The Evening World.

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PASSPORT COMMUTATION TICKETS.

AFTER many warnings, "passport commutation" is a fact for some New York commuters.

The New York Central and West Shore have announced that commuters must affix their photographs to monthly tickets as a means of identification.

For July this order applies to only a few of the more distant commuting towns. The expectation is that it will be extended toward the city in succeeding months.

Possibly the railroads anticipate legal tests and do not wish to cause more inconvenience than necessary in case the courts do not uphold their rights. It must be admitted that the railroads have a measure of justification for this action, due to the common practice of "scalping" and "renting" tickets sold for individual use.

Commutation service, as the railroads view it, is not the sale of a given number of rides but rather the sale of a service to an individual.

In effect, the railroad expects to collect a certain sum from a certain town for carrying a certain proportion of the residents to and from the city as often as required.

The railroad's return is measured by the number of tickets purchased. If four persons contrive to travel on three tickets the railroad's receipts are cut by the price of one ticket. If returns are unprofitable, rates are raised and all the commuters lose.

It is true that this sale-of-service idea would be more clearly defined if the railroads did not limit commuters to a maximum of sixty rides per month. And in case identification by photo is demanded it would be no more than fair for the railroad to remove this limitation, which has certainly been necessary under the ticket-renting regime.

President Harding promised a duty on lemons to front porch pilgrims from California. The Tariff Bill as introduced lays a duty of 2 cents a pound. Can the old two-or-three-for-a-nickel lemon hope to stage a come-back?

DON'T GET IN THE WAY.

IN DEBATE on the Mellon refunding plan, Democratic Senators Williams and Simmons are in far stronger position than their minority colleagues, Underwood and Reed, who oppose this grant of power.

In the light of recent events it is not for Democrats to criticise such a proposal. They have had experience. In the last Congress they saw beneficial executive negotiations held up for political purposes and to satisfy groups of voters with alien sympathies.

The same conditions will exist if Treasury agreements must be ratified by Congress. Politics and the influence of the hyphen will work for or against settlements of benefit to the United States, but which might help or injure foreign nations.

It is only human that Democrats in the House and Senate may feel like retaliating. It would be only natural for them to imitate their opponents and pay off old scores by obstructive tactics. But that is not the way to serve the Nation.

Give Mellon a free hand. Then hold him and his party to responsibility for the settlements he makes.

Bill Haywood is coming back from Russia to go to jail. "Of two evils choose the lesser?"

THE DOUGHTY DAWES.

IT WOULD be interesting to have some sort of mental-dictaphone record of what Cabinet members and bureau heads at Washington thought when Mr. Dawes talked to them Wednesday.

It would be interesting to know what President Harding and the members of Congress thought of the speech.

As Director of the Budget, Mr. Dawes has most definite and far-reaching ideas of his job. He evidently regards himself as a sort of Super-Assistant President, several degrees above Congressmen, Cabinet members and the Vice President. What Mr. Dawes says is expected to "go" when he speaks for the President.

Such comment on the Dawes idea of the job is by no means adverse criticism. It is an open and more than debatable question whether such a Super-Assistant President would not prove a highly valuable addition to our system of government.

But it may be remarked that Congress had not the slightest intention of creating such a superior position when it passed the present "pitiable" Budget Bill. Mr. Dawes is in for trouble if he tries to make the job as big as he sees it.

With absolute support from the President, Mr. Dawes might be able to do what he has started out to do. But any executive weakness will result in retaliation by the Cabinet and Congress.

OVERDUE.

IN THE direction of foreign policy, President Harding's responsibility becomes a hundredfold heavier with the passage of the peace resolution.

For he cannot leave the country guessing longer what his foreign policies are or whether he has any.

The President has openly stated that a declaration of peace cannot of itself suffice to bring this Nation into proper relations with peace.

He has insisted that treaty negotiations of a specific kind must follow the peace declaration, and he has even gone so far as to say in plain words that "the wiser course would seem to be to engage under the existing treaty."

Whether the President merely said this to test out the irreconcilables and bitter-enders in the Senate in order to get an idea how much he might have to hedge on it later, or whether he meant it as a hint of the definite course to which he is determined to adhere, remains to be seen.

It will have to be seen pretty soon, however, because the peace resolution no longer acts as a convenient object or goal just ahead, behind which the further plans and policies of the Administration—or the absence of plans and policies—can be concealed.

Is the Treaty of Versailles to be resubmitted to the United States Senate or is it not?

If not, what plan of treaty-making with the Central Powers is to be followed?

These are questions that have to be answered directly the United States—nearly thirty-two months after the firing ceased and two years after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles—becomes, by act of Congress, at peace.

The Constitution does not provide that the Senate, which advises and consents on treaties, shall also take the entire initiative in making them.

The President cannot avoid committing himself to leadership on the side of foreign affairs much longer.

WHO'LL STAGE THIS BOUT?

THE great interest—and the enormous "gate"—in the event at Jersey City this afternoon suggest another sporting championship battle which ought to be staged right here in Manhattan.

We refer to the championship of the Board of Aldermen, and suggest that this should be decided soon, the receipts going to charity.

No agreement has been reached as to who won the impromptu Falconer-Kenneally bout last Tuesday. Alderman Falconer claims that Tammany "ganged" him. Tammany says only two blows were struck, the first being Kenneally striking Falconer, the second, Falconer striking the floor.

Falconer disagrees on all points except that he struck the floor.

Why not decide the matter in regulation style, the winner to designate the charity to benefit from the receipts—including motion-picture rights? Which would profit, the Fifth Avenue Hospital or the Bowery Mission?

If a preliminary were desired it would be difficult to find a better one than a three-cornered novelty match from the Board of Estimate, featuring Hylan, Craig and La Guardia in their accustomed roles.

A NEW BLOW FOR AN OLD LIE.

AN ECHO of the campaign of 1920 is sounding. Delegates from thirty-three Governments are meeting in Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations as authorized by Article 23 of the Covenant.

This is the article which was "exposed" by Mrs. Arthur L. Livermore, a member of the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee. Mrs. Livermore asserted that a clause in the Covenant "not only recognizes and ratifies but legalizes traffic in women and children."

The "Wilson League" for the purpose of campaign propaganda was capable of anything—even partnership in the white slave traffic.

The United States as a Nation is not represented at this conference, but it is not wholely safe from baneful League influence. An officer of the Public Health Association is there. So too are representatives of Jewish and Catholic organizations for protecting women, and also the Y. W. C. A.

Of course these social workers are not going to "legalize traffic in women." Mrs. Livermore's statement was only a campaign lie, a trifle more bald and sensational than most of the other canards which the G. O. P. sponsored in the "anything-to-beat-Wilson" movement.

To keep the record straight it is worth while to recall these when their falsity is revealed.

TWICE OVERS.

"I AM sick and tired of riding down in the subway mornings with these flappers all dressed for picnics, but in reality going to business."—An Interested Father.

* * *

"MENTAL tests should be given to all children, and those who do not come up to standard should be segregated for special education which will fit them for better citizenship and also protect those of high mentality."—Dr. Rufus von Klein Smid.

The Boss Dictates an Important Letter!

By John Cassel

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From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Justice to the Incapacitated.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Stating that hundreds of diseased and disabled ex-service men will march upon the Capitol at Washington prompts this letter. That such conditions exist is entirely beyond belief, conditions where men who had been willing to lay down their lives for a country and, after making the world safe for democracy, to return and actually have to entreat the Government for more prompt relief for their wants and ailments.

The main question of the complaint is placed at the Fort McHenry Vocational School for Wounded Soldiers. The men attending these schools have made requests to be allowed to study one particular trade which is to their liking, but are often ignored and compelled to take up something else in order to accommodate the officials of the school.

I have heard of cases where men in the hospitals are being ill-treated. The fault does not come entirely through any action of the Government, but rather through the manipulation of affairs by those assuming the responsibility of running these hospitals. It is true that our Government is paying and paying dearly toward the maintenance of these hospitals and vocational schools, and nobody has the authority to retain any funds that should be rightfully spent in making the ex-service man capable of retaining his standing in the world. The fact that he is incapacitated should not convey the idea that he should be treated like a dog. It should be the duty of those officials in Washington to investigate affairs every once in a while at these various places, and ascertain whether everything is progressing. It is a sad reflection upon the heads of those in charge of bettering the conditions among soldiers, that these poor wounded have reached a stage where it becomes necessary to march to the Capitol themselves in order to see that justice is meted out and to see to it that they are not deprived of that little benevolence the Government grants them.

CHARLES WEBRER.
Ex-Service Man.

Mr. Lewisohn's Message.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The following is a message I sent to the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America, which was read at one of its recent meetings, and which I thought might be of interest to your readers:

According to the Scriptures, in the early stages most of the Jews were engaged as farmers in tilling the land and at that time distinguished themselves in this vocation. Later on, when the opportunity to work on the land was denied to the Jews in most of the countries, they turned their energies to commerce and industry, and I need not dwell on the fact that they have been most successful in that direction. The main reason for the success of the Jews as bankers and in trade has been their integrity and dependability which earned for them the confidence of the community.

During the Napoleonic wars when the German Grand Duke of Hesse left for the front and wanted to safeguard his possessions during his absence, he did not deposit his property with any large bank or bankers publicly known in the large centres, but instead chose a small banker of his country, with whom he deposited his wealth without any security. On the Grand Duke's return from the war this small country banker, whose name was Rothschild, handed him back his possessions with interest added. That was the foundation of the great wealth and standing of the Rothschild family, based on honesty and trustworthiness. I am confident that the main reason for the great success of the Jews all over the world as bankers and in industry and trade is the confidence which the Jew justly inspires.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.
No 61 Broadway, June 30, 1921.

Doc Congress, M. D.

Attention, folks of U. S. A.!
And list to what Doc Congress has to say;
For he has cured your moral ills
With A. S. L's reforming pills.

At surgery he fills the bill
By cutting out each human's will;
For we poor mortals cannot think—
Our brain is cramped from ink (red ink).

As a chiropractor he is fine.
He patteth Friend Volstead on the spine
And made of him a master mind—
The U. S. A. hath quite a find.

Optician? Surely he hath ways
To remove that morning after-haze;
Doc Congress sure is very wise.
He pulls the wool right o'er our eyes.

What cares he for physicians? Bah!
Or for materia medica?
What know these men of pill and knife
When near-beer saveth a Congress' life?

So if you folks fain would be ill.
And you have heart disease or chill,
Doc Congress you must surely try;
If he can't cure you—well, then die.

JIM LENNIE.
Richmond Hill, N. Y., June 28, 1921.

"More Fruits."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorial, "More Fruits," in Thursday's Evening World was very interesting, but not, I believe, truthful.

In mathematics we are, ostensibly, able to prove things to be true which are known to be untrue, actually basing the proof on axioms and proved theorems. But somewhere there is a fallacy. Somewhere in your proof of Prohibition's harmfulness you have made a mistake.

Take, as an example, its influence on my own neighborhood. Two saloons, formerly dealing out treacherous poisons, have become automobile agencies. Another is a bank, the encourager of thrift, which, in turn, is the forerunner of prosperity.

Drunken brawls, imperilling innocent lives, are, thank God, gone for good. Men who used to be regular customers (or, rather, victims) and who might have been called, in common language, "bums," have assumed a more decent and prosperous appearance than of old.

If the class may be judged by the individual, that is, if Prohibition is affecting all localities in a like manner, I may truly declare Prohibition the greatest blessing that ever came to the American people, and that without speaking in hyperbole.

ERWIN P. VOLLMER.
Evergreen, L. I., June 30, 1921.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake.

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BE A GOOD LOSER—BUT DON'T LOSE OFTEN.

If we all liked to lose, this would be a shiftless and an ambitionless life.

It is natural to want to win in any competition, business or athletic.

Any self-respecting man would like to feel that he can outstrip the other fellow in any race he enters.

He feels chagrined when he loses. But if he amounts to anything he does not show it.

To whine, to lose your temper, to invent excuses, to show jealousy if you lose, is poor sportsmanship and poor judgment.

You may feel badly because you have lost, and you ought to, but remember that you, and no one else, are responsible. For if the competition was one in which you had no chance of winning you shouldn't have entered it. If you did have a chance, it was your fault that you did not improve it.

Be a good loser, therefore, and generous to your opponent. But don't lose too often.

Don't be so little concerned about losing that you never try to win.

Don't feel that it makes no difference how the race goes. When it is over have a quiet little conversation with yourself, and give general instructions not to let the same thing happen again.

There is such a thing as being so good a loser that you like to lose. And there are no competitions run off in this world which you can afford to enter merely for the pleasure of letting some other man win.

You are perfectly justified in feeling bad when you have lost. You are justified in taking yourself into a corner for a lecture on the folly of losing. The continual loser will in the end have to part with his self-respect and his courage, and become a mere cumberer of the earth.

Try to win as hard as you can. If you lose next time make up your mind that you will win the next. Determine that you will win oftener than you lose and that you will win as nearly 100 per cent. as possible.

Then when you do lose, you can bear it with a better grace, for you will know that such a thing is not going to happen very frequently.

From the Wise

The body is like a piano, and happiness is like music. It is needful to have the instrument in good order.—Beecher.

All women who pine or die for want of love do so for want of something better to do.
—Jane Swisshelm.

It requires as much reflection and wisdom to know what is not to be put into a sermon as what is.
—Lord Burleigh.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.
—Montaigne.

TURNING THE PAGES

—BY—

E. W. Osborn

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ONCE on a time, once on a time,
Before the Dawn began.
There was a nymph of Dian's train
Who was beloved of Pan;
Once on a time a peasant lad
Who loved a lass at home;
Once on a time a Saxon king
Who loved a queen of Rome.

The world has but one song to sing,
And it is ever new,
The first and last of all the songs,
For it is ever true;
A little song, a tender song,
The only song it hath:
"There was a youth of Ascalon
Who loved a girl of Gath."

A thousand, thousand years have gone,
And aeons still shall pass,
Yet shall the world forever sing
Of him who loved a lass—
An olden song, a golden song,
And sing it unafraid;
"There was a youth, once on a time,
Who dearly loved a maid."

Stanzas of "Once on a Time," from "The Phantom Company" (The Book Fellows, Chicago), by Kendall Banning. Telling self-singingly how once on a time is all the time.

* * *

"The Mother as a Vamp." . . .

Dr. David Martin talks to Doris, in "The Shield of Silence," (Doubleday-Page), a novel by Harrit T. Comstock:

"The majority of mothers are vamps. They think they have a strangle hold on their offspring; a right to mould or bully them out of shape. The best school I know is run by a woman who says it takes her a year to shake off the average mother; after that the child becomes an individual and you can get a line on it."

"That's startling. It's hard, too, on mothers."

"Oh! I don't know. I often think if mothers could be friends to their children, real friends, I mean, and not to claim what no human being has a right to claim from another, they'd reap a finer reward. I'd hate to love a person from duty. The fifth commandment is the only one with a promise. It needs it!"

Blessed is the mother who, in bringing up her own children, remembers that she was some time no more than somebody's daughter.

* * *

History Versus the Mighty "If." . . .

Gilbert K. Chesterton, from his Illustrated London News page, looks out on this world of wars:

Some Englishmen were fond of saying that America was three years late in joining the struggle against Prussia.

I wonder how many years late England was in joining the same just and necessary struggle.

If England had resisted Prussia just before Sedan, or even just after Sedan, there would probably have been no Great War.

If England had resisted Prussia before Sadowa, or even after Sadowa, there would probably have been no Sedan.

If England had resisted Prussia in the disgraceful affair of the Danish provinces, there would have been no Sadowa, and no alliance of the two huge Central Empires to overshadow the world.

If England and everybody else had protested against the partition of Poland, there would probably have been no Prussia.

There would have been no Prussianism, no pessimism, no militarism, no crushing load of debt and conscription, no panic of increasing armaments.

Behold what a burning up of history in the making a little "if" spark here and there might have kindled!

* * *

His Heaven and His Dog. . . .

J. Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard, was a writer, too. From his "Beast and Man in India," reissued after many years, this passage is taken:

The ingenious Mr. Pope has a much-quoted passage about the poor Indian whose untutored mind leads him to hope that when admitted to the equal sky of heaven his faithful dog may bear him company.

But ages before Mr. Pope lisped in numbers, and indeed before America was discovered, Asiatic poetry had created the hero Yudhishthira, who refused to enter heaven at all unless his dog might accompany him.

Doubtless it will be revealed in time that the legendry of dog-love began at least as soon as the dog-star took up celestial chorus work with his fellows.

* * *

Stopper for a Subway. . . .

William Butler Yeats, writing in The Dial, recalls:

"If you must have a railway the best thing you can do with it is to put it in a tube with a cork at each end," was Carlyle's reply to Ruskin's criticism of subways.

It would be interesting to observe the initial velocity of those corks under pressure of a New York rush hour.

* * *

Hours and the Work to Do. . . .

In Eden Phillpott's new novel, "Orphan Dinah" (Macmillan), Joe Stockman, master farmer, argues an economic case thus:

"As to hours, what I say is that in private service—for that is how, you must look at yourselves with me—hours are beside the question.

"Here's the work and the work must be done; and some days it's done inside seven hours, I shouldn't wonder, and some days it's not done inside eight. But only the small mind shapes and snarls for a regulation hour, and it is one of the most mean things to a man like me, who never thought of hours, but only the work, that poor spirits here and there be jealous of the clock and down tools just because of the time of the day.

"For look at it. We ain't all built on the same pattern, and one man can do this sort of work an hour a day quicker than he can. So I'm for no silly rules, but just give and take to get the work done."

Joe's acres are in Dartmoor, where the fogs are.

"Eight hours' sleep, eight hours' work and eight hours' play"—

Are these to the Stockman philosophy matters like mists to be blown out to the waiting sea?

In any event, Joe is likely to be against Daylight Saving.