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Char-les's Platform
The "people" are to write the platform on which the political mannikins of Tammany Hill will perform this fall.

There are those who pretend to see in an attempt at jocosity on Char-les's part. We cannot. To us it is sheer effrontery—the effrontery of a desperate Tammany—a Tammany confronted by defeat, availing itself of one of the stock tricks of Hearstism—the trick of gulling.

It will not be believed by the people of New York that either Mr. Murphy, of Good Ground, or Mr. Hearst, of Riverside Drive, will permit them to participate in any sense in the writing of the Tammany platform.

The public will have as much to do with the making of that platform as it had with the naming of Char-les's candidates. It will have as much to do with it as poor John Hyland had to do with the statement he read to the legislative investigating committee, or with the composition of the campaign speeches the unfortunate man is going to recite. And that is nothing at all.

It will be Char-les's platform.

A Fitting Tribute
It is altogether fitting that the bodies of the American naval men who perished in the wreck of the ZR-2 are to be brought home on H. M. S. Dauntless.

Americans and British alike died in the line of duty, just as did those who were killed in the war. They died that the cause of aviation might be advanced. Tragic as was their end, it is to be hoped that they have not died in vain.

That Great Britain appreciates the importance of their sacrifice is shown in her desire to render them honors usually reserved for the highest government officials. It is an act that naval men will understand.

Geneva's Buck
The Allied Council at its last meeting washed its hands of the Upper Silesian controversy.

France and Great Britain were at loggerheads and no compromise appeared possible. Each government was involved in too many commitments to back down gracefully. So a mandate to make a decision was given to the Council of the League of Nations—a highly convenient method of passing the buck.

The three nations which have acted through the Upper Silesian commission and succeeded only in magnifying their differences are represented in the league Council. Five other powers not directly concerned in the Silesian settlement—Belgium, Japan, Spain, Brazil and China—are also represented.

Can the eight and a half of interest and purpose which has raged ever since Lloyd George and Wilson overruled Clemenceau at the peace conference and unwisely turned down the unanimous recommendations of the experts of the Polish Commission for an immediate determination of an Upper Silesian boundary line between Poland and Germany?

The evil effects of that decision have been cumulative. Great Britain and France have been brought by it many times to the verge of rupture. Upper Silesia has been left for two years in a state of civil war. The relations between Poland and Germany have been inflamed. The Lloyd George piblicite, too long delayed, has settled nothing. The League of Nations Council, a shadowy body, fearful of its own future and glad to be let alone, is now forced to undertake a settlement of

high importance to Europe and to risk its slender prestige by a second deadlock or an abortive verdict. The Council couldn't settle the minor dispute over Vilna. Can it retain its unity if it ventures to submit an Upper Silesian partition unsatisfactory to Great Britain or to France? This is the hardest test the league has yet faced. Its rules require a unanimous decision. How is the disagreement in which France, Great Britain and Italy were involved in one tribunal to be converted into concert on their part by the simple expedient of change of venue? Will harmony descend at Geneva after having refused so obstinately to descend at London or Paris or at Oppeln?

Mr. Hoover Steps In
The Administration will do what can be done to check the spread of unemployment. Government reports indicate that there are now 5,000,000 people out of work.

The derangement of our productive machinery is widespread. Next winter will be the first one of hardship for the workers in many years. Unemployment, now exceptional, results, in Mr. Hoover's view, from a poor coordination of American production. The industrial machine runs at loose ends.

At the conference which is to be called and in which he will be the Administration's chief spokesman stress will undoubtedly be laid on the need of organizing production along sounder engineering lines. Unemployment is increasing portentously. Yet there is talk at the American Federation of Labor's meeting at Atlantic City of strikes by strongly entrenched and favored labor groups.

Retail prices have ceased falling and are still far out of their proper relation to wholesale prices. Profiteering still goes on. Economic processes are tangled up in the confusion of partial and unequal deflation. The government itself has been forced to retrench and is not in a favorable position to undertake large public works.

But it is a reflection, as the Secretary of Commerce says, on our economic system that while business as a whole is steadily improving unemployment is at its height and suffering is the unavoidable lot of many who are willing to work.

Mr. Hoover is not a passivist in such matters. More than academic advice is likely to come out of a conference on unemployment of which he is the guiding spirit.

The Inhibited Victory Complex
There is a certain type of German mind that reads in the innocent acts of other nations plots as vicious and designs as cynical as were those of the old imperial Germany.

It regards world politics through the distorted lenses of Machiavellian methods and imagines cunning schemes and deep-laid designs of selfish imperialism wherever it looks. Such a point of view is seen in a recent article in the Berlin "Neue Rundschau" dealing with Latin America. Besides an ill-concealed delight at the prospect of a world war over a conflict between Peru and Chile, the author lets it be known that there is hope for a war between the United States and South America over Mexico.

The United States, it appears, is impatient to conquer its southern neighbor. No pains have been spared to bring about a situation warranting intervention. "No revolution has occurred in Mexico," says this gifted author, "which cannot be traced to its northern neighbor, or where at least the trail of the dollar is not found." The American government, it appears, raises and knocks down Mexican presidents at its pleasure.

But there is only one situation which would really justify American intervention in the eyes of South America, and the situation is imminent—the rise in Mexico of a Soviet government! "Beyond question," says the writer, "every recent Mexican revolution has had Bolsheviki behind it, or at least forces which could plausibly be described as Bolsheviki. Now, should the Mexicans set up a dictatorship of the proletariat, whether of their own accord or in response to Yankee intrigue, it would give the Yankees a splendid excuse to seize the country without protest from Latin America."

This idea is naturally intriguing to a German mind that saw no moral turpitude in the imperial German government supporting the Bolsheviki in Russia. Why shouldn't America do the same thing in Mexico? "However," he continues, "this would be playing with fire, in view of the fact that there is already so much Bolsheviki agitation among American workers."

Has any Freudian yet made a psycho-analytical study of political writers? If he should commence with the Germans he would find plenty of examples of the inhibited victory complex. Having lost the war, the Germans encourage themselves by imagining wars and their enemies and revolutions everywhere except in Germany. They exult in the mutual destruction of America and Japan. They glory in the ruin of the British Empire. They gloat over Bolshevism in Mexico and the United

States. They look forward to the annihilation of South America. Then they become enraged because we laugh at their credulity. Who but a person suffering from the inhibited victory complex could write such nonsense about Mexico and the United States? Who but a person with a diseased imagination could believe such foolishness?

A Shadow on Justice
In an open letter addressed to Governor Edward Irving Edwards of New Jersey the executive committee of the Citizens Union of that state says concerning his refusal to intervene in the case of George H. Brandon, who on Tuesday, August 23, was electrocuted at Trenton:

"He (Brandon) was convicted on the flimsiest evidence. His original lawyer has already been disbarred for improperly trying the case. The efforts of Mr. Goldenhorn, who succeeded him, to put his evidence before the courts have been frustrated by the extraordinary New Jersey statute prohibiting the submission of evidence, no matter how vital, unless it is presented within six months after conviction. "Under the peculiar technicalities of the New Jersey statutes and under the power vested in you as its Chief Executive, you alone possessed the power to stay this horrible procedure. You failed to do so. You, by your acts, or your failure to act, in this particular case, have left an indelible stain upon the reputation of the State of New Jersey."

Putting aside for the moment a discussion of the statute which barred Brandon's counsel from presenting the alleged new evidence discovered on the part of the defense, what, let it be asked, is the justification for the serious accusation made against Governor Edwards? To answer that a brief summary of the salient facts of the case, which seemingly is destined to stand out in the history of criminal jurisprudence, becomes necessary.

At 1:15 o'clock of the moonlit morning of August 22, 1918, Arthur Kupfer, a young paymaster, and Edith Janney, a nineteen-year-old acquaintance, both residents of Perth Amboy, left an inn on the outskirts of Rahway to go home in Kupfer's automobile. Their visit to the inn had been an innocent and friendly one. The proprietors of the place knew both Miss Janney and her family.

At 2:07 o'clock, or fifty-two minutes afterward, the Rev. Frank H. Moore, superintendent of the State Reformatory at Rahway, was awakened by the sound of shooting. Leaping from bed and without stopping to put on his glasses, he looked out on the road, which passes under his window. In the moonlight, according to statements made a little while later, Moore saw an automobile stopped and a man carrying another toward a ditch. Upon depositing his burden at the roadside this man returned to the car and it was driven off at high speed by a third man, who had remained at the wheel.

The man left in the ditch was Arthur Kupfer. Within an hour or thereabouts he died from a bullet wound in the heart. At dawn the body of Miss Janney was found beside a road in the village of Linden. She had been shot through the head.

Thereafter and for upward of twenty months the double murder defied a solution of the mystery which inclosed it. One day in June, 1920, John Lambie, alias George H. Brandon, an inmate of the New York State Prison at Auburn, under sentence for burglary, wrote to the authorities of Union County, New Jersey, offering to disclose the identity of the murderer of Arthur Kupfer and Edith Janney in consideration of his release from Auburn and his placement in a job.

As the result of negotiations carried on by the Union County Prosecutor, Brandon accused Charles Pechaud, a fellow convict. He said Pechaud had confessed to him. In turn Pechaud, while admitting companionship with Brandon on the night of the murder and of their meeting Kupfer and Miss Janney on the road and asking Kupfer to give them a lift, accused Brandon of murdering the young couple for the purpose of robbery.

Upon the trial of the pair in October last Brandon pleaded not guilty, and Pechaud, turning state's evidence, pleaded *non vult contendere* (I will not dispute).

Dr. Moore, who had never seen Brandon before the night of the murder, and then without glasses and in the exciting circumstances which have been described, swore that he was the man who had dropped Arthur Kupfer in the ditch. With this identification made two years and three months after that night, he confirmed a previous identification at Auburn prison at the time Brandon revealed himself to the authorities.

This was the only direct evidence which placed Brandon upon the scene of the crime, excepting Pechaud's. In addition, however, the state introduced in evidence photographs of fingerprints on the rear door of an automobile purporting to be the rear door of Kupfer's car. It did not, however—and the defendant's counsel did not compel it to—produce the door.

These photographic fingerprints tallied with Brandon's, supporting the state's theory, in substantiation of Pechaud's evidence, that Brandon had been in the rear of the car and had fired his murderous shots from that position. Pechaud claimed to have ridden in the front seat with Kupfer and Miss Janney and to have driven the car by Kupfer's invitation. Photographs of fingerprints purporting to have been found on the windshield tallied with Pechaud's. And that was taken to prove that he had at least sat in the front seat.

Brandon in his defense set up broadly that he had never in his life been near the scene of the crime. Forty minutes later he was found guilty and sentenced to be electrocuted. Admittedly Frank M. McDermit, of Newark, who defended Brandon, was not true to his attorney's oath and his client's interests. Upon Brandon's conviction, however, he applied for a writ of error, only to fail, with Brandon standing on the very brink of death, to prosecute the writ before the Court of Errors and Appeals. His excuse was that neither Brandon nor Brandon's wife had sufficient funds to finance the proper presentation of the case. McDermit's lapse automatically affirmed the conviction. For this dastardly unfaithfulness the Court of Errors and Appeals disbarred him—and not for the first time in his career. That was in June last.

Then entered the case out of a purely humanitarian motive Mr. I. Faerber Goldenhorn, a practitioner in both New Jersey and New York. With his appearance the new evidence in question developed in the form of alleged statements by men who had worked in a New York City garage with Brandon and by a young woman named Miss Dorothy Brodell, which, if true, would substantiate Brandon's claim that he was not in New Jersey on the night of August 22, 1918. Upon the trial McDermit, according to Mr. Goldenhorn, made no effort to support the defendant's alibi other than through the testimony of Mrs. Brandon.

In addition to these alleged statements Mr. Goldenhorn throws doubt upon Dr. Moore's identification of the man, claiming to be able to prove that on a visit to Auburn prison Brandon had to be pointed out to him. The New Jersey courts, bound by statute, could not receive the evidence gathered by Mr. Goldenhorn. Governor Edwards was the only one left to intervene.

To Brandon's attorney and to Brandon's wife the Chief Magistrate of New Jersey turned a deaf ear and permitted the law to take its course. And Brandon died horribly, protesting his innocence until man-handled into silence. It will take a long time to dim in the public mind the scene of his passing in the death house at Trenton as it was depicted in the daily press. Governor Edwards is reported to have said on August 22, the eve of Brandon's execution, that it was not true that any technicality had prevented the presentation of the evidence gathered by Mr. Goldenhorn. Further, the Governor was credited with saying: "I am convinced that he (Brandon) had a fair trial. I do not feel that I can take any action in the case."

There is a finality about those statements which leads The Tribune to question whether Governor Edwards may not have in his possession certain official information which sustained him in his adamant refusal to interfere in Brandon's behalf. If he has such information he should give it to the public without delay. The reputation of Jersey justice demands this. More, the reputation of eternal justice demands it. Fatherhood, N. J., who has sent us a swell book, all full of pictures of the Tassie River. Some of them are that lifelike we can almost smell it. From Paterson on, the Passaic has only one rival, and that is the Gowanus Canal.

As for the statute prohibiting the reception by the New Jersey courts of evidence developing later than a period of six months following a conviction, let it be repealed. If such a statute exists anywhere else in the Union, let it likewise be erased from the books. Evidence is evidence, whether it comes to light one day or one month or six months or six years or a lifetime after a conviction! That is the spirit of our law. That is the spirit of justice—its soul!

Duty on Methyl Alcohol
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: After a long agitation Congress recognized the importance of alcohol as an industrial material, and enacted the "untaxed denatured alcohol law," exempting from internal revenue taxation alcohol used for most manufacturing purposes. The Fordney tariff bill imposes a duty of 15 cents a gallon on "methyl alcohol," a substance largely used as a denaturant for industrial alcohol, presumably in the interest of the domestic producers by whom the methyl alcohol is distilled from their by-products.

There is not the slightest excuse for thus adding to the cost of an important industrial material, particularly at this time, when every effort is being made to develop and extend our dye and chemical industries, which consume large quantities of alcohol. The Senate committee on Finance should promptly strike out this onerous tax. WHIDDEN GRAHAM. New York, Aug. 27, 1921.

Why the Future Tense?
Everything he (Hylan) says in public will be carefully prepared in advance and will represent the product of at least a half-dozen of the "best minds" among the Tammany and Hearst men.—The World.

Mr. Hearst, we also learn, is to direct the campaign of His Honor, and we fervently hope that his usual success in this field will attend his efforts.

Mr. Sturman E. Dyson and F. P. A. Wore up at Seal Harbor the other day. F. O. M.

H. B. N. says Mrs. H. B. N. wants to know whether the theater that advertises "Eli, Eli Chorus" really is housing the Yale Glee Club.

Summer seems to have been served with a notice of eviction. F. F. V.

Words that are empty and senseless, indeed, Utterly void of all flavor or scent, Make up the ad that we frequently read: "Seven large rooms at a moderate rent."

Some periods in the lives of even the greatest might as well be forgotten. There are epochs in the careers of the highest over which it would be well to draw the veil of charitable oblivion. But nothing is sacred to the unreticent movie film. There are things other than the length of feminine water wear to which the omniscient censors might pay attention. But they don't. As lately as Saturday a Bowery moving picture theater was advertising in letters a foot high: THE LIFE OF DANTE. From the Crucifixion to the Persecutions by the Emperor Nero.

And the Chief of Staff Has Writer's Cramp
E. F. V.—If you are following the development of the great Indian revolt you will have observed that the Mohpals have retreated from Gopichettipalalam and Sanakaramanarayana to a point midway between Bodinayakkannur and Chinkavakkannali. Has it ever occurred to you that a few of these towns, if laid end to end, . . . R. R.

The United States is about to launch its largest dreadnought, and if they don't stop increasing in size we'll have to build some new oceans pretty soon.

Our thanks to George Taggart, of Paterson, N. J., who has sent us a swell book, all full of pictures of the Tassie River. Some of them are that lifelike we can almost smell it. From Paterson on, the Passaic has only one rival, and that is the Gowanus Canal.

And It's a Hard Bed That Has No Turning
Dear F. F. V.—Our Proverb—It's a rolling chair that matters no gossip. Mount Sinai Hospital. MIM.

Two taxi men were held up yesterday. Now, if the Bandits' Union will only turn its attention to the hat-checking situation!

Zoo Lyric
I wish I were an ostrich grand,
No more I'd flatter roam.
I'd plant my visage in the sand
And think myself at home.

Wonder why they don't change their signs to read: "Apartment To Be Ransomed."

The Conning Tower
TWILIGHT
I shall not fear to meet his face,
The old pretender men call Death,
If I may wait a little space
When twilight draws its languid breath
And hills are crowned with clouds of fire
About the dead day's flaming pyre.

If one last time before I pass
I see again the dusk a-creep
And smell the night wind in the grass
And hear the tree toad calling "Sleep!"
If thus my journey I may end
I'll wait as one who waits a friend.

Once more I'll see the fireflies gleam
And smile a little then to know
How many a brilliant, youthful dream
So gleamed, and faded, long ago,
While all the time with tranquil eyes
The high stars mocked each enterprise.

So let me wait a little while
In summer twilight ere we meet.
If so it may be, I shall smile
To hear his slow approaching feet
And clasp his hand when he has said:
"Come, little son, it's time for bed."

"Sing Sing convicts has been forgiven," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Preakness, N. J. "Gosh! Ain't there no honesty anywhere in the world these days?"

Turkey has cut off the Greek right wing, and if it were only nearer Thanksgiving there might be a possible jest contained therein.

Vacuous Verbosity
In contests for a rapid phrase
This takes a high position;
Observe when on the ads you gaze:
"Used cars in good condition."
W. H. V.

My dentist has an awful clutch.
He holds my jaw and looks within
The while he wears a fiendish grin
And softly croons: "This won't hurt much!"
Florence I. Bradley.

Words that are empty and senseless, indeed, Utterly void of all flavor or scent, Make up the ad that we frequently read: "Seven large rooms at a moderate rent."

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HELPING WELCOME THE DISARMAMENT GUESTS.
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Men Who Are Slipping
Thousands of Boys Who Went "Over There" Are Homeless and Jobless—Every American's Privilege to Help Them

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: When the war with Spain ended many of the boys who had served their country in the army and the navy were reduced to utter poverty. As first New York State chaplain of Spanish War Veterans it was my lot to talk with many of them and also with members of their families. I know of two men—youths or little more—who were sent to Sing Sing prison because of their honorable service, or, at least, as the aftermath of it. Neither, I am certain, would have taken what did not belong to him save for lack of food and shelter.

One of these, after his discharge from prison, told me that many of "the boys" had done time for like reasons, and that at least one had passed through the little green doorway, convicted of murder, because, in the course of a robbery wherein he participated, some one had been shot by one of his pals.

The World War is over, the so-called period of reconstruction is under way and history is repeating itself on a greatly magnified scale. Thousands of the boys who went "over there" are today homeless and jobless. Thousands more are jobless and either defiant or ashamed to hold up their heads in their homes, because when poverty puts the screws on it too often causes the dear home folks to vent their discomfort in helpless spleen.

About a week ago I called at the home of a sick-bed World War veteran, and was told by his uncle that even the young man's mother "despised" him because he had been so long out of work before illness overtook him. It was with difficulty that I made it plain that the poor fellow in question had come to me again and again, as he had to others, begging only for some lead—in the direction of "work and wages."

Along the water front every morning one may see them—these shadows of robust manhood and patriotism, arousing themselves, stiff and rheumatic, after fitful sleep in the cold out of doors on the docks. You may see them in the parks, in wagons; sometimes furtive, sometimes defiant in the glances that they give those who are more fortunate than themselves; and sometimes—saddest of all—in a stage of dogged indifference, the stage that says: "What's the use?" and is ready, always ready, for whatever may come next. Make no mistake about it, many of these lads are in the twilight stage of patriotism, in the twilight stage of pride and devotion to oldtime principles.

The transmogrification of a good man into a bad, an ambitious youth into an outcast, a patriot into a vindictive one, is not so difficult to bring about, nor so unusual, as we who are sure of our food and shelter are inclined to think. It is all very well, in smug self-complacency, to view the "crime wave" as one in which only those who are deliberately criminal have a part. It is acutely practical to "send away for long terms" all first offenders as well as hardened criminals. To the man who is desperate from starvation or the near prospect of starvation such examples bring nothing but resentment.

Where are the agencies—the men, the women, the various associations, religious and secular—which during the war were so anxious to aid the soldier and sailor? Where are those who, during the war, said that the old order of things as to ex-soldiers would not prevail after the cessation of hostilities? Where are those who swore they would stand by the youth of the U. S. A. after its return from overseas and uplift and support it?

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," or, rather, when a people, in sheer disregard of the right of all who are willing to do their bit to eat, sleep, hold up their heads and enjoy reasonable comfort, permits misery on a large scale, that people invokes doom. This is not a time for frittering of hours, or minutes, or seconds. Every American should do what he can, individually, to revive business, multiply avenues of employment and to prevent wages from sagging out of all proportion to the slight reduction in the cost of living. Every influential American of adequate means should busy himself or herself actively and energetically in bringing about actual relief for the men who are slipping— all of them.

The government can and should provide avenues of employment of sufficient elasticity to provide for those who just now need to be taken by the hand. If it be economy and nothing more to discharge on a large scale government employees whose incomes are small, at such times as these, is it wise or just? I am not an alarmist, but the veterans of the World War, in all branches, fifteen times outnumber those of the war with Spain. What is more, the temperament of the present day does not placidly turn toward martyrdom.

A. M. TAYLOR. Brooklyn, Aug. 28, 1921.

Joshua's Rivals
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your interesting criticism of those writers who supplement their atmosphere by taking liberties with the "sweet regent of the sky" has no excuse except that with them fiction is stronger than truth. That they are a little ahead of time in the matter of the moon's uprisings and downings would probably pass unnoticed but for your observations.

Some writers, however, go further still and turn the heavenly bodies completely around. In that little read, nowadays, delightful romance of "The Antiquary" the Harp of the North makes spectators on the east coast of Scotland see the sun set in the North Sea.

One may forgive Sir Walter, who had a habit of setting his stage to suit himself. We condemn the insignificant and condone the faults of the great. Peace to his ashes, in spite of Mark Twain. In comparison with the author of "Waverley" Joshua was a mere amateur in solar arrangement.

W. E. ALLEN. New York, Aug. 28, 1921.

Taking the Joy Out of Life
(From The Boston Transcript) Coal dealers again announce that the price will remain high. Why take the joy out of life by calling attention to a disagreeable fact that everybody recognizes?

Our Leading Industries
(From The Louisville Courier Journal) The automobile-stealing industry seems, will soon rank next to that of bootlegging, which is said by some to be itself next in immensity to the steel and iron business.

Questioning Vocal Teachers
What Do They Know About Physics and Physiology?
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Some time ago I wrote a letter to your paper in which I suggested that no one should be allowed to teach music unless he had a college degree.

To carry my argument a little further, I would like to suggest that no one can be an efficient teacher of vocal technic unless he has a really sound knowledge of the physics of sound and of the science of physiology. This statement seems to be so obvious as to be almost trite; nevertheless I can assure you that I have lately been questioning several vocal students, and even teachers, and have almost without exception found them ignorant of even the fundamentals of these sciences.

The first question I ask is: "What is resonance?" They all say: "Oh, resonance is what makes the voice sound full and round." I have never met with one of them who realized that an air cavity which resonates for, say, middle "C" will not give resonance for a higher or a lower note, say middle "G." They never seem to understand that a resonance cavity is such a cavity that the air in it will vibrate synchronously with the vibrating membrane, nor do they know that, for a tube closed at one end, as the note ascends the scale the cavity which gives resonance must become shorter and shorter.

So far is this fact misunderstood that most teachers tell their pupils that the tone is felt higher and higher in the head as one ascends the scale. This is obviously absurd, and such a statement could not possibly be made if the fundamentals were understood. I could quote other absurd fallacies which arise through ignorance of the physics of sound, but I do not wish to become too technical.

Again I have asked: "What are the names of the cartilages of the larynx and of their accompanying muscles and how do they function?" So profound is the ignorance of elementary physiology that in one book on voice which has recently been published the author states that it is most undesirable that the student should understand physiology.

Such statements compel one to ask: "What, then, should the student know?" Is he to accept with blind faith and statement the teacher chooses to make, even if the statement has no scientific basis? DOUGLAS STANLEY. New York, Aug. 27, 1921.

"Borah's Fixed Ideas"
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Many thanks for the editorial in to-day's Tribune "Borah's Fixed Ideas." It is part of a great newspaper's duty to keep the truth before the people. So many facts are distorted and wrongfully presented that it is necessary from time to time to write such an editorial, or the people will forget the truth about who started the World War. Keep the responsibility fixed where it belongs!

Please accept the thanks of your old friend CONSTANT READER. East Orange, N. J., Aug. 26, 1921.