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First to Last—the Truth: News, Editorials—Advertisements
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town or to outlying regions, which, though further off, will be nearer in time—the vital element.
Have the engineers of the Transit Commission sufficiently taken into consideration the social side of the transportation problem? The financial one is not the only one to be given weight. It may be, if the greater cost of taking care of a more extended city is allowed for and likewise the economic waste of moving people away from their jobs, that the five-cent fare will be costly.

Manhattan's population, we are told, could be housed south of Fifty-ninth Street, with every room an outside one and half of the ground space reserved for streets, parks and playgrounds, and business granted as much space as now. But under the incitement of those who like land to go up in value in outlying districts the city's tradition is in favor of scattering population. The pressure to do this naturally reaches and affects even cold-blooded engineers.

So year by year the average traction trip lengthens and the per capita tax to meet transportation expenses increases much faster than population.
A New York with only one traffic dimension is not an ideal to be struggled for. Yet it comes. Brooklyn and Queens are more globular, but Manhattan and the Bronx string out and out.

Dangerous Metaphysics
Although the gentlemen to whom President Harding has entrusted the details of treaty-making have persuaded him, against his first impression, that Article I of the four-power treaty covers the home islands of Japan, the text of the article is just as it was. It is not changed by any "interpretation" adopted and continues to speak for itself. This text says:

"The high contracting parties agree as between themselves to respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the regions of the Pacific Ocean."
Passing over the defect that the word "between" is used when "among" is obviously meant and that "their rights" is employed when "one another's rights" would be better, consider the concluding phrase—the one that carries the agreement to respect rights in respect to "insular possessions and insular dominions in the regions of the Pacific Ocean."

Taking these words in their ordinary sense, can it justly be said that the island group known to history as Japan is either an insular possession or dominion of Japan the political abstraction that is the signatory to the treaty? Is the island of Great Britain an insular possession or dominion of Great Britain? When Venice was seated on islands at the head of the Adriatic, were these islands, in a political sense, insular possessions of Venice? So instances might be multiplied. An insular possession or dominion seems to imply sovereignty established beyond the home borders and usually of a different status.

But if, by forcing language, the construction is accepted that Japan's homeland is covered by the treaty, practical considerations would seem to demand some change in the treaty's text. It is doubtless true that Japan did not seek for inclusion of her own homeland, and it is equally true that the scope guaranty is of no consequence. But it is not to be forgotten that the treaty must be ratified and that the public does not draw fine metaphysical distinctions. As things now stand the door is thrown open to the would-be treaty wreckers to shout that we are asked to "guarantee" Japan and to underwrite anything she may do.

Ireland's Woodrow Wilson
Eamon de Valera, by the course he has pursued since the signing of the Irish pact, has rapidly established a claim to be regarded as the Woodrow Wilson of Ireland. He has revealed his possession of two marked Wilsonian characteristics—first, an overmastering tendency when handling practical questions to be excessively logical and rhetorical, and second, great stubbornness in precisely adhering to a course of action when once it is publicly espoused and pride is enlisted to put it through.

De Valera, like his American prototype, is a theological statesman. He mistakes dogma for principle. De Valera is of the Roman Catholic communion, but his mental qualities are more of the kind criticized as Presbyterian.
His intellectual ancestry seems of Geneva rather than of Rome. In his accents one can almost hear John Calvin demonstrating with inflexible deduction how one truth necessarily implies another. From the major premise that Ireland is a nation he is, of course, able to draw the conclusion that compromise of that nationhood is unthinkable. To him Ireland is an existent republic; hence for her to accept the status of a free state, with some sort of fixed relation to the British Empire, is a degradation.

De Valera regards the paper constitution of the Irish republic with the same veneration that Mr. Wilson displayed toward the covenant

of the League of Nations. Both are unchangeable, unamendable, unmodifiable. They must be accepted, in the full scope of their implications, without reservations or emendations. It is profane to think they can be improved and blasphemous to take action not strictly in accord with them.
In consequence De Valera is missing up and doing what he can to defeat an Irish settlement, even as Mr. Wilson messed up and defeated the great project to place the United States in proper relation to the world. Dangerous is it for any country to have its destinies in the hands of men with too much ego in their cosmos and disposed to neglect the claims of opportunism and of wholesome human inconsistency.

The Right Kind of Charter
New York City needs a charter that will simplify government and fix responsibility. These are two requisites which the new Charter Commission will do well to bear in mind. We cannot as yet hope for a consolidation of city, county and borough government—although we believe that eventually this will be found necessary and practicable. But we can at least do away with many superfluous offices and place responsibility so that it can always be determined by the voters when there is bad administration.

Woodrow Wilson, when he was still a critic of government instead of a participant in it, once spoke of the well known Nast "Tweed Ring" cartoon, in which the New York officials were grouped in a circle, each man pointing to the next and saying "I want me!"

"What we need," said Mr. Wilson, "is not 'I want me' government, but 'Tis you' government."
Responsibility can be fixed definitely only when power is concentrated in a few hands. A complication of offices enables "buck passing" and once buck passing begins no one can ever tell who is to blame for mismanagement, maladministration or graft. Drawing a charter that will enable the accurate fixing of blame is one of the most vital tasks that the commission has to perform.

Simplifying the government system will help to bring this about and will, in addition, decrease expenses and enable business to be handled expeditiously. Henry Ford once said that of the thousands of letters of suggestion that came to him the great majority advised improvement by adding more parts. These he threw into the waste basket. Letters showing how parts could be eliminated were considered, and often the suggestions they contained were adopted.

There are too many parts in the present city government—too much machinery that can and does get out of order. In making improvements this commission and those who are to follow it ought to keep constantly in mind the necessity of eliminating as much machinery as possible and of making all responsibility clearly visible.

We Accept—In Principle
The Tribune quite naturally is flattered by its appointment as a member of the Mayor's Committee to Establish a Boosting Spirit in New York. It has not yet received an official notification of the honor that has been conferred upon it. But, to quote a form of expression frequently employed by Mr. Hylan, its attention has been directed to a newspaper item in which appears the following passage:

"Mayor Hylan, one of the honor guests at a dinner at which the speakers' bureau of Tammany Hall celebrated the recent election, renewed his proposals for a boosting spirit in New York that would give the city a fair name outside. The Mayor said he would nominate 'The World,' 'The Tribune,' 'The Herald' and 'The Sun' as star members, and that if they could be induced to print nice things the result would be to attract thousands of persons here to spend their money and boom business."

We are a little surprised that the Mayor should admit that New York has not already a "fair name outside." We had supposed, from his campaign utterances, that all the world knew, through the medium of the Hearst newspapers, that this city, enjoying a fairly Augustan administration, was free from every form of evil—a veritable paradise on earth.

The Tribune would be glad to help spread abroad this impression, and will be glad in the future to do so in its capacity as a member of the Mayor's committee. The only condition it would impose is that the statements it makes shall be truthful.

It still owes to its readers the duty of disseminating honest news. And whenever Mayor Hylan will furnish it with material that will tend to establish a "boosting spirit" it will cheerfully publish it, even if it is necessary to stop the presses to get it in.

However, up to date we have gained from Mr. Hylan little news of any sort. Our reporters, always in quest of information that will pleasantly advertise the city, find all the avenues of information locked, with the key in Mr. Hylan's pocket. Even the Transit Commission, seeking to learn the details of

the six killed and 208 injured by Mr. Hylan's buses, are refused permission to inspect the police blotters.
Mr. Hylan has much to learn about publicity. Secrecy and concealment do not serve the purposes of good advertising. If he will give out all information, good and bad, it will be broadcasted, and his thousands of spenders can decide for themselves just how delightful life in the metropolis can be.

But if he gives out only good news and suppresses all not-so-good news, the outside world will begin to suspect that the not-so-good news is really worse than it is. Nothing awakens suspicion like concealment.

We accept, as we have said, being tremendously set up to think we are placed on a committee from which even the Hearst newspapers are excluded. But we accept on principle only. We'll have to get the good news before we can honestly print it.

Casting Gloom Over Matrimony
If the lovers we read of in the novels of our youth had lived happily ever after we should be lamentably short of fiction to-day. The modern novel takes up life where the old-time novel left it off. It follows the married pair out of the primrose path into ways that are strait and narrow and set with thorns. It carries them through tiffs and quarrels in every other chapter either to estrangement or the divorce court or both.

Meanwhile, if the newspapers correctly mirror married life, the woman has no alternative but to suffer in silence. She has no recourse, particularly if he happens to reside in the State of New York. The very courts of justice are closed to her, till, maddened by the demon of incompatibility, she applies for a legal separation.

Recently a wife who was thrown from an automobile because of the clumsy driving of her husband sought to sue him for the damages she sustained. The court informed her that it could not be done. Clumsy or not, the court held, the husband was well within his rights in upsetting the car that contained her. A suit against him would not lie.

Here is truly a deplorable state of affairs. The fictionists insist that the wife is doomed to unhappiness. Yet to her distress Justice is deaf as well as blind. Either she must resolve to endure it all or quit. Only one remedy suggests itself, and that is picking the sort of husband with whom she can really live happily ever after. But that, alas! would throw all our modern novelists out of employment.

The Garment Deadlock
Piece Work or Week Work the Vital Question to Workers

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Mr. Steuer's "plan to end the cloakmakers' strike," as outlined in yesterday's papers, does not seem to me to offer a practical solution of the pending dispute between the employers and the workers in the industry. At least on one important point it strikes me as tending to widen rather than to heal the breach.
In his previous statements Mr. Steuer has asserted that his clients do not demand a reduction in wages, and that they would be fully satisfied to continue or even increase the present scale of wages, provided that the workers would give their employers an adequate labor return. In his last statement he clearly recedes from that position. While he still repeats the formula of "a dollar's work for a dollar's pay," he advances the demand of the decrease in wages apparently as an independent condition and regardless of the productivity of the workers.

The statement does not touch upon the vital point of the controversy. Mr. Steuer does not even inform us whether his clients are ready to abandon their demand for piece work and increased hours of labor or to reinstate the subsisting agreement between the parties. Mr. Steuer is quoted as saying that he is not interested in the terms "piece work" or "week work." This may be entirely true so far as he is concerned, but the workers are vitally interested in that subject, and can hardly be expected to give serious consideration to any proposition which does not include a definite statement of the attitude of the manufacturers on that point and on other points of similar importance.

However, I know of Mr. Steuer's "plan" only from newspaper reports. It does not seem to be more than a personal and informal interview. According to the papers which carried the interview, the leading members of the Protective Association seemed to be as ignorant of the plan as is the union, which has received no official communication on the subject, either from Mr. Steuer or from the association. Under the circumstances we do not feel called upon to take any action whatsoever on Mr. Steuer's so-called plan. BENJAMIN SCHLESINGER, President International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, New York, Dec. 21, 1921.

Park Avenue's Iron Fences
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I would like to suggest the removal of the unsightly iron fences that disfigure the center of Park Avenue from Thirty-fourth to Fortieth Street. These relics of some prehistoric architectural era have no place in the center of a modern thoroughfare. They restrict the view of one crossing the street and, owing to their curvature, one must venture in crossing well into the path of passing traffic in order to peer up or down the street for approaching automobiles. The danger is apparent.
New York, Dec. 17, 1921. E. W. H.

The Tower
A Fable for Critics
Says he that a book or play
Merit hath, a crowd will say.
"Roller he of logs, the crook,
Thus to hoist a play or book!"

Says he of some written stuff,
"This is hokum, bunk, and guff,"
"Then they'll cry, 'tis merely spite!"
"You're a crab," anon will write.

Says he, "This is pretty fair,"
"Be'st afraid," the folks declare.
"Lacks the nerve of his convictions;
Fears the publisher's restrictions."

Critics of the book and play,
Heed not what the crowd will say.
Praise or wallop, rave or fuss,
No one really cares a cuss.

A reading of "Carter and Other People" gives us the notion that if Sherwood Anderson wrote better and more interestingly he'd be almost as good a short story writer as Don Marquis.

The Fitzgerald Bunny
Hang up the flapper's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget!
Give the dear little dimple-kneed darling
Some gin and a cigarette.

Much has been written of the joy of finding a quarter in an old suit; but yesterday as we were cleaning out our "desk," we discovered a vintage cigar, 1919 at least. And under the mother-lode of old contributions, last year's Christmas cards, and letters from persons who thought in August we were too harsh with Mlle. Lenglen, we found a rich vein of scissors and blotters.

The Amateur Paraphraser
Sir: Some one did a good job with the scattered bones of Abdullah Bulbul Ameer. Who will finish this for me?
Listen while I tell to you
The tale of a maiden fond and true.
Her name was Imogen Donohue,
And she lived on Silver Street—
Ta-ra-rum.

She was engaged to be married and had given her hand
To the very fine leader of the big brass band.
(four beats to the line—step lively)
AND
He lived on Baxter Street.

CHORUS:
Oh, all the day the band would play
The latest music of the day
And Cupid's darts caused many hearts
To flutter as they passed,
The leader glancing left and right,
The captain flirting with the girls in sight.

The big brass drum went bum-bum-bum
For the leader of the military band.

Ooooooh . . . (till ready)
George's father near and far
Was known as the driver of the bob-tail car—
I am stuck. What sedate subway passenger in his splendid idle forties can recall this historic figure? No, we didn't sing only sob songs in those dear dead evenings in the '90s. When the moon had sunk behind the pines and the guitar was getting maudlin and it was time to stir up those two in the end hammock, what better than a crashing banjo and this?

"Blige a lady, blige a lady,
Blige a lady, blige a lady,
Said at my old chap 'She can have my lap,
But I won't get up for her.'
Then a fat little man, in a fat little voice,

"In the opposite corner cried,
'If he can't get along with a full-sized lap,
Let the lady ride outside.'
Speaking of ratios and 'Davy and the Goblin,'—as you respectively, and but lately, have done, sir,—I have just reread 'Davy' and 'Alice' and affirm that Davy can concede Alice about six bisques. This affirmation brings hearty assent from Old Brian Hooker. Are we both wrong? "Sure he can," quoth Brian, in his charming mopey-age English, "oft have I myself proclaimed it aforetime." Now, conceding that the British did it first, doesn't the ratio remain about 10-10?

In Christmas week the crowded hour
Is all too short to build a Tower;
And it would be quite nice, I wot,
To get a big long spill like this.
FREDDY STEELE.

In Jamaica is the French Dress Shop of Mrs. Israel, and, though, if you are unacquainted with her, you may not know her, she—take it from her advertisement—"is known to all familiar with her."

As far as we are concerned, the cold wave may be impermanent as it likes.
Up to the moment of sneezing to press, the best of the Christmas cards has come from Baron and Baroness Ireland. Thus:

SPEAKING OF CHRISTMAS
Christmas comes but once a year;
Yearly, too, that information
Has assailed the public ear
Since Creation.

Well, but what of that? ask we.
So do May 9th, June 11th,
April 21st and December 7th.
Still, no matter. We dismiss
Flows of soul and feasts of reason
And remit the combs of this
Christmas Season.
MAY AND NATE SALSBERY.



Not that a grocer makes too much money, but too many grocers per pound of prunes

Books By Percy Hammond

The minutes of Mrs. Clare Sheridan's piquant meanderings to and fro in America, recently an animated feature of "The Metropolitan Magazine," are to be bound by Messrs. Boni & Liveright in the spring. There is nothing in literature more chatty than these sprightly memoirs, and they provide for the wandering outsider an intimate motion picture of American men of money and of letters while engaged in conversations with an alert English woman of the world. . . . Stephen Leacock announces via the jacket of Robert Benchley's volume of smiling feuilletons, "Of All Things!" that it is superior. "The appearance of Benchley's first book," the professor says, "is an event in the history of literature not equalled since Milton produced his 'Paradise Lost.'" Mr. Benchley, who is the dramatic critic of "Life," just dots on that sort of thing. Professor Leacock continues exultantly and with accuracy to say that "if Shakespeare was only alive he would recognize in Bob Benchley a friend and an equal." One suspects that the modest Mr. Benchley, reading those affable raptures, did not get that far. Meantime, in the absence of Shakespeare, he seems happy enough on first nights to be friendly with Samuel Shipman and the Hattons.

Irish Peace With Honor
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: It does seem too bad that after the elimination of much that was prejudicial to the best interests of Ireland, both as to personnel and policies, the sentimental joy arises that the oath of the republic was broken by the signers of the peace treaty.

This is absurd. The intelligent and brave Michael Collins and the staunch and resourceful Arthur Griffith, whose disinterested loyalty to the Irish cause no one can question, signed the treaty. Members of the Dail should grasp this opportunity of peace with honor.

No politicians or foreign influences should prevail now to rob Ireland of her dignity as a free state and her people of the blessings of a constructive peace.
Ireland is a Christian country. What does the Master say at this season?
AMERICAN OF IRISH DESCENT.
New York, Dec. 20, 1921.

Remembering the Postman
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Last Christmas I conceived and put into execution a plan whereby I made the two faithful mail men who deliver to the apartment house I live in very happy indeed.

Another tenant and I approached each tenant in our house and solicited a donation for the letter carriers. The response was so generous that on Christmas morning we were able to present each mail man with \$40.
Perhaps this letter will prompt other women to follow suit in their respective apartment houses. This would be a concrete way of showing their appreciation for the efforts of these underpaid men, who allow nothing to stop them in their appointed rounds.
MRS. H. S. SHERWIN.
New York, Dec. 17, 1921.

A Fixed Idea
(From The Kansas City Star)
Senator Borah has discovered an Article II in the Pacific treaty. It is Article II, but if there had been only one article in the treaty Senator Borah would have had no difficulty in identifying it as an Article X.

More Truth Than Poetry
By James J. Montague

Little Hopeful
My appetite began to flag,
My thoughts were steeped in gloom;
I found it difficult to drag
Myself from room to room.
"You are not sick," the doctor said;
If I were you I'd eat more bread
And cut out meat."

I cut out meat, as he advised,
But still I weaker grew.
And presently I realized
That this would never do.
Again the doctor I besought.
To come. He came, and said,
"You are not sick, you merely ought
To cut out bread."

I cut out bread, but that did not
Relieve me very much.
Although I daily ate a lot
Of apples, pears and such.
The doctor whom I called observed,
>Your case is not acute,
You merely are a bit unerved,
Just cut out fruit."

I've cut out fruit, and now I feed
On nothing much at all.
But I reluctant am indeed,
To have the doctor call.
Meat, bread and fruit I've put away,
And I've eschewed,
And I am fearful that he'll say
To cut out food."

Occupation Gone
The Irish agitators now can sympathize with our prohibition erasers.

Matter of Conjecture
What were wondering is whether Mr. H. G. Wells means what he says now or what he said when he wrote "Mr. Britling."

Make Your Own Guess
If Judge Landis were czar of boxing instead of baseball do you suppose he'd have fined Jack Dempsey?
(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Worry Over Young America
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: On the front page of to-day's Tribune I read that the Berlin boys have thrown 40,000 volumes of detective "Wild West" and Indian stories into a fire under the supervision of the Association for the Protection of German Youths—and that the association has given the youths in exchange for the destroyed books classical works and other good reading matter. When is America going to wake up and realize that its future lies in the character development of its boys and girls?

It was only a few days ago that President Harding in a speech said: "More even than money and endowments, our educational establishment needs the devout, unselfish, sustaining support of people moved by instincts of patriotism and service. . . . I am not sure that our young people are living up to that full estimate of an education's worth. . . . I doubt if there is as much plain living and high thinking in academic shades as there was once or might well be now."

He might as well have spoken the words to the Atlantic Ocean so far as Americans are concerned, for nobody took the slightest notice, or if he did he kept his thoughts to himself.
LOUIS CALVERT.
New York, Dec. 20, 1921.