

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1917

Opened and published daily by The Tribune Association, New York corporation, 40 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Subscription Rates: By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.

Foreign Rates: Daily and Sunday, one month, \$1.50; three months, \$4.50; six months, \$8.00; one year, \$15.00.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

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Movie Censorship from Within

What the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry has pledged itself to do in order to wipe out indecent films is worth more to the public than any official censorship boards.

That is a fairly sweeping characterization of bad films, and prosecution of the producer manifestly is one potent way of safeguarding the public against the harm done by such productions.

Such an attitude on the part of the film producers toward impropriety, suggestiveness, indecency, means that the industry is to undergo reconstruction from within rather than to submit itself to repair orders from outside.

If the National Association lives up to its programme to the full the public is not likely to be troubled with indecent motion pictures—save from some fly-by-night producer intent on making a "killing" with one film, and such the police and the prosecutors can attend to.

Official censorship is stupid, vicious, un-American in spirit. In the course of five or ten years a national censorship would inevitably work more harm than good, no matter how zealously the censors tried to keep themselves human and sensible.

Torchy Gets Married

Congratulations are in order to Torchy, bright star of office boys, who after long years and many adventures has at last won and wed the lovely Vee.

Enjoyment of Torchy's career, brilliant though it be, will not, however, dim our appreciation of the performance of Sewell Ford's imagination in keeping Torchy going all this time.

Most popular characters, like Emma McChesney, tarry but long enough to win their places in our affections and then go to that long sleep which awaits even the liveliest of heroines when their author's imagination gives out.

Probably the world's record in fiction endurance is held by Sherlock Holmes. He solved his first mystery in 1887 and kept Great Britain free of criminals continuously from that time until 1905.

We detect in the growing Penrod a formidable rival to these masters; but that need not worry Torchy for some years to come, though the boy undoubtedly has it in him to make trouble for the champion in the future.

as pert, as merry and as resourceful as when he first poked his blazing thatch into Old Hickory's inner sanctum.

Torchy never accepted any of these props to adventure, and this is at once his charm and his limitation.

Now that he has at last taken the fatal step, or, as he himself put it, moved from the juvenile department into the men's sizes, thousands of readers will wish him godspeed—though it remains, of course, to be seen what effect matrimony will have on his vocabulary.

The Modernism of George Meredith

The year 1859 was a wonderful one for any one with an appetite for books. Think of having offered you in one season "The Virginians," "Adam Bede," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Idylls of the King" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel!"

He was almost a generation younger than Tennyson, the most obvious figure to set against him. But the nineteen years in his favor does not begin to express the gap between their outlooks.

To think—it's in these days that foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and does us out his regular five-feet with the old trick of the vowel endings—The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's unity of tone—so he appears divine, he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine.

Here was the starting point, the most conspicuous and significant item of Meredith's modernism. His was a consistent belief, to be easily traced throughout his philosophy. His attitude toward women, contrasting so sharply with the mid-Victorianism of Tennyson, gave its most striking expression.

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withdraw from it in his more public expressions. One of his best known defenses of the women's movement was written in 1906 in a letter to "The London Times."

Women, and for this they incur our severe disapprobation, are excitable. They desire to have the suffrage; to that end they storm the House of Commons and clamor for the right to assist in voting for members of the august assembly.

But let it be remembered that men also are excitable. London Town bore witness to the fact one day not so very ancient, when they skirmished along the streets at night, even as an incessant procession of motor omnibuses, whelmed the police and indulged in every form of loutish extravagance.

Consider, too, that the cause for which these imprisoned women are suffering is on its way to be realized. Men have only to improve their knowledge of women, and it will be granted speedily.

This is typically Meredith in style and content. It yields nothing; and it asserts nothing beyond the facts. It shows the moderate yet undoubting attitude of one of the best minds of modern thought.

A Mistake, Mr. President

President Wilson's appointment of Dr. Cary T. Grayson to be medical director of the navy with the rank of rear admiral, is a grave mistake. The President owes it to the navy, to himself and to Dr. Grayson to recall the nomination.

The Grayson appointment is a Wood appointment and a Pershing appointment. It is a nomination of personal favoritism under the Roosevelt Administration, the ability and the high character of the beneficiaries of executive injustice were generally recognized, but that did not diminish the harm that was done.

Our National Parks

Under the auspices of the Department of the Interior, the first great national park conference ever held in this country recently opened in Washington. The purpose of the meeting is to awaken a deeper and a more widespread interest in our great system of national parks.

Probably few people appreciate the number and extent of our national parks. This is a complete list of them: Yellowstone National Park, in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, 2,142,720 acres; Yosemite National Park, California, 719,622 acres; Glacier National Park, Montana, approximately 915,000 acres; Mount Rainier National Park, Washington, 297,360 acres; Sequoia National Park, California, 161,597 acres; General Grant National Park, California, 2,536 acres; Crater Lake National Park, Oregon, 159,360 acres; Wind Cave National Park, South Dakota, 19,622 acres; Platt National Park, Oklahoma, 84,232 acres; Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, 42,377 acres; Sully Hill Park, North Dakota, 789 acres; Casa Grande Ruin, Arizona, 489 acres; Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado, approximately 229,000 acres; Hot Springs Reservation, Arkansas, 911.62 acres.



A FRENCH REPLY TO MR. WILSON



"What would you say if it was New York?" —Forain in La Figaro.

INTERCEPTED

(From The Westminster Gazette) (An Imperial Army Order not issued on the authority of the War Office.)

Again a year of war has behind us with hard fighting and sacrifices rich in successes and victories. You are victorious in all their features of war, on land and on sea.

Not in a boastful spirit, but elate, With fitting modesty and deep devotion, I, Wilhelm, chosen Missioner of Fate, Lord of the Earth (and of the German Ocean), Herby dispel all treasonable fears.

That cloud the dawning of my world-dominion, Born of the toil of two triumphant years And reared on hostile, alien opium, Never such victories the world has seen (Take it from me!) as all of mine have been.

Horde of my ruthless, admirable Huns, Raising their unarmed hands, with dauntless valor Have rushed toward the foe, whose feeble guns Were silenced by their awe-inspiring pallor.

Where England lurks behind her fleet of craft, And in the Gallic vineyards, thanking Fate, Find from the streets of war delicious havens. I bade them look for ultimate success, And proudly they have won it—more or less!

Fresco: a Grotesque

Behold a student in a little room (The same being I) who pores upon a book. Outside, the April sky is like a child, And dandelions gleam, and winds are mild, But here at college is a crazy nook.

Through owl-like spectacles the student reads (Myself being he). That book he deems as gold, Which deals with buried kings and lovers dead. For, tiptoeing, they cluster round his head, Thin majestics with crowns of phantom gold, And lovely lads for whom the world yet bleeds.

The New Year

Because the storm has stript us bare, Of all things but the thing we are, Because our faith requires us whole, And we are seen to the very soul, Rejoice! From now all manner fears are fled.

Estrangement

Wistful, like blind folks in the Springs, We stand apart, Each in the memory cherishing One day—one hour, As a blind man's fingers Cherish the flower, Where a fragrant lingers That breathes of Spring to his darkened heart.

THE FALL OF MONASTIR

By GORDON GORDON-SMITH

Serbian Headquarters, Monastir, Nov. 27, 1916. I have at last got to Monastir. I started out for that city a matter of thirteen months ago and got as far as Pristina, about fifty miles as the crow flies from the ancient capital of Macedonia.

There is probably no such episode in the world's history as the Serbian retreat, the apparent annihilation of the nation as a military force and its present resurrection. King Peter's troops have twice entered Monastir as conquerors, the first time victorious over their hereditary enemy the Turk, the second time triumphant against a coalition of four Powers.

It was a tiring ride, as the horses sank up to the fetlocks in the clayey mud. Monastir seemed irritatingly near, yet we rode hour after hour without seeming to get any closer. As we approached the city we became involved in the endless crush of army service wagons, horse drawn and motor, pouring in either direction.

But not only did the city of Monastir fall into Serbian hands, but the victory was complete all over the plain, the Bulgarians being driven from the villages on both sides of the Cerna Reka. Satisfactory as this was for the Serbs, it did not make for the happiness of any one like myself, who desired to reach Monastir from the mountain opposite.

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What need has he of spring who holds in fee Imperial Caesars, kings with brows anoint, Ladies that were great lovers long ago? Only the corners of his chamber show, How after row of ghastly hands which point, And shadowy lips that grin sardonically.

German Prisoners

Near Batch, where the plain begins, we met a couple of convoys of German and Bulgarian prisoners of nearly 200 men each. The Germans were men of three regiments, which had arrived three days before from the Somme front. They were a mixed lot, men of forty-five and lads of eighteen. Three officers were marching in advance of the first column, which showed that the lot had practically been captured in a body.

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"FRIENDS OF FRANCE"

By ARTHUR GLEASON.

American relief work in France has many agencies and activities. I have given illustrations of it, but these are only admirable bits among a host of equals. I have told of the American Field Service. Other sections of young Americans have been at work in the hottest corners of the battle front.

I have shown the contribution of scientific skill and mechanical ingenuity which Americans have made in hospital and ambulance work. There remains a work in which our other American characteristic of executive ability is shown. Organization is the merit of the American Relief Clearing House.

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