

er who is a member of any union or of any organization affiliated with union labor may be employed in the Chicago schools. Second only to Mr. Loeb in the support of the anti-union campaign is Trustee William Rothmann, a law partner of Roy O. West, one of the leaders of the Republican machine.

At present the teachers are aroused as never before. Hundreds who were apathetic to the federation in previous years are now militant. The prospect of salary cuts is a sharp goad, the unions are on the warpath. One of the anti-labor school trustees, it is said, is a candidate for the postmastership of Chicago. Already he is feeling the effects of his action. The women of the city are excited, and progressives and radicals of all varieties are

lined up for the fray. Perhaps the teachers will go down in defeat. Only a handful of the business men in the Commercial Club really care about the schools, but they are willing to accept the guidance of an almost fanatic few. The newspapers have on the whole been fair, but public opinion is confused. For into this profound democratic struggle has been injected a false issue, that of religion. Although actually the big Catholics are at one purpose with the big Protestants and the big Jews, a ripple of the anti-papal panic has upset some. To them it has been made to appear that the fight is one for religious freedom in the schools, a delusion which is the tragedy of it all.

WILLIAM R. CHENERY.

The Offensive in France

TO understand the present offensive of the Allies on the west front a certain amount of retrospect is necessary. In September, 1914, immediately after the battle of the Marne, General Foch, who has many military virtues and some defects, was entrusted with the enveloping movement against the German right wing. This campaign, carried on by both sides according to the soundest military precepts, ended by saving Amiens but by losing Lille. Meanwhile the English army was moved from the Aisne to Flanders in extension of the French left wing. In October the Germans took Antwerp and launched their last offensive against Dunkirk and Calais. On this occasion the British, outnumbered at least three to one, fought a defensive battle which will go down in the annals of that nation as one of the greatest achievements in British military history. They won because they did not know they were beaten, and there has been no really serious German offensive in the west from that day to this. It is true that the Germans used young green troops, but that detracts little from the British success. For they did hold on against immensely superior odds, saved Calais, injured German morale, and gave themselves and the French time to reorganize.

In December, 1914, General Joffre attempted his first serious movement, against the German permanent positions in Champagne. The campaign was not a success, because Joffre did not have that tremendous preponderance in artillery and high explosive shells which is necessary for a successful offensive against prepared positions in modern war. In three weeks Joffre learned that lesson, turned the attention of Millerand, Thomas and the government to the munitions problem, and refrained from a single serious attack from Decem-

ber, 1914, to September, 1915. During January, February and March, General Putz carried on a somewhat dilatory campaign in Alsace, and met with certain checks in the Valley of the Fecht. In the early spring Putz exchanged his command with that of General de Maud'hui, who had been in Artois under Foch, and General Dubail was put in charge of all the army groups between Verdun and the Swiss border. During May, June and July, Dubail, using chiefly de Maud'hui's troops, conducted a successful campaign of single battalions against isolated mountain positions, conquered the Valley of the Fecht, and forced the enemy to evacuate Metzeral, since which time the operations in the Vosges have ceased for reasons which remain obscure. So much for Alsace, which has always been a theatre of secondary operations.

Meanwhile General French, in the month of March, prepared a serious offensive directed against Lille with his reorganized army. His left was supported by the flooded region, his right by the troops under Foch. There is little doubt that Joffre and Foch—particularly Foch, who intensely dislikes the British—knew the attempt would fail, but the British, like the Americans, learn chiefly from experience. Most of the French and all the British cavalry were assembled behind the lines, and the battle of Neuve Chappelle began. The results are known; at a cost of 20,000 casualties there was won a lozenge of land less than the size of Central Park; Smith-Dorrien was removed, and the British nation, for the first time, began to realize the complexity of the problem of modern war. I do not care to dwell on the battle of Neuve Chappelle; compared to it the Charge of the Light Brigade was a sound military operation. But it proved what Bernhardt said about the British—that their offen-

sive value against continental troops was open to question. The matter is simple; 250,000 English troops in trenches will fight till the last man is dead, if so ordered; but take them out of those trenches and they must be fed, and brought to the right place at the right time, and supplied with exactly the right amount of artillery and signal corps and engineers and transport officers. That is called staff work, and such an organization cannot be improvised, any more than the Standard Oil Company could be improvised. In the opinion of American officers it was not until the year 1864 that the Northern army became moderately efficient; it will not take the British much less time than this. During all this period the Germans remained on the defensive, except for two minor operations, one near Soissons in January, one near Ypres in April—the famous gas attack. In the Argonne, in May, the Crown Prince, who has evidently never been weakened, successfully stormed some trenches. But the Germans were chiefly occupied in the East.

During the first six months of 1915 General Joffre completed the reorganization of the French army. Foch remained in command from the channel to the "angle" of the line—at Noyon, south of Arras, west of Soissons. From the angle to Verdun de Castelnau received supreme authority, and Dubail completed the line from Verdun to the Swiss border. The character of Joffre is already too well known to deserve comment, but not so much has been written of his three principal generals. Foch is a highly technical officer, of great moral courage and of some recklessness. In his dislike of the British he is perfectly frank. He always wants to attack, and he has been accused of sacrificing his troops unnecessarily, but he has courage, tremendous energy, and great military knowledge. He is a soldier of the new school.

Castelnau is a man of the old régime, a man of whom it has been said that Joan of Arc appears to him in visions. He is an aristocrat, a strict churchman, and he well represents the France of the *Fleur de Lys*. He is a sound soldier, and the feudal atmosphere which surrounds him lends merely an additional glamor to his military capacities. One is glad to find a Frenchman of this type fighting side by side with Foch and Dubail.

Dubail is supposed to represent the radicals of the army. He has an excellent record, and since he and his subordinate Maud'hui have commanded the armies of the East, Dubail has won many minor actions, but the Vosges have not been, for over a year, the scene of the most important operations.

Such was the situation in June when Foch, in order if possible to relieve the Russians, fought the battle of the Labyrinth. This battle was merely an immense demonstration in which 300,000 shells

were used, but in which the casualties were not great. Toward the conclusion of this battle Foch reported the presence of eleven German divisions, and undoubtedly forced Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria to show his hand. Otherwise the results were inconsiderable.

General Joffre was now in a position to resume an active offensive. He had the shells, he knew the German positions and the German strength, and it was no coincidence that the attack took place in Champagne as it had taken place the first time. As before, Foch in Artois made a demonstration in force, on this occasion supported by the English. But these attacks were only demonstrations, and it is a great mistake to say that the offensive was all along the line from Verdun to the sea. The offensive was on a comparatively small front—about seventeen miles—in Champagne, and again its immediate object was to relieve the pressure of the Crown Prince's army in the Argonne.

This offensive was a success—the first big success since the Marne—but it failed in its larger design to break clear through the enemy's line. That this was its design is proved by two facts—the fact that two such battalions actually did break through (admitted by both official reports), only to be captured, and the fact that there was an immense concentration of cavalry (statement by German official; uncontradicted). Cavalry is no use on the west front; it is concentrated when an attempt to break through is to be made, and its mission is to smash everything in the enemy's rear at the risk of total destruction to itself.

The offensive in Champagne can truthfully be called a French victory, since 17,000 prisoners were brought back to Chalons, and since the amount of territory gained puts an added weight on the Crown Prince's right wing in the Argonne, and makes his much talked of siege of Verdun more visionary than ever. But it was certainly not a great victory. Losses were probably about equal, prisoners included. The German line was only slightly bent.

In all probability the second battle of Champagne was never intended as a supreme effort. Such an effort when made will most certainly be supported by an equal effort on the part of the British toward Lille, and strategically speaking, Cambrai, Valenciennes and Mons are more important military objectives than Rethel and Mézières. If railroads are to play the chief part in the campaign—and of course main line roadbeds cannot be improvised—Valenciennes and Cambrai are infinitely more valuable to either army than any junction between the German lines in Champagne and the Ardennes. For these reasons I believe, as I have always believed, that the great French effort when it comes will fol-

low the lines of the original German advance, and pivot as it pivoted before on Verdun. I prophesy that before the end of this war there will be fighting at Waterloo again.

GERALD MORGAN.

Mon Ami Pierrot

THIS is, most fortunately, an era of highly decorative posters, magazine covers and advertisements. Monsieur Poiret of Paris, Monsieur Leon Bakst and the Russian ballet have all influenced modern decoration and converted what used to be the most conventional picturings into delightful excursions in realms of colorful unreality. Across the black backgrounds so markedly prevalent in this phase of art, one is continually being struck by the presence of a white Pierrot. The Pierrot "owns" a certain field. He is flitting across posters and enlivening the covers of monthlies and is more before the public than perhaps ever before. Why is this? Not only, one feels, because in the popular mind he has come conveniently to symbolize festivity and lightness of heart and turned exponent of cabaret-show gaiety, a one-stepping, uncrowned king of the Great White Way. There is something more behind his perpetual figuring against those orange-mooned black backgrounds; some spiritual reason for his haunting of so many artists' minds.

What, then, is his meaning? A thing very far removed, surely, from the general conception of him as a clown with a slight French accent. The clown, indeed, is his descendant, but a descendant who has lost the grace and poetry of his forefather, and knows not his patrician aloofness nor the light yet persistent elusiveness of his ways. The clown, when his beating of the drum is done, will scrub his paint off, one knows, and hie him speedily to the corner tavern, there to eat cabbage soup and joke with his plebeian acquaintance. Not so Pierrot. When his day is finished, wandering through moonlit aristocratic gardens he drinks for nourishment the dew from the bay-leaves, and soothes his empty stomach with the sweepings of his everlasting guitar strings. Perhaps he draws his worn black velvet cloak a little closer about him as the chill of the evening breeze strikes through the floating white of his blouse. But he saunters on with a careless ease and a real delight at the beauty of the solitary kingdom which is his, and the moon shines kindly for him as for her favorite child.

"Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot. . . ."

A creature of song and moonlight, his appeal is to the fantastic in us, and down the ages he has sung his way through art and poetry, the represent-

ative of airy countries of the imagination, the laughing, pirouetting opponent of deadly reality. Born of Italian comedy and drifting across to the France of Watteau and Pater, he is a Latin product, how profoundly un-Anglo-Saxon the most summary inquiry into his character would reveal. For life is to him frankly but an experience, and his only morality is courage, the courage to laugh and weep and sing when the spirit moves him and to tell the truth as to what he sees; and for the rest he is not averse to pleasure or the playing of merry tricks at the expense of bourgeois virtue or Philistine respectability. He is the scaler of walls, the adventurer by night, who travels on tiptoe with a finger at his lips. He is the strummer of dissonances under worthy windows, the cock-crower before the dawn, the stealthy smasher of the watchman's lantern. He is the sly friend of little children, beckoning merrily to them from leafy distances and bringing them bright-hued butterflies delicately pinched between his bony fingers.

So much for the lighter aspects of his tradition. But there is a darker and less universally recognized element in his legend, and one which goes far toward making his meaning more evident.

If we will, we can catch a first glimpse of it in Watteau's treatment of him. For Watteau gives him to us grave, heavy, immovable, always posed a little apart from other figures that may be in the picture, as when in "Gilles," for instance, he stands with drooping arms, his back to his companions, relieved of the necessity for grins and grimaces, plunged in a sphinx-like and philosophical calm. An uncharacteristic pose, we would say, and leaving us oddly disturbed by its wooden solemnity.

Aubrey Beardsley takes him from the canvases of eighteenth century France, and, far from reassuring us, makes him very consciously grotesque and unreal and corpse-like in the decorative exquisiteness of his black and white. And finally Paul Verlaine, conceiving him in much the same vein as did Beardsley, gives us that clue to his significance which we have been so long looking for. Emphasizing the melancholy which lurks behind his insolent grin, pointing out with what irrevocableness the footlights separate him from the applauding crowds, indicating his freezing of mad and ridiculed passion into mask-like stolidity—these things which Watteau only hinted at—Verlaine has at last revealed the Pierrot to be the true symbol of the artist, the eternal player on the guitar, the creature who, by the fantastic grotesqueness of his costume and the unnatural bedaubing of his face, as much as by his innate proclivity for song, must be and continue to be different and detached and solitary among men.

"Ridi, Pagliacci" — Leoncavallo, somewhat