

New York Tribune
 First to Last—the Truth: News, Editorials—Advertisements
 Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations
 FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1922
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which was not doing so poorly, even if the ambition of the head of the ticket was thwarted by the electors. Many careful negotiations must be concluded to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Murphy before that gentleman will announce that as a candidate for Governor Mr. Hearst is good enough for him. These negotiations will be severely practical. It is doubtful if the fitness of Mr. Hearst for the duties of State Executive will be gone into at all. If, however, other matters can be adjusted it is quite likely that Mr. Murphy will be more communicative as to Mr. Hearst's qualifications for a candidacy. Millionaires who are at the same time good spenders do not frequently fall into Mr. Murphy's lap. When they do he treats them kindly.

Equality
 If there is any practical way to increase the supply of New York apartments renting at \$8 to \$9 a room by 45,000, or 450, surely no one who has the public interest at heart will get in the way. If Senator Lockwood, Samuel Untermyer, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the building trades unions and the dealers in materials who have heretofore in their bosoms can work out a plan they are not to be discouraged. But the public is weary of buncombe. With a great flourish of trumpets the Legislature passed the rent laws. Their practical effect so far as concerns providing a remedy has been almost nil. Except the provision under which there is exemption from taxation of structures used for small apartments, the net effect of the legislation, by diminishing the number of rentable houses, has been to raise rents instead of reduce them. Particular landlords have been restrained, but the restraint has been accompanied by a resultant lack of new erection, and rents have found ways to crawl up. In any new legislation let us hope, then, that the solution will be followed that economic law can be ignored. Few men can be induced to invest in a risky and unprofitable business. A way to get an object of general desire is to avoid discouraging its manufacture. To diminish supplies is an effective method to force prices up. Many of us do not like this law, but there it is. Nor will philanthropy, no matter how zealous or generous, cure the housing evil. If workmen, material men and providers of capital would serve the public they should sell their various services and commodities to all at the same price. If the trade unions, for example, are willing to reduce their wages to those cooperating with Messrs. Lockwood and Untermyer they should make an equal reduction to all. Other discrimination, while it may energize one scheme, may stifle a score of others, with the net result of fewer new houses. A concern not able to build as cheaply as another becomes comatose, for it knows that at the very start it must charge off, as waste, a part of its investment.

The Treaty Wreckers
 Ex-Governor Cox takes some credit to himself for waiting more than a year before disputing the wisdom of the decision which went against him in 1920. Yet why should he have waited? He apparently has cared nothing for the judgment expressed at the "great and solemn referendum." He said in his Dayton speech on Wednesday: "Our faith in the official pronouncements of the Democratic party's platform and his own speeches of 1920 is unaffected by the result of the election of that year. We stand in our very tracks, just where we were when the votes were counted. We have not retreated a step. The flag still flies and we are ready for the next fight." In 1920 Mr. Cox stood for the Wilson policy of a parliamentary alliance with Mr. Borah and the other "irreconcilables" to prevent ratification of the Versailles treaty. Mr. Wilson, as is well known, preferred non-ratification to ratification with reservations which the other signatories were willing to accept, and which the League Assembly itself has since accepted in resolutions interpreting Article X and other articles. The original covenant or no covenant is still the Cox-Wilson ultimatum, and Mr. Cox would again be a co-worker with Mr. Borah. It is no surprise, therefore, to find the recent Presidential candidate following the ex-President in again seeking fellowship with Mr. Borah—this time in opposition to the Pacific treaty. Having refused to let the country into the League of Nations except on their own terms, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Cox don't want to let it into the four-power league. The new treaty, the latter says, "creates division of moral purpose." He still claims the objects of the larger league. Yet he is willing again to support Mr. Borah, who likes one league as little as the other. Mr. Borah, in turn, is engaged in cuddling up to Mr. Wilson, and though he denounces the Treaty of Versailles he is at pains to acquit Mr. Wilson, who signed it, of personal blame. Mr. Cox, like Mr. Wilson, of course, is inhibited from echoing Mr. Borah in this, but is willing to be a partner in Mr. Borah's destructive enterprise. The three stand in their old tracks. They have not retreated a step. Yet the country has gone forward. American foreign policy is being based to-day not on the Democratic official pronouncements of 1920, but on the results of the referendum of that year, which for the following fifteen months at least left Mr. Cox speechless.

Murphy Waits Watchfully
 Charles Francis Murphy is not one to shut the door of political opportunity to the rich. To newspaper men seeking information as to his attitude on the political aspirations of William Randolph Hearst Mr. Murphy declared that he was not in any deal to give Mr. Hearst the support of Tammany Hall. Pressed as to his opinion as to what sort of candidate for Governor Mr. Hearst would make, the boss relapsed into his habitual caution. "I won't answer that question now," he said, not cheapening his goods by overreadiness. Perhaps Mr. Murphy will answer the question by and by. But if he does it will not be until he has had satisfactory guarantees as to the size of the campaign contribution. Mr. Hearst was Mr. Murphy's candidate for Governor once before, and from Mr. Murphy's standpoint he made a most excellent candidate right up to the time that the votes were counted.

Those were 1 ppy days for the Hall. Mr. Hearst was generous. He bore far more than his share of necessary campaign expenses. And so well did his contributions do their work that every single Democrat on the state ticket was elected—with the exception of Mr. Hearst. Mr. Murphy got a Lieutenant Governor, a Comptroller, a Secretary of State, a State Treasurer and a State Engineer and Surveyor,

would not have been paralyzed. Who outside the little circle of the Federal directorate has now a good word to say for Federal operation? Mr. Hines's excuses are labored. His figures are not convincing. Moreover, he cannot explain away a fatal policy of deficit making by merely piling down shortage totals; and the Treasury deficits were only a part of the cost to the country of the Federal Railroad Administration fiasco.

A City of the Dim Future
 The bill which has created alarm from Pelham to Ossining looking toward a future city of Westchester merely provides, after all, for the appointment of a commission to devise a form of government for Westchester County. The introduction of such a bill was made possible by the passage at the last election of a constitutional amendment which permits Westchester and Nassau counties to determine how their affairs shall be administered. Inasmuch as there are thirty-two members on the commission, there is little likelihood of a hasty agreement to consolidate the various cities and towns of Westchester into a modern metropolis. Ancient dislikes and jealousies are not lightly to be overcome. Nor is the fear of the suburbanite that he may be assessed for streets and sewers through distant hayfields and stone quarries easily to be brushed aside. The territory which Judge Slater would unite in one city is a rough triangle, one side of which stretches from Van Cortlandt Park to Tarrytown, the second from Bronx Park to the Connecticut line and the third from the Connecticut line to Tarrytown. It comprises several cities, one of which, Yonkers, has a population of more than ninety thousand, and more than two-score towns and villages. While town life abuts on town life, there are vast acreages of countryside and wide miles of relatively sparsely settled territory. Unified policing and fire protection for such an area would be practically impossible. Sewer systems would have to be confined to centers of population, and the traction problem, should one be attempted, could defy solution. The advantages of a consolidated municipal government for so extensive and varying a district would be extremely doubtful. The difficulties would be very real and terrifying. The day may come when city builds to meet city and it becomes desirable for all to unite. But that day, so most of the residents of Westchester devoutly hope, is still far in the dim future.

After Synnare, What?
 The synnare, those insidious friends of the rum power which Brother Anderson has strangely failed to expose, seem in the way of being banished from our midst. It requires no report of experts to assure us of this fact. The savor has been becoming milder. People differ as to the precise flavor. Some have said the pipes were full of fish. Others have been equally positive that the taste was of overripe cabbages. The elite discovered a certain agree and are prepared to admit that, whether fish, cabbage or cucumber, the water has been sweetening. Just as the late war spread a knowledge of geography, so the synnare invasion spread a knowledge of germ-biology. People learned that the synnare was a cross between a rowboat and a goat, was gentle while he lived, but beastly when he died. They heard of protozoa which multiplied by dividing. They were assured that the water was full of little microbes which were healthful and beneficial. They discovered that the city's pronouncements about the death of synnare in the early stages of the plague was as effective as the assurance about the non-existence of the crime wave.

Cardinal Mercier
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: The choice of the new Pope is, of course, no business of us who are non-Catholics; but it is impossible to refrain from hope that the coming Pontiff shall be one who has already won the homage of the world through strength of character and splendid moral heroism in an hour of the severest testing. The election of Cardinal Mercier would do more to win the sympathetic approval of mankind and to honor the electors than could that of any other individual. JAMES F. MORTON JR. New York, Jan. 25, 1922.

Poincaré's Program
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: In your editorial of January 20 on "Poincaré's Program" you state: "France takes a stand deliberately on her treaty rights. Those who quarrel with that stand are quarreling not so much with France as with the treaty." In the report of Poincaré's speech on his foreign policy in the same issue of The Tribune one finds: "You will look in vain at the peace treaty for my signature," he exclaimed, "but what was omitted there can be done now." PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN. Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 25, 1922.

Subway Amenities
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: I have just read with interest Louise G. De Quesada's letter on "The Subway Crush." I agree with most everything she says, but I do take exception to her remark that "the showers are not really in any hurry." They are, for they are so afraid they might miss a vacant seat that they don't know what to do. Subway hogs is what I call them, and nothing gives me greater delight than to obstruct their path and to step all over them as they try to push by me as I leave a train. If I can knock one down or kick one in the shins I consider it a day well spent. E. K. BEALS. New York, Jan. 25, 1922.

The Sword of Siegfried
 The theft of the sword from the statue of Siegfried in Berlin raises the question, What has Berlin to do with Siegfried's sword or with Siegfried himself? That hero was no Prussian, but rather a Belgian—at any rate, a Netherlander—and it was a Burgundian princess that he married. In his day the Borussians were an obscure tribe, scarcely heard of in Burgundy and along the Rhine. Moreover, the difference in character makes it hopelessly incongruous for the Prussians of to-day to exploit Siegfried as one of their national heroes. Hagen of Tronje would be more fit, chosen at the moment when he treacherously murders Siegfried, when he steals Kriemhilde's fortune or when he brutally slays the infant Ortlieb. But Siegfried was honorable, Siegfried was brave, Siegfried was chivalric, Siegfried was not a Hohenzollern. To exploit Siegfried and his Balming as emblematic of Prussia, or indeed of the Germany of to-day, is gross impertinence. It is well that

the sword is gone. The statue itself should follow it into retirement from a place where it does not belong. Senator Walker complains bitterly that he was refused admission to a number of the institutions of Ward's Island, and demands that something be done about it by the state authorities. Mr. Walker is right. Something ought to be done about it. We hope that something will be. We can see no reason whatever why Mr. Walker should not be admitted instantly to any or all of the institutions on Ward's Island.

No Dunning
 Let France's Debt Wait Until She Collects From Germany To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: It is well understood that a sovereign state may not be sued. If inability to collect from a reluctant state is admitted, what about our chance as a nation to collect from foreign nations what they owe us as a result of the war? We certainly are not going to war to collect our claims. In such circumstances how foolish appear Congressional resolutions reminding debtor nations of their liabilities and Senator McCormack to claim that we are paying for the French military establishment and interest on their debt. The sharp reply of M. Lammone is only what we provoked and must expect. He reminds the Senator from Illinois that Germany owes France twelve billions of dollars and Russia owes France or French citizens four billions. "So long as Germany and Russia do not pay us," he states, "we cannot pay you, and it is the American taxpayer who will bear in the form of taxes the interest on the three billion dollars we owe you. This you cannot sufficiently often repeat to him." If America and England are not willing to guarantee France from German attack we cannot criticize her maintaining what she regards an adequate army for defense. All talk of "militarism" and "imperialism" in these circumstances is inconsistent and simply strengthens Germany's determination to avoid so far as possible the reparations agreed to in the Versailles Treaty. I for one wish it had been possible for us as a nation to say to France: "We will stand by you again in similar circumstances and be prompt about it, too." As we do not say that, and know French taxes are far above German taxes, let us say: Collect from Germany and get on your feet. You must wait and we will wait with you. CHARLES S. HARTWELL. Brooklyn, Jan. 25, 1922.

Roswell Skeel Jr.
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: The sudden death of Roswell Skeel Jr. takes from the Prison Association of New York an exceptional character. Day and night, for years, Mr. Skeel gave his services to the Prison Association without salary as head of the relief bureau for the families of prisoners. A man of means, he chose to minister with unceasing devotion to scores of families in the depths of misery because the breadwinners were in prison. He carried messages to men in prison from their families and he brought their messages back. On the day before he died he saw his "families" in our office in the morning and visited nine families in the afternoon and evening. He gave liberally of his own means. Frequently he took parties of children or his "families" to the theater. He knew every mother, every child. He always saw the cheerful thing to do or say. Rarely have I known any one who so completely carried his work with him at all times. O. F. LEWIS, General Secretary Prison Association of New York. New York, Jan. 25, 1922.

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The Tower
 TO FANCY
 Ever let the fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home.
 —Keats.
 LET Fancy wander breathless by the Nile
 And deck tall obelisks with garlands gay,
 Where in the dusk quaint mummy maidens play
 At hide and seek, with many an age-old wile;
 Or scale the Sphinx's brow and watch the file
 Of plodding caravans from far Cathay
 Come wraith-like, at the close of the day,
 Their perfumed burdens bearing, mile on mile.
 Then but to brood beside the river's edge,
 And hear the wavelets lapping at the sedre
 While Phidian slave girls bring seductive sweets—
 Ah, for the brilliant fancy of a Keats!
 But though, no doubt, his poetry was stellar,
 I think I'll stay at home and guard my cellar. F. W. B.
 The Soviet government is to seek a loan here, and people who have been grieving because the bootleggers have all ducked to cover will be pleased thereby an equally satisfactory way of spending their money.
 "Papers say," announces Uncle Abnerloch Bogardus, of Frankness, N. J., "that these here packers is forming a monopoly in loans. 'Mebbe they're goin' to start another of those there blocs."
 With Governor Miller's announcement of his belief in Home Rule and a five-cent fare we get a vivid picture of Mayor Hylan resolving to talk solely to himself from now on.
 But even soviets and hog monopolies and city politics cannot tarnish the gift with which to-day is inlaid, for "The Times's" hitting headline is with us once more.
 Peevish as ever was bee-harried brain,
 BORAH SAYS NATIONS SEEK GERMANY'S RUIN.
 See, though the lawyers the truth may demand,
 RICKARD'S ACCUSER UNSHAKEN ON STAND
 Fate has bestowed our athletics a frost on:
 N. Y. C. BOXERS FARE BADLY IN BOSTON
 Urging he leave there at once for some far land,
 LEADERS IN BOSTON REPUDIATE GARLAND
 If the Georgians can only find the negro officer who is said to have shot a negro soldier they will probably prosecute him for poisoning.
 According to Senator Watson Nine doughboys out on leave Thought they were in heaven Two didn't salute a second look And then there were but seven.
 BILL NETCH.
 It's the opinion of A. C. H. that if the Senator from Georgia continues to add stanzas to his saga of massacre he's going to have difficulty in making them match up with the casualty list.
 FAR FARING PHOEBE
 Upon this side,
 She sits beside
 The Pullman windows
 Open wide,
 No coat to soil
 As engines toll—
 The Sunset Route burns only OIL.
 R. S. B.
 The unravelers of complexes and the emancipators of the inhibited seem to have overlooked completely one important factor in feminine psycho-analysis. Strange are the uses of the psychiatry which finds scandals in colors, books in recurrent dreams, sermons in dress and then goes and overlooks completely the handbag. Yet, if some one had propounded to us the question: "What famous movie critic carries in her reticule a powder box, an eyebrow pencil, one-half of one coughdrop, a box of aspirin, several business cards, a folder containing the picture of a man in uniform and several postage stamps, a mirror, a perfume dropper, a lipstick, a pencil, a list of telephone numbers, a package of rouge, a jeweler's address, a theater program, notes of an interview, two handkerchiefs, some hairpins and a key?" we believe—such is the pride of the pioneer—that we'd have answered "Harriette Underhill" right off.
 We aren't certain that the contents of our own wife's handbag are any more indicative, but it's love of a sure thing, rather than family pride, that makes us willing to bet they're more plentiful, anyway, and if we can get access to them before she reads this we're going to find out.
 The Fox Was Easier on the Vitals
 P. F. V.: All joking aside, do you think the Spartan word of fabled fame, who concealed a fox beneath his tunic, had anything on the strictly anonymous modern who tries to conceal a blind tiger under his vest?
 HIPPOCKETEASE.
 We are not unduly modest, but with the water as densely populated as it is at present we blush every time we start to take a bath.
 FRESH AIR AND FRESH EDITORS
 If we need a little air,
 Certain men begin to sneeze;
 Say: "The lady will be scarce."
 But the lady does not care,
 Neither does the lady sneeze,
 But will have some air. So there!
 E. B. F.
 Inured as we are to the temperature of our office, we still dread what the subway is going to be like when the last of last summer's atmosphere finally seeps out of it.
 E. E. V.

The Old Songs
 Some Verses That Will Set Elder Readers to Humming To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: "Who remembers them now?" you ask in publishing the letter of a correspondent who mentions some of the songs which were popular a half century or so ago. The answer is easy. All the old boys and girls of sixty or seventy years of age remember them; the airs, the words and everything else about them. Since "Jay P. Dee," your correspondent, called their names to mind, I have been whistling and humming the tunes of "Tommy Dodd," "Champagne Charlie," "Up in a Balloon, Boys," "Captain Jinks," "The Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sarah" and "The Tassels on Her Boots." And I remember some other songs, too, which your correspondent, who recalls vividly to mind the merry days of the late '60s and early '70s of the last century, has not mentioned. There was, for instance, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," the chorus of which ran about as follows: Oh, he flew through the air with the greatest of ease, this daring young man on the flying trapeze. His figure was graceful, all might he could please. As he hung by his nose from the wall, and then there was "Down in a Coal Mine." The refrain ran: Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground, where no ray of sunshine any more can be found, mixing dusky diamonds. All the year around—Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground. Surely the old boys of the late '60s have not forgotten "The Grecian Bend" or "I Should Like to Marry": Oh, I should like to marry, if I could only find some one, some darling fellow, just suited to my mind. Oh, I should like to have my handsome And I should like him to be a leader of the fashion. And a player of croquet. Think of it! "A player of croquet" as a qualification for a husband! But, really, nothing has changed much more in this country in a half century than our sports and amusements. Baseball was played to some extent, but it wasn't the general sport that it has become in later years. We had no tennis and no golf. And when "croquet" was introduced from France, where the Empress Eugenie popularized it, it took the country by storm. But to return to the old songs, and "who remembers them now?" Why, surely, no one has forgotten "The Upper Ten" or the rollicking refrain of: Oh, I'll never kiss my love again behind the kitchen door, I'll never squeeze her darling little fingers she'll never squeeze me on the face until it's Oh, where's Jimmie gone? These songs were preceded, of course, by the sweet negro melodies of Foster and the negro, "Oh, Susannah," "Swanee River," "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground," and the like, and also by the Irish "Come-all-ye" like "Tim Finnegan's Wake," "My Name is Pat Malloy," etc., etc., and they were followed a short time after by the songs popularized by Mlle. Aimée and the French opera company which held forth at the Grand Opera House, in Twenty-third Street. None of your elder readers, I am certain, have forgotten or ever will forget Mlle. Aimée's rendition of "As Pretty as a Picture." If memory serves me aright, it was Billy Emerson, not Bobby Newcomb, who made such a hit with "The Big Sunflower." Two other songs of that period were "Little Fraud" and "The Captain With the Whiskers Gave a Sly Glance at Me." It seems to me that "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me" really marked a transition from the old to a new character of song. It



More Truth Than Poetry
 By James J. Montague
 Lucy Gray
 (If Wordsworth had written it with an eye to subsequent music production.)
 Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray,
 Of how The Stage beguiled
 From lovely Hackensack, N. J.,
 That solitary child.
 She joined a show, they called
 "East Lynne."
 Which busted while en route
 For Oregon, and left her in
 Her helplessness at Butte.
 She wed a miner, Lucy did—
 A man of rugged health—
 They called him the Bonanza Kid,
 Because of all his wealth.
 He gambled all this wealth away
 Upon a crooked wheel;
 But ah! game little Lucy Gray,
 Her heart was true as steel!
 She hastened to the gambling den,
 And cast a scornful glance
 Upon a host of wicked men
 Engaged in games of chance.
 She shot the dealer in his tracks,
 And, when this deed was done,
 She gathered in the gleaming stacks
 Of money he had won.
 "You done just right," her husband said,
 When trying home she came,
 "Now that here Short Card Pete
 is dead,
 WE'LL start a little game."
 And you will see, if you are there
 When ends the thrilling reel,
 Bonanza in the lookout's chair
 And Lucy at the wheel!
 All That Is Necessary
 If that five-power treaty means
 anything it means business.
 Secret Understanding
 Liquor is so high in Havana that
 visitors there suspect that
 the Cubans have a trust agreement with
 American bootleggers.
 Unanimity of Opinion
 The Germans are beginning to say
 that their republican government
 doesn't pay. The Allies are beginning
 to suspect the same thing.
 Copyright by James J. Montague
 For French-American Orphans
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Yesterday 150 children of the St. Vincent de Paul Institution for French-American orphans were transferred from their New York City home to the Tarrytown property recently purchased from the John D. Archibald estate. The new property comprises fourteen acres with frontage on the Hudson and has been brought up to date with additions and equipped in keeping with the regulations of the boards of charity and education; the trustees have expended \$200,000 for the lands, buildings and improvements. The sum of \$50,000 will be necessary to complete the work. Miss Marie La Montagne has kindly offered to take charge of a campaign to raise this sum and obtained yesterday subscriptions to the amount of \$7,000. Under the new conditions this institution will rank with the most modern of its kind. Both French and American children are eligible to admission and both languages are used in the process of education. Subscriptions for this commendable work may be forwarded to Miss La Montagne at the Colony Club, Park Avenue, at Sixty-second Street, and will be officially acknowledged. EMILE UTARD, Treasurer. New York, Jan. 20, 1922.

"Blue Boy" and "Mrs. Siddons"
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Now that the Duke of Westminister's famous "Blue Boy" is on exhibition at the National Gallery, London, soon to be shipped to Henry E. Huntington, its new owner, it is interesting to remember that the first rumors of this sale included also Reynolds's painting "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," and that the same pair of paintings had been selected for admiration by Crabb Robinson in 1833. In his diary (May 31, 1833) he made this entry: "I accompanied Mrs. Jaffray to the Marquis of Westminster's to see his pictures. The pleasure of seeing them was rather enhanced than diminished by my better acquaintance with the great masterpieces in Italy. . . . Westall was with George Young there, and I could hear him give the preference in coloring to Sir Joshua's "Mrs. Siddons" over every picture in the room. The "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough is a delicious painting. Wilkie was in the room—a thorough Scotchman in his appearance."
 W. CLARK DURANT,
 Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1922.

"Sunny" California
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: I was somewhat amused in reading "Daisy's" experience of Southern California, as it fits in exactly with my experience in San Francisco during the summer of 1919. What she says about boosting is true, and it has been the means of building up that section more than anything else. Almost the first question one is asked after an introduction is, "Well, how do you like our country, and wouldn't you like to come out here and spend the rest of your days?" Ugh! the month of March in the East is bad enough, but August in San Francisco is worse yet. In August I have seen men wearing overcoats and straw hats. I was told by the old inhabitants that they wear the heaviest underwear all through the summer months. In the morning and evening a heavy "fogg" (as they call it) settles down and dampness prevails. Without sweater or heavy coat one is chilled to the bone. In six weeks during my visit I saw the sun only twice before 10 a. m. On the other hand, one can almost forget the climate when all else is taken into consideration—scenery, flowers, fruit and surroundings. I am not knocking California, and expect to take another trip there next summer and come back and live in good old New York next winter. I am afraid "Daisy" is homesick and not used to a change, which to me is the spice of life, even if I have lived in old New York for the past seventy years. GRAPES.
 New York, Jan. 24, 1922.

A Busy Man
 (From The Boston Herald)
 Sometimes President Harding must be able to guess how Atlas's shoulders used to ache.

Secret Understanding
 Liquor is so high in Havana that visitors there suspect that the Cubans have a trust agreement with American bootleggers.
Unanimity of Opinion
 The Germans are beginning to say that their republican government doesn't pay. The Allies are beginning to suspect the same thing.
 Copyright by James J. Montague
For French-American Orphans
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Yesterday 150 children of the St. Vincent de Paul Institution for French-American orphans were transferred from their New York City home to the Tarrytown property recently purchased from the John D. Archibald estate. The new property comprises fourteen acres with frontage on the Hudson and has been brought up to date with additions and equipped in keeping with the regulations of the boards of charity and education; the trustees have expended \$200,000 for the lands, buildings and improvements. The sum of \$50,000 will be necessary to complete the work. Miss Marie La Montagne has kindly offered to take charge of a campaign to raise this sum and obtained yesterday subscriptions to the amount of \$7,000. Under the new conditions this institution will rank with the most modern of its kind. Both French and American children are eligible to admission and both languages are used in the process of education. Subscriptions for this commendable work may be forwarded to Miss La Montagne at the Colony Club, Park Avenue, at Sixty-second Street, and will be officially acknowledged. EMILE UTARD, Treasurer. New York, Jan. 20, 1922.

"Sunny" California
 To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: I was somewhat amused in reading "Daisy's" experience of Southern California, as it fits in exactly with my experience in San Francisco during the summer of 1919. What she says about boosting is true, and it has been the means of building up that section more than anything else. Almost the first question one is asked after an introduction is, "Well, how do you like our country, and wouldn't you like to come out here and spend the rest of your days?" Ugh! the month of March in the East is bad enough, but August in San Francisco is worse yet. In August I have seen men wearing overcoats and straw hats. I was told by the old inhabitants that they wear the heaviest underwear all through the summer months. In the morning and evening a heavy "fogg" (as they call it) settles down and dampness prevails. Without sweater or heavy coat one is chilled to the bone. In six weeks during my visit I saw the sun only twice before 10 a. m. On the other hand, one can almost forget the climate when all else is taken into consideration—scenery, flowers, fruit and surroundings. I am not knocking California, and expect to take another trip there next summer and come back and live in good old New York next winter. I am afraid "Daisy" is homesick and not used to a change, which to me is the spice of life, even if I have lived in old New York for the past seventy years. GRAPES.
 New York, Jan. 24, 1922.

A Busy Man
 (From The Boston Herald)
 Sometimes President Harding must be able to guess how Atlas's shoulders used to ache.