

New York Tribune
First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements
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Socialism's Degradation

The delegates to the Socialist National Convention have spent the week spreading the cult of hate. The spectacle is disillusioning to Socialists of the older and better sort...

A perfected human brotherhood is mankind's dream. The vision of the kingdom has enthralled the poets, the philosophers and the great religious leaders.

But for more than a decade organized socialism has undergone a rapid downward change. The radicals, who now largely control its activities, no longer speak much of brotherhood.

They preach not harmony, but discord. They are anti-democratic, for, except where prudence calls for dissimulating silence, they advocate autocracy.

They are anti-moral and anti-religious, for they deny the existence of morality and denounce religion as the spawn of priestcraft.

They have turned away from Francis of Assisi and turned toward Lenin. They are anti-social, for, by urging men to distrust one another, they war against the confidence without which cooperation cannot exist.

The new socialism, it will be observed, has adopted every essential dogma of Prussianism. It was made in Germany, and German it is.

Not by accident is it pro-German in all its immediate proposals. "Yellow calls to yellow," as Colonel Roosevelt remarked. The radical Socialist is a Hohenzollern in his thought.

He would have might rule; he would have a ruling class decide what is best for the many; he would enthroned the grossest of materialisms and entomb spiritual beliefs and aspirations.

Critics of socialism have commonly dwelt on its impracticability; they have asserted men are not yet sufficiently developed to permit the abandonment of the competitive selfishness which stimulates the increased production which is necessary if society is to advance.

The objection is still valid, but against the new socialism a graver indictment must be brought. If the old threatened the stomachs of men, the new threatens their souls.

The syndicalist, or revolutionary socialist, is apostate to the faith of his sect. He has released from their caves the monsters of the old myths and would undo the work of the fabled saints.

At the same time, as the experience of Russia amply attests, the revolutionary socialist would reduce the masses to abject bodily misery. An Oriental despot once laid down the rule that if an autocrat would rule in quiet he must keep his subjects on the verge of starvation.

That they would be so busy trying to survive as to cause no trouble. The radical Socialist does not yet openly advocate this doctrine, but the practices of the Russian josses suggest they have it in mind.

The Socialist organization under the present leadership rapidly drifts toward complete intellectual and moral bankruptcy. It is bitter, hard and loveless. Its idea is to place power within the fist of arrogant ignorance. Not all Socialists are of the revolutionary kind, but the better element has been largely driven out of the organization, and those who remain are cowed and nerveless. No wonder every man of generosity and liberality resorts being tied to such a body of death!

France may serve, when they return, as useful ambassadors of the truth. A correspondent who has been over the road from Paris to Chateau Thierry, Soissons, Compiègne, Noyon, Cambrai and Arras, declares that nothing he has read "has given a picture of the appalling reality."

What he himself writes may no doubt equally fail of the full effect. But travelers who follow in his footsteps can hardly fail to be, like him, appalled and heartbroken at the visible evidence of destruction for the sake of destruction.

"If ever I join the Church of Rome," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "I shall stipulate to be Bishop of Noyon, on the Oise." Noyon, with its beautiful Hotel de Ville and its noble cathedral, is gone. Noyon was not obliterated by the fortune of war. It is a victim of vandalism.

Excuses of one sort or another can always be made for shelling a town, though in many cases the Germans had none. But the deliberate devastation of a whole country, to turn it into a desert, speaks its own meaning. The story of the wholesale cutting down of orchards has been told more than once, but only eyewitnesses of the havoc realize how thoroughly the Germans planned for "waging war with France long after peace had been officially declared."

Yet from the very moment the armistice was signed the whole German and pacifist pack has been in full cry. There is something more than un-human lack of sympathy with France in the pleas for a "sweet, oblivious antidote" to the memory of German brutality. There is repudiation of the work our own men crossed the seas to do.

Urge On the Other Fellow

The latest addition Secretary Daniels makes to the "smoke screen" behind which he hopes to conceal the navy's pitiful lack of preparation for the war is to spread on the record a confidential message which the President sent to Admiral Sims on July 4, 1917.

This message was a severe arraignment of the British Admiralty for its unwillingness to risk its principal naval force in an offensive operation against the German naval bases. He said that the British "were helpless to the point of panic" and oracularly declared that the time was not one "for prudence, but for boldness, even at the cost of great losses."

And at the time Admiral Sims was thus practically ordered to find a way to force the British to take chances what was the policy of our own Navy Department, a policy which must have been approved by, even if it did not originate with, the President?

This policy in the main elements may be collected from the facts of which there is now knowledge. First, the Navy Department either could not or would not send destroyers to European waters in considerable number; second, the flat announcement that the American fleet would not be risked, that it would be kept together and on this side of the water in all its material elements;

third, the declaration that the American fleet was to be kept intact and out of danger because it was more important to provide against post-war eventualities than it was to win the war speedily.

That the President had two policies operating at the same time is not surprising. The public is not surprised by his extraordinary inconsistency. Unable to get an adequate explanation of his capacity to have the lobes of his brain contemporaneously celebrate to contrary conclusions, the public gives up hope of a solution of the mystery. But why, in the name of the nine Gorgons of the sea, was Joseph led to publish a document, long kept secret, which practically destroys his case?

The Blacklist

The President's Oregon letter has been accepted in that state as a challenge to Senator Chamberlain's candidacy for reelection. Chairman Hamaker, to whom the letter was addressed, is managing the campaign of Mr. Starkweather. Mr. Chamberlain's opponent in the Democratic primaries. The chief Federal officeholders in Oregon are supporting Starkweather. Mr. Chamberlain voted on March 19 last for the ratification of the treaty with the Lodge reservations. If, as the President holds, these reservations "nullify" the pact and are a stain upon American honor, then Mr. Chamberlain is a co-conspirator to destroy our "world leadership" and to prevent the application of "moral and Christian principles" to the world's problems.

Mr. Chamberlain is the strongest Democratic leader in Oregon. He was twice elected Governor and twice United States Senator. He has served in the Senate with distinction. Many Oregon Republicans are in the habit of voting for him because of his broad views and high character. But he has committed the unforgivable sin of supporting treaty reservations which the President nullifies. He is to be defeated for reelection, if the Administration can bring about that result, even though a Democratic seat in the Senate may be lost in the process.

But Mr. Chamberlain is to be blacklisted all the other Democratic Senators who voted as he did on March 19 must be blacklisted. There are twenty of these—a formidable list. It includes Ashurst, of Arizona; Beckham, of Kentucky; Fletcher and Trammell, of Florida; Gore and Owen, of Oklahoma; Henderson and Pittman, of Nevada; Kendrick, of Wyoming; King, of Utah; Myers and Walsh, of Montana; Nugent, of Idaho; Phelan, of California; Pomeroy, of Ohio; Ransdell, of Louisiana; Smith, of Georgia; Smith, of Maryland; Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Wolcott, of Delaware. Gerry, of Rhode Island, and Jones, of New Mexico, were paired in favor of ratification with reservations. Reed, of Missouri; Shields, of Tennessee, and Thomas, of Colorado, voted against ratification, but had also voted earlier for reservations. Twenty-six of the forty-seven Democratic Senators, therefore, fall under the Wilson ban.

The terms of ten of these expire next March: Beckham, Chamberlain, Fletcher, Gore, Henderson, Nugent, Phelan, Hoke Smith, John Walter Smith and Thomas. Mr. Wilson will therefore have to carry his war of proscription into Kentucky, Florida, Oklahoma, Nevada, Idaho, California, Georgia, Maryland and Colorado, as well as into Oregon. It is a boycott of huge proportions. But the President seems perfectly willing to defeat any Senator or to lose any state in his effort to punish Democrats who failed in loyal appreciation of his treaty policies and his personally conducted world leadership.

Broadway's Tears: All-night life is still pegging along at sundry Broadway oases, thanks to the advertising of Dr. Stratton and the will of visitors to New York to squander. But the spirit of the dream is just about as altered as possible. While the theaters and movie houses never did such business and hotels and restaurants cannot seem to charge enough to discourage pocket-books, the landmarks that made the Roaring Forties audible the night through and the country over are dropping away one by one.

The prospective end of such famous spots as the Knickerbocker and the Beaux Arts may be due to other and exceptional causes. But the mourning revellers—the little bright-eyes of the Hitchcock song who made 3 a. m. famous—will shake their heads ominously and murmur that unluckiest number among the ordinals, Eighteenth.

What is the loss and what the gain? There is a certain pathos, of course, in the thought of Broadway actually tucking itself in around midnight and at last getting some beauty sleep. Pathos there always is in the demise of historic sites, replete with flavor and the odor of memorable occasions. So much for the past. For the present, is an ocean of joy ebbed away into the hot sands of the desert? Is the future bereft of all hope of gaiety and fun and comradeship and happy days? Not exactly; and we think it becoming to concede to prohibition certain distinct gains along this precise path of fun.

The stimulated good time is, indeed, passing. But is it worth breaking one's heart over? There were real all-night parties in the Roaring Forties in the old days, parties that were good because of the gang and the wit and the friendliness. Well, we think these parties still exist—and always will exist. It is the other type of gathering that has gone the way of alcohol—our, when still attented, yields mournfulness as its shining attribute. The picked-up crew of business friends or clients or college brothers or anybodies could be stimulated into a semblance of excitement and fraternity a year ago. Now a party is only a party—the sum of its parts and nothing more. There have been and there will be sad, sad occasions, dinners, suppers, what not, until the lesson is learned. It is astonishing how certain friends seem to have lost their charm and pep under the new regime!

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To which we submit the plea that there is no question of real bravery at stake but that there is a very large item of common sense. Burglardom knows no code of honor. The thief has no notion of an equal fight or a fair fight. He knows he has all the advantage on his side, and he does his best to keep it. The father of a family who, even armed, starts a fight with a burglar is doing something much more like jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge than rescuing his family. Both acts take courage of a kind; but the former is certainly not a noble or sensible piece of bravery. That is the crux of the matter. Fighting a burglar is bravery to the point of foolish recklessness in most cases. Why should anybody indulge in it? Why not save such courage as we possess for the wearing of old clothes and other similar acts of heroism of real benefit to the universe?

The Militarist: A Definition Based Upon the Observations of a Career To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Since the people began to demand Leonard Wood for President the principal and most effective argument of his opponents has been to call him a "militarist." As none of the newspapers that condemn him with that epithet have defined their use of the word, I have been interested in deducing their definition of a militarist from General Wood's record. If Leonard Wood is a militarist, the definition that follows is correct: "A militarist is a patriot who devotes his ability to the service of his country and uses every opportunity to advance human welfare. He never sends a soldier where he will not go himself, and he shares all the hardships of his men. If a dangerous territory must be made safe for democracy, he does his part, at whatever risk of life and health may be necessary, at whatever cost to himself of suffering and privation. If a plague-stricken, poverty-stricken, down-trodden, ignorant people need salvation, he devotes himself and all that he is and has to giving them sanitation, education, order, agricultural and industrial development, self-government. If his nation has on hand a particularly difficult and dangerous task of pacifying savage peoples and wild tribes, he offers himself, and by courage, resourcefulness, tact, patience and the winning power of a singularly humane personality, he gains their friendship and gives peace and prosperity to regions that had never known the meaning of those words. When danger threatens his country and civilization he prepares and urges preparedness. When the war, which he has done his utmost to win, is over, he sets himself to making peace. If a race riot or mob violence breaks out in a region for which he is responsible, he accepts his duty at whatever risk of unpopularity, and prevents bloodshed and restores order without the firing of a gun or the loss of a life. When he is asked to speak or write he never refers to what he has done. Every word that he speaks or writes is about what we should do for the safety and welfare of our country. He appeals for greater attention to education, for better pay for teachers, for special care and kindness for immigrants, for friendship between employers and the employed. He recommends universal military training, so that the duty and privilege of safeguarding our country should not be monopolized by a professional militarist class, but be made the sacred trust of a true democracy; and so that, in an emergency, our best and bravest shall not be needlessly sacrificed, while those who might have stood by them and helped them to be organized and trained. He believes that we should make peace and friendship with our own people and with all the world, and that we should avert war by every honorable means. He does not believe that we can avert either disease or war by refusing to admit its possibility." MARGARET COOPER M'GUFFERT. Duluth, Minn., May 6, 1920.

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The Conning Tower: CHANSON TRISTE (From The Provençal) He does not weep for her Death called away Or her that left him other loves to seek; Only for one he mourns by night and day— The lass he lost because he dared not speak. ISOSCELES. Just as we were inclining to the opinion that the President should be elected by popular vote, seven letters arrived telling us that Miss Gold didn't write "The Purple Cow," but that Gelett Burgess did. One contrib. A. A. H. T. says it was Gillette Burgess; and "Did not Oliver Herford," asks William H. Ford, "write these lines five or ten years ago?" And now we are for an absolute monarchy. Do You Know Her "Id Rather Have Fingers Than Toes"? Sir: Miss Anna Gold's verse "I never saw a purple cow" is a delightful little product, but to my mind her little poem beginning "My bed is like a little boat" is better. For boys, however, I should recommend her thrilling adventure story, "Treasure Island," one of the best things she ever has written. F. H. HODGSON. We are all for the 25-cent shave. In fact, if shaves went up to \$10 most of us would have so much money we shouldn't need to work at all. The Western Front: Sir: Your contrib must be mistaken about the rarity of service buttons among motion picture stars. I saw a movie of Charles Ray marching away to war, and one of Bryant Washburn in an officer's uniform. Yes, and one of Charlie Chaplin in the trenches. Surely there must be some sort of memorial of the Battle of Los Angeles. J. H. S. Before somebody assails us for unfairness, we beg to cite Capt. Robert Warwick, Inf., who earned his commission at Plattsburg and then the sight of whom at the Y. M. C. A. cafeteria at Chaumont there was none nobler. Her fraternity pin carried the inscription Finnis Covenatopus—Philadelphia Public Ledger. And on the reverse side probably Hokopus Hick Laborest. Spring—on the Staten Island Ferryboat: Burned flares flavor the fog that slides down from the passing countryside. Over the bay where the steamers swing With shortened cable and anxious ring. A whistle blasts the dark. The long-limbed engines cease to tread. The song of swirling water sways my brain: Late—for supper—again. FLOOR. In "Respect for Riches," the amount that worries the lady is \$1,000. At the present rate of exchange, not to say the present purchasing price of the dollar, that is not an amount to stagger an American audience. It should be at least \$10,000. Suggesting, among other revisions: A chieftain to the Highlands bound, Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry! And I'll give thee \$25.65. To row us o'er the ferry."

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys: May 11—Up by times, to say goodbye to my wife, who hath gone to Lake George in a petrol-wagon, and so early to the office and at my stint, and looking for my income tax receipt of 1917, forasmuch as the Treasury tells me I overpaid my tax by \$111, and I may get it back, which is good news. But I could not find it, albeit my desk is in order and very neat. For a ride alone in my petrol-wagon, but it came on to rain, so to dinner with Miss Neysa and to the theater with her to see "Respect for Riches," an inconsequential piece, and without any truth at all, methought. So home, and read in "The Instructions of the Naval Censor," but fell asleep after four pages. 12—To the office, where all day, and with H. Harrison to dinner, and thence to the theater and saw Miss Lola Fisher in "All Souls' Eve."

"But, on the other hand," counters E. P. B., "take it from one who has been married twenty years, if it is the ghoulish face across the egg stained tablecloth that wipes the dew off the rose, papa can have his breakfast in bed, as I do."

Even so careful orthographers as Heywood Brown and Bert Leston Taylor refer to her as Fanny Hurst.

"Whom do you take that distinguished looking man to be?" asks a speaker. He should say, "Who do you take that distinguished looking man to be?" since in this case "who" is in the nominative case, after the verb "to be." It is "in apposition," as the grammarians put it, to the noun "gentleman."—Charles N. Lurie, for the Wheeler Syndicate.

He shouldn't say anything of the kind. He should say "Whom" for it is in the objective case, in apposition, as the ball-players say, to "man."

A subtle critic of music is the secretary of the Wilmington, N. C., Star, who says "Misses Mary Nixon Dardu and Adelaide Worth left Saturday for Atlanta to attend the week of grand opera in that city. They will also hear Geraldine Farrar in 'Madam Butterfly.'"

SECONDED AND PASSED: Sir: Nominated for the oldest and simplest of the Simple Imperatives, that eminent jurist who thinks new laws (rather than a better enforcement of what we have) will stop the "Automobile Evil." Judge Not! DARTY JOSE.

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And, of course, Stella Baer and Hester Dye. F. P. A.

AND WE THOUGHT HIRAM DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ENTANGLING ALLIANCES: Copyright, 1920, New York Tribune Inc.



Conscience vs. Contagion: An Official Statement of the Christian Science View and the Opinions of a Number of Our Readers

To the Editor of The Tribune. In the letters called up by the Walker trial in Newark, N. J., which have appeared in recent issues of The Tribune, it seems to have been almost entirely overlooked that Christian Science has been proved beyond the possibility of refutation to be a very efficacious remedy for all forms of disease, including those regarded as contagious or infectious. The great majority of adherents of this religion have been healed through its ministrations, many of them after vain attempts with medicine. Even medical doctors themselves acknowledge that Christian Science heals the sick. In a recent issue of "The New York Medical Journal" Dr. Woodbury, a lieutenant colonel of the Medical Corps of the United States Army, stated: "Every day we hear people remark that they have been given up by several physicians and finally went to a practitioner not of the regular medical school and were cured. I formerly thought that it was a case of exaggeration or of self-delusion, but I feel that we cannot dismiss these testimonies with a learned bromide. The results of irregular practice are all around us. Ten Christian Science churches in New York City alone cannot be blown away with a laugh. We have to admit that these sects and cults possess a knowledge of healing which we do not recognize."

It must be remembered that a Christian Science parent has the best of reasons for the faith and proved to his great satisfaction the practicality of Christian Science treatment for healing the sick to the extent that he had come to rely wholly upon spiritual means, and it seemed altogether natural that he should desire for his child that which he had found most efficacious for himself, since surely he was more solicitous for his child's welfare than any other person except the mother, who in this case was quite in accord with the method of treatment adopted. Christian Scientists are notably careful in cases of diseases regarded as contagious, and Mrs. Eddy emphatically enjoined her followers to render ready obedience to the law. Far from being a menace to public health, Christian Science has healed the sick in nearly every community in our land. Moreover, there is yet to be proved an instance where a contagious disease has become epidemic because of the negligence of a Christian Scientist.

No right thinking persons would contend that free exercise of conscience in religious beliefs should go to the extent of constituting a menace to the community. That Christian Science has so become would be quite impossible of demonstration. On the contrary, this religion has come to be regarded by many persons outside its immediate adherents as not only a great remedial agency but as a most potent preventive of disease.

ALBERT F. GILMORE, Christian Science Committee on Publications. New York, May 12, 1920.

An Affirmative Duty: To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The letter of Edna L. Duff in your issue of May 8, protesting the conviction for manslaughter of a man whose child died of diphtheria because of his failure to provide medical attendance as a result of his faith in Christian Science, is forceful and interesting. But unless the author of this letter is a confirmed agnostic for conscientious objectors she must understand that when people permit their own faith, whatever it may be, to be a cause of injury to another they do so at their own risk, and they cannot be permitted to plead their faith, or there could be no convictions for crime. From time to time God has appointed and directed men to do very strange and curious things, if the men themselves are to be believed. But if the community were to permit them to plead such divine directions as a defense for injury to third persons or for an omission of an affirmative duty to be performed according to standards established by society in the interests of its own preservation, maintenance of conformity to the moral sense of the community would be impossible. Society places an affirmative duty upon a father to protect his child, and unless he is forced to afford that protection according to the usual and customary standards and by the usual and customary means the imposition of this duty upon him is useless and of no effect, because he can always say that he simply acted according to his own wisdom and his own faith.

MURRAY T. QUIGG, New York, May 11, 1920.

Homeopathy Was Boycotted: To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The conviction of a Christian Scientist in New Jersey for the "manslaughter" of his child recalls a somewhat similar case in Ohio nearly eighty years ago, when a parent was charged, but discharged, for a like offense. Only in that case he had employed a homeopathic instead of a regular, or "old school," physician. On those days homeopathy was boycotted even worse than Christian Science is now. I remember the social and family persecution of my father for resorting to it, particularly when he lost a child from scarlet fever. His defense was that he had never lost one under "old school" treatment and that he thought it was wise to try the "new."

E. G. HOLDEN, Tryon, N. C., May 9, 1920.

The Case of a Child: To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Mrs. Duff's letter in The Tribune of May 8 relative to the conviction of the New Jersey father who "Let Girl Die Under Christian Science" creates in my mind questions which I wish some one might answer for me. I confess to a prejudice in favor of medical science, which, I believe, has conferred incalculable benefits on the human race, but a mind cannot well form just opinions upon a subject about which it is not well informed, and I wish you would allow me to seek enlightenment through your esteemed columns.