

THE EXCHANGE CRISIS AS EUROPE SEES IT



However Norway May Excel in Some Sports, There is No Doubt That America Beats the World in This. —From Heepsen, Christiania. The figures present roughly the relative position of the various exchanges. Uncle Sam is in the lead, followed by John Bull, Sweden, Norway and Denmark in a row. In the foreground are France and Japan, trailing behind England. Italy can be desisted in the background; and far in the rear is the distant figure of Germany.

New York Tribune

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

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Germany's Reparation Bill

Norman H. Davis, who represented the United States when the reparations clauses of the Versailles treaty were prepared, described on August 4 before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate the settlement arrived at.

Mr. Davis told how from the beginning it was recognized Germany could not pay for all the damage she had done to civilians. She was never asked to pay the war expenditures of any country except Belgium. Mr. Davis summarized the ally argument as follows: "It is probable she [Germany] cannot pay everything that she owes, but we want to get all we can out of her, and we want at least for her to pay all she can, and we would like to leave that [the total] open. We do not propose to collect—we cannot collect—more than Germany can pay."

As the sum Germany could pay could not be ascertained, the question was left to the future. All that was definitely provided for was that she should deliver \$5,000,000,000 in bonds by 1921, and that between 1921 and 1928 an additional \$10,000,000,000 should be delivered. But, lessening these amounts, Germany was to have credit for ships, coal, balances due for the sequestration of the property of German nationals, and so on.

With respect to any payments in excess of \$15,000,000,000, Mr. Davis pointed out that no further bonds were to be issued "until the commission is satisfied that Germany can meet interest and sinking fund obligations." So all talk of Germany being obligated to pay \$40,000,000,000 or more is pro-German propaganda. The assessment so far is but \$15,000,000,000, plus the Belgian war expenditures of about \$1,000,000,000.

Moreover, it was agreed by an exchange of notes that the sum in excess of the \$15,000,000,000, if any, should be speedily fixed. These notes, as much a part of the treaty as the text, say that four months after the treaty went into effect Germany should make proposals and that within two months the Allies should reply.

So no change in policy is indicated by the announcement that the total reparation bill is to be fixed. This in principle was long ago agreed to. The attempt to make it appear that the Allies now acknowledge they made a mistake is to be rated as born of a desire to create an impression that Germany has been unjustly treated. Such writers as Keynes do not take the trouble to state accurately the facts. They knock down a man of straw of their own creation, and the only discernible reason is a willingness to establish something to the discredit of the Allies.

Still On Its Monument

It is said the New Yorker is losing the patience for which his tribe has long been famous; that he begins to resent intensive subway packing and to object to spending a large part of the business day wrestling with a telephone.

Accept not such superficial testimony. There is no fall-off in the store of patience—merely an increase of the demands made on it. Consider the oxlike behavior of the average citizen when he goes to seek amusement. Take a motion picture theater on Saturday or Sunday afternoon. A block before you reach the ticket window you will find the end of the line. It may be cold, a blizzard may be sweeping up Broadway, but the line increases, although it may be an hour before the latest candidate will reach his goal. Yet he may be the same man who cursed the army and all its works, just a year ago, when he stood in line for money. In the fobby you will find an equally patient crowd gazing at the closed doors, cheered by the knowledge that the next show may begin in an hour. No Interborough crowd ever so tightly squeezed as this

one, but they will wait that hour, and only feel grateful at finally getting inside.

These are the days of much grumbling; but, in the face of the great exhibition of public patience shown every week end, it means little. Not until people begin to object to long waits or lofty prices in their search for amusement need there be fear of the revolution.

Silver Lining

There is some slight consolation of a spiritual nature in the fact that our revered Mayor returned from the sands of Florida in time to partake of the present recurrence of winter. But of practical physical benefits from his presence there is no promise whatsoever. His Honor returns to a city snowed under for a month and relieved from complete paralysis only by a genial sun that has done occasional jobs of snow removal. That is the Hylan system. Smile and let the sun do the work. For the New Yorker who can spend his winter at Palm Beach this is undoubtedly the ideal plan. The rest of the city may be pardoned for expressing the wish that His Honor might go to Palm Beach and stay there until a genuine winter resident could take charge of our streets and make them fit to live on.

But there is little cheer to be had by taking any such look ahead. An agreeably prophetic date for many Americans has just been passed, to wit, the 4th of March. There is no such near prospect of securing a winter resident to clean our streets; January 1, 1922, is the exact day of hope, we believe. So let us rather fix our minds on the storm about us, which is only the tail end of a blizzard, and, though ominously begun and disagreeably continued, promises to do more fright than damage. There is still time for the worst, as the date of the famous blizzard of 1888 records—it began at 1 o'clock on the morning of March 12. But the present unpleasantness seems accurately described by exactly that word. And for a final and complete point of hope, beyond all risk of reversal, lies the fact that blizzard or no blizzard, Mayor or no Mayor, spring cannot be long postponed. There shines a solid silver lining to all the clouds of gloom at present central over our gray city of drifts and garbage.

A Scoopful of Coal

If every locomotive fireman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad would save one scoopful of coal out of twenty, says President Willard, the total saving to the company would be more than \$700,000 a year; and he adds that this is not an impossibility. This concrete illustration of the virtue of economy deserves heeding by others than those to whom it is offered. Where saving on a large scale wins approval, saving on a small scale is too often confounded with meanness. Thus the familiar Scottish proverb, "Many a mickle makes a muckle," is held to be merely the expression of petty thrift and lightly regarded as the enunciation of a great principle.

There is, of course, a kind of scraping and paring which easily becomes odious. Often it proves in the end to be extravagance. None the less, Mr. Willard's one scoopful of coal may stand as the symbol of that wastefulness which seems to be peculiarly characteristic of the American people. "I cannot afford it" is a confession which too many of us make shamefacedly.

The idea that one man is as good as another is too often translated into the assumption that one is as rich as another. We are more concerned in "keeping up with Lizzie" than in husbanding our incomes judiciously. The impulse of emulation is a natural one, and commendable within bounds. But it is a serious fault to desire the superfluous. Even in these days of the lessened purchasing power of money the possibilities of reducing expenditures are too infrequently regarded.

American travelers have long been the wonder and despair of Europeans for their lavish ways. It was an old saying in England that only dukes and rich Americans travel first class, which was a somewhat exaggerated reminder of the fact that Americans disdained the more modest second or third class where Englishmen would never think of using any other. The second class has been almost banished on English railways, so that there can be no compromise with conscience between the highest fare and the lowest. Will not too many Americans who cannot afford it stick to first? In the Continental hotels no one but an American hesitated to ask for cheaper rooms if he wanted them, or to engage in the expected game of bargaining.

This reputation for extravagance has been a real injury to the nation. If the burdens left by the war, the heavy taxes, the high prices, the diminished incomes, help to falsify it there will be every reason for satisfaction. It cannot be said that the economy has yet become one of the

Soldiers and the Bonus

Service Men Debate the Question of Cash Payments; Justice of Some Reward Upheld; Legion Replies to G. A. R.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In this morning's Tribune you published a letter from an old Grand Army man criticizing the American Legion's bonus drive and stating that because of same a pension bill pending in Congress for the Civil War veterans has been forgotten and postponed indefinitely.

As a member of the American Legion and one of the boys who went through hell a short time ago, may I not assure our old comrade that the 1928 veterans have the greatest respect and admiration for the boys of '64, and our feelings even border on envy of those who participated in a war which was carried on in a gentlemanly manner, and which was noted for the fact that the participants acted on the square on the battlefields?

The writer was unfortunate enough to have been shelled by a "sub" while en route to France, and upon arriving there, after two days in line and being getting a real chance at the bangers, to have been gassed and sent back home again.

All the fellows with whom I have talked regarding a bonus smile a little bit wistfully, but we always feel that our chances of ever getting a bonus, or a farm, or a house and lot from the government are very small, indeed.

However, we do sincerely solicit and confidently expect to receive the respect if not the admiration of those stanch defenders of our government who went through the mill in 1861-'64. SERGEANT F. X. CORRIGAN, 27th Division, A. E. F. Brooklyn, March 4, 1920.

False Economy

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: How illogical are the remarks recently made by Representative Henry T. Rainey, of Illinois, at a hearing before the House Ways and Means Committee, that, because the government clerks are demanding a bonus, and the American Federation of Labor is threatening to defeat every member of Congress who does not agree with its proposal to take \$20,000,000,000 from the United States Treasury to buy and operate the railroads under the Plumb plan, the American Legion should not urge an adjustment of back pay for ex-service men!

Where is there any correlation between the just demand of the ex-service man who offered his life on the battlefields of Europe and whose former job may now be filled by a slacker and the majority of these other two classes, who grabbed safe civilian positions with the government and received two or three times the salary they were worth? Why didn't Mr. Rainey also propose that former employees of the United States railroad administration, whose positions became vacant March 1, when the railroads were turned back to private ownership, would soon form a union and threaten our representatives with political death if they were not pensioned for life?

True, many men were not financially affected or physically injured by joining the colors, and some have their old jobs back again, like the writer; but there are thousands of other ex-service men who are obliged to accept charity until the various governmental bureaus, which were created and maintained at great expense for the rehabilitation and reduction of wounded ex-service men, decide their cases.

That our government should dishonor its promise to again make self-supporting, when possible, former service men, and should decline to make an adjustment of back pay, though having spent

Easiest Way Financing

Mr. McAdoo's suggestion that Federal taxes be cut down \$1,000,000,000 a year and the deficit met by a new bond issue makes a popular appeal at a time when the country is extremely reticent under war burdens. The war taxes are cumbersome and in many respects badly balanced. They have increased the cost of living indirectly as well as directly. Why not reverse them downward and incidentally invite the next generation to pay a larger share of the cost of the war, is the upshot of Mr. McAdoo's argument.

But the countries in which that argument has been heeded most now regret their imprudence. Fighting the war on borrowed funds and paper issues has led to a disastrous lowering of credit in those countries and a violent depreciation of the money in circulation. A great war cannot be waged on a pay-as-you-go basis. But the nation which resorts to heroic taxation while war is on avoids the worst evils of after-the-war readjustment.

The United States financed the war conservatively. Why should it change its policy? Our Liberty bonds were issued at a very low rate of interest. They were sold chiefly through a successful appeal to patriotic feeling. The government saved hundreds of millions of dollars by floating them at par and by keeping the interest rates down to artificial figures. It assumed a moral obligation to protect the subscribers, who were exhorted to borrow in order to buy. The Treasury Department has several times announced that it would not sell any more war bonds by popular subscription. If a new \$1,000,000,000 loan is offered it will probably have to carry 5 or 5 1/2 per cent interest. That advance in rate would further depress the market value of the outstanding bonds, some classes of which have already gone below 90.

The government has been living on credit for some time past and enjoying the experience. The most active department spenders want to continue to live on credit. They are trying to overdraw the Treasury's income for 1920-'21, and may succeed in spite of efforts in Congress to cut down swollen expenditure. If it were decided to shift a part of the burden of present extravagance on the next generation Congress would naturally relax its zeal for economy, and departments which don't seem to know that the war is over would come back with even greater demands for 1921-'22.

It is wiser not to reduce taxation, disagreeable as it is, until after the Federal budget balances. The urgent thing to do just now is to reduce expenditure.

Refusal With Reservations

It is surely amazing in how many ways a man may declare that he is not a candidate for the Presidency and yet convey the impression that he is still in the running.

Gray Hairs

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I had a bank account of \$2,400 when this war started. Now all I have in 500 Liberty bonds. It cost more than my salary to keep up my incidentals, my wife at home and railroad fare, so as to have a few short hours with her when the ship was attached to struck home port, which was, to make things inconvenient, a different port each trip. If we missed any port on the east coast, I am a fabricator.

They could at least give us a home, on long payment plan without interest, at cost of same. I made sixteen trips across the ocean at an average monthly wage of \$41. Out of this I supported my wife, clothed myself (except first allowance) and the only thing free in the service, so far as I and four hundred others of the ship were concerned, was what we ate.

We won the war, stopped them at the Marne, and other things. But let me tell you, those eighteen months were ten years to me and brought on gray hairs ten years before their time. Now, quite often, I see in the papers where some official gets up to offer all the way from \$50,000,000 to \$500,000,000 to Europe or Armenia, or to educate the Turks; and it seems to me if there are any presents to be made there are nearly 500,000 persons that did their best in the navy and Naval Reserve who deserves all the surplus available; \$30 for every month in the service, giving time and labor for the small salary would be little enough. YEOMAN, Richmond, Va., March 3, 1920.

No Bonuses

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Having read article after article about the bonus for war veterans and being one myself, having been in service during the whole war and having served eight months in France, I feel that I am entitled to discourse a little myself, and if you will be so kind as to publish this I think you'll find that the real men of the war will agree with me and will not go begging to the government.

When the Federal and state governments are required or requested to pay Americans for their patriotism, and pay for it by the month, it seems to me that it's about time some of these persons concerned are questioned as to just what their patriotism consists of, and, incidentally, inquiry might be made as to whether or not those who are so intent upon war bonuses were drafted or whether they volunteered, either before or after the war was declared.

It seems to me as though our country were arriving at a pretty sad state of affairs when it has to enforce draft laws to get the required number of men to fight a legitimate war, and then after that they have to be paid for having to be drafted.

If these war veterans are whole and

healthy let them get out and work and help produce—there are plenty of jobs; and if, on the contrary, they have been incapacitated as a result of injuries received while in service then let the government give them a pension or train them in the line of endeavor most suitable to the individual.

Yours for no bonuses, and proud to have been able to serve Uncle Sam in this last emergency and will serve him again. X. Y. Z. New York, March 3, 1920.

Relief, but Not Bonus

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The question of a bonus to ex-service men seems to be preeminently in the minds of Congress and the country in general. I think you will agree with me that the bonus is desired, not as a reward for fulfilling one of the duties of citizenship, but as an aid to those men financially embarrassed as a result thereof. It seems to me that the income tax law offers a medium through which some relief may be granted, approximating in direct proportion to the need.

Roughly, my plan is as follows: 1. Grant total exemption to married men earning less than \$3,000 and single men earning less than \$2,000. 2. Married men earning over \$3,000 and single men earning over \$2,000 would be granted no additional exemption, but would have to pay taxes on all income above \$2,000 and \$1,000, respectively, as at present.

3. Married men earning less than \$2,000 and single men earning less than \$1,000 should be given a cash bonus of \$50 annually. 4. Cripples, etc., to be especially provided for.

This plan could be put in vogue for a period of five years, or on a graduated basis of one year for each six months of service.

The merits of this plan are as follows: 1. The total cost to the government would be within a quarter of a billion dollars, spread over a five-year period. This would cause no currency inflation. 2. The exemptions and the bonuses would be given only to the needy. 3. No examining board would be necessary to judge the applicant's claim. The income tax blank would be the examining board.

4. The service man, having paid his taxes "over there," would not be as reluctant in accepting tax exemption as he would be in accepting so-called "blood money."

As an ex-service man and a member of the American Legion, I am opposed to any bonus plan which would inflate our currency, boost the cost of living and eventually divide the bonus among the profiteers. WILLIAM V. M'GUINNESS, New York, March 3, 1920.

Rank and File Favor Bonus

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The list of those who oppose the flat bonus is almost entirely composed of moderately wealthy or very wealthy men, to whom money compensation of any sort is of very little consequence.

I believe you will find that the rank and file of veterans of the World War are almost unanimously in favor of some plan of compensation. The reason the position of the Legion is being so strenuously pushed is simply to avoid waiting, like the Wisconsin soldier of '61, until they are sixty-two, in order to have a proverbially slow Congress show signs of enterprise. FIVE YEARS IN THE NAVY, New York, March 4, 1920.

Pensions and the H. C. of L.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: While there is much controversy about bonuses for ex-soldiers, it seems that the question of adequate pensions for crippled soldiers should receive

consideration first. When the "scale of pensions" was framed the cost of living was based upon the amount a disabled soldier would need to support himself, not luxuriously but well. Now that soldiers with pre-war pensions are faced with post-war prices the men who sacrificed their limbs and health to make the world safe for democracy should receive immediate attention and assistance before the claims of able-bodied men are considered. NORMAN STUCKEY, New York, Feb. 14, 1920.

The Hoover Boom

Its Spontaneous Start in the 17th District

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: An article printed in The Tribune of March 5 seeks to involve the Grain Corporation with the movement of Republicans in the 17th Congressional District to name delegates to the national convention pledged to vote for Herbert Hoover for President. This claims my attention, not only because it mentions my name, but also because I am one of those who have been interested from the first in the movement referred to.

The article states, in substance, that "influential Republicans" (whose names are not given) have satisfied themselves that Edwin F. Shattuck is responsible for the attempt to secure delegates instructed for Mr. Hoover in the 17th District.

The fact that I have not the pleasure of Mr. Shattuck's acquaintance may emphasize the statement that he had no part whatever in the origin of this movement and, so far as I am aware, has not the slightest connection with it at present. Neither he nor any of his representatives has attended any meetings at which the plans for this campaign have been discussed.

As one of those trying to elect delegates who will vote for Mr. Hoover I wish to say as emphatically as possible that this is a spontaneous effort of and by Republicans, with which Mr. Hoover has not the slightest connection except for the fact that he happens to be the man whom we would like to see elected President on the Republican ticket. As Republicans, we reserve the right to hold and express this preference, whether or not it may agree with the views of those whom you describe as "influential."

It is inevitable that a man with so distinguished a record of public service as Mr. Hoover should not lack friends. Since our announcement of the committee has received many offers of assistance from other admirers of Mr. Hoover. These are welcome. The committee wants all the help it can get. In our judgment, it is a tribute to a man's ability if those most closely associated with him are his staunchest supporters.

The fact remains, however, that the origin and management of this campaign have come from the Republicans of the 17th District, men and women who did this on their own initiative, without knowing or caring what Mr. Hoover thought about it. These Republicans are seeking his election because they believe he is the best man for the job, and in holding the opinion I submit they should not have their motives impugned.

In view of the fact that my first knowledge of this article was when I read it as published, and that, so far as I can learn, The Tribune made no effort to ascertain from the managers of this campaign the details of its origin and operation, I must request that in fairness you give this letter as much prominence as the article to which it refers. WATSON WASHBURN, New York, March 5, 1920.

A Corner in Quinine

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: One of the most contemptible forms of profiteering indulged in by certain "business Bolsheviks" is the prevailing corner in the market for drugs and medicines, especially those specifics that are necessary in fighting gripple, influenza and kindred prevailing ailments. Quinine is one of those essentials in which there is an evident corner. For instance, a couple of years ago quinine was 21 cents a hundred two-grain pills, or capsules; to-day the price is \$1.35 a hundred. To-day five-grain capsules are \$4 a hundred, whereas they were only 60 cents a hundred not long ago.

The country is gravely upset as to the causes of Bolshevism. Would it not be worth while for investigators to get busy with the profiteering Bolshevik who are doing their best, not only to upset the government by incensing the minds of the people by their heartless and ruthless greed, but are actually striking at the very lives of the people by cornering the market in necessary drugs? It does not aid matters much to be told that the corner is held in London. Do you not consider this a subject worthy of your pen? W. B. NORTHRUP, New York, March 6, 1920.

The High Cost of Virtue

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer) Eight millions yearly seems to be the lowest estimate of the expense of enforcing national prohibition. It is a large sum, but not in the circumstances an extravagant one. With every ship entering an American port to be searched, with every seaman to be kept under constant supervision, with hundreds of miles of border to be guarded by mounted police, it is plain that heavy drafts upon the Treasury will be necessary.

The enforcement of all laws costs something, for there are those who seek to break even the most reasonable. But never before has a law required such extraordinary measures to protect its sanctity in the eyes of a law-abiding people.

A Week of Verse

A Country Mood (From The London Mercury) TAKE now a country mood, Resolve, still it: Nine Acres swaying alive, June flowers that fill it,

Spicy sweetbriar bush, Fluttering from ash to birch And back again,

Milkwort on its low stem, Spread hawthorn-tree Sunlight patching the wood, A hive-bound bee,

Girls riding, nim-nim-nim, Ladies, trot-trot, Gentlemen hard at gallop, Shouting, steam-hot

Now over the rough turf Bridles go jingle, And there's a well-loved pool By Fox's Dingle.

Where Sweetheart, my brown mare, Old Glory's daughter, May loll her leathern tongue In snow-cool water. ROBERT GRAVES.

Draft for "A First and Last Song"

(From The London Mercury) DEEP in the harvest of the night the sickle of the moon is sweeping. We have sowed, O my desire, now is the time for reaping!

Turn not your face, O heart, give not your love To aught of heaven or the stars above, These dauntless robbers purloined long ago

The crown of Kaous, the belt of Kai Khosro; And what have we to search for in the skies

Who have the blue pavilion of your eyes? Or what need of the gold gates flung apart

Having the crimson portals of your heart? . . . So shall it be when some day by and by You mount the glittering ramparts of the sky, Loud to the wheeling heavens you shall boast:

"O sun and moon and Pleiads, at the most You're worth a wisp of barley or of straw Unseen, unheeded, on Love's threshing floor: And God the praises that your angels sing

Are all celestial but can never bring The simple wonder of a mortal's doubt Upon those faces upturned and devout That every blessing of Your work recall

Nor ever need to ask: What means it all?" Be peace! The hour is passing. Here or there The curtain swings to lay life's secret bare. Ah, when the dawn of ending breaks around, Be it that in Love's garden I am found.

To immortality I leave but this: Your head reclining in a swoon of bliss, Your hand uplifted to pour out the wine, The minstrel's singing this one song of mine. COLERIDGE KENNARD.

Night Song of the Gypsy

(From The Smart Set) SILENCE alone is loud. The pass Has heard no countersign of breeze, No winds conversing with the grass, Nor traffic of the trees.

The caravan will sleep till morn, And each will make his dream his goal; Even the trusted fire has gone Down to a bloody coal!

But nothing can assuage my fire, However still the night and long; Out of my heart escapes desire Like an unbridled song.

The trail is sinuous, but soon I move as swift as its surprise, Striking a match against the moon To light the lanterns of my eyes.

With all life in the open cup I sleuth the ways of field or town, Thirsty for joy to lift me up And grief to strike me down.

My elders counselled "rest" to me, And made encampment in the glens; But ah, soon comes eternity, And I am slumber then. AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

Posters

(From The Poetry Review, London) I THIN triangles of pines Wedging the sky like praying hands; Earth patched with snow, And the anchorite, Twisting at an arrow in his side, While blood blackens his robe, brown as a deer's hide.

The sky filled with drooping horses, White and gold and purple, Ridden by white-faced girls Whose robes, like the saddles and great shoulders of their steeds, Are drenched and clotted with scarlet warrior blood.

A stone statue of the archangel Michael Set in a pointed granite niche Upon whose upraised sword-hand Sits a pigeon, purple and gray With feet as pink as coral, Preening himself. ELLIOTT J. COATSWORTH.