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Says General Carranza Took the Kaiser as a Model; Italian Writer Predicts Peaceful Future for Mexico

Provisional President Declared to Have Been Personally Honest but Too Ambitious

Aldo Baroni, the Italian journalist and writer of this article, has an intimate knowledge of Mexican politics and of the prominent men of that republic. Baroni accompanied Carranza when he left Saltillo, raising the banner of protest against the crime of Victoriano Huerta, and traveled in the Presidential convoy until it was disbanded at Aljibes. It was Baroni's pen that wrote the Plan of Guadalupe, which formed the basis of the great revolutionary movement of 1913; and with the same pen the members of the Constituent Assembly of Queretaro signed the Constitution of 1917, which now is the basic law of the Mexican Republic. Signor Baroni was in New York recently en route to Europe on a mission for the Mexican government.

By Aldo Baroni

IN VENUSTIANO CARRANZA'S bedroom—a room as severe and as cold as the character of its occupant—there were two striking details which confirmed the opinion I had formed of him during the early months of his campaign against Huerta in 1913—a portrait of Emperor William, the theatrical and tragic Hohenzollern, and an underlined phrase on page 58 of the last book he read before leaving his home never to return.

The work was The Life of Augustin de Iturbide, Emperor of Mexico, which lay open on the table at his bedside, with the thin light of the lamp softened by the green shade which guarded his slumbers; and the phrase, to judge by the much-thumbed appearance of the page, which evidently impressed him most was that "between the ambitious heights of the dream of empire and its realization there is nothing but the precipice of ruin."

A Dictator's Character

The location of the portrait of the woodchopper of Amerongen in the place of honor in his bedroom betokened his unyielding obstinacy of will, while the phrase quoted, doubtless read and reread in the lonely watches of the night when face to face with his conscience, clearly showed that Carranza had all the characteristics of a dictator and was resolved to achieve victory or to face death in the supreme effort of his life. This obstinacy, this ill-concealed ambition, were the forces that impelled him to the wigwam of Tlaxcalantongo, where he met his fate, as I had foreseen in what now may be called prophetic articles contributed by me to various papers in 1913 and 1915.

Venustiano Carranza undoubtedly had exceptional qualities, a distinguished figure, possessed of a refined personal sense of honor, extreme tenacity of purpose, with a profound knowledge of the psychology of his people and a feeling of respect for national dignity exalted to a degree where it became almost a menace to the material welfare of his country. But all these admirable traits were overshadowed by the glaring defect of consummate vanity which caused him to glory in the photographic reproductions in the press of the smallest incidents of his daily life. And it was this highly developed sense of personal conceit, partly hidden by the outward simplicity of a gentleman farmer, that caused him to admit to his intimate circle only those who assented to his views and pleased him with their continual flattery.

Argument a Disgrace

To argue with Carranza was to fall into disgrace. For that reason, one by one, the better element in his entourage separated from him and his government, so that, toward the end, instead of having trusted counsellors at his side, he was sur-

rounded mostly by political adventurers who subordinated national to personal interests.

There was one exception, Luis Cabrera, whose apparent geniality was merely a cloak to his bitterness of character and perversity.

Indeed, it seems incredible that with his immediate associates composed, in great part, of persons of scant intelligence and even scantier honesty, the fall of Carranza, whose personal honor was always beyond question, could have been avoided until so recent a date as that tragic May 21 of the present year.

The phenomenal Barragan might be conceivable as the henchman of a Rosas or a Melgarejo, both barbarians, but his masquerading as the counterpart of a decadent Roman emperor beside the noble figure and the superior intelligence of Carranza is unthinkable. Barragan is the handsomest man in the world, according to Blasco Ibañez, who visualized Mexico through the tales and jokes of the canteens and by piecing together fragments of stories of alleged atrocities; but that method of describing a country is merely defamatory and equivalent to furnishing a description of the United States obtained from a study of the caricatures of the press, and that is what the author of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse gave in his elementary articles on Mexico.

Author's Imagination

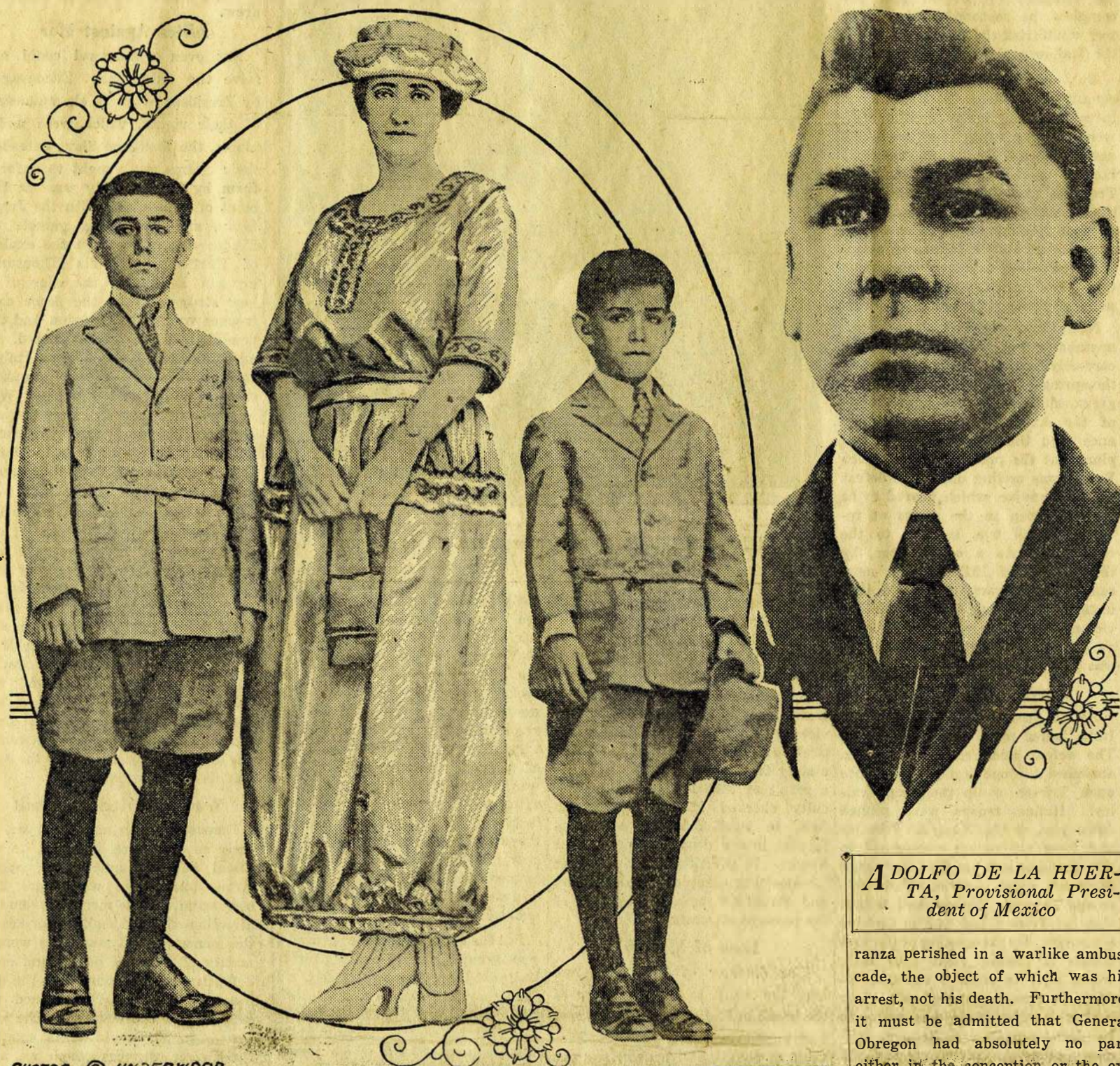
His comparison of Barragan's appearance with the classic type of *garçon coiffeur* and of the conventional vendor of "ladies' accessories" is but a flight of the author's exaggerated Southern imagination. Barragan is good looking and intelligent to a mediocre extent, for every quality in that bombastic individual, whom they call "the little President," is lamentably mediocre. How could such a youth, without morality, talent or personal worth, become the arbiter of the internal policy of Mexico, or govern Carranza so completely as to secure unlimited power and become the Mazarin of his government?

I was able, on a former occasion, to account for the exaggerated authority of Barragan during the last days of Carranza's stay at the capital. Little by little every one finally deserted the President. A most horrible loneliness surrounded the man who had reached the height of power and had controlled the most powerful army ever possessed by Mexico. Only a few followers remained at his side in those days and slept with him in the palace; and it was when I saw these last supposed loyal adherents pass by in review that I realized how imminent was the catastrophe. They reclined on the soft, velvety rugs of the dining room and on the divans of the Turkish salon.

Slept in the Palace

After 11 o'clock at night the elegant salons became transformed into dormitories and there I used to see, clad in pajamas, arranging their beds with blankets and coverings, those men who had urged Carranza to the disastrous decision of fomenting an artificial candidacy. And among these later paladins of the Carranza régime, many of whose faces bore evident traces of terror and almost all of whom had become distinguished chiefly through robbery, Barragan played on with an assumption of childlike innocence, performing the tricks of a naughty schoolboy and declaring with wonderful cynicism that it would suit him if the revolution triumphed, because then he could go and spend his millions in Paris.

He kept a daily account of the sales he effected and of sums drawn on foreign banks. In the mean time telegrams were coming in rapid succession, all exposing the terrifying



SEÑORA ADOLFO DE LA HUERTA, wife of Mexico's Provisional President, and their two children

growth of an armed rebellion; but far from being disconcerted by the increasing difficulties of the situation, Barragan continued to maintain his unseemly attitude, and on the very eve of the disastrous escape from the capital he and his cohort of elegant youths danced and drank champagne in the cabarets.

During these fatal hours Carranza and Barragan had concentrated all power between them, but as the end approached such authority as remained fell into the gloved and jeweled hands of "the little President," and whenever it was necessary for him to give a quick decision on some urgent matter he had to be sought either in the houses of his lady loves or in the places of amusement where the underworld foregathered.

No Money for His Flight

The revolution was already at the gates of the capital and arrangements for the journey to Vera Cruz completed, but "Juanito" Barragan had not yet delivered to the despairing intendente of the palace either the funds to provide food for the Presidential train or the cash or credit necessary for the intendente to purchase a loaf of bread or a can of gasoline.

The trip from Mexico to Aljibes, organized by Barragan, recalls one of those described by the eloquent pen of Suetonius, the historian of the Roman emperors of the decadence. An endless caravan, in which freely mingled, amid drunken feasting with champagne, depraved women dressed in silk and batiste and the shabbily dressed soldiery, the professional "Alphonse" and the discouraged hero. To give more color to the scene there were even two wild lions, which Colonel Cantu, consul of Lower California, had sent to the favorite, who was as powerful as a freedman under Caligula or Nero.

Carranza's Favorites

Much has been written and will yet be written about the causes which brought Carranza to ruin. For me there is only one cause: Lack of



ALDO BARONI, Italian journalist, who has an intimate knowledge of Mexican politics and prominent men of Mexico

faith in mankind and his choice of the worst of them, because they were the most flexible, and finally his allowing them to dominate him.

Under Carranza's rule the most scandalous fortunes were made, his favorites having grown rich through robbery of the coarsest kind and most injurious to the nation. This Carranza must have allowed, because it is impossible that he should have been ignorant of his favorites' intrigues, in the hope that he could thus hold them in his power and dominate them, while the result was that they became possessors of his will and blinded him by raising around him barriers which prevented him from seeing the real truth.

There in the wigwag at Tlaxcalantongo, at the approach of death, the scales must have fallen from his eyes and he must have cursed the names of those who brought him to his ruin; those who, in order to remain in power, invented "civilismo" (which might have been a good idea if it had not been presented in a form so stupidly violent that a revolution became inevitable); and foremost among the cursed ones at that tragic moment must have been Can-

ADOLFO DE LA HUERTA, Provisional President of Mexico

ranza perished in a warlike ambush, the object of which was his arrest, not his death. Furthermore, it must be admitted that General Obregon had absolutely no part either in the conception or the execution of the scheme. The secretaries who accompanied the President, Pedro Gil Farias and Gerzain Ugarte, assured me on their arrival in Mexico City that the words shouted by the assailants were "Viva Pelaez!" and "Surrender, Carranza! We promise you guaranties."

It seems strange that cries of "Surrender, Carranza!" should have been followed so swiftly by repeated shots, but these were in reality few, and were exaggerated by the terrified imagination of Carranza's attendants; and for those of us who understand the psychology of those mounted Indians, who are extremely primitive, there is no difference between words and action. At that moment, their action of shooting was automatic, something beyond their will.

Admits His Mistake

The Carranza régime having collapsed with the death of its chief, Mexico found herself face to face with terrible problems, the solution of which appeared impossible to many. The Cassandras of the political world, to whom I also belonged, believed that Gonzalism and Obregonism would immediately break out into hostilities; that Villa, thanks to this break, would recover his forces, and that the army, because there were no funds to get pay from, would disband, and thus a period of terrific chaos would commence. Such apprehensions were very reasonably founded, the result of a certain logic. But Mexico is not a logical country, and all countries formed after her pattern may and should expect the greatest surprises.

Villa Surrenders

General Gonzalez, who, according to historical precedent, should have assumed power on gaining the capital with all the forces attached to him, did nothing of the kind. When he wanted to do so weeks later it was too late; his party had fallen into decay for lack of a flag, and his greatest support, General Jacinto B. Trevino, had resolutely placed himself on the side of the constitutional government. Pancho Villa, the inaccessible, the terror of all governments, arrived one day at a village, besieged it, took possession—his object being to communicate by

Only Advisers Who Would Flatter His Vanity for Their Own Profit Were Retained

telegraph to the President of the republic his desire to retire into private life.

The exhausted treasury was regaining strength and bade fair to defray all the expenses of the budget of state. The disbanding of the army was being quietly accomplished, thousands of soldiers willingly exchanged their arms for the plow and renewed hope was stirring in Mexico. A new and unexpected position had intervened—the policy of President de la Huerta.

There is a great belief in Mexico in strong men, though strong men have been the ruin of the country. This is an unquestionable fact, and yet everybody talks of the strong man who is indispensable to the satisfactory governing of the country. The present Provisional President dispelled the legend that has existed from time immemorial and which has yielded such disastrous results. President de la Huerta did not wish to be a strong man; he had no desire to concentrate power in his own hands, nor to rule with an iron hand. He wanted to be a man with respect for law, but without harshness, and the result proved that he was right.

Huerta's Policy

There was another idea in Mexico, that in order to govern one had to be—well, to think of one thing and say another, to have a mask always over one's face and a glove over the hand of iron; in short, to be a Machiavelli and a Frederick William at once. Señor de la Huerta wished nothing of the sort. He was quite the contrary, and he won. He was sincere, cordial and generous, and to-day in Mexico, where it is so difficult to be popular in government and worse still at critical moments, public opinion is unanimous in his support.

If the government which is to succeed him will continue on the lines drawn by him, in spite of the blackest apprehensions, which are logical enough, Carranza's inheritance will not, as we feared, be such a Nessus shirt for Mexico after all. There are reasons, too, for thinking this. Indications point to the view that General Obregon will take advantage of the teaching of the last régime, and, carrying the memory of the painful experience of a tempestuous yesterday, he will direct his policy wisely toward the work of national reconstruction, which is so necessary for the restoration of the exhausted forces of the Mexican organism, whose blood has been weakened by ten years of war.

Obregon's Policy

The program of Mexico's future President may be condensed into three basic points, which are diametrically opposite to those which formed the basis of Carranza's policy: Conciliation with the interior elements, good relations with all foreign nations, particularly with the United States, and the decentralization of power.

General Obregon and his party have belied the reports which were spread by adherents of the previous régime. They were accused of being intransigent, but their deeds have shown how well they know how to conciliate all the good elements, whatever their political affiliation. They were accused of anti-Americanism, and all the manifestations given by General Obregon and his party allow the statement that in Mexico that policy has come to an end of "pin pricking," which always kept Carranza's government on the edge of an international conflict with the United States.

Must Be Friendly

Mexico cannot exist without good relations with her powerful neighbor in the North, and General Obregon is disposed to follow that policy

of friendship frankly, preserving, of course, at the same time a national dignity. Porfirio Diaz, Madero, Huerta and Carranza directed their foreign policy toward the nations of Europe or toward Japan, sometimes secretly, sometimes in a manner which showed open hostility to the United States.

Obregon, without breaking the bonds which for so long have bound Mexico with some of the nations of Europe which have large interests in that country, will foster good relations between Mexico and the Northern Republic, one of his plans being to present before the houses of Congress a treaty of friendship and commerce with the United States which will open to American industrial products a larger field for expansion in Mexico and will favor the introduction of raw materials from Mexico into North America.

The day that the two neighboring republics shall stop seeing each other as possible enemies and give up all motives for fear arising from disagreeable incidents, by means of an outspoken policy of friendship, Mexico will gain extraordinary importance as a productive nation; all her immense riches will be developed and the United States will have its most important market there.

A Democratic Policy

As for his internal policy, General Obregon is resolved to govern democratically, extending the influence of the houses of Congress.

Furthermore, those ministers, always excepting Cabrera, who under Carranza were humble stenographers charged with writing down orders, will have a larger sphere of action and greater responsibility. Instead of being phonographic disk some will be counsellors, faithful reproducers of the voice of the supreme and only chief. That chief will also undertake the tremendous and indispensable task of taking all political power from the army, thus making it solely a national instrument for the maintenance of order and national institutions.

Ever since the month of May, Mexico has shown that she can have a democratic form of government though with limited resources, having just emerged from a swift but formidable upheaval. The Mexican people wish for no more revolutions; their exhausted agriculture does not allow of the formation of rebellious nuclei. All Mexico desires peace. The government of Señor de la Huerta is the first that has witnessed the running of trains throughout the republic without armed escorts. Help must be extended and advantage taken of this kindly disposition of the Mexican people to retrace the road of normality and progress. They must not be oppressed with exactions nor thrown into despair through indifference.

Relapse Might Be Fatal

Mexico's organism is strong, of wonderful elasticity, but she has just emerged from a long and dangerous illness, and a relapse would be terrible, perhaps fatal; while with a little good will outside of her boundaries even the traces of the malady that wrecked her might disappear. Her capacity for reaction is immense. Señor de la Huerta found the treasury exhausted, and everybody predicted that his administration could not last, because there would not be enough money to pay the soldiers. As a matter of fact, not only has the army been paid, but even civil employees are receiving their full salaries to-day, a thing which has not happened during years past!

The moment is ripe for the United States and the world to witness the rebirth in a few months of that ancient Mexican prosperity which generously enriched so many foreigners. Never before has Mexico so fully deserved from her neighbors that sympathetic interest which good intentions justify. A continuance of this sympathy would be to the advantage of both Mexico and the United States, because it must be remembered that nothing is more dangerous than having a person with a serious contagious illness in the house next door.

Italy's Empty Victory

After Three Years of Desperate Struggle the Nation Has Little to Show for It

By Frank H. Simonds

OBSCURE as are many of the details of the latest Italian disorders, which have begun to draw world attention away from the Polish campaign, it is not less plain that the whole economic structure of the Italian monarchy, and its political edifice as well, is endangered by disturbances which must, at the least, recall certain details of the Russian revolution of three years ago. Nor is it reassuring to note that labor in Britain is manifesting a determination to act violently, which gives promise of acute industrial crises in the near future in the British Isles.

The case of Italy is, however, far more serious than that of Britain, because Italy has emerged from a war in which she shared the honors of the victors, but is stricken with not a few of the disabilities of the vanquished. Underlying all else in the Italian disturbance is the unmistakable fact that the war, which promised so much for Italy, has proved the gravest disappointment since the rise of the Savoy monarchy, the final circumstance of which was the entrance of Italian troops into Rome just a half century ago.

Political and Economical

Politically and economically the World War has brought to the Italian people few of the rewards which were hoped for. In a brief review of the circumstances and purposes of Italian participation in the recent struggle it may be possible to set forth the political and economic causes of the present upheaval.

Italian entrance into the World War was not, as in the case of France, Russia, Belgium and Serbia in 1914 and the United States in 1917, the result of any direct and hostile action of Germany or Austria. On the contrary, at the moment when the conflict broke Italy was allied to Austria and Germany, and when the Italian government declared its neutrality it was the policy of Germany at no time to permit any overt act on the part of the Central powers which could supply the Italians with even a pretext for taking up arms. Prince von Bülow, former Chancellor of the German Empire and unquestionably the ablest German statesman, spent months in Italy striving to persuade the Italian government to remain neutral.

Price Not Concealed

The price of Italian neutrality was not concealed from either the Germans or their foes. From Austria Italy demanded the Trentino, including Botzen and Meran and Trieste, with the surrounding Istrian regions. The demand was solidly based upon the Latin character of the inhabitants of all of the regions claimed, save the Botzen-Meran fraction of the Trentino. What Italy sought to do was to complete her unification. In 1859 she had fought Austria in alliance with France and had profited from the victory, regaining, through negotiation after victory and through the splendid audacity of Garibaldi, all of ancient Italian patrimony, save only Rome and the Province of Venetia.

In 1866 she had again fought Austria, this time in alliance with Prussia, and had acquired all of Venetia save the eastern shore of the Adriatic and the Trentino valleys north of Verona. Four years later the recall of French troops from Rome at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War had enabled Victor Emmanuel to enter the Eternal City at the head of his troops and make it his own capital.

East of the Adriatic

After 1870 there was still the eastern shore of the Adriatic, with Trieste and the various Italian settlements along the sea, many of which had been Venetian and all of which still possessed magnificent monuments of ancient Roman occupations. Between Austria and Italy the question of Trieste and the Trentino, of Italian Italy, remained unsettled, and it was

end. But there remained the question of when she should enter. Most of her politicians, like Giolitti, the heir of Crispi and a frank friend of the Germans, opposed precipitate entrance. His contention was that the war would be long and that Italy would be wiser to wait than to plunge in too promptly at the cost of prolonged effort. Given the state of Italian finances, the great expenses of the Turkish War still recent and the conquest of Tripoli still incomplete, he reasoned that a long war would risk the very stability of the Italian structure.

But, on the other hand, it was equally essential for the Italians not to wait too long. For if either side won the war while Italy was still neutral then there was an end of all hope of regaining Trieste and the Trentino, and the frank possibility, if the Austro-German alliance won, of some retaliatory attack as a consequence of Italy's failure to stand with her allies and her subsequent demand of Austrian territory as the price of bare neutrality.

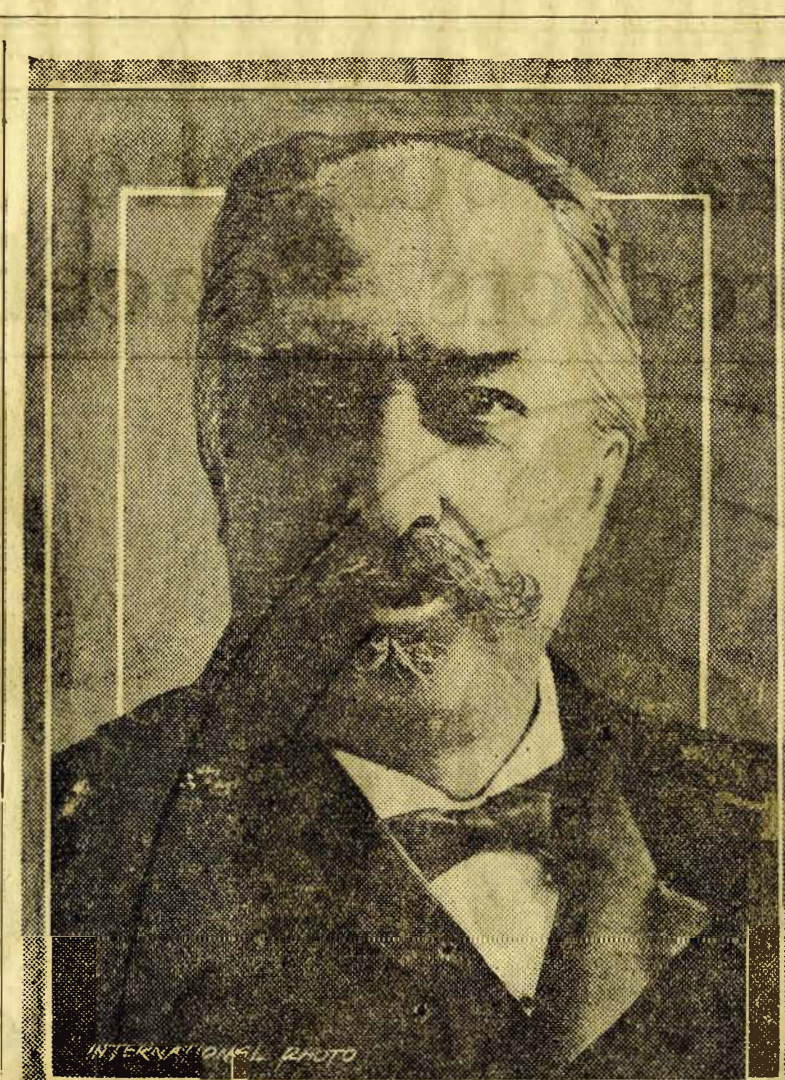
Now, in point of fact, it seems unmistakable that Italian observers incorrectly gauged the situation in the spring of 1915. They placed too great reliance upon the expectations of the Anglo-French-Russian alliance and therefore took the fatal plunge at the precise moment when Russia was reeling under the defeat at the Duna, which proved to be the first step in the series of reverses which was to lead to the revolution. As a consequence, by the summer of 1915 Italy, a newcomer in the war, discovered that instead of arriving in time for the victory march she was actually only an early arrival at a party which was just beginning.

Three Years of War

As it turned out, the war, for Italy, lasted more than three years. The defeat and retreat of Russia abolished all hope of a swift advance upon Trieste or up the Adige valley. Italian troops were pinned down just at the Austrian frontier and from the outset condemned to the glorious but not less restricted advances which carried Cadorna's troops through Gorizia and within sight of Trieste, but had no decisive character. By the opening of the first winter it became clear that Italy would have to make a supreme effort. It also became equally clear that a terrific strain was going to be placed upon the political as well as the economic framework of Italy.

In the spring of 1916, while the Germans were hammering at Verdun, the Austrians suddenly burst out of the Trentino and Italian soil was occupied. This invasion was checked, and the Brusiloff offensive promptly drew Austrian attention to the eastward, but the effect of the blow was to weaken the weight of the Italian offensive a few weeks later. Italy, having taken Gorizia, used up her resources in ammunition and in material and lacked the heavy artillery and other machinery necessary to go on.

With 1917 came the total collapse of Russia. For Italy this had fright-



PREMIER GIOLITTI, whose problem it is to meet the crisis in Italy

ful consequences. Cadorna's army fought itself forward to the Bainizza Plateau north of Gorizia, and seemed about to break through the Austrian front, but instead, German troops, released by the Russian surrender, came south and won the victory of Caporetto, which was entirely of German planning and due mainly to German contribution. As a result of this disaster, with difficulty checked at the Piave, the fight to take Trieste was transformed into a desperate defense of Venice. In addition, a wide area of Venetia was occupied by the enemy and devastated as a consequence of the passage of armies.

Loss of Morale

The disaster of Caporetto had been the result in the first place of the break in Italian morale. The war had now exceeded all the expectations of the Italian people, and the defeat of the Russians and the revolution had combined to give every promise that the war would be long, even if it were not lost. Suffering in Italy as a result of the struggle was becoming very general, and there was a strong feeling in the Peninsula that the French and the British had been responsible, in part at least, for Caporetto, because of their failure to support the Cadorna offensive with men and material at the moment when it seemed about to win a decisive victory on the Bainizza Plateau.

From Caporetto Italy rallied splendidly. The whole nation seemed sud-

denly to react, and the resistance at the Piave had something of the heroic character of the French stand at Verdun. In the summer of 1918 the final Austrian offensive was broken at the Piave; and Italy a few weeks later passed to the offensive and smashed the crumbling Austrian army forever at Veneto-Victoria. All of a sudden victory without limit was achieved, the rewards sought after too long effort appeared at last only to be asked for. Unrest there had been in Italy, sullen and ever-growing discontent, but for a moment, in November, 1918, with the success, the danger at home seemed avoided.

But the Paris Conference proved an even greater disillusionment for the Italians than the war itself. In 1915 they had signed a treaty with the French and British at London, extended by certain private understandings afterward which insured Italian possession of the Trentino to the Brenner Pass, of the Austrian shore, with Trieste, to the Julian Alps, and of all of the northern half of Dalmatia, with most of the Adriatic islands. Added to this was the promise of a wide sphere of interest in Asia Minor, including Smyrna.

Wilson Their Enemy

But no sooner had Mr. Wilson returned from his memorable visit to Italy than the Italian representative at Paris became aware that the President was to prove a determined enemy to most of their hopes. His fourteen points bore heavily upon Italian hopes and claims in the Adri-

atic. He conceded them the Trentino as they claimed it, allowed them Trieste and the Istrian peninsula, but in the matter of the Dalmatian coast, which had been promised them by the British and French, and of Fiume, which was Italian in its population, the President was obdurate. Thus Italy, far from finding herself a welcome ally at Paris, had finally to choose between withdrawal and surrender of some of her dearest projects, and, as a result, withdrew.

Allies Against Her

But even withdrawal could not solve the difficulties. Encouraged by President Wilson's championship of their rights, which were undeniable, the Southern Slavs extended their claims and sought to enforce them by arms. Italy was on the point of a new war with the Jugoslavs, and the daring gamble of d'Annunzio, modeled on the exploit of Garibaldi and his Thousand, brought Europe to the edge of a new struggle while the peace conference was still in session and the pending war as yet unliquidated. In addition, Britain and France, Italy's recent allies, far from standing with her, accepted President Wilson's decisions, advised Italy to yield and even disclosed their sympathies with the Southern Slavs in the Adriatic and with Italy's Greek rivals in the Aegean.

In sum, then, by war and by the peace which was to close the struggle in such fashion as to make war impossible for the future, Italy was placed in a position of financial weakness almost beyond hope. Her debt, heavy enough before the contest, had been expanded to colossal proportions. Her own territories had been invaded and ravaged; she had lost more than 500,000 of her best manhood; she suffered from lack of food and of fuel as a consequence of the blockade and the submarine depredations.

War's Inevitable Result

Domestic suffering, moreover, in Italy as elsewhere, had had its political and economic consequences. Even during the war there had been unmistakable menaces from the direction of the Socialists, strikes at the moment when munitions were a matter of life and death, and open defeatism at the hour when the disaster of Caporetto threatened the very life of the country. The war had brought in its train exactly those circumstances which we now recognize are inevitable if war be too long protracted and the strain upon the population is thus wellnigh intolerable.

Still, given all these circumstances, it was possible that the peace might in some measure save Italy from the evil effects of her long trial. But it was plain, even before the Paris Conference met, that the Italian phase of the peace negotiations would have to possess a brilliant character; that Orlando would have to bring home to Rome some impressive fruits of the contest, not alone peace with honor, but peace with profits which would be

There Is a Feeling That France and England Reaped Richer Rewards Than Their Ally

such as to be unmistakable to every Italian and impressive enough to stand comparison with the sacrifices of the long war.

But instead, Orlando, having long pleaded the Italian case at Paris, had finally to quit the conference and, empty-handed, return to his own country to appeal to his fellow citizens for their sanction of claims far inferior to the minimum of expectation. Italians saw Great Britain acquire practically all the German colonies, take new title to Egypt and assert unchallenged supremacy in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, as well as that of the Nile, seize the greater portion of the German merchant marine and successfully establish a claim to 25 per cent of the German indemnity.

Much Territory for France

As for France, they saw her acquire Alsace-Lorraine in Europe, together with the ownership of the Saar mines, under conditions which at least held out a promise of ultimate annexation. Moreover, to this was added the occupation of the Rhine barrier for a period of years, and the climax was capped by the Anglo-American-French treaty of insurance, which has since perished, but in the days of the conference seemed a vital fact to French and Italians alike. Outside of Europe France acquired half of Togoland, almost all of Kamerun, in Africa, and Syria and Cilicia, in Asia. As to indemnity, France established her claim to 55 per cent of Germany's total war payments.

By contrast, Italy, which had been invaded, as Britain had not, discovered that from German indemnity she was to profit by only 8 per cent, while her claims against Austria and Hungary automatically fell with the approximate destruction of these two kingdoms. If her title to Trieste and the Trentino was recognized, her claims in the Adriatic were impatiently thrust aside by President Wilson without protest by her British and French allies. Indeed, these seemed frankly to support the President in his championship of the rival claims of the Southern Slavs, who, in the case of the Croats, Slovenians and Bosnians, had been Italy's opponents on the Carso for three years of desperate fighting.

Greeks Given Precedence

In Asia Minor the Greek claim to Smyrna was held to overbear that of Italy. In Albania Greek claims were equally honored, while to American and Allied opposition to Italian purposes there was presently added the decisive circumstance of an Albanian uprising. England and France had bound themselves to make compensation if their gains in Asia or Africa were beyond the

limits reckoned in 1915 as probable but these concessions took the shape of desert tracts in the Sahara adjoining Abyssinia.

To establish their claims in Albania the Italians had to accept a new war with the Turks. To Albania meant a war on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, since whole of the inhabitants of the stormy land had taken up against Italian occupation driven the Italian troops to the coast. To realize the gains promised by the Anglo-French-Italian Treaty of London a war with the Jugoslavs was necessary, and this carried with it the perils due to American hostility, the possibility the shutting off of American loans and even of British coal. Finally, through the Near East, Italian aspirations encountered Greek opposition, and behind the Greek Smyrna, at Constantinople, even where, was the substantial form of John Bull.

Nothing to Show

Thus there was to be found no answer to the opponents of the war and the critics of the leaders of the governmental system responsible for the war in the results of the struggle. Italy had made enormous sacrifices where she had called upon swift victory and gains; she had fought on the soil where she had expected to capture Austrian provinces. She saw her allies bringing home great prizes, while not only were her gains inconsiderable by contrast, but many things promised were denied and her former associates and all appeared as her most consistent opponents in the Adriatic and the Aegean, in Albania and in Asia Minor.

Thus, in the double circumstance of war and peace must be found the underlying explanation of the present Italian crisis. There are many other causes. There was industrial and economic weakness when the war came. Italy was on just struggling to prosperity and national solvency, after escaping the frightful burdens her long slave under an alien yoke had imposed upon her. When the war broke she was least able of all the opponents of Germany to endure a long war and she has, in proportion to her resources, paid most highly and suffered most.

Paris Conference to Blame

But to understand the present Italian case one must see it within the responsibility is not merely Italian, nor are the causes purely domestic and economic. The prestige, the reputation of the existing regime has been wellnigh destroyed by the attitude of Italian allies during and since the war. She sinks now into anarchy, seems possible but by no means likely, the cause must be sought in the Conference of Paris, in the decisions of President Wilson and the actions of Clemenceau and Lloyd George, who frankly deserted Italy whenever it was a choice between offending the representative of America and abandoning the Italian ally.

Moreover, granted that Italy escapes Bolshevism, that she is able to keep her economic upheaval within the limits of sanity, there remains the unmistakable fact that the events of peace and war have alienated Italy from France and from Britain and have aroused in Italy profound resentment against the United States.

May Return to Germany

This spirit shows itself to-day in Italian recognition of the revolutionary government in Russia, in association with Britain, in opposition to all French policies, in claims whenever British and French views diverge. It may show itself to-morrow in a return to the German alliance if Germany pulls herself together and again becomes a force in Europe. For it is unmistakable that the Italians feel, as keenly as the Germans that they were betrayed in the peace settlement and, while the German emotion is without any basis in fact, it is no means as easy to dispose of Italian allegation, even if one recognizes that most of the Italian mishaps were accidental and none result of any malevolence.

And it is not the least serious factor in the European situation that three great peoples—the Russian, the German and the Italian—are this moment hostile to the system created at Paris and not unlikely the remoter future, to drift toward an association which might be perilous to the peace of the world. (Copyright, 1920, McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Laura and the Law—An Innocent Victim of Justice

By Charles Willis Thompson

"IT'S ENOUGH to make me a bad woman," she wailed as we came out of the courtroom, she clinging to my arm. "I won't be, but—I'll never feel mean toward them that are, them that I saw in the courtroom to-day."

She was a married woman in estate, a woman in years, a child in experience and view of life. Lest you think I am writing fiction, I will inform you at the outset that what I am writing happened on Thursday afternoon of last week and that if I wanted to I could give every name and address. Also, that I have no bricks to throw at any official or bureau—only at the law, and at the law in its most beneficent aspects.

This woman or girl, more girl than woman, is married and about to become a mother. Her husband is serving a sentence—what for it is of not the slightest interest to inquire. With one month cut off for good behavior he will be out in about five weeks. His wife by that time, if all goes well, will have a child three weeks old—his child, no one doubts that—she is a good girl.

She has not, however, any money wherewith to bring this child into the world or to keep it going until Mike gets through with those five weeks. She has a fine and splendid old mother, who has all she can do to get along herself. And the imminent approach of those two weeks has driven Laura nearly mad. She has been to one bureau or another, and

coherent way of talking, and her present difficulties and the peril just ahead have increased it to hysteria, so that it is no wonder the kindest official cannot make out just what is the trouble.

That is why she asked me to go along with her on the last lap of her week-old journey from court to court, bureau to bureau. It was her last chance. She had finally succeeded in pinning her hope of relief to the Domestic Relations Court, and all she could tell me about her interview there was that they had told her they could do nothing and that her only chance was to see the magistrate who had tried her husband and explain the case to him—or get some lawyer to do it, since she could never make the magistrate understand. She is clean strain American—not an immigrant—but excitement, hysteria, fear and those all-day pilgrimages and long waits had made poor Laura, never very clear-spoken, a long way from that.

She counted upon the lawyers she knew and found that she didn't know any within her means. So she came to me, who am no lawyer, but a newspaper man, and I agreed to go along as Laura's interpreter. When I found that the magistrate was Judge Cobb, a true gentleman and a kindly man, I thought my task was lightened considerably.

So it was, so far as seeing him was concerned. We waited till he had disposed of the day's cases in the Traffic Court, where he had been

2:30, but he stopped to hear what we had to say. We made it clear that poor Laura wanted something to support her while she was going through the coming ordeal. Her husband was part owner of a store and she wanted to get either some of the store's earnings or his parole until the emergency was over, when he could go back and serve the rest of his sentence. The store would be there to see that he didn't run away.

Magistrate Cobb postponed his lunch. There is something appealing about the forlornness of Laura and the pathetic childishness of her looks. He first explained to her that he couldn't do a thing. A month had been allowed Mike for good behavior and there his power stopped. Then he told us to sit down while he explored the Parole Board. Presently he came back and told us to go there ourselves. "The man there will do everything he can for you," he explained, "but I'm afraid there isn't much hope."

We didn't learn the name of the man there, and the magistrate was correct in saying that there wasn't much hope. "Your husband received a definite sentence," explained the man there, "and we have no power to parole anybody except somebody who receives an indefinite sentence, like from one to three years, or something like that. Formerly you could write 'S. O.' which meant 'subject to order', and the judge could issue an order paroling the man, but the law has changed all that."

"But my baby," broke in Laura, who was little interested in anything but the great shadow hanging over her; "you know the law can't possibly be so mean as to let me have it without any money to pay for it when my husband has money. The law is good to me, but I've seen

surely the law will be good to me, when I'm a good girl."

"The law can't get you any money if your husband was Rockefeller," said the man there. "You say he's got a store. Well, when he gets out make him pony up out of the proceeds of the store, and if he don't go to the Domestic Relations Court."

"But can't the Domestic Relations Court do anything now?" I asked, remembering that Laura had been there and had been told that it couldn't. "Can't it issue an order or get an order issued, compelling her husband's partner to pay over a small part of the proceeds to Laura every week until this thing is over?"

"It can not. She can go to that court after he gets out if he won't support her, but it can't get a cent of the money that is coming to him from that store, either for him or for her."

"But why should the law punish me?" screamed Laura. "What have I done? He's having a good enough time on the island, but why are you all so cruel to me? What I'm going through is awful!"

Her voice rose so high that it broke into convulsive gasps and disappeared. "I'm sorry, lady," said the man there. "But it's nobody's fault. He can't support you through a thing that is not his fault; and you have to go through this trouble through a thing that's not your fault. So you see the law's not to blame."

"Isn't it at least of interest to the law to prevent this girl and her child from becoming a charge on the community?" I asked.

The man there laughed. "She won't become a charge on the community," he replied, "if her husband's got that store. If the community has to pay anything out it will get it back."

"Then," I said, "her husband's partner can simply go on collecting the law's share of the store's profits and pay her out of that?"

I agreed with him internally. But Laura was a child, soon to bear an

own and investing them without giving her a dollar?"

"Not a cent," was the cheerful response. "But the next time she goes over to see her husband she can get him to give his partner an order to give her so much a week, and if her partner wants to he can do it."

Unfortunately, Laura and I both knew that partner. "Then," said I, "the situation is that if a man commits a misdemeanor his partner can temporarily appropriate his profits, and his wife must bear their child as best she can."

"We-ell," said the man there, dubiously, "she might go to the Lying-in Hospital, or the Sloane, and let them soak the husband for her care when he gets out. He'll probably be busy trying to get a straight accounting from his partner, if the partner's the kind you say, but one lawsuit more or less won't matter to him."

"Then there's no remedy for her?" I asked.

"Under the law," said the man, "none. It's unprofessional, but I don't mind saying that I'm sorry for you, lady. But you see the law wasn't built to cover cases like yours."

I didn't look at Laura, at least not more than once. The anguish on her face disturbed me too much, and with it there was a bewilderment, as if she was trying to understand something. I heard her saying in an unhuman voice—Laura's voice gets like that lately—"And why, then, is the law so good to prostitutes when it's so hard to married women?"

"That's another law," said the man there. "And maybe, if you asked the prostitutes, you'd find they didn't think the law was so good to them."

other, and I didn't feel that it was my place to give her homilies on the wisdom of the law. I wasn't so sure of it myself just then.

"Then," I said, "the judge couldn't issue any kind of order that would divert at least \$5 of that store's weekly profits to—"

"He could not," said the man; and, indeed, the judge had told us so. "Not a cent. The law's there, and there it stays. If he could do that we'd have nothing but liens on the property of convicts."

On the way up in the subway I didn't have a word to say. It was Laura who was doing all the talking and it explained that bewildered look in her face. She wasn't even talking—the sound poured forth from her in a shriek.

"But I always thought the law stood up for women, that it protected them. And it's the law, that very law, that strikes me down. It's not the judge's fault, nor the Domestic Relations, nor the Parole Board; it's the wicked, wicked law that I've always thought so good. And what am I to do when they turn me loose? Oh, I'll never say a word against prostitutes, never, never. Why must a woman starve because her husband has done something wrong? I'd never be one of them poor creatures, but I'd never again say a word against them; and it's so much worse for me than for them, and I've never done harm to anybody. And nobody's to blame; only it's the law. And I've always thought the law was for us, and in this last hour I've found it's waiting to jump down on us and do us dirt. Oh, I know the law now, and I never knew it before. I've had a reverence for it until this hour. The law—the law—I hate it! Oh, how I hate it!"

But I knew, as I said at the beginning, that since her deadly troubles began, Laura had lost some of her balance.

Oct. 3. New York.

Hyde Nex.

Harding and Coolidge have swept the country by largest popular majority ever given a national ticket. ~~their~~ ^{districts} electoral votes will probably reach 360. The tremendous majority for the national ticket in all the so-called doubtful ^{districts} has carried through the republican senatorial and congressional candidates to such an extent that the republican majority in the senate may reach eight or ten and the majority in the house be increased from about 40 which it is at present to between 75 and 100. Hardings majority in New York state may reach one million. ~~He~~ ^{Wadsworth} has apparently carried greater New York by nearly 400000. ~~senator Wadsworth~~ ^{Wadsworth} a majority will probably reach 500000. the socialist vote in New York City was greatly increased by polling 80293 votes in 1775 precincts in the City out of a total of 2733. New York is not exceptional in giving Harding a tremendous majority its majority is merely proportionate with the size of its electorate

New York Tribune.