New York Tribune

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

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Where Delay Costs

Republican Senate leaders are talking of passing the McCumber tariff bill at this session, possibly passing the McCumber bonus bill and putting the shipping bill over until next session. If these measures were handled in the order of their real importance the shipping bill would come first and the others nowhere at this session.

There is no need at all for a bonus act, and permanent tariff revision could be advantageously postponed until 1923 or 1924. But every day aggravates the plight of our merchant marine and fastens a heavier loss on the government from its war shipping investment.

The only practicable way out is for the government to liquidate its enterprise—to divest itself of its operating functions and to get rid of its ships. But it cannot hope to sell ships to private American owners unless those owners are guaranteed against government competition. The routes which the Shipping Board now maintains cannot be kept open unless private capital is encouraged to take them over and keep them open. And these results can be attained only by the passage of a bill readjusting the government's relations to private operators.

The situation is in a snarl. The government is losing money on the fleet. The fleet is making less and less of a return on its cost in the way of keeping American ships in the ocean-carrying trade. The government's heavy overhead charges for administration continue. There is no salvation in standing still. But the passage of the shipping bill would at once make government economies possible.

Yet because they don't like the word "subsidy" many Congressmen are content to maintain the present fleet at a far greater cost to the Treasury than any subsidy allowance. They would keep the government tied up with a losing enterprise. Whatever may be the incidental defects of the House bill, its principle is sound. It offers the only means of lifting the wrecked government shipping project out of the mire and of clearing the way for the future. It is a measure of national economy—not of prodigality, as its critics mistakenly say.

Other bills may wait without harm. Delay with the shipping bill will cost us tens of millions of dollars.

Dobbin's Last Refuge

Forty years ago, from his window on Brooklyn Heights, Washington Roebling, an invalid and a cripple, watched the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge, whose construction was under his direction. His dream, soon to be realized, was of a viaduct swarming with people and with horses passing from shore to shore more than 100 feet above the bowsprits of the clipper ships that projected over South Street and the Brooklyn waterfront.

A year later, in May, the great bridge was opened, to become the crowning glory of New York and one of the wonders of the world. To-day, one of four links between New York and Long Island, it is set aside as the last refuge of the horse, which as a beast of burden lingers almost superfluous on the thoroughfares of the greater city.

There were no thundering elevated trains or trolley cars, no tooting automobiles in Roebling's vision. On the broad avenue suspended over the water the truck jostled the coach and four, the delivery wagon and the herdic crowded the victoria and the phaeton. No one foresaw the day when gasoline would do so much of the city's work and contribute so largely to its pleasuring that the horse must have a bridge to himself or suffer banishment from the metropolis.

From to-day forth, as long as he survives as an aid to man, he will have one of the most beautiful structures in the world all to himself, save for the electric cars and the pedestrians. On three other bridges he will not be permitted to slow up traffic with his plodding gait, but until he vanishes altogether he may still jog along the way he pursued in the days of his glory.

For many years the horse will survive in the country, and on the rich man's suburban estate and at the racetrack. But gasoline and steel are more powerful and cheaper than he is, and he will soon be released from his long and patient service as a bearer of burdens. His friends will rejoice that in his last days of duty he has been given the freedom of what all loyal New Yorkers hold to be the loveliest bridge that ever spanned a river.

Germany's Self-Paralysis

During the last week in June the increase in Germany's paper money was 11,250,000,000 marks.

The German government has repeatedly declared it would not further inflate. German financiers and economists freely acknowledge the necessary consequences of working the printing press so feverishly; but, instead of a stoppage, or even a slowing up, the presses revolve faster and faster.

Germany says she is bankrupt. Of course she is. Her promises to pay are beyond her ability to pay. The reparation judgment recorded against her is but fractional and negligible in comparison with the debt she has voluntarily heaped up at home and to which she seeks to give preference. Her chief economic troubles are not due to pressure from the outside, but to folly on the inside. She has turned her home business into a gamble. No producer knows or can know what he is to get for his labor. So, just as in Russia, he quits work. Not reparations but paper money is the main root of Germany's afflictions.

None in Germany and few outside of it face the facts in her case. Genoa sidestepped the inflation question, disregarding the report of experts who gently peeped about it. Yet deflation and money sanity are essential to economic rehabilitation. Though this is obvious, the German government in one week created a debt against itself which has the nominal value of three billion dollars—enough to pay her reparation assessments for three or four years. She is in the position of a man who owes a penny and then borrows a dollar and then talks of the heaviness of the penny's burden.

The Burnt Child

The announcement that Mr. Hearst doesn't want to be Governor coincides closely in point of time with the announcement from Syracuse that the up-state Democrats do not want to nominate him for Governor.

Mr. Hearst has tasted political defeat in times past and found it unpleasant. Defeat has, in fact, composed his only political diet, and it is quite natural that it should begin to pall.

The statement of the editor's friends that he never did want to be Governor may or may not be true. Certain it is that he—or somebody—spent a great deal of money in an effort to manufacture sentiment for him, an effort that failed because of a lack of raw material.

Now, however, with a big Smith conference blanketing a very little Hearst conference at Syracuse, Mr. Hearst seems to be persuaded that he was mistaken when he fancied he heard the people's voice calling for him. He doesn't want to be beaten again. The burnt child fears the fire.

It must not be imagined for an instant that this realization is going to put Mr. Hearst out of politics, or that Tammany has any ground for rejoicing in the belief that he has ceased from troubling.

He will demand a voice in the nomination for Governor, places on the ticket for Hearst men and some sort of assurance of support in the national convention before he will agree to support the party in November.

What he really is after, as The Tribune has already pointed out, is the Presidency. Nothing in the recent statement of his friends can be construed to mean that he has abated a jot of that purpose.

Dogs Not Allowed

Although there are said to be plenty of boys in Emporia and plenty of dogs, they are evidently unacquainted with each other, judging from William Allen White's failure to get them out on parade. Not a boy or dog appeared to claim the prize offered, and the disappointed editor is said to have quoted Eugene Field's lament that "boys ain't what they used to be."

Maybe they're not. Fashions in boys change in every generation, and the dog as a playmate is not so popular as he once was. The small ragged country boy who matched his "full-bred mongrel" with the pedigreed pup of the city visitor exists in fiction more than in real life. The old Huckleberry Finn days are over, but it isn't necessarily the fault of the boys.

The fact is that the dog is a victim of a successful propaganda; we are in the grip of hygienic science, and both boy and dog are regulated out of old-fashioned customs. Accused as a carrier of a disease he seldom has, the dog has been all but banished from the life of the modern boy. In small towns and large dogs no longer run "free." They have to wear muzzles and be led by a leash through the streets. "Dogs not allowed" is a familiar sign even through the countryside. What wonder that boys and dogs no longer romp together! The muzzle and the leash have made the dog a prisoner and lost the boy a friend.

Mr. Borah's Message

Mr. Borah's speech in the Senate on Thursday is criticizable for its substance, but in manner and spirit it came like a breath of fresh air into a long-closed chamber. It brought into a heavy atmosphere, charged with artificial sentiment and sheltered misconceptions, something from the great outdoors.

Mr. Borah didn't talk like a Senator. He talked like a citizen, with an eye level to that of the average alert American. It is this rare faculty which sets him apart among his colleagues and gives him the nation-wide influence due to his marked individuality. He refused to be a standardized Senator.

It is seldom nowadays that a Congressman is found talking out of his conventional rôle. The professional manner has taken possession of him. The bonus hysteria of the last twelve months has converted him into a salesman, convinced that he has found the secret of exchanging legislation for votes. He deals with group prospects. He scatters his investments. He has forgotten the salutary truth emphasized in the last couple of days by President Harding, that his loyalty as a legislator is due to the whole country and not to any clamorous group.

The Tribune does not go along with Mr. Borah in many things which he says and does. But when he tells the Senate that the first, almost the exclusive, task of this Congress is to repair the wastes of the war, to come to grips with economic realities and to trim sail wherever possible, he speaks the unvarnished truth. Are the Senate leaders anxious to finish with a tariff revision which the country does not want in order to pass a bonus bill tying a new weight of from $5,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000 about the Treasury's neck? Then their anxiety is misplaced and harmful. They are thinking in terms of inside, cobwebby politics, of things which wear an altogether different aspect to the harassed taxpayer.

Mr. Borah thunders against this inner temple perversity and indifference. The Senate listens to him and is troubled. But will it have the courage to confess its errors of judgment and its degradation of the legislative function? The country will hope that it is touched sincerely enough to repent!

An Heroic Black Man

The negro question, the great issue of what to do to secure justice to and the proper development of the semi-submerged one-tenth of our population, is commonly discussed as a mass question.

It is, in fact, chiefly an individual question—a matter for each negro to solve for himself. Environment is important, for bad surroundings corrupt. But environment is not all. No race was ever long kept down whose members deserved to rise. No race ever rose far when its members lacked the stuff of personal virtue.

Charles Sanford, the heroic negro superintendent of an up-town apartment, who beat his way past flames into a burning apartment in which a white woman and her infant child were cut off; who extinguished with his bare hands their blazing garments and enabled them to reach a window, and then saved himself by swinging into a courtyard on a slender clothesline, did something for his people. It will be hard to convince one white woman or her child when it grows up and hears the story to fear black faces or to believe charges hastily and ignorantly made against black folk. Booker Washington preached sound doctrine. Better still, Charles Sanford applied it.

The negro's future is in his own hands. The way upward is hard, and many, yielding to weakness, will not be strong enough to endure its strain. But there is no other path to the highlands of equality and justice.

The Deadly "Stunt"

There is the same relation between the ordinary aviator and the "stunt" aviator as there is between the engineer who builds a bridge over the Niagara River and the acrobat who crosses it on a slack wire.

The one is a contributor to the art of flying, the other is a daredevil who risks his neck in order to attract public attention.

It adds nothing to the science of aviation to stand on one's hands on a moving machine or to send it through loops in the air. It adds only to the morbid enjoyment of the kind of crowds that gape beneath, secretly hoping that they will witness a tragedy that they can tell their friends about the next day.

There is genuine utility in parachute jumps and in certain evolutions needful in warfare. But these should be practiced only by army or navy aviators and under strict supervision.

It is not possible, of course, to stop a man on an airplane from performing hair-raising tricks after he has left the ground. But it is quite possible to enact statutes providing for his punishment when he comes down again—provided he comes down alive.

There are enough accidents, as every newspaper reader knows, in the course of necessary flying and flying experiments without adding to their number by circus tricks to provide crowds with thrills. Men are no longer permitted to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, and they ought not to be permitted to endanger their own lives and those of others by tempting Providence in the air.

The ex-Kaiser is reported to have taken up the study of the weather. He is probably looking for a prospect of another reign.

One of the nice things about a United States Shipping Board vessel is that the port is always in plain sight.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The Justice Dodger

I know the bluejay is a thief—
  I've caught him at it, many a time;
I know that, almost past belief,
  Is his capacity for crime.
I've seen him steal a robin's child
  And wondered how the rascal could;
I've heard him stormed at and reviled
  By all the birds about the wood.

I've watched him wheel in sudden flight,
  Emitting terror stricken squeals,
And hurry off with all his might—
  Two angry kingbirds at his heels.
I've seen him sitting, unashamed,
  When scolded by a chattering wren,
Who every little while exclaimed:
  "Don't try to eat my eggs again!"

He leads a lone and outcast life
  In woods where nice birds congregate.
The villain and his flashy wife
  Are looked upon with scorn and hate.
And yet he will not mend his ways,
  Though mocked, derided and pursued,
And forced his family to raise
  In some sequestered solitude.

But he is such a handsome knave,
  And wears his clothes with such an art!
He looks so dashing and so brave
  Despite his black and evil heart,
That though I set out stern and grim
  To end his reign of thefts and loot
And aim my deadly gun at him
  I never can quite bear to shoot!

Embarrassing Situation

Apparently it is soon going to be necessary to send out the navy to see that none of the United States Shipping Board vessels venture inside the three mile limit.

Explaining Her Reluctance

Ireland has discovered with disgust that there will be nothing left to fight for when she gets self-government.

But They've Only Started

Up to date the peace conferences haven't done quite as much damage as the war.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

"The Sherman Nuisance"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: You should send a marked copy of your issue containing the editorial "The Sherman Nuisance" to the members of Congress, calling their attention to the last paragraph: "The Sherman law is a nuisance which has been too long endured. It is a totem pole that Congress should remove to the museum of legal antiquities."

The Sherman anti-trust law was an attempt by Congress to delegate to the Supreme Court its legislative function and to permit it to create out of its own decisions, in the process of time, a legislative act. Your quotation from Chief Justice Taft proves this: ". . . that ultimately the courts would work out an understandable body of doctrine." This substitution of legislative function by the court and this uniting in fact both branches of government in one have been the cause of most of the difficulties arising under the Sherman law.

What "restraint of trade" is having been left to be determined by nine men guided by their own "rule of reason," some amazing non-judicial decisions have been given us. Rulings have been made on one set of facts by a five to four vote. On almost similar facts a reverse ruling has been made by a four to five vote. Decisions have been given making an act a crime against the law which had not been so interpreted prior to the defendant's committing the act. No one can become guilty of the commission of a crime if it is that act which creates the law which causes it to be a crime. I cannot make my meaning clearer than by quoting from your own editorial:

"We have a law which no one is able to understand. Is it not time to scrap it and to substitute one all can understand? The law should surely define what conduct or form of organization is legal. . . . Both large corporations and labor unions are entitled to know in advance the qualities of their acts. They do not know this and can't."

Let Congress legislate. Let the Supreme Court pass on the constitutionality of its laws, and let the Executive, through his Department of Justice, enforce them. Let violators of the law know what the law is before being held as criminals. "Ignorance of the law is no excuse," but an "ignorant" law is a perfect one.

HOWARD IRVING.

New York, June 29, 1922.

The Tower

SILENCE

ALWAYS in silence shall my love for you
Seem ever stronger, like the lucent flame,
That burns in stillness. Can I use the same
Old words to tell of love, resplendent, anew?
All beauty speaks of you in every flower;
In fires of sunset; in the waking morn,
When day's bright hands the veils of night have torn.
You are my faith, my joy, my splendid tower.
Through quiet places there shall rise the song
Of this, my secret, as the incense rare
Floats upward through the gold and purple air
Of dim cathedrals' spectral aisles and long.
The world will never hear a whisper low
Of what your heart and mine in silence know.

ELIZABETH S. MONTGOMERY.

The recent unpleasantness in the Lexington Avenue subway merely indicates that there are still a few smells to which tube frequenters have not become inured.

Possibly even so experienced a subway traveler as ourself might have been overcome by the smoke and gas, but we insist on comforting ourself with the thought that years of rush hour travel have made us practically collision-proof.

And Not a Word About the Climate!

Sir: So this is Pasadena—a one-story paradise with a Spanish roof; palms and patios; pepper bordered avenues melting into bold mountains; promising brown youths in khaki, instead of Kollege Kut; wholesome girls in middy blouses and braids; smart, breezy flappers from the East; plain, opulent, fed-up dowagers frowning at the sunshine from somber limousines; a blinding white postoffice; a magnificent Roman viaduct; open-faced shops; kind-faced clerks with old-fashioned courtesy; great hotels, ablaze on winter nights, silent and cloistral in the summer; carpenters with titles to their own roof trees; a thousand bungalows on terms; dominant churches; an absence of alien tongues; factory whistles and rush hours; crisp vegetables, clean comestibles, roses without end; leisurely one-man trams; dilatory old folks—life in its fullest and Time infinite.

Los Angeles. SIB.

Just as if there wasn't enough to blame on the Senate already, its discussion of who will be the next President has inspired E. C. B. to wonder whether Laddie Boy, the White House Airedale, isn't to be succeeded by a Pomerenean.

BLAME IT ON THE WEATHER

(Clipped by Lincoln Krueger from The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)

JUNE BRIDE—For rent, Edgewood, four rooms, bath, $42.50; Perrysville district, six rooms, $72.50. Hiland 8774-R.

The missing mining engineer who started out with $100,000 in his pocket and has not been heard of since may have been mistaken for a safe by some yeggman.

WOODSMAN IN THE CITY

Woodsman in the city, during summer days,
Wearing city garments, treading city ways,
Hemmed by buildings, buildings; traffic cramming by—
Even in the city you can see the sky.
There is rest for vision seeking open view;
There's no limit upward, Woodsman, in the blue.
Far from hills and forest, scenes that satisfy,
Even in the city you can see the sky.
What though fate may hold you in the city there,
When your heart is yearning for the woodland fair,
You may calm your longing with an upward eye.
Even in the city it's the same old sky.

HAZEL WYETH WILLIAMS.

Somehow the pomp and press agentry with which Mr. Hays and his allied disinfectors are going about their task of making the movies pure doesn't thrill us as it should. Maybe we are growing calloused and coarse fibered. Perhaps we have been so all along. That may be the reason we never saw an immoral movie, even in the sad, bad, old uncensored days.

We have seen thousands of them, yet we don't think any of them ever moved us one step toward assault on any of the Ten Commandments or even upon a city ordinance. Frequently we have been filled with a desire to have the entire cast of certain film plays thrown into a ring with the director and scenario writer to fight a war of extermination, with the understanding that we should be permitted to shoot the final survivor, if any. That may have been an immoral thought, but we doubt it.

On the whole, this purification movement depresses us. We don't know of anything more distressing to watch than a man deliberately trying to be drunk and disorderly unless it is a person taking elaborate pains to be pure and virtuous.

It hasn't rained for two whole days now, and Jersey farmers are beginning to wonder if the drought will be broken before all the crops are ruined.

Mr. Harding's announcement that it's an awful tough job and Mr. Miller's proclamation that he doesn't know if he can bear it for another term may inspire a lot of folk to deep admiration for their spirit of self-sacrifice. But it doesn't impress a pinch-hitting columnist in the least. We know it's bunk.

Haven't we been moaning about our hard luck and misery ever since we took this job? F. F. Y.

THE FENCE THAT BOUNDS OUR FIELD OF JUSTICE

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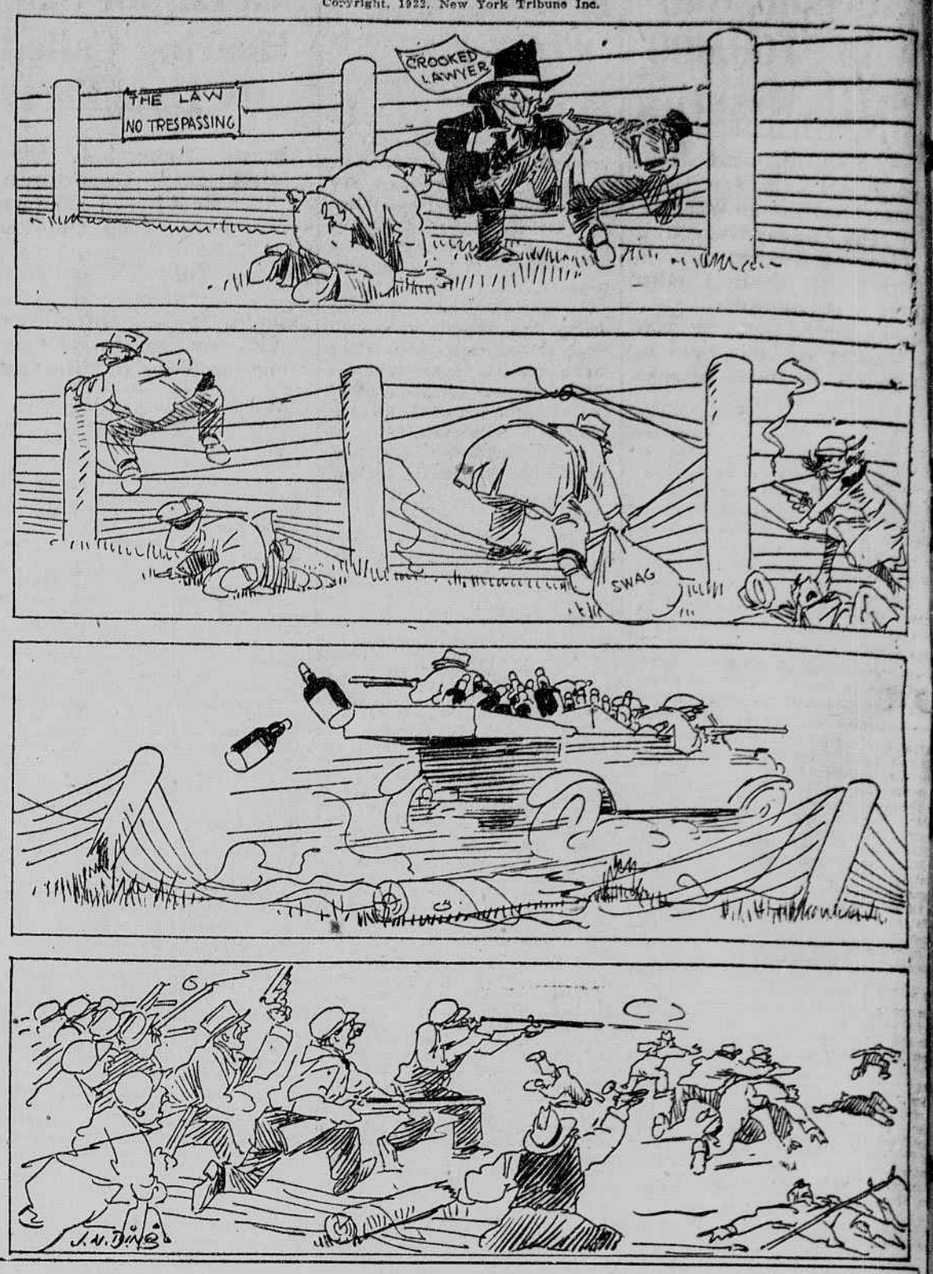

Professionalism

By Royal Cortissoz

The horizon is darkened by flocks of champions. Epical combats are toward, the mere prospect of which is enough to cheer the sportsman's heart. Yet, in the sporting world, at the very spots which should be most exhilarating, the times seem out of joint. "Babe" Ruth, they say, is suffering from a dislocation of his ego. Over at Wimbledon Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Mallory are approaching one another in a mood which one may infer to be—well, just too sweet for anything. Mr. Dempsey, looking around for some one to stroke on the point of the jaw, gets entangled with his own chancellerie, and the next thing we hear his latest prospective victim has gone out of print. The affairs of golf alone, for reasons which we shall see, sustain unruffled the even tenor of their way. What is the matter? Commentators on the "Babe" say it's temperament. I think they are mistaken. It is something else, the insidious growth of which I have been watching for years. It's professionalism.

Don't Get Professionalized

No, reader, I don't mean what perhaps you think I do. I don't mean the difference between the sportsman who is paid for his services and the sportsman who is not. I mean a fundamental difference between two points of view, between two ways of playing the game. There is a profound lesson in the remark of a certain novelist who produced some years ago one of the most brilliant historical romances of his time. He outlined the plot for me while it was in the making, described his hero and heroine, told me what they were to do, and promised that their hearts would fairly bleed through the narrative. "All this will happen," he wrote, "if, under heaven, I can go on writing, like Thackeray, as an amateur." He knew the perils of the—supposedly—impeccable "practiced hand." He knew how easy it is for the maker of literature to become too infernally literary. He knew that the only safety lay in keeping the bloom of freshness on the rose. It is so in letters. It is so in art. It is the painter who takes out a patent on a type of picture and manufactures it by the gross who dies unlamented. He gets professionalized, which is to say that he exercises his facilities too much in accordance with what is expected of him. He develops, often, a consummate technique, but it is not unlike that of a trained seal; there is skill in it, but not exactly inspiration.

Who Plays to Win?

What has all this go to do with sport? Everything. It bears upon the point of view. There is a trite question which is rarely directed at anybody without an inflection indicating that there can be but one rational answer. The question is: "Don't you play the game to win?" I wouldn't dream of answering in the negative. Of course one plays the game to win. But ask the same question in another form: "Do you aim at perfection or success?" Golf answers as no other sport can. In baseball, in tennis, in the prizering, in any game that brings two players face to face, you've got to win; winning is the essence of the game. This is in the nature of things. The technique of the racquet, I take it, has its beauties, but it is the instrument of a rivalry so close and personal that it cannot humanly be separated in its employment from the ambition to succeed. Where better can we look for proof than at the top of the game? Observe the match which is drawing the eyes of the sporting world to Wimbledon. Those two ladies are admittedly the queens of the court. What will the upshot of their conflict be? Nominally, to demonstrate that one more than the other represents the perfection of tennis. But I take the liberty of having some doubts. I dare swear that what one of these ladies will achieve will be, first and last, success, a triumph, and that that will be all that will interest the world.

Now, consider the difference in golf. Hagen came back, praise be, a winner. But look at the scores and ask if there were no other laurels. They were all over the place, and I maintain that that was what made the Battle of Sandwich thrilling. They were so abundant for no other reason than that golf is a striving after perfection, a struggle in which each individual shot has its status, its interest. Again it is in the nature of things and again we glance at that little matter of professionalism. The course was crowded with "pros," with stars, men who make their living by golf, and they all played to win; yet, paradoxically, while they so played, the genius of the game still kept their eyes glued on nothing but an ideal of perfection. Grantland Rice, who knows, is forever noting the moral poise of this or that master of the game. He shows us men like Hagen and Barnes going devotedly after the crown, but playing each stroke as a painter might lay on his brush. He speaks of their competitive ardor. But always, with them, there comes first the rigor of the game, the calm, well-considered making of the shot. How can it be brought off so well if the mind is fretted by external things?

Putt, Don't Talk

I have observed, in one of the commonest of a golfer's foibles, the effect of a variance between the grasp at perfection and the grasp at success. Two players separate at the tee and meet on the green with, say, a ten-foot putt and a six-foot putt to make, neither knowing the state of the other's score on that hole. The man who is away sinks his putt. "What was that?" says his opponent, and, on learning how hard pressed he is, remarks defiantly: "Well, I've got to sink this for a half." Tense with anxiety, his misses his putt and loses the hole. He would have had a better chance, I think, if he had kept his mouth shut, for then he would have been thinking only of the putt. When he finds out what he has to match or beat he gains, if you like, an added incentive, but he also takes on a handicap.

Professionalism, in short, does not consist in taking pay; in consists in doubling a sport with an irrelevant preoccupation. It is the confusion of an art with its reward, whether the latter be cash, applause or the champion's insignia. It is the degradation of technique to an end foreign to its spirit. It tinctures all games, and I would not pretend that it has left golf utterly untouched. But in golf its chances of working evil are slighter because its antidote is more obvious and potently present. Let the reader who questions this test it for himself. Let him observe how he is affected by his various clubs from tee to green; how the driver, the brassie, the iron, the putter, each in its turn confronts him with a problem and lures him into endless study. What is it that absorbs him, demanding all his attention—his own shots or his opponent's, the game itself or the score that is piling up, success or perfection? Is not his hope of the one dependent on his approximation to the other? Of one thing I am sure—if he is blind to the distinction involved it will be revealed, infallibly, in his score.

What Readers Say

More About Central Park

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Under the heading "Park Site for the Memorial" your correspondent F. M. Page advocates the placing in Central Park of the proposed art and music memorial building and seeks comment on his proposition from Tribune readers.

Mr. Page makes the too frequent mistake of misunderstanding the true purpose of such a park. Among other statements he says "The contour of ground at this place is such that it is of little use except in a scenic way." From this point of view we might fill in all lakes and cut down all hills and rocks to the general street level. What is the park except a piece of rural scenery? As such there is no place in Central Park for any building whatever except those structures that are necessary for administration and caretaking purposes. Even the Museum of Art, which he calls a "precedent," is an encroachment upon park ground which should never have been permitted. All building projects for Central Park, of which this memorial building is the latest, may be considered as entering wedges, which, if permitted, would start a general demand for building sites of all kinds taken out of the landscape of the park. This memorial building is a Trojan horse which, if permitted to enter, will result in the capture of Central Park for building purposes. Such projects should be fought tooth and nail. ELI BENEDICT.

New York, July 5, 1922.

The Firing on Sumter

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was at Battery Park, Charleston, S. C., and witnessed the firing of land batteries on the Star of the West, the first shots of the war, while Fort Sumter was filled with smoke from burning tar. But Major Anderson and his ninety men braved the 20,000 Confederates' attack on Fort Sumter from land and floating batteries. Major Anderson insisted, on surrender, that his forces be transferred to the Star of the West in peace, which I witnessed the next day, when the major and ninety men marched out of the fort, the drum and fife corps playing "Yankie Doodle." When the last man marched out the glorious Stars and Stripes were dropped and the Palmetto emblem was raised in their place. B. B. S.

New York, July 4, 1922.

An Unheard Of State

(From The Toledo Blade)

There are grown people in Ireland who have never seen peace.