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

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Showdown Time in Hayti

President Dartiguenave's charges against the American Minister and the American financial adviser in Hayti show the need of broadening out the Haytian investigation. The commission now in Port-au-Prince is probing the military phases of the occupation. It is seeking to determine whether undue severity attended the pacification methods of the Marine Corps and the Haytian gendarmerie, the latter also under American command. It is debarred from dipping into the mysteries of our political policy.

What has that policy been? It has been covered over with censorship suppression and silence. The public here doesn't know yet how or why this military occupation of a friendly state was effected. It is unfamiliar with the diplomatic maneuvers which paved the way for the taking over of the Haytian government. The Administration imposed a protectorate on Hayti, our armed forces there coöperating with our diplomatic agents. President Dartiguenave's salary was recently ordered stopped by the American civil agents in Port-au-Prince, with our State Department's approval, because he refused to carry out directions given him.

Yet the fiction is also sought to be preserved in Washington that Dartiguenave is a free agent and that Hayti is an independent American state. Hayti is an original member of the League of Nations and has a delegate to the Assembly. President Wilson signed the Treaty of Versailles, guaranteeing Hayti's political independence against all comers. But at the same time he was himself practically divesting her of sovereignty. Franklin Roosevelt only blurted out the cynical truth if he said, as he was reported to have said in Montana last summer, that as Assistant Secretary of the Navy he had been carrying around Hayti's league vote in his vest pocket.

It is time to clear up the fog surrounding the Fuller and Bailly-Blanchard negotiations with the Haytians and the circumstances under which the marines, having landed at Port-au-Prince to protect foreigners at the time of President Sam's murder, stayed on as a garrison of occupation. How was the Haytian Congress induced to approve the American protectorate? And what is the real political status of the republic under our control, which to-day extends so far as to include the minute details of holding up the salaries of the highest native officials?

President Wilson's attitude toward Mexican intervention was violently reversed in his dealings with both Hayti and the Dominican republic. The puzzle of that reversal has never been solved. It is one of the obscurest phases of the Wilson diplomacy. Dartiguenave's protest offers an excellent opportunity to Congress to turn on the light.

The Tide Cityward

The congestion of population in urban districts is an old complaint. It seems to be an inevitable consequence of our industrial civilization, and none of the schemes for checking it have proved effective. The disclosure by the census that the cities are growing seven and a half times faster than the rural districts is therefore no surprise. It is not so much that the cities have forged ahead as that the country has fallen behind. In the years from 1910 to 1920, indeed, the cities have gained only five new inhabitants where they gained six in the preceding decade. But rural growth has been only one-third as great.

It would be rash to conclude from these figures that the problem of a better distribution of population is unsolvable. The fact that the small cities show the greatest gains is significant. These obviously permit freer living conditions than the large cities and at the same time are free from the isolation of the village or the widely scattered homesteads. The small city in these days prides itself upon its "metropolitan" aspect. It is conspicuously up-to-date and provides comfortable living. The tendency of industrial enterprises to seek locations at a distance from the centers of population has had much to do with the upbuilding of cities of this type.

Yet, it was modern invention, increasing ease of communication, the telephone, the trolley, canned music, and what not, that was to make life on the farm one grand sweet song. These may have alleviated the loneliness of isolation, but they have not availed to keep the young people at home in the face of higher wages and shorter hours in city work. That there must be a turn in the tide if the country is to feed itself is an inescapable conclusion. Meanwhile, farm labor grows scarcer for reasons beyond the control of the farmer and promoters of "back to the land" movements write in the future tense.

Ironical Appointments

President Wilson has revised his list of appointees to the Shipping Board, three former nominees having declined to serve. But the new list doesn't escape the defects of the old one.

The President cannot overcome the habit of thinking that a Republican betters his party standing by voting the Democratic ticket. On his former slate was the name of Theodore Marburg, of Maryland. He was ticketed as a Republican, but had just come forward as a contributor to the Cox campaign fund. On the present slate is the name of a former Progressive and Republican, Chester N. Rowell, of California, who supported Cox this year, though he has not yet turned up as a campaign fund contributor. The provision of the shipping law that not more than four members of the commission shall be of one party is once more derisively interpreted.

In addition, an ingenious discrimination is made between the Democratic and the "Republican" selections. The four Democratic members are to serve, respectively, six years, five years, four years and three years, and of the three "Republicans" Mr. Rowell, a Cox supporter, draws a two-year term, while the other two draw one-year terms.

The appointments have in other ways a strongly ironical flavor. Of the long-term nominees Admiral Benson alone seems to possess the needed shipping experience. John A. Donald, reappointed, was on the old board, and knows something about its methods of administration, now under fire. Frederick I. Thompson, of Alabama, who gets a five-year term, was formerly an advertising solicitor and later a newspaper publisher. Joseph N. Teal is an Oregon lawyer, a writer on railroad rate questions and a friend of Secretary Daniels. Mr. Rowell's qualifications have already been noted. Mr. Goff is the son of General Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, and is now counsel for the board. Mr. Sutter is a St. Louis business man.

The commissioners cannot draw salaries until Congress provides the money with which to pay them. They will also drop out of office if their nominations are not confirmed at the next session. The Senate isn't likely to make many confirmations before March 4 next. Nor has the President made out a strong case for confirmation of his shipping slate. It would be better to wait a few months and bring more real shipping men to the front. The present nominees could easily be spared, with the exception of Admiral Benson.

Saving Europe's Children

The Literary Digest is engaged in a laudable effort to arouse America to the need of providing further relief for the children of Europe. The emergency is pressing, and every generous instinct leaps into life as it hears the bitter cries of the helpless. Give, whether the call comes from former friend or foe.

But to do the utmost of practical good we must do more than merely give money. We must also give service. We must remove the causes that make emergencies recurrent. Why are children in misery in large parts of Europe? Not because nature denies her increase (the harvest this year has been abundant wherever there were plantings), but because of the wide preaching of the doctrines of discontent.

The firing squads of Lenine have butchered those who have opposed his will. But the slaughters of Lenine's mercenaries are as nothing compared with the decimations of his political philosophy. Russia has abundant food, but grain rots in one place while bins are empty elsewhere. Over each of the graves of countless dead children might be placed the inscription, "A victim of Leninism."

If we would assist we should contribute to a root-and-branch extinction of propaganda of destructive change. This, rather than any necessary consequence of the war, is the devouring monster. Yet even in America are apologists for a system whose continuance, in spite of all our contributions, means more and more the murder of the oncoming generation.

In Poland, Hungary, Austria, Italy and even in Czecho-Slovakia the masses to some degree have become infected with destroying ideas, and there is great distress. In Serbia, Rumania and Belgium, the most ravaged countries, there is no taint, and they are making rapid recovery. So give, but also do your share to remove the cause that makes giving necessary.

Another Russian Tragedy

What was feared when Poland concluded peace with Red Russia has occurred. The Soviet autocracy, powerless and cringing before a nation able to arm itself, is strong enough, relieved of other pressure, to overcome the brave but unweaponed forces of General Wrangel.

It is another great tragedy—like that which came to the attempts of Kolchak, Denikine, Yudenitch and others, to establish freedom in Russia. Time and again the Bolshevist power has been saved by lack of coördination in movements against it. The Allies have gingerly given aid, but never on more than one front at a time, and the various risings against the Moscow tyranny have been separated in point of time.

This fatal policy of division now gives the Bolshevist power another respite at the expense of further misery to the Russian people. The Western nations are not able to boast that in acts they have shown themselves effective friends of democracy in Russia. They have not endured the "acid test" mentioned in one of the Fourteen Points.

In the end the czarism of Lenine will come to an end. But in the mean time starvation and desolation grip the Russian lands. And at any time since the Czechs were in camp on the Volga freedom could easily have been secured to the Russian people.

When Daniels Wasn't Brave

There has been a little hazing at the Naval Academy. Mr. Daniels is reported as saying: "I would just as soon expel 2,200 midshipmen as eat breakfast." Very brave is Mr. Daniels now we have had an election. He is soon to return to North Carolina. He has less fear of Congressmen and the "influence" of parents of a thousand midshipmen.

But Mr. Daniels was not always brave. In 1915, at the beginning of his reign, he cringed to political and personal influence. Seven midshipmen found guilty of distributing or using stolen examination papers were recommended for punishment or dismissal. The evidence was conclusive. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy reviewed and confirmed the decision and action of Admiral Fullam, the superintendent. And Mr. Daniels himself directed that the guilty men be dismissed. In fact, the Department directed the superintendent to dismiss two midshipmen who were not technically as guilty as the other five. But what happened? Congressmen, Senators and Democratic candidates for Governor of Maryland objected. The superintendent was asked to relent. He declined and told the Secretary that the guilty midshipmen must go or he would go to sea. He declared that the navy's standard of honor was at stake. In that hour, when military determination and dignity were demanded of him, the Secretary fainted away. He revoked his decision. He appointed another court of inquiry. Three Congressmen and a political boss defended the guilty midshipmen. Much of the previous testimony, including confessions, was ruled out. For lack of evidence, ruled out on technicalities, only two of the seven were finally convicted. It was a miscarriage of justice. The press and people of high standing realized and rightly declared that politics had debased the Naval Academy. The superintendent went to sea at his own request.

Recently the Secretary has stated to the Senate that he had sustained the superintendent, and he reflected upon the latter. This statement was untrue. He did not sustain the superintendent. On the contrary, the superintendent was undermined, betrayed and deserted by the Navy Department after he had demanded and maintained the highest possible standard of scholarship, duty, decency, discipline, and, above all things, honor, at the Naval Academy.

And to make matters worse the Secretary detached the chaplain, than whom a better man never lived, and all but one of the heads of departments. They were all officers and gentlemen, and probably no more efficient board ever ruled any educational institution, military or civil. The one head who remained was indignant. He, too, wished to go. This action by the Navy Department was a direct encouragement of dishonorable conduct and officers were reflected upon to protect guilty midshipmen.

And now the Secretary would bravely dismiss 1,400 midshipmen for hazing! We are informed that the so-called hazing was of a very mild character. With few exceptions it was what is known as "running," in which no physical injury or personal discomfort was involved. There have always been certain harmless restrictions imposed by upper classmen upon "plebes" at the Naval Academy, as at all other colleges. These boyish traditions are not criminal or bad. In some respects their effect was good. In fact, all "plebe" classes have willingly conformed to these traditions.

It must be plain that stealing examination papers, cheating and lying are much worse than hazing. Shall we dismiss midshipmen for hazing or for harmless pranks and not dismiss them for disgracefully dishonorable conduct? Mr. Daniels was neither brave nor fierce in condemning dishonor in 1915.

No More Suicides

The Sinn Féin leaders of Ireland, by authorizing the Cork hunger strikers to resume eating, show a wholesome change of mind similar to that exhibited by Eamon de Valera when he did not carry out his threat not to live if Terence MacSwiney died.

Hunger-striking as a means of promoting a cause had some influence when a novelty. But its appeal has worn thin. We are likely to hear less of it in the future. Even Arthur Griffiths, the founder of the Sinn Féin movement, who is not without responsibility for MacSwiney's sad death, now recognizes that a man may be better able to serve a cause by living for it than by committing suicide.

Anything that even faintly suggests a subsidence of the hysterical heat that has afflicted Ireland for some time is to be welcomed. It may be that a seeming unbreakable deadlock is nearer to an end than is commonly supposed. Ireland is now officially offered a degree of Home Rule that Parnell would have jumped to accept. The influence of Parnell still persists, and a course which repudiates his policy must be obnoxious to many elements in Ireland which recently have coöperated with or at least not opposed, the Sinn Féin.

The Small Depositor

Banks to Encourage Thrift Heartily Approved

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I offer my humble congratulations to you for your editorial "The Small Depositor" in your November 8 edition and recommend The Tribune to take a stand to interest banking concerns in this city to help out the conditions you speak of?

It is deplorable to see banks on almost every other corner of our principal streets and realize that the wage-earner has not a place to deposit his small earnings, but must always be in fear of being robbed of the savings for the necessities of life, which have to be paid once or twice a month and therefore cannot be put in a savings bank.

Take the average bank in the city. I believe the requirement is a standing account of $300. A man of moderate means, who has $300 to keep on deposit for the privilege of opening a checking account, would be rather foolish to put this in the bank and draw nothing but checks only on any additional amount he deposits over the $300, especially when Liberty bonds pay interest on semi-annual coupons and are becoming nearer their face value every day.

The bank receives on this $300 6 per cent interest, giving an income of $18 a year, which, I presume, is used to pay for the clerical work involved in keeping the account. If such were the case I believe there are thousands like the writer, who have all their savings invested in interest-paying bonds and cannot afford to pay $300 for the privilege of a checking account, but would gladly pay $18 or $20 a year for the privilege of paying their necessary every-day bills by check, knowing this check is the best receipt obtainable, as well as the feeling that their money is in a better place than the "sugar bowl."

At least the writer is aware of the value of a checking account, as he had one before residing in this city, and now it is a case of paying Uncle Sam or the express company for a money or express order, as sending money in the present-day mail service is a rather hazzardous undertaking.

I trust that the starting of the Cleveland bank may interest some of our reputable banks here in New York, but the "small depositor" must guard against the "Ponzie type" and be as sure of the bank he loans his money to as the bank is in loaning its money to him. A. G. A.

New York, Nov. 11, 1920.

T. R. on Ireland

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The following two quotations from the speeches and letters of the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt will form excellent reading matter for Sinn Féin leaders and the hyphenates in this country who express sympathy with them. As "Teddy" was always a stanch upholder of the "square deal" for every one alike, his opinions may be taken as being impartial and unprejudiced.

The first is from a speech he made before the Egptian Nationalists on his trip to that country. In this speech he reproved them for killing the Prime Minister, and said: "A party which seeks freedom must show its capacity for living by law and order before it can expect to deserve freedom." Can Sinn Féin live up to this condition?

The second is taken from a letter Colonel Roosevelt wrote to a Brooklyn clergyman when the latter was leaving for a trip through Ireland. It is dated April 12, 1918. The Colonel asked this clergyman to tell the Irish people that "The test of our (America's) friendship in the future for any nation should be that nation's attitude in this war." Sinn Féin's war record is too well known to need elaboration here.

International affairs would run more smoothly if we all followed the ideas of Colonel Roosevelt, a real American.

WILLIAM NEWMAN CHEW.

Brooklyn, Nov. 12, 1920.

We Don't Care

(From The Los Angeles Times)

It is announced that there will be no reduction in the price of diamonds. This is a tough jolt for the plumbers, paper hangers, electricians and others of the prosperous class.

The Conning Tower

AUTUMNAL

(Aping the Calverley manner)

Frank, what time the drear November
Sadness fills this heart of mine,
Then it is that I remember
Days of rosé and of wine;
Ever in the misty Autumn,
Memories crowd upon me fast
Of the highballs—how I bought 'em—
In the not far Bacchic past;
When the leaves with rustling ghostly
Dance down Winter's blustery way,
And the shimmy's shaken mostly
All the night and all the day;
When the Flapper rolls her hosing
Round an unconstricted limb,
And the model, during posing,
Shivers in the interim;
When the nation's loveliest lasses
Urge their favorite team to win!
And that most absurd of asses,
"Cheer leader," directs the din;
In the season melancholy
On my spirit hangs a pall;
I am morbid and unjolly,
As I said before, in Fall.
Thus it is I sigh for, sadly,
Lost delights of long ago,
But just why I feel so badly,
Truth to tell, I do not know.
That's the reason I've related
All my feelings to you here;
And the fact is, as I've stated,
I am blue this time of year.

C. W. W.

Sixteen years, man and boy, we have watched the police and theatrical managers "fight" against the ticket speculator. But the denizens of our Main Street,—and the visitors from other Main Streets,—having scant resources in themselves for amusement or entertainment and a consequent fear of being bored, are willing to pay any price for the possibilities of amusement or entertainment. Hence the ticket speculator and the failure of fights against him.

Perhaps it is asking too much to demand that the police annihilate the ticket scalper. What with the discovery of Nicky Arnstein, the disclosure of the facts in the Elwell murder, and the punishment of the criminal responsible for the Wall Street explosion, the police have had a busy summer and autumn of it.

Gotham Gleanings

—Frank Condon is in our midst.

—Charley Falls's new daughter's name is Bedelia Jane.

—Roi Megrue entertained at dinner Wednes. ev'g.

—Harold Littledale and Clare Savage are to be married Dec. 20. Good luck say we.

—F. Scott Fitzgerald and wife of Westport, Conn. Wednesdayed in our gay and busy midst.

—Miss Neysa McMein, Miss Texas Guinan and Miss Muriel Ostriche are back from Ottawa, Can., where they went to see the movies.

—Miss Margaret Case did not sail the time we said, but she did sail a wk. ago and is now on these familiar shores again.

—Mrs. F. P. Adams was the recipient of many congratulations this a. m. on the 16th anniversary of her wedding-day.

—Bob Wildhack's many 100 friends will be glad to know he is feeling elegantly and is doing some work again. Bob's address is La Crescenta, Calif.

—Bob Davis is quitting his job with Frank Munsey and is going into the bus. of being an agent for authors. We are almost tempted to write some stuff just so Bob can be ag't for same.

"I care not who makes the nation's laws," writes Fuller Bull, "so long as they are not enforced."

That, by the way, is the kind of line vaudeville monologists and musical comedians steal and achieve reputations for originality by. The name of the author of the preceding is known to us, and if anybody wants to buy the wheeze, we'll negotiate the deal.

Thanks

I've pulled down kale and a frequent puff
For acting upon the stage.
Once Uncle George Lorimer published my stuff
And gave me a decent wage.
A movie star bade me write her a tale,*
(*Between us—I didn't put through the sale.)
But my boastings remained unheard,
Till the fatal hour I topped The Tower
At nothing whatever a word.

J. A. M.

Among the books received at this desk is "The Editorial," written by a professor of journalism in a certain university and published by a certain publishing house. It contains a chapter on "Paragraphs and Paragraphers" and gives many examples of paragraphing, without credit to the authors.

. . . Commissioner Williams, whom, we understand, is an affable gentleman.—Syracuse Journal.

"'Whom are you?' said Cyril."

Definition—H. P. H.'s—of alimony: The incompatibility tax.

Prohibition Mother Goose

Jack Spratt could drink no gin,
His wife could drink no rye;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They drank their cellar dry.

P. S. D.

"There is no prospect of an early reduction," observes The Cleveland News, "in the wages of sin."

And none of a strike for shorter hours. F. P. A.

The Commuter Turns

Speaks His Mind of Commissions and Their Red Tape

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On November 9 you published under the title "When a Commuter Forgets" a letter which I wrote on November 6 to the Public Service Commission. My letter related to the railroad companies' practice of collecting and retaining full fare from any person who has purchased a commutation ticket, but who from some mishap does not have the ticket in his possession. I suggested a special receipt which would entitle such person to a refund upon presentation of the commutation ticket. This practice affects me only to the extent of a few dollars a year, but it results in the annual collection of hundreds of thousands of dollars which should be refunded. It seems to me a matter of public interest to learn how the Public Service Commission handles such a complaint. My answer from the commission reads as follows:

"November 10, 1920.

"Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 6th instant you are advised that if you desire so to do you may complain to this commission against the New York Central Railroad Company's practice referred to. Upon receipt of such complaint the commission will serve same and if it be not satisfied it will fix a date for hearing thereupon, after which decision will be rendered. However, it is suggested that you first submit your proposed regulation to Mr. L. A. Robison, passenger traffic manager the New York Central Railroad Company, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y., and ascertain the attitude of the company relative thereto.

"For the Commission,

"FRANCIS X. DISNEY, Secretary."

To this letter I have replied as follows:

"Public Service Commission, Albany, N. Y.

"Gentlemen: Answering your courteous favor of the 10th instant, I wish to say that your procedure appears to me as inefficient and as obstructive to the purpose for which your commission exists. It is your duty to see that public service corporations render adequate service at reasonable rates. You act as the representative of the public. One of the most important aspects of your function lies in the fact that there are frequent abuses which no individual can afford the time and money to combat, but which in the aggregate result in a substantial public injury. Upon having such an abuse called to your attention it devolves upon you to have it remedied. I am a member of the bar and am not unacquainted with red tape, but I am confident in saying that you squarely thwart the reformation of improper practices if you do not accept and proceed upon an informal complaint.

"I draw my own conclusions from the manner in which you have handled this matter, coupled with the fact that a complaint which I made some months ago concerning the New York Telephone Company resulted in my receiving from you a series of bulletins to the effect that the telephone company should be highly commended for its tremendous efficiency. These bulletins appeared to be issued by you daily in multigraphed form.

"In conclusion I have called your attention to an unjust practice on the part of the railroad companies entering New York City. In answer you propose that I correspond with the New York Central Railroad Company and thereafter file a formal complaint, whereupon you will set a date for a hearing upon my complaint. If you are familiar with New York City you may be aware of the fact that the New York Central is not the only railroad which brings commuters to the city; that if this practice should be altered at all, it should be altered in the case of several railroad lines; and that the attitude of the New York Central Railroad Company is not a dominant consideration in this connection."

My correspondence with the commission is of course conducted in my true name. COMMUTER.

New York, Nov. 12, 1920.

The Isle of Saints

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I would not attempt to justify murder by any one in any place, but before we send the Red Cross to Ireland or otherwise insult a great friendly power, so recently our associate in the World War, let us be fully informed as to the facts. The so-called "British atrocities" now taking place in Ireland are largely the killing of Irish policemen by their fellow countrymen. I challenge any one to name a single member of the Irish constabulary who is by birth an Englishman or Scotchman. Another feature of "British atrocity" in the "Isle of Saints" is the retaliation with fire and sword by Irish policemen against Irish civilians. All of this is atrocious, but none of it is British.

It appears that some Hibernian patriots are of the opinion that policemen belong to that class known to the law as ferae naturae, and that to kill them is no crime, but the holding of such an opinion is no qualification for self-government.

I was in Ireland last June, and was not favorably impressed by Sinn Féin methods for securing national independence. So far as my reading of history goes, no people has ever won nationhood by assassination. There is one thing better than independence, and that is to deserve it. If the Sinn Féin would like to learn how to obtain the greatest blessings of liberty for themselves and their posterity, I suggest that they read the history of the Dutch Republic and the history of the American Revolution.

HYACINTHE RINGROSE.

New York, Nov. 12, 1920.

Will Mr. Baker Please Answer?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: We have been informed by your paper that Grover Bergdoll is probably in Germany. Can you tell us whether he went over on an army transport? TWO OF THE A. E. F.

New York, Nov. 11, 1920.

Books

By Heywood Broun

Generally, discussions entitled "Is Love at First Sight Possible?" are reserved for those seasons of the year when football has ended and baseball not begun, when there are no wars, elections or murder mysteries. Our only excuse is that the controversy is not of our making. It has been forced upon us by the vigorous protest of a correspondent named Marcus A. Goodrich, who writes to the extent of a dozen pages. A week or so ago we happened to comment on "Just Suppose," and in our remarks we disparaged love at first sight. We don't think we went so far as to say that there was no such thing. It is our impression that we merely contended that it was amusing rather than important.

In the play the young heroine meets the Prince of Wales, talks to him for perhaps two hours, walks in a rose garden under the moonlight, recites a little poetry to the regal young man and then announces after his departure that she will probably be a little lonely all the rest of her life. Our only objection to the theme lay in the fact that the playwright himself and all the other characters in the comedy took the emotion of the young miss at her own valuation and failed to see its fundamentally comic nature.

But probably this is enough to incense Mr. Goodrich, for he writes to the editor: "The cause of my present ebullition is the puerile dramatic commentary of Mr. Heywood Broun in today's Tribune headed 'As We Were Saying.' It seems that when one arises and attempts a serious discussion of erotic love he is immediately branded a sentimentalist, and when he further attempts to stand firmly behind the proposition that 'love at first sight' is not only a common reality, but the prime mover back of some of the most brilliant adventures and famous love affairs, he has added to his medal the palm of saccharinity. I accept the attributions; but the obverse of the medal celebrates Mr. Heywood Broun and is inscribed 'Provincialism' and 'Inexperience.' It is awarded to those persons who, never having left the tranquil borders of their farms and city neighborhoods, yet insist on obtruding on us their philosophical opinions of life."

But, like Admiral Sims, we have no intention of calling for our medal. We don't feel that we have earned it, for much as we would like to be the Broun described by our correspondent as, "surrounded by the Bronx, the sophisticated hotels, the garish picture shows, and the cabarets filled with raddled feminine faces, carrying on defensive persiflage with prurient males," we must confess that we are not the man. We would like it fine. If we were living in this gay round we would undoubtedly be more inclined to a sympathetic belief in the seriousness and authenticity of love at first sight. We were a little like that once in the dim, dead past and when the fox trots were hushed for the moment while the high soprano sang about mother, or the patter of tiny footsteps, or moonlight in Tennessee, we wept into our beer with the rest. At that time we had never been in Tennessee, nor had we heard the patter of tiny footsteps and we believed in the emotions suggested by the soprano. Maybe we looked at her and were smitten, but that is so long ago that we have forgotton, and unfortunately we can't prove it.

Like Anatol we should have kept a bit of red ribbon, a few champagne corks, a handful of diamonds and perhaps a letter or two. Then we might warm something more than our toes sitting before the electric heater of an evening. As a matter of fact, we think we had a couple of barrels of such trinkets, but they were all tossed away in the spring housecleaning of 1918. Frankly, then, we have no proof. Our correspondent must accept our unsupported word that our disbelief in the enduring quality of love at first sight is not because we have had so little experience, but because it has swept over our heads so many times, only to break upon the beach and return to the great ocean, leaving nothing but a few planks, a broken crate of oranges and a handful of pink shells. And we have lost the shells.

But there was one moonlit June night in Joel's restaurant, in Forty-first Street—still, perhaps, it is just as well for an old man to keep silent in his chimney corner. If we told that story now we might touch it up a bit here and there. Even then it would not match the adventures of our correspondent. In his letter he appears invariably as the companion of the romantic lover, but we think we know his secret. It is safe with us.

"In the spring of 1919," he writes, "I was with an intimate friend in Genoa, Italy, when we met at a military function one of those lovely blond women one finds in northern Italy, she instantly fell crazily in love with him and got her to promise that she would in some way see him that same night. After we got back to the ship to which we were attached (the young man seems to have had a marked tendency for attachments, but we mustn't interrupt) it was announced that the ship would sail early in the morning and that there would be no 'liberty' that night. (We wonder whether the young man did not also have a tendency to confuse 'liberty' and 'license.') My lovesick friend was desperate. He was going to meet that girl at any cost. He would go down the anchor chain if necessary, and swim the harbor—even if it cost him his life. Now, to me, that looked just exactly what it would cost him. At this time Genoa was almost in a panic of fear. The Austrian army was quite close, the city was filthy with spies, and no one was allowed to move in the harbor without pre-arrangement. The inner harbor, in which our ship lay, was lined with soldiers and police whose orders were to fire on any unscheduled movement in the water, either of a boat or a swimmer. My friend knew all this and knew, too, that the water of the harbor was phosphorescent and that every stroke he took in the swim toward his lady would be a coruscant target. It is said that a kind Providence protects lovers. It certainly seemed to be the case with this lover, for despite his flashing progress through the water, the watchers on shore missed him until he had nearly reached the beach, when the rifles began to crack and the bullets to splash around him. He won safely through, however, and he kept his rendezvous with the girl for a sight of whom he had risked his life and honor and with whom he had fallen in love at first sight."

Our correspondent neglects to say whether his friend was as much in love at the end of his swim as when he first jumped into the water. Be that as it may, our young friend turns up later in the letter as the companion of another lover. This time it is in Shanghai. We regret that we have not sufficient space to print the whole letter. At any rate she came each night from her narrow casement across the street, precariously, on a narrow plank, to where the lover and his confidant were waiting. One night she did not come. The writer suggests that she had been killed by her father. We are not certain of this. After all, there may have been an equally narrow street on the other side of her house.

As time goes on, the young man, whether he was only friend or principal, will find that memory will mellow these tragic experiences and that they will seem rather humorous in retrospect. We invariably put our youngest grandchild to sleep with such ancient adventures of ours as begin: "One night in the Foo-Chow Road," or "In a little grated window in the Sultan's harem we saw in the moonlight"—He says—and he expresses himself very well for a child of three—that he likes these even better than The Tribune's Bed-Time Stories about Peter Rabbit.

A Clearing House for Defectives

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The able article in The Tribune of November 7, by Dr. Carl E. M'Combs, asking for more adequate control of the mentally defective is a clarion call to all who have come in official contact with this stumbling block to their work. The institution which was about to be opened under the last administration, the Clearing House for Mentally Defective Children, would have solved the problem for the child-caring end of the work, but when this proposed relief was abandoned I am sure our institution was only one of the many which was obliged to turn back to parents and guardians children who were in no way fitted to become members of the community. With us it had to be the greatest good to the greatest number under our care and we were forced to place the responsibility for these poor children where it belonged, on the shoulders of the city and state.

If every one who has suffered from this evil would write to The Tribune, and if The Tribune would start a real campaign and assume this as a sacred duty, relief would be certain, for there is no greater medium in the world for righting a wrong than The New York Tribune.

(Mrs.) AUGUSTA S. PAGE,
Superintendent, The Sheltering Arms.
504 West 129th Street.

New York, Nov. 7, 1920.

Where Is the Coal?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: What are we going to do to get coal? As soon as severe weather sets in there is going to be a lot of suffering, judging from conditions at Whitestone. Orders for coal standing all summer have not been filled and no coal is on hand at the local yards. Where, as at our house, no gas connections are available, the conditions are pretty bad and we hardly know what move to make.

I understand that there are large numbers of loaded coal cars being held on sidings, waiting for such cold weather that the people in desperation will pay any price asked. Control of available supply by a public committee may be necessary. Where is the coal going to? W. E. BELCHER.

New York, Nov. 12, 1920.

Seeing Things

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: William H. Hirst, attorney for the New York State Brewers' Association, in his recent letter to the newspapers about the Supreme Court's decision in the Street case, betrays the fact that he sees things in much the same unreal and exaggerated form as other men have who have had too long and thirsty a journey. As fainting desert wanderers find it easy to view areas of superheated dry dust as lakes and to behold refreshing drink in the empty air, so Mr. Hirst sees club drinking, free flask pulling, unrestrained restaurant drinking and the lifting of the ban from wines and beers—all in a decision holding that liquor declared as for private use on January 1 last and stored in a safety deposit vault, might be got at by its owner and taken to his home.

There was nothing in the decision which said Mr. Street could take it to his club, or drink it in public in violation of the national prohibition act, or treat as non-intoxicating what the supreme law of the land defines as intoxicating, yet the imaginative Mr. Hirst sees all these things in it and hails a "new era wherein the Eighteenth Amendment will be practically, reasonably and sensibly interpreted and applied"—that is, presumably, in accordance with the views of the brewers and restaurant proprietors he represents.

We hesitate to say anything about how far gone desert wayfarers have to be before they begin "seeing things" in that fashion. But if he gets any pleasure out of the vision I suppose nobody should begrudge it him. That is the only way he will ever see what he wrote about, however. The recent Congressional elections over the country were emphatic on that point.

ROLLIN O. EVERHART,
Editor of The American Issue.

New York, Nov. 12, 1920.