

New York Tribune

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

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Idle Wings

Considered as a matter of dollars and cents:

The United States has trained 30,000 army and navy pilots, at an average cost of \$10,000 each, a total of \$300,000,000.

The United States has on hand aeronautic equipment valued at \$800,000,000. Dismissing as a closed incident the fact that our lack of aerial preparedness resulted in comparatively few of these trained pilots getting into the fighting...

But these 30,000 expert pilots and that \$800,000,000 worth of material represent the assets of a concern that has gone out of business.

The questions will have to be answered one way or the other very soon. Our aviators, discharged from the service, are asking what is in store for them.

One answer is that proposed by Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, in an address at the convention of the Rivers and Harbors Congress in Washington.

The organization of a government body similar to the grain corporation, to be known as the Aerial Transport Corporation or by a similar name, capitalized at \$500,000,000, which shall take over the \$800,000,000 worth of airplanes, motors and aeronautic equipment...

Definite suggestions are put forth for the establishment of aerial transport lines connecting industrial centres, such as New York and San Francisco, Washington and Chicago, Minneapolis and New Orleans, Key West and Havana, and the like.

There are twenty or more army aviation stations and aviation depots which this aerial transport corporation would take over and operate as public air-crafts which could be used, by the payment of a fee, by private as well as government aviators.

Bills now before Congress call for a peace programme for the army which will make use of less than 2,500 pilots, and that of the navy calls for the retention of only 350 aviators of the present 10,000 flying men in that service.

such possible auxiliary as would be afforded by the Aerial Transport Corporation.

Ole Hanson

Ole Hanson is the melting pot's vindicator. A native-born son of immigrant parents, there is no hyphen attached to this Seattle Mayor's title of American.

"This is not a strike; it is attempted revolution engineered by anarchists, Bolsheviks and the I. W. W.," he said; and he laid a heavy hand upon the situation, with the result that the latest news from Seattle is that the crisis there is past.

"The labor unions must now cleanse themselves of their anarchistic element or the labor unions must fall. They are on trial before the people of this country. I take the position that our duty as citizens stands ahead of the demand of any organization on the face of the earth.

Throughout his political career Ole Hanson has been a disciple of Theodore Roosevelt, and his words, published by coincidence on Roosevelt Memorial Day, are such as would have delighted that great American:

The union men, the business men, the churchmen, must first of all be citizens. Any man who owes a higher allegiance to any organization than he does to the government should be sent to a Federal prison or be deported.

The Whiners

Chancellor Ebert, at the opening of the German National Assembly, protested against the "unheard-of and ruthless" armistice terms imposed upon Germany.

"We warn our opponents not to drive us to the uttermost," he exclaimed. "Hunger is preferable to disgrace and deep privation is to be preferred to dishonor."

Professor Hans Delbrück is equally vociferous. "It is proposed," he says, "to impose upon Germany a burden which would make the country the wage slave of its enemies for decades. There cannot be any doubt that Germany would rise against such slavery at the first opportunity and the world would again be plunged into war."

The German is recovering his effrontery. The Hun is unique in his psychology. He never can see himself as others see him or dream of applying to himself the rules which he applies in his conduct toward others.

Would Germany have imposed "ruthless terms" and "wage slavery" on the Allied nations if she had won the war? The answer is to be found in the peace conditions which she forced on the two Entente powers which she did conquer—Russia and Rumania.

Ebert, one of the Majority Socialist leaders in the Reichstag, joined with Scheidemann and the rest in applauding the Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest treaties. Delbrück was one of the intellectuals who justified the Pan-German programme of conquest. They had no heart and no compunctions when Germany bestrode Central Europe and was bending the peoples of Russia and the Balkans to her will.

Self-pity is obnoxious. It becomes nauseating in the mouths of those who never had any pity for others and in whose whining there is no confession of error or guilt.

Social Arithmetic

Billions for a war debt we shoulder with enthusiasm. Thousands for constructive health work we think of as a spendthrift sum.

Billions for a war debt we shoulder with enthusiasm. Thousands for constructive health work we think of as a spendthrift sum. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," applies to virtues as well as vices.

The necessity for a nourishing hot luncheon for the growing child has been established. It saves the country much money, viewed purely as a business proposition, to build disease-resistant children.

Everything hurries in New York, including the undertakers. If the mourners will consent to the vehicle moving at a trot on the way to the cemetery, the charge is about half of that for a walking funeral.

health as based on food values accompanies the appetizing and nutritious food offered. It has been proved that lessons on the strength and prowess coming from oatmeal and cocoa, as opposed to tea and cake, make a real appeal to the growing boy and girl.

The spending of the \$50,000 in experimental luncheons in the sections of the city most needing the help before floating a city-wide appropriation and installation is sound. The money was to serve a double purpose. It needs an organizer who is at once a skilled executive, an efficient buyer, a person with the necessary knowledge of food values, and one with the outlook and vision to adapt the work to the city's varied needs.

The public is entitled to all the facts in the case of "Honest Dan" Costigan. Commissioner Enright's letter to the Mayor is not only a futile attempt at justification—it is manifestly unfair.

Interrogating Mr. Enright

The Commissioner, who had flaunted public opinion for two days, suddenly revised his position. He had held that his reasons for degrading a police inspector were no concern of the public.

"Inspector Costigan was assigned to the First Inspection District, and during 1918, while in command of this district, 316 arrests were made for gambling within his district by Chief Inspector Daly's special squad and by the Special Service Division. During the same period Inspector Costigan's own men made only forty-one arrests for gambling, of whom thirty-one were discharged, five convicted and five cases are still pending."

Mr. Enright is careful to state how many convictions resulted from arrests made by Inspector Costigan's staff, but he says nothing of the results of the arrests made over Costigan's head. Why not tell the whole truth?

If Inspector Costigan were as derelict as Mr. Enright's denunciation implies he should have been removed. But he was only demoted. Commissioner Enright now is on the defensive. Eleven thousand honest policemen want to know, "Why was 'Honest Dan' demoted?"

A Subway Mine Field

The method pursued by Controller Craig in the settlement of subway contractors' "damage" claims may yet lead to serious embarrassment for all the parties concerned.

These "damage" claims have reached the formidable total of \$13,000,000. They are still climbing. Last fall Controller Craig made it clear that he was going to give these claims heroic treatment. He asserted that the Public Service Commission was delaying the completion of the subway by dilatory tactics.

Commissioner Whitney, of the Public Service Commission, attacked the Controller's method. As counsel to the commission Judge Ransom said the company could not have collected anything by legal action. The remainder of the story is familiar to Tribune readers who have followed it in the news columns.

The claims privately adjusted by the Controller must be paid by annual budget taxation. If the contractors are entitled to damages—and doubtless in many instances they are—then their damages should be ascertained by the Controller and the commission working in cooperation, so that the commission may charge them to construction account, where the charge belongs, and where the cost may be covered by bond issues.

Meanwhile it may be a suggestion worth the consideration of the Controller that adjustments of "damage" claims based on anything but facts will be unsatisfactory. Unless a matter of this character is disposed of in a thoroughly commendable way it cannot be regarded as a completed transaction. It is a floating mine.

Rushing to the Gazette

Everything hurries in New York, including the undertakers. If the mourners will consent to the vehicle moving at a trot on the way to the cemetery, the charge is about half of that for a walking funeral.

The Conning Tower

THE HAPPY LANDING

A galloping, rollicking bit of a rhyme Will tickle the ear of the Boss every time. It needn't have sense if it only keeps step; It needn't be deep if it's chockful of pep!

Your Humble has landed some hundreds of squibs,— In fact, that is why he's the Dean of Contribs.

The top of the Colyum's the place for the Best; You see how to get there ahead of the rest? JACK.

Many things were discussed at the annual meeting of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association Friday night; but nobody brought up the question of the new 10% luxury tax on racquets. Protest, however, hereby is made against putting necessities in the luxury class.

The story of the soldier in France who lost his voice from shell shock and regained it in a poker game summons to mind the commoner experience of those who have lost their voices saying "That beats me."

Gotham Gleanings

—News are scarce this week. —These are busy days for our Mayor, Mr. Hylan.

—Will Bradley and Miss Jane Gail went shopping Thursday. —Geo. Cohan says he got that bayonet from Cohan, France, o. k.

—Miss Jobyna Howland says she reads this paper only when her name is in. —Edna Ferber entertained Thursday evening at a dinner and conversation.

—Wade Hayes of Cranford and Chaumont was a pleasant and fascinating caller Wednesday. —Don Marquis had quite a compliment paid to him the other day, the barber taking him for a well known poet, etc.

—Mrs. Grantland Rice of here is going to Newport News today to meet her husband who is on his way to these pleasant shores. —Doc Merz, ex-Lieut., was in town Thursday. Doc is en route to Fla., where his folks are sojourning. Doc looks o. k., and says Gen. Pershing looks finely, too.

The esteemed Hotel Algonquin achieves the tipless hat-checkroom, but it has not risen to the nutmegless, cinnamonless apple pie.

THE COMING EVENT.

(Written 70 years ago by James Clarence Mangan) Curtain Lamp, and bury the bowl! The ban is on drinking!

Reason shall reign the queen of the soul When the spirits are sinking, Chained lies the demon that smote with blight.

Men's morals and laurels; So, hail to Health, and a long good-night To old wine and new quarrels!

Nights shall descend, and no taverns ring To the roar of our revels; Mornings shall dawn, but none of them bring

White lips and blue devils. Riot and Frenzy sleep with Remorse In the obsolete potion And mind grows calm as a ship on her course

O'er the levels of Ocean. So should it be! for Man's world of romance Is fast disappearing And shadows of CHANGES are seen in advance.

Whose epochs are nearing; And days are at hand when the Best will require All means of salvation, And the souls of men shall be tried in the fire

Of the Final Probation. And the Witting no longer or sneers or smiles; And the Worldling dissembles; And the blank-minded skeptic feels anxious at whiles,

And wonders and trembles; And fear and defiance are blent in the jest Of the blind Self-deceiver; And infinite hope is born in the breast Of the childlike Believer.

Darken the lamp then, and bury the bowl, Ye Faithfullest-hearted! And as your swift years hasten on to the goal

Whither worlds have departed, Spend all, sinew, soul, in your zeal to atone For the past and its errors; So best shall ye hear to encounter alone THE EVENT and its terrors.

It is the prophecy of Mr. A. E. Thomas that plays in which alcoholic stimulants are mentioned soon will carry a footnote saying: "The action of this play takes place before July 1, 1919."

Miss Frances Jesser, of the Classical Club of Hunter College, has made this version of "There's a Long, Long Trail":

Qua semina me ducunt Uni lucei nunc canunt Luna candente Erunt longae spel noctes Dum vera visa fant Ad diem cum transeamus Illam longam, longam viam.

Recommended for the fourragère is an audience that refrains from applauding when a set is shown with an Urban or Parrish deep blue background.

A private of the 9th Infantry was looking at "With the Help of God and a Few Marines."

"Pretty decent of General Catlin," he said, "to defy our regiment." E. P. A.



London

By Chester M. Wright (Copyright, 1919, New York Tribune Inc.)

LONDON, Jan. 17 (By mail).—When Ambassador Davis made his maiden London speech before the Pilgrims' Club he said that while he bore the title of ambassador there had been sent to this side some two million others who had been the truest ambassadors of America.

Go where you will over here and you will hear stories of the American soldier and sailor. Our fighters who have come over here have won the love and friendship of the people. If they didn't like our millionaires and our Cook's tourists who came either to look in haste or to look in boredom—and mayhap to despoil—they do like our soldiers.

The reason isn't far to find. The soldier is just a natural human being. Mostly he has come from the small home towns of America. He is fresh and healthy and he has no jaded appetites. He gazes frankly and naturally. And it is wonderful how quiet he is. He doesn't try to be a wise bird, and he isn't a jay bird. He's just Johnny Jones from Eau Claire, and he wants to see what Westminster Abbey and Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus look like. And when he finds that Piccadilly Circus isn't something under a tent, but is just a sort of squared circle with streets running into it, he is properly surprised and admits it.

And there are other stories about Americans, too. With two friends I dined at the famous old Cheshire Cheese on a Sunday evening. We ate the well-known pancakes full of jam and reminisced about Dr. Johnson and Dickens and things, ruminating the while on the relics and legends of the place. Finally we wended our way to the rooms above, rich in the lore of old, old days, where is to be found Dr. Johnson's old chair and a check for £4 with which Dickens once paid a bar bill.

As we climbed up the winding stairs, with their edges worn down by the feet of the great and the followers of the great, a waiter came in our wake, asking in polite tones if we would like to see the old chair and the old porridge spoon and other things that are up in that dark little room. We would, of course, and he came, ostensibly to show us those priceless things. Some chance remark led him to wax voluble, and the talk ran to the risk of leaving such treasures so lightly guarded. And then it came out.

"Oh, some one of us always comes up when visitors wish to see these rooms now," he said. "We are careful—since the Americans came."

"Aha, what is this about American ways?" we thought—and then we inquired. "Well, you see," said the man, with a half apologetic tone in his voice and without the slightest trace of ill feeling, "when the American soldiers and sailors came we found we had to watch things. There was a Y. M. C. A. forty men who used to bring thirty or forty soldiers or sailors here every day to see the place. One day he brought a party of sailors. There were nine cruets on this table right here, sir, but when those sailors had gone and we came to look those cruets were gone. Of course, you see, sir, we inquired about the things, but of course it didn't do any good."

All this with a shade of a trace of appreciation in his voice. That man probably would defend the American sailor against all comers—his voice said as much. But he has also an inside appreciation of their little taking ways.

This is just a little bit of slant-wise light on American boys abroad—remember, that's what they are, just normal American boys. That is precisely why they have made good over here. They are normal—the "run of mine" out of the great stream of American life. England will never again think of fat men with great wallets when she thinks of America—she will think of thousands upon thousands of robust, healthy, normal lads half way between youth and manhood, lads with the fine instincts that are in healthy, normal lads, and with the humanness and joyousness and breeziness of those who have not had too much of life.

London is a great city of khaki just now. Go where you will—it's all khaki. Khaki, with here and there a jab of the blue of France or the lighter blue of the new British aviation uniform. Never was there so much khaki in one big city. Not in the days of war, by a good deal.

The main streets contain streams of khaki. And there are all shades. There are few Americans now—just here and there one, mostly officers. But English, Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders are here a-plenty.

At almost any time of day the Strand will present a human spectacle of which 80 per cent is in khaki! Piecifully and Oxford Street are only a bit less brown. But with all of this army in its midst London looks not the least bit warlike. Somehow these soldiers don't look as if fighting was part of their lives, or ever had been, except for now and then the wounded man, or the man just back from France, all loaded with his pack and gun and tin hat. The fact is, though maybe it isn't just proper to say, that if London skies were a little brighter and there was less oozy mud on the pavements London would look like a great military carnival town. There is a good bit of the carnival spirit abroad, among the soldiers and among those whose hearts beat high to have them back on British soil.



The Nation's Loss

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I attended this morning, the 25th general meeting of the University of California in the spring semester, when there is the custom of bi-weekly gatherings of the students and faculty, presided over by the president. In the meeting this morning President Benjamin Ide Wheeler took occasion to give so impressive a heartfelt tribute to the great citizen recently lost to America in the death of Theodore Roosevelt that I felt the Editor would enjoy knowing of this occurrence here and the sentiments expressed:

"Since we were last assembled in university meeting an event has occurred which measurably changes for each one of us the world in which he lives. This is the death of Theodore Roosevelt. Of an American he had come nearest to expressing and embodying the patriotic ideals of his fellow countrymen. Upon his words and acts hung the trustful attention of every-day Americans for most days of his greatest life. Of all men he was most like most Americans. Therefore, they knew him and believed he knew them. Of all the leaders he was the one who was nearest to them—in his thought, in his will, in his burning zeal and fervors of his love for home and country, for liberty and truth. And now he whom they loved and who in their love they now and again chastise has gone out from among them and left them confused and dismayed. Who can easily believe that one so inherently wise, so replete in all his fibre and being with the very essence of life, has really laid himself down into the eternal quietude of death? And this must be from now on a world without Theodore Roosevelt in it—a world changed and empty world for many who knew him best and loved him most, and a world of doubt and apprehension to the sands for whom he had long been prophet and interpreter of public duty."

"And this has come just when we needed him most; just when the old pillars are being overturned and the old landmarks are being rooted up; just when our free Americanism is set at jeopardy before the European mob—and when even terms of peace the freedom of the seas, and a league of nations are of less concern after all than the plain rescue from anarchy."

"We needed him. He had the vision to see; he had the courage to do."

A NEW YORKER Berkeley, Cal., Jan. 24, 1919.

Education Is Patriotism

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Your editorial on Mme. Breshkovsky brings out a great truth which is important to all of us in these days of reconstruction. Education is not only greatly needed in Russia, but it is everywhere the key note of successful government and progress. Ignorance, superstition and prejudices are just as much foes of democracy as power in selfish and greedy hands.

America's success as a government by the people has been due to almost universal education, and America's failures as a democracy have been in direct proportion to the extent that that education has been lacking, incomplete or one-sided.

The rabid Socialist and the pacifist would all be impossible in a country where education was universal and complete. The power of the camouflaged disloyal press in this country during the war was based on the appeal of their editorials to ignorance and prejudice.

By all means, let us do whatever we can to help Mme. Breshkovsky in her work. We also gain from her teaching the way to make the education in our own land more complete, universal and perfect. A world of nations governed by peoples that are broad minded and unprejudiced need no armaments to preserve peace. Perhaps we can do as much for the people of the world in the future by furthering education as we can by holding peace conferences. ARETAS A. SAUNDEES, Norwalk, Conn., Feb. 7, 1919.

Fast Mail Speed

Mr. Marconi says that radio messages sent out ten years ago have not yet reached the nearest stars. Are we to undertake that Mr. Burlison has taken over the planetary service also?

Geographic Note

The Sahara Desert at one time was the largest dry area on earth.