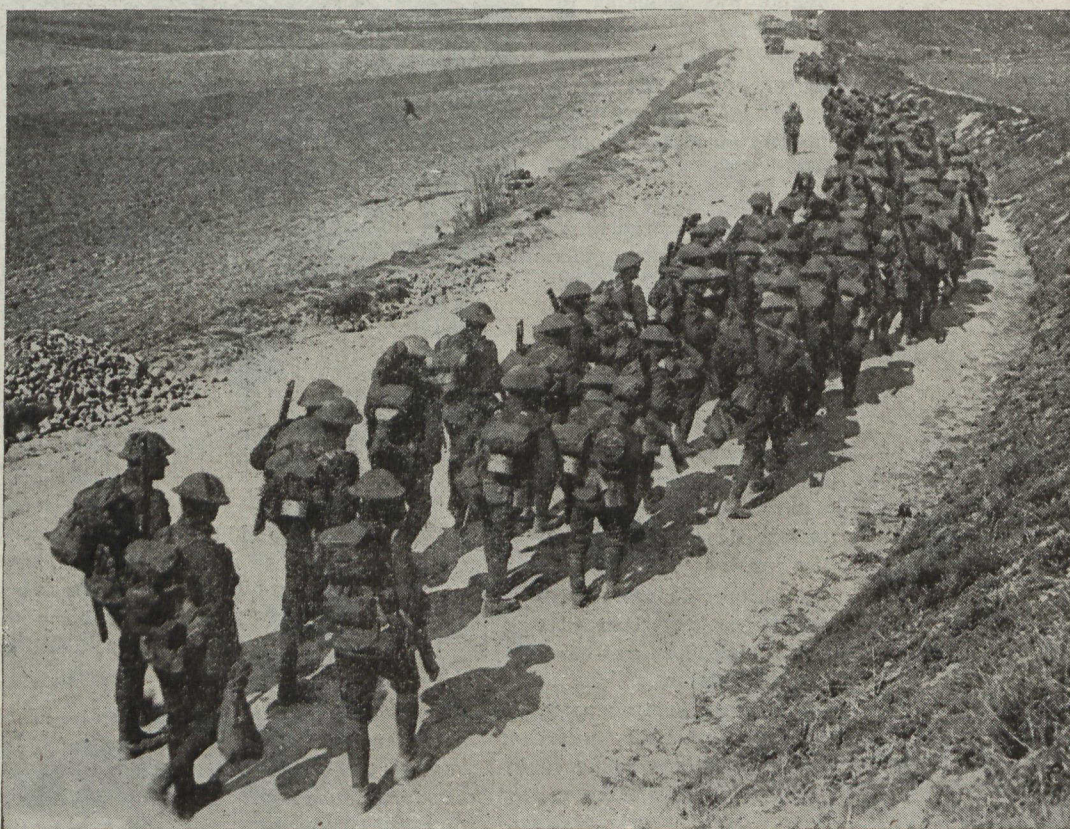


VICTORY in this case is not for the Hun. The "great living slogan," as the photographic writer put it, was formed by a crowd of U. S. Naval reservists in a recent demonstration at Pelham Bay. It is the first time such a heading had such a singular meaning. The Hun may think it is a juvenile idea. But it happens to represent the war juvenility of a great nation gradually being roused with a gathering storm. We may not agree that the war will be won by the United States. None but the misinformed and impetuous in America think that. But we all agree that no nation now at war has such immense potentialities for final victory yet unused, while the other great nations are more or less spent with nearly four years of fighting.

THREE years ago old Britain after her first "contemptibles" flung themselves in the path of the Hun, began to roll her big guns thundering over that western front. They are still rolling up; never so heavily and with such terrific weight as in the present German offensive, while Foch waits and waits for the hour to strike, for his reserves to get into action. When? None of us know. Foch knows. We are leaving it to him; and to the fact that "Tommy" is a greater power on the west front than ever he was. We may not know where all our armies are, but we know they are in good hands and that they won't be made into German "cannon fodder" just for the sake of getting a snap victory.

HOW often in war books you have read of the hour when a battalion or a company makes its first march from reserve billets into the front line trenches; the hour of all when men's nerves are strung to the highest tension; when as the shadows bob ahead of them in the keen sunlight they may whistle and



sing, but they know that at last after all the torture of waiting—the greatest torture of all—they are at last on the road to action. The last word in action and reality and suffering and strength lies just ahead of this quiet, crooked road whose silence is broken only by the still distant reverberation of the guns.

HUNDREDS upon hundreds of refugee pictures have been photographed on the west front since the great trek out of Antwerp three years ago. And the rivers of refugees are still rolling along. Every great offensive drives out thousands of people who leave their homes and all they have that they can't carry with them to be out of the range of gunfire. It was so in the British offensive at the Somme. It is even more so now as the Huns desperately fight back over the ground they lost, retaking village after village, caring nothing for human life in old or young, woman or child—because, as Ludendorff says, this is not a war of armies but of nations; and it is just as much a part of the Hun programme to kill women and children as to kill soldiers.

TIRED? Oh yes—what one might notice. Again and again have we read of heroes who have fought for days and nights without sleep. Here we have them at the end of the strain. Sleep has got them. You, who hate to leave an Ostermoor by daylight saving, or the baby who sinks to sleep in the racket of the street—have you or the baby ever known the Godlike tug of sleep as these know it? They can sleep to the ditty of old nurse "Minnie" as she hurls herself in thunder over the trenches; slumber for hours and days if only they are let to do it; forgetful of war or hunger or home. Such is the sleep that comes to the men who at the front are struggling for Victory.