New York Tribune

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

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1920

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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Men, Not Manikins

Asked as to whether it is his purpose, in advance of permitting any vote in the Senate, to submit to the White House any compromise plan that might be privately agreed to by two-thirds of the Senate, Senator Hitchcock replied:

"That is a bridge we will cross when we come to it."

In other words, the Senator is not yet willing to avow his Senatorial independence. He is not of the mind of Webster when the great Daniel said: "This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character. We have no masters, we acknowledge no dictators."

Senator Hitchcock has, one may suspect, a wish to be independent, but he is not sure he can indulge the luxury. Other Senators, alas! are in his state of weakness. Herein is one of the reasons for the treaty difficulties. There is a collar which chafes many throats, but the collared dare not rip it off. If the Democrats of the Senate had the courage to be themselves the deadlock quickly would be over. The suggestion that the President is to have a private veto in addition to his constitutional one arouses foreboding. If he has a chance to send the compromise over a Bridge of Sighs to a secret death, taking no open responsibility for his acts, the treaty may yet fail.

The Republican Senators are unbossed. No one either in their number or outside of it is conceded power to dictate to them. It is not too much to ask the Democratic Senators to be similarly independent; to be real and not dummy Senators of the United States; to be men, not manikins.

Scaling Down the Mark

Of the 200,000,000,000 German marks 17,000,000,000 are held outside Germany. This sum tells heavily against German exports, for exports are largely paid for with this foreign-owned German currency, whose reimport increases domestic inflation.

So German financiers—Erzberger, Helfferich and Gwinner are among the number—seek riddance of the 17,000,000,000 marks as a factor of depreciation. Their plan is to offer to Germany's foreign creditors 5 per cent bonds in exchange for their marks and mark claims, such bonds being barred from being brought into Germany. Should the foreign creditors agree to accept these bonds purchasers of German goods would have to procure German marks at a rate appreciated because of the new demand, or else pay in goods or foreign currency.

Such a liquidating scheme does not lack precedent and seems in the interest of Germany's creditors—to allow the German government to establish its solvency by all legitimate means. The main difficulty about the plan as outlined above is to secure the agreement to it of foreign creditors, and this can be done only if the bonds offered are secured.

A prominent Danish economist, Professor Birck, who describes the scheme in the *Nationaltidende*, of Copenhagen, raises this point and adds that, although he is unable to ascertain whether the German government would be willing to give security, he understands it is willing to mortgage the incomes from customs, railways and forests for a loan abroad. Professor Birck also says that the German government would be willing to issue the exchange bonds not in marks but in the currency of the country where they are to be offered—thus, in the case of Denmark, in kroner; but, as he justifiedly remarks, "it is questionable whether a promise of the German government to pay 25 kroner is worth much more than a 100-mark note."

That there is an inherent element of justice in scaling down the mark by a legitimate plan of conversion can scarcely be denied. The scheme, if carried out, would prevent speculators from getting in a number of years hence, without the slightest effort on their part, 24 cents' value for an original investment of, say, two cents. Obviously, the German people cannot be justly asked to redeem outstanding marks, whether held at home or abroad, at their full nominal gold value. See a vast volume of American "greenback" literature for the reasons.

Mr. Hoover's Optimism

Mr. Hoover's testimony before the Ways and Means Committee of the House seems to show a considerable modification of his earlier views. Apparently, in his opinion, the European food situation is mending and the economic crisis abroad has become much less acute.

Mr. Hoover advised the committee to allow Europe a further credit of $150,000,000 through the Grain Corporation, the food thus released to be delivered to the worst sufferers, which are at present Austria, Poland and Armenia. Only about twelve of the larger cities in these three countries are now facing starvation conditions.

The former Food Administrator expressed great sympathy with the Austrians, whose distress, he says, is caused by the oppressive provisions of the treaty of St. Germain. He complains that Austria was unwisely stripped of her agricultural provinces and can now raise only enough food each year to supply her wants for three months. As a protest against this disastrous dismemberment, he would have the United States make only one food advance to the Austrians, and then give notice to the European powers that they must assume hereafter the burden of feeding this pauper state. Poland, he told the committee, deserved special consideration this year because her economic rehabilitation has been delayed by the war she is making against the Russian Bolshevists.

Last summer, when in Paris, Mr. Hoover forecast a much larger demand on the resources of the United States. He then favored money loans to the newly organized European governments. He said, in a statement issued on June 9: "I feel that something like half a billion dollars' assistance from the American government may be needed to join with the other Allies in the reorganization of the currencies of the new states and to take care of some particularly acute and otherwise unsolvable problems."

These problems are evidently solving themselves. At all events, Mr. Hoover now deprecates any further government money loans to Europe and also advises individuals here not to send money abroad. Remittances from the United States should take the form of "food drafts," cashable with the food administrations with which the Grain Corporation will coöperate.

Since returning to this country Mr. Hoover has several times emphasized the need of Europe's "getting back to work." Production is the best remedy for food and other shortages. Europe may think that this view is uncompromisingly optimistic. It undoubtedly represents a certain rapid shift toward optimism on Mr. Hoover's part.

Propaganda Values

John Spargo, the pro-war Socialist, tells in his latest book that when he was asked to join in a protest against the further confinement of "conscientious objectors," pro-Germans and the like, he replied that he was in sympathy with amnesty, but that men of unimpeachable loyalty should be asked to sign. He pointed out that thereby the end in view would be more easily attained. Mr. Spargo received the following reply:

> "No doubt you are right. The psychology of your argument is sound. It is very likely that if your method should be followed the amnesty would be granted at once. But in that case the whole propaganda value of these persecutions will be lost to us. We do not want the President to proclaim a general amnesty, nor to pardon any of the prisoners, unless it is plainly done because of the menace of our movement. *We want agitation far more than we want amnesty.*"

If confession is good for the soul, the gentleman who thus freely acknowledged his purpose was benefited within. Agitation is what he wants, not amnesty. This spirit has kept Mooney in prison. As often as the public was about to consider the one pertinent question of whether Mooney was fairly proved guilty of murder or not, spurious friends have wrecked the prospect. If the I. W. W. views of Mooney were not to be justified, he was to be left to rot in the penitentiary.

Bolshevik Socialists have imported from Germany the theory of tactics that the end justifies the means and that to advance a cause it is permissible to misrepresent and to lie. Some of the protests against the Albany unseating reveal this spirit. There is lacking an honest solicitude for justice and democratic principles. What is sought is *a continuance of the exclusion*. There is only sham interest in representative government. The Bolshevist cares not for free speech and the like.

The Bolshevist sympathizes with Lenine and Trotzky, whose first acts were to forbid free assemblage and to suppress a free press, establishing a censorship more rigid than any maintained by Kaiser or Czar. If the Bolshevists secured control here, not only would free speech quickly go, not only would a few legislators be unseated, but all legislative bodies would be dispersed. Let the constitutional Socialist ponder the fact that the first time a régime pretending to be Socialistic gained power it overthrew political freedom.

A part of the indictment brought against Speaker Sweet relates to his unutterable stupidity. He is no fox. He will never be remembered as a Machiavelli. He has shown the intelligence of the bull teased by the darts of the banderillero and exposing an open flank to the sword of the Toreador.

Ouija's Hour of Triumph

The lure of the ouija board may well be as alarming a factor in college life as the faculty of the University of Michigan declare. That it has succeeded the Bible and the prayer book in fraternity houses and students' rooms may be all too true. The story of the two young women who were so undone by ouija as to be obliged to quit college and place themselves under nerve specialists sounds believable enough. But why pick on college students, we wonder. If ouija is cutting into the lives of the matriculated it is doing equal execution in far older and more experienced quarters. No little group of serious thinkers of any age or any clime but has its board to-day and its mediums and its tipping tables and its Maeterlinckian contacts with all the otherest kinds of pale blue philosophy.

And why not? If ever ouija was to have an hour of triumph this is surely it. The background is complete. The conviction of a teetering world, moved by unseen forces to cavort in the most unaccountable fashion, is upon us all. No grand piano waltzing up a flight of stairs beneath the finger-tips of a select coterie of expert table tippers of Greenwich Village could be half as extraordinary as that entirely scientific and respectable rocket to the moon, now building at Clark College. That radical visionary, esteemed as a voice of authority only by children, Mother Goose, turns out to have been a conservative prophet by the light of Professor Einstein's modification of the law of gravitation which treats the cow and the moon, we gather, as two soaring objects, mutually toying with each other's four dimensions.

As nearly as we (from our post without the walls of vision) can sense the general situation, it is exactly as if the world were a ouija board and Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, with half-shut eyes, had his delicate finger tips resting on its surface and was spelling out the most marvelous and amazing things. Only the other day, for instance, it was duly announced by a silk manufacturer that a certain shade of blue had been officially selected as "Blue Bird" blue; and the same was declared to express, on the word of Mr. Maeterlinck himself, nothing less than "the warmth of the sunlit ocean, the vibration of the Alpine sky and the restfulness of the distant mountains." If this does not sound like the utterance of ouija we should like to know what does.

But we do not wish to overestimate Mr. Maeterlinck's responsibility for the current teeterings of the universe. We merely suggest his commanding and mysterious figure as typical of much that is strange and breathless and perfectly upsetting—and yet not without its lighter side, at that.

The High Cost of Politics

The high cost of living will receive another boost if the Democratic National Committee carries out its plan to raise a fund of $20,000,000 for this year's Presidential campaign. The chairman and treasurer of the committee have been talking freely about their plans for a nation-wide drive for subscriptions. Red Cross and university fund drive methods are to be introduced and the humble five or ten dollar bill is to be pursued by collectors, who formerly would have disdained checks for anything less than a thousand dollars.

Thomas F. Ryan admitted having contributed half a million or so to the Alton B. Parker campaign fund in 1904. He probably furnished more than 50 per cent of the sinews of war for that disastrous venture. But campaigns in those days were relatively simple and frugal affairs. Little money was spent on organization or advertising. The "spellbinder" was supposed to be the real vote getter and he worked on a very limited drawing account.

Now political organization has reached the stage of an industry and enormous quantities of literature are manufactured, with far more profit to the manufacturer than returns from the voters. Mr. Cummings says that he is going to keep card catalogues of all the Democratic or near Democratic voters in the country, with their ratings as investors in his fund. That is "big business" applied to politics. But will the electorate cheerfully respond to such efforts to exploit it after the manner of a mail house concern?

Some years ago Congress displayed a very lively interest in the limitation of Federal campaign expenditure. It compelled for the first time a filing of all campaign accounts in elections for Senators and Representatives. Presidential electors are state officers. But national political committees would seem to be subject to Federal control. Any party which should raise a $20,000,000 fund for the election of a President and Vice-President would be running directly counter to American ideas of propriety. It would also challenge public opinion, which is far more sensitive now to the use of money in politics than it was a generation ago.

At present public opinion is naturally skeptical as to Mr. Cummings's ability to touch the Democratic faithful for $20,000,000. For what purpose? Merely to elect another Democratic President. If he succeeds he will certainly vindicate the contention of those who say that the American public has reached a stage of bewilderment at which it "ignores price," and is no longer competent to recognize a relationship between the value of what it purchases and the money paid out for it.

Two Drastic Views

The Assembly as Criticized by Opposing Camps

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: We, progressive Republicans who have long looked to The Tribune as a strong agency in keeping alive the principles of Theodore Roosevelt, feel compelled to express our disapproval of your editorial in Sunday's issue, entitled "All There Is to Say." There is a class of men in public life whose theory seems to be that the way to deal with an evil in our midst is to disapprove of it mildly, but to refrain carefully from assailing it lest its adherents be in some manner encouraged by the attack. Of this school Mr. Hughes seems to be the dean. In 1916 he put the theory into practice in an attempt to "pussyfoot" his way around the German peril at home and abroad, the net result of his effort being four more years of Wilsonism. Now he becomes the protagonist of the "pussyfoot" method of dealing with domestic disloyalty. Has anything happened in the last five years which gave so much aid and encouragement to the "Reds" as this public declaration by a man of Mr. Hughes's prominence in favor of a place in the sun for the representatives of a party whose platform is sedition, one of whose Presidential nominees is in prison for sedition, whose sole elected Congressman is under sentence for sedition?

These are drastic times and require drastic measures. A thrill of admiration must have come to every true American when he read that the New York Assembly had suspended (not expelled, as Mr. Hughes seems to think) certain Socialists-elect pending their trial on charges of disloyalty to the government. Every lawyer (but Mr. Hughes) knows that this is proper procedure, and every fair man will await the outcome of the trial before condemning Speaker Sweet and his associates. Mr. Hughes, by gratuitously injecting himself into the controversy, has decided the case in advance, although he once was a judge.

We look to The Tribune to stand now, as it stood in 1916, for open and downright Americanism, for frank and fearless dealing with every evil that threatens our nation, and we feel a sense of personal deprivation in the fact that it has failed in this instance to do so.

WALTER A. SHUMAKER.
H. NOYES GREENE.
WM. M. CROWTHER.
AUSTIN S. MAXIM.
R. C. LUTZ.

Northport, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1920.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As an American, as one who helped America win the war, as an active member of my community, I wish to protest with all my life's force against the autocratic, un-American and Prussian conduct of Speaker Thaddeus Sweet, and the un-American Assembly for unseating the five Socialists who were elected by large majorities, whose character and conduct were not questioned when first they were elected in 1917.

Without a trial, without a chance for defense, and in a most czaristic fashion, were these representatives of the people manhandled. History will record that those who purported to protect our institutions were those who really betrayed them.

Who is causing all this unrest? Not the professional agitator, but the money-eyed paytrioteers, political muckrakers, bellicose politicians, whose only object is graft and notoriety.

Reaction is now in control over the entire country. Already our personal liberties as well as our fundamental rights are lying prone in the wake of this reactionary wave.

I can see the establishment of a military dictatorship and the downfall of a democracy that was never put into effect. ROBERT L. LESLIE.

New York, Jan. 9, 1920.

Leather Coats Not Guilty

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a manufacturer of genuine leather coats, I am surprised at Edith Wetmore's letter in your columns, attempting to blame leather coats for the high price of shoes.

In the first place, Miss Wetmore is in error in stating that there is a shortage of leather. While there is no surplus, there is enough to take care of all requirements. While the high price of leather is involved in the price of shoes to a small extent, the real trouble is due to the cost of manufacture, labor alone having been advanced from 200 to 300 per cent in a short time.

Leather coats are made from sheepskins, the finer qualities, and are more of a glove proposition. The only kind of sheepskins used in shoes is the cheaper grades, which are used for trimmings, and the quantity used is so small when compared to the price of shoes (just a few cents' worth per pair) that it is not worthy of notice.

LEO F. STURM.

New York, Jan. 9, 1920.

The Conning Tower

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT"

Oh, back in the year nineteen nineteen, when I was an earnest vower,
The snappiest stuff that ever was seen
I swore I should write for The Tower;
I'd write of the deeds of our soldier men,
I'd sing of the Treaty, the L. of N.,
And I vowed that the verse from my virile pen
should elicit the loudest cheer;
And this is the stuff that I recall from
The Tower of the previous year:

G. S. B.[1] *wrote a lot of things that*
were full of control and speed;
And the poems of Hay[2] *and old C. A.*[3]
had rhymes that I loved to read;[4]
I printed the plangent appeal of
Ruth;[5]
And the vaudeville thoughts of a
squandered Youth;
And the best of the lot was a piece of
truth that garnered the watch,[6] *by*
Smeed.[7]

1. George S. Bryan.
2. Newman Levy.
3. Charlton Andrews.
4. And so did everybody else.
5. A school teacher.
6. Considerable chronometer, if I do say so.
7. Mr. Joseph Deems Taylor.

For the benefit of those whose literacy began in 1918, it should be stated that the watch for the best 1917 contribution will be awarded to-night to Mr. Lloyd McClure Thomas.

The Service Chevron System Is Better

Sir: There isn't, so far as I know, any definite code of mourning for domestic bereavements. I don't refer to ordinary losses, such as relatives. But suppose you lose a cook? Would you wear deep crape and, perhaps, a veil for a month, or just until you get another? And would a simple armband of black on *both* arms, perhaps, be enough for a second maid, if she didn't also do waiting?

And, besides, if you know *at once* that Mrs. Sheldon-Jones has lost her cook, you may be able to get her for yourself.

A HOUSEKEEPER WHO IS ANXIOUS TO DO THE RIGHT THING.

Those who are interested in the memory, as manifested in the case of Dr. Brand, may recall the De Morgan novel in which a man lost his powers of memory for many years. . . . For the life of us we can't remember whether it was "Alice-for-Short" or "Somehow Good."

The thoughts of Socialists are Sweet when the morn is gray; Sweet when they've cleared away lunch; and, at close of day, certainly Sweet.

De Senectute

Sir: One great advantage of really being old is that one is beyond being told he is getting old. Possibly M. T. Cicero made this same observation some time B. C. If he did, he was right.

JOHN H. MCGOVERN.

Wilson Consults Glass on Subject of Successor.—Evening Mail headline.

Even the President appears to have fallen for the spirit stuff and to have taken up crystal gazing.

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

January 10—My wife, poor wretch, ill of the quinsy, so I with her all day save for a ride in my petrol-waggon, wearing my new gloves, in which my fingers grew cold in three miles instead of in one. My uncle George to see me, as gay and comickal as he was when I was a lad of three, and as loveable, too. Mistress Jacque Campbell to dinner, so I with Mistress Edna to "Iolanthe," smoother than it was last Monday.

11—To the office in my petrol-waggon, and home for dinner, and took Clara for a ride in the snow, but the streets too wet for any safety. Home, and read the journalls, which are all of the opinion Mr. Sweet hath done a foolish thing at Albany. The Treaty ratified yesterday in Paris, but we not ready to sign it yet; nor are we likely to be for a long time. Payed this day my bills, which leaveth me without any money but $82. G. Burgess come at supper time, but would not sup with us, having had somewhat on the way. But I had a great supper, of lamb, and sausages, and jam, and apples; and yet was hungry.

12—R. Benchley tells me he hath resigned his position with "Vanity Fair" because they had discharged Mistress Dorothy Parker; which I am sorry for. Mistress Hilda to dinner, very lovely, and she gave me a kiss. To the opera house and heard "Martha," a tuneful score, and E. Caruso and Miss Mabel Garrison sang well, but the story of the opera is a second-rate affair.

13—All day at my desk, and to dinner at L. Untermeyer's; and thence to meet Mistress Hilda and with her to see C. Pollock's "The Sign on the Door."

"Cheers," says the Sun, "Greet Defeat of Effort to Seat the Five Ousted Members." Whose cheers? The cheers of those who go down to the dock to hiss the departing deportees?

To Gladys Caldwell

Blithe maiden of the witching ways,
You dance as if there lingered yet
A memory of Dryad days,
A strain you can't forget.

And as I watch you dance, I swear
That I can hear it—yes, I can—
A faint and far-off elfin air,
Upon the pipes of Pan. C. W.

. . . the sound of a police whistle brought the duel to an end, both marksmen fleeing.—The Tribune.

What do you mean, marksmen? asks Q.

Merely because Pep and Likki telephone that they want to attend the dinner this evening, the suggestion is made to John Zhey that his itinerary include ★, Mo. Also they want to know whether Captain Bruce Bairnsfather is to lecture "The 0 Hour."

Well, the Contribs have their celebration this evening, but it will take place in New York and not at Eaton Center, N. H., nor at Banquete, Tex.

Nor at Dinner Island, Fla.

F. P. A.

LOOKS AS THOUGH THE LITTLE DELIVERY BOY WAS GOING TO HAVE TO RIDE TO THE END OF THE LINE

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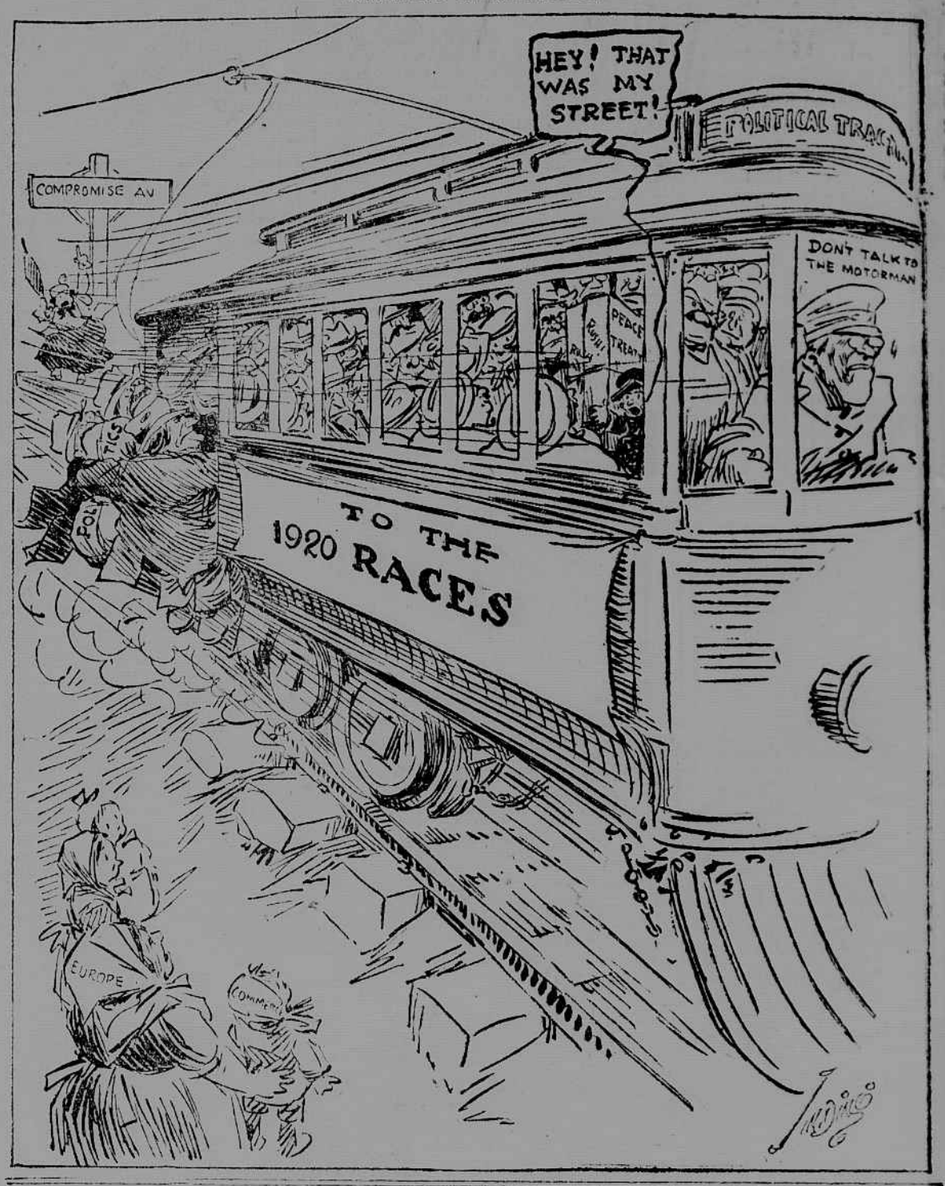

Books

By Heywood Broun

"Debs" (Boni-Liveright), by David Karsner, is a biography which might be read with profit by a good many of us. It is not an expert biography. Moreover, it reveals its subject as a man of decidedly limited intellectual capacity, but it should serve to help us understand a little better the development of native-born American radicalism.

We are a little too ready to accept Gilbert's heresy that "every little child who is born into the world alive is either a little liberal or a little conservative." Of late, Americans have been content to accept the explanation that radicalism is something as ingrained as original sin. Nobody talks now of curing it. The loud voices are those of men who want to "break its back" or "stamp it out." The fact has been forgotten that men may have radicalism thrust upon them. Debs is such a man.

By birth a Middle Westerner, by ancestry an Alsatian, by temperament the gentlest of sentimentalists, Debs seems the last man in the world to be found among the ranks of the extreme Left Wing of the Socialist party. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of doubt as to whether he has as yet progressed that far, although his life is a record of a steady and increasing drift toward that boundary line of our politics. In passing sentence upon Debs Judge Westenhaver said, according to Karsner, "that men of the power and influence of Debs were responsible in a large measure for 'other ignorant and unthinking foreigners' getting into similar difficulty."

This is hardly a shrewd summary of the situation. Debs is spiritual kin of such typical Americans as Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley, who were both his intimate friends, and who both set forth their estimate and admiration for his character in verse. Indeed, we find this man, who is carelessly set down as a wild-eyed foreign "Red," expressing such homely and familiar sentiments as "There are two words in our language forever sacred to memory, 'Mother' and 'Home.' Home, the heaven upon earth, and mother, its presiding angel."

He is not constitutionally a rebel. His radicalism was a development which came comparatively late in life. In fact, in 1885 he was elected to the Indiana State Legislature on the Democratic ticket. It is true that by this time Debs had become vitally interested in the labor union movement, and in 1894 came the Pullman strike, as a result of which Debs was sent to prison for six months on a charge of contempt of court. There is no need of going into the justice or injustice of that sentence farther than to say that it occurred at a time when the rights of labor unions were less jealously guarded than to-day. But at any rate, Debs came out a more radical man than he went in. Nevertheless, it would still be difficult to class him with the Left, since he was one of the chief campaigners for William Jennings Bryan in the campaign of 1896. He did not become definitely associated with the Socialist party until 1900, when he ran for President on that ticket. He again was the nominee in 1904, 1908 and 1912.

During all those years he expressed himself again and again as an advocate of change through the medium of the ballot. Indeed, as late as September 11, 1918, when he spoke in his own defense during his trial under the espionage act, he denied that he had ever favored violence. There is no reason to doubt his word, for his speech was exceedingly frank in its admissions.

"From what you heard in the address of counsel for the prosecution," he said, "you might naturally infer that I am an advocate of force and violence. It is not true. I have never advocated violence in any form. I always believed in education, in intelligence, in enlightenment, and I have always made my appeal to the reason and the conscience of the people."

There is, of course, no question whatever that from a strictly legal point of view Debs was guilty of violating the espionage act. He admitted as much himself. The Supreme Court had not passed upon the constitutionality of that act at the time of the Canton speech. Debs believed the act was unconstitutional, and in this belief he proved to be mistaken.

Yet for all the legality of the conviction it seems curious and a little unjust that the law should have fallen so heavily upon this mild old visionary, while so many others of much redder hue escaped. Debs was a centrist in his party. He favored a restatement of the position of his party as expressed in the anti-war plank of the St. Louis platform.

His offense rose directly out of his opposition to the espionage act itself. It seemed to him almost a dare to everybody who interpreted free speech in any such far-reaching way as he did himself. He accepted the challenge very boldly. He faced the issue fairly and squarely in his trial. He made no attempt to wriggle out by any subterfuge, such as by saying when I said this I meant something entirely different. Other radicals adopted this method successfully, but Debs stood by his guns.

"I wish to admit the truth of all that has been testified to in this proceeding," he said to the jury. "I have no disposition to deny anything that is true. I would not, if I could, escape the results of an adverse verdict. I would not retract a word that I have uttered that I believe to be true to save myself from going to the penitentiary for the rest of my days."

Personally, we feel that Debs's position on the war was not justified by the facts. We do not feel that it was even a logical position, since in his speech he said at one time, "Men talk of holy wars. There are none," and indicated his opposition to all wars, only to speak with great enthusiasm later about the righteousness of the American Revolution and the Civil War.

But though Debs is not a clear thinker he possesses a number of qualities which are useful to the community. Moral courage such as his is undeniably rare, nor is there any overabundance of such bountiful sympathy for all mankind as rests in the heart of this man of sixty-five, who has been sentenced to spend ten years in Atlanta. Fine material has been wasted. We need visionaries, even though they are muddled-headed. There are things in life and law which bear too harshly upon such men.

At any rate, we trust that if Debs lives long enough to serve his sentence and comes out to preach only bitterness and hatred and violence, none of us will throw up our hands in surprise and say, "I wonder how this man came to reach this state of mind."

The Cry of the Tenant

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A ticket speculator can be put in jail for profiteering. A food speculator can be put in jail for profiteering. A rent speculator, the major criminal, gets away with the loot. Why?

100 PER CENT VICTIM.

New York, Jan. 8, 1920.

The Wealthy Farmer

A Plea for Better Understanding by the City Man

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The city man enjoys his desk work, the congeniality of his business acquaintances, his auto ride before supper and on Sundays. He enjoys his family, the theater, which, expensive or not, is accessible. The average farmer enjoys milking cows, plowing and the congeniality (?) of his hired man (any ruffian that happens along nowadays). He enjoys his trips to the barn to milk cows before supper. He enjoys his family, the theater, quite ordinary and very inaccessible. With these pleasures the city man saves $500; the other $1,000.

The city man's invested capital is $10,000; the farmer of equal station averages $20,000. The city man uses his to live on; the farmer uses his to earn his bread and butter on. After all, it is a matter who likes his particular life. But the farmer is distinctly branded "farmerish" because his car is muddy, old styled, rattly. Why not so? He has five times as far to go to get to theaters, and uses, therefore, not five times as much money to keep his car going, but three times more, because he has to travel vastly poorer roads than the city man. And, most important of all, his children are trained by only eighteen-year-old school teachers just out of high school.

And yet all this demonstration that the farmers are making so much money! Compare their life with your, Mr. City Man. Forget about your two weeks' vacation in the midsummer. Why don't you take that time off in winter? You don't take account of the musicales at the beautiful churches and elsewhere, the excellent lectures and public libraries, the atmosphere of wealth, contentment, luxury and prosperity, the advantages of good doctors and hospital and police service which you have. But the farmer—he must exist; he must be as he is that you, Mr. City Man, can have something to eat. Would you live like him in order to save $500 more each year? The farmer would not save it any more than you if he had as many temptations for entertainment as you have.

I know how you feel, because I was city bred and have now been on the farm five years. I shall have to turn from merely raising the children to educating them. You say, "Why doesn't the farmer coöperate to get these things?" He reminds you that you don't need to coöperate to obtain these things, because you already have them. He does ask, "Why doesn't the city man coöperate to fight the retailers' milk price?" With you it's "I should worry about a little item like 18 cents." Yet all the time it's "Blame the farmer. He's no fool for putting up with such inconveniences. He's making bushels of money."

To better their conditions farmers cannot change their jobs so easily, for there is more at stake. He would have to sell a $17,000 business and his home, but you would have nothing to sell—very often not even your home to improve yours.

Why not, then, concede the farmer his $500 additional savings? Why don't you seek to coöperate with him and get the milk distributors' profit yourself? Why don't you, at any rate, feel better toward him and not pick on him as Mr. James Adamson in The Tribune of to-day and others like him are constantly doing?

GEORGE W. KUCHLER JR.

Lagrangeville, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1920.