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

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The Great Fact

Senator Brandegee having asked the important question as to what has become of the French treaty, a resolution is before the Senate requesting the President to submit it, if such action is deemed compatible with the public interest.

Article IV of the instrument provides for its transmittal with the peace treaty with Germany and implies that the two documents are to be considered together. Here is the language:

"The present treaty will be submitted to the Senate of the United States at the same time as the Treaty of Versailles is submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent to ratification."

But after a month the plain pledge is still ignored. In Great Britain the House of Commons considered and ratified the two treaties as one transaction, but here there is a seeming purpose to separate them. Why?

The French treaty is of the highest import. This may not now be clear to all, for subtle attempts to confuse are still made as to this and to other features of the Paris settlement; but common sense and clear vision will ultimately brush aside the evasion.

To call the French treaty the heart of the league of nations is not going too far. It is the pillar that supports future peace. It is a framework without which the spineless vines of the covenant will have little to which to cling and grow.

How strong is the hope of future peace? Obviously no stronger than the mutual trust and confidence among the United States, France and Great Britain. If there is not a union by them there is no league of nations in any real sense. The adhesion of other nations is desirable, but the adhesion of each of these three nations is indispensable.

This is a Great Fact contrived by no nation. It simply is. It has grown out of events. You may not like the condition, but neither your favor nor disfavor has any bearing on its existence. Deny it, but there it stands, just the same.

A hundred circumstances attest the Great Fact. Suppose to-morrow information comes that harmony among the three is gone; suppose any one of them commits itself to building up an international party aimed at either or both the others; the weak bonds of the covenant would dissolve. The peace palace at Geneva would become as melancholy a structure as the peace palace at The Hague.

What was the inner significance of Fiume? That Italy might leave the fellowship and be forced to seek new allies. What was the bottom reason for yielding to Japan with respect to Shantung? The apprehension that otherwise Japan might ultimately join a coalition commanding the regions beyond the Rhine and the Alps. This possibility sent a shiver through the American delegation. Its members plead the possibility as excuse for complaisance to minor wrong.

The French treaty is no supplement to the covenant. It is the backbone of any conceivable league of peace. A man who opposes or palters with an agreement for the concert of the three may think he is a peace leaguer, but he isn't.

The President and the members of the peace delegation remaining at Paris and the Americans who have been led to give serious study to the international situation may be presumed to be fully aware of the Great Fact. Why are not the people told the plain truth plainly? Why was it announced from the White House yesterday that, in contempt of an agreement, the treaty would be withheld until there was a completion of the proposed "swing around the circle"?

A Footnote to Ford

In the Ford examination the witness replied to a question, "If I wanted to know about it I would hire a man to tell me in five minutes"; and again, "The only way I can do anything is by hiring a good expert."

It is difficult to imagine anything which more compactly sets out the state of mind which has made the rich man offensive and caused money to be rated as the root of evil. Ford has not seemed to be specially obnoxious—is considered by some to be a bungling sort of idealist. But here he is blatantly revealing that at bottom his philosophy is that of a gross materialist. Everything is for sale; you can buy anything; if you have money enough you do not need to know anything; the sin of Simon Magus—simony in its naked form.

The degree to which this pocketbook master has been infected is indicated by the circumstance that he spoke spontaneously. He had no idea that he was revealing anything to his discredit. He took it as a matter of course that one needs but to press a golden button to be served as were Oriental despots who summoned genii by rubbing a ring or a lamp.

Voices From the Sand

Our neighbors *The Post*, *The Times* and *The World* will scarcely contend that they are entitled to Distinguished Service medals for the candor they have displayed in discussing Mr. Taft's letter in support of covenant reservations.

A reader of *The Post*, if he confined himself to its editorial page, would scarcely gather that Mr. Taft has committed himself to the reservation plan and has set out a series which goes further than the set sketched by Mr. Root. Nor would he learn that Mr. Taft has declared that in so far as partisanship has been injected into the discussion the responsibility obviously rests with the President. And, more vital still, he would not know that Mr. Taft has committed himself to the doctrines that reservations are not inconsistent with ratification, with a consequent saving of both the peace treaty and of what is good in the covenant, and that there is no fear that other countries will so object to our reservations as to call for a reassembling of the peace conference.

The Times, similarly incomplete in its review, is at great pains to avoid mention of the salient and the significant. It so dwells on Mr. Taft's personal willingness to vote for the covenant as it stands as to have no space to note that for good and sufficient reasons he favors reservations, and thus has come over to the view that controls the majority of the Senate. It has nothing better to offer than to threaten that if the President does not find the reservations agreeable he will resist them and refuse to forward a treaty so ratified. The President has, of course, a legal right to pigeonhole treaty and covenant at any stage. But will he exercise the right? Will he assume the responsibility of prolonging the period of nominal war? He won't. The menace is of a heat lightning kind—there is no thunder in it. It represents no more than a fumbling attempt at a countering blow, with about as much vitality in it as was in Willard's fannings in Dempsey's direction after that disastrous first round smash.

The World can apparently discover nothing better than to relapse into its steady practice of abusing the Senate. But there is little heart or vigor in the renewed lambasting. Between the lines it is possible to read deep resentment because Mr. Taft is no longer willing to countenance the enterprise of deceiving the American people; but until a sign comes from Washington prudence dictates that Mr. Taft's apostasy be treated tenderly.

Mr. Taft has pulled the underpinning from under an edifice of artificiality on which much labor has been vainly expended. He has done this because he has a yearning for candor—because to the extremes of his personal periphery he has a mastering dislike of sham. He perceives the nonsense of much that has been said against the covenant, but he also sees the sense of many criticisms and the nonsense of the campaign of trying to hurrah and browbeat the agreement through without safeguards.

New York's Outpost Post

The Federal Shipping Board has revived the long dormant project for a great ocean terminal at the eastern extremity of Long Island. The board has planned the construction of two mammoth liners, exceeding the Leviathan in size and capable of making thirty knots an hour. If these ships are commercially successful still larger ones will be built. The board's problem will then be to operate them under conditions which will be most helpful in reducing the time of the ocean voyage.

Liners bigger than the Leviathan find New York Harbor hard to get into and get out of. A good many hours are eaten up between Ambrose Channel and the piers. The ideal point of entry and departure would be a deep, uncrowded harbor at a point east of the city, but within convenient reach of it by railroad. Fort Pond Bay fills the physical requirements. It is also 118 miles nearer England than is Ambrose Channel. A reduction of the transatlantic trip by at least four hours is therefore indicated for vessels which can negotiate the Ambrose Channel. The increased speed of leviathans of too great draught to enter here would cut the journey still further.

Speed in passage is now more than ever a desideratum for ocean liners. And the bigger the liner the greater the safety and comfort of the passengers. The New York oceangoing public has been somewhat spoiled by having liners anchor at piers in the very heart of the city. New Yorkers of the old school would have grumbled at the idea of going all the way to Staten Island or South Brooklyn to take passage for Europe. Bremen and Hamburg are ocean terminals connected by rail with the downstream ports at which ocean liners actually tie up. London sends ocean travellers by rail to Southampton or Liverpool.

The idea of a two or three hour railroad journey, which will shorten the sea voyage, suggests no inconvenience to Europeans. The journey to Fort Pond Bay would soon become a trivial incident to Americans.

Ten or twenty years ago an eastern Long Island terminal seemed an extravagance. With the new type of passenger liner it may be an economic necessity. The wide expanse of the Atlantic is being conquered. A four-day schedule across is one of the probabilities of the near future.

Mr. Wells, Cockney

The cosmic personality of Mr. Wells is one of the most difficult of existing facts to describe, judging by the failure of those who have attempted the feat. We have heard accounts of his all-dominating presence at a British country-house party, wherein his casual talk and undistinguished front—undistinguished by the conventional standards—silenced Cabinet ministers and archbishops and what-not else. Yet when pressed for details no one can explain. The explanation is sheer mind, one infers; but of any vivid sense of the precise personality of mind or voice or manner witnesses say nothing. One is left in the presence of a large mystery as to how one medium-sized, blond, gentle, husky Englishman of unimpressive look can irresistibly and without effort overwhelm his betters.

Not because it explains this mystery—it rather deepens it—but because it offers the most living picture of the great H. G. we have seen, we like an article in *The New Witness*, by Edwin Pugh, an English novelist. His first meeting with Wells, then but thirty and with his first book just out, is the starting point. A smiling man, with puckered eyelids and teeth cheerfully displayed; voice rather high-pitched, yet faintly husky—these were the first observations. After which Mr. Pugh records these more detailed features, ending in a central clew well worth the stressing:

"There were, however, minor details to observe—a suggestion of thin, rickety youthfulness about his figure, though he was then past thirty; a fair, ragged mustache, a tiny sprout of darker whisker hardly extending to the lobe of his ear, and, I should say, virginal; a small, fleshy chin, plumpish cheeks, and a hint of delicate bloominess in the texture of his skin that seemed to bespeak either convalescence or chronic ill-health. With his hat on he might have passed for a small tradesman or a miraculously well dressed peasant. There was certainly nothing distinguished or distinguishing in that outdoor aspect of the famous H. G. Wells. Only his voice was peculiar to himself, and rendered all the more peculiar to my sensitive cockney ear by the ghost of a cockney accent."

Where did the great H. G. get this faint overtone of cockneyism? It is as much a mystery to Mr. Pugh as to any one. The son of Joseph Wells, gardener and professional cricketer, Mr. Pugh understood his new friend to be, and educated as a child at a private school in Kent. Where did the cockney trace come in?

It is not for Americans to attempt to judge such subtle British qualities. But we think it will be the testimony of many Americans that their love for Mr. Wells is very largely dependent upon just the quality which we roughly class as cockney. Mr. Polly, for instance. In all of Mr. Wells's best writing of pure fiction—where the sermon does not run away with the fun—there is a quality of human, confidential flatness, a sort of quick, knowing eagerness toward everything human and living (providing it is simple and really alive), that is surely pavement bred, and equally surely creates the highest art from Mr. Wells's versatile pen.

Boston is a state of mind, we say in America. And may not cockneyism be equally a question of soul? Might not H. G. have been born a cockney in Kent or anywhere else? We leave the question for experts to answer, only remarking that if H. G. is indeed a true cockney the upturned noses will have to come down. Aspirates or no aspirates, a mind that can tackle the universe as can H. G.'s and look at life and death and all the gods with a keen, level eye, eternally alert and eternally unabashed, is worth whatever sacrifice of conventional distinction is needed to achieve it.

The Intruder

The New York Times is not greatly impressed by the claim that the United States is competent to sign a treaty of peace with Bulgaria, and bases its argument on the fact that we have never been at war with that nation. It rather scornfully rejects the Administration's theory that there is no logical distinction between a status of belligerency and that of benevolent neutrality when it comes to claiming a voice in a peace settlement. Says *The Times:*

> The official explanation of our maintenance of friendly relations with Bulgaria was that our moral influence might get Bulgaria out of the war. . . .
>
> Our moral influence shed its refulgent beams on the Bulgars for a year and a half and did not get them out of the war. Eventually they did get out of the war with great suddenness, but not because of our moral influence. They got out because their armies had been routed in the field, and routed largely through the efforts of Greek and Serbian troops. . . .
>
> Now, the peoples which were wantonly attacked by Bulgaria, which suffered at her hands as France suffered at the hands of Germany, and whose armies played the principal part in putting Bulgaria out of the war and breaking the Berlin-Bagdad line, are afraid that American influence will neutralize the victory and leave Bulgaria unpunished—perhaps actually rewarded—for joining the enemy. We would not make war against the Bulgars; it seems only fair that those who did fight, and beat, these allies of our enemy should have a free hand in making the peace.

All this is true. Nobody disputes the facts. Yet for some mysterious reason the Administration prefers to base its present attitude toward Bulgaria on a glaring fiction. "Let me help to write the peace settlements, and I don't care who does the fighting" is a programme much too transcendental to appeal to Venizelos and the other realistic-minded statesmen of the Balkans.

China Not Pacifist, Only Unprepared

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: For July 23 you have your chief editorial on "China's Lesson," in which you draw a lesson for pacifists and critics of nationalism in this country. I agree with you that our country is a lesson, and greatest of all for she herself. But there is a notion about China which is fundamentally inaccurate, but which is popularly entertained in America, with the rare exception of those who have a thorough knowledge about China. It is my desire, therefore, that you call the attention of your readers to the following observations.

You say that China is a source of anxiety to other nations because she is pacifist and because she lacks ability or desire to fight. This is not correct. Our trouble is that we are not sufficiently armed, or prepared if you please, and not that we believe in the efficacy of pacifism. A nation unready to fight may, of course, easily be mistaken to be pacifist. But there is all the difference in the world between a nation not sufficiently prepared to fight and one that simply does not believe in fighting. When America declared war on Germany she was not as well prepared as farsighted statesmen wished her to have been, but she was not to be called pacifist for that. Now it can easily be appreciated that the trouble with China is not so much that she lacks ability or desire to defend herself as she lacks the ways and means of defence. I do not say this to excuse the weakness of our country, but to explain it. Our first duty is, of course, to get ready to protect ourselves, and you can be sure that we are determined to do it.

But why is it, you will ask, during the past decades of foreign aggression, China has not got ready to defend herself? The tragedy is that from 1862 to 1909 China had almost continuously been ruled by an empress dowager who was very little informed about other nations. She thought no country could do much harm to her empire. So she paid little attention to defence and development of the country. Needless to say that under an absolute monarchy the people had no voice in shaping national policies, except very indirectly. Since the people took possession of the government, in 1912, by a successful revolution, they have been working to set up and maintain a democratic government for their own defence and welfare, as well as for the purpose to help make this closely-knit world a better place for all to live in and thrive.

You refer to the civil war as yet not quite settled in China. This, indeed, is unfortunate, especially in these days of imperialism. But it is not always the fortune of a ship of state to have fair sailing. It was only fifty years ago that Italy, Germany and Japan became united nations for the first time. France had a century of political instability prior to 1870. Even for this great country of yours, twelve years had passed before she "formed a more perfect union." And then she had to go through the period of "division and reunion." The upbuilding of a government is the most difficult task in civilization—especially the constructing of a democracy out of an absolute monarchy, with all its unfortunate inheritances. A nation like China is really heroic and deserves all sympathy and help, moral if not material. H. L. LIN.

New York, July 23, 1919.

Hard Cider Jags

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The statement in this morning's Tribune that under the Eighteenth Amendment enforcement bill the manufacture and use of cider with an alcoholic content of possibly 10 per cent is permitted illustrates the arrant hypocrisy of the prohibition advocates. If alcohol is always a poison, as falsely asserted by the Hobsons and Andersons, why permit the use of a beverage with three times the alcoholic strength of ordinary beer, which is prohibited?

The State of Maine, the banner dry (?) state, has always permitted its thirsty citizens to load up with hard cider, on which they accumulated jags that lasted for days. The pious farmers want to stop the wicked city fellers from drinking, but they also want their own particular form of booze.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York, July 24, 1919.

Another Bump

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I wish to indorse and emphasize the question asked by Mr. Cowee, Jr., who is unknown to me. When I started taking The Tribune, early this year, I was particularly delighted with its editorials. A month or two after I had subscribed for a three months' term of the daily and Sunday Tribune that paper fell with a bump. Instead of fearless, straightforward talk, both editorials and news have been marked by an insincerity that have been deadly to any faith in its vaunted claim of truth. The business page reads like Wilsonian propaganda in Mr. Creel's best manner. I had intended to let my subscription expire and forget it, but you might as well know now that Mr. Cowee is not alone in his sentiments. PATRICK T. FARNSWORTH.

Corrymeela, Highlands, N. C., July 21, 1919.

Resurgam

(*From Scribner's*)

NOW is a great and shining company,
Choired like stars before the break of day,
So radiant, their silence is like singing,
Like mist of music down the Milky Way;
And they who wake, hearing the dawn wind bringing
Comfort of voices, are content and stay
A little while their tears; forbear the clinging
Of hands that hinder youth at last made free.

There is no death, nor change, nor any ending,
Only a journey; and so many go,
That we who stay at length discern the blending
Of the two roads, two breaths, two lives, and so
Come to the high and quiet knowledge that the dead
Are but ourselves made beautiful instead.

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT.

Teaching Sovietism

By a Pupil of the Rand School

THE Rand School—I have often wondered what those three words really meant. I know that in my case I had some rather peculiar ideas of what constituted that institution when it first began to get prominent newspaper space a short while ago. Some people understood vaguely that such a school existed and linked it up with a group of scatter-brained individuals who were not to be taken seriously in anything they did, sort of irresponsible cranks and dreamy-eyed human beings who always have a vision before them of a little socialistic heaven on earth. Others had the impression that the school building was a veritable nest of dangerous characters; long-haired, bespectacled foreigners who talked in whispers and walked stealthily around in the dark places planning to turn loose whole flocks of bombs on this old town of ours. Then between these two were all the different variations that could be conjured up by the human mind.

Not Scatter-Brained

The Rand School, as an institution of the American Socialist party, is owned and controlled by that organization. The men and women who are the main factors and the moving spirits of this socialist educational institution are not scatter-brained individuals who are not to be taken seriously. On the contrary, they are to be taken very, very seriously. Neither are they long-haired, whispering foreigners, which to the American public generally brings up a cartoon vision of bomb throwers and the like. No, they are neither of these. The nominal head of the school is a graduate of one of our finest universities, an exceptionally well read man, who is also one of the Socialist members of the New York City Board of Aldermen. Associated with him is an array of assistants and co-workers, comrades, as they like to put it, ranging from an ex-college professor of American birth down to the little stenographer in the school office, who undoubtedly is of Jewish extraction.

All of these people are very much wrapped up in their work, and they are extremely serious about it. Most of them have the idea that some bright day in the future they will lead a large part of the wage-earning population of these United States out of the darkness of so-called industrial slavery and poverty into the bright light of a sort of Utopian existence, where every one will love and trust every one else (excepting, of course, the bourgeoisie), according to the principle of the Brotherhood of Man, and wherein the workers own all industry and run it for their own benefit exclusively.

Unanimous for Soviet

But that is not all, and this part we must take most seriously and consider it our most dangerous national menace. In order to make this Utopian plan of existence possible the radicals all agree on one thing—that a change in our form of government must be brought about. They all agree that the soviet form of government, as constituted in Russia under Trotzky and Lenine, is the only real democratic form of government in existence. So consequently that is what they intend to give America. They seem to be unanimous on that one point.

Now there are as many different types of radicals as there are days in the week, and perhaps more. They range from the conservative Socialists of the American Socialist party to the anarchists at the other extreme, with the different Left Wing and I. W. W. variations in between. All these different cliques have the same ultimate end in view—the overthrow of our present government for one of soviet form. It is merely the means to the end which divides them into groups. It was explained in very great detail in some of the lectures I attended at Rand School that the American Socialist party did not advocate violence of any kind and never would. They intend to bring about a change in our present form of government by purely educational and political means through the gradual formation of a great Socialist party which will in time have a majority of voters and absorb the political control of the country! This, of course, is in direct contrast to the methods advocated by the extreme radicals—social uprising, revolution and seizure of power by force.

Dictatorship Conceded

These ideas of the Socialist party may appear docile and harmless enough now, but we all know that if the time ever comes when such a revolutionary political change is in contemplation or in progress, even though peacefully at first, that there exists a lawless element and a revolutionary element in the radical ranks which would without doubt make a vigorous effort to seize control during the crisis, and the resulting bloodshed and misery would make similar recent occurrences in Germany and Austria appear mild in comparison.

The Russian soviet government which the radicals all acclaim with unbounded joy and look upon as their ideal has a few unexplainable angles which even its loudest praisers have a hard time getting around. Every one knows and admits, even the Socialists, that at present the government of Trotzky and Lenine is a proletariat dictatorship. Any kind of dictatorship is autocratic and everything which has an indication of autocracy about it is supposed to be the hated enemy of radicalism. Yet I have heard the most violent revolutionists argue that the dictatorship in Russia is only a temporary measure which was made necessary by the opponents of the soviet government taking counter action against that government. They are using the very same methods the Czar used, the methods they claim they are fighting against. It appears from developments that the Czar in his palmiest days never had anything on the Trotzky-Lenine combination. They are excellent examples of usurped power gone wild in the most autocratic manner.

No Bombs, Unless——

One of the main planks in the radical platform is universal suffrage. They howl about the downtrodden people in different parts of the globe who do not get a chance to vote for one reason or another; yet in soviet Russia to-day all the so-called bourgeoisie are disenfranchised, have absolutely no voice in the government. But when an exponent of the Trotzky-Lenine outfit is asked why such a state of affairs exists in "the most democratic government on earth" he will dismiss the question with a statement to the effect that the bourgeoisie do not work and therefore should not vote, or that simply they do not deserve the vote. That is all there is to it. That is the type of government which the Rand School praises and is advocating for this country.

Of course there will not be any bloody revolution unless some of us decide to oppose this procedure. As one Socialist speaker put it, "We intend to bring about this change in government by peaceful and typically American methods, fair, square and above board, unless the capitalists compel us to take up arms. We will not resort to the bomb unless it is forced on us, but if it is we will accept the challenge immediately."

There you have it in very plain language. Everything will be nice unless you decide to oppose them, and right then is when things will begin to happen.

The Cigar Shortage

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: We note with surprise the communication in a recent issue of your esteemed publication, over the signature "One of Your Daily Readers," seeking to shed light upon the present admittedly high cost of cigars.

That communication is so filled with misinformation that it is most misleading. Your correspondent makes positive assertion that there is no shortage of cigars and that "manufacturers have never in years had such a heavy stock on hand as they have to-day."

This statement is without foundation, in fact. When the cigarmakers' strike began in New York, early in June, some three or four of the biggest manufacturers had reserve stocks on hand, but these have been rapidly depleted, and unless the strike is speedily terminated they will be exhausted in the near future. The vast majority of the New York factories, however, had practically no surplus stock, while they did have orders on file to the aggregate of many millions of cigars, which it will be impossible for them to fill until the strike is ended and work in the factories resumed.

As regards imported Havana cigars, there never before has been a time when there was a greater scarcity of such goods in the American market. For months past the leading cigar importers in New York have found it utterly impossible to meet the requirements of their customers, while the leading clubs, hotels and restaurants have considered themselves fortunate if they had but a few boxes of imported cigars, where they ordinarily carry a fairly large and varied stock.

For example, one importer that ordinarily carries an average stock of more than a million cigars in bond, and from 50,000 to 100,000 additional cigars in his humidors for immediate delivery, recently assured the writer that for the first time since he has been in business he had no cigars in bond, and less than 5,000 cigars, all told, in his humidors.

Your correspondent speaks of Porto Rican cigars as being plentiful at from 5 to 10 cents. As a matter of fact the market has been destitute of Porto Rican goods for a long time, owing to the six months' strike, but recently called off. As evidence of the great scarcity, it is only necessary to cite the fact that one of the big chain concerns, which under normal conditions sells approximately 2,000,000 cigars a week of one brand of Porto Rican goods, has been unable to supply this brand for months past. Even when this concern was last able to secure these cigars in fairly abundant quantities they were retailed at a considerably higher price than the range named by your correspondent.

As to the contention that cigarmakers in Cuba work for half what they do in this country, it is utter nonsense. Cigarmakers on the finer sizes, which constitute the great bulk of the output in Cuba, have always received wages but little below those paid in the United States for the same type of workmanship, and in settlement of the recent strike, Cuban cigarmakers were granted an increase of $5 per 1,000 and upward, according to sizes.

Finally, it should be stated that although your correspondent is correct in his statement that there has been a great increase in the production and consumption of cigarettes in the last few years, it did not, as he assumes, cause any material decrease in the consumption of cigars during the last calendar year. It is true that there has been a decrease of several million cigars a month in the output during the first half of the current year, but this undoubtedly was due to a variety of causes, including the fact that the increase in the tax on cigars caused many jobbers and retailers to materially decrease their orders and buy from hand to mouth, so to speak. Furthermore, the orders from liquor dealers showed a tremendous shrinkage as the time for war-time prohibition to go into effect drew near. The saloons that formerly furnished an outlet for many millions of cigars weekly gradually decreased their purchases as July 1 approached.

EDITOR "TOBACCO RECORD."

New York, July 24, 1919.

Why Work at All?

(*From The London Morning Post*)

A Birmingham correspondent furnishes an illuminating instance of the working of the out-of-work pay system. A general fitter was offered by him a job at £4 10s. per week, which, with overtime, could be turned into £5 10s. For various "reasons" the man put off taking up the job, and inquiry revealed the interesting fact that he was drawing 29s. out-of-work pay, children's allowance, 9s.; a military pension of 15s., a club out-of-work pay, 20s., while his wife was earning 50s. per week and her board. In these circumstances, asks our correspondent, why should the man work?

A Perfectly Regulated Family

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am writing you in regard to a cartoon that appeared in your paper on Wednesday, July 23. I reside in a small suburban town not far from New York. I purposely selected a quiet and select street upon which to build my home, having tired of the frivolity of the city and its people, who seemed only to care for foolish amusements. It was with great joy that I removed myself and my wife to the quietness and peace of the country, for I felt that even she showed signs of wishing to indulge in idle pleasures.

Shortly after settling in the little town I, of course, joined a church, and was asked to speak in meeting. This I was delighted to do, choosing for my subject "The Frivolities of the Present Age." I took pains to impress upon my hearers the great beauty of a well ordered life utterly free from idle pleasures. I handled my subject with great skill and at some length, speaking steadily for one hour. I could tell by the exchanged looks and nods among those present that I had made a deep impression on them, and I left the meeting mildly elated. It seems strange that none of the congregation has called to thank me for my helpful words, but until this morning I have noticed a certain careful restraint of manner that is most becoming whenever I have mingled with them. I say until this morning.

It is my custom to take the 8:07 train to the city. I avoid the smoking-car, as I do not smoke, and the smell of tobacco nauseates me. I am also annoyed in my reading of the daily paper by the noise of boisterous men, a great many of whom play cards. But this morning, failing to reach the station at the proper time, I was obliged to run for the last car, which, as you know, is the smoking-car. I found an empty seat near the door and sat down in it. A Mr. —— (I need not mention his name) came and sat beside me. I noticed that he had purchased a copy of your paper, The Tribune. I will state here that I never read your paper. It is not always sober in thought, containing much material that one might describe as facetious.

Mr. —— suddenly became hysterical with laughter and thrust under my eyes a cartoon by a Mr. Briggs, captioned "It Happens in the Best Regulated Families." I could not avoid looking at it. Incidents in sequence portraying a man in a bathtub suddenly hearing the telephone ring and being obliged to wrap himself in a towel and answer it were most inartistically drawn by the artist. The man, nearly naked, speaks into the telephone to a lady at the other end of the line, suddenly hears footsteps, and hastily retreats to the bathroom. I want to tell you now that this sort of thing does not happen in the best regulated families. It has never happened in my family, and it never will. I would not think of going to my telephone improperly garbed.

Mr. —— asked me if I did not think the cartoon was the funniest I had ever seen. I replied that I considered it extremely indecent. Whereupon he gazed at me in amazement, and uttered a sacred word. Just across the aisle, another man, a member of my congregation, who was also reading The Tribune, gave vent to a shriek of laughter, sprang from his seat and called the attention of others to the cartoon. The uproar that followed was disgusting, and I left the car as quickly as I could.

These facts I think you should know, as editor, and I take it for granted that you will severely reprimand this man Briggs and cause him to be more discreet in the future. Hereafter I purpose to buy your paper and watch his cartoons most carefully. JOHN C. BROWNELL.

New York, July 23, 1919.

Prohibit Meat!

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The spectacle afforded by the extreme prohibitionist in Congress running amuck through cider and flavoring extracts has been a most instructive one.

There is, however, a fundamental error in the question as it is presented. It is this: that the mere prohibition of beer, wine and liquor is only a corollary of the main proposition—namely, vegetarianism.

It is a well known fact that the nations using the largest amounts of animal food are those using the largest amounts of stimulants. And the latter fact is the result of the former. Alcoholism cannot flourish on a vegetarian diet. Until national vegetarianism is enforced prohibition will be a failure.

I hope it is not too late to propose a constitutional amendment to enforce vegetarianism, or at least to affix such a "rider" to the prohibition amendment. M. D.

New Haven, Conn., July 23, 1919.

Silver Speech

(*From The London Morning Post*)

Long ago, when Mr. Lloyd George used to drive on his legal rounds in a high dogcart, one day he gave a lift to a little girl who was walking home from school. The child, though she was all smiles, met the future Prime Minister's merry questions and artful openings of conversation with persistent silence. "Your little girl has lost her tongue this morning, Mrs. Hughes," he said as he drew up at her parents' door. "Mary Bach," remonstrated the mother, abashed by her daughter's bad manners, "why don't you speak, and thank Mr. Lloyd George for his kindness?" "Indeed, indeed, I wanted to," she answered with the fluency of a tap suddenly turned on, "but I remembered hearing father tell you the other day that if you open your mouth to him it costs six and eightpence."

The Negro's Crime

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The most serious crime committed by the negroes of Washington has been that of their wonderful progress. A careful investigation will verify this statement. I thank you for your spirit of fairness. It seems to me that the white men of the nation would grow tired of using their women as a pretext for murdering innocent negroes. J. SILAS HARRIS,

President Negro National Educational Congress.

Washington, D. C., July 24, 1919.