

New York Tribune

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

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The League Within

The most illuminating thing said at the opening of the peace conference was this remark of Clemenceau's:

All else must be subordinated to the necessity of a closer and closer union among the nations who have taken part in this great war and to the necessity of remaining friends.

The great Frenchman is right. The league of nations must be an evolution. It must grow out of the associations of the war.

The countries which have saved the world from German autocracy and savagery are already a league of nations.

When four years hence Giulio Gatti-Casazza completes the fifteenth year of his consulship at the Metropolitan Opera House he will have held the position longer than any previous impresario.

Signor Gatti-Casazza's contract would have expired next year, but last week the board of directors extended it for three years more.

At first he showed a tendency to stick to the old, conventional and out-moded scene painting beloved by the Mid-Victorians of all lands.

His choice of novelties and revivals has been, on the whole, excellent, and everything new that he has given he has presented in the very best possible manner.

He has never skimped and never slacked. Unpopular works he has mounted even more lavishly than sure money-getters.

He has believed that anything worth doing at all is worth doing better than it is done anywhere else, and when once or twice his new productions have fallen short of this ideal he has wisely dropped them from the repertoire.

More difficult than all else, he has kept the company together and in peace in the midst of universal war, and all those who know the opera singer know that this is indeed a triumph.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza is a diplomat, a man of taste, a man of force and a man of intellect: he loves opera and he understands human nature, and though he speaks little English, he understands the American public.

Above all he is a practical man of the theatre. These are rare combinations in any one human form.

They explain Signor Gatti-Casazza's long service at the Metropolitan.

Awaiting the Aerial Limited

America is falling behind England in aerial passenger transportation. Already two British companies are regularly operating air lines between London and Paris, carrying people for \$15 a passenger each way and on schedule time.

making the round trip between breakfast and dinner and allowing four hours in either city for transacting business. An aerial express is also flying a London-Manchester-Liverpool route.

Another British company has sent out a bi-motored biplane with six civilians from London to Delhi, India, via Brindisi, Marseilles, Otranto, Cairo, Damascus, Baghdad, Bushire, Bandar Abbas and Karachi—a total distance of nearly 4,000 miles.

Major General Salmon, in a bi-motored military machine of the same type, has already flown 3,950 miles from Cairo to Calcutta. This same biplane had previously negotiated the flight all the way from London to Cairo and had done extensive bombing of the Turks in Palestine.

In the United States only two aerial transportation companies have displayed any life. There are no machines in regular passenger service on schedule from city to city.

With regular airdromes—even one

lease of Mooney and Billings by habeas corpus and their retrial outside California; third, propaganda for a California law enabling the courts to grant a new trial in cases where convictions are secured by perjured evidence or other fraudulent means; finally—but not till these means have failed—a general strike.

Wailing Burglars

With all our reading of Nietzsche and Treitzschke and other interpreters of German philosophy and German thought, we are still surprised at the wail of injured protest from Germany on being required to restore the machinery stolen from France and Belgium.

There are 500,000 men in France alone who will be unable to resume work until this property is returned. Yet the Germans treat the demand as evidence that the Allies are preparing to "starve Germany."

"Where are justice and humanity which were to dictate peace? We behold always force, and only force, and the German people, after such great physical and mental sufferings, are delivered over to destruction."

Lombroso, the famous criminologist, in "The Criminal Man," said: "Amongst the ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, thefts perpetrated outside the boundary of the tribe were not considered infamous."

And again: "The ancient Germans encouraged the youthful portion of the population to make raids on the property of neighboring peoples so that they should not develop habits of idleness."

That makes it easier to understand the acclaim which greeted the German soldiers who went staggering home from France and Belgium burdened with loot. But it does seem that even the soldiers of Arlovisius, driven back across the Rhine by Caesar's legions, would not have had the effrontery to protest against the "harshness" of the terms which forced them to give up their plunder.

The Metropolitan's Impresario

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In the United States only two aerial transportation companies have displayed any life. There are no machines in regular passenger service on schedule from city to city.

With regular airdromes—even one

hundred miles apart—passengers can be carried in standardized, bi-motored airplanes safely and on schedule time. If one motor stalls the other has sufficient power to fly the aircraft to its destination, with no greater loss of time than characterizes regular, long-distance train service in this country.

Comfort against the cold is provided by electrically heated clothing, and, of course, no kind of earth travel compares with flying for breadth of view and exhilaration.

The greatest present need for popularizing American aeronautics is for the manufacturers of aircraft to put into operation at once a passenger-carrying air line and to transport passengers through the heavens from one city to another safely and on schedule time.

This can easily be done by three or four types of bi-motored airplanes now completed in this country. Buses aerially navigating the distance between New York and Washington, via Philadelphia and Baltimore, could be put into operation any day, starting from Belmont Park and landing at the same airdromes as the aéro mail ships now use.

Indeed, the aéro mail between this city and the capital has already made an enviable record of 350 consecutive flights through all kinds of weather—from thunder to snow storms—with only three delays.

The Manufacturers' Aircraft Association is, perhaps, the most logical organization to start such an enterprise at once. Several of its members have constructed bi-motored airplanes which could carry a score of passengers between those four cities without danger and in great comfort.

So many people are anxious to visit cloudland in a heavier-than-air machine that the line would soon pay for itself. By doing this they would greatly advance the glory of American aeronautics.

The Diagnostic Clinic

Every layman is glad of any promise looking toward the establishment of that diagnostic clinic of which various rumors are afloat. To the ordinary sufferer from any doubtful disease the most difficult thing in the world is to find out what is the matter.

Once that is settled there are the most marvelous specialists in the world to resort to, dozens of them. But how make this initial decision of which path to take!

We therefore publish with our warmest appreciation the words of Dr. Samuel W. Lambert explaining just what the plan is and how it might work out.

Every physician has experienced the necessity at times of sending some patient of moderate means to a hospital for that prolonged observation which is often needed for correct diagnosis.

The difficulties, generally financial, of securing this aid are often considerable. Discussion of this problem has led to the plan for a diagnostic clinic, an institution where a patient can be received for as long a time as may be required for diagnostic purposes and then referred back either to his private physician or sent to one of the hospitals devoted to the specialties of medicine and which would be grouped in the proposed medical centre of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University.

For these services a fee would be charged such as the patient could reasonably pay without difficulty, and the physicians of the clinic would receive salaries.

Dr. Lambert discusses frankly the opposition which the rank and file of the medical profession may be expected to feel toward the project. Skill and tact in management would overcome this attitude, he feels, for truly understood, the clinic would only aid the physician to a diagnosis; it would not replace his services for treatment.

The diagnostic clinic waits upon endowment chiefly. Dr. Lambert is dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and his institution is sharing in the present campaign to increase the general funds of Columbia, sorely beset, like every other university, by war deficits. For a full development of the medical facilities of the city \$12,000,000 is needed, Dr. Lambert declares. With this sum New York could become a medical centre of study and research and diagnosis equal to any in the world.

Mr. Shonts's economical running of the subway is to be commended, of course; but the abbreviation "CHAM-BERS" isn't, as abbreviations go, much of an abbreviation.

"Our Heroes Homeward Bound" Dedicated to Our President, United States Army and Navy, the First Cross and the Allied Nations Cross There is COL. WILLIAM HENRY KERRLEN, BARNVILLE, TENN.

Little Belgium, Poland and Servia, Who suffered at the tyrant's hand, Have been forever freed from tyranny By our noble Allied band.

From Italy's snow-capped mountains To the great waters of the North Sea The Tyrant has been routed And the assassin hordes forced to flee.

There is one who knows no fear— The American Eagle is everywhere. He fights in the air, on land and sea; He conquered the tyrant and set the oppressed free.

Far beyond the beautiful Danube, Over across the Rhine, The Allied soldiers have smashed The Kaiser's line. All glory to the noble women, Both at home and over the sea, Who have suffered, died and toiled To smother the tyrant and make the oppressed forever free.

"A singing machine," says Miss Emily Stevens, in "The Gentle Wife." Can she mean a Singer machine?

Sedan, to Pagny, to a point northwest of Colmar, to a point south of Altkirch— The greatest last line in American history.

GHERARDI DAVIS. New York, Jan. 16, 1919.

The Conning Tower

The Bour-Gee-Oise

A WASHINGTON SQUARE LITANY

I love the Proletariat; I scorn the Bloated Plutocrat; With all his Parasites and Toys; But how I loathe the Bour-gee-oise!

That Groundling works to pay his way, To win his three square meals a day, To him and other sordid joys, Oh, how I loathe the Bour-gee-oise!

His taste would make a Zulu blush; He dotes on chairs in crimson plush; He has no Grasp—no Flair—no Poise; Oh, how I loathe the Bour-gee-oise!

His attitude to Art is low; He likes the vulgar movie show; And when he laughs he makes a noise, Oh, how I loathe the Bour-gee-oise!

He has no Quest—no Soul to search; He sometimes even goes to church And takes his wife, his girls and boys! Oh, how I loathe the Bour-gee-oise!

He lacks my Broad Humanity, My Universal Sympathy, My Zeal for All that nothing cloy— Except, of course, the Bour-gee-oise. ARTHUR GUTERMAN.

After June 30 the 3-cent postage rate is to revert to 2 cents, too. With the money we save on postage and alcohol, whatever shall we do? Won't some retailer please charge a little more for some commodity, lest we grow over-wealthy?

FROM THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION Mid billets and bulletins though we may roam, Be it ever so arid, there's no place like home. Hence, home, dry, dry home; Be it ever so arid, there's no place like home.

This Tarrot of Temperance leans toward Prohibition, but the horrendous thought occurs that Russia was the first nation to adopt Prohibition. And now look at the darned thing.

LOCAL NEWS

Ye scribe Sundayed in Washington, D. C.

Lou Heilbrner was a cheery caller Friday.

Edna Ferber of Chicago is in our busy midst.

Hen Clark the atty-at-law who was on the ailing list is better at this writing.

Jack Hylan and Will Hearst are going to a warmer clime (Florida) next mo.

Gordon Grant the well known morale capt. dropped in Friday to say, "Boy, howdy!" as the slang of it is.

Art Samuels of Hartford, Princeton, etc., is out of the army and has accepted a position with George Dyer, the adv. man.

This is the first chance we have had to thank Capt. Ray Cox for the supper he gave us and Capt. Wallace Morgan near Chateau-Thierry last June. The pudding was o. k., Ray.

Irv Cobb is going to Paris soon, which is good news. Irv is the best peace conference coverer in the game, the things he wrote about the Portsmouth affair in 1905 being the best anyone ever wrote.

The many friends of Aleck Woolcott will be glad to know that the Sgt. is in fine health and feeling elegantly and Mrs. Fiske will be glad to know that the dice she sent him for Xmas, 1917, arrived o. k. in May, 1918, and Aleck is pretty adept with them.

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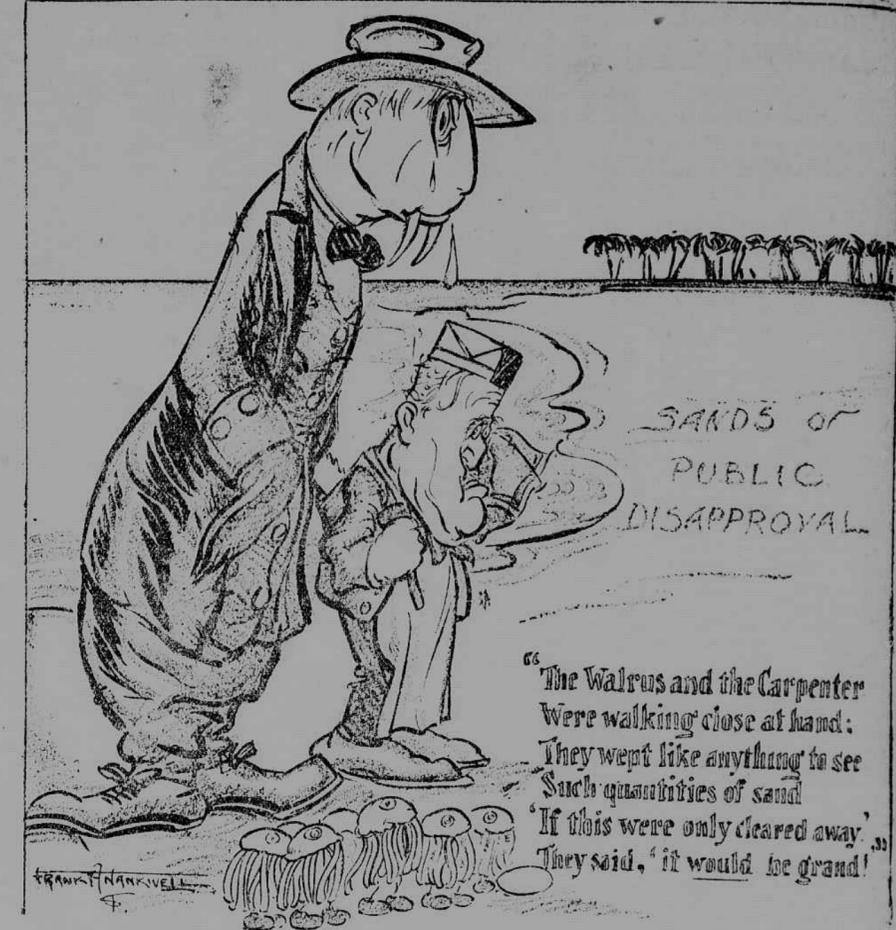
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BY THE SAD SEA WAVES



Hearst and Hylan have engaged rooms at Palm Beach for February 1.—News Item.

"I Will Show You America"

(From the Americanization address of Secretary Lane)

IT IS the way we look at things that makes us Americans. What is America? There is a physical America and there is a spiritual America, and they are both so intertwined that you cannot tell where the one ends and the other begins.

If I had my way, I would say to the man in New York, "Come with me and I will show you America." And I would say to the man in San Francisco, "Come with me and I will show you America." I would give to the man whom I wish to Americanize first of all, after he had learned the language of the land, a knowledge of the mere physical America, so as to get an admiration, not merely of its strength, or of its resources, or of what it could do in challenge against the world, but an admiration that he might have pride in this as a land of hope, and a land in which men had won out.

The Vision Splendid I would take him across this continent. I would show him the eight million farms which went to feed Europe in the hour of need. I'd take him out into far Utah and show him the mountain of copper which they are tearing down at the rate of thirty-eight thousand tons a day.

I would take him to the largest and highest dam in the world, in Idaho, and let him see the water come down, being resolved into power and the power being carried hundreds of miles down to pump water again that spreads out over fields and makes gardens out of what was ten years ago the dreariest of deserts.

I would take that man down South and show him some of the schools down there. I would take him up North and show him the outcrop lands of Wisconsin and Michigan, which lie waste and idle. We do not own them, because we do not possess them. We own nothing that we do not use. I would take him to your own city and show him the slums and tenements. I would show him the kind of sanitation that exists in some of our cities. I would show him the good and the bad. And I would show him the struggle we are making to improve the bad conditions. I would tell him—that America was all right and was a finished country. I would say to him, "America is an unfinished land." America, we hope, will always be unfinished. This has to be if there is anything to Americanism.

Americanism is a belief that this country we have is not to live a static state, that we have not reclaimed all of its land, not found all of its minerals, that we have not made it people as happy as they can be made, but that out of its beneficent institutions, out of the warmth of its people's hearts, out of its higher aspirations and intellectual ambitions and accomplishments, it is spreading out over the world a growth of constant progress. That is our ambition.

"This Is America!" I would make the man who saw America with me visualize the things in this country, from the reindeer in Alaska to the Everglades of Florida. I would make him realize that we have every mineral essential to the conduct of industry. I would tell him that 3,000 miles from here is the greatest university in the world and that the second greatest university in the world is on this side, where only seventy years ago there was nothing but a deer pasture.

I would try to show him the great things that have been done in the United States, the 250,000 miles of railroads, the 240,000 schools, the universities, the railroads, the clubs, the water-powers, the mills, furnaces, factories,

Thoughts on a Roosevelt Memorial Ding's Cartoon, "The Long, Long Trail." Suggested

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: Establish endowed chairs in as many universities, colleges or schools as the funds collected will properly finance; these to be known as the Theodore Roosevelt chairs in Americanism—or some title expressive of that thought—and to be devoted to the development of those broad ideas of patriotism, loyalty and public probity which were so dear to Colonel Roosevelt's heart and for which his appeals are still ringing in our ears.

If a fund of \$5,000,000 could be raised by popular subscription which means quite probably fifty or more such chairs could be endowed. The effect of such concerted effort in improving our national spirit would be far-reaching for all time. IRA H. WOOLSON. New York, Jan. 17, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: My suggestion is a Roosevelt birthday, or a Roosevelt Day on the first Saturday in August, equidistant from Independence Day and Labor Day, as suggested by Karl B. Sackmann. J. D. STEPHENS. Brooklyn, Jan. 17, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: Great monuments in great cities may attract passersby, but his book, "The Great Adventure," his last effort, should be in our common schools and public libraries; also his many life. JOSEPH P. BLOSS. Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: Among the many suggestions for a memorial for Colonel Roosevelt I suggest that your magnificent cartoon entitled "The Long, Long Trail" should be put in statue form. It typifies the beloved American as exulting in the entrance to his greatest adventure, and it shows the spirit of "the first citizen." NELSON ABELL. Newark, N. J., Jan. 17, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: For a fitting memorial to Theodore Roosevelt Mr. Harding's marvellous drawing, "The Long, Long Trail," furnishes suggestions of an ideal equestrian statue as a memorial to our beloved ex-President. SABEL YOUNG. New York, Jan. 17, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: I say, with tears in my eyes, let us take the price of three or four battleships or a Liberty Loan, if necessary, and build something that will equal even Solomon's Temple, showing the future generations that we were not underrated in our own time. I think human understanding is too limited. I know his history better than I know my prayers. I know you will respect my tears. AN OLD ROUGH RIDER. Brooklyn, Jan. 17, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: I suggest a life-size statue of Teddy in "Rough Rider" costume on his horse at the Palisades, overlooking the city where he was born. A CONSTANT READER OF YOUR PAPER. New York, Jan. 18, 1919.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: I would suggest that no more fitting memorial to this great man could be raised than that of making the Roosevelt Hospital the greatest free service hospital in the world. How could this great American's services to his fellow man be better exemplified than by the erection of a memorial that would, to the end of time, honor the man who spent all the years of his life in ministering to suffering humanity? B. F. B. Trenton, N. J., Jan. 17, 1919.