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ulatory, tactful and moderate, and his control strengthened with his service. He enjoyed the respect of all his colleagues, for he had the great gifts of fairness, industry and modesty. He also exhibited self-respect and independence of character. He was never a "cuckoo." He showed a good deal of impatience at the peace policy pursued at Paris and at the President's attempts to drive through a treaty ignoring the views of the Senate. He sympathized with the reservations program, although he didn't break openly on it with the Administration. It is worth noting, as indicating Virginia's feeling in the matter, that his successor will probably be an even more pronounced reservationist than he was.

Bland, amiable, a willing worker and a safe counsellor, Mr. Martin's wholesome influence in the Senate will be greatly missed.

Cleaning Out the "Reds" Says Ole Hanson:

"New York to-day is the headquarters for the cleverest and most dangerous 'Reds' in the country. 'The first thing New Yorkers should do is to make up their minds that the 'Reds' must go. The time to start house cleaning is now."

How? As to the "Red" of foreign citizenship the task is easy—deportation. The authority of public officers is ample, public opinion sustains the policy of sending troublesome guests home and Washington's present energy may not be spasmodic.

But deportation is an inadequate cure. A more menacing element consists of citizens, many native and a few recently in public place and employed to "interpret" America to Europe!

These agree with Trotzky, for they defend his ideas. The newspapers groan with their publications, which preach the syndicalism which would substitute force for law and holds a minority may rule if able to seize power. What is to be done with such?

At Johnstown "Red" Foster was forbidden by a vigilance committee to embark from a train, and there is a call to imitate Johnstown. The advice is of doubtful value. Friends of the law do not appear to advantage when lawless themselves. The debate is then shifted to other issues, and the spirit of America plausibly invoked by anti-Americans. The methods of the law are tedious, but human experience shows it is wise for a social organism to stick to its own rules.

What is needed is to arouse the public to the meanings behind the propaganda engineered by those in control of the treasury of the (Zar, and, second, to strengthen the law.

What these meanings are is plain. The crust of fine words grows thin. Few can now be excused as deceived. There is Russia—her message written large. What is proposed is to debate the American people to the level of Russian misery. The plea of good intentions is worthless. Men intend the natural consequences of their acts, and the natural consequences of Bolshevism are manifest.

But the law needs strengthening. The definition of treason requires revision. In old days the traitor was overt; now he is covert. Cunning must be shackled. It can be, and the guilty identified. There is no doubt of purpose when a red flag is waved.

Our optimistic forefathers believed that if freedom were once established none would be wicked enough to try to overthrow it. They never dreamed that safeguards to protect liberty would become the shields of the guerrillas of barbarism. They never conceived of the possibility of a return to the era of tooth and claw. They knew a Shays, but never pictured a Lenin. So their rules favored the individual to the neglect of that safety of the whole without which individual right perishes. But now is revived the simple plan.

That they should take who have the power. And they should keep who can. In particular cases doubtless lawlessness will occur, even as in Boston, when sober men threw the overboard. But King George would have been served if the colonies had blazed with riot and mob rule. The Bolshevik is pleased when able to heat indignation to a boiling point. He dons a halo and presents himself as a martyr.

Liberty under the law is the motto of America. May we have the calm courage to stick to it.

The Higher Unrest

Under this heading and sundry other imaginative phrases Walter Lippmann, writing in The New Republic, goes over to the party of intellectual discontent. There has been a modesty and balance and reason in Mr. Lippmann's radicalism heretofore which made him seem a tower of rock in that land of mirage and trackless shifting wherein Herbert Croly has sared his ascetic feet. Now he seemingly joins the caravan of the intelligentsia, even displaying pride that his wisdom is superior and wounded dignity that rough boys like the Lusk committee are unaware of the fact.

Evidently the tone of moderation and caution which has marked The

New Republic for some months is ended. In the current issue the Americanism that elected Calvin Coolidge is pooh-pooed; the coal strikers are upheld, and the following interesting prediction is made touching Judge Anderson and his puny injunction:

"It is reported that the next move of the government may be to request a mandatory injunction directing the union leaders to order the men to return to work. It is difficult to conceive of a move more completely subversive of the rights of citizens and more futile in achieving the objects which the government has in mind, even assuming that the leaders choose to obey it rather than go to jail. It will not break the strike. The rank and file of the strikers have the intelligence to know that an order issued under duress of an illegal and unprecedented court process is not to be taken at its face value."

Mr. Lewis and his miners are plainly more impressed by the word "America" than is The New Republic. Every one is the victim of his personal mishaps and his prejudices. But we wonder if any hallucinations are as great as those of the highly educated intellect seeking to solve the woes of the world by plan and theorem and rudely snuffed therein by the coarse, rule-of-thumb world.

Millions for Garbage

Alderman Quinn wants to know what happened to \$1,800,000 of the \$3,000,000 appropriated in the 1919 budget for disposal of ashes, garbage and rubbish. By June 30 only a few thousand dollars remained unexpended. To date the total amount authorized, including the budget appropriation, is \$4,000,000. There is no mystery as to what happened to the \$1,800,000. It went to contractors as part of the \$4,000,000 spent.

Despite the expenditure of \$1,000,000 in ten months, the 1920 budget contains only \$3,000,000, so that once more a false face is put on a budget appropriation. How does the Mayor expect \$3,000,000 to suffice for all next year, when it barely sufficed for half of this year? The additional cost will be met by the issue of revenue bonds, redeemable out of the succeeding year's tax levy, so that 1920 costs are met in 1921. Such shifty tactics are born of a hope to hoodwink taxpayers. There is, however, no reticence about presenting the bill.

Street Cleaning Commissioner MacStay probably would much rather see the honest amount appropriated, so he would not have to scurry around for additional funds, and it is a mistake to blame him for an underappropriation made by the Board of Estimate in the face of the figures he presented. In the board the lone advocate of a larger appropriation was Comptroller Craig.

Near Its End

The American delegation to the peace conference is said to have given notice that it will start for home on December 1. The British delegates also seem to be anxious to withdraw on that date.

It is true that the work of the conference is not over. Only the German treaty is ready to go into effect—into effect, that is, between Germany and the Allied signatories who have so far ratified it. The treaty with Austria hasn't been ratified by a majority of the major powers. The treaty with Hungary hasn't been signed yet. The Fiume dispute and the disputes over Dalmatia and the Banat are apparently as far as ever from settlement. The eastern and southern boundaries of Poland haven't been drawn. The status of the Russian border states hasn't been determined. Not even a beginning has been made on a settlement with Turkey.

If the conference were still a body exerting real authority its dissolution before its work is finished might excite alarm and protest. Yet it is undeniable that in the last two or three months the influence of the Paris council has been rapidly frittered away. It exercises to-day only a faint moral suasion. It has committed itself to decisions which it has neither the will nor the power to enforce.

Under such conditions it might profitably give way to some other body, representing the Allied powers, which can turn a fresh leaf, cut away from the results of past blunders and restore unity among the Allied nations by concession and compromise. A new council might find a way to break the Fiume and Banat deadlocks and to deal more liberally with Rumania and Poland, the two states which must form a barrier in the future against German exploitation of Russia.

The United States commissioners have been put in an embarrassing position by their participation in the peace negotiations with Bulgaria—a state with which we have never severed diplomatic relations. If they stayed in Paris they might be drawn into participating as a quasi-belligerent in the negotiations with Turkey—another state with which we have never been at war.

American opinion doesn't approve such diplomatic extravaganzas. From all accounts our interference in the Bulgarian settlement only aggravated its difficulties and put the United States finally into the attitude of insisting on a solution of dubious value, opposed to the wishes of

the powers which had conquered Bulgaria. This mixing in affairs which do not concern us and which have no relation to our war aims has only increased resentment in Europe at our meddling of European problems. The American delegates have, in fact, done more harm than good at Paris in the last three months. Their withdrawal would leave Europe freer to compose her own quarrels. It would also open the way to an avoidance of participation in the Turkish settlement and a wholesome modification of the present provocative and overambitious peace policy of the United States.

The lawyers for the "Reds" rest the cases of their clients on the claim that the New York statute which makes it a crime to advocate the overthrow of organized government is invalid. It is thus held that while it is felonious to resist a government it is permissible to destroy all government—while no finger can be laid on any part of the public edifice it can be burned down altogether, and salt sown on its foundations, with full legality. The wolf-pack may not touch a lamb, but a guardian shepherd may not object to being eaten.

Providence—not of the heavens but of Rhode Island—intervenes to mitigate the great thirst. Judge Brown has granted an injunction against the Volstead act, and not to be outdone, Judge Evans in Kentucky rules to the same effect. The decisions were not unexpected by those enough interested in a half-forgotten instrument called the Constitution to be familiar with its contents.

Buy To-morrow

A Simple Solution of the Cost-of-Living Problem. To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: My cure for the H. C. L. is a "Buy To-morrow League," with the motto "Never buy to-day what you can put off buying until to-morrow." It works this way: I need new shoes—a new overcoat; the old shoes or overcoat will certainly do for one more day; therefore I will postpone buying until to-morrow. When to-morrow comes I work the same syllogism again.

It is incredible that the present absurd prices are wholly warranted by the cost of material and labor. The dealer or manufacturer who is profiteering will have to reduce his prices if he can't sell his goods otherwise. It is up to us—individually—to stop the present extortion.

But whether the price of any particular item is high or not, try this "putting-off-till-to-morrow" plan with every suggested expenditure. It is surprising how few things are absolutely necessary. As a matter of fact, it was only the extreme urgency of the situation that kept me from "putting off until to-morrow" the mailing of this letter—and, at that, the postage stamp, which alone has gone down in price, should be encouraged!

I should propose a simple baton with the initials "B. T." to be worn by members of the "Buy To-morrow Club," but after all—this expenditure, too, can be put off "until to-morrow."

Yours for the B. T. L. as H. C. L. C. HOYT, New York, Nov. 11, 1919.

Rank Hypocrisy

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: It seems to me to be rank hypocrisy to give thanks to Almighty God for the blessings he has conferred upon our country during the last year, when we have yet to take the first step toward keeping faith with the millions of souls sent to the Almighty, long before their time, that we might enjoy those blessings.

It is hypocritical and ridiculous, too, to thank the Almighty for the blessings of peace when there is no peace and while we refuse peace to our precious dead, who died that we might enjoy peace.

There is not, there cannot be and ought not to be peace for us or our dead until the hell hounds who robbed our boys of their youth and robbed us of them shall have been sent before the Almighty for final judgment.

We owe it to ourselves and to our precious dead to see to it that not one guilty Hun escapes. Hand them over. HENRY L. PHILLIPS, Falls Village, Conn., Nov. 7, 1919.

One Big Union, 1789 Brand

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Rants your radical agitator, sedulously seeking to stimulate industrial unrest: "We want the O. B. U.—the One Big Union!" Well, we've got it, 10,000,000 strong—started in 1789 with less than 3,000,000 on a platform:

"We, the people of the United States of America, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare—"

This Union of us Americans, to all agitators, ruction raisers and hell raisers, professional and amateur—while the going's good, get in or get out! JULIUS HYMAN, New York, Nov. 8, 1919.

Parlor Bolshevists

(From The Boston Globe) The real danger is not from "Red" revolutionists from Russia in this country, but from more or less intellectual Americans who idealize the crude principles and purposes of these ignorant men and women and think what a fine thing it would be if they could realize their impossible idealism. Many of these half-baked thinkers are persons of wealth and social position, who have more influence than they deserve to have and responsibility that they do not realize. They are the real dangers.

The Conning Tower

GLEE (In the following song, the music to which is Sullivan's, C. Signes Capital and L. Labor.) See how the Fates their gifts allot, For C is happy—L is not. Yet L is worthy, would agree, Of more prosperity than C. Is L more worthy? Oh, dear me! He ought to have far more than C.

Yet C is happy! Oh, so happy! Jeering, Ha! ha! Jeering, Ha! ha! Proudly, Ha! ha! ha! Ever joyous, gay, and free, Happy, undersewing C!

If I were Fortune—which I'm not— I should give C's happy lot, And C should languish in a cell, That is, assuming I am L. But should C languish? No, no, no! (Of course assuming I am L.)

L should be happy! Oh, so happy! Fighting, Ha! ha! Fighting, Ha! ha! But in misery he must dwell, Wretched, wretched C!

Perhaps if Labor and Capital, instead of fighting it out on that line if it takes all winter, should work it out on that line everybody would be happier—indeed Labor, Capital, and us who don't labor much and have practically no capital.

A frankly necessary dentist who wishes a position advertised in the World: "Salary objectionless."

SONG

The roads of life are stubble, And lead to sad defeat, And all the paths are trouble, Away from you, my sweet. The roads of life are merry, The streets are smooth and clear, That lead to you, my very dear. T. N.

Just as the printers go back to work, the ink on their shirts remains. Gradually the public is learning that their only comforts are made by man's hand, and that it takes all kinds of working people to make a world worth living in. And the working people, who are one of the members of the public, may also learn that.

The conditions the printers make for returning to work we haven't seen; but if any of their numbers were should be asked to set the word "amen!" a general strike would be called at once.

"Speaker of memory sick" confided Lucy, "my friend Mr. X assures me that he has used with wonderful success a book entitled 'First Aid for People Memories,' or w. to that. Since purchasing it there is nothing he hasn't forgotten except the price—50."

Returns of the Plymouth election will be read, we hope, at the end of the second week. Lacy Astor would get elected—or something.

TRY THIS ON YOUR TELEPHONE TO VENUS Adapted From "Horse": I, 39 Lady of the Pines and Switches, Empress of the Ringing News, Tell me, dearie, where the hitch is. Won't you? Please!

Though I languish for a number, "I'm sure my curses rend the sky. You were locked in endless slumber. Do I lie?"

Child lives in North Crotona; Subway travel makes me ill. Undefeat no more, I phone—Gaius! What will?

Give her the ball, Jazz, oh, Venus! Let me be serene and my pearl; Bridle the man that lies between us. That's the girl! CLAUDE HANCOCK

"Ah!" declares A. P. L. N. H. Injuring his intellect to bear on the problem of who the cigarette-distributing Knights of Columbus were called Gaysy. "The cigarettes were Lucky Strikes!"

It is A. E. O.'s forecast that the Cantabrigians will sing "We'll fight for the name of Harvard 'Till the last light wine is passed."

A Hymn of Hate for the V. R. Arrahan those persons whom, combined, I call "The Vulgarly Refined."

People who never go to bed, But covetly "retire" instead; Who, if they moved in natural state, Would settle where they now "locate"; Who, living in a house no more, "Reside" in "residences," or

"In homes"—some "elegant," some "well"—Content, these latter days, to dwell.

The women are not dressed, but "gowned." The men "well groomed" wherever found.

They "entertain" in different ways, And give "box parties" at the plays. "Wealth" is the word they use for rich, And "poiled" for dirty, after which

We come to something that you're hot on, The cancelling of got for "gotten."

"Chaste," to, for fitness of design, Is an old enemy of mine.

They "purchase" what most people buy, And "pass away," but do not die. C. N. D.

Saving money isn't the glorious thing many would have us believe. Nineteen years ago we took out a twenty-year endowment policy. When it matures, next year, the face of the policy will buy us a pair of shoes, ten gallons of gasoline, a cord tire, and a pair of theater tickets. Twenty years ago we thought it would buy us a house, a new bicycle, a merchandise line, a cordless wristwatch, and a trip around the world.

There is considerable hypocrisy, it seems to us, about the attitude of the theater managers and the public regarding the high price of theater tickets. Mr. Ziegfeld says that the managers don't make the prices—the public makes them. Which is true. And why the theater managers, or the milk dealers, or the landlords should be the only ones who don't charge all they can get for their commodities, we, for one, don't see.

The reading populace doesn't like The Tower set in this type, so we shall revert to a minion to-morrow. Our idea was that setting it in small type would enable us to print more stories, but it comes to us, now, as in a vision, that maybe that's the part the reading populace doesn't like.

Labor Sidelights

By Chester M. Wright

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—International customs differ widely, as any international gathering will show. Certainly the International Labor Conference of the league of nations, now in session here, brings the cruel truth to light.

It is not possible to take a viva voce vote in this conference because so many of the European delegates cannot understand that method. Efforts to vote that way were abandoned early in the life of the conference. All voting now is by show of hands. In the second week of its life the voting proceeded easily, but it was not so in the beginning. At the outset when the chair asked those in favor of a proposal to raise their right hands many who wished to record opposition thought the proper way to accomplish that result was to raise their left hands. Rights and lefts would go up together.

Mrs. Olivia Agresti, interpreter for the Italian labor delegate, is easily the "star performer" of the conference. Mrs. Agresti was for a number of years private secretary to David Labini. As an interpreter Mrs. Agresti has no equal in this gathering.

Gino Baldesi, Italian labor delegate, will arise and begin a rapid fire of oratory. Mrs. Agresti will listen to him, taking no notes, gazing straight ahead while he speaks. Then she will begin in English:

"Mr. Baldesi says—" and go on in the most perfect English. Then she will pause a moment and begin:

"Monsieur Baldesi a dit—" and so on in French to the end of the story. There is never a break, never a halt in her work. When she begins her translations the conference hall is always quiet. It is like watching a fine machine at work.

The Japanese—it is an invasion! Go where you will, there is no escaping them.

No single point of conference or activity has been overlooked by the Japanese and they are on the job always. The Japanese offices in the new Navy Building are larger than almost any other three and the atmosphere is forever snappy and business-like.

A visit to the press room—eight out of the nine present are Japanese.

In the hotel where they stop—one of the best—they are forever milling through the revolving door. They swing through the corridor as if they had been there forever.

In the conference hall press accommodations have been poor. Long tables far from the speakers were set apart for the newspaper men. Japanese filled a score of the chairs. A few correspondents found a nook and planted for themselves a table in a better position. One day of this—and a Jap was among them. They are to be found in the headquarters hotel, around the secretary's desk—everywhere.

They are polite, respectful, cordial, always. But they are there.

Japanese correspondents, however, have undone themselves by their own energy. To-day they learned that they had piled up so much copy at the California end of the single Pacific cable that it will require five days of steady sending to clear up the jam. Consternation!

But Japanese battle goes on—everywhere. And a Japanese press bureau turns

Are You a Rice Man?

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: In a display ad to-day The Tribune asks, "Are You a Rice Man?" I want to say, "I am and proud of the fact."

Not only is Grantland Rice the greatest sports writer in America to-day, but he is one of our greatest writers. And more than that he is a red-blooded American. No one but Rice could have written the poem appearing in the Spotlight to-day, dedicated to the 90,000 of our comrades who will forever be "The Last to Leave."

No one who had not been "over there" could have written this poem. The last stanza is one that every American should take to heart, and if we do so in earnest we will rid this country of such anti-Americans as we now have in our midst.

"What barricade can hold our scorn, although our time is ended, "If ye break faith with us who died, for Country and for God?"

As a member of the American Legion and as a former member of the A. E. F., I believe I voice the sentiments of my comrades that we shall not break faith, nor shall we allow others to break faith with our "buddies" who remained behind.

The sooner we get rid of such menaces to Americanism as William Randolph Hearst and his yellow journalists, the better it is going to be for our country. Why such a man as Hearst should be allowed to name his newspapers "American" I cannot understand. There should be some way of compelling him to take that name, which means so much to real Americans, of of his publications and substitute some name which will show exactly what he stands for.

I believe this poem by Grantland Rice to be worth all the editorials that could be published, and all the sermons that might be preached. Why not have copies of it made and send it to every American Legion post in the country? I feel sure the men would appreciate it and would answer the summons. H. A. WENIGE, Former Sergeant Evacuation Hospital No. 10, American Expeditionary Forces, Falls Falls, N. Y., Armistice Day, 1919.

That First Movie

Conflicting Evidence Begins to Arrive

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: I was much interested in Miss Underhill's story in the Sunday Tribune about the beginnings of the motion picture. I am a newspaper man. First, and many years ago, in 1832, I met Edouard Muybridge and reported his lecture and his invention of "movies" for "The Boston Globe." I feel sure that your interest in horses as well as in movies will warrant the following:

Leland Stanford, of Palo Alto, was having a famous horse of his painted and there arose a discussion as to the proper action of the animal, as it was to be painted in motion (this from Muybridge). The artist was sure that the usual pictures of horses did not represent the action of their feet as they should. Mr. Stanford employed Mr. Muybridge to find out what the gait really was in relation to the movement of the feet. The mechanics of these pictures were as follows:

A runway was fixed, with twenty-four cameras facing it, cotton twine was stretched from each camera to a fixed post on the other side of the runway. Horses were then sent through at whatever gait, running, trotting, pacing, the gallop, etc. The animal broke the stretches of twine, which released and closed the camera shutters, leaving the negative on the camera plate. This was long before the sensitive rapid plate, before the invention of film, and, in fact, before almost all of what is now known as photography.

The reproductions on the screen were comparatively small, not more than 4 by 4 feet, and in adobe, but they showed the action and revealed the true idea of the motion of horses in pictures. Mr. Muybridge was a most interesting man the died about two years ago, looked something like John Burroughs, the naturalist. His project was of his own invention, beautifully made, but quite complicated. The gait of other animals, as well as that of man, was shown in action.

This somewhat lumbering description brings out this: The horse, a rapidly moving animal, was the cause of the beginning of the rapid-moving picture.

THOMAS S. WEAVER, Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10, 1919.

Milk Costs

Prices of Feed and Labor Prevent Cheap Product

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: While this investigation into the advanced retail price of milk is being so generally discussed, there is one phase of the problem that seems to be neglected—the cost of production—and it is to this we would call your attention in order to have a more amicable understanding between consumer and producer.

We agree with Mr. Dillon that any one who is making a profit on milk is the distributing companies and not the producer, as might be supposed, as they receive more than twice as much for the milk they sell to the producer receives. Milk, it is to be remembered, is not dipped out of brooks or pumped out of wells by a steam engine into cans ready for shipment, but its production means ceaseless and untiring energy.

There are four causes to which the increased cost of production might be attributed:

First—The state makes no pure milk, which is right, but which necessitates the keeping of only such cows as pass the state's legal examination. This has advanced the cost of dairy cattle.

Second—The Board of Health demands that a dairy measure up to certain standards of sanitation, which is also right, but which requires extra time and labor, which necessitates added expense.

Third—In a dairy, either large or small, the cows do not feed milk or care for themselves. Here is where labor again comes in. If the consumer, who makes an eight-hour day or less, feels he is justified in his increased salary, then the man who works in the dairy twelve hours a day or more, every day in the week, every day in the year, no half holiday on Saturday nor Sunday off, is entitled to the advanced price the dairyman has to pay, and in order to meet this additional expense he must pay more for his product.

Fourth—Cows have to be fed good, wholesome, milk-producing food, of naturally, they would follow the example of their human brothers and sisters. Feeds that had last year for \$28, \$25, \$42 and \$47, have this year advanced to \$36, \$45, \$55 and \$75, respectively. In fact, doubled, but being from \$12 to \$15 more than last year. But the price of milk has not doubled, as last November the producer received \$3.95 a hundred for 3 per cent milk, while this November he will receive \$3.33 a hundred, a decrease of 65 cents a hundred.

Let the investigating committee work along a line that will reduce the high price of feed and labor, and let the consumer figure out at what price he would be willing to produce and sell milk under the present condition of escalating prices. If he can produce first class milk at less than \$3.33 a hundred we congratulate him, for with our experience of over thirty years at dairying we are unable to do it.

BLOOMINGDALE FARMS, Somerville, N. J., Nov. 10, 1919.

The Day of Eternal Rest

(From The Toledo Blade) Monday morning reports of deaths and injuries in automobile accidents over the Sabbath are so numerous that most newspapers have a fairly long list of victims of the immediate vicinity. If the list for the whole country were printed it would rival in length the sad column of war dead familiar to American readers a year ago, and it would be sadder because of the frequency with which the names of women and little children would appear. Sunday used to mean a day of rest. These days it means eternal rest for too many Americans.