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Books

By Heywood Brown

Just Poor English

Mr. Vizetelly and the Red Schoolhouse

John Spargo seems to have two objects in view in his new book, 'The Psychology of Bolshevism.' He intends, it seems to me, to make out a case against Bolshevism and also to make out a case for himself. His success is more marked in the former attempt than in the latter. He points out clearly and concisely fundamental differences between Bolshevist theory and practice and the theory and practice of modern socialism. He scores legitimately against all those who charge that America committed despicable acts during the war, such as the suppression of free speech, and at the same time fails to make any protest against the suppression of free speech by Trotsky and Lenin. But he grows less logical when he tries to explain why he assailed the suppression of free speech in Russia but refrained from criticizing what he regarded as suppression in this country. In speaking of what he calls 'a highly hysterical policy of repression' we find Mr. Spargo exclaiming that 'in all too many cases we became as brutally savage as the Prussians. The savagery of many of the sentences imposed by our courts for violation of the laws relating to sedition was equaled only by their stupidity.' And later, 'It is impossible to overestimate the extent to which the savage vindictiveness of our treatment of such offenders against the sedition and espionage laws has contributed to the growth of Bolshevism.' Now, whether these sentiments are literally true, somewhat overdrawn or entirely false is beside the point and need not concern us. If John Spargo believed that repression during the war was putting us in some cases on a par with the Prussians and was aiding the spread of Bolshevism it seems fair to assume that he made a public and spirited protest against these alleged injustices at the time when he says they were being committed. But as a matter of fact Mr. Spargo made no such protests until a much later date. We assume, therefore, that he is explaining his own position when he writes: 'Thousands of liberals and radicals who had devoted themselves to the task of winning the war reeled under the shock of these savage sentences—so much more severe than those meted out to similar offenders in other lands, including Germany. To remain silent and unprotesting in the face of wrongs so grievous seemed like a desertion of their principles and ideals, like treason to conscience. Yet they could make no effective public protest without giving encouragement and strength to the anti-war agitators and aid and comfort to the enemy. It was a position involving intense mental and spiritual struggle and torture. They realized the imperative need of a manifestation of unbroken solidarity.' That, of course, is an entirely logical, although debatable, position, but a little later in the book Mr. Spargo seems to throw his side of the argument away when he writes: 'In the summer of 1918 in England, France and Italy it was the experience of the present writer to be continually called upon to explain to puzzled minds how a nation could possibly be sincere in its professions that it was fighting to 'make the world safe for democracy' while permitting the most astounding and vindictive sentences, such as were frequently reported in the press. The anti-war Socialists, the bourgeois pacifists and the reactionary pro-German groups made this the theme of a very influential propaganda. Even the most active and energetic supporters of the war among the Socialists and laborites were depressed by the inconsistency of our practice with our professions. It is not an exaggeration to say that no possible agitation which the anti-war agitators could have carried on in this country could have so depressed the morale of the masses and of their most thoughtful leaders as did the news of the severity and injustice with which we punished men and women for silly, bombastic talk.' This seems to have been a pretty heavy price to pay for 'the unbroken solidarity' of which Mr. Spargo speaks, according to his estimate of conditions, might have performed a highly patriotic duty by saying, 'This and that in the war I will support and this I will disown.' To us the unfortunate sequel of the theory of 'unbroken solidarity' is that it still prevails to-day. We used to think, ten or twelve years ago, that a man was none the less a loyal American if he said, 'This is the finest country in the world and our Constitution is the best instrument of government yet devised, but I do wish that some time we might get around to putting green wall paper in the Blue Room of the White House.' To-day such talk would be stigmatized as dangerous and alien propaganda. Any man who utters such a sentiment is likely to be told that if blue wall paper was good enough for Lincoln and Washington it ill befits him to ask a change. Probably he wasn't born in this country, anyway, and if he doesn't like blue wall paper why doesn't he go back home? Whenever anybody starts for the door in our house H. B. follows closely on his heels, because to him going out means going to the park. He assumes, I think, that life consists entirely of going to the park and coming home again. He prefers the park. Of course, later he will learn that existence is much more complicated than that. He will find out that usually when I put on my hat and coat I am bound on no such trivial errand as a scupper in the park, but am on my way to the office to review the latest novel of Robert W. Chambers or to write an article on the dramatic unities in 'The Girl in the Limousine.' This statement is not correct. After Senator Lodge's resolution had been rejected Senator Underwood obtained a vote on a resolution of unqualified ratification, which was defeated by approximately the same number of votes as the Lodge proposal. But the Administration Senators went even further and sought a vote on a resolution containing a set of mild reservations drawn up by Senator Hitchcock. Fearing that this resolution might win the support of several Republican mild reservationists, Senator Lodge prevented a vote being taken, and the session ended with the treaty still unratified. But it is perfectly evident that the Administration Senators did offer an alternative. The trouble with the Underwood plan of a compromise committee is that it should have been submitted months ago, when it became evident that the Lodge resolution would fail. Still, it is better late than never, and the plan should be adopted at once. In my opinion, the compromise reservations ought to be, and probably will be, more like those of Senator Hitchcock than those of Senator Lodge. But, at any rate, no time should be wasted in drawing them up and getting the treaty ratified. ROGER SUMNER. Boston, Mass., Dec. 22, 1919.

The Underwood Conference

To the Editor of the Tribune. Sir: I read with a mixture of surprise and amusement your editorial this morning entitled 'The Underwood Conference.' In a paper whose slogan is 'First to Last—the Truth News—Editorials—Advertisements' this article is out of place, to say the least. You state that after 'rejecting ratification on the Lodge plan the Administration Senators offered no alternative.' This statement is not correct. After Senator Lodge's resolution had been rejected Senator Underwood obtained a vote on a resolution of unqualified ratification, which was defeated by approximately the same number of votes as the Lodge proposal. But the Administration Senators went even further and sought a vote on a resolution containing a set of mild reservations drawn up by Senator Hitchcock. Fearing that this resolution might win the support of several Republican mild reservationists, Senator Lodge prevented a vote being taken, and the session ended with the treaty still unratified. But it is perfectly evident that the Administration Senators did offer an alternative. The trouble with the Underwood plan of a compromise committee is that it should have been submitted months ago, when it became evident that the Lodge resolution would fail. Still, it is better late than never, and the plan should be adopted at once. In my opinion, the compromise reservations ought to be, and probably will be, more like those of Senator Hitchcock than those of Senator Lodge. But, at any rate, no time should be wasted in drawing them up and getting the treaty ratified. ROGER SUMNER. Boston, Mass., Dec. 22, 1919.

Our Russian Formula

(From The Philadelphia Press) Secretary Lansing explains that Norman Hapgood, United States Minister to Denmark, is coming home 'to make a complete report on Russian affairs.' As the Minister to Denmark has not been in Russia, his report is very likely to have as much value as the reports of many others who have been employed to tell the Administration all about Russia. There has been no end to these reports, and the wonder is what the government does with so much wisdom as it has been paying for. There is small evidence that it has kept the American policy in Russia—if America has a policy in Russia—on a definite line. It seems to be one of those cases in which the more the government finds out the less it knows. Desperate Remedies (From The Boston Globe) Of course, bugging the house down may thaw out the frozen water pipes.

The Conning Tower

A man who says he is going on the wagon the first of January reminds us of something, but for the life of us we can't think what.

The new telephone invented or discovered by General Squier is a wonderful thing, we are told, and one not to be understood by most of us. But until we can understand the ordinary telephone, until we understand how it is possible for a person on Frankfort Street to talk to another on Fulton Street, we shall not try to grasp greater mysteries. We never could see why it is more wonderful to talk from New York to San Francisco than from New York to Weehawken.

Gotham Gleanings

—Lots of New Year's parties next Wednesday eve. —Maj. Ray lives of Paris, Fr., is here for a while now. —Miss Rosina Henley is back here after a 4 lb. gain in Lake Placid. —Mrs. F. P. Adams has returned to Gotham after a 3-wks. sojourn in Washington, D. C. —John Toohy entertained a select party of gentlemen at his apartment Friday night. —This town needs better and cheaper transportation. We are for a 4c. subway fare. —Chuck Towne, the w. k. rough diamond, is still editor of McClure's, which item we print to smother all rumors. —M. Maeterlinck, the famed Belgian poet, etc., is on a visit to this country. The foreign writers are seeing America first. —Alec Woolcott's brown vest with the wisparkier auxiliary lighting system is the last syllable in West 57th Street splendor. —Herb Swope says if we looked with the eyes of truth we could see him in his office, but some days all we do is look for Herb, and we have yet to see him across the street. —Miss Doris Booth of Englewood, N. J., had a lovely Christmas. As she herself wrote to Mr. H. S. Harrison. —Christmas Day is very good Over here in Englewood.

'To think,' sighs H. A. M., 'that my chances of attending the Contris' Dinner depend on the judgment of a crotchety grammarian with a nose-length horizon. Whom are you, anyway?' Well, we are a crotchety grammarian who thinks that being credited with a nose-length horizon isn't such faint praise as it was intended to be.

Many women feel like Mrs. Woods, who advertises in the Dunkirk, N. Y., Evening Standard as a housekeeper. She wants, she advertises, 'to work for a gentleman or widower.'

'Who is the Happy Warrior?' (From the Newport (R. I.) Daily News) WANTED—Situation by married man who will stay experienced; 10 years' private chauffeur; box 33, Daily News Office.

And, suggests Saf, did not Mark Antony say, 'Bae with me, My heart lies in the coffin there with Caesar?'

'Music, Heavenly Maid' (From The Peelsick Evening News) FOR SALE—Piano. A little old and tinny, but intact and in tune. Square. Devised for \$25 in advance. Address the Lamp Pub. Co., Garrison, N. Y.

A sturdy contestant for the mixt-up cup is Mr. H. J. Adamson, of the Albany Argus, who writes: 'The propaganda bureau of the State Anti-Saloon League is maintaining a steady barrage of publicity to keep intact its strength and through bitter attacks on high Republican leaders prevent lesser lights from breaking out of the fold into which they were herded when the G. O. P. allowed itself to be harnessed to the league's water wagon and become part and parcel of the Prohibition party.'

The Cravatted Doughboy Sir: Somewhere in Chapter XXII of 'What's the World Coming To?' Rupe Hughes says '... he seized Joe by the necktie with one hand. ... Now Joe Yarny was a private in the Army, and as the accompanying illustration which appears in the Red Book shows him with his blouse buttoned right up to his throat, I wondered how it was done. I'm still wondering. CHOLLY.

Winner of the year's biggest money in the racing world, probably will discover that after his income tax is paid and the h. e. of feed is considered it hasn't been such a great year, after all.

Perhaps It Was Right to Dissemble Its Love Sir: In the dull days between Christmas and New Year's perhaps it would be interesting for you to know that I received the Christmas insult par excellence when Snappy Stories not only returned a manuscript on the day before Christmas but inclosed with it two rejection slips. L. N. H.

The rumor is false, we hear, that all stores having Riley's poems on sale are to be boycotted because Riley once mentioned Mr. Debs' heart in a laudatory manner. Perhaps John Zhey's Theater—ho should have the V&Rabbit, by the way—will have in the lobby a picture of the 16 Madonna. The American Press Humorists might, of course, hold their next convention at Smile, Ky. Or Laughintown, Pa. F. P. A.

'At the Front'

What It Meant and Who Was Not There

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: There was a reference in your columns the other day to 'ladies who expect medals for serving coffee in leave areas' in France. As an infantryman with a long period of active service at the front, I am glad to see that some one is alive to the humbug which is so prevalent on this subject, and which disgusts all who really saw fighting service. We see almost daily in the newspapers photographs of society ladies and actresses with rows of medals, and we are told of the wonderful war work they did 'at the front' or 'under shell fire.' The ordinary soldier had to risk his life for his highly prized medal, and he knows how much of the front most of these women ever saw, or how many shells burst in the places where they were entertaining soldiers. Any one who has been under shell fire will agree that concerts or other entertainments were not much thought of in such places! As regards being in the 'front line,' there was trouble enough, heaven knows, to get the troops up to the average bit of front, without thinking of coffee or doughnut outfits, even at the quietest of times, much less when any action was impending. Far be it from me to minimize what the women did do. In the clearing stations and hospitals, what the nurses' work was worth only the soldiers know, and they were often in real peril of their lives from bombing planes, and even sometimes from long-distance guns. Further back, in what you call leave areas and in the repopulated towns, including Paris, were the bulk of the women workers, many of them working at considerable self-sacrifice, but not at any noticeable degree of discomfort or danger—some of them very far from it—and that applies to some men as well as women. That work was valuable and necessary and was much appreciated, but it should not be exaggerated until it appears on a level with what the real army did, nor should these workers make such claims for it, nor allow others ignorantly to do so. I am afraid this letter may sound ungracious, but I know it is a fact that many people who read the ridiculous accounts of our fashionable and other heroines have a very faint idea of what the front was really like or of what kind of a time the doughboys had in France, and I think it is due to him that they should get a little enlightenment. INFANTRYMAN. New York, Dec. 25, 1919.

The Hungarian Outlook

When, on July 28, 1914, the declaration of war on Serbia was read in the Hungarian Parliament, the solemn silence with which the announcement had been received was broken by the ecstatic cry 'At last!' from the lips of Count Albert Apponyi, then one of the Opposition leaders. The appointment of this man, who throughout his life had been an exponent of ruthless Magyarization and of chauvinistic megalomania, as head of the Hungarian peace delegation summoned by the Allies to Neuilly, has a striking significance. The fact is that Hungary is the only member of the former Teutonic alliance where the forces of the old régime have survived the cataclysm of November, 1918. Those forces are not merely intact, but their power and prestige have actually been enhanced by unfortunate complications at home and abroad. Since the entry of Admiral Horthy's 'national army' into Budapest, following closely the withdrawal of the Rumanian forces of occupation, monarchist reaction has reigned supreme at the Magyar capital. The departure of the Rumanians left the Magyar people in the state of a nationalistic frenzy, and this enthusiasm is being worked for what it is worth by the aristocratic politicians, whose goal of the present is to reinstate the throne and with it their own feudal privileges. Recent utterances of the Magyar Junker leaders show that they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. While paying lip service to the Allies, their minds are bent on restoring the old order of things, no matter at what cost. Friends of the Entente, who, with their anti-German propaganda, have materially aided in bringing about the collapse of the Hapsburg monarchy, are being prosecuted on all kinds of bolstered-up charges. Thus, a favorite scheme of the reactionaries is to implicate their political adversaries in an alleged plot which resulted in the murder of Count Tisza, the Kaiser's accomplice, in the last days of October, 1918. Against Count Karolyi, who, whatever his failings as a statesman, may at least be credited with good intentions and personal integrity, they have initiated proceedings for the misappropriation of state funds—a preposterous charge against a man who had literally sacrificed his vast estates in what he conceived to be the service of his country.

A characteristic instance of the timeserving, underhand methods of the Magyar royalist clique is their agitation to offer the crown of Hungary to an English prince. That Great Britain should undertake a liability of this order is obviously improbable. Of this the promoters of the scheme are naturally aware. They merely await an express refusal in order to spring their real candidate, disguised as a second choice—either the Archduke Joseph or Otto, the infant son of Charles IV. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the main endeavor of a Hapsburg king would be the reconquest of the old domains of his house—a program finely coincident with the Magyar revanche party's dream of restoring the territorial integrity of Hungary. Those Hungarians who, assimilating the lessons of the last five years, are bent upon a genuine readjustment of their country's fortunes to the requirements of a remodeled Europe, must concentrate their hopes on the closest possible cooperation with the peoples liberated from the Hapsburg yoke. Their attitude was recently voiced in a statement by Oscar Jaszi, the Magyar scholar and statesman, who years before the war had championed, almost single-handed, the cause of the oppressed nationalities. Jaszi, himself an exile in Prague, sees the salvation of Hungary in an alliance with Czechoslovakia, Serbia and Rumania—an alliance which he recognizes can be based only on the renunciation of Magyar territorial claims. He points out that the Magyar imperialists, once monarchy is reestablished, will not rest until they have brought about another European conflagration. He regards as the immediate task of Magyar democrats and republicans the working out of a Czech-Hungarian rapprochement, for Czechoslovakia, besides being the best organized of the small Central European states, has most to fear from the return of the Hapsburgs.

An Apology to Sergeant Flynn To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The letter of Sergeant Flynn in your issue of December 24 is a stinging rebuke to those who made it possible. It seems incredible that a wounded American soldier should find it necessary to stand in a train, especially when his uniform was palpable evidence of honorable service and his crutches pitiful evidence of wounds amounting to disability. It is humiliating to our pride that our much-vaunted boasts of devotion to and appreciation of the service, the losses and the sacrifices of our soldiers should so soon sink into selfish forgetfulness. Beyond the age of active service myself, nevertheless I feel a sense of chagrin that I had no part in the Great Adventure, and I feel that the least that I can do and that all of us can do is to show honor and respect to the men who sacrificed for us. A disabled soldier, the very sight of whom was proof that he had not been too old, not too agile with alibis, but had played the man's part like a man, is certainly entitled to the common courtesy of deference. The shame is to those who sat in comfort while he on crutches stood; therefore, if none of his fellow passengers has had the grace to apologize, I, in my right as an ashamed American citizen, will do so for them. Sergeant Flynn, I apologize for this thoughtless and selfish forgetfulness. As one of those you fought for and bled for, I salute you in all honor and respect. WADE H. HULINGS. Rutherford, N. J., Dec. 26, 1919.

The Daniels Medal

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In connection with the controversy over the award of navy medals, I notice a news item in your issue of this morning in which Mr. Butler, the chairman of the House Naval Committee, is quoted as saying, 'These medals cost only six cents each, so why not give everybody one and let it rest at that.' If this gentleman is quoted correctly and his views are shared by other high officials of the government, I feel sure that the six-cent value placed on these medals will seem inordinately high to most of the recipients thereof. Five-cent cigars are readily obtainable, and to quote the label of an old-time brand of tobacco, 'Seek no further, for better can't be found.' ONE OF THEM. New York, Dec. 24, 1919.

upon as only a part of the day's work.

In the army and navy the higher grades have seldom been bestowed. There is a popular prejudice against lowering their value by making access to them less difficult. A board of awards is necessarily affected by that prejudice, and any list of distinctions is likely to be grumblingly received and criticized on the score of favoritism.

The higher commanding officers in the navy hold to the idea that their recommendations, made with an intimate knowledge of war conditions and of the relative merits of their subordinates, ought to be accepted without question. A naval board, influenced by the prevailing opinion which favors recognition of only peculiarly striking accomplishments, preferably in action, is likely to attach less importance to the judgment of the high command.

So the problem becomes confused and charges of inconsistency and discrimination are inevitable. Secretary Daniels burned his fingers. He now dreads the fire. And the Knight board can expect nothing but disapproval and ingratitude for its work, unless it breaks with American tradition and adopts the principle of mechanical recognition, according to which distinctions are scattered broadcast and all recommendations from commanding officers are honored at their face value. Mr. Daniels has seen the error of his intervention and quickly 'passed the buck.' Looking backward or forward, he is entitled to consider himself a lucky man.

Daylight Saving

The French are a very practical people. They are hard up for coal. They want to cut down their light and power bills. So they have decided to put the summer daylight saving law into effect this year on February 1. No account is taken of complaints that French milkmen and truck garden farmers in the neighborhood of the big cities will have to get up an hour ahead of the sun's schedule in order to catch deliveries.

That the United States is not now painfully short of coal is only an accident. We may run short almost any time, if the coal workers' unions take it into their heads to strike. Even when supplies are normal it is a waste to use coal to produce artificial light when sunlight can be drawn on free of charge for illumination during working hours.

In most of our cities people have been educated to the benefits of daylight saving, both from the economic point of view and from the point of view of public health and pleasurable outdoor recreation. The cities shouldn't give up the fight for a rational reform simply because the country districts have rejected it. And there is a prospect that we shall have a good deal of daylight saving next year in spite of the repeal of the Calder law.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, has promised to run its trains on daylight saving time if the chief cities served by any line set their clocks forward. Such a move would be for the greatest good of the greatest number. Other towns on the line would naturally follow suit. Every industry except farming is materially helped by daylight saving, whether its plant is in a city or in the country. So gradually the permanent habit of economy in the use of daylight may be created, notwithstanding the opposition, whether justified or unjustified, of the minority directly engaged in agriculture, which is anxious to avoid beginning the day's labors with the dew still on the grass and plants.

The cities can help themselves in this matter if they are willing to take the slight pains necessary to revive the daylight saving system.

Naval Honors

Secretary Daniels has been discreet enough to execute a strategic withdrawal from the naval awards controversy. Fortunately for himself he had left the door open for such a retreat by withholding official publication of his amended honor list. Criticisms of that list have come from so many officers of the highest standing that the Secretary was probably only too glad to drop the rôle of final arbiter. Too many brickbats are in the air. Mr. Daniels now seeks refuge in the bomb-proof. He says he will send the list of awards back to the Knight board and will assume no further responsibility in the matter than to transmit an amended list to the President.

The navy is in uproar over the distribution of distinctions which had been semi-officially announced. Admirals Mayo, Wilson and Decker have joined Admirals Sims and Jones in protesting against the principle of selection which the Knight board and Secretary Daniels followed. American opinion is very unbending in the matter of the bestowal of military honors. In many foreign services a latitudinarian practice prevails. Honors are distributed with liberality and as a sort of compensation for the relatively meagre salaries paid. Orders and decorations do not always bear a strict relation to the value of the service given. Failures are covered over with promotions and gratuities. But in this country the theory has been that only exceptional personal performance should be officially rewarded. Our military distinctions have been conferred sparingly and admirable service had been looked

achieved by ruined and careers shattered by worse liquor clandestinely replacing good?

The facts are surmises and the argument inconclusive. The warning we have in mind should be preached by prohibitionists—that is, not to expect human nature to be reformed speedily by our new legislation, and to concede, frankly, that the devil of appetite has been whipped around the stump, not slain. We hope he is more accessible to treatment and moral suasion under prohibition. But he is still here, and under prohibition we shall be wrestling with the old appetite much as before.

The error somewhat resembles that of freeing the negro and giving him the vote and expecting him forthwith to assume the full status of his white rival. A long step ahead was taken when the chains were removed; but the essential problem remained unsolved; still remains for us to solve. So with prohibition. There will be obvious economic benefits, it is safe to assume. The moral benefits, the creation of cleaner, stronger, better human beings, abler to wrestle with the devil, catch-as-catch-can, will be far slower to show. Let us not expect the impossible and we shall not be disappointed. We shall also, be surer to have an eye open for the old devil in new shapes.

Salvaging Siberia

Moscow has announced the capture of Tomsk by soviet troops. It is admitted in dispatches from other sources that Admiral Kolchak is retreating on Irkutsk, and that revolts against his government have already occurred in the Lake Baikal region. There can be little doubt that Kolchak has practically lost control of Siberia west of Baikal. His prestige is shattered and the government which he heads is without a future. He is said to have retired as commander in chief of the All-Russian armies in Siberia and to have appointed General Semenov as his successor.

Under such circumstances it is natural that Japan should be beginning to exhibit concern about the Siberian situation. The Japanese have a direct interest in preventing the spread of Bolshevist power toward the Pacific. Lenine has employed Chinese mercenaries in large numbers. Nothing would please him better than to Bolshevize China, drawing from it an inexhaustible manpower with which to fight the proletarian battle in Europe. Japan cannot permit an extension of soviet rule east to the Mongolian and Manchurian border. For Japanese policy in China rests upon the preservation of the pacifist attitude which has made the Chinese an easy prey to foreign influences.

Vladivostok dispatches report that Japan has at last come to an understanding with the United States as to the program to be pursued in Siberia by the two powers—the only two Allied powers who are still giving military support to the so-called Omsk government. The American expeditionary force has been employed so far in guarding the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It has not cooperated otherwise with Kolchak's armies. The Japanese have pacified and garrisoned portions of Eastern Siberia and have been more occupied with checking the soviet onrush toward Baikal than with policing the railroad between Baikal and the Pacific. It is said now that American and Japanese aims have been harmonized; which probably means that the United States is about to withdraw its troops and leave Japan with a free hand to take over Eastern Siberia as the only practical alternative to surrendering it to Bolshevism.

Allied policy in Siberia has been a series of tragic blunders. By intervening aggressively in the summer of 1918, when they were at war with Germany and with the Lenine government as a left-handed ally of Germany, they probably could have destroyed Lenine's power. At that time Western Siberia was completely freed and the Czech-Slovaks were working rapidly toward the line of the Volga. But fatal hesitations interfered. The United States went into Siberia reluctantly, and put a damper on Japanese intervention. A golden opportunity was frittered away, and by the winter of 1918-19 the Allies found themselves reduced to the necessity of abandoning military effort and resorting to diplomacy to settle their account with Lenine.

Diplomacy failed them utterly. Now it is only a question of saving a part of Siberia from the wreck; and in that question Japan alone has a vital political and military interest. Our work in Siberia has amounted to little or nothing, and it is well that it should end. Japan may take up alone the burden of salvaging Siberia and protecting China from the Bolshevist pollution. But if she does, it will be only human nature for her to put in a formidable bill for her services.

Not the Millennium

The gentle cynic will remark upon the deaths resulting from wood alcohol that such stuff can be only a shade worse than such that passed across our bars as whisky in older and wetter days. But the large percentage of truth in this criticism of liquor as it has been sold has to do with a dead and rapidly fading past; and the more interesting question is of the future. How much death-dealing stuff will be drunk in the future as a result of prohibition? How many stom-

achs will be ruined and careers shattered by worse liquor clandestinely replacing good?

The facts are surmises and the argument inconclusive. The warning we have in mind should be preached by prohibitionists—that is, not to expect human nature to be reformed speedily by our new legislation, and to concede, frankly, that the devil of appetite has been whipped around the stump, not slain. We hope he is more accessible to treatment and moral suasion under prohibition. But he is still here, and under prohibition we shall be wrestling with the old appetite much as before.