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

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The Governor's Move

Our fearless District Attorney, who cares not who investigates his office so long as he has entire control of the investigation, seems to have reached a fairly definite crisis in his relations with that pestiferous grand jury which has not sense enough to quit when ordered to. He has been strong for investigation; and if this grand jury must have a legal adviser, he has argued eloquently that the adviser must be a special assistant District Attorney, yet when the Governor accepts his entire view and proposes Mr. Proskauer (who is acceptable to everybody else) Mr. Swann finds it quite impossible to accept Mr. Proskauer on the obvious terms of independence which alone can make the investigation anything more than a farce. To be sure, Mr. Proskauer has already shown himself a letter writer of parts, combining a painful frankness with an ominous knack of going to the root of things. But just because Mr. Swann does not fancy a prospective assistant's epistolary style is no reason for turning him down.

We regret to view our District Attorney in an undignified light; but we cannot help feeling that he has climbed out on the end of a limb and carefully sawed it through. It is now the Governor's move. His choice for the investigation job has reported the only conditions upon which it can be accepted, and Mr. Swann will have no such conditions in his office. The arrow points plainly to the naming of Mr. Proskauer as a special deputy Attorney General. At any rate, it is for the Governor to act, pending the arrival of the new Legislature, which, if all else fails, can easily, as we have before pointed out, satisfy Mr. Swann's desire for investigation to the full.

Attacking the 'Dry' Amendment

Some of the arguments against the "constitutionality" of the Federal prohibition amendment raise novel issues. When is a change in the Constitution "unconstitutional"?

An amendment may, of course, be attacked and set aside on the ground that it was not adopted in accordance with the provisions of Article V, governing the submission and passage of amendments. For instance, the courts have given conflicting decisions as to the interpretation of the word" legislature" in this article. Did the Constitution mean to indicate the organized law-making assembly which each state maintains, or did it mean to include the whole legislative power vested in the people of a state —sometimes exercised directly in the way of referendums? The ratification given by the Ohio Legislature was held to be insufficient and the Eighteenth Amendment was referred to the voters of the state at the last election. Apparently the voters reversed the Legislature's action.

The question whether the forms of ratification have been observed is, of course, an open one. The Supreme Court must eventually pass on it. But when the Attorney General of Rhode Island says that the Eighteenth Amendment is, in itself, "an unconstitutional and revolutionary proposal," and therefore invalid, what is he driving at? Article V, governing amendments, barred amendments, prior to 1808, which would affect the slave trade and the levy of direct taxes. It also bars amendments depriving any state of equal suffrage in the Senate without the state's consent.

Beyond these limitations how can an amendment be inherently "unconstitutional"? The sovereign power behind the Constitution is the people of the United States. "We, the people," ordained the Constitution and retain the authority to amend it. If an extreme view is taken of the scope of sovereignty it might be argued that the sovereign is not even bound to respect the limitations on amendment imposed in Article V. As a matter of morals it might respect them. But is there any valid political or legal restraint, except as to procedure?

The fight against the Eighteenth Amendment will, therefore, stir the deeps of constitutional erudition. Yet it will probably be a very difficult task to bring the sovereign power of the people successfully before the bar.

Winding Up the Case

The German official documents recently published by Karl Kautsky not only establish Germany's war guilt but emphatically fix personal responsibility on the Kaiser.

Kautsky's disclosures destroy the claim that Austria and not Germany was the real instigator and that the German government was cajoled, cheated and terrorized by Vienna into supporting the latter's fatal policy. This argument, badly shattered already by Count Czernin's memoirs illuminating the rôle of von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador at Vienna, is completely wrecked by Herr Kautsky's evidence that Tschirschky was egged on by Kaiser Wilhelm himself.

On June 30, 1914, when the ambassador informed his master that he was "seizing every occasion, quietly but very firmly and seriously, to warn the Austrian government against hasty steps," the Kaiser added with his own all-highest hand the following annotation:

> "Who has authorized him to do this? This is very stupid! It is no business of his; it is purely Austria's affair to consider what she ought to do in consequence. If afterward things go wrong we shall be told that Germany was not willing!! Tschirschky will please stop this nonsense! A clearance must be made of the Serbs, and that soon!"

In the same report Tschirschky said that in Vienna everybody believed a thorough reckoning with the Serbs inevitable. To this the Kaiser added, "Now or never." Three days after his rebuke Tschirschky, having dutifully "stopped nonsense," told Count Berchtold that only energetic action against Serbia would do.

The importance of the council held at Potsdam on July 5, 1914, is reemphasized by the Kautsky documents. Count Szögyény, the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin, reported to the Vienna Foreign Office a conversation on that date with the Kaiser, who told him that the Austro-Hungarian government "might rest assured that Germany, in case of a war between Austria-Hungary and Russia, shall stand by the monarchy with her usual loyalty and in the usual manner."

On the following day (July 6) the Kaiser conferred at Potsdam with Admiral Cappelle and Captain Zenker, of Tirpitz's staff, and with representatives of the War Ministry and the General Staff. What happened at this conference is clear from the following note written by Baron von dem Bussche, who was later Under Secretary of the German Foreign Office:

> "It was resolved, with a view to all eventualities, to take preparatory measures for a war. Orders in this sense were accordingly issued."

On July 8 the Austrian Ambassador reported that Tschirschky had received a reprimand for his "lukewarmness" toward Count Berchtold. On the same day Tschirschky told the count that the Kaiser had instructed him to "declare in Vienna with all possible emphasis that Berlin was expecting action by the monarchy against Serbia, and that Germany would be at a loss if the monarchy should allow the proffered opportunity to pass without striking a blow."

Sir Edward Grey's efforts at mediation, as reported by Prince Lichnowsky, were countered by the Kaiser with the remark that "Grey must be told very seriously and plainly that I won't stand any nonsense." On July 28, when the Kaiser was informed of Serbia's virtual surrender to the Austrian demands, he dictated a letter to Bethmann-Hollweg urging that Austria should march into Serbia, anyway.

Kautsky's revelations prove with final force that once more mass judgment, which branded the Kaiser as the arch-criminal, was right, and those who prattle about "systems" and international imperialisms, were wrong. Should the Allies at last decide to try the originators of the war before a world tribunal the collection issued by the German Socialist writer will form a most important exhibit to be offered by the prosecution.

Buying Off Bolshevism

Appealing for the relief of 15,000,000 persons in Central Europe outside of Germany who are in acute distress, Mr. Hoover predicts, if food is not furnished, the "creation of another cesspool like Russia."

The appeal of Mr. Hoover properly reaches every heart. To think of millions starving is to make Christmas plenty seem bitter. Moreover, his practical suggestion that the Grain Corporation be authorized to sell on credit its surplus of grain and flour to Finland, Poland, Austria and other regions of distress seems abundantly justified. There will be little complaint if part of the food leaks into Germany to save women and children. When human hands are raised in supplication for help the heart answers in only one way.

But the special argument used by Mr. Hoover is hardly to be rated as a happy one. It seems to imply, if largess is not given, that in some way the starving will be justified in running amuck. In various forms this thought is constantly appearing. Why it is expressed may be easily understood, but nevertheless it is a dangerously misleading one—is in the direction of encouraging insanity, and by encouraging insanity it contributes to a perpetuation of bad conditions. Bolshevism is a system that makes for the intensification of starvation, not for its appeasement. The delusion that by making bad conditions worse the average man can be benefited is not one to stimulate or countenance.

Russia is a land rich in food supplies. It has within its borders ample supplies to ration All the Russias. Russians are hungry because Bolshevist disorder has prevented production and distribution. If this country has reasons for avoiding Bolshevism those who hover on the border of extinction have greater reasons for avoiding it. When it is intimated that human beings are not much to be blamed if they lose their heads they are likely to go wrong. The sound thing is to emphasize that head-losing has inevitable consequences. If the distressed of Central Europe had not flirted with Bolshevism when the armistice was signed it probably would now be able to take care of itself. A large part of the lessons of the war is lost when words are used which lead persons to forget their own faults and to hope to escape the results of evildoing. Feed Austria, but don't present it as a bribe to keep her away from Bolshevism.

Franklin K. Lane

The announcement of Franklin K. Lane that he is soon to hand in his resignation as Secretary of the Interior has been read with great regret. Amid the wreck of reputations marking the present Administration Mr. Lane is an exception. He has steadily grown in the public's respect, and a good many things would be better if he had been more called into counsel.

Mr. Lane was one of the few members of the Administration who "saw" the war early. He did not say its issues did not concern us and its result could not affect us. He did not need to be educated into sound views. He educated himself, and thus had a disposition to educate others.

In his own special department to whose duties he devoted himself he saw the country as a whole and helped to carry on the work of conservation, interrupted during the Ballinger régime, which was begun during the Roosevelt Administration. He regarded national development largely, and his clarifying reports will furnish inspiration and instruction to the oncoming generation.

Capital at Work

The report, just from the press, of the Rockefeller Foundation, is a source book for those who would study capitalism at work. It may be specially recommended to wallowers in theory who spend energies in drawing deductions which commonly are not true.

What is the Rockefeller Foundation? During the year it diminished tuberculosis in France, malaria in Arkansas, yellow fever in Guatemala, the hookworm disease in twenty-four nations and twelve states, built hospitals in China, increased its contributions to starving Europe to $22,000,000, and otherwise filled the world with its beneficent deeds.

Whence comes its power to do these things? Stores of fuel through the ages had lain inert. A group of men arose who awoke the sleeping giant. They said they would "exploit" (to use a word favored by the half-baked radical), natural resources.

These schemers devised ways, first, to produce on a large scale commodities of human need, thus adding to the sum of comfort and enjoyment; second, by economical methods so to cheapen distribution as to sell for less, yet at a price high enough to leave to them large profits; third, to mass their profits into an instrumentality of reserve power whose income, as it is called, could be expended further to improve the planet as a place of habitation.

The scheme worked. Rockefeller became a billionaire. The Standard Oil group filled the world with the effects of its activities. Mankind became richer. As nearly as finite hands can do such a thing there was creation—something was made out of nothing. In a word, there was presented the familiar working of capitalism.

Capital is a sight draft on labor and objects of desire. It is the result of undivided abstention from consumption (thrift), or of the non-immediate expenditure of wealth developed by the release of natural resources (enterprise). When not dissipated on non-productive luxury it is a trust fund whose employment ameliorates the lot of the oncoming generations. Whether spent on new bridges, canals, factories, habitations or on education or such work as the Rockefeller Foundation carries on is of relatively small importance. The main thing is that there is a storage battery of energy whose current can be directed to meet any need.

Disillusioned Lenine acknowledges that a great obstacle to non-capitalistic systems is that men are not intelligent enough to cooperate under elected industrial leadership. He admits his communist experiment has not been able to overcome this difficulty—that workers individually get less when they absorb the whole of a lessened industrial product than when capital took 5 or 10 per cent out of a larger product.

Here is one nemesis of communism, but even though communism be able to escape it through increased mass self-discipline, another remains. Industrial democracy, though it be able to keep the world as good as it is, has no suggestion to offer as to making it better. If all that a generation produces is divided and consumed, who and what is to build for the future? Who is to maintain those who perform tasks not at once productive? Neither Marx nor Lenine attempts to give one.

The buyer of a gallon of kerosene or gasoline not only buys more cheaply because of Brother Rockefeller, but also helps maintain a hospital or to build a factory or railroad. And what does Brother Rockefeller get? The fun of saying on what particular activity his capital power shall be expended.

The Rockefeller report, when digested and not merely read, is an interesting document and is corrective of many current superstitions.

It may be necessary some day to feel sorry for the possessors of distilled liquors on their great financial loss. But not yet. A rather inferior brand of whisky was yesterday quoted in the underground market at $92 a case. As the stuff cost the owners scarcely more than one-third of this, it is to be gathered that a period of grave apprehension has not arrived. The demand for medicinal supplies promises to be good even after fateful January 16.

"Christmas gift?" expectantly says the country to Senator Underwood. Will he respond? Or, like Friend Hitchcock, will he turn away, saying "The President won't let me"?

Native-Born Radicals

They Flourish in Little Groups of Parlor Pacifists

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The following paragraphs, which appeared in a letter from a correspondent of Portland, Ore., showing the reaction of Roosevelt-minded Americans to the destructive doctrines of socialism, will, I am sure, interest your readers:

"It has become such a common thing to see the worst of radicals in the best of society here that I thought they needed a special paragraph. There is a little group of pacifist, radical idiots here who are a menace to any community, and, as far as I have been able to learn, they are everywhere. They are led about by a certain set of wild-eyed radicals who seem to flourish their best under the fostering care of this Administration.

"It cannot be too frequently emphasized (or denounced) that many American born of the well-to-do classes need Americanization even more than the foreigners. Especially is it necessary for those poor, barren souls who are prone to consider themselves set apart and above the common herd, and who are only excluding themselves from the larger issues of life and all the things which insure the growth and wisdom that can be obtained only from contact with real life in all its various phases. It is just as necessary to break up the meeting places in the homes of the idle, wealthy men and women who try to relieve the tedium and boredom of their lives by encouraging with money and influence any wild-eyed propagandist who can offer them a thrill for their money as it is to break up the cohesion of foreign groups and inoculate them with democracy.

"It is certain that better conditions in homes and better standards in schools will be beneficial to every one in every community, since contagions of physical diseases or of destructive ideas cannot be confined to their breeding places."

ELIZABETH OGDEN WOOD.

New York, Dec. 17, 1919.

What Is Peace ?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Whenever the Sinn Fein poets, or German-tinged, wandering on our soil have no easier point of attack, they seem to fall upon that valiant poetess and defender "of things of good report," Marion Couthouy Smith.

There might seem to be a certain consistency in Irish taking to the cudgel, Germans to arms. But why has that apostle of peace, A. Hamilton Gibbs, let his angry passions rise against her also? Why has he, opponent of war, taken up arms against a fellow scribe, especially in this season born of peace? Why has he not rather turned to her the left cheek of give and take, or, better still, sent her an autographed copy of "Gunfodder" for Christmas?

"What," the poetess might, indeed, ask, with the cudgel raised over her shoulders, the weapons of resentment, sarcasm, anger, discharging across the Hudson toward harmless East Orange, "is peace?"

As for the cause of the war, which seems so to ruffle the calm of peace-seeking Mr. Gibbs, Marion Couthouy Smith might give it to him in the brevity he seems not to love by sending him to that famous remark of the youthful Macaulay when a treaty-breaking domestic invaded the promised neutrality of his childish territory.

"Cursed be Sarah," said the young Thomas, "for it is written, 'Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmark.'"

EVA MADDEN,
Not of East Orange, but of the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

New York, Dec. 17, 1919.

The Conning Tower

To Ruth

Lots of letters on my desk,
Commonplace and picturesque,
All of them addressed "To Ruth,"
Partly fiction, partly truth;
Dozens of them, slews and volumes,
They would fill a hundred colyums—
If you want them, more or less,
And will send me your address,
I shall forward them to you,
Where and when you tell me to.

* * * *

Question not the motives of
One who offers as above,
One who's been—allay your fears—
Wedded half of thirty years.

"You know," said Dr. Lyman Abbott, "one can write easier almost any place in the world than in a newspaper office." We quarrel with the Doctor. One is in such a hurry to get away that writing in a newspaper office is easier than anywhere else. . . . This paragraph itself, momentous as it is, took only—what with amiable visitors, telephone queries, and carrying the copy downstairs—seventy-one minutes.

The Sts. Preserve Us!

Sir: My sister Elizabeth* wishes to inform you that the apartment house at No. 207 West 109th Street is called the St. Goldberg. HAT.

* She says if you print this then she can come to the Contribs' Dinner, and bring her harp with her, and maybe some one will ask her to play.

It could also be announced this way: Secretary Franklin K. Lane, whose débutante daughter recently made a shopping trip to New York, is about to resign, because he cannot afford to continue at the salary paid Cabinet officers.

"Briefly," says The Tribune, "'The Wayfarer' is a composite picture of you and I and the rest of us." Again the Lardnerian influence.

Our Elastic Currency

Sir: The Tribune quotes a convert at the McAuley Mission as testifying:

"I went out with a dime," he said. "A man gave me another nickel. I went and got a shave—two cents. I got some bread and coffee—three cents. Then I bought a pair of shoes for ten cents, and went to work."

Now, not attempting to discount the veracity of the speaker, I ask you, what can YOU do with 15 cents? Even *your* favorite tipple costs SEVENTEEN cents (including war tax), while mine sets me back SIXTY cents (and it tastes the way varnish used to smell). And as for shoes—well, I ask you dearie, I ask you! DURIGAN.

It is E. T. C.'s whimsical—b. the w., it occurs to us that "whimsical" should go into dead storage for a few years; as "charming" has lost its charm, so all the whimsicality has departed from "whimsical"—notion that John 2hey's posters should be drawn by Mr. 12trees, and E. St. V. M. suggests that he revive "12th Night." One who lisps in numbers might add that those suggestions are 13ly good.

The Amateur Paragrapher

It is a bit late, of course, to make the observation, but I should like to wager that Germany's ultimate answer to the Allies will be not Noske, but Yepsky.

* * *

Can any one tell why it is that college teams are invariably "trounced"? This seems to be the caption-writer's only word for "beaten" or "defeated."

* * *

U. S. FLEET TO GO
SOUTH IN JANUARY
FOR TARGET WORK
—Trib headline.

Mexico City papers please copy.
H. T. E. H.

Frightened, perhaps, by the various upsets that have supplied the sport writers with much copy this season, Cross's booklet leads off with: "Christmas Comes—When You Least Expect It."

Cosmic Thoughts

This is a helova life.
"They" said the world would end to-day.
I believed it.
I spent all the money I had saved on *one good time*. I had it, too, but the savings were three years'.
I proposed to my best girl and said I'd marry her next week.
I got drunk.

* * * *

And now it's all a fake.
The darned old world didn't end.
I'm broke.
I don't want to get married.
And I lost my job.
It's a helova life.
Merry Christmas! ASON.

Lecointe covered the distance of a milometre in to-day's test at an average speed of 307.225 kilometres (about 190 miles) an hour.—Evening World.

Billy Esty's guess is that the proofreader never counted the white kilometre stones in France while staggering under a ninety-pound pack.

"My husband, like so many others, I believe, dreaded to attend a funeral or enter an establishment devoted to the care of the demised. Yet upon his sickbed he said: 'Don't forget, dearie, Columbus 8200.'"—From Dr. Berthold A. Baer's studies in the higher optimism.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN

CÆSAR—"*Et tu, Brute.* . . . Call up Columbus 8200."

NELSON—"Kiss me, Hardy. Don't forget Columbus 8200."

LAWRENCE—"Don't give up the ship and don't forget to call Columbus 8200."

Also

The boy stood on the burning deck,
And voiced his single *one* dread:
"Call—when the flames have reached my neck—
Columbus Eight Two Hundred."

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton tells Morrie that he can't send his checque for the Contribanquet until he learns just how much money four berries is. "Will you please tell him," asks Morrie, "and your other English contribs that one pound, assisted by 16c. in U. S. money, will be accepted?"

Reprinted from an o. f. winter column: Man wants but little here below zero.
F. P. A.

Probably most of us have come to exaggerate Lincoln's peculiarities of dress and appearance. Drinkwater, for instance, is at a good deal of pains to let us know how terrible were the emancipator's hats. But Henry Watterson, who saw Lincoln when he came to Washington for his first inaugural, bears testimony of another sort. In his delightful autobiography, "Marse Henry," a two-volume edition just published by Doran, Watterson says of Lincoln:

"He came to the capital under the escort of Mr. Seward, and among the rest I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed some others. I was familiar with the Western type, and while Mr. Lincoln was not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was a dignity about him that commanded respect."

Later Watterson came to Lincoln to get a copy of the inauguration speech for The Associated Press. He found Lincoln exceedingly kind and considerate and entirely self-possessed. "He delivered that inaugural address," writes Colonel Watterson, "as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man, of a leader of men; and in its tone and style the gentlemen whom he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his chief—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of one born to rule. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and his official subordinates."

GRASPING AT THE LAST STRAW

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Books

By Heywood Broun

Perhaps the reason why no American has written as good a Lincoln play as the "Abraham Lincoln" of John Drinkwater, of England, lies in the fact that most Americans labor under the handicap of having approached Lincoln first as a subject to be studied in school. More than likely we began by memorizing the date of his birth and then of his death. Even when we came to the details of his life he was still a lesson. Drinkwater's approach was probably quite different. It is entirely possible that he never heard of Lincoln in school. The man may never have been much more than a name to him until he read the biography written by Lord Charnwood. Thus, Lincoln came to him of his own free will, complete. He was, in fact, allowed to discover Lincoln rather than having him thrust upon him. He was profoundly stirred by the greatness of Lincoln, because the acceptance of that greatness was a matter of choice and not of necessity.

We feel privileged to comment on "Abraham Lincoln" in this column, even if it is a play, for it is available for readers in an edition published by Houghton Mifflin.

One of the reasons why children generally like Horatio Alger and Charlie Chaplin is because they are not encouraged to read the books of the one or to see the pictures of the other. Their delight is, in part, that of discoverers. If any parents are worried over the popularity of Chaplin, we suggest that they make him a subject of study for the little ones, compelling them to learn where and when Chaplin was born and what was the date upon which he first threw a custard pie. There might also be written quizzes in which the children would be asked to describe in their own words why Charlie Chaplin kicked the waiter downstairs and what were his motives in pouring champagne on his head. In addition, the children might be required, as a punishment for delinquency and other petty crimes, to write all the captions in "Shoulder Arms" 100 times and to commit the captions from "The Tramp" to memory. We will not guarantee a cure of the Chaplin habit, but, at any rate, the same system has managed to make William Shakespeare a figure loathed and detested by almost every schoolboy in America.

"Father Duffy's Story" (Doran) is a chummy and intimate account of the "Fighting 69th" by Francis P. Duffy, who was chaplain of the regiment. It was, you may remember, the 165th for the purpose of the great war. Father Duffy is generous in his use of names and gives a very complete story of the doings of the famous regiment in France. It was, of course, the regiment around which at least half of the war stories became associated. The chaplain himself has a turn of Irish wit and tells of how he bantered one of his French friends about the size of the French rivers.

"I told him," writes Father Duffy, "that one of our soldiers lay badly wounded near the river and I offered him a pull at my canteen. Raising himself on one elbow and throwing out his arm in a Sir Philip Sydney fashion, he exclaimed, 'Give it to the Ourcq; it needs it more than I do.'"

Our Dead in France

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: When Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, introduced his resolution in the Senate to provide for the removal of American dead from the battlefields of France, did he think he had behind him the sentiment of American women whose heroic sons and husbands fill those distant graves?

In the discussion throughout the country pro and con for this proceeding, one strange feature must have been noticed —the silence of the gold star women. In spite of their silence I cannot but think that the majority of mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters must view with horror and repulsion this attempt to raise and bring a multitude of mangled, decomposed bodies across the sea.

I am a gold star mother, who, when my son was killed in France (the first officer, at the very beginning of America's participation), hurried over there to work for the comfort of our army. I am thoroughly acquainted with conditions there, and am so bitterly opposed to the idea of bringing the bodies home that I seek to enlist against it the gold star women of the land.

Under existing conditions, I cannot ask a newspaper to give me space for my reasons, which are based on my personal experiences overseas. Therefore, I intend to publish a pamphlet which I will gladly send gratuitously to any woman who will send me her name and address.

MABEL FONDA GAREISSEN.

No. 155 East 72d St., New York, Dec. 16, 1919.

Creating Loyalty

Education, Not Force, Converts the Radical

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In Saturday's Tribune your correspondent, Mr. Edson, testifies to the folly of education, citing himself as an example; but this is folly's judgment.

Educate doesn't mean to talk sweetly and softly to the violent radical who is actively spreading dangerous and destructive propaganda. Let the police of the nation deal with the criminal.

It means the instruction of the masses whom the radical finds so easy a prey. It means to fortify the people —the great majority—with truth and facts, to arm them with clear understanding. Then they will not accept their first practical civics lesson given them on the street corner by the anarchist. And they will not be blinded to the general or the ultimate good by the appeal to class action and the promise of plunder.

Teach the principles upon which our government was founded and which are to-day the basis of our Constitution and laws; teach us to understand and uphold these principles; teach us to apply them and not to destroy them in our seeking after governmental perfection—and there will not be room for an anarchist from Maine to California.

The basis of successful democratic government is understanding plus loyalty and patriotism. You can't force a man to love his country. We fought Germany to crush the idea of a people subdued and governed by force. Have we lost our vision? Can we no longer see the wisdom of our own principles?

If a radical shouts that the world is all wrong, just step in and loudly, clearly and simply tell the other side. Tell it in earnest sincerity. No big talk. No threats. Just frank explanation, with the inspiration of conviction and of truth. And as prevention is worth more than cure, get there first and talk before the troublemaker arrives. All this is education!

Physical force doesn't convince. It challenges. It arouses opposition. Even if it were right it wouldn't be useful for the purpose. Our people are healthy minded, loyal and true to America. A certain amount of discontent and questioning is a good thing. But answer the questions. Tell the workers what they want to know. Don't let the anarchist be the only one to offer an answer.

My chief source of information on this subject, which you are at liberty to consult, Mr. Edson, is the results of the work of the Immigrant Publication Society of this city. This society is publishing books of practical help to our immigrants, and books "to interpret America to the immigrant and the immigrant to America." The response of our foreign born to the friendly assistance and to the interpretation of American principles of liberty and government is often so inspiring that we Americans feel our own understanding and love of country refreshed and quickened by their deeper appreciation.

Every time a story comes to us of the gratitude and vital understanding of our "troublesome aliens" who have been reading the books we wish we could tell the whole nation about it, so that all the people could see what can be done by a little friendly help and advice toward giving us loyal citizens, where forcing them into citizenship could only give us dangerous hyphenated pretenses.

HORTENSE LEVI.

Brooklyn, Dec. 15, 1919.