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First to Lead—the Truth: News—Editorial—Advertisement
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The Cox "Proof"
Candidate Cox having fired the bomb he has been feverishly mounting a Big Bertha to discharge, has the projectile exploded with damaging force or has it arrived as a harmless "dud"? May the Republicans laugh as did the Parisians when an official communiqué gravely reported the casualties suffered by a bunch of chickens?

A good way to answer these questions is to set out without color or comment exactly what evidence the candidate has offered to establish his charge that sinister large interests are in a conspiracy to "buy" the election. The "proof," after ten days of war-whooping advertisement, is spread before the public. Of what does it consist?

According to the Cox narrative of awfulness, the ways and means committee of the Republican National Committee has adopted the "drive" method of fund-raising. To remove suspicions attaching to political contributions, Chairman Hays had promulgated the rule that no one is to be permitted to give more than \$1,000. The large secret contribution was eliminated, not only to avoid the possibility of corruption but because the larger the number of small contributors the greater would be the probable interest of party members and the more the party would pass to the control of its rank and file.

In pursuance of this plan, as Brother Cox tells the story, the practice of assigning quotas to local areas was applied. Chairman Hays is accused of countenancing the hellish policy of stimulating the various committees who were to do the soliciting by appealing to their local pride. An official bulletin showing the progress of the work was published and sent throughout the country. This bulletin contained news that this or that community had actually gone "over the top" and called on the backward to note the fact. The bulletin's editor was guilty of the atrocity of using terms familiar to the advertising world—such as that the solicitors must "sell" the Republican party to the country.

Then comes the big noise. Shaking with emotion, the candidate showed his audience a circular which he said had been distributed at one gathering. It showed an allotment of quotas totaling \$8,145,000. Count 'em! Remember that a dollar, not a dime or a cent! Mr. Upham (assuming the circular is genuine and that it was not the work of a zealous volunteer who knew exactly how to succeed) is convicted of fixing a high mark for his helpers. The sensitive moral nature of Mr. Cox is, of course, deeply shocked. As the only multi-millionaire ever nominated for the Presidency, he palpitates with horror. Any one who would seek to raise a campaign fund in small amounts and by open methods is infamous. Alas! we fear the public will not be able to attain to Coxian heights of indignation. It has had previous experience with buncombe.

what he suspects as to have no time to tell what he knows. But Mr. Cox will not be able to continue silent. The Kenyon committee meets Monday. Chairman Hays is to submit a complete list of Republican contributors. Chairman White must to the same mark—giving his testimony under oath, and with sobering knowledge that perjury is dangerous. The public is to know not only the size of the campaign funds, but whom they came from and how they are being spent. Candidate Cox has raised an issue he will not be permitted to dodge.

Telephone Rates
The average citizen is fair minded. Therefore he is reading with unbiased judgment advertisements of the New York Telephone Company which give its reasons for an increase of rates in this city. Several points should be taken into consideration. Food, clothing, fuel and other essentials cost anywhere from 100 to 300 per cent more than a few years ago. Telephone rates in New York are actually lower to-day than they were in 1914. The company's book surplus of \$40,000,000, reported a short time ago, is reinvested in the telephone plant for the benefit of telephone users—all of it. The New York Telephone Company is now earning, it claims, less than 2 per cent on a fair valuation of its property in the State of New York. Rates have been raised already in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, San Francisco, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston and elsewhere, New York being the largest city with no increase.

New York demands the best telephone service obtainable. It cannot get along with anything less than this. It knows from recent experience what poor service means. The question of whether an increase is necessary, and if any, how much, is not for a newspaper to decide. This is the business of the Public Service Commission, after a thorough examination of the whole subject. If the facts support the application, then the commission should have the courage to act justly, for of injustice the public in the end will be the victims.

Bending, but Angle Not Given
Brother Cox weakens as a flat ratiocinationist. In Wednesday's speech he confided to his hearers that the Democratic platform, with respect to the Wilson covenant, does not "assume an unbending attitude." Then he added: "We will accept any [reservations] that will work to the cause of world peace, but we will reject any that will work harm or injury to the cause of world-wide peace."

These sentences make the whole matter as transparent as mud. The Democratic party, it appears, leans against the bar of public opinion. But at what angle? How far will it bend? It is impudent to ask such questions. Only enemies of peace will utter them, and it is time to switch off the light. Some reservations are to be accepted and others rejected. But in which class a particular reservation falls Mr. Cox gives no inkling. His ouija board does not tell him. It stumbles and stops inarticulately. "I'll bet you 20 to 1 you can't tell me what single number," says the circus confidence man, "I'm thinking of." The easy-mark puts up his money and guesses, say, No. 4. "You lose," says the confidence man; "it was 5."

Yet the Tribune's mail attests that there are persons who don't see what it means when a man says he is for acceptance of the covenant and then refuses to state on what terms and conditions. Senator Harding is reproached for indefiniteness because unwilling to promise exactly what he will do. But, in view of his record of voting twice for ratification with specific reservations, his attitude is clear when compared with that of his opponent.

"Tama Jim"
James Wilson, of Iowa ("Tama Jim"), held the record for continuous Cabinet service. He was Secretary of Agriculture for sixteen years, under the administrations of McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. He stayed on, to his and their satisfaction, because from the first he proved that he was the right man for the place. Wilson was the first Secretary of Agriculture who took the post seriously. Norman J. Coleman served for a few months during Cleveland's first term, after the department had been reorganized, with a Cabinet status. Jeremiah Rusk, of Wisconsin, universally known as "Jerry," succeeded when Harrison came in. He had a picturesque and delightful personality. He was a "political farmer," however, rather than a practical one. The next incumbent, J. Sterling Morton, was a cultivated and gracious gentleman and an old-fashioned Jeffersonian in his political inclinations. He spent a great deal of his time combating the disposition of Congress to give the department what he considered too liberal appropriations.

Mr. Wilson's conception of the functions of the national government was broad enough to include aid to the primary industry of food production among its legitimate efforts to promote the public welfare. He introduced new crops, worked for good roads and forest preservation, regulated the shipment of food, fought diseases among farm animals, and made the results of the department's scientific research available to stock raisers and crop producers. He recognized no partisan or sectional lines in his work, and was as highly esteemed by Southern farmers as by Northern. He was a pioneer in instinct and thought. He felt that the economic service a government could do for its citizens outweighed in value the purely political service—largely negative—which it usually gives.

Mr. Wilson was a man with a big idea and had the good fortune to get a chance to develop it unhindered. His work was its own reward. Of simple tastes and manners and rugged character, self-absorbed in a congenial task, he escaped the worries and disappointments which come to so many men who find office-holding in Washington merely a labor and a sacrifice.

The Brest-Litovsk Line
The French government has counseled the Poles to take the best strategic positions possible on their eastern front, regardless of the tentative "ethnographical frontier." That is sound advice. The ethnographical frontier is a peace frontier, not a war one. Poland was invaded and Warsaw narrowly escaped capture. Precautions must be taken against a second Russian invasion in case Trotsky is able to reorganize the Red armies and to continue the war. A Polish advance beyond Brest-Litovsk does not imply permanent occupation of the territory entered. The frontier would be established by the settlement. But Poland can make a better defense on the Brest-Litovsk sector, the weakest point on her front, if she occupies a line further to the east, at the western exits from the Pripiet swamps. General Weygand has urged the Poles not to repeat their earlier blunder of overextending their eastern front. But he says that if peace is not made this fall they will have to take up better positions than they can find in the neighborhood of Brest-Litovsk.

The Allies have made the mistake in dealing with Russia of bringing pressure at only one point at a time, thus allowing the Moscow régime to concentrate its strength there. American and British troops went to Archangel, but were withdrawn after the Bolsheviks checked their advance. Allied troops were in Siberia for many months. Yet they were of little assistance to Kolchak when his army was attacked by superior Red forces and routed. Denikine was left later to face a crushing Soviet concentration, and Yudenitch was also compelled to go it alone when he got almost within gunfire of Petrograd, and was then enveloped by new Red armies.

Wrangel is starting a new campaign in the south. He will be exposed to a Bolshevik attack in superior numbers if the pressure on the Red front opposite Poland is now suspended and the Poles stand still on the indefensible Brest-Litovsk boundary. The Allied governments rightly decline to make peace with the Moscow dictatorship. But if they go that far they must do more. Real peace cannot come until the Soviet present tyranny is overthrown. And its fall can be brought about most certainly by a unification of military effort, which, by threatening the Reds on two fronts, will make it difficult for them to figure out a victory on either.

The warning Washington has sent to the Poles not only shows that the President would be a futile general, but has yet only a half conception of how to secure peace.

And Now Gotky
After Bertrand Russell and Peter Kropotkin now comes Maxim Gorky, greatest of living Russian authors, with an indictment of the Bolshevik régime of Russia. A true Red, on the theory that bourgeois blood is thicker than water, may scorn Mr. Russell, the grandson of a duke, and Kropotkin, of a princely family, regardless of their record as leading exponents of radical theory. But as a critic of sovietism Gorky, the peasant and workman, is handicapped by no aristocratic antecedents—he stands committed to the proletarian side of the war of classes. Curiously enough, while the two aristocrats, Russell and Kropotkin, base their attack on the tyranny and inefficiency of the Leninist system, the proletarian Gorky denounces,

above all, its anti-cultural vandalism. He writes: "Everything has now become the property of the people, but meanwhile the work of annihilation is not only not diminishing, but becomes more menacing every day. . . . They [the Bolsheviks] are destroying buildings and using up valuable antique furniture for firewood. They are packing up parcels in canvas from unique old pictures. And they are boasting of 'putting an end to the past.' We have no longer any respect for our national treasures. Stupidity, ignorance, lack of respect for one's own work make us destroy our treasures and overturn the national economy of Russia. And we are told that all these things are only minor details, of no importance to us, who desire to teach and reveal to the world a new social order of life!"

Thus the writer whose "conversion" to Bolshevism was advertised as a splendid moral victory by the prophets of the creed! If Gorky ever entertained illusions he seems to be through with them, for he continues: "Never in the history of Russia have we worked so badly, so dishonestly, as we are working today." This sounds like a great deal from a man who was one of the bitterest critics of the old order.

Real Life Commuters
Not the Kind the Urban Editors Write About
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: What do you know about commuters, anyhow? Do we exchange experiences and talk enthusiastic-like about our gardens? Not so that you'd notice it, at least not at this season of the year, when our backs are completely broken and half the stuff didn't come up, anyway. And when what was left did come up the rain had washed all the shape and color out of it. Maybe it's beans and maybe it's peas; unless you remember where you planted it, you don't know. And you don't remember, because you turned around several times to find the spade and so lost all sense of direction.

Besides, we don't tell each other about the size of our stuff unless we live far enough apart to get away with it. Even if we do he (the other one) will walk up your way on Sunday to convince himself that you really are a liar. Not that he didn't suspect it from the beginning, but he thinks it's more neighborly to prove it to himself.

Anyhow, we don't talk about such things on the train. Some of us are addressing lodge meeting postal cards and others are talking politics and cars—mostly cars. Some don't talk at all. They sit and sulk because we're talking to Jones, whose wife doesn't belong to their wives' set. Then again, commuting isn't what it used to be—not since so many women travel and the Brooklyn crowd started coming to Jersey. The Brooklyn men rush all the choice seats, the women take the next best and we get what's left or stand. It isn't so bad now, but in the spring, when we're taking home lawn mowers and rakes, it's trying. The Brooklynites can't brace their rakes so they won't fall over and comb the hair of the fellow in front. It takes us to do that, but if we can't get window seats what are we to do? But you're all off about what you wrote. It's because you hire flat-dwellers to do the work. Those fellows think we carry lanterns and walk home across plowed fields. If you showed one a lawn mower he'd think it was a trench digger.

HACKENSACK HENRY.
New York, Aug. 26, 1920.

Praise From a Visitor
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Very recently it was my privilege to visit New York City. Upon my arrival I became acutely alert for pickpockets. However, I need not have been so keenly conscious of my coin, for during my sojourn I suffered no loss from this notorious class. Intense curiosity possessed me regarding the tumultuous rush underground, but though the subway roar is quite a bore I just adore it. I fail to agree with Charles Elmer Guzman, who in his letter of August 11 so deeply laments the hogghisness practiced by subway patrons. I traveled from downtown to Washington Heights during rush hours and did not experience any incivility. I indeed was amazed that conditions were so different from what I had anticipated. To me the people appeared like figures manipulated by machinery, so unostentatiously did they board and leave the trains. In certain other towns I have observed people actually imitating savages when boarding cars, but in the subway of New York I did not perceive this frenzied scramble for seats. I noted several instances of men giving their seats to women, and as I was accompanied by a girl and a middle-aged lady two or three times men relinquished their seats to my companions.

Just a little more of your valuable space. A girl, no matter how pretty she is, is safe in New York City if she dresses modestly and decently and does not make glaring conspicuousness her object, for if she is so attired she will elicit no comment and will escape the odious leers and rude stares. MARCUS AURELIUS.
New Haven, Conn., Aug. 26, 1920.

Minor Issues
(From The Los Angeles Times)
The prohibition nominee says: "To us the supreme question is not equal suffrage, the League of Nations, labor, Mexico, Armenia, nor any minor questions on which all agree, but extinction of the liquor traffic." This should correct several misconceptions.
Their Sacred Shrine
(From The Los Angeles Times)
Any attempt to burn or destroy Limerick will be resisted to the uttermost by an army of one hundred thousand trained poets.

The Conning Tower
The Poet's Amenities (B. C. 600)
Alcaeus: Erotikon (V, 55)
Sappho: VI, 28.
Alcaeus
Lovely smiling Lady, sitting there,
With the sunlight glinting on your hair,
Fain am I my thoughts to share with you,
But shame holds me. Speak I do not dare,
Oh, lovely Lady!
Sappho
If the Good were all in all to you,
If your tongue spoke only what is True,
And if Beauty lay in all you do,
Shame would not enfold you when you woo
A lovely lady.
N. S. P.

"If you work as hard employing the bal'ot. The News counsels the ladies, G. b. 'em! "as you did in gaining it, there will soon be at least a lessening of graft, and we will be well on our way toward better government." If parties to a marriage contract would work as hard employing the privileges and responsibilities of matrimony as they did in gaining it, there would soon be at least a lessening of in-harmony and we should be well on our way toward a better universe. But the chase is always more interesting than the quarry; and there, as Old Bill Clothier remarked to Watty Washburn, you are.

Mr. Seymour Stedman says that if Debs is elected he will pardon himself. To those who don't see how a man can pardon himself, we cite Pooh Bah's historic reply to Ko Ko, who didn't see how a man could cut off his own head. "A man might try," said Pooh Bah.

The esteemed Telephone Review does not steal its stuff. "Clipped" is how it credits a piece in the August number lifted from this Transmitter of Taradiddle. Thanks for the ad.

The little gamecock has been unable to "get going." Johnston was drawn in the second "quarter."—The Globe.
Why the quotes?
The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys
August 26—Early up, and to the office, and read Aldous Huxley's "Leda," a poem too brimming with erotic images for my liking. R. Lingley came to luncheon, and then I with Mr. Hughes to the courts, and beat him; and beat S. Hall, too, and a great joy to play with so generous a sportsman. Called for my cozen Florence, and with her and J. Wise and Josephine to dinner, and so to the Capitol, and saw there a futile cinema play called "The Untamed," but B. Tarkington's "Edgar" the best thing ever I saw on the screen, and the captions natural and not affected and strained, as all I ever saw before. Home later than I like, and to-bed.

27—Much talk of the campaign fund disbursements Mr. Cox made, but I see nothing more sinister in them than I would if a Harvard cheer leader, the score being 6-0 in Harvard's favour, should shout, Come, lads, let us make it 35 to 0!

Senator Harding was telling the actors about plays. "The other play," The Times says he said, "was one of Mansfield's productions, 'Charles V,' if my memory is correct." The Senator's memory is no better than it should be.

It is just possible, of course, that The Times reporter's memory of what Senator Harding said is incorrect. The Conning Tower is open to the editor of The Marion Star.

The 19th Amendment
Jack Spratt is a Democrat;
His wife is a Harding fan;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They do the best they can.
—The Tower.
F. P. A. is a guy blasé;
And I am a contrib'ble;
And so betwixt us both, you see,
He can the best I do.
—BARON IRLAND.

When "Babe" Ruth made his forty-third home run a "fan" in the grandstand died of heart disease. A thing like that would "kill" a "fan" down at Twenty-fourth and Vaughn.—Portland Oregonian.

Why the quotes?
The Journal's copyreader who wrote "Mother Claims Baby" probably will be expelled from the union. A child younger than a tot, as all good copyreaders know, is a babe.

The way Clinton's, in New Haven, advertises the record is: Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming with Male Chorus. . . . \$1.25.

In cultivated Massachusetts Miss Carolyn Wells found—and sends it along for proof—a sign advertising Athletic Bath Towels.

The Complacent Slangler
[From "Leda," by Aldous Huxley]
The glittering pool laughed up its flowery brims,
And everything, save the poor fish, rejoiced.



The Impotent League
It Has Been Reduced to a Shadow by the Unanimity Requirement

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Mr. Lloyd George complains that the league does not function in the case of Poland because there is a lack of unanimity. This excuse is far more significant than has yet been remarked in any of the comments. If unanimity is required—and, of course, it is essential—there will be very few cases in which it can function. The reason it does not function in the case of Poland is the same reason why it will fail to perform its duties in many other cases. Great Britain does not dare to help Poland or permit the league to do so, because the Reds have a pathway biased to her possessions and dependencies in Asia Minor, as well as to a junction with the terrible Turks; and not only that, but the Reds are getting ready to leave India with their peculiar propaganda, which means a lot more trouble for Britain. Mr. Lloyd George knows something about that propaganda, for it has been at work among the British laborites and, like a rattler, is coiling now in preparation to strike against the government itself. If the Reds ever recover from the present defeat it will not be at all surprising if Mr. Lloyd George eats humble pie with Mr. Lenin and eventually influences the league to subscribe to Lenin's peace terms, whatever they may be.

British interests are so world wide that the league will find itself almost constantly shaping its course to avoid injuring those interests. Great Britain is not the only nation that will have sore fingers to nurse whenever discussions arise between other nations that will call for league action. A case against China, for instance, can never be settled unless and until the interests of Britain, Japan, France and the United States are safeguarded. How can that be possibly effected without a general war? A case against a European country cannot be disposed of on its merits, but must be seasawed by the old, crooked route of European diplomacy in the interests of France, Britain and Italy. If Mr. Roosevelt speaks for this government (and why doesn't he?), Uncle Sam has a dozen American countries in his pocket that he can use as pawns in the league game. How, then, can unanimity of action be expected, with Britain, France, Japan and this country acting like dogs in the manger in most of the cases?

European diplomacy never yet settled anything and never prevented a war. The most that can be said for it is that it has postponed wars; but the longer a war is delayed the greater will be its proportions and the more bitter its animosity. European diplomacy takes little or no account of the element of justice, for each diplomat is primarily concerned with the interests of his own nation. That is exactly the spirit in which the Treaty of Versailles, including the league covenant, was written. It is true that the American commissioners were not so actuated, but no one has yet accused them of being the authors of any part of the treaty or the covenant, excepting Article X, and that is just the part that Americans most generally object to.

This thing called the league, made by diplomats whose first concern was the perpetual warfare of their respective nations and who inserted a clause therein providing for a perpetual guaranty by the combined nations of all the past and present stealings of each

Lloyd George and Poland
British Policy Charged With Shiftiness and Caprice

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The machinations of Lloyd George, together with his inconsistent policies, are a revelation of the inside workings of British diplomacy. His attitude toward Poland has at times been one of insulting antagonism, and then again it consisted of an apparently forced toleration as of some uncontrollable evil. It varied with circumstances. He opposed the Polish claims at the peace conference, not because Poland was not entitled to a return of territories forcibly annexed by Germany, Austria and Russia, but because of British jealousy of France. He knew that the country of Joan of Arc sympathized with the land of Padreski, and feared that an alliance of France with a powerful Poland would lessen England's influence on the Continent. So the world saw England, the supposed champion of Belgium's independence, obstructing Poland at the most critical period of the Bolshevik invasion. It was astounding that Lloyd George's declarations to the British Parliament, at the time it appeared certain that Warsaw would be captured and looted by the Reds, that the Poles deserved severe punishment at the hands of the Asiatic hordes. Physical help from France, in the form of munitions, was not permitted by the British to land at Danzig, although the unrestricted use of this Polish port was guaranteed to Poland by the peace conference.

Poland then had the choice of embracing Bolshevism with England's sanction and consent or suffering annihilation and national extinction. Unfortunately for the British Premier, the Cossacks and other mercenaries of Trotsky could not withstand the test when confronted by the gallant sons and daughters of a freedom-loving land. The Trotsky-Hun plans were thwarted.

Poland has been buffeted about like a cork on an angry sea. She has been kicked around like a plying. Her destinies were linked, against her will, with the policies of an unscrupulous, unscrupulous British politician. At last, however, the men, women, boys and girls of bleeding Poland have torn the mask of duplicity from the face of the arch traitor of liberty. With his back against a wall he was compelled to show his hand. And what a miserably false hand it was! F. A. BUKOWSKI.
New York, Aug. 24, 1920.

The Real Descent
(From The Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger)
Bolshevists have coined a new word to describe their government: ergotocracy, the rule of the workers. Ergotocracy (if you don't mind mixing a little German with your Greek), the rule of the cheap substitute, might be a more descriptive word for the Trotsky government.

Quite Drowned Out
(From The Seattle Post-Intelligencer)
D'Annunzio wants this Bolshevik-Poland business settled at once. They have been making so much noise that the world can't hear him.

Useful at Last
(From The Indianapolis News)
Paper suits can be made to sell for 60 cents retail, and thus a real use may be found for the Congressional Record.