

\$30,000 was offered a man in New York City to write a series of articles attacking me. All right; if you know anything about me that you want to publish, go to it. Everything they say about me is a dirty, stinking, black-hearted lie. The whole thing is a frame-up from A to Izzard. I'll fight them till hell freezes over, and then borrow a pair of skates. By the grace of God I've helped to make Colorado and Nebraska and Iowa and Michigan and West Virginia dry, and I serve notice on the dirty gang that I'll help to make the whole nation dry." (New York Times, April 19th, 1917.)

Assuming these points to be well taken, there is still great room to doubt the deep religious effect of a Billy Sunday revival. Men like William Allen White and Henry Allen have testified on his behalf in Kansas, and he has the undying gratitude of many hundred human beings for moral stimulus in a time of need. In spite of the thousands who have hit the sawdust trail, however, it is difficult to believe that more than a tiny proportion of his auditors are religiously affected by him. The great

majority of those who hit the trail are people who merely want to shake his hand. Very few give any signs of seriousness or "conversion." The atmosphere of the tabernacle, bright with electric light and friendly with hymn-singing, is not religiously inspiring, and in the voice and manner of Billy Sunday there is seldom a contagious note. His audiences are curious to see him and hear him. He is a remarkable public entertainer, and much that he says has keen humor and verbal art and horse sense. But for all his militancy, for all his pugnacious vociferation, he leaves an impression of being at once violent and incommunicative, a sales agent for Christianity but not a guide or a friend.

Still, as between Billy Sunday's gymnastics and the average oyster soup, Messrs. Wanamaker and Rockefeller naturally put their money on Sunday. Theirs is the world of business enterprise, of carpets and socks, Socony and Nujol, and if Christ could have been put over in the same way, by live-wire salesmanship, Billy was the man.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The New Science

'We Germans Have Invented a New Science, the Science of Organization'—Professor Ostwald.

THE sun is high in the heavens when we turn our backs on Le Sars, and leaving Courcellette on our right proceed along the freshly metallised high road to the west—freshly metallised, for road-making is a constant and urgent necessity. Behind us and to the right is the constant roar of artillery, whilst a half mile in front on both sides of the road, flashes from out of the ground, followed by a hissing sound of shells passing over our heads, reveal British heavy batteries.

As we walk westward, companies from labor battalions are at work road-making, rivetting the banks on both sides and widening the roads where only lanes have been. Constantly the traffic increases, mule teams turning to the right and left from the main thoroughfare, bring metallising for the roadways and food for both men and guns. A half dozen Red Cross light motor ambulances pass us going westward bearing their harvest of the night, one not completely filled stops at an underground dressing station to pick up two walking cases. Away to the north, around the shelter of a low hill within a half mile of the front line a contractor's engine is hauling its load of trucks to the now constantly advancing railhead. Still walking on, the traffic increases until it becomes a constant stream of loaded wagons, lorries, heavy guns, field

kitchens and the like going eastward and, emptier, returning west; but not all are empties for many are filled with the refuse of war, tattered equipment, broken rifles, damaged machine guns, empty shell and cartridge cases and what not, all going back to be remade at the base. Nor these alone—even the refuse from the field kitchens, discarded material of all kinds, is taken to the rear to be boiled down so that with all fatty matters that it may contain, glycerine may be made for the munition factories.

As far as the eye can reach on all sides the ground is but a tangled mass of reddish-brown broken earth, a veritable network of shell craters (the water in them frozen to ice) and, where villages have stood, of twisted iron. As the fighting line gets more distant tent villages and clusters of Nisson huts, the invention of a Canadian engineer, all made to pattern, completely interchangeable, painted over in invisible color schemes, are springing up. The inhabitants of this shell-torn region, on its surface to all appearance a desert, must number hundreds of thousands, but off the roads hardly a man is to be seen.

We are to meet our car at Pozières, and stop to ask a sun-stained, blue-eyed, lithe-figured Australian if the road we are on will take us there. "You are standing, Sir," he replies, "in the high street of Pozières." Here the traffic is slower but

there is no confusion; in the center at a crossroad stands a military policeman governing the traffic with the same quiet authority which he practised in Piccadilly Circus scarcely two years ago. Everywhere order and system—no one hurries, no one loiters. By the roadside ever and again we pass little cemeteries—graves carefully tended, a wooden cross to most of them with the name of the dead painted on it. Every name and grave is registered. Suddenly the familiar sound of "Archies" breaks out and we see puffs of shrapnel high in the air, and watching, catch sight of a German aeroplane, headed off and returning at full speed to its own lines.

West of Albert the country changes in detail but not in character; we pass lines of trenches, it is true, protected by barbed wire, but the ground has not been fought over. In a run of perhaps forty miles we encounter some five hundred motor lorries, eight or ten at a time traveling in line together. As we pass through villages more than a dozen miles from the battlefield, in all of which troops are billeted, at every cross road there stands the military policeman directing traffic. The road labor here is not all British, it is in many places German prisoners who are at work in gangs of forty to fifty, each gang in charge of a British soldier with fixed bayonet. Fine men they are too, and good laborers, these German prisoners, ranging apparently from twenty to forty years of age. Contentment is written on their faces, for they are in safety, well fed and under kindly discipline.

All is scrupulously clean and tidy—no waste paper or tin pots and pans lie about; fixed to a tree at every village is a box "For Nails"; every nail seen in the roadway must be picked up and put here out of danger to tires.

At a railway crossing, accustomed as we have become to French locomotives, we are held up by a heavy goods train going east; we have seen in the near distance the steam from many such on both light railways and permanent way tracks. They pass regularly at short intervals. There is something that strikes us, however, as strange about this locomotive, till we recognize that it is English. But beyond sending rolling stock England is doing more for the railways of northern France, which must uninterruptedly feed the long battle front and the advanced bases. Single lines are being doubled, English plate-layers, navvies and English cavalry whose mounted work is just now of the past and of the future, are working on the lines. In two years England has laid down more than four thousand miles of new road and rail in northern France.

One day in 1916 the inhabitants of an English country district, through which a light railway ran,

had notice that the stations would be closed on and after a certain date until further notice; when that day came they woke up to find that the metals and sleepers, switches and signals were already being torn up by navvies and shipped off to France. The same happened in Scotland and in some of the far-away dominions.

Somewhere in France at one of the several bases from which railways and motor lorry lines radiate to the front (and there are many such, covering many acres of ground) a giant factory is the hospital for damaged and worn-out material. It is fed by barges towed along one of the canals so famous in this district, and for its export it is served by railways and motor lorries.

We enter through the machine shop and find some hundreds of mechanics busy upon broken rifles, machine guns, armored cars, field guns and the like. Skilled gunsmiths from the Midlands are at work here, riveters, turners, carpenters, wheelwrights and blacksmiths. Here all repairs are done and the perfect article returned to the front again.

Entering another shop we find huge stacks of worn-out boots in every degree of disrepair. These are first sorted out like patients in a hospital according to their various injuries. Those requiring new soles go in one direction, those which must have new toes or sides are passed on in another. Here the boots are refitted completely, and finally go into a bath of hot oil where they are thoroughly soaked. If any British soldier of the three million or so in France expresses a wish to have a certain pair of boots returned to him that fit him with comfort, he is certain of getting that same pair back. By means of an ingenious invention devised here for the purpose by the officer in charge of the department, any few square inches of leather which would otherwise be wasted are passed through a cutter and converted into boot laces. Next door, equipment and haversacks are being boiled, scrubbed and repaired in regard to every detail and turned out as good as new. Old tent canvas, haversacks and equipment which cannot be repaired are being converted into entirely different articles.

Crossing the yard-way, we hear the sound of subdued voices singing part songs, and entering a building of three floors we find some two thousand women and girls, mostly refugees from Belgium and the invaded districts of France. They sing in subdued unison, whilst they tend the sewing machines, cutting machines and stamping tools. It is here that gas masks and goggles for protection against lacrimatory shells are manufactured, for the most part out of material which has already served other purposes.

Elsewhere are the engine and rolling stock repair shops, the motor repair shops, the hospitals for damaged aircraft, the photographic studios, the lithographers, the map makers, the printing presses, the electrical instrument repair shops, every requirement indeed of a highly organized community.

Some distance away a bakery supplying but a small portion of the army is situated in a fine building of two stories. The flour is lifted from the rail to the upper stories, here it is mixed and kneaded in rows of long, scrupulously clean troughs; from these when it is ready, it is wrapped in cloths and is passed down by means of a slide to the floor below, where it is met by relays of men who deliver it to the ovens which occupy the whole length of the ground floor. From these ovens the two-pound loaves are taken to the store, 400,000 loaves per day, bread for one day for 800,000 men.

Into the French ports of the north come regularly, interrupted only by fog, a constant stream of vessels, carrying men, food, guns, equipment and material of all kinds for the army. They discharge on the quays into long sheds, divided up into sections according to the nature of the material and its destination. As we watch at a quay side, 50,000 pounds of cheese are being taken in from a tramp steamer which crosses the Channel to and fro every other day. The dock is packed full with a small, new type of cargo steamer, designed since the war for this special work, and of which there is now quite a fleet, all made to one pattern, which may be seen crossing at all hours of the day and night. Outside the harbor, restless destroyers keep constant watch over the shipping.

That science of organization of which Professor Ostwald so characteristically boasted as his country's own, acquired over a period of many years, has been learned in the space of two. I have only touched briefly in outline upon the organization of material—the business organization; the organization of the medical service is no less complete and is if possible more wonderful still; of the organization of the fighting forces it is a soldier's province to tell.

As I looked over the Somme battlefield I recognized the glory of heroic achievement, while my heart fell at the thought of its cost, not alone in lives, but in the huge waste of material. Now that I have seen into but a small portion of the vast organization of the greatest fighting machine the world has known, a machine improvised hurriedly, adapted and finally completely and perfectly organized in every detail for its purpose, in the period of a few months, I ask myself whether the

battlefield of the Somme and the battlefield of Ypres are not indeed the school-houses in which Britain is learning to know her own power as she never realized it before, whilst effecting an achievement as magnificent in respect to organization, adaptation and inventiveness as it is glorious in self-sacrifice and heroism.

W. M. MEREDITH.

Irrelevant Art

SOMEWHERE in Jean-Christophe Rolland mentions the "little reviews," to one of which Olivier contributed—papers of small circulation and almost no resources which continually appear in France around new ideas and new authors, and as often die, their larvae having taken wings into the large air of the wider artistic world. Looking for the signs of a greater vitality in our own literature and art, I wondered some years ago whether we could not hope for American aesthetic reviews which would mature those who had something to express and who by this means would escape being trained to the automatic motions of our standardized magazines. Now these papers have sprung up in dozens. Most of them are revolutionary in design. There was *The Little Review*, which began in high spirits, published some interesting experiments and a few achievements, and in the course of three years has sunk to pink covers with purple labels and an issue "ecstatically dedicated to Mary Garden." There are the numerous magazines of verse, varying in excellence and dignity, but with a few exceptions precarious and unproductive of much that the public will ever like. There are art reviews, institutional and ridiculous, like *The Art World*, rebellious and as yet irrelevant, like *The Soil*. There is *The Seven Arts*, which, in so far as it is successful, belongs to the greater public rather than to any smaller one, and draws many of its best writers from abroad. There are newer irresponsibilities, like *Spawn*, the product of a reproduction by fission from *The Masses*, and supported by its contributors on the principle of every man his own editor. There are student publications, such as one just out of Columbus, Ohio, which shows fire and ability, but bears little taint of its origin—calling itself *The Sansculotte* and using as its *pièces de resistance* exotic affairs by Pshebishevsky and Andreyev.

There remains a deep dissatisfaction for an American who craves aesthetic vitality in his country. The little reviews have come with their larvae, but where, in spite of all their separatist excellences, are the winged graduates? Where can one breathe the larger air of American art? The re-