

The Evening World.

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EASY TERMS TO THE TURK.

THE reported attitude of the Constantinople representative of the Nationalist Turks toward the Allies' offer is not reassuring. Only an authoritative statement from Kemal himself, however, can show whether he is rash enough to reject the amazingly liberal terms which hand Thrace and ultimately Constantinople back to Turkey, reserving only the freedom of the Dardanelles under League of Nations protection.

Sinister meaning can be found in hints that Kemal can no longer hold his men in check, and that fanatic Turkish troops are clamoring to be led on a broader path of conquest and massacre for the glory of the Prophet.

If Kemal seeks a pretext for refusing the concessions offered him, he may find it convenient to point to a militant Islam aroused beyond control—with the zeal of 200,000,000 more Mohammedans burning in the background.

The consciousness of that background has unquestionably played its part in persuading Europe to let the Turk come back into his old corner.

Nothing else could explain the willingness of a war-weary Christendom to listen to the claims of a Turkish conqueror who advances with the usual accompaniments of fire and slaughter.

It is too late to talk of reducing Turkish arrogance. The arrogance is there, born of victory in a struggle which Allied statecraft permitted.

Mustapha Kemal undoubtedly fights with his brain. He has no wish to pay too heavily for what he can have for nothing.

But the Turk in the mass, once started, fights with his fanatical soul and inflames the ambition of his leaders.

There is the danger. There is the peril that has to be carefully appraised and circumvented if the Near East is to be spared worse horrors of bloodshed.

From the frequent reiterations of friendship and esteem in the Hylan-to-Hearst correspondence one might almost suppose that some one doubted the Mayor's fervent fidelity. But not even the traction-controlled press has ever denied this. Gamblers would bet on it as a sure thing.

FOR CLEAN COLLEGE GAMES.

IT is gratifying to note that the movement of the Athletics Committees of Harvard, Yale and Princeton to assure a sportsmanlike cleanness in the field of collegiate games did not end with the inquiries and agitations of last year.

The approach of the new season in student sports finds the men of the "Big Three" still on the alert, ready so to safeguard the college enterprises in athletics that neither the suspicion nor even the fear may exist of professionalism on field or track, or of the resort to unseemly methods in inducing strong men to enter one or another aspiring institution.

To prevent as far as may be the usurpation by college sports of the place in student interest that should belong to the classes, the new rules limit the period of football practice and forbid long and expensive trips by college teams.

There may be some sacrifice of "pride of the school" in adherence to anti-travel rule. It will be in a cause perfectly good.

Paris can console itself to-day with the old Roman saying: "Always something new out of Africa."

MENACE OF THE "DRY" NAVY.

IT is the way and perhaps one of the weaknesses of the American people to turn into a jest some affair of public interest which may in its final significance constitute either a menace or a source of real oppression.

So there has been a disposition to take the matter of the so-called Prohibition navy as a thing after the comic-opera pattern, to be dealt with by the laughter of all landlubbers.

News of the plans and purposes of the "dry" fleet assumed in yesterday's columns a gravity which may cause even the jesters to pause and ask questions.

From COMMISSIONER HAYNES at Washington came the dictum that the protests of foreign powers over the seizure of boats carrying their flags are not being considered at this time. The thing is to sweep the seas dry.

Locally, speaking for fleet operations in the

New York vicinity, John D. Appleby, director of the crusade by water, tells how commanders of rum-chasers have been ordered to fire on rum-laden vessels that resist arrest. And under three orders it is not the legal three-mile limit that is to be reckoned with, but the assumed twelve-mile limit.

It is not comic-opera war that looms as a possibility under such reckless disregard for international law and custom. The Haynes argument that the instructions from his office are "based upon American laws" is but a return to the old bluff-and-bluster policy that made us a fit target for Old World shafts in the days of Dickens.

We know that the Anti-Saloonists control by right of their eminent domain the business of making American laws for home consumption. Has our governmental system fallen so far off that there is no longer a power in White House or Cabinet to help us through the delicate turns of international comity?

OFF CENTRE.

FROM the particular Federal Judge to whom he applied for it Attorney General Daugherty has obtained the extension of his Nation-wide injunction against officials of the Federated Railway Shop Crafts.

"A clear-cut victory for the Government," the Attorney General calls it.

It is a victory in which the country can find little to celebrate.

At a moment when labor supply and demand, public opinion and reflection on both sides were tapering off the rail strike, Mr. Daugherty tried to repair the damaged prestige of the Administration by an act of monumental clumsiness.

A Federal proclamation warning strikers and their unions that interference with interstate commerce would be speedily dealt with by due process of law could have been made impressive enough to meet all needs.

But no. The Attorney General had to seek a court injunction of a kind calculated to embitter not only railroad labor but every other class of organized labor in the country.

The consequences of the Daugherty injunction have gone deplorably deep.

They have created a reaction in which the slowly emerging claims of the public to protection from strike methods that cripple transportation and paralyze industry are pushed back again and lost sight of.

The injustice of government by injunction overshadows the injustice of making innocent millions suffer for every row between workers and employers in basic industries.

Just outcry against trying to make men work against their will drowns out the other question, what limits of persuasion strikers can be permitted to use on other men—not always strikebreakers—who take their jobs.

There even seemed some hope of progress toward persuading organized labor that there may be a better, cheaper kind of fighting than the kind that cuts off wages and halts production.

But what becomes of that hope when a heavy-handed Attorney General doubles a Federal fist and puts every organized worker back into an attitude of old-time defiance?

Because Daugherty played the fool, we must turn back to uphold labor in its rights under the old style of fighting instead of urging it forward to a new and better arena.

That's where—thanks to Daugherty—we are now badly off centre.

Most Americans hope that Sir Thomas Lipton will be able to achieve his ambition of winning the America's Cup—if not in 1924, then later. Sir Thomas has succeeded beyond any one else in crossing the Bulwark and the Shamrock, retaining the good qualities of each.

ACHES AND PAINS

The dreariest spot in New York is Franklin Square, surrounded by the Police Gazette and Harper's and capped by the "L" road. Yet it harbors one green spot, a tub on the roof of the "L" station, in which flourishes a bank of ferns. The greenery is visible only to trolley passengers on the bridge.

Kemal Pasha is the warrior who defended the straits at Gallipoli during the World War. Nobody got by him, so he is used to the job.

It takes a fast ship to beat a tariff.

Congress has gone home. If it could only stay there!

More time now for snoring and less for golf.

Women can now use foreign Counts and still wear the proud title of American.

Writing in the current North American Review, Capt. J. M. Scammell insists that chemical warfare should be the rule of the future and that gas is much the most merciful and effective weapon for ending wars. We should suggest laughing gas for ours.

The plan to give the Pope an aeroplane seems like an airy project.



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives 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 few words. Take time to be brief.

Music Spoilers at the Movies.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Excellent music is a feature of the programmes in some moving picture theatres.

Part of the audience talks steadily through the orchestra selections, while others are trying to listen. The talkers wouldn't do this at a concert. Why do they do it at the movies? Is there no way to induce them to be silent during the few minutes an orchestra or solo number lasts?

MUSIC LOVER.
 New York, Sept. 20, 1922.

What Became of It?
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 The report in The Evening World of 15,863 arrests and the confiscation of \$15,000,000 in booze, etc., under the Mulan-Gage act has started all kinds of arguments in our household.

Is there any way to get the details and to determine how much, if any, of this huge bunch of booze was drunk in the station houses?
 Is it humanly possible for the police to handle such a huge amount of booze and not take a few bottles home "to keep in the house in case of sickness?"
 GEO. CULVEIER.
 New York, Sept. 19, 1922.

Hates Daylight Saving.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 The people in New York were happy going to business this morning. This daylight saving is over with. To-morrow night we can put our clocks back one hour once more.

"Thank God, as we are all sick of it. No sleep all summer on account of daylight saving, no evenings, only going to bed with the chickens. No one did that when we retired by our standard time. No one wished to go to bed by daylight saving time. It was enough for us to plant getting up so early in the morning and going to business. No time to eat any breakfast, no time to go to church, as we had to have some sleep Sunday and not get up to hustle to church. Some kept away from churches.

We are so glad it is over and trust we will have no more of this crazy time. We are most all home with nervous breakdowns from it.

There is no reason why we cannot have one thing right, and that is our right time. Leave the clocks alone.
 E. H.
 New York City, Sept. 22, 1922.

The Bootlegger Flourishes.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I read a letter in The Evening World written by John Lynch, stating that the public is not in favor of Prohibition. Whether or not the reformers want to believe this, it is true.

My business takes me to every city.

Take Advantage of It.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In West Virginia many a child has not attended school until it has reached the age of ten or over. The smartest boy there graduated at the age of seventeen. The size of the schoolhouse is about 75 feet long, 50 feet wide and 20 feet high. It has a stove in the corner of the room and the children must go to the mines to get some coal to keep the classroom warm in winter.

The ordinary boy or city girl who goes to school in the city never stops to think how convenient the Board of Education has made it for him.

Those who take advantage of an education such as ours are wise. Others are not.
 GEORGE VARZA.
 New York, Sept. 22, 1922.

"Will They Like What I Brought Home?"
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 By John Cassel

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake
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SLIPPERY BRAKES.

Danger signals often appear suddenly. A car sweeps round a corner. Its driver sees a closed railroad crossing ahead.

If his brakes are good he stops. If they are not there is likely to be trouble. A man who has overreared or drunk more than his good for him applies for life insurance.

He is examined very carefully by the company's physician. A week of anxiety elapses. Then he is told that his application has been denied.

He goes to his own doctor to find out what is to be done. He is told to go on a diet and to stop drinking. If his will power is good he does it. If his will power is weak he hasn't the ability to do it. And in a year or two his friends are sending flowers to the house.

Danger signals are strung along the road of life. Some of them may be seen a long way ahead. Others are not observable till one almost stumbles on them.

In such cases the brakes must not be slippery. A controlled will is the best brake—the only one that is part of the equipment of the human machine.

To stop doing things that are hurtful is often very difficult. Especially is it hard to stop suddenly.

Yet there are occasions when it must be done, if the owner of the will desires to remain longer on this planet. It is a custom for many people to seek to put their brakes in trim at the first of every year by making resolutions.

Few of the brakes stand the test, which in itself is a danger signal. Wills long neglected are apt to become wobbly, but they can be repaired and put in condition, even when they have failed to function almost altogether.

Violent applications are of course only for emergency. Smooth running, either in motors or on the roads of life, depends on rare and easy brake application.

But the brakes must be there and ready for use, and the driver must know how to use them instantly if necessary. More people die from weak wills than from most other causes.

The good brake will dodge disease and trouble and worry, and cheapen life insurance. It is a good thing to keep it in shape.

WHOSE BIRTHDAY!

SEPTEMBER 25 — JOHN MARSHALL, eminent American jurist, was born in Germantown, Va., Sept. 25, 1755, and died July 6, 1835. After completing an elementary education he began the study of law, only to give this up in order to enter the Revolutionary forces. He served under his father, Col. Marshall, from 1778 to 1779, taking part in the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth and sev-

Romances of Industry
 By Winthrop Bidde.
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XLV.—JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S PACIFIC ADVENTURE.

In the period when missionaries, trappers and fur merchants were exploring the Northwest, a German immigrant known to fame as John Jacob Astor essayed to play a part in the great game of empire which was being developed by such institutions as the Hudson's Bay Company, and its healthy rival, the Northwest Fur Company.

Astor came to New York in 1783 to engage in the fur trade. He formed the American Fur Company, which carried on a flourishing business in the Upper Mississippi country and on Lake Superior. In 1810, however, Astor began the search for new worlds to conquer.

He organized the Pacific Fur Company—doubtless attracted by the achievements of the Russian trappers and adventurers who were doing a get-rich-quick business in sea otter pelts in the Northern Pacific archipelago.

Astor, as chief executive of the company, sent out two expeditions, one by land and the other by the ocean route, to establish a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River. After a six-months' voyage from New York, the sea expedition arrived at the mouth of the Columbia and there established the town of Astoria.

After a long trip over the Lewis and Clark route that wrote a new epic into the record of American exploration, the land expedition, under the command of Wilson P. Hunt of Trenton, N. J., one of the partners in the company, joined the argonauts in the new settlement.

In addition to Astoria, the company established another post on the Upper Columbia. Things were going well at the outset when Astor was betrayed by some of his partners.

Some of his trusted men on the Pacific Coast sold both posts to one of his rivals, the Northwest Fur Company. Then the War of 1812 broke out, and the British seized Astoria.

After the war the status of what is now the State of Oregon was left undetermined, pending negotiations, for ten years. During that period, Oregon was a No Man's Land, in which both British and Americans were left largely to their own respective devices.

John Jacob Astor abandoned the enterprise as a proposition that did not pay. But he gave a powerful impetus to American enterprise in the Pacific Northwest.

Astoria marks the spot where the extreme East first began to develop the extreme West on an organized scale. His faith in the Pacific Northwest as a land of American destiny is justified by the Northwest Fur Company. The Columbia River country has made under the American flag since the failure of the dream which the German immigrant dreamed.

Vanishing American Birds

IN THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS

As you speed through the Hackensack Meadows in a railroad car, you hardly realize that that stretch of apparently useless country is a bird paradise. Especially in August when the wild rice begins to ripen, the meadows are alive with Florida gallinules, pied-billed grebes, bobolinks, sora rolls and a swarming population of other birds.

The friendly bobolink, owing to a change of color in the midsummer period, is called a "reed-bird," and during that period is exterminated by the thousand under the New Jersey game laws even by hunters who would scorn to shoot a bobolink.

Soon railroads and factories will drive away the dwindling bird population from the Hackensack Meadows. Then the glimpse of them afforded by a remarkable exhibit at the Hackensack Meadow bird life in the habitude group of the American Natural History Museum will be a valuable reminder of a time when the region was a bird paradise.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WORD?

215—MANUSCRIPT.

The continued use of the word manuscript to designate an article that is no longer strictly speaking a manuscript in an excellent illustration of the survival of words.

A manuscript, of course, is something written by hand (from "manu," hand, and "scriptus," written). Now very few "manuscripts" nowadays are written by hand. By far the great majority are written by the linear descendants of the first typewriter invented by the late Mr. Sholes.

And yet we merrily go on using "manuscript" to designate something written, not by hand but by a machine. There is a demand in the English language for a word like "typoscript."

"That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick
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"Four-eyed George" was a by-name conferred on George Meade, the victor of Gettysburg, Pa., on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, by his soldiers, a jocular allusion to the fact that he wore spectacles.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) stated that it was the opinion of certain wit-tors that the brain is filled with little maggots and that thought is produced by their biting the nerves. This may explain the rather rough inquiry, said in jest, among people south of Mason and Dixon's line of "What's biting you?"

JOHN KEITE.