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Real Help for Ireland

It is refreshing to observe that Irishmen of real influence in America love Ireland enough to tell her people the truth about American public opinion. Archbishop Hayes has written to Archbishop Byrne, of Dublin, expressing his hope that the disagreements which impede Irish freedom will soon be ended. John D. Ryan has sent the following message to Lord Mayor O'Neil:

"The feeling is strong here that any one who is held to be responsible for any but peaceful methods will forfeit the support and sympathy of all Americans."

These men represent the opinion of Irishmen and Americans of Irish extraction far more truly than do Justice Cahalan and his fellow irreconcilables.

While the so-called "Friends of Irish Freedom" are doing all in their power to make Irish freedom impossible, Archbishop Hayes and Mr. Ryan are giving the people of Ireland to understand that continued turmoil in Ireland will only injure the cause of Irish independence over here.

De Valera and his followers will find no comfort in these messages, but they will do much to hearten the intelligent, patriotic Irishmen who know that the only hope for their distressed country is in peace.

Muscle Shoals

In his support of the Henry Ford Muscle Shoals project Senator Underwood seems more moved by faith than persuaded by precise study. In the world of creative industry the maker of the flivver has become a romantic, wonder-working figure. The cry is to give him room. Why bother him by asking for blueprints and specifications?

The Tennessee undertaking has stimulated many imaginations. We see vast areas whose bush production refutes Malthus. There is available in this country, according to Mr. Charles F. Steinmetz, of electrical fame, no less than 300,000,000 horsepower of hydro-electric energy. This, he believes, is the outside limit. Only an infinitesimal fraction of this power has yet been used. At Muscle Shoals alone, it is estimated by Judson C. Welliver in an article in the current "Review of Reviews," a round 1,000,000 horsepower, or one-third of 1 per cent of our total, is in sight. Only about 800,000 of this is actual hydro-electric power, but with the supplementary steam stations the remainder can readily be produced.

The flow of power, once started, is easier to stop. The original installation is, of course, expensive, but the operating charges are negligible, amounting, according to Mr. Welliver, to about \$10 per horsepower per annum on the so-called primary power, which is the power that can be relied upon without fail all year round, and to practically nothing on the secondary power, which is the amount produced in excess of the primary power, thanks to high water, etc.

Aside from the production of fertilizer, there are possibilities for the development of many other industries. Pyrites, lead, zinc, aluminum, magnesium rock, phosphate rock, fluor spar and other minerals are to be found in close proximity to the power sites, and cotton and agricultural products are available in neighboring regions.

To the organization and development of these vast resources Mr. Ford is to bring his genius. If he succeeds he will have proved by results the enormous latent powers of hydro-electric development and will have made a great productive center in a region heretofore but little developed. It is a creative task of limitless possibilities. And, incidentally,

ally, on a large scale will be demonstrated the falsity of the doctrine that when a man makes millions he necessarily subtracts from the general store, for if Ford becomes richer he can do so only by making countless thousands richer.

Stick to 5-5-3

President Harding has backed up Secretary Hughes and Secretary Denby in warning the House of Representatives that a personnel of 67,000 enlisted men will not maintain an American navy up to treaty standards. The President sticks to the 5-5-3 ratio written into the naval armament limitation and naval holiday treaty. Why shouldn't Congress also stick to it?

The President has been a radical advocate of governmental economy. He has proved on all occasions his eagerness to hold down costs and taxation. He hardly needed to say in his letter to Representative Longworth: "I am heartily in accord with every consistent effort to deepen the cut in governmental expenditure." But there is a point at which retrenchment may be so drastic as to react injuriously on national interests. That point certainly is reached when Congress attempts to whittle down a naval allotment which already represents heroic tonnage scrapping.

The Washington conference treaties ended competition in capital ship building, stabilized naval power and contributed powerfully to world peace and lower tax burdens for military purposes. They are fair and beneficial to all the nations concerned. The balance which they set up deserves an honest trial. It would be foolish for Congress to tinker with it and falsify it even before it had been put to a test. The experiment at excess reduction which the Appropriations Committee wants to make is therefore untimely. It is also in a large measure insincere. The economy plea is being used as a cloak by the old pacifist and "conscientious objector" element in the House, which so successfully hindered preparedness before the war.

We have made an international naval compact. Let us live up to it. Five-five-three is the ratio for capital ships. It also should be the ratio for naval personnel.

Futile Bickering

The Interborough has not yet obeyed the Transit Commission's order to improve its service. Evidently it does not intend to do so so long as compliance with the order can be evaded. The attitude of the Interborough toward the Transit Commission is much like that of Mr. Hylan. Nothing short of a mandamus will persuade it to recognize the commission's authority.

Meanwhile it is becoming increasingly difficult for people to get about the city. Every subway is overcrowded in the rush hours. Each day adds to the population and consequently to the congestion of traffic.

There is just one way to get New York City out of this muddle and that is to permit the Transit Commission to get to work without further futile interruption. Both Mr. Hylan and Mr. Hedley know that the transit law is valid. Both of them know that eventually the orders of the commission will have the force of law and must be obeyed.

An alliance between the Mayor and the Interborough is not possible, and if it were it would benefit neither. Both in the end will have to work with the Transit Commission. As soon as they make up their minds to this and work toward a real solution of the tangle it will be possible to plan for the city's transit necessities.

Feminine Holy Landers

In this season of rising sap and pussy willow buds the walker steps off proudly. He looks unenviably at neighbors packing hamper baskets into glass-enclosed motor cars: "Pooh for your mechanical contrivances!" he says. "You have to stay on roads, and on every road to-day you will find the rest of the vegetative town throwing up the dust of Mr. MacAdam a few feet in front of you or inhaling your exhaust from behind. For me, the freedom of paths and the open fields! I can climb trees and the highest hills if I want to. No muddled panorama flashes past me. I go gayly, willfully, along to the best of places. Nowhere!"

Thoreau, claiming for walkers the heritage of the most ancient and honorable of all classes, antedating chevaliers and ritters, recalls that the word "saunterer" comes from the Middle Ages, when scores of happy-go-lucky folk roved pleasantly about Europe, living on charity, under the pretense of going "à la sainte terre" ("to the Holy Land"). Hence, "sainte terrers" ("saunterers"). A most ingenious derivation! In Thoreau's day women were not

walkers. Out of doors was not good for them. He did not anticipate the revolution that we have seen take place in the volatile sex, reinforced, like so many feminine rebellions, by a movement of fashion. To-day knickerbocker suits for women are almost compulsory in the country. There is only one way to show them off—walk. So we have Van Cortlandt Park, the Palisades and the less traveled roads swarming with maids, misses and matrons in breeches on Saturdays and Sundays when men might be out. The male Holy Lander loses his heart long before it is time to have it embalmed as a relic; and Mr. Thoreau would find Fifth Avenue and Broadway very desolate kingdoms indeed when Father Knickerbocker alone parades them.

The People Will Catch Up

The concern of "General" Coxe lest the President's golf men estrange him from the people is without basis. A President who delights to honor golf professionals, who loves to talk of his brassie shots with so widely read a writer as Grantland Rice, can never become a snob. Furthermore, the establishment of public golf courses by every important city in the country proves that golf is hard on the heels of baseball in the race to decide which is the more popular American pastime.

Golf is no longer merely a game for the idle rich. It is the only sport of Scotch derivation which may be enjoyed without violating our amended Constitution. It has become the solace of the commuter and the relaxation of the artisan. Go to the Van Cortlandt or Pelham or Moshulu links and you will see that the proletariat has taken it up and is becoming marvelously proficient in it. If the ordinary citizen finds in the pursuit of the whited sphere complete and revivifying forgetfulness of the cares that infest the working day, why not a President? Mr. Taft played golf, as did Mr. Wilson. President Roosevelt meant to take it up when he had time. Mr. Hughes is an addict. David Lloyd George, who is perhaps closer to his people than any other modern statesman, finds a round now and then indispensable to his happiness and health. If Mr. Harding wanders no farther from what Bill Sulzer used to call the great heart of the people than the golf course, he will never be beyond their reach. And in a few years, when the cities have had time to construct a few more public courses, he will find himself in their very midst.

Lo, the Poor Agitator!

One by one the old familiar Causes are passing. The Irish question is on the rocky road toward the final answer; the cries of Bolshevism have had the chance to put their theories into red practice; the Oppressed Nations of Central Europe have been unshackled until some of them are flopping around like so many galoshes, with a different nation every few miles.

The face no longer leers on the bar-room floor; speech is so free that very few listen to it; the women who asked for the vote and a place in the intellectual sun have both; the serious thinkers are allowed to ruminate until they are blue in the face; most everybody is allowed to try anything once. Even the crazy painters, free versers and cacophonous musicians are being greeted with yawns.

What will the Friends of Freedom for the Down-trodden Blondes of Arcadia and the Society for the Elevation of the Bowlegged in Gopher Prairie and the Alliance for the Parting of the Hair in the Middle—what will they do now, poor things? For if an agitator arrives at his goal he must ask pathetically, "Where do we go from here?" If a reformer brings to pass his own particular millennium he is stranded, without a purpose in life. If an up-lifter jacks up the universe to the mark he has set there is no empire of love to conquer.

How—to state it prosaically—how are the numerous agitators, reformers and uplifters to earn an honest living now that so many fertile sources of agitation have dried up? Verily, peace hath its sorrows and perfection its victims. Yet when the perfect state arrives and all the folks have been deprived of their Noble Missions and, incidentally, their salaries, it may soon be necessary to found a Society for the Relief of Unemployed Agitators and Destitute Reformers.

"Perhaps the greatest cause for the modern industrial unrest," says Spencer Miller jr., secretary-treasurer of the bureau, "lies in the fact that in the highly specialized modern industry a worker does not get any creative satisfaction out of his work. A man may be trained to fasten on the same bolt to the same piece of machinery as soon as the law permits him to leave school, and he may stay at that monotonous work for thirty years. As a result he has no sense of his relation to the industry of which he is a part and no sense of the industry's

WHERE DOES THE CONSUMER COME IN?



—From The Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The Workers' Universities

By Burton Rascoe

The second annual conference of the Workers' Educational Bureau of America is to be held next Saturday and Sunday at the New School for Social Research, 465 West Twenty-third Street. Delegates from trade union colleges in various parts of the country and university specialists in social and political science will confer at the meeting for the strengthening and increasing of the workmen's universities.

This organization, which began only a few years ago as an experiment in the education of the adult laborers of this country, has been responsible for the establishment of more than fifty workers' colleges in different states and innumerable study classes. The parent university in New York is the Workers' University, conducted by the International Laidy Garment Workers' Union, at 2 West Sixteenth Street. It has nine branches.

The work of the bureau is the first ever attempted to provide the adult laborer with a broad general culture. The aim of the bureau is non-sectarian, non-partisan and non-political. According to the officers it is not concerned with the wage scale of the workers; its aim is to provide the workman with a general educational background which will enable him to participate intelligently in the political privileges he enjoys.

Special Textbooks

The first special textbooks to be employed in the workers' colleges will be ready on April 22. They have been written by specialists who have had thorough experience in teaching in workmen's classes. They will be written in the simplest language. They will cover lucidly and elementarily the background of each subject. They will not pre-suppose, as collegiate textbooks usually pre-suppose, a definite background and a general acquaintance with historical, political and sociological subjects. They will be manufactured and sold cheaply so that they will not be out of the reach of any workman. Among subjects which will be treated in the textbooks are literature, science, sociology, history, politics, labor and finance.

In each of the colleges already established a workman pledges himself to attend the classes for thirty-six weeks a year during a period of three years. The classes are usually held two evenings a week and on Saturdays and Sundays.

"The adult education movement for the workers was started in this country among the Quakers. As early as 1830 the workmen's associations were active in bringing about the establishment of free public schools and later the establishment of institutes for adult workers. But it was not until 1903 that the first Oxford con-

ference was held in England at the suggestion of Albert Mansbridge, an American. The aim of this conference was to bring about a co-operation on the part of the workingmen and the universities for the betterment of society, and particularly of labor conditions.

"Education in England had hitherto been designed exclusively for the governing classes. The universities had no labor students, and the students and instructors had no contact with laboring men. This conference brought these men together for virtually the first time in a sort of understanding, and the university instructors, who had hitherto no real contact with life outside their cloisters, learned as much from the laboring men as the laboring men learned from them.

"This conference led to the establishment of the Workers' Education Association of Great Britain. Trade colleges were founded in all the industrial towns, not only of England, Scotland and Wales, but in Canada, New Zealand and Australia, for the education of adult workers, men who had been deprived of the right sort of education in their youth.

Results in England

"The effect of the schools already has been felt in England. Men have not been urged into strikes from which they suffer as often as they formerly were. They have been able to call the attention of the public to their claim for better conditions in a less spectacular and more intelligent fashion. They have had men in their ranks intelligent enough and well-equipped enough with the broader problems of life to draw up plans for co-operation between employer and employee and for a more active participation in the creative work of the industry.

Colleges Solely Cultural

"What is actually working out with the workers' colleges is that among the thirty million workers in the Western world there are now a vast number of men who are taking courses which give them a sound knowledge of the fundamentals of history, sociology, finance, industry, politics, labor, literature and art. The colleges are not vocational, they have nothing to do with quick means to monetary success or to higher wages. They are founded on a belief that the workers can and will enjoy a higher and better life and that the whole of society will profit by it if creative outlet is given to the man who works with his hands. "The adult education movement for the workers was started in this country among the Quakers. As early as 1830 the workmen's associations were active in bringing about the establishment of free public schools and later the establishment of institutes for adult workers. But it was not until 1903 that the first Oxford con-

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mocracy a fact." The officers of the Workers' Educational Bureau are James H. Maurer, chairman; Spencer Miller jr., secretary-treasurer; John Brophy, Fanny M. Cohn, H. W. L. Dana, W. F. Kehoe, Frieda Miller, Harry A. Russell and J. B. Salutsky. Among the speakers at the conference, which opens Saturday, will be Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor; Charles A. Beard, Everett Dean Martin, Albert Mansbridge, Hugh Frazne, Charles Stillman, Michael A. Murphy, William Kirkpatrick and Benjamin Schlesinger.

Thrift Stimulants

The Saving Habit Independent of the Eighteenth Amendment

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: We read in various articles of the effect prohibition has had on savings bank deposits. As a student and observer for twenty years of the three great channels of thrift, namely, mutual savings banks, co-operative building or savings and loan associations and life insurance companies, I cannot concur in the statement that savings banks have shown increases in deposits due to prohibition. Study the early history of our great savings institutions, such as the Bowery Savings Bank, the Bank for Savings in the City of New York, the East River Savings Bank, the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, the Greenwich Savings Bank, the Seamen's Savings Bank and other large savings institutions, which were all founded by men of large vision and endowed with good common sense. You will note the growth of these institutions was tremendous even before the advent of the Eighteenth Amendment. As the city has grown in population bank deposits have increased, which is natural. In many of the large savings institutions mentioned a large number of the depositors are of foreign birth and have come from countries where prohibition has not interfered with the freedom of the people.

The point we must consider is this: People put their money in our savings banks because they are safe and sound. Many of us have had the experience of going into enterprises or putting some of our hard earned money into corporations to get a better return only to find out later that our investment has shrunk in value.

The growth of co-operative building and loan associations during the last few years has been tremendous, not due to prohibition, but to the desire of the people to own their homes. The home is the citadel of liberty. If we had more home-owning citizens in our communities we would have better citizenship and less crime. If home owning had been encouraged many years ago probably we would not be faced with the conditions which exist to-day. People are living in flats or apartments where rents are exorbitant and where very little breathing space is given. If our so-called reformers and uplifters had devoted their energies along this line and not delved into other people's affairs probably we would be a more happy and contented people to-day.

There are more people taking out life insurance to-day, not owing to prohibition, but to the strong desire to lay aside something for their old age and for the protection of their families after they have passed to the great beyond. Our wise forefathers laid a strong foundation on which their heirs could build firmly, and they certainly were not prohibitionists. They were temperate in their habits, liberal in their thoughts and just in their dealings. W. B. KNIGHT, New York, April 12, 1922.

A Promise Kept

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Now that our soldier dead have been brought from the battlefield of France for permanent burial in their homeland, I feel it is my duty as national president of Bring Home the Soldier Dead League of the United States, representing more than 45,000 sad parents and next of kin, who specifically requested return of their dead heroes, to publicly express my deep appreciation and gratitude to the government for fulfilling its sacred promise.

Only those who have lost and suffered and now have their hearts desire satisfied can understand the feeling of contentment which has come to us with mingled joy and sadness after these long years of patient watching and waiting. In addition to the satisfaction, contentment and relief we are grateful for the reverent care and manner in which the government carried on the work so dear to our hearts, and we are especially thankful and appreciative for the efforts of the late Colonel Pierce and his staff of workers in their untiring efforts to complete the solemn task in such a way as to eliminate any possibility of mistake, and I have yet to learn of any criticism from any member of our league other than the apparent unavoidable delay.

The kind and sympathetic work of the men of the Graves Registration Service in our behalf has not been in vain, and our grief has been materially lightened by the knowledge that the details were followed closely by such men as Colonel Pierce, at Washington, Colonel Rethers, at Paris, and Captain Shannon, at Hoboken, and we are likewise indebted to them for their consoling attentions to the many appeals from those who mourn. A. B. POUGH, National President Bring Home the Soldier Dead League, New York, April 11, 1922.

A Week of Verse

Napoleon
(From The Dial)
FROM the black sagging cloud,
Heavy with thunder, brooding over
the ocean,
The wind pours, and its voice
is like a human cry;
The wave attacks the rock,
The lightning flashes; there, against the
granite,
With pale white face uplifted,
A lonely frail man stands
With naught but a human brain
To match against the tempest,
The desire of a human heart
To fight the desolate sky.
II
The noise of the storm dies down,
Shattering the pine-tops, rattling at
streaming windows;
Lazily over the last cloud-rack
Burns the great morning star.
Out of the East there rises,
Quietly, serenely,
From golden domes of ruined empty
temples,
From sleepy old bazaars, from crumbling
minarets,
From gray wastes where the jackal
vanishes,
From the cold lairs of the green secret
jungle,
Out of the gold and turquoise heart of
dawn,
Processions of pale mist across the plain
Frappings and plumage of scarlet,
Sheik after sheik advances,
The wind is rolling elephantine clouds
Down the long corridors between bald
blue mountain,
Black boumen release arrow-shafts of
hail
To the tune of fluted singing;
And in the midst of these,
Surrounded with a phalanx of bright
spears,
His brows bound with gold rays, and
billeted in scarlet,
Alone in an ivory chariot,
Drawn by two milk-white stallions
"foaled within the desert,
Great Alexander rides, the offspring of
the Sun.
He lifts his head; the vision vanishes;
The morning star has gone behind the
cloud-rack.
Like a dim figure struggling in a sea
Of shouting, hoarse, and greedy waves,
He sees himself, wrecked on an iron
lee-shore.
And round about, with stony visages,
The ancient, dull decaying kings of
earth
Perch on their thrones, propped up with
moneybags,
And stare at him with sleepy, fussy eyes.
III
Armies melt under the pressure of a
wilt,
Yet the old sphinx still watches, and her
claws
Sift not, though on her lips
There curls, in hovering mockery, a
smile.
Struggle of death and night
Surrounds him now; red flames upon the
snow,
And ravens cawing
Over stiff-frozen corpses, sprawled in
darkness;
Fiercely the flame outpours
And scatters desolation in its path;
Great towers unkindle, surge in smoke,
and fall;
Dim figures hurry over ice-glazed rivers;
IV
From the black sagging cloud,
Heavy with thunder, brooding over the
ocean,
The wind pours, and its voice
is like a wild beast's cry;
He watches the sweltering tempest
Gather for its last onset;
And on his forehead is written now the
answer;
Death.
Death in captivity,
Death bound about with iron chains to
the rock,
Death in the storm, death without fur-
ther conquest,
No sword to lift,
No voice to hurry to his cry.
And he lies cold and silent,
Shattered and beautiful, while the tropic
storm
That beat its blue drum fiercely for his
passing,
On the horizon, slowly moves away.
V
The darkness of the Gods who gazed
upon him
Too deeply now enshrouds our minds
and eyesight;
We dare not grope to find
Even the meaning of a little hour;
Was it their will or ours
That drew this flame out of its stagnant
depths,
To fling it back, reversed, into the dark-
ness?
We cannot ever know.
Red glares encircle the horizon of our
life,
And in between, we flounder in the
darkness;
Crowns, crosses, Caesars, crumble into
dust,
And we, with feeble eyes, look forth and
see
The momentary glimmer of a face
Pale, cold and godlike, bearing for those
who fail
The image of a destiny that broke
Against the slow corruption of the dust.
JOHN GOULD FLETCHER