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First to Last—the Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements

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partment and the Dominican leaders are about to begin, looking to the termination of the present military government in Santo Domingo. This is welcome news. The best service we can do as quickly as possible our former restricted functions as a liquidator of the republic's foreign debt.

Working for the Reds

It is well to keep straight the question which the Russian Reds, despite the bootjacks thrown at Genoa, have once more brought yowling to The Hague. It is that the Allies must scurry their fingers through depleted pockets and dig up a billion of credits for Lenin to draw drafts against. Failing this, the Bolsheviks will not discuss, much less seriously consider, the restitution of stolen property. The only nation excepted is Germany, with whom, for other good and valuable considerations, other arrangements have been made.

What is implied by the grant the Soviet power demands? Credit capital being a sight draft to be met by labor or the fruits of labor, the Reds in effect ask (counting labor the world over at \$2 a day) that workmen outside the region of Red control shall (boarding themselves meanwhile) work for them half a billion days. To compute in another way, they ask the Allies to recruit a labor army of 2,000,000, which shall serve for practically a year.

Lenine, taking Pharaoh's methods as his guide, has established within Russia a slave labor system. But like other slave owners he is compelled to feed and clothe his human livestock. He finds difficulty in doing this. So, going a step further than Pharaoh, he would have outsiders feed his slaves while they toil as he directs. Particularly is he concerned about hawkingwind the bourgeois farmers of America to send over the crops they have raised on their best fields.

What is to be given in return? An L. O. U., but with a proviso that neither principal nor interest is to be paid unless convenient. Lenine and Litvinoff make no concealment of their belief in the great principle that a debt is a debt only so long as a debtor is in a mind to pay and that theft is often a duty laid on a thief. When Litvinoff was a Whitechapel tailor he did not do a business on this basis, but now he is better educated.

Yet we may be sure that here merchants of mush will continue weeping to inquire why rich America does not save Russia's starving babies and to bemoan the fact that brutal persons who look beyond effects to causes would remove the conditions from which the starvation comes.

The Past Looks In

Cornelius Cole, of California, in his hundredth year. Representative in Congress from 1863 to 1865 and Senator from 1867 to 1873, is revisiting Washington. It is as if an ancient had come back to shake "i" head in amazement at the wonders and foibles of modern progress. Yet the California ancient is too ingrained a conscript father to do anything of the sort. He is still every inch a Senator. Asked to compare the Senate of his day with the present body, he replied, with fine consideration: "I couldn't do that; it wouldn't be Senatorial courtesy."

What struck him most, naturally, was the bigness of the two houses. When he sat in the lower branch, under Speaker Schuyler Colfax (afterward Vice-President) there were only 188 members, the states in secession sending their representatives to Richmond. There are now 455 members. The membership of the Senate in his first term was sixty-six, some of the Southern states being still excluded. Now it is ninety-six. Yet Mr. Cole might have been pardoned, perhaps, if he had intimated that the Senate of 1867-69 made up in quality for what it lacked in quantity.

Who were his colleagues then? Some of them were passing figures from the reconstructed South, doomed to quick oblivion. But in the first rank on the Republican side were John Sherman and Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio; Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts; George F. Edmunds and Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont; Roscoe Conkling, of New York; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana; Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois; William P. Fessenden and Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, and Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan. On the Democratic side were Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. Later, to sit on the minority side, came Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, and Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio. On the majority side newcomers were Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; Carl Schurz and Francis P. Blair, Jr., of Missouri; Matthew S. Carpenter, of Wisconsin; William Windom, of Minnesota, and John A. Logan, of Illinois.

Looking over the present Senate Mr. Cole might have said humbly to himself, "There were giants in those days!" But he showed the true wisdom and modesty of the centennarian and suppressed his intimate reflections. After all, the youths in the Senate to-day have some privileges which their seniors are bound

to respect; and "Senatorial courtesy," much abused, has had another vindication.

Where Is the Man?

Mr. Hylan's expansive talk of his personal traction plan would be more convincing if he had associated with him any single person in any wise capable of carrying it out.

Mr. Hylan's traction expert is Grover Whalen, promoted from a private secretaryship to be Commissioner of Plant and Structures. Mr. Whalen is boss of the bus lines, which do not pay, and operates the municipally owned trolley line on Staten Island, which also does not pay, though overcrowded to the extent of more than 200 per cent.

Mr. Whalen is not an engineer. He is not a successful business administrator. He is naturally unable to conduct a trolley line either with profit to the city or with reasonable comfort to its patrons. His lack of ability to direct a great traction system is not his fault. But why trust ignorance so unreservedly? The Commissioner of Plant and Structures either has no engineers to consult or pays no attention to them if such men exist. Why, then, let him confound the confusion, when on the Transit Commission are men who not only understand the planning of betterments but are able to put their plan in execution?

Possibly Mr. Hylan, with great schemes in his mind, knows of somebody other than Whalen who can carry them out. If so, what's his name?

Germany's Ricketty Republic

The boldness of the monarchist plotters in Germany, with sons of the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff publicly meeting at Potsdam, raises the question of whether the German people at heart want a republic.

In his notes President Wilson told Germany she could get better terms if she republicanized herself. Germany promptly obliged. She was under military necessity. When the Kaiser, in the throes of indecision, stood dangling his bennet and plume as did the craven bridegroom of the Lechivian ballad, the argument that led the assembled Junkers to send their papier mache potentate to Holland was that a revolution would pay. So the German Republic has been more or less a fraud and has been recognized to be such.

Democratic institutions must have congenial soil. The foundations of America were laid in the Mayflower's cabin and the structure was raised by a century and a half of town meetings. Germans have practically lost the capacity for self-government. They like to be bossed. The "verboten" principle is dear to them. Take away the reparation question, and the feeling that a return to Kaiserism would make it more difficult to wriggle out of obligations and a restoration would be almost certain. But genuinely back of the republic so far are the highly organized trade unions. Their leaders, it may be assumed, have no liking for the old régime, and though they do not much comprehend the technique of elections they have perfected the technique of the general strike. By the use of this weapon Kapp came to a speedy end. But within the trade unions is a strong Bolshevik element with no love for a bourgeois republic. These would set up a dictatorship on the Lenin model. So the ricketty German Republic flounders along not because it is wanted, but because of lack of an alternative.

The best guess, although prediction is dangerous, is that the pulpy Ebert government will continue. It seems German judgment, even of monarchist sympathizers, that the time is not yet ripe for changes. But should a counter revolution come this does not necessarily imply that William of Doorn will be re-summoned. Deep-seated is the German feeling that the greediness shown by the ex-Kaiser, his unwillingness to share German distresses, is a display of unmistakable yellowness.

Beware of the Coward!

Brave men may be trusted with deadly weapons; cowards never. The assassin is dangerous because he is afraid. He sees to it that his intended victim has no chance. He prepares for escape before he fires or strikes; and, while he may kill a single individual, as did the murderer of Rathenau, or a number of men, as did the Illinois coal mine assassins, he always brings disaster to the cause he fancies he is espousing.

Assassination—even that of Caesar—has never really changed the history of the world. The bullet fired at Sarajevo did not bring on the World War. The events that followed merely supplied the Central Powers with a pretext they had long been seeking. The assassination of Rathenau will not change the course of events in Germany, nor will the Illinois murders have any effect other than to alienate sympathy with any organization which seeks to defend them.

Perhaps it is natural that a period that called for the highest form of courage should be followed by one in

which cowards multiply. Certain it is that assassination "as become common in the world since the World War. How futile it is evident by the utter failure of a government in Russia which was founded on assassination and which vainly seeks to maintain itself by terror.

In recent American history the killing of Governor Steunenberg of Idaho turned the people of the country against a labor organization which up to that time had been accorded a very considerable sympathy. Since then the attempt at terrorism instituted by the followers of "Big Bill" Haywood, one of the men accused of the murder of Steunenberg, has convinced the country that the I. W. W. is merely an association of soundly blackguards and has injured every labor union that in any way associated with it.

In every great strike the people of this country are disposed first to hear the evidence and afterward back with their opinion the side they believe to be in the right, whether it be labor or capital. It was the force of public opinion which won the strike for the garment workers in New York and which has enabled many another labor union to better wages and working conditions.

The investigation by the government might well be accompanied by another conducted by the American Federation of Labor for the purpose of determining the identity of the assassins in the recent Illinois mine murders and putting them and their defenders and sympathizers forever outside every honest labor organization.

Mr. Penfield, former Ambassador to Austria, provided in his will for scholarships in diplomacy. It is unfortunate that he did not make this provision during his lifetime, so that the training might have been available for Americans attending the Paris peace conference.

The postoffice authorities have decided that mail sorters may lean upon a bar to rest, but Mr. Veststead has arranged that the bar will not have anything on it.

A billion gallons of water were lost out of the Croton reservoir, but they will probably eventually find their way to the offices of the oil well promoters.

Mr. Hearst has decided not to return to Europe. His political ambitions thrive better in a country where he can get the Hearst newspapers every morning.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Departed Ambition  
I'm told I started wailing  
Within my trundle bed  
Each time the moon came sailing  
Serenely overhead.  
Despite the admonition  
That I'd learn better soon,  
My earliest ambition  
Was to possess that moon.

In later years I hankered  
To sail an aerial bark  
Till it was safely anchored  
Within that crescent arc—  
Alert and eager-hearted  
From shore to shore to fare,  
Until I'd mapped and charted  
The wonders that were there.

I'd have a thrilling story  
When back to earth I came,  
The town would sound my glory  
And give me wealth and fame.  
To hide would not avail me,  
For morning, night and noon  
The populace would hail me,  
The boy that found the moon!

But gone is my desire  
To see this shining land  
Since I have learned it's dryer  
Than Africa's burning sand.  
A radio ship may span it,  
They say, from sea to sea,  
Still this terrestrial planet  
Is dry enough for me.

Expecting Too Much  
Marconi was disappointed because he couldn't communicate with Mars after a week's effort. It would have taken him a month at least to get the Martian central to put through his call.

Somebody Is Mistaken  
Three men have been selected to govern the Bolsheviks in the stead of Lenin. We had been led to suppose that the Bolsheviks governed themselves.

Real Statesmanship  
England went far toward assuring peace in the new Irish Free State by granting women the vote right off the bat.

"Star-Spangled"  
To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: A writer in The Tribune today objects to "star-spangled" as the "most undignified epithet ever used to designate a national emblem." He says: "To designate the celestial stars as paltry bits of tinsel is nothing short of sacrilege."

Whatever may have been the origin of the word "spangle," I think that it has been redeemed from its lowly estate by the genius of Shakespeare, the reverence of Addison and the patriotism of Key.

Shakespeare asks:  
"What stars do spangle heaven  
With such beauty?"  
Addison's hymn has never been thought undignified:  
"The sparkling ornament on high,  
And all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their Great Original proclaim."  
"And the star-spangled banner  
In triumph shall wave  
Over the land of the free,  
And the home of the brave!"

HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Pittsfield, Mass., June 25, 1922.

The Tower

THE MASQUERADER

I SOUGHT for Beauty down the barren years;  
Through Time's long corridor I cried her name and woke to bitter jest  
The scornful echoes, mocking at my fears.  
Yet thrice, as when the dawn's white hour nears,  
Men hear the wind come running from the West,  
She passed, I clutched to draw her to my breast  
And touched, I swear, the august robe she wears.

Thrice has she passed me, calm, and high and fair:  
A new-born baby's first defiant cry;  
An old, old man who spoke with God in prayer;  
A kiss, long since, beneath an April sky.  
I sought for Beauty. Can it be that I  
Shall challenge Death—and find her standing there?

If it weren't for politics and administrative and labor unions and international relations, we'd probably find time to be completely disgusted by the tactics and spirit displayed in the prize ring.

Perhaps it may be that the hard words hurled at professional athletes now and then are due to the strange belief of humans that the man in sport mustn't do most of the things they themselves do in business.

We wonder sometimes whether boxing, in the light of the conduct of most of the champions, might not better be termed "the manly art of self-pretense."

Merely Compensation  
Sir: Why is it that every time I make a fine play in a game of tennis or baseball or any other game I discover that my shirt is sticking out in back?  
K. K. DILL.

Ataman Semenov has been refused permission to land in Asia and is apparently a man without a country. It's hard to shed tears for him when you remember what he did to the one he used to have.

Of course, Lenine couldn't be expected to continue as head of a Bolshevik government. He has lost, the papers say, his power of speech.

Cheering the Mourners  
(Found by O. I. van Lee in "Drug and Chemical Markets")  
An explosion which wrecked one unit of the plant of the Trojan Powder Co. at San Lorenzo, Calif., occurred on June 5, the result of a fire of unknown origin near one of the drying rooms. James Toome, chemist of the plant, and Henry Meyer, master mechanic, were killed. The loss was small.

The recent literary activity among the Hehenzollerns leads us to wonder whether the author of "The Life of Jean Willard" and other similar autobiographies hasn't got a new job.

This kidnapping of all these Americans may be only an attempt of the unrecognized Mexican government to claim some attention.

ODE  
(President Obregon has ordered Colonel Goldbaum Padilla, a staff officer, to Cuba, and to see to it that the local authorities—The Times.)  
Brave caballeros, raise glasses and spill a Libation to Colonel Goldbaum Padilla.  
The feats of Madera, the prowess of Villa  
Combine in the person of Goldbaum Padilla.  
In the temple of fame a broad niche will be filled.  
A Personage splendid is Goldbaum Padilla.  
The dark sorority, beheld her mantilla,  
Casts yearning soft glances at Goldbaum Padilla.

Gallant is he, Who can tread a quadrilla  
With the grace and the air of gay Goldbaum Padilla?  
Eyes of dark chocolate; skin of vanilla,  
Senior Don Coronel Goldbaum Padilla!

Since Mr. Connors announces that he has already got his candidate nominated, it is not too much to hope that by election time he will proclaim that Governor Hearst has completed his term of office.

States' rights, as we hazily understand it, is a doctrine that keeps the marines in Hayti and out of Illinois.

The Curio Collection  
1. A girl who was not on time at the appointed hour and did not ask "Am I late?"  
2. A comedian who never cracks a Ford joke.  
3. A business man who does not believe in advertising.  
4. Mr. Newlywed who, when company is present, does not call his wife "Mommy" or "Mrs. N."  
5. A man who does not give advice.

1. She's the kind that believes she's doing a fellow a favor by permitting him to go out with her.  
2. Well, not since prohibition, anyway.  
3. He's a bootlegger.  
4. She's a member of the Lucy Stone League.  
5. He sells it to one of those "how to be successful" magazines.

If the current weather only continues we won't be confronted by the usual end-of-the-summer problem concerning what to do with the perfectly good vest of a worn out suit.

The attention of the prohibition authorities is hereby directed to the fact that, despite their efforts, water is going to waste over the dam of Croton reservoir at the rate of a billion gallons a day.

From the sad tale that Mr. Lasker tells, we are of the opinion that United States merchantmen should be permitted to keep their wine and take on, in addition, large quantities of beef and iron.

F. F. V.

WHAT'S THE OLD WORLD COMING TO?



Books By Percy Hammond

Not since George Moore told about Doris's pretty ablutions at Orelay has there been such an intimate literary view of a bathroom as that afforded by E. F. Benson in his latest story, "Peter." You may recall how Mr. Moore admired Doris's tubbing utensils, reveling in the scents and powders, the ointments, polishers, lotions, scissors and soft silks included in the voluptuous paraphernalia of her cleanliness. "The various sponges!" Mr. Moore cried: "the flat sponge for the face, the round sponge for the body, and the little sponges!" and so forth. Mr. Moore's was a mere peeping, however, while Mr. Benson, megaphone to lip, takes us as sight-seers on a grand tour to the soaps and faucets. Besides, Doris's immersions were primitive compared to those of Peter, since they were performed in the remote sponge period at a rural hotel in the south of France. Peter's spectacular lavage occurred in a modern mansion near London.

What Readers Are Thinking

Civic Center Building  
To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: Ten years ago plans were started for a civic center for the City of New York. The land had been acquired. One new building in this civic center, the new County Courthouse, has been provided for. The present buildings are the Municipal Building, the Hall of Records and the City Hall. The plan includes all of City Hall Park, as a park, with no other building upon it than our beautiful City Hall. Stretching north from the Hall of Records and the Municipal Building, and in continuation of the group, comparatively inexpensive land has been acquired upon which, with proper city planning, a dignified group of public buildings should be erected. The next building should be the new Federal courthouse and downtown postoffice in our civic center.

THE SPIRITS OF 1848  
To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: Considerable prominence has been given of late to spiritualism. When I was a boy a great deal of attention was called to table-tipping, rappings, etc., as manifestations of the spirits. No evening family or social gathering was quite complete without gathering the circle about the table to see, if with the laying on of hands or finger tips the table could be made to tilt, or bump out answers to questions asked. Later came the ouija board for like purposes.

The Railroad's Rival  
To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: A cartoon in The Tribune a couple of days ago had a very apt story to tell of the poor railroads unable to reduce freight charges, and all the stalled cars in the yards. The mention of the motor trucks taking away the business of the railroads prompts me to beg that you will follow up that story by calling attention to the fact that the railways, the proper medium of transportation, have to make their roads; the trucks, on the contrary, ruin all the good roads and should be heavily taxed.

The Consumer's Dollar  
To the Editor of The Tribune:  
Sir: Recently one of your editorial spokes of the small percentage of the consumer's dollar the agricultural producer received.

A. U. Chaney, general manager of the American Cranberry Exchange, is quoted in this week's "Country Gentleman" as saying that "organizational and advertising have enabled the cranberry growers to get virtually