to state to the congregation my attitude, and what I believed to be the attitude of Christian civilization, and what, considering the issues involved, must be the attitude of Christian and democratic America. This was taken exception to by a number of my German parishioners. When authentic stories of the atrocities and frightfulness practiced by the German

army began to come to us, I was surprised to find men of American birth and education, but of German descent, whom I had looked upon as men of kindly feelings and of Christian disposition, justify every German atrocity, and yet condemn the United States in unmeasured terms for carrying on any trade with the Allies. The climax came when, after the sinking of the Lusitania, I heard one of my church board, in conversation with a number of other men in the church vestibule after service, declare that it served America right for aiding the Allies with munitions and for presuming to criticize the war aims of Germany. His resignation from the church board was immediately requested by the rest of the members, and I did not hesitate to sign that request.

When the United States entered the war, which I felt was inevitable from the very beginning, we at once established an active Red Cross auxiliary at the church. This auxiliary has done excellent work and has received commendation from headquarters both for the amount and the excellence of its output. Several of the most active women in this auxiliary are of German descent. They are giving at least two days a week to the work, and also have spared neither time nor trouble to secure a large membership for the Red Cross. But there are several others who have resented deeply every reference to the Red Cross made from the pulpit, who would not give a cent to the work, and who were active in circulating stories which have been started by German sympathizers concerning mismanagement and misappropriation of materials manufactured by the Red Cross auxiliaries. The story of the sweater with the ten-dollar bill hidden in the seam, a very silly story at the best, with other similar tales, went through the congregation, until I found it necessary to speak of the matter from the pulpit and to say that henceforth people would be requested to cite their authority for the stories which they told. Red Cross posters on our announcement board were several times disfigured or torn down, and we found in two cases that German sympathizers had paid boys to do this.

Almost without exception the young men who are in the service from this church are enlisted men. I am free to acknowledge that the attitude of their pastor toward the war may have had considerable influence upon them, but I think that the chief reason was that here was a group of loyal and patriotic American young men, and before the draft ever came into operation almost every young man in the congregation had enlisted. We have at present one man in Camp Meade, we have several at

¹ "Wet-nurse" is a technical or colloquial term employed by army men to describe the tests of a gun in the arsenal or on the proving-grounds under the special direction of the inventor or promoter.—THE EDITORS.