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First to Last—The Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Open Diplomacy

The State Department continues to exhibit a 50 per cent loyalty to the theory of "open diplomacy." It has just made public the text of a note written by Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau under date of May 29.

Such statements whet the curiosity of American readers to know something more definite about the contents of the treaty. The German public has the full text and can follow the diplomatic exchanges intelligently.

What is the use of giving out German protests and Allied answers so long as the text on which they are based is withheld? Half-open, half-secret diplomacy of this sort is no great improvement over the old style huffer-mugger supposed to have been abolished by the Fourteen Points.

Let us either have the text of the treaty and 100 per cent "open diplomacy" or frankly revert to the old method, pigeonholing Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau's rather aggravating epistles until they are ripe for publication in some Foreign Relations Red Book of 1920 or 1921.

The Same Old Germany

Mathias Erzberger's letter, published in yesterday's Tribune, lets the world into the secret of German diplomacy at Versailles. The appeals and entreaties of Brockdorff-Rantzau, the full text of which the council of three allows to be published in Great Britain, France and the United States, are merely a reproduction of the reptilian German war propaganda.

Germany cultivated the spirit of pacifism and defeatism wherever it could be planted and nurtured in enemy soil. Her own alleged pacifists, of whom Erzberger now and then figured as one, laughed in their sleeves at the innocence of the emotionalists abroad who fell for German pacifist suggestions.

Erzberger knows what the Germans are doing. He writes: "We learn from reliable sources that pacifist propaganda will be pushed in every possible way in Entente countries, especially among demobilized soldiers.

"Johnny Overton, captain of the 1917 track team and a national figure as a middle distance champion runner, also leading his men in a palliant charge over the top at Chateau Thierry. With him died three other classmates of 17, all officers of the 6th Marines. One more classmate was wounded and another decorated for his service in the same regiment and in the same engagement."

It is a tragic loss to the country that so many of these young men have died with their lives unfulfilled. They can ill be spared. But their example should mean much to the country in the years to come; and their comrades who have been through the fire will bring an enriched and precious character to our national life.

To Erzberger's mind—and to the average German mind—the war of 1914-1918 settled nothing. It was only an incident in the secular struggle for world domination between Continental Europe (meaning a German Continental Europe) and the Anglo-Saxons of England and the United States.

This has been Germany's Canine, Erzberger says. But he predicts that she will rise above defeat, as Rome did, and in the near future will conquer France and then fight it out for world dominion with Great Britain and America.

Are these the visions of a disordered imagination? Many partisans of an easy peace—a "peace without victory"—may think so. But if they do they again misread the German character.

Germany, though weakened, still will measure the same ideas of future grandeur as she cherished before the war. The illusion of world power has sunk too deep into the Teuton consciousness to be rooted out by a single defeat.

Those who are inclined to take Brockdorff-Rantzau's protestations at face value should study Erzberger. He speaks for the real after-the-peace Germany—a people who will break the bonds of any convention they may sign at Versailles as soon as they think they have divided and demoralized their former enemies sufficiently to warrant a lifting of the mask.

The only safe guarantee of German good conduct is a strong peace, rigidly enforced. Germany is full of Erzbergers, and they all think and feel what he has fortunately been indiscreet enough to write.

The Rhine Republic

The creation of a Rhine Republic is a hint to Germany to sign the peace treaty without further haggling. Otherwise the empire established by Bismarck will crumble before the signatures of the German delegates can be affixed.

The larger part of the new state is under Allied occupation. The Berlin government therefore is powerless to suppress what it may consider as an act of rebellion. The Allies do not guarantee German sovereignty under the armistice. They can easily modify the treaty so as to recognize the existence of a self-determined Rhenish state, if they see fit to do so.

The republic proclaimed on Sunday includes the Rhine Province, formerly belonging to Prussia; the Palatinate west of the Rhine, formerly belonging to Bavaria; the grand dukedom of Hesse-Darmstadt and Prussian Hesse-Nassau. It has an area of 21,823 square miles and had in 1910 a population of 11,561,297.

The loss of the Rhine region would nearly destroy Prussia as an industrial state. Essen, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, Coblenz, Mainz and Frankfurt-on-the-Main would disappear from the German map. Prussia, mutilated on the west as well as on the east, would sink back to the status of a second rate European power.

Here is a peril more threatening than the "economic servitude" imposed by the peace treaty. Will the peace delegation at Versailles try to buy off the Rhineland revolution by signing at once?

College Men in the War

It is impressive reading, the official record of Yale's service in the war. The first complete figures of an American university's service to the country, they may well stand for that vast body of college bred heroism, graduate and undergraduate, throughout the nation, that played so large a part in leading our forces to battle. In 1860, when another danger confronted our nation, it was the college boys who were first to rally to the aid of the flag.

The totals are large and significant—8,000 Yale men in uniform; 207 dead; as many wounded, missing or prisoner; 76 decorated by the United States for gallantry; 193 decorated by other nations; 413 officers above the rank of captain. But the figures of the graduating classes of 1918 and 1919 are what stir one's thoughts.

Practically the entire membership of both classes volunteered. From the college there were 368 men of 1918 in service and 374 of 1919; from Sheffield, 235 of 1918 and 188 of 1919. Taking the college class of 1918 as an example, it yielded 1 major, 18 captains, 47 first lieutenants and 61 second lieutenants; also 51 naval officers and 1 officer of marines. Of the 207 names on Yale's roll of honor, 72, approximately one-third, were members of classes which had not yet been graduated when America declared war. Here is a casual item from the record of the class of 1917:

"Johnny Overton, captain of the 1917 track team and a national figure as a middle distance champion runner, also leading his men in a palliant charge over the top at Chateau Thierry. With him died three other classmates of 17, all officers of the 6th Marines. One more classmate was wounded and another decorated for his service in the same regiment and in the same engagement."

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larger cities, including Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, are using the summer schedule.

The Canadian railways, in order to keep their connections with lines across the border in the United States, advanced their time at 2 a. m. on March 30. Their justification was that "the use of different times on the railways operating in both countries would cause confusion that would be almost certain, sooner or later, in spite of precautions, to result in accident."

In this stand the railways were supported by the Canadian Railway War Board. But the Dominion's Board of Railway Commissioners demanded that the railways show cause for their action in disregarding the will of the people as expressed by Parliament.

Meantime, while the controversy rages between the Railway War Board, championing the cities, and the Board of Railway Commissioners, championing the rural districts, the trains are running on advanced time in both rural and urban regions.

In Canada it is a case of "Tell me who you are and I'll tell you what time it is." If a railroad man, stockbroker, soldier, sailor, traveller (rural or urban), it is 3 o'clock; if a farmer, civil service employee, government clerk, Member of Parliament, it is only 2.

The Amazons' Union

Everybody is doing it in Germany nowadays, so it is only natural for the wives of military officers to form a union of their own. They have, we are informed by the Berliner Neueste Nachrichten, the new organization bears the name "Union of the Wives of German Officers, Sanitary Officers and Military Officials," the admission of the two latter groups in itself being a sign of the democratic period, as in the bad old times no self-respecting wife of a captain of hussars would have condescended to talk to a lady linked by matrimony to a member of the highly useful but scarcely aristocratic commissariat.

Those are utterly wrong who assume that the new union aims at securing the eight-hour day for its members, with time and a half for overtime, or at the regulation of disorderly orderlies. No. Their platform is nothing if not patriotic. They demand "the creation of a German people's army, which shall include the whole strength of the nation; restoration of the military authority of officers and subalterns; creation of a state ministry to protect military interests." One clause has a touch of "industrial democracy" about it: "Officers to be discharged only under legalized regulations. Legal security for pay and pensions."

But the crowning demand is that which urges that "women also shall be conscripted for the people's army." Now, this is distinctly radical, for, with all their ultra-empowered bearing, the officers' wives were politically, as a class, most conservative. The celebrated slogan of the "three K's"—Kinder, Küche, Kirche—covered pretty fully their political and economic ideal. Times have changed, and now the officers' ladies are clamoring to annex a fourth K to their domain—Krieg.

Their rosy dreams about compulsory military service for women must have been badly shattered by the clause of the peace treaty which abolishes conscription in Germany. However, they may retain the fourth K in their programme; only, it will not stand for Krieg any more, but, instead, for Kapitulation, which, in plain American, means "husted."

The Parlous Case of the 200

Do girls swear? A reverend critic declares that they do. Out of 216 girls in a seminary which he recently visited 200 confessed as much. "Tis true 'tis true, pity 'tis 'tis true"—that is, if 'tis true. But perhaps the girls were only spoofing the inquiring gentleman.

Granted, however, that the confessions were in good faith, it would be interesting to learn to what particular kind of profanity feminine lips are addicted. There is a distinction among oaths, as among other sins. Some are regarded as venial. Thus, a learned court once decided that "damn" was not swearing. Men frequently use the word as a plain adjective. The swearing habit is open to grave objection, but few would number it with the mortal sins. Those who "curse a curse in setting down a cup, or through a banging doorpost vent an oath," may conceivably be just as guilty—nay, even more so—for this means ill temper, whereas the plain, honest expletive may be good-natured.

Some rhabdanthine moralists regard as oaths many expressions that in themselves are perfectly innocent. Thus "Goodness gracious!" or "Oh, dear me!" or "By gosh!" if traced to their origins can be included in the profane category, or an ejaculation starting in English may be softened in another language. No one would accuse a French girl of swearing if she said "Mon Dieu!" Perhaps these seminary girls had been corrupted by the study of French.

It would be a pity, of course, if young women should become as profane as many of their men friends. There was a time when women inclined to ape men—when they dressed like grooms and tried to be "horsey." But they no longer do that; they set examples, not follow them. We may be sure that the two hundred girls who confessed to swearing, if they were really serious, never use a big, big D—, or at least hardly ever.

As in Ireland?

From The Washington Post
Uncle Sam Buttinski: "In other words, I will meddle in your affairs, but you can't meddle in mine."

The Conning Tower

On Receiving a Word of Praise from a Proofreader
You who delve forever
Through printed words like mine,
And in your off-hours never
Forget the ill-phrased line:
Who hunt through miles of galley
For split infinitives,
And see if all things tally,
And if it's 'give' or 'gives';
Who seek inverted esses
With never wearying eye;
Mark "Roman" while the presser
Stand mute, but panting, by;
Who catch the slightest blunder
The best of authors make,
And calmly cast asunder
Words that refuse to break;

You can't think how I value
Your meed of unearned praise!
Will you see it "shall you?"
Ye gods! my last school days!
Account my meek obligation
My thanks for all you gave?
Don't read for punctuation,
You valiant galley slave!

This Deodar of Dilettantism has been unable, thus far, to whip itself into much enthusiasm about the pennant race in the National League, an apathy shared by seven clubs.

It has been suggested that we tear a leaf from the police book and can at least five contributions a day. Tut! We can zinc five a minute with one hand tied behind us.

The terms for Austria are one off, fifteen days.

Variety's Golden Days
Sir: Were you in Chicago as early as 1892? I was, and as a boy of eleven, used to go several times each week to hear Haverly's Minstrels at the Eden Musee on Wabash Avenue.

"I've a little sweetheart, Fanny, that's her name; We met only yesterday, tell me can you blame Me for loving an angel, with eyes as bright As fire? Some day I am going to wed Miss McIntyre."

"Little Fanny McIntyre! She's the one I most admire. Hate like jet and eyes like fire! Little Fanny McIntyre!"

Billy Rice used to parody this, and his "Little Fannie Makes Me Tired" always got a roar of laughter from the audience. Winter, appearing something embarrassed while then Winter would favor us with another, "Father, She's My Sister," which ran like this: "I'm proud that I have such a sister, and worthy to be a bride."

This spoiled an earnest young fellow to his father who stood by his side. "You say that you'd do down her if she fails to do as you say. And marry a man she despises, and cast her bright future to the winds?"

"Father, she's my sister; I care not what she's name. Father, she's my sister, and she's the only one I care for. Whether, what you say, but this I'll say to you. If you drive your daughter from your home, then I'll go, too."

"If you had your harmonica here I'd be glad to teach you the airs for the two Winter songs. I wonder if some of those old songs could not be revived? In Savannah, several weeks ago, a vaudeville team pulled that old one, "Fare Thee Well, Honey, Fare Thee Well," and it went big!"

It was, of course, Lottie Collins and not Lottie Gilson (the first time we heard her sing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and "Elsie from Chelsea" who sang "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-AY." Credit for this correction goes to A. D., E. V. G., E. S. F., Old Timer, Dick Hines, W. J. S., Senex, L. R. T., H. F., and Gwen.

Although we are, as our delight in stage reminiscence proves, a senescent person, we have not yet arrived at the outpost of senility—the time when a man wears a waistcoat, no matter what the weather is.

"What our risen populace was undoubtedly trying to do," says the Times, "was to install in the Hall of Fame a bust of Charles S. Whitman." Nonsense. It was a bust of either Malcolm D. or Stephen French.

Native sons, especially, will thrill to the advertisement of the Miller Bondoir Lamp, which is "\$5.00 in U. S. A. \$9 west of the Rockies."

The Letters of Dulcinea
Grave Dearest: I haven't written you in a month of Sundays. And I don't know where the time goes to. But so many of the boys are coming back from "over there" and their stories are simply thrilling. We can't realize that they've been through. I asked Bill, who was a Lieutenant—is that right? I'm an atrocious speller—in the Artillery if it wasn't too exciting and he said, "Bill say it was." "Were you frightened?" I asked him. "You said it," he replied. Isn't that like him?

I don't know whether we are going away for the "heated term" or not. I'd just as live stay in little old N. Y., which is a pretty good summer resort after all. I always say, Give me my comfort and I'll stand the hot weather. Besides, no matter how warm it is, if there is a breeze we get it.

Went out to New Rochelle Sunday to see the tennis. Mr. Hartman beat Frank Hunter—he married that lovely girl, you know—and it was wonderful playing. They were so well matched. It was nip and tuck, as Bill says. And Saturday I saw Miss Goss beat Mrs. Raymond at Pelham. She plays just like a man, if you know what I mean. I don't play myself—just play at it.

I'm a pig for not having written, but you know how it is. Well, over the river, DULCIE.

Some of His Former Patrons Must Have Recommended Him



A Nation Born Old

By Geoffrey Parsons

A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY CHINESE POEMS. Translated by Arthur Waley. Pp. 242. Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.00.

That completest mystery for the western world, China, will not be any less complete for this limp and beautiful rendering of Chinese lyrics. But at least here are illuminating facts of national character, of emotion, of life as living a portrait of the heart of China as can be found.

Was China ever young? Not by anything in Mr. Arthur Waley's selection of verse. A nation born old, from its cradle water than all the other children of men, too wise to fight, too wise to do anything recklessly, hoodlessly, utterly; enduring, flexible, and composed as matters unpleasant but inescapable; loving men, friends, stanchly; drinking deeply; most subtly sensitive to beauty and nature; but regarding woman quite without passion—that is the ancient character portrayed in these poems. As the great Po Chüi (772-846 A. D.) wrote on arriving at the age of sixty:

Between thirty and forty one is distracted by the Five Lusts. Between seventy and eighty one is prey to a hundred diseases. But from fifty to sixty one is free from all ills. I have, but behind me, Love and Grief; I have done with Profit and Fame. I am still short of three and decay and far from decrepit age. Strength of limb, I still possess to seek the Still my heart has split enough to listen to At leisure I can now wine and taste several drinks. I recall old poems and sing a whole volume. I should be glad for a poem and herewith I set forth my Not to complain of threescore, 'tis this that I find and prize.

That last phrase goes back to Confucius, some twelve hundred years earlier, who said that it was not until he was sixty that "his ears obeyed him." All China seems in the phrase—the amazing tolerance, the clear, limpid observation that sees the essentials of the world unmoved by passion or the fire of youth. Immagination there is, surely, of the highest quality. But it is ages apart from that smoky, blaring, wind-blown torch of Western winds. Here is Po Chüi painting a picture:

The singers have hushed the notes of clear string. The red sleeves of the dancers are motionless. Hugging his lute, the old harper of Chan looks and says as he touches the five chords. The loud notes swell and water around. "So, so," like the wind-bowing the rain. The soft notes dying almost to nothing. "Ch'ieh, oh, don't!" like the voice of ghosts talking.

New poems in the gibbous lucky song: Again better as the gibbous, ominous cry. There is a deliciously wise and gentle cynicism in Po Chüi. Later there comes more life and a quite modern note, not at all mysterious to modern Westerners. Thus, for instance, speaks Su Tung-p'o (1037-1101 A. D.) "On the Birth of His Son":

Families, when a child is born, Want to be intelligent. Through intelligence, they hope to see their sons live. Only how the baby will prove, I cannot and should not try to foresee. By becoming a Cabinet Minister, Earlier in Mr. Waley's volume, which is chronologically arranged to give a general view of the whole art, we come upon this admirable summary of the philosophy of the volume. The poet is Wang Chi, and he is writing around 700 A. D.:

"I am a pig, for not having written, but you know how it is. Well, over the river, DULCIE."

Is the bathing suit subject to the luxury tax? The laic interpretation of many of its wearers argues that they don't consider it a necessity.

It isn't the heat we mind. It's having to work in it. E. P. A.

Welcome, but No Job

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was much impressed by your letter from an overseas man which you published Saturday. I can't see particularly where a man's war record will help him to give him the sense of having done his duty.

My experience after twelve months' active service is to find my job filled by a fellow who is not married, but worked the 3-K classification stunt, which many of us were too proud to accept. I worked for the largest manufacturer of powder in the world, some time in the high explosive plant and later in one of the "American industries" which is not in any way affected by munition making. I refer to plants making the class of products such as paint, automobiles, artificial leather lacquers, etc.

After my discharge I returned to the plant from which I had been "gloriously sent away" and which still sports a star on its service flag for me. I had been sent away on "leave of absence," but no job was available when I returned. Vacancies were filled and are filled by non-service men being transferred from munition plants. We find our "leave of absence" was actually our discharge when we joined the army.

Two competitors, at least, of this big company I worked for have taken back every soldier who returned to them, yet this big company, which paid 50 per cent dividends one year and 100 per cent dividends another year, cannot better its "system" enough to reemploy the men who answered their country's call after helping earn the big dividends.

A "WELCOME HOME" BOY. Arlington, N. J., May 28, 1919.

Bolshevists or Ghoul?

(From The London Daily Chronicle)

Never before, even in the darkest days of a world which has witnessed many horrors, has there been such a blood-bath as the ghoul of twentieth century Russia has fomented. Where in past records can we find, for instance, anything to equal on a staff hidden in the pages of the British White Paper, of executions carried out while the Red army bands played "lively airs"?

The witness of such an orgy has recorded that on one occasion he was playing in the band and, as usual, all the people to be executed were brought to the edge of the grave. Their hands and feet were tied together, so that they would fall forward into the grave. They were then shot through the neck by Lettab soldiers. When the last man had been shot the grave was closed up, and on this particular occasion the bandman saw the sight moving. Not being able to stand the sight of it, he fainted, whereupon the Bolshevists seized him, saying that he was in sympathy with the prisoners. They were on the point of killing him, but other members of the band explained that he was really ill and he was then let off.

Applied Style

(From The Fortland Oregonian)

Oklahoma is putting on style. A white man has been electrocuted in the penitentiary. The old method prevails for colored folk.

Gone But Not Forgotten

(From The Dallas News)

What has become of the old-fashioned oil refiner who used to cut the price of gasoline?

Some of His Former Patrons Must Have Recommended Him

W. F. WAKEMAN.
This Deodar of Dilettantism has been unable, thus far, to whip itself into much enthusiasm about the pennant race in the National League, an apathy shared by seven clubs.