

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truths—Editorials—Advertisements

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GUARANTEE: You can purchase merchandise advertised in the TRIBUNE with absolute safety...

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS: The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use of publication of all news dispatches...

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Hearst vs. England

It has seemed good to Mr. Hearst to renew his attack upon England...

It is interesting to see the Hearst gas squad at work with this new material.

The present series of articles takes up Mr. Shaw's bile just where it left off.

"She will act in this way because she must. She may never let her left hand know what her right hand is doing."

Our Fabulous Foreign Trade: The largest of our banks has made an interesting computation to show that the war brought to this country a larger balance of export trade than in all the preceding life of the Republic.

With this enormous credit balance we bought back a great quantity of our securities held abroad.

Forestalling a Loss on Wheat: The bill which has been introduced at the request of the food administration to enable the government to carry out its guarantee to the farmers on this year's crop of wheat calls for a very large sum—a billion and a quarter of dollars.

"It is manifestly wrong to take a child not responsible for its deeds, and who can be cured of its evil tendencies, and submit that child to penal servitude."

And who, when the bartender is excited, will brush his hair in that style?

Nothing more abominably or cunningly devised to create disharmony between this country and its allies has perhaps ever appeared in the Hearst newspapers.

than now to see the wedge go deeper still into Anglo-American understanding.

We are still officially "associated" with Great Britain, among others, in a state of war with Germany.

The War Trade Board stated the case fairly and fully. Any one who stopped to reflect could not miss the truth.

"For over four years Great Britain has been subject to the shock and strain of a war which not only required the sacrifice of life and intense human energy, but also necessitated the most stringent economic readjustment and the sacrifice of private business."

"It is not strange, therefore, that Great Britain should to-day wish to make every legitimate effort to keep her commercial and economic status from falling into chaos, and instead to restore it to a state of equilibrium."

"As a natural result of such a normal, patriotic aspiration, in order to bring her own manufactures to a state of stability approaching that of pre-war days, Great Britain finds it necessary to impose such import restrictions for the time being as will permit her the opportunity to re-establish domestic business conditions on a normal basis."

But the truth is nothing and fairness is nothing. Mr. Hearst feels that the danger is past; it is again safe to attack our national friend and ally.

The Void Waits

Analyzing the hold of the Bolshevik leaders on the Russian mass mind Hans Vorst, the Moscow correspondent of the "Berliner Tageblatt," an able and impartial expert, writes: "The speeches of the Bolshevik chieftains furnish the best clew to their success."

For the Bolshevik mind—the primitive mind—this world is a simple affair. In their religion—as in the ancient creed of Iran—there is just one line of division between good and bad.

Precious Salvage

Students of sociology will await with impatience the opening of the new Municipal Clinic for the Classification of Mentally Defective Children.

"Good will that makes plain folks for Peace. Alone can bring red war's success."

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the Food Bureau, will be very small—not, perhaps, over 44,000,000 bushels, and possibly much less.

Any way this loss, such as it is, will be distributed among the people of our own country, and while no one would propose such a bonus to the wheat growers in peace times, it is well to reflect that the farmers accepted without grumbling a heavy cut in the price they were receiving.

Quantity Couplets

Having so successfully applied the principle of quantity production to the manufacture of motor cars, Henry Ford is now turning out couplets in the same way.

More Propaganda

New York, Dec. 8, 1918—The German wireless to-day sent out the following general information from its station at Nauzen: "Excellenz Hans Mueller, republican envoy to the Vereinigte Staaten, took with him as part of his official baggage 4,000 bottles Berncastler Doctor, 4,000 bottles Niersteiner and Johannisberger, 4,000 bottles Dantziger Goldwasser, 4,000 bottles Hochheimer and 10,000 bottles Buxtehuder Schnapps."

Facile Princeps

ALTHOUGH BUSINESS CONTINUED SMALL IN VOLUME THE MARKET BECAME THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURE. THAT STOCK WAS IN BRISK DEMAND.

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The Conning Tower

The Monotonous O. D. Before I worked for Uncle Sam, My heart leaped up when I beheld A uniform; but now I am More used to khaki than of old.

"It's an impossible thing, this League of Nations," said a gentleman yesterday; and we have utter faith in his judgment, just as we had in September, 1914, when he told us the war would be over in two months.

The officers who wear their Sam Browne belts after arriving in the United States are merely disobeying orders. To wear it is just a bit of swank, take it from one who hates to discard his identity bracelet.

Artists are an observant lot. Every few days you see the drawing of an officer who doesn't wear his Sam Browne belt over his left shoulder.

Gotham Gleanings

—Now is the time to subscribe.—Adv.

—Art Folwell was a pleasant caller one day last week.

—Doc Jim Burgess of Montclair is mighty busy these days.

—Elmer Severance of Emporia, Kans., has moved to our growing city.

—Yesterday was Ground Hog Day and was celebrated quietly hereabouts.

—Our boom for Herb Parsons for Pres. in 1920 is doing as well as could be expected.

—Bob Wildhack writes from Scottsdale, Ariz., that he is feeling 'better every day. Bob has been there since Nov. 1917.

—Charley Riegelman has got his discharge from the Army and hung out his atty-at-law shingle again yesterday.

—The many friends of Lt. Grant-Land Rice will rejoice to learn that Grant will be back in this country in about a week.

—Chuck Towne the w. k. rough diamond is back from a sojourn at Lakewood where he went to play pool with Porter Browne.

—Ye ed. brought Geo. Cohan a German bayonet which Sgt. Aleck Woolcott found on the battlefield at Cohan, France, but we don't know whether Geo. ever got it.

Capt. d'Annunzio has said that "the Americans are trying to hide under a cloak of idealism the fact that they have just concluded the biggest piece of business in history."

"The theatregoing public," observes Mr. John Cort, "is a mighty intelligent body—give it a chance." Or, better, raffle off the chances.

Still, the altruistic hotelkeeper makes no cover charge for postage stamps.

Sees End of Bolshevism

One of the agencies in Berne persistently fighting the Bolshevik element is the Agence de Presse Russe (the Russian Press Agency), of which the well known Russian publicist Vladimir Victorov Toporov, or Victorov, as he is called here for short, is director.

"The present Bolshevik government," M. Victorov said, "cannot last long. We expect to see it off by spring. The Bolshevik government is killing itself off—by its extreme ruthlessness and bloodshed. People get tired of murder and gallowes."

"What will the salient difference be between the government you hope to establish after the Bolsheviks have fallen from power and the present Lenin government?"

"A big difference, a world of difference," M. Victorov spoke vehemently. "Ours will be a democratic government. Every man will have a chance, an equal chance, while now we have not a democratic but a class government in Russia. In fact, the Russian government to-day is an aristocratic government, with the proletariat in place of noblemen and military officials as the aristocrats."

"Is there any danger of a return to monarchy?"

"Monarchism is dead," was the reply. "It is gone from Russia never to return. We are going to have a democratic government. The Omsk government is a democratic government. Tchaikovsky and other Socialist revolutionists are in it. With the aid of the Allies and of America the Omsk government will become the government of all Russia."

A Mint Mystery

You can put any construction on it you wish. We have six friends with mint cups coming on where their lawn hydrants drip, in spite of everything that has happened. And none of them is fond of spring lamb or drinks ice tea.

BEGINNING THE OPEN SEASON



Viewing Russia by Proxy

By Elias Tobenkin

BERNE, Switzerland, Jan. 10.—Until such time as it is possible to get into Petrograd or Moscow to study Russian affairs first hand, Berne is perhaps the best vantage point in Europe from which to study and ascertain the situation in the chaotic Slav empire.

These men now fill the quieter pensions of Berne and other Swiss cities and live rather moodily. They have managed to transfer a part of their wealth to banks in France and England, and are eating their fortunes sparingly. And yet these remnants of the once powerful Russian nobility are perhaps the most fortunate members of their class.

"I said this was our programme. The reason I spoke in the past tense is because, to be frank with you, right now I don't know what our programme is with regard to the settlement of the land question. Conditions have made our programme useless. There can hardly be talk now of buying the land from the owners when there are no land owners left in Russia. The Russian land owning class is a memory. You see a few thousands of this class living sparingly in Switzerland on whatever savings they managed to snatch with them when they fled Russia. What they will do when these savings are gone I do not know. Of the land owners who have been unable to leave Russia, many have fled to the Ukraine, and of the rest many have been killed. Those that have not been killed are sweeping the streets in Petrograd or are working as firemen, or doing other manual labor. They are lucky to get that."

"You said that the Bolshevik government will be turned out by spring at the latest and the Omsk government will take its place. What sort of an economic order in Russia do you expect the new government will establish?"

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Music for the Soldiers

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Since the armistice the public has an idea that our work has ceased, when really the need for musical recreation for the men still in service and the returned wounded increases. As one officer writes: "You may know that since the signing of the armistice there has been a great clamoring among the men to be relieved from active duty. At the present time this is impossible, and wholesome diversion is absolutely essential to keep these men interested. The services which you have rendered have been inestimable in keeping up the interest and morale of these men."

This is only one of many letters we receive expressing the same appeal. As for the calls from the wounded men, it is impossible to begin to comply with requests. MR. AND MRS. ORLANDO ROULAND, New York, Jan. 31, 1919.

"Free" Chevrons

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Last Saturday afternoon, while walking through Fortieth Street, in the company of a returned wounded soldier, we passed a building just west of Broadway the upper floors of which are occupied by the Brooks Uniform Company. In the second story window of this building was a large sign inviting "soldiers, sailors and marines" to come up and have service, wound and discharge chevrons supplied and sewed on free. This notice was subscribed "The Mayor's Committee on Welcome."

The soldier with me had a wound and a six months' service stripe on his blouse, but none on his overcoat, and I suggested that we take advantage of the invitation to have the missing chevrons supplied.

We went upstairs and the soldier asked for the chevrons, and he in turn was asked for the "newspaper coupon." I had a copy of "The Evening Sun" in my pocket and went through it, but failed to find any coupon, whereat the young lady explained that it was only to be had in "The New York American" or "The New York Evening Journal."

Naturally, neither the soldier nor myself cared to buy a Hearst newspaper, even to secure the chevron, so I was charged 15 cents for each chevron and 20 cents for sewing them on.

Of course, for all I know Hearst may be paying the Brooks Uniform Company for supplying these chevrons, but if he is I would like to know by what right does he use the name of the Mayor's Committee on Welcome for increasing the circulation of his newspapers?

If, on the other hand, it is part of the money recently appropriated by the Board of Estimate which is paying for the chevrons, then by whose authority is Hearst allowed to use this money for his own ends? I know that this is only a small matter, but as other soldiers and sailors will be open to this same injustice, I am sure that you will take some measures to prevent this imposition on them.

JOHN R. CAREY, New York, Jan. 30, 1919.

Another "Quotation"

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In line with your editorial on "quotations" born by the war, the following incident which occurred on my old ship may be of interest:

She (never mind her name—her captain, a two-and-a-half-striper, is one of the most modest men afloat) was sinking fast, with a hole the size of a tunnel mouth in her port quarter. Of course, it was pitch dark, and the night was full of heavy seas and rain squalls and wind. All the boats had left the side. On the "top side" were grouped on the last raft four men waiting for the thing to float free. The stern was 'way under, the bow in the air. A good wave would do it. Near them was the radio shack, coming adrift from the pounding of the waves. One of the men was, naturally, the captain. As he hung there, watching his ship disappear under his feet, came a voice: "Captain, have a cigarette?" He turned, and, peering, discovered his quartermaster. "Well, damned if I won't," he said. And they were managing the light, face to face, when a big one caught the radio shack, tore it loose and tossed it overboard, knocking the captain with it.

Luckily, there is an anti-climax. That last wave sent the raft floating off, too, and it was the same Q. M. who kept yelling "Captain!" till he found him perched on one corner of the shack and, sticking out an ear, yanked him aboard the raft. All the cigarettes were wet, however.

As long as a quartermaster and a lieutenant commander can share smokes while the ship is hesitating before her last dive there must be some small hope for this nation—and her navy. F.

New York, Jan. 31, 1919.

Six Trail Hitters

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Having read your article in connection with the Billy Sunday campaign in New York, may we have a little space in your valued paper to let others know what have been our experiences as a result of this campaign? We are six girls who went into the Tabernacle out of pure curiosity (not ready to give credit where credit was due), but—hallelujah!—we came out with sawdust on our shoes!

After "hitting the trail," in April, 1917, we became acquainted with each other and formed what is now known as the "Hallelujah Sextet." We all became members of the church, and now spend all our spare time singing the Gospel in and around New York City.

This is but one of the countless instances which prove Billy Sunday's God-given power. The lives of us six girls have been completely turned from worldly pleasures to active religious work, and the great joy we find in our work makes us want to have others know what the Billy Sunday campaign in New York has meant to us.

May God bless Billy Sunday and his work! THE HALLELUJAH SEXTET, I Cor. xiv, 15. New York, Jan. 31, 1919.

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