

the part. Six feet plus of typical John Bull, smooth-shaven, square-jawed, sinewy, sat behind a big desk in the big marble building labeled "Controller of the Admiralty." He didn't seem very busy; those who know his ways of working say that, like so many other men who do big things and lots of them, he never does seem very busy. His desk was immaculately neat and orderly. If business ever gets ahead of him, he manages to keep the evidences of it somewhere else than on that broad-topped desk.

"You understand," he explains, a bit apologetically, "I don't do very much, anyhow; the staff really attends to everything for me."

The staff! There's the real point. He is one of those men who know always where to find exactly the right man for the business in hand, and how to get him to undertake it.

"The way he does it," explained one of his lieutenants and devoted admirers, "is quite simple. He finds his man, puts him at work, and then stands between him and trouble. Nobody gets a chance to interfere; to muss things, to invent difficulties. Heaven help the person that tries to make worry for one of Geddes's force who's doing his job to Geddes's satisfaction. The place wouldn't be big enough to hold the row that would happen. Everybody knows that now, and so the row doesn't happen. The staff look upon him as their big brother. Of course, if he discovers that he has got hold of a slacker, the emergency exit is opened instantaneously, there's a quiet emergence, and somebody else goes on that job. That's all. But Geddes doesn't need to resort to such methods often, for he isn't given to mistakes."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S statement that "the world must be safe for democracy" has not found favour in some English circles, according to an article in "The Independent" under the heading of "The Two Englands."

Whatever the war might have been in the beginning, says the writer, it is now a people's war for the overthrow of autocracy. The outspoken utterances of Wilson and Kerensky in favour of democracy had to be published and received the official endorsement of the British Government, however distasteful these sentiments may have been to some members of it.

But, as may be imagined, the Tories are furious at having the tables so turned on them and some of their organs are not able to conceal their chagrin. The Saturday Review holds that it is wrong to say that the Allies are fighting for liberalism and

English Tories Don't Like "Democracy"

popular government. They are fighting for something far nobler than liberalism or any mere form of government—but the Review does not say just what it is. Hilaire Belloc is indignant at England's being called a democracy. England, he says, is more of an aristocracy. Blackwood's Magazine objects to Mr. Wilson's saying that "the world must be made safe for democracy," and thinks rather that the world should be made safe from democracy. This is Blackwood's argument:

It is not an ideal which can be held up before all men as worth striving for. It is a mere method of government, neither more nor less, and it must be tried, like other methods of government, by results only. Hitherto it has seldom meant wise or honest government, and most democracies have paid justly for their sins by extinction. Neither England nor France has fired a shot nor struck a blow for the cause which to Mr. Wilson seems pre-eminent. Assuredly Great Britain is fighting for something far deeper and dearer than a mere method of government. We are fighting for our lives, and for freedom to live and to think for ourselves—a freedom which an unbridled democracy would demolish, if it had the power, with swifter ferocity than an unbridled autocracy. France has as little reason to love her democracy as we have to love ours.

What has roused the wrath of the Tories is obviously that the British people have received with too evident delight the statements of Wilson and Kerensky as to the American and Russian aims in the war.

The English are fond of saying that there are two Germanys, one the land of science, music and domes-

ticity, peaceable and friendly, the other autocratic, aristocratic and militaristic. Unfortunately there seems to be only one Germany now, and that the wrong one. But America has always known that there are two Englands. The England that has been the enemy of the United States has always been the Tory England. It was this England that provoked the Revolution and tried to disrupt the Union. But

there has always been another England that was friendly to the United States even in time of war. During the Revolution there were those who spoke for us in Parliament. During the Civil War when the Lancashire mills were closed by



Crown Prince's Son—"What did you do in the great war, Daddy?"

—Alfred Leete, in London Opinion.

our blockade of the Southern ports that shut off their cotton supply, the starving workingmen held meetings in support of the cause of freedom. The British people have always been friendly to America even when those who govern them were our enemies. It is upon that constant friendship and unbroken unity that the closer harmony demanded by the present crisis may be built. It is to this England, the real England because the popular England, that we are now practically allied, and to it we should give our heartiest sympathy and support.

HOW the Y. M. C. A. has become an international part of the Allied armies at the front is interestingly told in the current issue of The Outlook by Stephen Proctor:

Stumbling along through a slippery communicating trench "somewhere in France," close to the firing line, says the writer, there occurred a terrific explosion just ahead of us. My guide wheeled and looked at me. He grinned. Doubtless it was the expression of my face, which, I am certain, was not one of joviality.

Just around the bend I saw where the shell had landed. There was a mass of debris, and from it



Smoker—"Well, I 'as to work, but I can say I don't get meself up like a fright!"

—From the Bystander.

were emerging a number of men, brushing dust and dirt from their eyes. What had a moment before been an apparently sheltering dugout was now nothing much of anything.

"A narrow escape for those officers," I remarked to my guide as I saw them struggle out and feel themselves over to find out if they were "all there."

"Mais non! Not officers, monsieur, but Y. M. C. A. men," was the answer.

"Y. M. C. A. men here on the firing line?" I queried.

"Certainement! Everywhere they are, giving help. Those boys, they have no fear," he told me.

That was my introduction to the Red Triangle on the firing line in France and Belgium. There are thousands of Young Men's Christian Association workers at the front, and hundreds of their stations, marked by the sign bearing a red triangle surrounding a blue "Y," are within the firing line. Many and many a time these dugouts or huts are destroyed and the workers injured, but thus far none of them have been killed.

As I stood there, trying to keep my mind on what I was seeing instead of on the shrapnel bursting into bouquets of death above, the Young Men's Christian Association men had emerged from their shattered dugout, were rescuing their belongings, such as stationery, chewing gum, tea and coffee, and similar things, and rebuilding the place on the same spot.

The first thing rescued from the debris was the sign. The man wiped the dirt off the sign and nailed it up again, for all the soldiers passing down to the front trench and all the others passing back for a rest to see.

There are pocket Testaments to be had—if the soldiers will ask for them; but none are in sight, none are voluntarily offered. The Young Men's Christian Association representatives are there to minister, first of all, to the material wants of the brave men. They will stop cutting meat for sandwiches or pouring tea or writing a letter for some chap with a crippled hand, and pray with you—not for you, mind you—if you ask it; otherwise prayer is never mentioned.

They will give you cigarettes as cheerfully as chewing gum. All these things help to endear them to the soldiers, but, after all, the great test is their bravery, their coolness in danger. They are unarmed, they are there voluntarily, and they stick right there even though an enemy shell blow their little dugout to atoms.

The best explanation of why they are there is the following brief conversation which I overheard right after a shell had demolished one of their stations. While the man in charge crawled out and was brushing off the red triangle sign a soldier came through from the front trench.

"I wouldn't stay here for a thousand dollars a day!" he said.

"Neither would I," quietly replied the hero of the red triangle.

There is a peculiar thing about the location of the "Red Triangle." Those in charge on most of the front seem to have tried to get as near to the danger-point as they could. One was in a communicating trench near some field kitchens. The Germans had the range and the kitchens went skyward in a hurry. The next shell exploded so close to the "Y" dugout that it blew the front away. As the "Y" secretary was picking up the piece and putting the sign back some soldiers came through the trench. Taking in what had happened at a glance, the tired and war-stained men cheered lustily for the little civilian who was doing a real man's work.

I watched a battalion as it passed a "Y" dugout on its way to the firing line. The men gratefully accepted the tea and coffee handed them, and many asked for the little Testaments, which were given them as they passed back the tin cups. After all had been served the soldiers did not start away at once. Their captain seemed to be waiting for something. And finally it came. A husky chap, evidently from the west of Ireland, doffed his steel helmet and said: "How about a bit of prayer, sorr?"

As the "Y" worker prepared to grant the request that long line of men knelt there in the mud, their officers kneeling with them, and throughout the brief invocation reverent attention was given.

The Red Triangle on the Firing Line