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

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Ratifying With Reservations

Strong feeling still marks the debate over the covenant. This is natural. But disregarding such angry partisanship as that of *The World*, which denounces its opponents as copperheads and secessionists, thoughtful men will concede that both elements are about equally sincere and equally able to give reasons for their faith.

A shield has two sides; the light of truth shines through mediums of different colors. We stand before opposed principles, both valid. Life is full of similar paradoxes, and at particular times difficult is it to say which deserves emphasis. Now the collision is between ideas as old as Western civilization; between the claims of parts and the claims of a whole; between decentralization and centralization; between nationalism and internationalism; between Jefferson and Hamilton.

History is packed with teaching that tells of retrogression when thought of one polarity excluded thought of the other. Nature's voice, telling of the warfare between type and variant, between differentiation and unification, is to the same effect.

On one side is that spirit of autonomy, manifest in all freedom-loving peoples, which justifies nationhood; on the other the drift toward large aggregates of power for the practical reason that some problems small powers are incompetent to solve.

The defect of autonomy and localized government is a tendency to wranglings and quarrels, as among the freedom-loving city states of Greece. The defect of extended authority is that its imperialism wars with normal human variation and sinks into a tyranny that destroys human growth. So Babylonia, Egypt, India, China, though each has produced a remarkable civilization, has killed progress in its cradle.

But two world-wide secular dominions have been successful—those of Rome and Great Britain; the one flourished only when it was tolerant of diverse cultures and perished when it sought to make all Roman. The other survives in vigor because it minimizes unity. Thus it is to be inferred, if a mixture of the two principles is to be compounded, that the sense of nationality is to be regarded as the more vivifying—as living, various, perennially progressive, the fertilizing fountain whose waters transform the desert. It is significant that political development has been rapid in proportion as the sense of nationality has strengthened.

So any proposal looking to unification must prove its case. The presumptions are against it. It must be shown, first, that it practically contributes to the end sought; and, second, that it does not destroy or seriously weaken national sovereignty.

Not by epithetical attacks on those who are firmly rooted in patriotism, and who are persuaded by knowledge of history and nature that variation is a pearl of great price, worth all it costs, is a league project to be put through. All who uphold the covenant have need to make sober arguments—should be at pains to show that the particular enlargement of the machinery of international power which they favor will promote the end sought and carries no serious menace to nationalism.

The Tribune, looking at the scheme under consideration, has inclined to oppose it on the double grounds that it did not sufficiently safeguard national liberty and did not in a clear way lessen the probability of war. The scheme seemed three-quarters or nine-tenths fraud, and a reaction against fraud is natural. Moreover, the attitude of its proponents toward efforts to secure safeguards to national sovereignty excited suspicion. Finally, the effort to bring about an acceptance of the plan without debate, on the unsupervised say-so of one man, roused opposition.

But to condemn the league it is not enough to find it nine-tenths false pretence. The other tenth might be of value, and possibly adequate safeguards to our nationality could be set up. The Tribune at all times has been ready to support the league if it brought even a slight gain for peace and did not destroy the national liberty of this country.

Judging the document with mature deliberation, it is perhaps proper to testify at this time that a small gain for peace is discoverable. The provision for unanimity, of course, deprives the league of any power in itself, but periodic meetings of an ambassadorial council are of some value. What the ambassadors say or do will be determined by their home governments, but delegates are to assemble. Heretofore such congresses have met, but it was first necessary to get consent to a meeting. Hereafter assembly will be automatic. This may not be much, but is something. Had Austria-Hungary been brought before an areopagus the war might not have occurred.

By itself an agreement to dispatch ambassadors to a common meeting place does not seem out of step with our traditions. We have sent representatives to the Hague, and there is no great departure in agreeing to send delegates at regular intervals.

But those provisions of the covenant which threaten national liberty must be altered and circumscribed. Article X must be made to conform to those principles of American policy which cannot be surrendered. The Monroe Doctrine must be adequately reaffirmed. These and other essential modifications can be made, it would seem, by reservations, without imperilling the treaty as a whole. Such has been our practice when dealing with treaties to which many nations are parties. Such is the practice of other nations, dictated by common sense.

Thus conciliation may be possible between those who would save the good there is in the covenant and at the same time not derogate from our sovereignty or lay on us an obligation to get into every quarrel in the world. We shall perhaps be able to see this clearly when we have the text of the treaty.

Americanization of Thoughts

The committee on education of the Reconstruction Commission does well in its report to the Governor to stress the fact that to achieve Americanization more is necessary than to teach every one to speak the common language or to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

To be an American it is necessary not only to speak like one and to feel like one, but to think like one. Elements of our population disclosed as most dangerously anti-American are well enough educated. Indeed, it has seemed at times as if the places most in need of rebaptism are some of our colleges and universities, particularly their teaching faculties.

It has been preached in not a few classrooms, for example, or at least implied, that a majority, its will duly ascertained and registered, has no right to rule; that a minority, if it can get force into its hands, may seize and exercise supreme power. As to this heresy the committee feels impelled to say:

> "There is perhaps at present no need more urgent than that of inculcating the American habit of accepting the verdict of the majority, whenever it has been rendered according to law. There are two kinds of minority rule: the one autocratic, the other revolutionary. But minority rule in either guise, autocratic or revolutionary, is uncongenial to the American mind. In America the majority decides—in the last ananysis must decide. The habit of peacefully, and even good humoredly, accepting this decision, trusting in the long run to reason rather than force to modify it, is the most precious political habit which the American people have acquired, a habit in which they should still more confirm themselves, and which it is one of the prime objects of the Americanization movement to instill into those who join our citizenship from abroad."

From the continent of Europe, from parts with little experience in self-government, has come the poison that the law represents only power and any one having power may of right give what orders he pleases. A most pestilent toxic, hostile to every instinct of sound Americanism.

The law functions when necessary through force, of course, but it rests on something else—on right or conceptions of right. The law is not merely the Will of the Strongest, but an attempt to approximate abstract justice. Being but an approximation, it is alterable as men develop, and machinery must be provided for change, but the sanction is higher than force.

In Oriental countries the law, whether from the edicts of conquerors or of gods, is sacred in all its parts, to be obeyed not because it is just, but because it is decreed. This Oriental concept, finding lodgment in Germany, has been conveyed hence, sometimes by immigrants and sometimes by professors.

It is time to spew it out. It is not only alien to Americanism, but is based on ignorance and prejudice. Yet how often are men who esteem themselves learned heard preaching it! Such are not to be gagged, but those to whom they speak should be equipped to expose the intellectual and moral insufficiencies of their instructors. What irritates in the presence of such a doctrine as Bolshevism is not so much the thing itself (its reputation can be left to time and events), but the self-satisfied stupidity and density of men and women of presumed education who know so little about their own country and are so little generally cultured as to be imposed upon.

Fugitive Money

The junta that organized itself into a "constitutional" government of Mexico has now become emboldened to extend its activities to the United States. It has attempted to take for its own use from a New York bank money deposited there by the British-owned London Bank of Mexico, which the junta has declared in liquidation after seizing its assets.

The story of the wrecking of the London Bank in 1916 by the Carranza government has been published before; it now reappears with new details in an injunction proceeding in the Supreme Court of New York. The ex-manager, who deposes he was imprisoned and threatened with death by a firing squad before he consented to divulge the combination of the London Bank's vaults, sues to enjoin the New York representative of the Carranza government from withdrawing the bank's deposits in New York and shows how the "liquidation" was brought about.

But the junta argues that it has been recognized by the American government as the *de jure* government of Mexico, and that, as such, it may abstract the funds of banks it is "liquidating," and that the violent measures it took to drive the bank into liquidation are irrelevant.

If men steal as individuals they must pay and mend their ways.

Germany's Counter Terms

The German counter proposals meet in few respects Premier Clemenceau's admonition that they would have to be "practical"—that is, made with the purpose of smoothing out difficulties in the execution of the treaty. The Allies are willing to agree to modifications which will make the terms more workable. But they are not prepared to consider seriously a German challenge of the right, or even the expediency, of the principles on which the treaty has been drawn.

Germany rejects outright, we are told, the proposed cessions of upper Silesia and parts of West Prussia and East Prussia, and asks for a plebiscite in all the terrorities which she stands to lose, including Alsace-Lorraine. She requests immediate membership in the league of nations and a mandate from the league to administer all her former colonies. These demands amount to a contention on her part that the Allies are not entitled to impose a peace on her; that the peace she signs must not be a peace of submission.

When the German government, at the instigation of the General Staff of the army, signed the armistice it practically surrendered at discretion. The fourteen points, which were to serve as the basis of a treaty, were exceedingly vague and elastic. They were necessarily subject to interpretation by the Allied representatives at the peace table. The German peace delegation and the heads of the German provisional government do not hesitate to denounce the treaty as a violation of the stipulations of the fourteen points. Can they really believe that the conference will indorse this accusation of bad faith by altering the main lines of the settlement, arrived at after prolonged deliberation and painful labor?

The German government may be thinking merely of making an appeal to history. Having made that appeal, it may accept the natural consequences of defeat. It cannot expect the conference to renounce the indisputable right to impose terms which, in its opinion, will operate to redress the frightful wrongs committed by Germany and to secure peace in Europe and the rest of the world.

On one point the German delegation makes a practical suggestion. It asks that the size of the German indemnity be definitely fixed in the treaty. The reparations section, judging from the abstract of it furnished to the public, is likely to lead to long continued friction. Germany is to pledge herself to make reparations for damages under seven categories. The total is left indefinite. It is to be determined by an inter-Allied reparation commission not later than May 1, 1921. At that time a schedule of payments is to be drawn up, extending over thirty years. But this schedule is to be subject to postponements. Germany will know the worst for two years, and thereafter the immense responsibility will be thrown on the commission of collecting the debts due the Allies on conditions which may be continually modified and which Germany naturally will do everything in her power to evade.

Fixing a maximum limit for the indemnity would make the work of the collection bureau infinitely easier, and also would tend to accelerate payments. On the theory that responsibility for the size of the burden imposed on Germany ought to be assumed by the peacemakers, and not devolved on a subsidiary board, von Brockdorff-Rantzau at least makes out a presentable case.

The submission of a counter claim of 12,850,000,000 marks for damages resulting from the blockade is an impertinence. Moreover, the just claims of the Allies so far exceed Germany's ability to discharge them that any counter claim presented would easily be swallowed up in the Allied profit and loss account. Germany, whatever territory she gives up under the treaty, and whatever indemnifications she is called upon to make, still will enjoy a vast discount on her true obligations.

It is not for an involuntary bankrupt to haggle over the cents on the dollar which he is to be allowed to pay.

In April the favorable trade balance of the United States (the excess of exports over imports of merchandise), with Europe, was $457,000,000. At that rate the balance for the remainder of this year would exceed $3,600,000,000. Not all of this balance can be charged against our European customers, however, since the trade statistics include exports for government account to the extent that such exports are transported in privately owned ships. But certainly Europe's debit balance for the rest of the year, at the current rate, would be not less than $3,000,000,000. In addition Europe must pay this country at least $400,000,000 in interest and meet more than $700,000,000 of maturing obligations—a total exceeding $4,200,000,000.

Europe is buying more luxuries than productive machinery, as American export statistics prove.

The Conning Tower

THE PATRIOT'S LAMENT

By B. Rand Skittles.

When, beneath the waves, an autocratic
Pirate dragged the helpless and the weak,
This was not the bard to linger static,
Begging him to slap the other cheek.
This was no meek dreamer who insisted
Patience ought to be the Nation's part—
Nay, indeed, this warrior enlisted
At the start.

Two long years have passed—but not of glory—
No bold deeds of mine are told in type;
No one pleads with me to hear the story
Of the winning of the silver stripe.
I can tell of no carousals cheery
On Parisian cognac, rhum, or beer—
I have fought the fight of Armchair Theory
Over Here.

Though I'm not the man to start bewailing
When I fail in getting my discharge,
Though it may have been delayed in mailing,
Though the list is doubtless very large,
Still there's one grave point of which I'm thinking—
If I don't get civvies by and by,
How can I get caught up with my drinking
Ere July?

It was July 13th, 1667, and "mighty hot weather," wrote Mr. Pepys. "It is an odd and sad thing to say," he wrote, "that though this be a peace worse than we had before, yet everybody's fear almost is, that the Dutch will not stand by their promise, now the King hath consented to all they would have . . . we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it."

Well, the Salvation Army got its $13,000,000; and until further notice the only drives we shall take interest in will be of the forehand variety.

Variety's Golden Days

Sir: I can hear "The Little Magnet," Lottie Gilson, "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay"-ing herself to fame; Ramon Moore, stepping forth from the white-face section of the semicircle of Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, to delight us with his sweet-voiced rendition of his own imperishable "Sweet Marie"; I hear also a dainty miss, complaining to her sympathetic listeners that "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow!" My memory calls her Carrie De Mar, but the skeleton creaks so noisily I cannot be sure

The coming to my town, this week, of the Sailor Boys from the Newport Training Station, in their remarkably fine presentation of "Jack and the Beanstalk," carries me back to the time when I never missed a chance to feast my youthful eyes on the generously revealed charms of Madge Lessing, who played Jack to the Mistress Mary of Maude Hollins. After that came "1492," with Richard Harlow as Isabella, "The Queen of High Society," as his principal song put it; Edward M. Favor, who as the Court Jester returned from his voyage to the new world and explained to his Queen that he would have brought her more souvenirs but for the fact that usually the man was looking, or the stuff was nailed down.

As I close my eyes I clearly see plump, pert little Merri Osborne, perched on a table, in one of the Matthews and Bulger pieces, crooning the then popular ditty, "Put Your Arms Around Me Honey, Love Me Little, Love Me Long," playing her own accompaniment on a guitar. I can see, too, the clothes Sherrie Matthews used to wear, with the coat-tails way below his knees, and Bulger strolling up to the bar and tossing down frequent libations of dog poison with unmistakable relish.

Where is there to-day a pair whose popularity even approaches that of Minnie Ashley and James T. Powers in "San Toy"? Who of our glorious youth will ever forget how Pauline Hall and Della Fox soothed the tired business man when they donned "boy's" clothes, as they called them then? Pauline with her tray of dolls and Della in her wonderful blue tights, elbow on knee, cigarette in her dainty fingers, as she stood with one foot on a bench vocalizing about "A Pretty Girl, a Summer Night," will ever be bright spots in my memory.

STAF.

There was, of course, much base metal in those golden days. There was a preponderance of statue-clogging and acrobatic acts; they always used to bore us. One team of dancers—they did four turns between 12:30 p. m. and 8 p. m., three of which we used to see—had a song that went

> Stu-rangers are we,
> From far o'er the sea,
> A notion we took to roam;
> We'll tu-ry anda do—
> A step or two
> That we learnt in our old Irish home.

"Tell W. E. P.," writes Miss Irene Franklin, "that the song I sang at the Masonic Temple was 'I Don't Like No Cheap Man,' and that the young man who played the 'dog-house' was snuck up on one dark night and married by my aunt."

It is rather snippy of us to speak slightingly of the Army's clearness in letter writing, just because we are unable to interpret the sentence that a correct interpretation of compiled with would secure the additional pay for us that we have written to the Zone Finance officer about.

ADD LITERARY HOTELS

Sir: Yes, my dear, and how about the Emerson in Baltimore; the King James in Philadelphia (evidently named for the author of the Counterblaste to Tobacco); and (by no means least) Morley's Hotel in London?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"In the Middle West," Ralph Barton informs us (and our recollection is that we used to guy the Milwaukeeans for saying "*hired* girl"), "it is only persons of foreign extraction who say *ice* cream, *screen* door, and *apple* pie."

Our revered composing room, in collusion with our hardly less worshipped proofroom, speaks of "President Wilson's fourteen joints."

It was said in Washington yesterday that Hawker is a better flier than speaker. Which is undoubtedly true. Almost anybody is a better whatever-his-job-is than he is a speaker, yet the *cacoethes loquendi* is not easily subdued. The desire to listen, however, is harder to understand than the passion to speak. An incredibly low percentage who speak have anything to say, and even fewer persons say their little well; yet there is no diminution in those gluttons for punishment who want to listen and pay good currency for the so-called privilege.

Not that $25,000 is what Mr. Tarkington's Rupe Collins would call Big Money, considering the uses Mr. Harry Hawker may have for it.

As, for instance, his initiation fee into the Bum Sports Club.

F. P. A.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech

(Address at the Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, November 19, 1863.)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

M. P.'s on the Rhine

By Wilbur Forrest

(Staff Correspondent of The Tribune)

COBLENZ, Germany, May 10.—The largest single battalion of military police in the American army, and the cleanest cut, snappiest-appearing aggregation of intelligent American youth, gathered together anywhere in Europe, is the outgrowth here to-day of a police system that might be studied and copied to advantage for peace times in any American municipality.

Some day laws may be made in some of our United States so cleverly drawn and phrased that politics shall forever be divorced from forces of men who are picked to uphold the law; that their chief requisities shall not be breadth of neck, girth of chest, steel biceps and powerful underpinning, but, additionally, breadth of vision, clear judgment, a fair amount of tact and a power to command respect without threatening brutal force. If such laws were effective the job of policing would become easier, ingrown prejudices on the part of certain of the populace would subside and minions of the law would find themselves able to use other powers of persuasion than a club or gun. That persuasion would be horse sense handling of about 90 per cent of cases who, after thus being handled, would cease to be cases at all, but persons going their way with heightened respect for the "cop." To reach such a police "utopia" it would require above and apart from all qualifications a careful weeding out, such as a suburbanite might give his spring onions in their infancy. But municipal politics and weeding of the police garden patch usually mix about as well as oil and water; hence the desirability of laws divorcing police from politics.

A Weeding-Out System

Here, with the most difficult problems an American army has ever faced during our comparatively brief military history, in the largest city Americans have ever been called upon to administer, the policing problem has been solved by the weeding-out system. Military laws have, in the emergency of war, taken the politics out of policing. Unhampered by politics, and caring not whether weed-pulling trampled-on political toes, or any variety of toes, men with horse sense have created a police force of 1,067 men and 45 officers in Coblenz, a clean-cut, youthful body of men, each man wearing the red armband insignia of authority, that does the highest credit to America and Americans.

An average of 14,000 American soldiers from the outlying districts of the American area come to Coblenz every week to see the town. Thousands are permanently stationed in the city. During the Third Army's carnival, recently, 20,000 visitors daily flocked the streets and carnival grounds. Normally, since December, nearly 100,000 German civilians have come under American military police regulations. And so far as known not one case of clubbing, shooting or needless brutality has been perpetrated by this picked force of young Americans. There are hundreds of cases, however, in which intelligence, tact and the proper perspective have solved problems that might have developed into police court cases.

Anti-Fraternization

Here is an example: Last January an American woman who writes for a magazine obtained credentials to visit Coblenz and the American area. She came dressed in civilian clothes. With an officer, whose duty it was to conduct visitors about the area, she was riding one day in an open carriage driven by a German hackman. As the carriage passed a busy corner near Third Army Headquarters a military traffic policeman spotted the couple. He left his post and, coming to the carriage, used vile language, ordering the officer from the carriage. He mistook the American woman for a German civilian, and believing that the officer was openly violating anti-fraternization laws, which he had been instructed to enforce, he put all the profane emphasis into his order that he could think of. He was one of the first weeds pulled from the military police force of Coblenz. The officer merely maintained his dignity and reported the case.

A parallel incident which occurred a few days ago illustrates how to distinguish the "weed" from the healthy young vegetable.

An American officer accompanied by another American woman in civilian garb passed a military policeman on Rhinestrasse, within a block of the January incident. The M. P. stepped up to the officer, saluted and asked courteously:

"Pardon me, sir, but is this lady an American?"

The officer answered in the affirmative and the American woman talked to the policeman just to demonstrate her identity with an American accent. The M. P. saluted again, made an unnecessary apology and the incident was closed. There was no "weed" in him.

Some weeks ago a party of Germans were walking along a residential street singing songs which indicated that they might be en route home from a café. An M. P. approached and upbraided them in language they did not understand, perhaps, but which would have recalled to a four-legged American hybrid all the scenes of his old Missouri home. Such language might have sounded sweet to a Missouri mule, but it had the opposite effect on an American officer who chanced to be in earshot. Another weed was pulled from the Coblenz police force the following morning.

Mornings After

No one in America would blame an American soldier, after weeks in a solitary German village somewhere in the bridgehead, if he came to Coblenz on leave for a day and augmented his joy of freedom somewhat with a few bottles of Rhine wine. No one denies him that right if he feels that all the American attractions—shows, movies, sightseeing, etc.—in Coblenz do not suffice to make a perfect day. And if he feels, as a very many have, that he would like to stir up a little excitement by licking the "cop," he will find the cop handy on most any corner of Coblenz. And about ninety-nine times out of 100 nowadays he will find that "cop" a very amenable person, sporting a wound stripe or two and a couple or three service stripes, with a disposition to talk it over and make friends, as against one whose powerful right arm itches for an excuse to try out his club. Tact and persuasion usually bring results, but if otherwise, the "Black Maria," a renovated ambulance, comes and takes the wandering subject to the military police barracks. Here he gets a bed, and the morning after the night before he gets a piping hot breakfast with plenty of coffee and is shown the way home.

For the benefit of prohibitionists at home, the above is not an admission that American soldiers get drunk. No city of occupied Germany can boast of less inebriation and none is more orderly or intelligently handled. Horse sense has brought back the good name of the M. P. with the 250,000 odd American troops in Germany to-day. Ask any doughboy and he will venture his opinion that M. P.'s "up here" aren't the same that he encountered elsewhere during the war. And, likewise, they are not the same that one encounters even to-day in Paris. During the war, however, the weeding out system was impossible, with the need of every man at the front. Weeds flourished and grew rank and there sprang up an antagonism between ordinary soldiers and M. P.'s that many of the former will carry to the grave. But those who came to Germany have learned that the "weeded" M. P.'s of Coblenz are not so bad after all.

From Combat Divisions

Over 80 per cent of the Coblenz M. P.'s are ex-members of combat divisions. In one company alone there are seventy-five wound stripes. The M. P. here in Germany must know seven rules of general duties, eleven special rules and sixty-nine traffic and road regulations. He must not only know them, but know how to interpret them and enforce them intelligently. They have brought hundreds of German violators of American military law to justice and on March 17, by the most clever handling of a most ticklish situation, frustrated an attempt on the part of Spartacist agitators to seize the property of the local German government. While two companies—about 500 men—remained in reserve armed with Browning machine guns, others of the force quietly located and arrested the leaders before they could put their plans into operation. Confessions and jail sentences followed.

The excellent work of the battalion has been commended by General Pershing's headquarters, and a letter from the Provost Marshal General, speaking of a recent inspection, says:

"The inspection indicated that both officers and men are taking that pride in organization and accomplishment which is more than justified by their recent records for good work done under trying conditions and by the reputation that they have won for smartness, courtesy and helpfulness, as well as efficiency in enforcing and observance of regulations."

The Coblenz police force is under supervision of Lieutenant Colonel J. L. Dodge and its immediate police chief is Major Cockriel. Both have horse sense and are not hampered by politics. Their horse sense policy has made a remarkable record. American police chiefs please take notice.

A Pioneer Voyage

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Why is it that in the excitement over the transatlantic flight no mention has been made of the feat attempted by Walter Wellman, October 15, 1910, when, in the airship America, he left Atlantic City bound for Europe? Surely my father was the pioneer in this undertaking. His attempt to cross the Atlantic by dirigible was equally as brave and as hazardous as the flight of aeroplanes in the present contest—more so, when one considers the progress in aircraft made in nine years.

The airship America carried, beside my father, a crew of five men, all willing and eager to risk their lives for the banner of adventure and curiosity which men call science. The America in all travelled about a thousand miles at sea, making a record for her type of aircraft. Her voyage lasted three days and nights, when one of her motors got out of order; this handicap and a terrific wind from the tropics made a continuance of the voyage impossible, although all men aboard were eager to go on in spite of almost certain death ahead. Finally the airship was abandoned for the lifeboat, which hung beneath her, and in this the crew was picked up by the steamer Trent from Bermuda. (The same ship which, during the Civil War, came to the assistance of the rebels).

In his book, "The Aerial Age," my father writes:

"Good old America, farewell. Thank you for the noble comrades and rare experiences you have brought me, for the lessons you have taught us. In the years to come many aircraft will cross the Atlantic and you will be honored as the ship that showed the way."

I visited my father's camp in Spitzbergen where he had a hangar built for the first America, in which he made an attempt to reach the North Pole. I remember being much moved by seeing there, unnoticed among the activities of building and preparation for the voyage into the unknown, the grave of Major André, who died in the attempt to discover the Pole in an antiquated flying machine.

It is the spirit of such men as André, such men as the crew of the America who share in the glory of the flight to-day. Man accomplishes nothing alone. With the courageous, splendid young men who have set upon this present voyage of the air ride a whole host of fiery spirits who fill their hearts and souls with the eagerness of their own flame of adventure.

RITA WELLMAN.

New York, May 27, 1919.

The Minority Leader

(From The Louisville Courier-Journal)

A man is judged by the company he keeps. A political party is tested by the men it exalts. In the latter case, the men are but the outward and visible signs of what they stand for. To indorse the man is to support his ideas.

Champ Clark as a figure of public life is a symbol of certain grotesque doctrines and policies which in times of national stress became identified with him. One cannot say, "I am for Champ Clark," therefore, without saying definitely, "I indorse Champ Clark's behavior and utterances during the war." Behavior and utterances are, in short, the man himself. This is irrefutable.

If the Democratic members of the House of Representatives place upon Champ Clark the responsibility and honor of minority leader they cannot escape the assumption that they have indorsed all that he stands for and have rewarded him for his reprehensible conduct. They cannot avoid the impression that they have committed the Democratic party to a formal approval of doctrines and teachings which Champ Clark voiced. Why else should the party leaders snuggle up to him and purr, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"? Unless he deserves reward, why should the reward be bestowed?

The eyes of the American people are watching the approaching action of Democratic Congressmen in selecting the minority leader. The people will not understand the election of Champ Clark except as the exaltation of a record of one man into a policy of a party. Does the party believe that "there is precious little difference between a conscript and a convict"? Does it believe in honoring the man who announced the sentiment? Does it believe the families of the young men who fought this war, to say nothing of the soldiers themselves, will tolerate the "recognition" of Champ Clark's "valuable and patriotic services in a period of national emergency," as would be expressed in his elevation to minority leader?

Always Time for His Home

(From The Christian Science Monitor)

Something worth while is added to the mental image of Theodore Roosevelt by those who see the "picture" letters which he wrote to his children, now brought together for public exhibition at Columbia University. Wherever he might be, he kept up a correspondence with the younger Roosevelts at home, telling what he was doing and seeing and illustrating his letters with little pictures. This is an aspect which has not been widely known, but is not surprising. One remembers other men who have adorned their informal correspondence with home-made illustration, a habit that is often the expression of a genial nature and an objective mentality. Mr. Roosevelt becomes more likable when one thinks of him in some odd quarter of the globe busily drawing little pictures to amuse the children at home.

Denmark's Temperance Beer

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: My attention has been drawn to your article on the first page of The New York Tribune on May 24, in the latter part of which you write that I have said that "4 per cent beer was a temperance drink in Denmark and recommended by the total abstinence societies." I most emphatically protest against this statement, which I have never made; I have made a statement, however, "that since 1904 tax free beer, that is, a beer containing 2¼ per cent of alcohol by weight, has become the prevailing and popular drink in Denmark. . . . The Danish societies formed to promote total abstinence are not opposed to these low alcoholic beers and permit their members to drink them because they are not regarded as intoxicants."

GEORG BECH,
Consul General of Denmark.

New York, May 27, 1919.