

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily. Open field. President: G. Vernon Towner. Vice-President: Helen Rogers Hall. Secretary: E. E. Macdonald. Treasurer: Address: Tribune Building, 134 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

Subscription Rates—By mail, including Postage in the United States. Yearly, \$12.00. Six Months, \$6.00. Three Months, \$3.00. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Foreign Rates. Daily and Sunday, \$12.00. Daily only, \$7.00. Sunday only, \$3.00.

Printed at the Tribune Building, 134 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The Associated Press is a corporation organized for the purpose of distributing news and information to its members and the public.

GUARANTY. You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—for it is guaranteed to be as good as new.

The Viviani Mission

The French Foreign Office has let it be known that, in a recent exchange of notes, President Harding expressed approval of the proposal of the French government to dispatch René Viviani to this country to discuss Franco-American relations and European affairs in general.

French statesmanship is realistic as well as idealistic. More than any other nation France is vitally concerned in the future peace of the world.

So it is fitting for France to take the lead in an effort to reestablish close relations among the four particular nations which now are, and for a long time promise to be, the only powers in the world able to command peace.

Mr. Wilson could not see the simple truth. He shut his eyes to realities. He could not see, if France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States were divided in feeling, that it was idle to talk of any league of peace.

M. Viviani's labors, it may be taken for granted, will be directed toward re-creating the conditions which existed in November, 1918, before discord came into the peace conference.

Team Work

When the Donnelly act against combinations in restraint of trade was passed its authors assumed that economic antagonism between employers and employees would prevent them joining hands to raid the public.

So the penalties of the act applied only to makers and vendors of articles in common use. The prohibition did not extend to articles not in common use, though they enter into the production of articles that are.

When objection is made to wage scales or to prescribed working conditions the employers are told: "It is nothing to you. Soak the public."

is nothing to you. Soak the public. To make sure that you do so, we order you to charge your customers the prices we dictate.

To correct this glaring injustice and to protect the public the Meyer-Martin bill has been introduced into the Legislature. It provides that the Donnelly act shall be amended so as to extend it to all products used in trade and manufacture, and thus removes the limitation restricting it to articles in common use.

No intelligently selfish member of a labor union, it is perhaps needless to say, will oppose this change. What gives strength to the anti-union movement? Practices similar to those which afflict the photo-engraving industry—practices that not only reduce the distributable wage fund by lessening consumption, but assume that the pockets of the public may be steadily picked.

Harveyana

Colonel Harvey, if he goes to Great Britain an ambassador, will doubtless be called upon to dodge brickbats coming from contrary directions. He will be attacked from the one side as an Anglomaniac and from the other as a twister of the lion's tail; and each element will veritably maintain its contentions by veritable quotations from Harveyana; for the colonel has not been a person to conceal his opinions.

The permutations were sometimes rapid, but hardly more so than those of others. It was a whirling period, and something is to be excused to a Boanergic journalistic temperament.

Upper Silesia. Minister Simons attached to his very meager reparation offer the condition that Upper Silesia be allowed to remain German. The Versailles treaty provides for a plebiscite and the election is near at hand.

The German argument for retention—plebiscite or no plebiscite—has been adroitly tied up with the dispute about German ability to pay war damages. It has impressed "soft" peace advocates like Mr. Keynes, who hold that German reparation is the first requisite to economic restoration in Europe.

But how about Poland? The "soft" peace propagandists dislike reminders of Poland's existence. But the Polish state, a creation of the war and of the unquenchable vitality of a race which has refused to be absorbed and denationalized, deserves consideration ahead of any of the accomplices in the Polish partitions.

The American-Polish Chamber of Commerce and Industry of this city has prepared a pamphlet challenging the Berlin and Keynesite view. The substance of its findings, based on a study of the economic relations of Upper Silesia to Poland and to Germany, is that "for Germany Upper Silesia would be only a source of greater wealth, while for Poland it is a fundamental basis of economic existence."

Of course, there is nothing in history or philosophy or the theory of evolution or anything else to justify such extravagance of admiration toward the extremes of fanaticism. It is only the protestants who have enough relation to the stream of progress actually to influence its course that matter.

The law-breaking definition of evolution put together by Herbert Spencer comes to mind as a clew to the common-sense of the problem.

still entitled to a chance to profit by a decision of the Upper Silesians to reenter the Polish community and to help restore Poland's ancient unity and culture.

The Railroad Predicament

Senator Cummins, joint author with Mr. Esch of the railroad law of 1920, promises a speedy investigation of the railroad situation. There is need of it. The public has been nonplussed at the failure of the Esch-Cummins law to give the railroads adequate relief.

The law aimed at stabilizing railroad operation and earnings, guaranteeing a fair return on the capital employed in operation. Under it freight and passenger rates were increased sufficiently, it was thought, to put the carriers back on their feet.

It is natural that Congress should try to find out why the Esch-Cummins act, passed with the best possible intentions, hasn't done what it was expected to do. What elements in the equation were overlooked? It is apparent now that Congress didn't make sufficient allowance for the havoc done by the Federal railroad administration.

But the vices of government administration had eaten deep. The Federal directors had camouflaged the evil results of their experiment by refusing to balance their books. They ran the roads at a loss and drew hundreds of millions of I O U's on the Treasury.

Income to meet this staggering increase was not provided under the war régime, as it should have been, and isn't provided now. The roads were turned back to private operation, tied hand and foot by the railroad administration's spend-first-and-earn-later policy.

Stupid Heckling. Sinn Fein Disturbance Out of Place at a Legion Meeting. To the Editor of The Tribune.

The various speakers kept strictly to the subject of "The Horror on the Rhine" meeting and to the insults heaped upon the "heroes of Pelham Bay." Captain Blackwell quoted Father Duffy as admitting that Colonel Anderson had made a "foolish mistake."

The Irish question was never touched upon by the speakers, yet they were continually interrupted, almost to the point of breaking up the meeting. Several of the speakers allowed the interrupters to speak, whereupon they proceeded to talk about Black and Tans and similar matters foreign to the matter under discussion.

My reason for writing is to give the unbiased impressions of one not a member of Manhattan Naval Post. It would be a great mistake if the Legion were condemned as "anti-Irish." Many of the members of the post who protested most vigorously against the rude interruptions were themselves of Irish descent.

Of course, there is nothing in history or philosophy or the theory of evolution or anything else to justify such extravagance of admiration toward the extremes of fanaticism. It is only the protestants who have enough relation to the stream of progress actually to influence its course that matter.

The law-breaking definition of evolution put together by Herbert Spencer comes to mind as a clew to the common-sense of the problem.

The essence of evolution, he declared, was a progress from incoherent homogeneity to coherent heterogeneity—from a waste of primeval ooze to the highly organized and varied life of our times, in more specific terms. The radical reads only the word heterogeneous and argues that the more variety the better.

It is entirely conceivable, in short, that winning the World War was so important that complete tenderness toward every Amish Mennonite, or even toward Mr. Herbert Croly, was wisely forgotten in the larger cause.

The Persistent Pie Counter

It is more than a generation since the first embattled phalanxes of civil service reformers made their charge upon the pie counter. For administration after administration they attacked and attacked again.

Yet what is this that we read in the news out of Washington? Twenty-two Senators see Mr. Harding concerning Federal offices. The White House is inundated by job-seekers. Old Andy Jackson might be pardoned a sardonic snicker from on high at this recurrence of old practices strangely surviving repeated deaths at the swords of the pure in heart.

The pie counter has been vastly abridged. Mr. Harding faces no such horde as beset Mr. Lincoln, for instance, and led him to wish that not a single job was within his gift. But the pies that are left are all the more luscious.

Is pie, then, an instinctive craving of the human animal? One fears so—at least in governmental affairs. How else explain this persistence of the old historic counter, the object of so much admirable reforming, still standing and, gashed and riven, still dispensing the old, old wedges of sweet for the faithful?

Stupid Heckling

Sinn Fein Disturbance Out of Place at a Legion Meeting. To the Editor of The Tribune.

The various speakers kept strictly to the subject of "The Horror on the Rhine" meeting and to the insults heaped upon the "heroes of Pelham Bay." Captain Blackwell quoted Father Duffy as admitting that Colonel Anderson had made a "foolish mistake."

The Irish question was never touched upon by the speakers, yet they were continually interrupted, almost to the point of breaking up the meeting. Several of the speakers allowed the interrupters to speak, whereupon they proceeded to talk about Black and Tans and similar matters foreign to the matter under discussion.

My reason for writing is to give the unbiased impressions of one not a member of Manhattan Naval Post. It would be a great mistake if the Legion were condemned as "anti-Irish." Many of the members of the post who protested most vigorously against the rude interruptions were themselves of Irish descent.

Of course, there is nothing in history or philosophy or the theory of evolution or anything else to justify such extravagance of admiration toward the extremes of fanaticism. It is only the protestants who have enough relation to the stream of progress actually to influence its course that matter.

The law-breaking definition of evolution put together by Herbert Spencer comes to mind as a clew to the common-sense of the problem.

The law-breaking definition of evolution put together by Herbert Spencer comes to mind as a clew to the common-sense of the problem.

The Conning Tower

Elegy Unwritten in a Country Club. Full many a dub of purest ray sereno —Grantoldrice. Sliding his drive will gnash his teeth and swear; Full many a player is born to push obscene And dreadful words into the ambient air.

Doubt hereby is expressed as to whether Mr. Prince Freeling, prosecutor in the Hamon murder trial, was entirely right when he said, "They had lovers' quarrels, the usual result of illicit love." Are they? Or are they one of the by-products? And how characterize the quarrels—for this is an imperfect world—that legal love is not free from? But there we go again—dipping into subjects ignorance, as Mr. Octavius Roy Cohen's heroes might say, is what we have nothing but of.

This Should Have Been Printed on Birthington's Washday, Said Dulcinea, Alighting from a Tabbycat

I know a man Named Eddie Pope Who talks as fast As Swerbert Hope

And there's a girl Named Anna Gibbs Who always says Sir Gillip Phibbs

The worst of all Is C. J. Boyer Who calls your job The Tonning Cover.

The statement about the birth of the eighth Muse, credited to Miss Fannie Hurst, was, an unassailable authority informs us, a typographical error. Our apologies to Señor Ibáñez, Miss Hurst, and all the Musas. To what depths will not the daily merry-andrew plunge to bring up a wheeze! And a poor one, like "Fillume!"

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

March 10—Up very betimes, and to my office, where reading letters and the public prints all the morning, and then Mistress Julia Tabor come to lunch and my wife and A. Woolcott, and I paid for all, graciously enough. So at my desk till evening, and to a barber's and had my hair cut, and to a dinner of Michigan alumni, and R. Copeland the chyrurgeon spoke about the sad state of the public health, and the indifference of the government and the community to it.

Think of the pleasant sensation President Harding must have had showing his father around the White House. And think what the older Mr. Harding must think of his boy Will.—St. Albans, Vt., Messenger.

Memories of a Trip Down the Nemasket River. (From the Middleboro, Mass., Gazette) A wonderful stately birch tree. It is lifting its head over there. And from one of its outstretched branches Golden robin is looking around.

The air is filled with the music of birds. Never a concert so sweet As rises and falls on the soft balmy air As we drift down the river complete.

And now we pass under a high bridge; I ponder a while as I think Of the many who've passed over this high bridge. Some weary of feet and life's journey, while others tripped away long.

Then I catch an odor of sweet fern, And back to the beautiful river. Come my thoughts, As we journey along.

In the distance I see a green pasture Filled with cows standing idly about, Calmly munching the grasses. Here perfect contentment is found.

Against the blue sky in the distance Rise the church spires, lofty and grand, Like sentinels doing their duty For the sleepy old town just beyond.

'Tis hard to drink in all the beauties, This trip down the river reveals, For the wonders of nature, its grandeur and splendor, Is a picture that's painted by God.

Now we've reached the end of the journey Down the beautiful river so fair, But the beauties revealed as we traveled along Will remain as a picture most rare.

"I killed her—you can now kill me. It was all my fault," he said before losing conscientiousness.—The Globe. Steel

NOT EXACTLY THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT TO GAIN OUR SYMPATHY



Books By Heywood Brown

A. A. Milne, who wrote Mr. Pim Passes By, has made an even greater contribution to human knowledge in his book of essays entitled Not That It Matters (Dutton). Mr. Milne has discovered the secret of the charm of golf and reveals it. "When he reads of the notable doings of famous golfers," writes Milne, "the 18-handicap man has no envy in his heart. For by this time he has discovered the great secret of golf. Before he began to play he wondered wherein lay the fascination of it; now he knows. Golf is so popular simply because it is the best game in the world at which to be bad."

"Consider what it is to be bad at lawn tennis. True, you are allowed to hold on to your new racket all through the game, but how often are you allowed to employ it usefully? How often does your partner cry 'Mine!' and bundle you out of the way? Is there pleasure in playing football badly? You may spend the full eighty minutes in your dew boots, but your relations with the ball will be distant. They do not give you a ball to yourself at football."

"But how different a game is golf. At golf it is the bad player who gets the most strokes. However good his opponent, the bad player has the right to play out each hole to the end; he will get more than his share of the game. He need have no fears that his new driver will not be employed. He will have as many swings with it as the 'scratch man'; more, if he misses the ball altogether upon one or two tees. If he buys a new niblick he is certain to get fun out of it on the very first day."

"Perhaps the most intelligent attitude to take toward the plays of J. M. Barrie is unconditional surrender," writes William Lyon Phelps in "Essays on Modern Dramatists" (Macmillan). Professor Phelps may well wear his arms if he chooses, but there will remain in the fortress a small band of irreconcilables who have seen Mary Rose and are determined to sell their lives dearly.

Nor again are we able to journey with the Professor when he says of John Galsworthy: "His novels and his plays have no tricks." We are thinking of the auction scene in "The Skin Game."

To be sure there is no accounting

"If the Coat Fits" To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The opening sentences of your editorial "Russia's Experiment" apply with equal force to America's experiment in inoculating our Constitution with the unwholesome virus of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Never, as all editorial writers and after dinner speakers keep telling us, was there so important a time in the history of the world's progress. And what, therefore, more momentous to record than that the resolution to appoint a committee to investigate bucketting was introduced at Albany by Senator Pitcher, of Watertown?

This Hactenda of Hilarity is in receipt of nine letters rebuking it for referring to him as Finley Peter Dunne instead of Peter Finley Dunne. His name is Finley Peter Dunne, the initials, like Father Francis P. Duffy's being arranged, if we do say so, in the correct order. E. P. A.

High Cost of Low Carfare

The Traction Situation Viewed From Various Angles

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: One of the greatest public enemies of the present day is the politician or public official who endeavors to force a business representing an investment of millions of dollars to operate at a loss. I refer particularly to the traction situation. In the first place, who owns the traction securities? You will find them in the hands of small private investors, banks, trust companies, insurance companies, religious, charitable and educational organizations.

What is the result of a severe decline in the prices of these securities and how does this decline affect the public? The private investor, who probably worked hard to save this money, is generally in no position to recuperate his loss. He suffers hardship. But not so with the banks and the insurance companies. They do make up their losses. The banks raise their interest rates on money borrowed for business purposes, while the insurance companies raise the premiums on all kinds of risks. This means that it costs more for everybody to do business. Every article of wearing apparel and every portion of food costs more. The public is indeed paying the bill not by dropping an extra four cents or so in the subway boxes, but indirectly on all purchases, with an additional profit added to make up for the extra amount of money involved.

The savings banks pay a lower rate of interest for money on deposit. The charitable, religious and educational organizations simply render less service than they otherwise would. How the public suffers.

From the other point of view, suppose the fare was seven cents, the average working man would spend an additional four cents a day, or approximately \$1.20 a month. Under the present five-cent fare he does not turn this \$1.20 over to the traction companies, but does he save it? No, indeed. He not only spends that amount, but a whole lot more, in the indirect way. The city has invested some \$300,000,000 in the subways, on which it receives nothing. In order to raise this sum the city sold its own bonds, on which it has to pay interest and this interest must be raised by taxation. This necessitates an increase in the tax rate, which, under our illustrious Mayor, is now at the highest point known. To meet the excessive taxes up go the rents. The man who thinks he saves \$1.20 a month pays an additional \$5 or \$10 to the landlord. All articles of merchandise also go up, adding a few more dollars to his bill. The price of amusements, as theater admissions, also goes up. Recreation costs more. In addition, what does he get in the way of service? He is packed in like a sardine at all hours. Furthermore, on an average, he has to wait probably at least two minutes longer than usual for a train. If his time is worth only a cent a minute the four cents a day is already gone.

There is still another angle of interest. There are several hundred thousand visitors to the City of New York every day. They use the subways, but get their transportation for less than it costs. For some philanthropic reason the taxpayers are forced to render this service by their public officials. F. M. HARTLEY JR. New York, March 10, 1921.

A Civil War

And so Clemenceau has killed two tigers. This seems strangely like fish ride.

Hard to Kill

(From The Toledo Blade) Pro-Germanism seems to have as many lives as a cat.

A Change of Phrases

(From The Detroit News) "May I not" abdicated, incidentally, to "My countrymen."