

MANHOOD Against MIGHT

THE Fighting Spirit of France—and Her Allies—Concentrated Under the Leadership of Generalissimo Foch Against the Slave-Drivership of Boss Hindenburg.



OUR new Generalissimo on the west front, controlling 5,000,000 men from the North Sea to the Adriatic, including Italy, is the most responsible commander-in-chief in the world. Hindenburg shares with Ludendorff supreme control of the enemy; and they both obey the Kaiser. Foch will obey only himself by serving the nations he represents—France, England, Italy, Armenia and Belgium.

It is the Finish; not the End. Finis may require a long time. But this is it—the concentration of our command in One Man. It is now practically Foch versus Hindenburg; the panther against the great he-wolf. France fixes her faith upon Foch, who should have been appointed when Joffre retired. Nivelle was a strong man, but not daring enough; Petain a master of artillery rather than of armies. Foch is said to be master of all. Well, he has his work cut out. 1918 will be Foch year. Haig, Pershing, Diaz, will be his lieutenants. Co-ordinate under Foch, will be the word.

And what is this man who we say represents the fighting spirit of France? Col. Repington, who is proof against novus-homo enthusiasms, admits that Foch won the most significant of the six battles that made the famous coast-saving Battle of the Marne. And in this battle Foch's despatch to Joffre, just before his advance, says Richard Barry in the New York Times, might be suspected of hiding a shaft of Gallic wit, were it not a record of events penned at one of the critical moments of his country's history. "My right has been driven in," he wired, in effect, "my left has been driven in. Consequently, with all that is left of my centre, I will attack!"

That was the advance which shattered von Buelow, stopped von Kluck, and saved Paris.

In his own book, "The Conduct of War," Foch says: "A commander should be first and foremost a man of character."

He has arrived, says Barry, a Pyrenean mountain, lithe as a panther, with the aquiline nose of a conqueror; five feet six inches in height, 165 pounds in weight, 66½ years old, and, judging by his record,

possessing the mental qualifications that Machiavelli declared essential to any leader, whether in politics or in war—speed, decision, and a unity of control.

He has the indefinable quality of the picturesque, the elan of the fighter who grasps at once Bismarck's "imponderables" and Napoleon's "divines." As he has said himself in his textbook, "War is not an exact science, but is a terrific and passionate drama where man with moral and physical faculties is cast for the principal part."

Wherefore one may now look for man, the principal actor, to emerge again to the centre of the world's stage and play his titanic role, while machines, electricity, foodstuffs, poisons, explosives, transportation, distribution, and politics step aside and become tools or puppets in the hands of their master—man.

Foch is the sort of General that the French loved of old, like the black Turenne or the great Conde, the type of leader that from Charlemagne to Napoleon carried the Gallic arms victoriously throughout Europe. He not only acts like a General; he looks like one. He not only achieves victory, but he does it with an esprit that intoxicates the popular imagination.

FRENCH parliamentarians have been subconsciously fearful of a "man on horseback." Curiously, it is a literal fact that Foch has a black charger of which he is extremely fond. If vague fears of "the man on horseback" have weighed on her, they may well be dismissed as idle to-day. Undoubtedly they have been dismissed in the face of the stern necessity which has placed 5,000,000 men at the tail of the black charger which bears the little Pyrenean mountaineer.

Three especially notable things have been said about Foch in various Parisian papers. First, it is said that he is "great in his vision of the next hour." In other words, he believes it to be the function of a General to know not only what the enemy has done, which he easily learns by scanning his reports, but to co-ordinate these actions, to pass in imagination, into the place of his adversary,

to reconstruct that adversary's problem; to think it out as the adversary would, yet even more quickly, and thus to anticipate the coming movements that are to be made against him. It was this quality that doubtless endeared him to Joffre at the Marne to such an extent that the Field Marshal called him, in a burst of generosity, "the first strategist in Europe."

His second frequently noted quality is a tenacious memory coupled with a curious disdain for detail. He deals in principles and vital decisions, leaving the mastery of a mass of details to others, as well as their execution. It is said that his memory is so good that he will not burden it with the infinitude of trivial matters which might easily absorb the time of a commander in so vast a complex

machine as the allied army.

The third quality is that he is what the *Matin* once called "the Kaiser kind." An American attache once quoted this to Foch, and he laughingly replied: "Did not your own General Grant believe that battles could not be won without sacrificing men?"

"That is true," admitted the American. "If you would win, you are obliged to sacrifice men."

"Do not misunderstand me," quickly replied Foch, his eyes twinkling. "It is Germans that I sacrifice. I never throw away my own soldiers."

On the Marne he seized the nearest neighboring division, hastened it across his own rear, and attacked with it on the German flank after his own troops were all routed. Simultaneously he ordered his defeated divisions to return to the attack.

His most creditable achievement is stated to have happened in August, 1914. A cliff that commanded the valley of the Marne was being bombarded by the Germans. If it was taken, the way to Paris was open. It was then Foch made a daring decision, ordering a general advance on all his shattered fronts in order to screen a flank movement.

The Germans had driven themselves into the French army in such a way that their front took the shape of an elbow. General Foch moved the nearest division from left to right, and threw it suddenly on the German flank. The movement took the enemy unawares, and to this skilful manoeuvre is credited the final victory of the Battle of the Marne.

Another remarkable victory was gained by Foch, at the Yser. It was during the first battle of Ypres. The enemy seemed to have an inexhaustible army of reserves, and it looked as if they might be victorious for the Belgian and English armies must have eventually given way. Foch, at this critical period, threw in corp after corp of the French reserves, and succeeded in staying the enemy advance.

Historians credit Foch with having saved the day, and King George very shortly afterwards conferred on Foch the Order of the Bath.

Once when subordinates protested that their men were tired, Foch replied, "So are the Germans."

Hindenburg's Slave-Driven Armies

THERE are no military leaders in Germany. The armies of the Hun are driven, not led. There is no will to fight; only the will of those at the top that masses should go to war. The German system does not make soldiers. It makes battalions of murderers, robbers, arsonists, despoilers, well-poisoners, child-butchers, woman-rapers, slave-makers and starvationists. The hordes of Hindenburg are now loose upon the western front. There can be no more east front worth reckoning. Germany, furious at the long war, must drive the millions wantonly into the storms of fire that mow down men by thousands in a minute—because manhood in Germany is but cannon-fodder that might rule the world. Having disciplined the souls of men out of existence, the Hun-drivers now sacrifice their soulless bodies to Moloch. There is no other way to a war controlled by such a military monster as Hindenburg, on whose primordial, cruel and cast-iron countenance is depicted all that makes Hun-war the summation of the world's brutalities. Hindenburg of the Huns is the dog-driver of men. If the dogs will not be driven to the war that makes despots of a few by enslaving the nations, then the dogs must be shot. For that is the moral law of Hindenburg.

Spirit of Free Nations Must Prevail

SOMETIMES it makes one feel like weeping to hear far-distant strategists reduce the impact of two nations to a problem of tactics or of cannon, says Stephane Lauzanne, editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*, Paris. It makes one cry out in rage to hear far-away spectators talk of raising up a beaten people by sending it bread, shells, and men. Above all, far above all, is that immaterial force, that incalculable force, that force beyond valuation, the sole arbiter of war—THE FIGHTING SPIRIT! Twice in this war have we seen France, surpassed in men and material, sweep forward to victory because she had kept her fighting spirit. And once we have seen the most formidable empire of the world, an empire of 175,000,000 inhabitants, topple to earth without an attempt at resistance because the spring of its moral power had snapped. They who do not take into account the moral power of combatants are fools—and they are visionaries who calmly set a date for the regeneration of this or that beaten army as a result of their sending it engineers, experts, gold, and munitions! You can give all sorts of things, export all sorts of things, but there are things that are not given and not exported—courage and faith and the will to die and triumph!