

New York Tribune

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

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

To-morrow

Jerome K. Jerome, whose zeal in extreme English liberalism has made him an amateur economist, wonders how it can be that everybody is rich though the world is bankrupt.

Prosperity has increased; there is no doubt of it. Our luxury trades have trebled their dividends. Our theatres are crammed.

All that Carlyle said that is somebody ultimately paid, leaving the riddle as it was. The question is: How is it done? What is it people are spending?

What Will Happen in Germany? What will be the end in Germany? In Russia? In Hungary? In other lands infected with Bolshevik anarchy?

Time to Help Kolchak The Allied powers have promised to give the Omsk government material support against Lenin.

Dry Honors Distinguished honors for temperance in South Africa. At the end of an immense list, filling fifty-four pages, of recipients of the Meritorious Service Medal we find these two names:

so many other people can consume goods in the extravagant manner abhorrent to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

Not "Ended" Yet

It is only a figure of speech to say that the war "ended" on Saturday, when the draft of the peace treaty with Germany was signed.

Treaties with Austria and Hungary, the two remaining enemy fragments of the Dual Monarchy, have not been finished.

War activities and war legislation cannot be terminated in this country until a peace status is reestablished between the United States on the one hand, and Germany, Austria and Hungary on the other.

The President says in his message to Mr. Tumulty with reference to the war prohibition law that the operation of that law will not be ended until the conclusion of the present war and the termination of the process of demobilization.

Revolutions, so-called, are self-ordering—contain the seeds of their own dissolution.

Here's to Private Crispi and his hostelry on Lake Maggiore. He who holds the title of most-wounded veteran of the Italian army merits a bit of fervent adverting.

Thrift Ban! ban! black sheep, Have you any booze? Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Slews and slews!

More than the Mississippi River separates Missouri from Kansas, says John Breck in the Globe. More—or less.

The Conning Tower

THE WINNING OF THE WAR The doughboy halted on the street. A legend chanced to stay his feet.

A little later, down the line The doughboy piped another sign. Its sentiments were quite as fine.

He got a job and earned his bread. No doubts resided in his head. Until one day his paucer said:

Next April I'll be eighty-two, Yet never has one sold but you. Suggested I had ought to do.

Then, why, the child said on, said he. "Were you dispatched across the sea? Why not have stayed at home like me—

The destructive reformer must be willing to work for the sake of the virtue that is its o. r. No credit accrues to him; Fame, on rubber heels, passes him by.

We shall all save much money beginning to-morrow, what with no drinks to buy and the resumption of 2-cent postage.

Extra: CROWN PRINCE STILL IN DUTCH. Territory.

—Jess Willard is in Toledo on business. —Geo. W. Plank sails to-day for London, Eng. —Conde Nast is leaving for foreign parts to-day.

The New Masters

By Maxim Gorky Translated from an editorial in his Petrograd newspaper

LENINE, Trotzky and comrades are already infected with the indolent poison of power. How else can one account for their shameful conduct toward the freedom of the press and of person, and the entire structure of rights for whose victory democracy is struggling.

Blind fanatics and conscienceless adventurers are racing at breakneck speed along the road which supposedly leads to the social revolution, but which in reality leads to anarchy and to the destruction of the proletariat and the revolution.

Lenine and his co-champions think it permissible in their course to commit such crimes as the murder at the gates of Petrograd, the fustling of Moscow, the abolition of the freedom of the press and the stupid arrests—deeds as shameful as those committed by Plevhe and Stolypin.

Plevhe and Stolypin, to be sure, fought against everything good and honest in Russian life. Among the followers of Lenine, on the other hand, there is—for the present—a considerable fragment of the working class. I am convinced, however, that the healthy judgment of the working class and its realization of the historic mission of the proletariat will soon open its eyes to the fact that the promises of Lenine are impossible of fulfillment.

The working class must realize that Lenine is but experimenting at the expense of its flesh and blood. He wishes to goad the revolutionary sentiment of the proletariat to the utmost and see what the result will be.

Registry of Graves

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In view of the recent complaint made to the Secretary of War regarding the conditions of the "military" cemeteries in France it may not be out of place for a civilian who has just returned from that country to record his appreciation of what is being done by the Graves Registration Bureau as he saw it.

Having promised the parents of a Brooklyn boy killed in the war that I would make an effort to visit his grave in a British cemetery on the Somme front, I applied to the War Department for a permit. The British officer in charge of graves was most courteous and explained that the cemetery I wished to visit had not been reported to them and they did not know its condition.

My experience at the Graves Registration camp in the woods at Tincourt was one that made me proud to be an American citizen. The officer in charge had also been in the army before the war. He accompanied me to the grave and made arrangements for me to eat and sleep at his quarters.

The First League

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The notion of a league of nations is not new. Over 11,000 years ago a league was formed among ten kings, under the terms of which (as we read in an ancient Greek account): "They were not to take up arms against one another, and they were all to come to the rescue if any of their cities attempted to overthrow the royal house."

The Greek author goes on to tell how at first "they despised everything but virtue, caring little for their present state of life and thinking lightly of the possession of gold and other property, which seemed only a burden to them; neither were they intoxicated by luxury."

Reading this we cannot but anticipate that history is now again, in 1919, about to repeat itself. Already we see the millennial sun arising. Unhappily the Greek account adds that "when the divine portion began to fade away . . . they then . . . behaved unseemly," so that Zeus in anger decided to punish them, and "collected all the gods . . . and . . . spake as follows."

Here, to our distress, the manuscript of Plato's "Critics" breaks off, and only from a passage in his "Timæus" do we learn that the island of Atlantis, where these ten leaguers lived, went to smash in an earthquake and sank in the Atlantic Ocean, presumably taking the league with it. The above quotations are from Jowett's translation. L. L. FORMAN. New York, June 27, 1919.

Too Many Killed

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In Wednesday's issue of The Tribune was contained a brief outline of an address delivered by Secretary of State Hugo before the New York Automobile Association convention at Auburn. According to your story, motorists were told that they killed too many people.

The angle from which it was written throws the blame entirely upon the motorist. This, I think, is manifestly unfair. I have driven cars for a number of years, and can testify that in practically eight cases out of ten it is the pedestrian's fault when accidents do occur.

Has it ever occurred to you that one of the reasons for the number of fatalities in the city is the fact that we have at present no ordinance which would shield the jay-walker from the result of his own folly? At the present time a pedestrian is permitted to cross the street at any spot and at any time which may strike his or her fancy.

While in a Middle West city some time ago I attempted to cross the street from east to west while the vehicular traffic was flowing from north to south I was promptly halted by the traffic policeman, who compelled me to go back. Only the fact that I was an out-of-towner saved me from a severer reprimand than was given me. I have no doubt that this custom prevents many accidents.

It is my firm opinion that if there were a law which would make it an offence to cross the street save at the corners, and when the traffic is flowing in the proper direction, a decrease in the number of injuries to pedestrians would result. HAL HODES. New York, June 27, 1919.

Books

By Heywood Brown CHASE S. OSBORN, former Governor of Michigan, records some interesting judgments of Americans in public life in his book "The Iron Hunter" (Macmillan).

Charles Evans Hughes, then serving his second term as Governor of New York, was more favorably considered, and the place was offered to him tentatively. "Governor Hughes composed the usual gracious, and often meaningless, phrases of regret, and gave as his reason that he had a life's work of reform in the political arena of New York State. Otherwise he would have been made happy by taking up the direction of the parent of all popular universities.

At the very first most of the regents jumped at the shining lure of surface brilliance. I do not mean to state that Mr. Wilson is not a profound scholar, only that more than most men of erudition he possesses an exterior luminescence that is distinctive. More sober consideration threw another light upon the retiring president of Princeton. There was a consensus of opinion that he had done good work at Princeton, but whether he had done more good than harm was a question that could not be so easily answered.

"The luminous golden wines sparkled in the air, crowned with jewels as they were poured into the glasses, filling the atmosphere with an intense odor of antiquity. All the shades of amber, from soft gray to pale yellow, glittered in these fluids, as thick as oil to the sight, yet of a glistening transparency. A faint exotic perfume, which summoned to thought fantastic flowers of a supernatural world, rose over the liquids extracted from the mystery of the cask. Life seemed to expand upon tasting them; the blood began to burn, bounding more quickly through the veins; the sense of smell, quickened to unknown desires, grew excited as if scenting a new electricity."

Bill, the AEsthete

(From The London Daily News) During the warmest hour of yesterday a traction engine drawing two "trailers" piled high with barrels of stout and beer panted painfully along Fleet Street. One of the laborers engaged on mysterious excavations of the pavement pointed with his shovel to the procession and exclaimed: "Oh, my Lord, Bill, ain't that a beautiful sight!" His mate gazed admiringly at the glorious spectacle and replied, with a sympathetic sigh, "Not half!"

Bill, the AEsthete, is an argument for temperance, and yet there are moments in which the reader can hardly look so early upon the vintages which the author condemns.

Welcome Darkness

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In reference to your statement that the majority of the people favor daylight saving, I beg to call your attention to the fact that the majority of the people live in houses that are insufferably hot under the sun's rays, and to the women who work and the children who live in these sun baked rooms it is a great hardship to be deprived of an hour of cooling darkness (when the curtains can be drawn back and the air let in) before bedtime. CLARA B. TAYLOR. Greene, N. Y., June 23, 1919.

Uncle Sam's "Beat"

(From The Indianapolis News) The government printing plant has already issued its peace extra.

Ellis Island Hoodoo

(From The Cleveland News) May we not say we hope that second deportation party gets embarked without getting all broken up at Ellis Island?

Speech That Isn't Free

(From The Cincinnati Enquirer) Talk may be cheap, but the phone companies seem bound to have it otherwise.

And 1492 Was Long Ago

(From The Philadelphia Public Ledger) It has taken North America a long time to discover South America.