

New York Tribune
 First to Last—The Truth: News-Editorials—Advertisements
 Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1921

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily, except Sundays, Holidays, and the day after Thanksgiving. Office: Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone: Dickman 2040.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By mail, including postage in the United States.

By Mail, Postpaid	Year	\$12.00	Month	\$1.00
Daily and Sunday	Year	\$12.00	Month	\$1.00
Daily only	Year	10.00	Month	.85
By Mail, Prepaid	Year	11.00	Month	.92
Daily and Sunday	Year	11.00	Month	.92
Daily only	Year	9.00	Month	.75

FOREIGN RATES

Daily and Sunday	Year	\$15.00	Month	\$1.25
Daily only	Year	12.00	Month	1.00
Sunday only	Year	9.00	Month	.75

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

ing to fit the particular line of work in which the pupil is engaged.

The law has been in operation since last September, and there are five such schools in this city. In other cities and towns of the state the plan has also met with success.

As an economy measure the Fearon-Hutchinson bill is not only ill-advised, but the saving is so small as to make it absurd. Only about \$200,000 would be saved by abolishing the continuation schools. There are many legitimate methods by which the state's money may be saved, but curtailing already insufficient school facilities is not one of them.

A Unified Port

The City of New York and the Port of New York are not coterminous. The port is a geographical area, extending into New Jersey. In a political sense the port is bi-state. In an economic sense it is national. And in this unit New York City is by no means the economically dominant factor.

If these things are kept in mind it is easy to see what nonsense Mayor Hylan and Comptroller Craig are talking at Albany when they say that the port problem is purely a city problem. It isn't, and cannot be, a problem of "home rule." New Jersey is in the port, as recognized by the Federal customs service and by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The heart of the terminal section is west of the Hudson. Why insist, then, that the city is the sole proprietor of the port as it exists today or will exist to-morrow?

The port is a colossal gift of nature, not singly belonging either to the city or to the two adjacent states, but more nearly to the nation. Should a fatuous city government succeed in challenging the unity of the larger port and resolving it into parts this splendid natural endowment may go to waste. If the Interstate Commerce Commission should be persuaded that there are really two separate ports here, and should grant a logical freight differential to the one across the Hudson, the seat of the export and import trade would pass for good from Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Our spacious rivers and harbor have served us badly in creating a barrier against us which we haven't yet broken. Lighterage charges are a crushing burden on our trade. To circumvent them and maintain the unity of the port so that the eastern portions may not be discriminated against in favor of the western is the only big and sound policy for the city. Are we more concerned in sustaining the antiquated lighterage system than we are in getting in food and merchandise more economically and keeping our grip on the import, export and transshipment business?

The attitude of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment is indefensible. The only monopoly that New York City may aspire to in the port is the ferriage monopoly. But that grinds our population even more than it does the outside shipper. A unified, modernized port, under a bi-state commission, or, better still, a national commission, is needed for the protection of the city's interests. Giving away "home rule" in this matter is to give away nothing of value. The people of New York City have vastly more to gain than to lose by going into a joint enterprise intended to get much more out of the port than it yields to-day to those who own it and use it.

The Most Worthy

In honor of former President Wilson it is proposed to raise a fund whose income of \$25,000 shall be bestowed annually on the person adjudged to have "performed the greatest service for humanity."

When the committee in charge has completed its labors it might take up the business of providing a like reward for the person or group of persons competent to write a definition of what constitutes the greatest service to humanity and to say at any particular time who measures up to it.

To declare who in a prescribed period has made the most noteworthy contribution in a specified field is not an easy task. But he would be bold indeed who would attempt to decide who in the whole area of human activity has been mankind's best friend.

What is the standard? In the domain of truth we have the pure scientist and in applied science the great inventors. In sociology, economics and politics are not only theorists but the organizers and mediators that by a new method, perhaps selfishly born, teach by showing that cooperation can be made to work. In the world of the artists, who of all men come nearest to displaying pure creative power, we have the picture, or the statue, or the building or the book whose mere existence attests that the world is still in the making. Then there are the gifts of the thinkers who hold men are to be saved through their perfected intellects, and of the moralists who put perfected conduct first.

Time gives some perspective, and looking back it is perhaps possible to make guesses as to who have been the real Abou Ben Adhem, but in the hurly-burly of the present who can properly distribute halos? If there is not to be a lapse into sheer sentimentalism, if there is to be

more than a mere parade of the prejudices of the hour, it may be well to define a little more modestly who may be candidates for the Wilson prize.

Income Tax Vagaries

The framers of the state income tax law intended to make it conform in details to the Federal law as far as was practicable. It was a sensible plan, since it sought to avoid presenting two widely different sets of accounting problems to the harassed taxpayers. The purpose of the framers was emphasized by the requirement that each state return shall note the particulars in which it departs from the same maker's Federal return.

The Federal Department of Justice has just announced that it intends to abandon the ruling by which an arbitrary purchase standard of value for real property or securities sold was established as of March 1, 1913. Under this ruling a taxpayer was frequently compelled to pay income tax on a fictitious profit. He sometimes was allowed to charge a fictitious loss. The Federal courts are inclined to insist that income, to be taxable, must be actual, not imaginary.

The state income tax bureau likewise erected an arbitrary purchase price, as of January 1, 1919. This price penalized security owners more than the Federal price did, for there has been a marked decline in security values since 1913. If the Federal government is now willing to recognize its error the state government ought also to be, both as a matter of equitable administration and for the reasons of convenience to the public which led it originally to follow the Federal practice. But the Income Tax Board at Albany seems to resent the idea of eliminating imaginary loss and profit. It appears to think that if a citizen didn't take his losses and balance his books as of December 31, 1918, he was guilty of a sort of disrespect for the state income tax law and the regulations made under it.

Another thing: The Federal law allows the taxpayer to deduct all taxes paid except Federal income and inheritance taxes. The state law doesn't permit deduction of all taxes paid except state income and inheritance taxes. Federal income taxes may not be subtracted. This is a flat contradiction of the principle of uniformity. It is also a violation of the theory of mutual comity as between state and Federal taxing agencies. States do not tax Federal salaries; nor does the Federal government tax state salaries.

The Golden Age of Garbage

Flowers have a way of blossoming in the most impossible places. It is therefore with some awe that we come upon a delicate and delectable piece of writing headed "Barren Island" in the current issue of *The Survey*. That estimable magazine is apt to be thought of as sociological to the point of frowning upon the lighter touch. But not in this case. Miss Marion Clinch Calkins has taken her pen in hand as if it were a fairy wand, and amid the shacks and sand dunes of this God-forsaken blot upon the landscape of Jamaica Bay she has conjured up a sure enough fairy tale.

We are not quite certain what it signifies. But that is surely a point in its favor. The best fairy tales either have no moral, or have a dozen morals, all mutually contradictory and each gloriously satisfying. The more sordid interpretation of the philosophy of "Barren Island" might be summed up in the view that "All is not gold that does not smell." But it is the tale that counts. And here is the way it begins:

"There are now on Barren Island some four hundred people. Once there were a thousand more. They came, Italians, Poles and Germans, from Ellis Island and found in the dump the *pays et la patrie*. And through all the vicissitudes of storms, epidemics, flies and garbagelessness, they have kept a love of country. When you talk to the people of the island about better times, they look backward, not ahead. Back to the days of prosperity; back to the days of garbage. Barren Island is their Ultima Thula. The only disaster is to have to go away from it. Miss Shaw tells the story of the fair wish of the little Barren Islanders. It was Christmas. She drew her children about her. 'Now,' said she, 'if you had a fairy godmother who would give you anything you wanted, what would you ask?' The answer came in unison: 'The garbage back. We'd wish the garbage back.'"

Miss Jane Shaw is the presiding genius of the one clean, sunny shack upon the island; she is the school-teacher. Over her building waves a flag. To her classes troop willing children—when the tide does not appear and cut off part of the island. For long the school was the "educational ash-can of New York," Miss Calkins notes. Now it is the whole community, the one spot of gaiety and color and light.

It was, of course, a noble step to end the smell at Barren Island. Real esters accomplished the marvel for the good of many neighborhoods. The tragedy is, as the children indicate, that without its smell the spot is only a ghoulish hulk, offering no

visible means of support. "Barren Island is the best place to live," asserted the little girl who showed the visitor about. "You can spear fish and swim and pick up your food. It's wonderful—when there's garbage."

So feel the parents as well. In short, Barren Island has been reformed out of all livableness. In taking this dingy dump and advancing it at a stroke far up the heights of life, liberty, smell-lessness and the pursuit of happiness our lawmakers have wiped out its sole excuse for existence. It has been purified off the map. Its pioneers are fading away in pursuit of gold—gold that glitters, whether it smells or not.

Colonel Alexander

Is the 77th's Commander To Be Brigadier General? If Not, Why? To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I rise to ask how the former commanding general of the 77th Division—"New York's Own"—is expected to fare in the forthcoming selection of officers to be brigadier generals in the regular army? It seems that the former commanding general of the 26th Division is not without honor in Massachusetts, and its representatives in the United States Senate will insist that the services of Edwards be given due recognition. One of New York's representatives in the United States Senate happens to be chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and I have been wondering whether or not it has been brought home to him that his constituents have not forgotten the services of Alexander.

If he is not fairly entitled to promotion at this time, why not? Though the former officers of the 77th Division, being still for the greater part reserve officers, are not able to make any formal organized recommendation because it would be an unarmy act and so might only embarrass Colonel Alexander, their interest is deep, and it is their feeling that justice has not yet been done.

Is it true that the 77th Division made the farthest fighting advance of all our divisions? Is it true that it was the one division that operated entirely in the forest in the Meuse-Argonne advance? And that it reached the heights south and southeast of Sedan on November 6 and completely cut the westward line of communication from that city? If so, are not its achievements to be in part credited to the spirit and skill of its commanding officer?

Colonel Alexander, as I understand, is not a West Point man, but he has served in the United States Army for thirty-five years with distinction, taking part in five or six campaigns before the World War. He was jumped some ninety-three numbers when created major general and given the command of the 77th Division, and after the armistice all three of his corps commanders are supposed to have recommended him for promotion to the permanent grade of brigadier general. His native state of Maryland has recently hung his portrait in the State House. Can New York better express its gratitude and affection than to take pains that no discrimination is made against him in selections for brigadier generals, always bearing in mind that it will soon be too late because of his imminent retirement? It is well known that in the efficient discharge of duties it is often necessary for a commander to offend some subordinates who may later be in a strategic position on the General Staff. Is this such a case? DAVID V. BENNETT, New York, March 16, 1921.

Tardy Operagoers

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I fall to see how Mrs. J. West Roosevelt logically arrives at her conclusion that if concerts began punctually the audience would be there on time. To quote her letter of March 14: "The opera begins punctually as announced, whereas concerts are anywhere from ten to twenty-five minutes late. . . . Our audiences are not to blame for arriving late. . . . Once they understood that the music would begin as scheduled (they would very soon make their arrangements to arrive punctually.)"

Has Mrs. Roosevelt ever noticed the scores, possibly hundreds, of late arrivals at the opera? The prompt rising of the Metropolitan curtain has never reformed these discourteous persons. ROSALIE DAY, Catskill, N. Y., March 14, 1921.

Too Soon to Stage Wilson

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On the question "Will Drinkwater Stage Wilson?" propounded by C. Ralph Bennett, of Ithaca, I would remark upon what appears to me as a "distinction with a difference." Lincoln was "staged" by Drinkwater many years after his death, when time had mellowed memories; whereas to stage Wilson now would probably be provocative of a "free-for-all," hardly promotive of the amenities.

No; to stage a public personage during his lifetime strikes me as just about as inadvisable as naming a favorite child for one whose career has not been rounded out. Let history take precedence over histrionics. J. W. E., New York, March 15, 1921.

Business Women Not Drug Users

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is a strange thing that whenever any "uplift" movement is launched, such as a refuge for drug addicts, which it is reported in to-day's *Tribune* is to be started in Brooklyn, immediately the business woman is cited as a subject. As a business woman of fifteen years' experience in hiring and firing other business women I have only once encountered in business a woman who could be suspected of being one of those unfortunate. Ordinarily the business woman has a level head and is quite well accustomed to looking after herself. ONE OF THEM, New York, March 16, 1921.

The Conning Tower

Silver Threads Among the Gold
 Horace: Book 1, Ode 25
 "Parous unctos quatit fenestras"

Insistent lads no longer shake
 Thy shutters, keeping thee awake,
 And no one ever now knocks at
 The once willing door into thy flat.

Less frequently the lover cries
 "Sleep not, my Lydial come,
 arise!"
 The time will come when, old, forlorn,
 Thou'lt weep about thy lovers' scorn.

On moonless nights the flames will rage
 About thy heart; and, bent with age,
 Thou'lt fret that lads delight in myrtle
 And ivy more than in thy kirtle.

It is only when one reads no word of all the verbiage printed from the baseball training camps that one knows, beyond all possible shadow of doubt whatever, that senescence has marked him for her own.

On Lyrics, and the Sacredness of Pseudonymity

Sir: You love poetry and you're always generous in demanding honor where honor is due, to the poets themselves; and it was pleasant to read "O, Inexpressible as Sweet"; but now that we're on the subject of lovely lyrics, don't you know that you printed in *The Conning Tower* a few weeks ago one of the most supremely lovely lyrics ever written in the English language? And you printed it without disguise the name of the author, although you knew it. He had told you to disguise him, which you did, under the fanciful name of "Adul Tima."

It's an amusing name, but you know too much about poetry to let a poet, in an implish mood, play hide and seek with his fame like that. Perhaps it is impish because he doesn't think it matters whether he is acclaimed or not by a dull world; however, it was very careless of YOU not to see that "Wild Plum" was, beyond all comparison, the most precious thing that, in all probability, had ever been given into your care. You shouldn't have let it go into print so modestly—with an eighteenth rate piece of journalistic verse by Walter Pritchard Eaton sitting above it in the day's place of honor. (It was good verse at that—but probably he'd be the first to tell you how unimportant it was compared to . . .)

No—poetry is all we have for our ultimate moods—poetry is the one thing that can give the highest quality to our moments as they pass—the very highest quality, I mean. And we owe a great deal for a great poem. The least we can give is full and grateful recognition. So I wish you'd print "Wild Plum" again—and see if you can find even half a dozen lyrics to go with it. "I Shall Not Care," by Sara Teasdale, is the only one I am preaching of which I think instantly. "The Squanderers," by George O'Neill—which you published, by the way—is beautiful, too—but it is always difficult for me to say which poem of George O'Neill's I like best. There is one by Edna St. Vincent Millay—the name of which I've forgotten but in which occur these two lines: "Your voice is a string of colored beads, Or steps leading into the sea," which is among her best. . . . Of course, of all brief lyrics nothing is more beautiful than the one by A. E. Housman—beginning "With rue my heart is laden—for many a friend I had; For many a rose-lip maiden, And many a light-foot lad . . . By streams too wide for leaping, The light-foot boys are laid; The rose-lip girls are sleeping, In fields where roses fade." There, I've quoted it all, because I couldn't stop! But that's all. ZOE AKINS.

It is approbation from Lady Hubert to have as richly endowed and sensitive a poet as Miss Akins single out a lyric for praise. And it was our opinion, also, Miss Akins, that "Wild Plum" was charged with loveliness. But when a contributor signs a pseudonym or asks, specifically, that his name be not used, he issues a sacred and confidential command. To disregard it is not thinkable.

We should have been proud to append his name to the poems signed Abdul Tima, and if—only if—permission is granted, we shall divulge it. But, as most contris know by this time, their secrets are safe with us.

Song of the Night Editor

These are the grandest of possible stories:
 Stillman and Hamon and Stokes,
 Filled to the brim with conspicuous glories—
 Stillman and Hamon and Stokes,
 Crowded with nastiness, reeking with rot;
 Zippy and peppy and snappy and hot;
 Why should we worry as long as we've got
 Stillman and Hamon and Stokes?

"It's all Greek to me," said Dulcinea (so Willie says), as she paid her L. T., "but if I didn't pay it, it'd be just my luck to be investigated. Of course, I had an income, but it's all outgo by now. But I want to be a 100 per cent American—a real live daughter of your Uncle Sam, so I just made it out as simply as possible and let it go at that. Heaven knows where I'm going to get the money from. . . . Next year I hope I'll have to pay \$10,000 tax—I won't complain."

"Later," says the Monroe, N. Y., Gazette's candid reporter who covered the surprise party at the De Graws, "the party broke up and all present had a wonderful time." What little reader among you has not attended such a party?

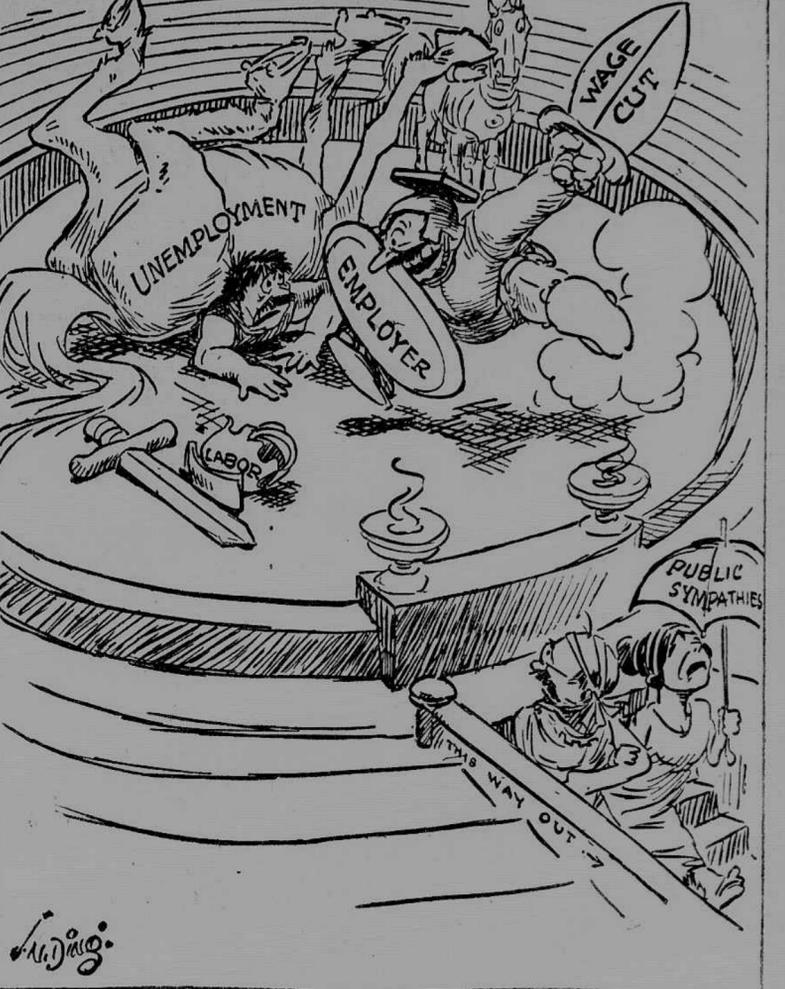
New York City is to have Daylight Saving, and all-roads readers in the families of golf and tennis players hereby are warned to look for new jobs.

The Davis Cup has arrived in this country.

How about naturalization papers? F. P. A.

LOOK OUT! LAURELS WON IN THAT KIND OF VICTORY WILL ONLY LEAD TO A NEW CHALLENGE

Copyright, 1921, New York Tribune Inc.



Naval Maneuvers

By Quarterdeck

It is not too much to say that a battle fleet cannot be ready for war, nor can it hope to win in battle against a fleet that is properly trained, unless it is kept busy month after month and year after year in up-to-date maneuvers and tactical exercises at sea in time of peace. There should be no let-up to this work if victory is to be assured. Every emergency should be anticipated, if possible, and every captain and division commander should be so "indoctrinated"—so completely familiar with the general battle ideas of the commander in chief—that all will quickly adjust themselves to unexpected situations, and never fail to cooperate in carrying out his plans of attack and defense. It is a wonderful school of organization and discipline, in which the safety of a nation may be at stake.

The Lesson of Tushima

From the study of recent naval wars we find ample proof of the vital necessity of drilling a fleet in practical sea tactics in time of peace—years before the battle begins.

When Japan precipitated the war against Russia the Russian fleet in the East was caught napping. It was not united, as it should have been, during the months when hostilities were plainly threatening. The main force was at Port Arthur, a squadron was at Vladivostok, and a division was in Chinese waters. These three fragments had never been properly mobilized and drilled as a unit in anticipation of war. There was no battle plan. The Russian forces, had they been united and properly drilled, would have been equal or superior to the Japanese fleet, and they would have had a fair chance in battle. But they were divided and untrained as a fighting machine, and the Japanese destroyed them in detail.

Following the destruction or blockading of their Far East fleet, the Russian Admiralty sent Admiral Rodjestsvensky with another untrained fleet from the Baltic to meet the united and veteran naval forces of Japan. The fleets met at Tushima and the second Russian fleet was destroyed. Its doom was sealed before the battle began. The story was told and the result predicted by two Russian officers during the cruise of Rodjestsvensky's fleet from the Baltic to Tushima. One of these officers declared that chaos reigned in the Russian navy; that there was no cooperation; and that the Navy Department was incompetent; that their fleet had had no war maneuvers whatever and that the appearance of the Japanese fleet found the Russian fleet unprepared in tactical exercises and their initial deployment for battle was so clumsily performed that the result of the engagement was foretold. On the other hand the Japanese fleet had been continuously under Admiral Togo's command for years and was drilled to the minute. As a logical result Togo advanced to the attack with perfect confidence and composure, and the Russian fleet was defeated.

U. S. Navy Maneuvers

The necessity for good organization, concentration of force and skill in fleet maneuvers has always been fully realized in the United States Navy. No naval officer could be unmindful of such a truisim. It is astonishing, therefore, to note the fact that there have been no maneuvers worthy of the name in the United States fleet since the armistice. In the beginning of this period, during demobilization, there was perhaps some excuse. But this excuse has not justified the failure properly to drill our fleet during the last eighteen months. The only explanation is to be found in the rule of politics and personal ignorance, or indifference, for which naval officers are not responsible.

In the autumn of 1919 the battle fleet of the United States was divided for the first time in its history and in defiance of the primer principles of strategy. Half of the force was sent to the Pacific, and the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, so called, were padded by retaining in commission many useless

ships in order to increase the tonnage of the two "armadas."

There were, in truth, only seven or eight fighting ships in each of these misnamed "fleets." There were two commanders in chief instead of one. The fleet may be likened to a football team divided into two squads 5,000 miles apart, each part with its own trainer using methods differing from the other. Imagine the two parts mobilizing a few days or hours before the game and attempting to coordinate under one captain with one set of signals! What would be the result, other things being equal, if such a team should meet another that had never been divided—which had been trained as a unit under one captain?

Such is the condition of the United States fleet to-day. Such is the chaotic situation to which politics and ignorance have conspired it. The navy is unprepared for battle. Not less than six months will be required, after the fleet is reunited, to make it ready to meet a united, well drilled fleet. Our predicament is similar to that which brought disaster to Russia in the war with Japan. Shades of the departed Mahan!

Jutland an Example

Another striking example of the importance of fleet exercises in anticipation of battle is found in the success with which Admiral von Scheer executed two difficult maneuvers while under fire from Jellicoe's battle line. Upon two different occasions Von Scheer was caught in the most dangerous position to which a battle fleet can be subjected. He suddenly found himself, in the mist and smoke that prevailed during the battle, advancing in column directly toward the center of Jellicoe's overwhelming force, the condition being such that his fleet was subjected to a disastrous raking fire. The quickest way out of this trap was to reverse his course by swinging his ships individually through 180 degrees. He accordingly made signal "Ships right-about." Under ordinary circumstances even on dress parade, where the ships are following directly behind the leader, this maneuver is by no means easy, especially if the ships are slightly out of position. But at Jutland, when Von Scheer made this signal, his force was in a curved or crescent-shaped formation, which made the maneuver doubly dangerous. Nevertheless, it was performed with precision and safety, and by this means Von Scheer, under cover of a smoke screen and torpedo attack which was also skillfully executed by his destroyer flotilla, extricated his fleet from a perilous tactical predicament—in fact, the success of this maneuver doubtless saved him from destruction.

It now transpires that Von Scheer had carefully and repeatedly drilled the German fleet in this exact maneuver, anticipating, as he did the possible necessity for withdrawing his forces in case he should be caught at a disadvantage by a superior fleet. Thus his division commanders and captains had been so "indoctrinated" before the battle that they were prepared for this emergency and their "preparedness" saved the Germans from crushing defeat.

Wotan's Farewell in German

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was very glad to read in this morning's *Tribune* the letter of a "Mother of Ex-Service Men" upon the subject of Wotan's Farewell, sung in the German language at last Sunday's Philharmonic concert.

I attended that concert and must say that after enjoying the earlier numbers on the program I came away with anything but pleasant feelings after having the language of our present enemies forced upon us.

In the program the title and the words of the song were given in English, indicating, it would seem, that the number was to be sung in that language.

On Monday evening "The Polish Jew" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House in English, to the evident satisfaction and delight of the audience. If Mr. Stransky is not sensitive to the feelings of the American public upon this subject, the matter should be promptly brought to his attention.

There are strong psychological reasons, through association of ideas, why those who have not forgotten cannot yet hear the German language without a shudder.

HERBERT B. SMITH, New York, March 16, 1921.

Allies' Alliance Best

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your leading editorial of March 12, "The Viviani Mission," is an excellent example of your method of carrying out your declared policy of disseminating truth and sense.

A league of all nations would be a glorious thing, but it is practical. In there not too much difference in their planes of advancement in civilization? Why not, therefore, a purely defensive alliance on the part of the present Allies against any nation or nations attacking them, severally or individually, on their home territory?

A world league is possible. Is it expedient? JOB, Englewood, N. J., March 14, 1921.

Secretary Mellon, Pittsburgh '74

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. A. W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, was spoken of recently in *The Tribune* as an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Mellon attended the University of Western Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh. He was graduated in 1874. F. H. RAMSEY, Westfield, N. J., March 14, 1921.