

# The President Stands or Falls by the League of Nations

PARIS, February 17.

WITH the departure of President Wilson on February 13 one phase of the peace conference is clearly determined. The publication of the constitution of the league of nations at the moment of the President's departure was an obvious endeavor to make a report of progress so far achieved, and it is fair to say to the outside world that while commissions have been appointed the league of nations covenant represents the actual achievement of two months of the Paris conference.

We have now to examine the success or failure of Mr. Wilson in the two months of European negotiations which followed his break with every precedent and every tradition of American history in coming to Europe. How far has the President succeeded and justified his journey? How far has he failed? These are questions that will be asked most insistently on all sides. At the outset it must be clear that Mr. Wilson's success was beyond the expectations of most, but it is hardly less true that his stay in Europe since the first two or three weeks has proved an anti-climax, and that he has left the conference weaker in influence than at any moment since his arrival.

The reasons for this slow but sure decline of the President's prestige if not power in Paris are not far to seek. Mr. Wilson came to a France exhausted with four and a half years of her struggle against Germany, hardly yet able to believe herself victorious, and bearing wounds still unhealed, still capable of becoming fatal.

## Europe's Expectancy

Coming to France, Mr. Wilson was welcomed as he was in England, as he was in Italy, as a symbol, as an assurance, alike in the reconstruction of the world and of reorganization of international affairs, which would make new wars impossible; and he was gladly hailed in France as the spokesman of the ally which had come to the battlefield at a critical moment, with decisive aid, to insure to France repayment for her loss and protection as to the future.

I have tried very often in these dispatches of mine to indicate how deeply into the French soul had sunk alike the German menace of half a century and German barbarism of the last four and a half years. No nation in the world looks more eagerly to a league of nations as a promise of a new world than France, but no great nation had suffered on its own soil a millionth part as much as France, and no nation was therefore necessarily so completely committed to take material guarantees against the future, guarantees which would prevent a repetition of 1914, if the league of nations should become another scrap of paper.

Mr. Wilson's failure in France, so far as it was a failure, lay in his concentrating his attention and energy upon the league of nations to the utter exclusion of that other equally great problem before the French, the problem of security against the future. To a nation whose factories had been systematically destroyed, whose fields had been swept of fruit trees, whose villages had been ruined, Mr. Wilson spoke only of abstract principles. He talked—or he seemed to talk—thus in the presence of some of the most solid and solemn facts in all human history.

## He Never Went to See

A single incident determined largely the current of French feeling. It was the hope of all France that Mr. Wilson would go to the northern provinces and see with his own eyes not alone the destruction of battle, but the wanton and selfish devastation of the German soldiers, whose single purpose it was to eliminate France and Belgium from the economic life of the world and then to take the place made vacant. This Mr. Wilson never did. As a result, Americans, and particularly American correspondents in Europe reporting the peace conference, similarly failed to examine this phase of the French case.

Even more than this, if not in the case of Mr. Wilson, in the case of some of those closely associated with him in his mission, there developed a certain impatience and

intolerance of the French view. The French passion for protection against another coming of the Germans was easily translated into the renaissance of French chauvinism and French materialism, while on the French side there was silence, then suspicion, and at last profound disappointment, a feeling that America had changed her position with respect to France.

This French feeling was intensified by the fact that the British, without reservation, bent their efforts and their energies to the realization of the league of nations, and supported Mr. Wilson, or seemed to support him, in at least temporarily setting aside those questions which for France, and France alone, were questions of life and death. Into French feeling and into French life there crept a very clear sense, not only of isolation, but of desertion. France, with her terrible wounds still open, had a feeling that her great Allies, without whose aid nothing was possible, had turned their attention in another direction.

## Blasted Hopes

In the meantime, accentuating this French sentiment, there arose the impressive spectacle of Germany reordering her affairs, reorganizing her resources, daily becoming more defiant in the presence of her conquerors, and alike in Austria and in Poland pursuing her old materialistic ambitions in her old imperialistic spirit. While the Allies argued over questions and mandatories in Asia Minor, or Central Africa, German armies advanced into Posen, German agents seized upon Austrian political

## France's Expectancy for His Aid in Quashing Germany; Her Disappointment at His Neglect—His Prestige Founded on the League Alone

By Frank H. Simonds

machinery to bring about annexation of seven million Austrians to Germany, and once more on all German sides there was raised the question of Alsace-Lorraine.

In some, particularly in France, there had been expectation that Mr. Wilson, whose leadership at Paris was unchallenged, whose power far surpassed that of any other person, would exert this power, not simply and exclusively to construction of that great experiment which is the league of nations, but at the same time to render Germany alike powerless to repeat her past crimes and to resist payment for those crimes, which was essential to the future life of France.

One may not say to what extent circumstances were responsible, rather than design, in the case of the policy pursued by Mr. Wilson in France. Certainly his policy would from the outset have been impossible had he not received from Britain immediate support. Like Mr. Wilson, the British representatives at Paris were willing to concentrate their attention first upon the league of nations; like him, they consented

to the practical ignoring of German facts which no Frenchman could ignore. The responsibility for this ignoring of the problem of making peace with Germany, as contrasted with the information of the league of nations, is, at least, as much British as American.

Yet, we have to face the fact that because Mr. Wilson came to Europe, not merely or primarily, but almost exclusively interested in the league of nations, because he had neither time nor apparently the necessary interest to go to the ravaged areas, because in all this course he was supported by the British in Paris, there developed not only coldness toward the President in France but a clear division in the peace conference itself.

I have said in my first dispatch to America that President Wilson's coming had a great and abiding value in that it stirred idealism all over Europe, and in addition, particularly in the case of England, was a positive and perhaps permanent contribution to Anglo-American friendship. This I think remains true, but it remains true with many modifi-

cations and qualifications since the time when I wrote it. Since then we have framed the league of nations, which may or may not make future war impossible, and a repetition of the suffering of the last four and a half years out of the question. But, while we have been framing that league of nations, Germany has risen from defeat defiant and determined, and as a preliminary to the discussion of that league of nations, we Allied powers of the West have abdicated in Russia, leaving it for the future to decide whether the former Romanoff state shall hereafter be Bolshevik or Boche. At the same time failure to take definite action has fatally handicapped Poland, which must after all be one of the cornerstones of New Europe, and permitted it, already assailed by Bolsheviks, Ukrainians and Germans, to become involved in a tragic dispute with the Czechoslovaks. Poland has been neglected and the task of the creation of a Polish state, whose value to future peace is so great, has been made difficult in the extreme. We have sent food to Germany, fearful of German Bolsheviks, but we have

permitted starvation in Bohemia and anarchy in Poland.

## Many Problems Yet

All the many problems that confront the peace conference on the material and political sides remain to be met. The frontiers of Poland are not even provisionally defined. Poland and Bohemia are at odds in Silesia, Rumania and Serbia in Banat, the old question between the southern Slavs and the Italians is embittered as delay follows delay. Syria has been permitted to become a real wedge between British and French opinion.

The German has followed the course of the Paris conference and changed his tone from a whine to a threat in less than three months after Hindenburg had recommended an unconditional surrender as the sole avenue of escape from supreme disaster.

It will be unfair and unjust to hold President Wilson exclusively or mainly responsible for what has happened. He could, had he chosen, have brought the world to impose a just but leveling peace upon Germany; he could, had he chosen, have prepared provisional accommodations in case of the gravest of the difficulties before the conference. In whatever direction he chose to lead, the British were committed to follow, and had he elected to lead in the direction of terminating the war with Germany on a basis of reparation, restitution and a guarantee against future dangers, the French would have followed him as they never had followed any man in their history. But he decided to stake all upon the

league of nations, and he created the league of nations, and it may be that this concentration will prove in the end of great and lasting benefit to mankind.

On the other hand, it is essential to face the thing as it is in Paris. Mr. Wilson is, we understand, coming back in three weeks with what purpose no man knows. He can no longer at once exercise the same influence. There has been, I am told, a drawing back in England among the English people, comparable a little to the change in France, and in both cases growing out of increasing eagerness to have done with this war, of which the peace negotiations have become not the least burdensome detail. If Mr. Wilson should come back from America resolved to exercise his influence in the direction of a quick settlement based upon a reasoned and comprehending estimate of the facts in the present situation, if he should come back determined to finish the war with Germany by making a new German attack impossible, if he should come back as a champion of French security, as a defender of Polish existence, as the spokesman of Czechoslovak integrity, as the proponent of Jugo-Slavic independence, as a friend of Rumania, his service may yet be the greatest of any living man in the making of a just peace.

But, by contrast, if Mr. Wilson comes back in the same mood in which he came to Europe more than two months ago, surrounded by the people for whom the single question was not what the situation really was, but what the President thought it to be, if he should come back still dedicated to the pursuit of the abstract, and, above all, if his coming back results in the postponement of a settlement with Germany, which has been too long postponed already, we shall have another feeling in Paris, and we shall again have to face, possibly, the fact that what was won on the battlefield may be lost around the green table.

## Waiting for The League

One should be fair in stating the facts. I doubt if any one ever worked harder at any task than Mr. Wilson has worked at his self-imposed duty at the Paris conference. He has neither spared himself nor in any degree avoided the responsibilities of his position. He has worked for his league of nations with a singleness of purpose which will remain noteworthy. He has not labored for a specific plan for the league of nations. As I have frequently said, the document which has arrived owes far more to the English than to Americans, but for the idea of the league of nations he has labored incessantly and arduously. If the league of nations shall prove a success, I do not think later historical estimate will subtract anything from the credit due to Mr. Wilson.

But, on the other hand, I am anxious to give some idea of what has actually happened in Paris, what disturbing and conflicting currents of opinion have been loosed, what dangers have been risked, alike within and without the conference and what great problems remain not only unsolved, but daily, through postponement of the solution, become more menacing.

Mr. Wilson came to Europe, hailed in France and England and Italy as no foreigner has ever been welcomed. I do not think his best friends would feel that he goes away carrying with him the same influence in any one of these three great allied countries, nor do I think this change is due to any essential hostility to Mr. Wilson's idea of the league of nations, but rather to growing apprehension that the force of Mr. Wilson's personality and the accident of his power at the present time are combining to bring about, in fact, a fundamental problem, which is to have done with Germany, to have peace with Germany which will not be a prelude to another war like the past, to prevent Germany from winning the last war by emerging from it greater in territory and population, having inflicted fatal injuries upon her enemies, injured fatal because she herself is spared the cost of her devastations and her destruction.

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# The Snowless Record of This Weird Winter

By S. K. Pearson, Jr.

Cooperative Observer, United States Weather Bureau

DURING the last year or more, New York and vicinity has experienced about all varieties of weather that might occur in a century or perhaps since Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river now bearing his name.

We all remember the destructive and crippling antics of the weather last winter, when more damage was sustained in the eastern part of the country than a German army might inflict. "Jack Frost" was the chief disturbing element, but he was usually reinforced by "Old Boreas." Sometimes "Jupiter Pluvius" would interfere and con-

vert deep snow, ice and frozen ground into slush and mud, but "Jack Frost" would follow so quick on Jupiter's heels that the soft and liquid mixtures would soon be reconverted into dangerous and damaging ice. In fact, "General Weather" did his utmost to hold up ammunition and supplies and foods of all kinds, to produce suffering among us by delaying coal transportation, and to incur additional damage and inconvenience by storms, accompanied by gale, winds and rivers choked with ice, and in some instances completely frozen over.

The most remarkable phenomenon during all these abnormalities was the coldest known in the history of New York City, when the mercury fell to 13 below zero on December 30, 1917, the former record having been 6 below zero. In fact, the entire month of December was the coldest on rec-

ord, and there have been but few Januarys and Februarys colder than December, 1917, whereas normally they would be considerably colder. In other words, New York City experienced even colder weather than is normal for Buffalo, Rochester and Albany, and about the same as that usually occurring at Lake George, N. Y., and Eastport, Me.

What a contrast this is with the month of December, 1918, which has been one of the mildest of record and practically snowless. But, dear Mr. Reader, do you remember August 7 this year, when you were confined in your office or store, or even on your vacation, that it was impossible to find a cool spot anywhere outside of your bathtub or the ocean? This day was the warmest in the history of the city, the mercury registering 102 degrees and break-

ing the former record in 1881 by 2 degrees.

What a strange coincidence that the lowest and highest temperature ever known here should occur within only less than eight months of each other. The fact that this happened during the war gives opening for opinion that the conflict was in some way or other responsible for these abnormalities. The mental attitude of the public toward a theory of this nature is always of great psychological interest, and the writer and other scientists expected to hear that these phenomena would generally be attributed to the war. Reliable scientists, however, have not been able to find any connection between the weather and gunfire, the use of gases or liquid fire, etc.

The alleged connection between rainfall and gunfire is a well worn controversy in Europe, where during the wet periods in

1914-16 so many champions sprang up, but with a spring drought in 1917, while the Allied offensive was on at the Western front, it lost favor entirely as a subject for argument. It is so in this country, not only relative to rainfall and gunfire, but as to weather changes and the phases of the moon, and also the supposition that our climate is changing; under the suggestion of an instinctive belief, one is involuntarily led to note only the favorable coincidence, and thus become more and more confirmed in the belief.

As we have not received an unusual amount of rainfall during the war the public has not had an opportunity to express its views. The rainfall here during 1916 and 1918 was considerably below normal, being two of the lightest annual falls among those of the last forty-eight years.

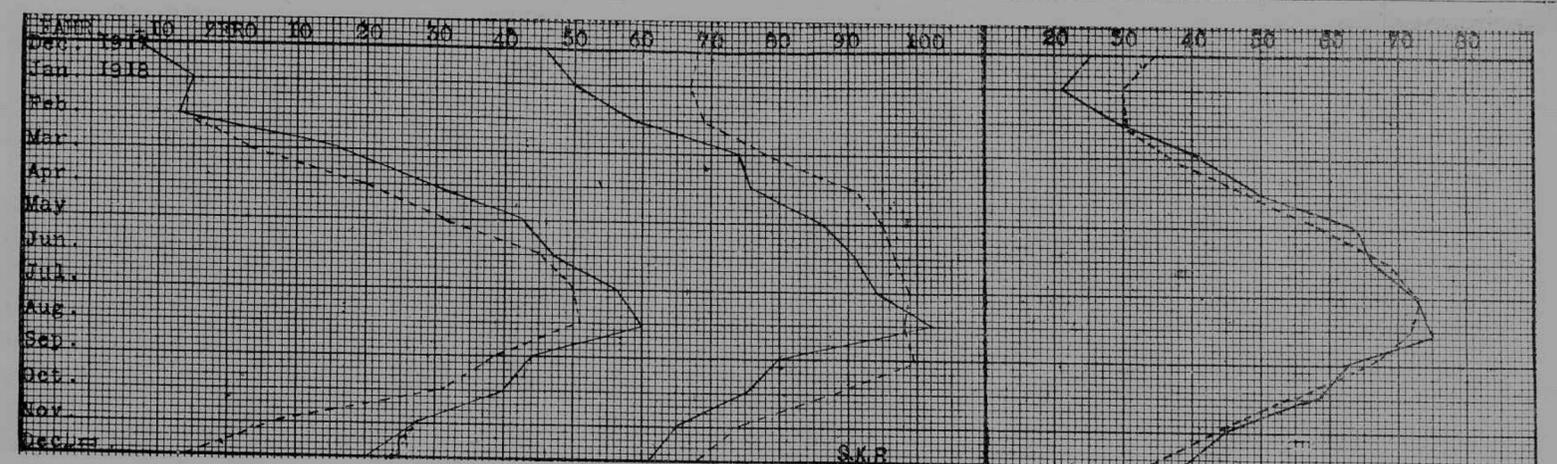


Fig. I. Diagram showing minima and maxima temperatures for last thirteen months. Broken line indicates previous records of extremes for past forty-eight years. Note how long record was broken December, 1917, and February, 1918, on minimum chart (13 below zero, respectively), and on maximum, 102 in August, 1918

Fig. II. Chart showing mean or average monthly temperatures for last thirteen months. Broken line indicates normal average based on records for past forty-eight years

# The History of the Red Cross—Painted, Not Written

PARIS.

SIX splendid historical war records in oil, destined for permanent display on the marble walls of the Red Cross headquarters in Washington, are complete to-day, after seven months of toil, and are now on their way across the Atlantic.

Next to the actualities of war pictured in films and photographs by army Signal Corps workers, Cameron Burnside, an American artist of the Paris Latin quarter, has given to the American people possibly as great a gift in vividness as any individual American in the great war. These six big oil paintings, 6x6 feet, depicting phases of the work of mercy made possible through gifts of American millions, carry the onlooker through bandage rolling depots, among civilian refugees who fled from invaded homes, over the lines of communication, into hospitals, into great warehouses and into out-post canteens, where wearied fighters are receiving hot things to drink as they come out of the line. All the paintings are typical of the stations maintained during the war by the great relief organization, but each portrays a certain one.

Cameron Burnside, the artist, is an American "internationalist," like many American inhabitants of the Paris Latin quarter. His family hails from the vicinity of Bellefonte, Pa., and he is a descendant of Simon Cam-

eron, Secretary of War during the Rebellion and "father" of the Republican machine in Pennsylvania, which is still going strong.

Burnside was born in London, studied art there in the London County Council school at a fee of about \$4 a year, and eventually exhibited his paintings in the salons of the London Academy. Later he lived in New York, and eventually came to Paris to join the American artists' colony. One of his paintings won a medal at the San Francisco Exposition. When the draft law became effective it caught Burnside in Madrid. He registered at the American Embassy there and returned to Paris. A physical examination designated him for Red Cross work, and he was assigned to a warehouse in Paris, where he shifted and piled boxes of supplies constantly arriving from America until he became ill.

## No Use in a Warehouse

Burnside's commanding officer asked him one day what he was good for aside from piling boxes in a warehouse.

"I am an artist," responded Burnside. "Well, I don't believe we can use an artist in warehouse work," was the response. But Burnside thought differently. He suggested that the great piles of packing cases and bales of goods and clothing sent to

France by generous people in America—something unique in history, one nation aiding the homeless and unfortunate of a sister nation—should be made a part of America's historical records in oil. The idea caught on in the mind of the commanding officer, and canvas and oil and brushes were furnished and Burnside resumed his work in the warehouse. Within a month he had finished the picture. It shows the big storehouse on the Rue de Chemin Vert (Street of the Green Way) at its busiest moments, when French poilus and American workers in khaki, all unfit for front line duty, were working their hardest, shifting boxes to make room for other consignments which Americans were generously sending to France for civilian victims of Germany's warfare during the days of the big German advance to the Marne.

The warehouse picture was such a success that it led to the second—a night scene in the big refugee canteen at the Gare de l'Est in Paris, where all varieties of homeless French folks were gathered and cared for by volunteer workers. White gowned and white capped nurses are giving what comfort they can to the aged and young; mothers with babes, some with resolute faces, others with the look of sorrow and despair. An aged nun, evidently forced to leave some convent and flee with the rest, is shown in the foreground. Her face has a tinge of sorrow under its mask of benevolence. She is one of the homeless herd, bound wherever some one directs her, all

who have seen this painting agree that the warehouse worker-artist has touched something strikingly real.

## Bandages for The Front

The surgical dressing station in the Rue St. Didier was the next subject tackled by Burnside. Here he has shown a great canvas walled room filled with white garbed volunteer workers rolling bandages and assembling surgical packages for the fighting line. You see here faces of young women who, with different garb, would be New York society debutantes, or perhaps, spoiled children of some of America's best families. For that is exactly what many of these bandage rollers were before Uncle Sam came into the war and provided them with tasks in which they could be extremely useful and still maintain fashionable self-respect. When Burnside sat down with his easel and brushes in the old tent-covered tennis court of the Rue St. Didier he also found other types among the workers. There is the dowager of Paris's American colony doing her bit daintily and dressed for the occasion in her most immaculate white gown and semi-ruscap—the same in which she intends to appear at tea with some other dowager later in the afternoon, where relative war work will be discussed in all thrilling detail. And there are also in the picture motherly looking women who are giving long hours to it, apparently with pride in the number of bandages rolled for the boys "out there at the front" during a single working day. In this painting the artist seems to have again touched character with a certain vividness—a wholly

different set of faces from those found at the refugee station in the Gare de l'Est.

"To the front and back again" might be the collective title of the artist's last three pictures. The first of the three shows a French war station at which an American troop train has just arrived. Red Cross canteen workers are busy handing up steaming cups of coffee, chocolate and sandwiches to American doughboys, who hang with outstretched hands from the doors and windows of "third class" French railway cars. They are on their way to the front and their faces tell the story. They have chalked letters on the sides of the cars which read, "Berlin or Bust" and "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Xmas," and the expression on the various ruddy countenances gives you to know that these boasts are not made in vain. The scene might have been laid at Chalons, Epernay, Meaux or any railway station of like size on French railway systems. They are all the same, and at almost every one our relief workers have fed hundreds of thousands of doughboys and poilus as they passed through to the battle fields.

## "To the Front And Back Again"

The second picture takes one into an out-post canteen at Roulecourt, headquarters of the First Division before the St. Mihiel offensive. It is in an old barn within easy charted range of enemy gunfire, where a lone tallow candle gives all the light permissible at night, as the troops file by a rough counter in single file to receive a steaming cup of coffee. They are fresh from their first line positions and tired. Rays of the candle search out many faces

still tense, faces that are tense by nerve power alone, because the slouch of those who file away to drink the beverage out of line shows that bodily fatigue is there—men ready to drink and fall, almost in their tracks, asleep. Every man carries his gun over his shoulder and tin hats are on heads at rakish angles, because in battle positions or in the zone of fire men seldom observe dress parade regulations. Mud clings to their uniforms and many are wet. The little candle gives all the light for this painting and it shines in an uneasy, flickering way on the canteen worker—a man in this zone, whose face also tells you that he is tired, because he has been pouring coffee into army mess cups for many hours. It is a portrayal of war and history.

The last painting takes you to a tent hospital at the Auteuil racecourse, near Paris. It is summer, and nurses, outside in the sunshine, mingle with American boys on crutches or lolling about in positions which tell you of their weakness during convalescence. Battles are being refought here. The main group in the foreground is one of several, one recounting thrilling details of Germans he killed before one "got" him. It isn't hard to imagine the story. It has been told by every American doughboy in every hospital in France the first moment his returning strength has allowed him to talk freely. Your imagination, as you glance at the painting, will tell you which of those of the group were wounded in actual close-up combat and those who stopped a stray piece of shell many kilometers from the first line. There is a knowing look on the countenances of some, while others are drinking in every word.

I asked a high Red Cross official how much money the organization intended to pay Burnside for his seven months of solid labor on these six big canvases.

## "Not a Cent Extra"

"Not a cent extra," was the reply. "He could have made just as much money piling crates and boxes out there in the Chemin de Vert warehouse. We furnished the material and he did the work. We are going to take great care in shipping these canvases to Washington. They will be consigned to Henry P. Davison, who will place them on the walls of Red Cross Headquarters. They are real American history and experts have pronounced them high in real art."

Meanwhile, Cameron Burnside, after seven months of work, which, after all, gains him nothing more than the high honor of putting history on canvas for the American people, is going back to his little studio at 86 Rue Notre Dame des Clamps, in the old Latin quarter, to paint something for Cameron Burnside and Mrs. Cameron Burnside, formerly Miss Hitt, of Augusta, Ga., also a painter of the Paris school. That is, he is going to paint for a more lucrative market, as he has done in the same studio for the past ten years, except during America's part in the war. But above everything, credit goes to this American artist for possibly more patriotism with the brush and pastel than any other artist in the great war. But for a rather delicate constitution he might still be piling boxes if the big warehouse on the Rue de Chemin Vert.