

New York Tribune

Printed at the Tribune Building, 150 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone, Beckman 3000.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1921

Subscription Rates: By Mail, including Postage in the United States. One Year \$12.00, Six Months \$7.00, Three Months \$4.00.

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Canada's Testimony

The time has arrived when a public acknowledgment of error may fairly be asked of those who urged, in behalf of Article X of the covenant of the League of Nations, a campaign which did so much in preventing ratification of the Versailles Treaty.

It was said up and down the land that Article X was the heart of the covenant—that to eliminate it, or even to safeguard it, was a knife thrust at the life center of the league.

The untruth of both of these assertions has been abundantly demonstrated. Every important league member has indicated it would be delighted to have the United States, in whatever way its action in regard to Article X, Canada, a league member, goes further, and on her own account asks for an excision of the article.

Mr. Harvey has been unjustly accused and praised. He had little to do with America's rejection of the league. It is unfair to a former friend of his. It was not Mr. Harvey but his former friend who was the artificer of rejection.

Under the Flag to Europe

Though the new merchant marine is in grave trouble and America does not yet enjoy the position that was hers in the early years of the nineteenth century, we have at least beaten our own records for the number of passenger liners carrying the Stars and Stripes to European ports.

Formerly American tourists embarking for Stratford-on-Avon, Bruges, the Rue de la Paix and the gondolas of Venice preferred to step at once on foreign soil when they mounted the gangplank. And foreigners had no liking for American ships, since the few that adventured hither had interest only in our Niagara Falls, our Indians and our cowboys lassoing wild steers on State Street, Chicago.

But nowadays the arrival and departure of American liners are marked by the publication of full passenger lists of Americans and foreigners. The Eighteenth Amendment seems to have no greater effect in dissuading home folks from barbershops than it has in keeping hip pockets from being bulky here.

And alien tourists, aware that the Indian tomahawk days are past and that at least the mad steers are barricaded from State Street, make the voyage in United States ships because at last they are interested in the American himself and in his works.

more nearly in accord with American taste than their competitors, as the fear that an anti-patriotic prejudice would lessen traffic is about gone.

Disarmament Day

In many churches to-day will be observed as disarmament day. It is a natural impulse to wish to see swords turned into plowshares and the world's great burden of expenditures for military purposes lightened.

But beneath this uniformity of desire for economic relief lies a real divergence of opinion as to scope and method. The peace of the world rests to-day on the armed strength of the Allied nations. The Versailles Treaty cannot be enforced except through military coercion.

Russia, the most populous of the European states, is still an outlaw, outside the treaty pale. Lenin's policy is one of destruction—abroad as well as at home. Germany hasn't yet accepted the peace in good faith. The fulfillment of German obligations will continue to depend on the extent to which France and Poland remain armed and ready to punish treaty infractions.

General disarmament is a goal achievable only in a settled world. The world is far from settled to-day. Each nation will naturally be reluctant to cut down taxation at the expense of self-defense. It is a problem with two sides, for new wars, not peace, may follow one-sided or unwise disarmament.

In so far as the movement in this country to reduce military expenditure looks to reasonable agreements with our Allies, it is commendable. But in so far as it reflects the rabid pacifism of the period before the war it is unsound and vicious. Mr. Bryan again suggested the other day that America should disarm on her own account, no matter what other powers did. He still cherishes the old illusion that unpreparedness is a better guaranty against attack than preparedness.

The powers on whom the responsibility for maintaining world peace rests cannot afford to be caught off their guard, as they were in 1914. Disarmament to the point of incautiousness and unpreparedness would be more costly and injurious than no disarmament.

The Insurance Burden

A biting supplement to the recent report of the \$200,000,000 increase last year in fire losses is furnished by the figures showing an increase of \$120,000,000 in premium collections. Whether the increase in losses justified the increase in premiums or whether it sprang from a sordid determination to squeeze insurers, it is high time for intelligent insurance men to recast their business.

The fire insurance business is conducted with heavy overhead and soliciting expenses. Broadly, about a dollar is collected for each 50 cents paid back. The spread, it seems to many, is too wide. Satisfying explanations are lacking. It should be possible to reduce the margin to the advantage of both the companies and the public. The opinion prevails that insurance managers do not much try—are afflicted with want of efficiency energy.

And those who meet the burden think they discern the reasons. Rate competition died out of fire insurance with the establishment of common rate-making and the creation of boards of underwriters to prepare risk maps. The theory of this is good in many respects, but it tends to make management perfunctory and clerical.

And there is a still graver weakness—namely the prevalence of the vicious cost-plus principle. There is an incentive to have losses heavy rather than small. As income swells with an increase in the mass of the premiums, and the mass of the premiums is proportionate to the size of the losses, there is a pecuniary advantage to companies and agents in heavy losses.

Of course, insurance men are to be acquitted of any prevailing conscious purpose to stimulate incendiarism and carelessness. Many strenuously and unselfishly labor to keep losses down. When a policy has been written a particular loss is at some company's expense, but general causes in the end make themselves felt. In the background, it is the ugly fact that big losses lead to greater dollar income.

By better organization and a lessening of soliciting expenses, no longer necessary now that taking out insurance is so largely a matter of course; by more emphasis on fire prevention and diminution of risk; by urging the practice followed abroad of penalizing an owner whose lack of care leads to destroying not only his own, but

his neighbor's property; by perhaps charging a fee for the services of a fire department—by these and other practical measures rates can be made more human. The public may properly ask the insurance interest to take the lead in reform and not to wait to be driven to it.

Far-seeing insurance men recognize the danger of the government entering the fire insurance field. Abuses that the casualty companies did not correct have put workmen's compensation insurance largely with the state fund. The Federal government has become the largest writer of life insurance. The fire insurance interest can scarcely expect to escape public competition unless it puts its house in better order than at present.

German Confession

In the trial at Berlin of the Armenian boy who shot Talaat Pasha it was brought out in the testimony of Marshal Liman von Sanders, who commanded the German forces in Turkey during the war, that the reports that sickened the world were not exaggerated; that the total number of unarmed Armenians slaughtered by official orders exceeded 1,000,000.

It was further brought out by the testimony of Professor Lepsius, a German representative in Armenia at the time, that Talaat's commands were to kill everybody, even the children in the orphanages. Talaat was so eager to get the gruesome news that he had been obeyed that he telegraphed: "Wire me how many are dead and how many still alive!" Tameplane was no such butchering monster as this partner and agent of Germany.

What is to be done with Liman von Sanders and with those at Berlin who gave him his instructions? He knew and they knew what had been done and who did it. The German general is still unregenerate. At the trial he sought to excuse the massacre and was treated with great respect.

It is not enough to acquit the boy who killed Talaat. In the clearest manner, by proceedings in their own courts, the Germans are fully informed. If they continue to honor a criminal such as Marshal von Sanders confesses that he was and is they confess that the worst charges made against the German people are true.

Swiss Citizenship

A proposal to require twelve years consecutive residence in order to obtain Swiss citizenship is now before the people of that republic. Evidently the Swiss are feeling the same reaction to the peaceful invasion of foreigners that has been manifest in this country. Like ourselves, they are willing to make their land an asylum for the oppressed up to a certain limit, but, more wisely than ourselves, they prize the privileges of their citizenship so highly that they are willing to grant them to aliens only after long residence.

This proposal to make the term of residence twelve years is considered so drastic that the government has offered a counter-proposal of six years' residence before naturalization and four years' additional residence before the naturalized can become office holders. America will watch the outcome of this referendum with interest. Many people have claimed that the naturalization laws in this country are too lax. Switzerland has often before set us a good example.

An Educated I. W. W.

Seven years ago a rampageous young radical named Frank Tannenbaum thought that to harry the churches would help bring on a revolution. So he organized a gang and led it nightly to the disturbance of church services. His claim was that his followers needed food and lodging, whereas it was manifest that he was merely exploiting their misfortunes to arouse social hate.

There were those who would incontinently have cast him into outer darkness, and when he sought to enter Columbia University would have rejected him as certain to contaminate that institution and to pervert his fellow students.

Happily, wiser counsels prevailed. He was sequestered for a time, but then another chance was given to him, which he improved. Service for the nation in the great war inspired him to be a literal evangelist among his fellows, transforming the spirit of many from sedition to patriotism. Instead of contaminating Columbia, he was converted by it to the rational liberalism. Now he is graduated with "highest honors in history and economics," and instead of a badge of the I. W. W. wears a Phi Beta Kappa key, with a promise of making substantial and valuable contributions to current considerations of the most important sociological problems which beset the nation.

The belief prevails that once an I. W. W. always an I. W. W.—that the disease is incurable. Frank

THE RETURN OF AUNT BETSY

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Tannenbaum's case shows that this is not always so and that it pays to struggle with even the most intractable.

The City Obstructionists

The city government is following its traditional policy of hampering and obstructing investigations. Just as it opposed the efforts of ex-Governor Charles S. Whitman to unearth the truth last winter, so now it is doing all in its power to hinder the work of the Meyer investigating committee. Verbal protestations of a desire to cooperate are accompanied by anti-cooperative tactics. The only conclusion to be drawn is that the city has more to hide than at first seemed likely.

The request of the committee for Police Department records was evaded for three weeks, and finally granted under protest. Corporation Counsel O'Brien refused to permit witnesses to testify before subcommittees of one. Deputy Commissioner Leach refused to testify unless ordered to do so by the court. President Connolly of Queens defied the committee's right to impound documents and refused testimony.

Now comes the case of "Honest Dan" Costigan, whose help is wanted by the committee. The Acting Police Commissioner asks the Meyer committee if some one else will do in place of Costigan, as his value to the department is such that he can hardly be spared. This is the same Costigan whose services Commissioner Enright considered so lightly last year that he reduced his rank and banished him to an insignificant precinct in the suburbs.

Ex-Governor Whitman last January was compelled to threaten contempt proceedings to get the desired police assistance. Will the Meyer committee have to do the same to secure the services of "Honest Dan" Costigan?

Wine as Medicine

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: A dispatch from Washington to The Tribune to-day in regard to the bill forbidding beer as medicine states: "The redrafted measure, while placing certain restrictions around the use of wines in medicine, did not include the original provision which would have outlawed wine as a medicine along with beer."

Whatever may be ultimate design of the Volstead act in regard to outlawing wine as a medicine, this stigmatization was not contemplated in the supplementary bill for prohibition enforcement now before Congress. It was beer and beer alone which was to be outlawed by Section 2 of this act, which provides that "only spirituous and vinous liquors may be prescribed for medicinal purposes, and all permits to prescribe and all prescriptions for any other liquor shall be void."

Their Favorite Weapon

Our American Reds are not so active with the bomb as with the bombast.

The Worker's Thoughts

Dr. Rudolph Steiner's Analysis of "Class Consciousness"

[The recent article in The Tribune by Ralph Courtney on the system of state organization invented by the Hungarian reformer, Dr. Rudolph Steiner, called "The Threefold State," has evoked a number of letters from readers expressing interest in Dr. Steiner's industrial theories. A few of his thoughts on social problems are printed below. They are taken from the first chapter of the British edition of The Threefold State.]

We are faced with demands for new forms of social structure and confronted by them we become aware that the solution of these problems must be sought along paths that have not hitherto been thought of.

Old blunders will only be succeeded by endless new ones unless people make up their minds to pay proper attention to what is going on in the minds and spirits of the men of to-day.

In the earlier days of humanity's evolution the social instincts of themselves found the proper function within the community for each of the three branches of life in a way that corresponds to human nature as human nature was at that period. In the present stage of human development we are faced with the necessity of working out this differentiation by deliberate and conscious social effort.

Some people persist even now in imagining that the old state of things can be maintained against the existing demands of a large section of mankind. Such an opinion may be disregarded.

There is a phrase current among the workers that may well make a remarkable impression upon any one who can read the more deeply-seated motives of human endeavor, and that is: The modern worker has become "class conscious." He no longer obeys, to some extent instinctively and unconsciously, impulses received from classes other than his own. He recognizes himself as belonging to a class apart and is determined that the connection which practical life establishes between his own and the other classes shall be turned to account in such a way as to further his interests.

The class consciousness of the worker is stocked with ideas which owe their character to the scientific trend of modern times.

The fact that directly and clearly illumines the actual social situation is not that the worker is tied to the machine, that he is harnessed to the capitalist order of society, but that quite definite thoughts within his class consciousness have been shaped at the machine and subject to the capitalist economic system.

Whoever wants to understand the working-class movement must first and foremost know how the workingman thinks.

It is because machinery and capitalism could give the workingman nothing to fill and satisfy his soul as a human being that the working-class movement was driven to seek for its fount of in-

evolution of mankind. They see, too, that the economic system has stamped human labor power with the character of a commodity. But they do not see that it is the economic life itself which of necessity turns into a commodity everything that forms part of it. The economic life consists in the production and useful consumption of commodities. It is not possible to divest human labor power of the character of a commodity unless one finds some way of detaching it from the economic processes.

It is of no use to direct one's endeavors to reorganizing the economic processes that human labor may come into its own within the economic field. Rather we must ask: How can labor power be withdrawn from the field of economics and directed by social forces that shall divest it of the character of a commodity? The worker aims at conditions of economic life within which his labor power shall find its proper place. He does so, not seeing, that it is because of his wholesale incorporation in the economic processes that his labor bears the character of a commodity. Having to surrender his whole man himself is absorbed in them.

It is the proper nature of the economic process to endeavor to consume labor power in the most useful manner, just as it consumes commodities; and people, as if hypnotized by the power of the modern economic life, fix their eyes only on what can go on inside it. They may look forever in this direction without finding out how labor power can cease to be a commodity. For a different economic organization will only make labor power a commodity in a different way. The true aspect of the labor question as part of the whole social question will not be seen until it is recognized that within the economic life the production of commodities, the exchange of commodities and the consumption of commodities take place according to laws determined by interests whose domination must not be extended to cover human labor power.

Retired Officers' Pay

Old Army and Navy Men Receive Small Increases if Bill Passes To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A bill has been introduced in the present Congress, Senate No. 152, and House No. 3713, which is designed to give a very small increase of pay to the retired officers of the army, navy and marine corps. Many persons seem to think that an officer who has resigned from the service has retired. That is not so. Take the navy as an example. Nearly all the retired officers entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis when they were boys, have spent their entire lives in the service and are just as much in the service to-day as they ever were, subject to naval discipline and the navy regulations and to immediate orders to duty in case of war, and consequently deserve reasonable consideration at the hands of Congress.

It has been impossible for any of them to make or save any money. Throughout their active career they had to support themselves on board ship, paying for their own food and laundry, etc., furnishing their own bedding, towels, uniforms and civilian clothes, paying out of their own pockets for every bit of poor Uncle Sam's official entertaining in every quarter of the globe and supporting their wives and children on shore. To-day this tiny fraction of the community, practically all of whom could be put inside of a good-sized theater, a small body of men who have no one to champion their cause, are probably the only human beings in a nation of 105,000,000 who have not had one cent increase of income for the past thirteen years.

The retired officers of the navy are particularly hard hit, for they are forbidden by law to take a position with any company that has a government contract, thereby shutting them off from the only work that their education, training and experience fit them for (this law not applying to the army) and making life doubly hard for them. Both the War and Navy departments have asked for more commissioned officers while persistently refusing to employ retired officers in active duty. The bill now in Congress will, it is estimated, cost every one in the country between one and two cents a year; certainly nothing to worry about.

EDWARD WATSON. New York, May 29, 1921.

In Quest of an Anthem

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The letter which was published in your paper recently deploring the efforts being made to legalize "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the national anthem, has elicited many comments pro and con, but it seems that those satisfied with the anthem have advanced no substantial reasons for supporting it. Just because it has been sung for years as a national anthem is no argument in the face of progressive thinking.

We are told that America, since the war, has become the musical center of the world. Then there must certainly be sufficient talent here to produce an anthem which is wholly of American conception and expressive of the ideals and hopes which we entertain to-day. DOUGLAS WISE. New York, June 3, 1921.

Stopping at the Source

(From The Detroit Free Press) The tide of immigration might be dried up considerably merely by translating the Volstead act into the various Continental tongues and handing a copy to each person who asks for a ticket to America.

A Week of Verse

Lament of a Man for His Son

SON, my son! I will go up to the mountain; There I will light a fire for the feet of my son's spirit. And there I will lament him, Saying, Oh, my son, What is my life to me now you are departed?

Son, my son, In the dark earth We softly laid thee, In the chief's robe, In warrior's gear. Surely, there, On the Spirit Road, Thy deeds are walking.

Surely, The corn comes to the ear again.

But I, here, I am the stalk the reapers left standing.

Son, my son, What is my life to me now you are departed? —Paiute Indian Lament, translated by Mary Austin.

(The following four poems are from the first issue of Tempo, a new magazine of verse, edited and published by Oliver Jenkins, at Danvers, Mass.)

Fantasy

THE night is wearing A scarf of clouds About her dusky throat.

She is more fragrant Than the heart Of a cedar.

I tread lightly in her paths, Lest I incur her anger, And she comes stormily upon me. LE BARMON COOKE.

Invocation

I THOUGHT that beauty was forever dead, Until I saw a daffodil bloom And two bright tulips in my garden bed And silver spills beyond my little room. I thought that grief would never go from me.

Yet how wonderful are all the days; I am no longer hurt by misery But wild with joy and tremulous with praise.

O God, let not too many white stars fall, Nor let your bushes bloom in one small hour.

I could not bear the beauty of it all, For I would pause with awe before each flower And touch each blossom with my fingertips And feel the wind's first sweetness on my lips. HAROLD VINAL.

April

HYACINTHS are in the shops Where the ladies pass, Iris bloom, forget-me-not, Tangle grass.

What are all these things to me, When I long to see— Windy flowers in a wood, Iris by the sea. HAROLD VINAL.

In Memoriam

DEAR friend— And you were once All of that to me— I cannot reconcile This sudden meeting. I had hopes, Upon seeing you again After many years, That we might go Out together as of old, Converse silently With the stars, Feel friendship's expectations And say little.

But instead I find you dressed In meaningless talk Of extravagant and futile adventures Over the world. Poor dead soul, I feel at best We can only shake hands And go Our separate ways. VIRGIL GEDDES.

Karma

(From The New Republic) WHEN thou art little as I, mother, And I as old as thou, I'll feed thee on syllabub, honeycomb, And sweet milk from my cow. I'll make thee a swan's-down bed, mother; Watch over thee then, will I. And when in a far-away dream you start, My tongue shall sing, "Lullaby!" It's many, oh, many an age, mother, We have known us. But quickly now, Thou shalt be happy, grown again young. And I as old as thou.

Who?

FIRST STRANGER: Who walks on the hill? Second Stranger: I cannot see for the mist. Third Stranger: Running water I hear, Keeping lugubrious trust, With its cresses and grasses and weeds, In the white obscure light from the sky.

Second Stranger: Who walks with us on the hills? Wild Bird: Ay! . . . . . Ay! . . . . . Ay! . . . . . WALTER DE LA MARE.