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No Fifty-Fifty: The latest phase of the propaganda to befuddle the American people by telling what is not true is seen in the attempt to distribute equally blame for the treaty deadlock. It is said it's a case of fifty-fifty—that if the President is narrow-minded, something now admitted, so, also are the leaders of the Senate.

Not so. The responsibility is not double, but single. It does not belong to Senator Lodge and his associates. It rests with the White House and the automatic Senators who register obedience when the White House telephone tinkles.

To hold the contrary is to foster an idea similar to that circulated by the pro-German pacifists when they argued that guilt for the war was joint—when they ignored as inconsequential the fact that one day there was peace and the next day war, and that what had happened between was the Kaiser's order to his hordes to march.

The Chamber of Commerce says it is not in its province to allot responsibility. It must. Neutrality in thought concerning this vital matter is not possible. As long as the fifty-fifty notion is respectably countenanced the Senatorial dummies are not likely to be galvanized into activity.

Long is the list of exploded excuses which now no one has the impudence to advance. Dged is the claim that the covenant must be accepted exactly as written to get peace. The reservation knife was able to dissect. Dead is the pretense that it would be necessary to reassemble the peace conference.

Dead is the taunt that we would need go hat in hand to Germany. Dead is the slander that the Republican Senators wished the country to scuttle from its international duties.

The party of Roosevelt, champion of a virile Americanism, will be struggling to be true to ourselves, and thus to the world, when Woodrow Wilson's ineffective attempt at leadership is forgotten. Dead are a dozen other buncombe contentions which have been briefly paraded and then abandoned.

No Sherlock Holmes is needed to track practically every peace obstacle to the White House door. Seeds of trouble were planted when the President, on the theory that he ruled alone, ignored his constitutional partner.

Though amply warned, he gave no heed. The disservice of one-manism, an ancient malady, had attacked him. His sympathants, of course, did not tell him his course was absolutely impossible.

in even a faulty league. But there can be no surrender of the Constitution—no power of attorney granted to a single man to put this nation into war as he pleases.

Mr. Proskauer's Opportunity: It is a complex and difficult situation that Mr. Proskauer faces as the Governor's choice to assist the special grand jury which has been disturbing the sleep of the Hyman administration and the official family of District Attorney Swann.

We hope that in some fashion the work may come into Mr. Proskauer's hands. His appointment as Mr. Swann's assistant, which the Governor proposes, is open to the obvious objections which the grand jury has raised before.

The Wet Surplus: Owners of alcoholic liquors are counting their losses in the millions and threatening to bring damage suits against the United States. They say that their stocks still in hand are valued at perhaps three-quarters of a billion and that they cannot be reduced materially through sales abroad—the only method of liquidation left open.

Much of the loss is, of course, a loss of paper profits. Restrictive and prohibition legislation put an artificial value on "wet goods," multiplying many times the cost of production. If the present owners were able to sell in the open market the purchasing public would pay not only record-breaking rates for liquors, but also have to foot the Federal tax—estimated at \$600,000,000—on liquor to be taken out of bond.

It must be admitted that the liquor owners have just cause for complaint. The prohibition amendment allowed one year in which to dispose of existing stocks. But the war-time prohibition act shortened the liquidation period to six months. Were the later ban lifted tomorrow the entire period of grace would amount to only a little over seven months.

It may be argued that the holders of liquors could have sold their stocks last May and June if they had been willing to accept less gigantic profits. Instead, they kept on raising prices in the hope of a second open season this fall. Yet the fact remains that they didn't get the stipulated twelve months in which to unload.

The Supreme Court held on Monday that there has been no confiscation. Those who did sell before July 1 were the beneficiaries of an artificial enhancement of values, due to legislation. Those who didn't sell have lost their chance to sell. And it is doubtful whether the law now offers them any remedy.

Many strong friends of prohibition, without feeling any sympathy with liquor profiteers, will regret that the stock of intoxicants in bond or in the hands of dealers was not distributed before the date for the enforcement of national prohibition. The stores which exist will not be poured into the gutters. Most of them will be disposed of illicitly, and this process will raise obstacles everywhere to a general acceptance of the new order. And there will be a certain sense of injury behind the law breaking.

What chance is there of a brief lifting of the lid between now and January 16, 1920? The amendment to the agricultural appropriation act, which clamped down war-time prohibition, is to continue in force, according to its language, "until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President of the United States."

The President thinks that the emergency phase of demobilization is over. Yet he hasn't proclaimed the termination of demobilization. Nor has he ever taken the position that the war has been "concluded" in a legal sense. Should Congress pass a joint resolution ending the state of war with Germany and Austria-Hungary the President could sign it, and then declare mobilization ended. That would

add a few days to the shortened year of grace for vendors of liquors. There seems to be no other way in which the indulgence granted in the Federal prohibition amendment may be extended to at least three-quarters of the original term. And this method of relief involves a degree of cooperation between the President and Congress which is now practically out of the question.

Untying Mandates: The legislative committee, headed by Senator Davenport, which is considering the tax problems of cities will recommend to the Legislature next month the repeal of some of the mandatory pay roll laws which afflict the City of New York.

Mandatory legislation establishes the positions and fixes the salaries in defiance of the home rule principle and the rights of those who pay the bills of government. The Board of Estimate has no duty or power to suspend the law under which the closing hour for clerks in one county office is established at 2 p. m.

Undoing all the objectionable acts of mandatory legislation in respect to the city alone is a huge task. But with a budget near the \$300,000,000 mark, and an enormous capital outlay each year, the city is interested in saving, despite a Mayor whose disposition runs toward the distribution of public moneys for political reward.

Under the leadership of Senator Davenport the committee may be expected to formulate a highly valuable report—one to which an intelligent Legislature may wisely give close study. Professor Davenport, an authority on taxation, is a figure indeed welcome among investigating committees.

In one way the present time gives an exceptional opportunity. The new dollar has made archaic former salary schedules. Freedom to the city would not now reduce the compensation of any class of employees. Repeal would thus escape the opposition of groups to whom the present schedules are of little protective value.

Meeting Propaganda: Sherman Rogers, in The Saturday Evening Post, tells of the genesis of the industrial trouble in the lumber camps of the Northwest.

In the spring of 1917 the lumberjacks, having received a 65 per cent increase in wages through the competition of the bosses for labor, were altogether satisfied. Their axes were lustily driven into the trees felled to furnish the lumber for the cantonments and the timbers for the ships. "The big, two-fisted, rugged lumberjacks," enthusiastically says Mr. Rogers, who was a foreman, "were the finest body of conscientious, big-hearted workers that I have ever met in any industrial district of the country."

In June the men went on strike without formulating wage demands or pretending they had material grievances. Why? Because early in June 1917 volume I. W. W. agitators suddenly invaded the district and began a campaign of lying to the men. They were told that for every dollar paid in wages the companies drew down nine dollars in profits. The men accepted as true the falsehoods of the organizers, which no one contradicted. They said it was not just to get only one-fifth of what they earned. Asked if they believed such preposterous nonsense they said they did—that they had never heard the charges refuted, and that when people neglect to answer damaging accusations it is generally because they can't.

What this country needs more than knowledge of social theories is knowledge of industrial facts. There is a new force loose in the world—that of organized and directed propaganda. Propagandists generally lie—it is their business. They are instructed to put something across and are as unscrupulous as sellers of fake mining stock.

For years the propaganda process has gone on sporadically, has filled the columns of radical publications, but now it is an established industry. Deception has become a profession, and little is done to counteract its work. Truth is notoriously slow of foot, and a quality in human nature leads an average man, whether an employer or employee, to suspect the other side. This bias is easily played on and stimulated.

It is time for managers of industry to take steps to see that their associates in production are honestly informed concerning the main facts relating to the industry in whose health there is joint interest. Part of the proceedings of every labor union should consist of a report on the state of business in the craft. Every considerable business concern should take its operatives into its confidence.

There are difficulties about this, for pride forbids a concern to confess to losses, and when things go well it is feared that to advertise the truth is to bring in competitors. But in many instances the main facts are already published—need only emphasis. Few factories would deny to a responsible committee access to their books.

The truth is the only known antidote to the lie. More is needed than

merely to exhort employees to be good Americans and to reverse sacred principles. Propaganda can be successfully met only by a patient labor for veracity that will equal the intense activity of deliberate falsifiers. This work can be done by civic organizations only in part. Often only those in an industry are familiar with its data.

Associations of manufacturers, if they would escape what happened in the Pacific Northwest, may well give attention to creating agencies of publicity to meet propaganda.

Starve and Grow Well: Pollyanna Displays the Silver Lining of the High Cost of Food.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In trying to discover a silver lining on some of the various clouds which hang over us I recalled the schoolboy's remark that "pins had saved a great many lives by not 'swallowing' them," and this suggested the thought that the scarcity and high cost of food have had a beneficial effect on the general health of the people; of course, excepting the profiteers, who, from all accounts, are preparing their own punishments by excesses in feasting.

There can be no doubt that the eating habits of the nation have been automatically reformed, so that now the average table both in judicious quantity of food and balance of protein, carbohydrates and vegetables approximates the ideals of the dietitians; and as 90 per cent of all sickness can be traced to dietetic sins, doctors and druggists are noticeably less busy than in the days of plenty, when most people were industriously digging their graves with their teeth.

Some have deplored the fact that the scarcity of food is harder on the laboring man than on the sedentary class, but it is becoming clear that the laboring man is rapidly getting himself into the sedentary class, and we may, therefore, include him among the beneficiaries of reduced rations.

It is obviously impossible to furnish statistics other than the general observation that many people we know seem years younger and exhibit remarkably increased vitality, and that cases of acute indigestion are becoming rare in The Tribune's obituary column; but any one of us can recall the case of Jones, Smith or Robinson who before the war was failing in health because he fed his engine four times too much of the wrong assortment of fuels, and now seems to have taken a new lease of life.

There are several millions of our hypothetical friend, every one of them groaning over the high cost of food, longing for the flesh pots and utterly oblivious of the great benefits of a little judicious starvation. J. N. BROWN, Oglensburg, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1919.

Who Settled the Coal Strike? To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The answer to the question "Who settled the coal strike?" is contained in the chorus of a once popular song, the final words of which still echo faintly in my memory, "Nobody! Nobody!" The coal strike is not settled. The immediate price of coal is fixed, to be sure, and that is important enough, but a question of far greater importance is now agitating the mind of every sober citizen: "How soon will it happen again?"

When President Wilson evaded the real issue, and bent the dignity of his office to plead with rebels, he sent them back to work with the honors of war and under terms which gave them a complete victory. The deal was so cleverly engineered that the public probably never will know how complete was the Administration's surrender until the Lever act is renewed. This is because Mr. Wilson's strike commission is empowered to investigate nothing but costs and prices.

Do you think the public—who are the chief sufferers in this strike—would be interested to know: 1. That the contract which the operators are now forced by the government to renew with the United Mine Workers contains no financial or legal obligation on the part of the union for its faithful fulfillment?

2. That the operators are again compelled by this contract to collect the union dues from every mine worker in their employ? Ten million dollars was collected by the operators for the union last year. Eight millions of it was used to prepare for this battle with the public. Eight millions will be used next year to prepare for the next battle.

3. That under the Clayton bill the mine workers' labor trust need not even incorporate? When war legislation is removed, what is this "settlement" worth? What protection does it give the public?

Who settled the coal strike? Within a year the answer will come from all the corners of Washington. "Not I! Not I!" AN OPERATOR, New York, Dec. 15, 1919.

Communism Among Us: From The Rocky Mountain News.

For the present we are living under a sort of enforced Bolshevism. We have dictators all around us. Our hours of work are limited. These hours are about what the new regime believes is necessary for the millennium. Our hours of amusement are limited, too. One of these days our hours of sleep may be limited for us. We are limited in the hours at which we may eat. If we are not exactly under communism we are pretty close to it in some things.

We are obeying the dictator as a matter of patriotic duty. We are making the best of it, too. But how would the ordinary citizen like to have the rule in force all the time? A Problem in Altitudes: To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Washington dispatches say that it is learned from the highest authority that the hope of the Republican leaders, etc. Highest authority! Doesn't that mean the All-Highest? OLD READER, New York, Dec. 15, 1919.

The Conning Tower

TO RUTH: I am a college professor. I am just Ruth's age. Plus four years. I am not in her class (not even third place) As to eyes, cheeks, and self-possessed nose. Even so, Life has looked good to me at times; but they always married window-washers, or bankers, Or other members of the silk shirt classes

Before I could afford to ask them. But to-day in the paper I am specious where my college is going to get the S. S. classes to help the student classes raise millions; About as many millions as I am years-older than Ruth.

So that I and the other professors will get almost enough pay To put us in one of the lower of the S. S. classes ourselves. Now, dear P. A., you see what the next step is for my happiness; And Ruth's; and our salaries. It's to give this fund-raising some "love" space (adv.) So I can marry Ruth. And, Ruth, you and I can put it over If we can write The Conning Tower together

For the next few weeks. HORATIO. I loved a school teacher. And married her. She was twenty-five years old. She had black hair And red eyes And red cheeks all the time. Painted by Nature, and not By the skilled hand of the artisan. She signed a pension blank, too, But never realized upon it, Because—we married.

The years look long To me. She has gone to that undiscovered country From whose bourne no traveler returns. But not so dreary, because I have a Ruth. She is six. I hope she will be able To describe herself later on As you yourself do now.

I am a stenographer. Twenty-three years old. Away off up here in frozen Hartford I read Ruth's poem to herself. I am a blonde. A golden blonde, with blue, blue eyes. And you know, Boss, How the men fall for blondes. When I walk in the wind My cheeks are like two wild roses. And all the men I meet Turn to look at me. Life looks pretty good to me, too. But if I just hated myself The way Ruth does Life would simply be not worth living. ISABEL.

I am a bachelor. I am thirty-four. My eyes are gray, my hair is light And some gray, too. I do seem a shame For the future. For the future. Now, being faithful readers Of this here, now, Tower, It appears to such hundred natures Should suit mutual expressions. Assuming this land, What better place For the formal introduction, Than the Contrib's Dinner? HANK.

With—now you have gone and done it! You have upset your apple cart—completely—propaganda! The black eyes, sometimes rosy cheeks, and implied youth. Would have won many, many volunteers To become your companion For many times thirty years. But you disclosed the fact that you have brains. You might just as well sign that paper now. NAOMI.

Sir: Tell Ruth to meet me at the Contrib's Dinner. In fact, I'd like to take her to it! D. B. G.

The calligraphers might be interested. A. G. M. thinks, in drawing checks to the order of Hobart H. Todd, Secretary of the National Conference on the Education of Dependent, Truant, Backward, and Delinquent Children. But that, believes C. S. J., is nothing compared with the pain of having to call up—and repeat four times—the Broadway Subway and Home Boroughs Car Advertising Company, Incorporated.

LOST—Work of art in negligence, on 59th St., between Madison and Lexington Aves.—The Times. Perhaps, offers D. M., it was Aphrodite herself. America, the land of drought. It will be called forever. Of that there is no shadow of doubt. No probable, possible shadow of doubt. No possible doubt whatever.

The hotels of New York are said to have \$5,000,000 worth of liquor on hand, but whether this means that it cost them \$5,000,000 or that they could sell it—and would—for \$5,000,000 is not evident. When a bottle of whisky that cost 95c is sold at 60c a drinker it makes a difference when you say "\$5,000,000 worth." What do you mean, worth? "While there is no bar to the export of distilled liquors up to January 16," begins The Times. Neither to nor for.

Answering many queries, we are privileged to state that unless a contrib contributes his own, the Contrib's Dinner will be unalcoholic. "Referring to the extravagance in the use of white print paper," asks L. C., "have you made note of The Tribune's 'No other alternative' and the Sun's 'regular habitues,' not to mention the 'great-hearted magnanimity' of another c. e.?"

Cited—by G. H. H.—for conspicuous honesty is the Hotel Washington, Indianapolis, each of whose rooms has a sign proclaiming its price. What is known as the New Desk Standard Dictionary tells, take it from its advertisement, "Whom Karl Marx was." Suggestions, by B. M. F., for routing John Zhey's plays: Zlame, Miss; 4d-ham, N. Y.; Est, N. J.; Sea Gd, N. Y.; 10afy, N. J.; 11worth, Kans.

This is one of the days the world is to end. It would be just our luck to have it end, too, when we have a long galley of overset in the composing room. Is there, we wonder, a war tax on harps? F. P. A.

THE LINE AT THE TICKET WINDOW IS ALREADY SEVERAL BLOCKS LONG



Books

By Heywood Brown

"People talk about children being hard to teach," writes Floyd Dell in "Were You Ever a Child?" (Knopf), "and in the next breath deplore the facility with which they acquire the 'vices.' That seems strange. It takes as much patience, energy and faithful application to become proficient in a vice as it does to learn mathematics. Yet consider how much more popular poker is than education! But did a schoolboy ever drop in on a group of teachers who had sat up all night parsing, say, a sentence in Henry James, or seeing who could draw the best map of the North Atlantic states? And when you come to think of it, it seems extremely improbable that any little boy ever learned to drink beer by seeing somebody take a table-spoonful once a day."

Most of this is true. The only trouble with all the new theories about bringing up children is that it leaves the job just as hard as ever.

We believe in the new theories for all that. They work, we think, but like most worth while things, they are not always easy. For instance, H., third, came into the parlor the other day carrying the carving knife. Twenty years ago I could have taken it away and spanked him, but then along came the psychologists with their talk of breaking the child's will, and sensible people stopped spanking. Ten years ago I could have said, "Put down that carving knife or you'll make dada feel very badly. In fact, you'll make dada feel very badly. You'll make dada cry if you don't obey him." But then the psychoanalysts appeared and pointed out that there was danger in that. In trying to punish the child by making him feel that his evil acts directly caused suffering to the parent there was an unavoidable tendency to make the child identify himself with the parent subconsciously. That might lead to all sorts of ructions later on. The child might identify himself so completely with his father that in later life he would use his shirts and neckties as if they were his own.

Of course, I might have gone over to H., third, and, after a short struggle, taken the carving knife away from him by main force, but that would have made him mad. He would at length have suppressed his anger and right away a complex would begin in his little square head.

Picture him now at thirty—he has neuralgia. Somebody mentions the theory of blind abscesses and he has all his teeth pulled out. No good comes of it. He goes to a psychoanalyst and the doctor begins to ask questions. He asks a great many over a long period of time. Eventually he gets a clew. He finds that when H., third, was eight years old he dreamed three nights in succession of stepping on a June bug.

"Was it a large, rather fat June bug?" asks the doctor carelessly, as if the answer was not important. "Yes," says H., third, "it was." "That June bug," says the doctor, "was a symbol of your father. When you were twenty months old he took a carving knife away from you and you have had a suppressed anger at him ever since. Now that you know about it your neuralgia will disappear."

And the neuralgia would go at that. But by that time I'd be gone and nothing could be done about this suppressed feud of so many years' standing. My mind went through all these possibilities and I decided it would be simpler and safer to let H., third, keep the carving knife as long as he attempted nothing

aggressive. A wound is not so dangerous as a complex. "And, anyhow," I thought, "if he can make that carving knife cut anything he's the best swordsman in the flat."

"No wonder you can't understand the parlor and the administration Bolsheviki," writes Mora M. Deane, "for you belong to still another variety of the Comrades—the semi-Bolsheviks. That is, you seem to belong to that wing of the intelligentsia which aids and abets revolutionaries without really desiring a revolution!"

"Mr. Chambers's book, like everything he has written lately, panders to the lovers of the sensational and highly spiced, but here, at least, he sees clearly and warns against a menace which you highbrow critics haven't the acumen to recognize under its infernally clever disguises. Your very reviews of books and plays, happily phrased as they are, clearly show this blind side of yours. I wonder sometimes whether you cocksure critics, who make such generous use of ridicule to discredit books and plays ofensive to your sensitive 'radical' standards, ever pause to consider that you yourselves are occasionally subject to ridicule, partisan and unpartisan. In other words, your style is cramped by this demi-sini attitude, and your stuff seems a little grotesque both to conservatives and radicals."

I don't suppose I can very well quarrel with that. I am not a conservative, and on clear and pleasant days I am not quite a radical. Anyhow, a reader who places me among the "intelligentsia" and among "the highbrow critics" can call me almost anything else she pleases.

We must apologize for the fact that there is not very much about books in the column to-day, but we will report on several new ones next Friday.

Mr. Bennet Was Right: To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have just been rereading the speeches I made in Congress in 1916 in relation to Frederic C. Howe, and what I regarded as his dangerous leniency toward aliens detained on charges of criminality and immorality. For the making of those speeches I was denounced editorially by "The Times," "The Tribune," "Globe" and "Morning World." Those editorials quite naturally were sent by my competitor that fall to every registered voter in the 23d Congressional District. I was defeated for reelection, and undoubtedly those editorials contributed toward the result.

The investigation now being conducted by the House Committee on Immigration has resulted not only in the complete upholding of everything that I then said, but in the disclosure of other facts against Mr. Howe's record, of which in 1916 I was unaware. A Representative in Congress, acting under his oath of office, ought at all times to do what he thinks right, regardless of results. Nevertheless, there is a distinct human satisfaction in being so quickly and so conclusively proved to have been absolutely in the right. My course toward Commissioner Howe always had the approval of my own conscience. It is evident that the course of "The Times," "The Tribune," "Globe" and "Morning World" toward the commission had the complete approval of Emma Goldman. WILLIAM S. BENNETT, Washington, Dec. 12, 1919.

Not Fit to Live In

A Gloomy View of Our Ruthless, Unscrupulous World

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I am a teacher of children, a teacher by choice and, as my superior officers say, a born teacher. All around me I see efforts to nullify the teachings of great teachers. Were I in my own classes to adopt the same philosophy, these supporters of the philosophy of force would be the first ones to demand my impeachment and punishment. As a teacher I am supposed to control my body through my mind. I am supposed to be so self-versed in the science and art of pedagogy that in case any one of my pupils, always the son of some upholder of the force idea, becomes unruly, I maintain my physical poise through the control of my mind.

That the Republican and the Democratic parties have forgotten all this, if they ever knew it, is nothing new. Greater commonwealths than ours have gone down in the dust of the ages because of the neglect of eternal truths. The present emphasis upon the philosophy of force, in contradiction of the spirit of our so-called Christian religion, as well as in direct antagonistic attitude to all known facts of science, is, of course, really nothing else than the flowering of all the stupidities of the past. The same colossal neglect of the most elementary principles of humane conduct which produced industrial conditions so horrible that it created that defensible organization known as the I. W. W. and others is again manifested in the fearfully stupid policy of ruthless extermination of all these defensive organizations.

That these stout defenders of the philosophy of force do not succeed, have never before succeeded and will never succeed in the future is something these blind men and women will never learn. It establishes the fact that we are still savages in mind and in heart. We will be that as long as we continue in the adoption of measures that are opposite to all sane views of life.

The end is in plain sight, for as far as I can see there is no hope whatever. Those who know that a compulsory policy, a self-examination, is imperatively necessary are too few in number to make any impression. We are voices in the wilderness. Teachers who through their daily conduct with the most valuable part of any community, the most lovable part of them, retain their sense of youthfulness because of that contact with youth, retain their idealism because of their daily contact with believers in justice, fair play and hatred of sham, could be of enormous help in the building up of rational practices in the industries, the arts and related sciences, as well as in the domain of religion and politics. But this comparatively well educated part of the community is silent, kept silent by the sinister forces of a blind reactionary part of the community.

I am glad, my wife is glad, that we have but one son, educated out West in a special school, ready and able to weather the storm. I am sorry for the fathers and mothers with a house full of children; This world is not fit for children to live in. It is fit only for the ruthless, the physically strong, the bully and the brute, and the unscrupulous.

LEW. G. ISLAND, New York, Dec. 15, 1919.