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Double Teaming

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, evidently regards himself as a shrewd labor leader than was John Mitchell.

When John Mitchell, who did more to promote the cause of labor unionism in this country and to advance the interests of the miners than any other man of his generation, said he favored arbitration he meant it.

Mr. Lewis has a different policy. After demanding national arbitration since early spring, now that he can get it he attaches provisos and conditions.

In practical effect, by severally refusing to come into an arbitral court, the miners and the operators hitch themselves to the same wagon.

No More War

The National Council for the Reduction of Armament is planning for what it calls a "No More War" demonstration on July 29 and 30.

Every right-minded person would end warfare. War has no more friends than murder. It has been the dream of all the ages to have an international code, based on justice and equity, to settle disputes between nations even as they are settled among the citizens of states.

Yet placards of the kind described, whether exhibited for two days or for two centuries, are likely to do more harm than good. They divert attention—tend to anodyne large numbers into thinking that they are doing something for their ideal, when in fact they are doing nothing.

War is often an expression of a wicked will to steal or to dominate. When such it is the sum of all iniquity. But war is also often the expression of the God-instilled instinct to defend and to prevent a victory of armed and ruthless wrong.

War is not a pacifist. Unless he or she is willing to adopt and to apply to conduct the principle of non-resistance to evil, then there must be possibility of war as long as there is a possibility of aggression.

Countries in their domestic arrangements do not surrender war rights when dealing with evildoers.

They authorize the sheriff to recruit his posse and tell him to use force when necessary. So in the international field we may assume there will be no reign of pacifism until some sort of international sheriff is given a monopoly of the war right—that is, the force right. Hasten this day, but in the mean time do not interfere with progress by propaganda which implies that a resort to force, no matter what the circumstances, is a crime.

Making Woe Pay

Having screwed further concessions out of the Reparation Commission the crisis in Germany passes. Willy Tresscott, in Stephen Crane's story, always fell ill on Friday afternoon when he was down to speak "a piece" and effected a marvelous recovery when the school session was over.

But has Germany at last conquered the crisis habit? By no means. Having let go one, she arranges for a series of others. She asks for a moratorium not only for the remainder of 1922 but for 1923 and 1924. She holds herself ready to be just as bankrupt next July as this.

She so openly puts a dirge on her music machine and so publicly fits a screeching needle to the sound box that it is amazing any are deceived. But many apparently are. Germany has lifted many millions from her own taxpayers and landed their burden on France.

The Ways of Sentimentalism: One sure thing about the walk-out of the railroad shopmen is that it injures all three parties to the controversy.

The men are losing around \$1,000,000 a day in wages, and as part of the public are paying more for food the roads see another big hole cut in their meager income; travelers are subjected to dangers, shippers to delayed freight and consumers to higher prices.

In one respect, though smitten the hardest, the public is entitled to the least sympathy. For eight years it tolerated Wilsonian economic absurdities. Even a brief study of the financial condition of the roads showed that they were fighting for rates and wage scales under which they could operate and have something left for improvement.

But sentimentalism of an extreme variety was on horseback and rode forcefully. The men naturally believed the White House when told that they had an indisputable right to enough to support five persons according to a standard of living set up by benevolent statisticians.

Wilsonian sentimentalism tried to stand up against economic fact, and now we are seeing its folly demonstrated. The roads meet the drafts drawn against them and the strikers cannot understand why their "rights" should be taken from them. Both are suffering and will continue to suffer until the old truths are relearned: that a quart cup holds no more than a quart—that wages cannot be put up by manifesto. Only by enlarging the social product can real wages be advanced—and sentimentalism adds nothing to production.

A Costly Administration

The first conspicuous act of the Hyland administration in 1918 was to throw into the waste-basket an agreement between the Mitchell administration and the New York Central by the terms of which the railroad, at a cost of \$150,000,000, was to cover its tracks in Riverside Park, eliminate "Death Avenue" by building a freight subway and construct a great freight terminal in West Thirty-first Street for the better and cheaper handling of merchandise.

The agitation against the adoption of this plan had been led by Charles L. Craig, now City Comptroller, and backed by a number of renters and property owners on Riverside Drive. Yielding to their clamor and that of the Hearst newspapers, Mayor Hyland disapproved the agreement and brought suit against the New York Central to dispossess it from its holdings on the West Side of the city.

The Court of Appeals, as was anticipated, now has decided against the city. It finds that the railroad company owns the property it is using and that it cannot be ousted. Unless the railroad chooses voluntarily to make improvements Riverside Park will continue to be in part a smoky and noisy freight yard, the menace of trains in "Death Avenue" will persist and there will be no freight terminal through whose me-

dium the cost of incoming food products can be reduced. Had the Mitchell plan been approved and put into execution there would be no "Death Avenue." Riverside Drive would be as free from smoke and noise as is Park Avenue, whither many of its residents have been driven and where property values have quadrupled as a result of the electrification of the New York Central passenger tunnel—electrification of the Riverside Park tracks being a part of the agreement which was upset.

Because Mayor Hyland thinks there are votes in campaigns against "interests" the most beautiful park in the city will continue indefinitely to be smoke-clouded and filled with jarring clamor. The city's rights to its use will stop at the railroad tracks instead of at the river front. Where there might have been green lawns and flower beds and terraces there will be rails and ties and cattle cars and all the unlovely accompaniments of steam traffic.

The use of the park, for which the railroad would gladly have covered its tracks and mitigated at a cost of \$150,000,000 to itself the nuisances on the West Side, it now gets for nothing.

The Hyland administration is costly. In 1918 a bargain worth hundreds of millions to the city was obtainable. Now, even though the directors of the railroad were disposed to renew their offer, financial conditions forbid it. So the city has lost an improvement as great as the Grand Central or Pennsylvania station.

The German Patent Mix-Up

In the controversy over the Chemical Foundation too much emphasis has been laid on motives. The originators of the foundation are accused of having sought to create a monopoly in German dye patents and of having vested that monopoly in a small private corporation, with practically unlimited power over the American dye industry.

What is the foundation, and for what purposes was it organized? After the declaration of war against Germany the Alien Property Custodian seized 4,700 German patents, covering chemical processes and formulae used by the German cartel. These were held by the custodian until the armistice was signed. They were then sold outright to the Chemical Foundation, with the intention of preventing their ever getting back into the hands of the German owners, who, through them, had previously dominated the dye industry in this country.

The friends of the foundation say that it is a semi-public institution, organized on altruistic lines and not for personal profit, and that it is intended solely to preserve a free use of the dye patents to American manufacturers. It is explained that the foundation is obliged to issue licenses to all applicants of good standing. The only loophole to monopoly would be a disposition on the part of the foundation's trustees to misuse their discretionary powers.

Criticism of the foundation has made a good deal of the absolute transfer at a nominal price of patents of enormous value. But the price is of little consequence so long as the profits of the concern are limited to 6 per cent on the common stock and the distribution of licenses is conducted under the mandate to give the American dye industry the freest use of these all-important patents.

Dismissing questions affecting the technical legality of the organization of the foundation, the question seems to narrow down to this: Is the foundation an instrumentality of public policy and not a concern operated for gain? Has it features comparable to the Federal Reserve Board? This is the nub of an issue which has been obscured by much sidestepping and dust-raising.

Savers and Scolders

One fact stands out in the statements made by the chairmen of the House and Senate Appropriations committees. The reductions which a Republican Congress made in the estimates presented to it by a Democratic Administration for the fiscal years 1920, 1921 and 1922 reached \$3,890,000,000. This sum is \$150,000,000 greater than the total of appropriations for the fiscal year 1923.

Representative Byrnes, the ranking Democrat on the House Appropriations Committee, and various Democratic newspapers may say what they like about the "purely visionary and ethereal" character of the savings reported by Congress and the budget bureau. But there is nothing unsubstantial about this magnificent work of retrenchment. The appropriations themselves have fallen from \$6,454,000,000 in 1919-'20 to \$3,747,000,000 in 1922-'23. There is no illusion in this. The country's expenditures have been brought back from a war basis to a peace basis.

The best Mr. Byrnes can do is to complain that the appropriations for the current year are only a little less than the expenditures for last year. This annoys his frugal spirit. He conveniently overlooks the fact that the appropriations for last year were \$319,000,000 above the appropriations for this year. The budget bureau was able to work out a saving of \$313,000,000, and it was the creation of a Treasury surplus of this amount which enabled Mr. Byrnes to offer his poggan criticism. It is hard to please everybody. Congress seems to have earned the disapproval of a great many people by saving too much.

More Truth Than Poetry: You frequently read in the papers Of stern Senatorial ire—How a statesman insists on employing his lists If a colleague declares he's a liar. The galleries sit in a tremble As a Democrat wearing a frown In the Dempseyan style takes a step up the aisle To knock some Republican down.

Our reverend elderly solons Debate in the midst of alarms, While the terrified chair vainly bids them forbear As he summons the sergeant at arms. When in quest for the bonus or tariff Of the requisite number of votes, They are quick to affront, and their favorite stunt Is flying at each other's throats.

Time was when divergent opinion Was settled by call of the roll; Then men on the floor, though they sometimes got sore, Kept their tempers well under control. But now they arise in a fury And curse their political foes Till the gallery wakes from its slumber and quakes At the imminent prospect of blows.

But somehow their tempers are conquered Before there is really a fight; The punch you expect will be landed is checked In the course of its damaging flight. You think there will surely be bloodshed When sneer is replied to with sneer. A battle seems due in a minute or two, But somehow it never comes off!

Too High Now: If the government doesn't settle the strike the citizens will never be able to settle their coal bills.

One Sensible Trait: The only thing human about the Kaiser is his protest at paying an income tax.

The Big Reputation: Apparently the strong man of Mexico is Mexican Pete.

Loyal to Jugo-Slavia: Montenegris United With Blood Brethren by Free Choice To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Montenegro, the brave and heroic little nation immortalized by Tennyson, which alone of all the Balkan States successfully repelled time and time again the followers of the Crescent, has, we are told, lost its "independence" by its people joining their brethren—Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—in a united Jugo-Slavia. Furthermore, it was stated by the delegates of the defunct government at the recent conference in Genoa that the people are being oppressed by the Serbians and governed against their will.

Has Montenegro really lost her "independence"? If the little Italian states of Sicily, Tuscany, Piedmont and Naples, prior to 1870, independent and governed by princes, have lost their "independence" by uniting with Italy, then, and only then, have the Montenegris lost theirs. They decided by an overwhelming majority to share with their kinsmen the glorious future of a united country, realizing the hope and the aspiration of many centuries.

The writer has recently been asked "Who are the Montenegris?" The Montenegris (Crenagore) are Serbs, pure and simple. Mr. Gladstone once described them as "the very flower of the Serbian race." After the great disaster to the Serbian army at Kossovo, June 28, 1389, when the unnumbered hosts of Turks flooded the Balkans and came to the very gate of Vienna, the few of the Serbs who survived took refuge in the impregnable mountains of Montenegro, and there they stood and fought for the cross, honor and liberty and became the guardians of the ancient glory of the Serbian Empire, ever remembering the sacrifices of their brothers at the field of Kossovo. In memory of that tragic day the men of Montenegro have placed on their picturesque cap a black band. My brother, civilian administrator in Montenegro, with residence at Cetinje, writes to me apropos of the elections held upon the question of uniting with Serbia that the vote was almost unanimous for unity, that there were no disorders, rather intense enthusiasm displayed by men, women and children.

As further evidence of their approval and loyalty, a large delegation from nearly all the districts of Montenegro journeyed to Belgrade to be present at the marriage ceremonies of their new King and Queen. They were laden with presents for their King and Queen, and considering their poverty and the long journey it demonstrates the strongest evidence of love and loyalty. TOMO SARGENTICH. Atlantic City, N. J., June 27, 1922.

The Tower

AW, SHUT UP! A T. F. V. I hurl a curse. He tops the Tower with his verse! Er with his verse! DUCKY.

With America feeding the peasants and the officials attending peace conferences, the danger of famine seems to have been allayed in Russia.

As we understand it, the strike of the shopmen has been a complete failure, with 90 per cent of the workers out. The places of all the strikers have been filled by non-union men, and the shops will resume operation as soon as enough workers report. All of the strikers have been warned to respect the law, and the militia of six states has been called out to quell the impending reign of terror. No delay has been caused the train service, which will probably be completely tied up within a week. The backbone of the strike has been broken, but the men will remain out until Christmas if necessary.

The railway shop workers in their endeavor to incite their related unions to sympathetic strikes seem only to have succeeded in calling out the National Guard.

Perhaps by the time we have finished this job we'll have accumulated a sufficient grudge against the world in general to qualify us to write a book about the mirrors of something.

REWARDS: When I shall shuffle off this mortal coil And trow a harp above the Woolworth's dome, A loaf from mad Manhattan's mundane toil, I'll build me an attractive, airy home, And plant potatoes in celestial loam. Yet when they show to me my Book of crimes; My misdemeanors 'neath my optics show— May it say there: "He wasted time on rhyme, But never linked Above with Dove or Love."

When I shall stand before the Judgment Seat, To pay for all the wicked things I've done, And then go forth to meet the souls elite: Inventors of the sonnet and the pun; The man who first of Ma-in-law made fun— If they should ask about my unpaid debts; The wild oats that I've pay'd, thickly strewn, All unabashed I'll face these ancient vetes; I've never rhymed the Moon with Spoon or Croon.

ARTHUR L. LIPPMAN. Georgia is going to insist that the Ku-Klux Klan unmask. Negro-burning mobs long ago demonstrated that no disguise is necessary.

WHO DOES THE CARVING? (Found by N. V. M. in "The Chocography" (N. Y. Record). William Spear has green peas in his garden large enough to eat. The peas are from 3 to 5 feet in height.

We wonder whether any one has considered how far the American embargo on freecrackers is responsible for current events in China?

STILL, WHILE THERE'S LIFE— Hope Leslie is a lovely lass, And wondrous fair to see; I long to travel in her class, But, oh! quite Hope Leslie. J. T. S.

Crash goes another precedent. "Characteristically," blurs the current "Cosmopolitan" of the late Lillian Russell, "she wrote every word of the autobiography herself."

The Hon. J. Throckmorton Cash: Sir: Since Mr. J. Throckmorton Cash's return from the other side his living room has become "the lounge," where he has his after-dinner demitasse gingerly and unenthusiastically served by Olsen. Formerly this heavy-handed retainer, under the title of Wanda, used to plump down a full cup under his left elbow at the dinner table.

New York has changed under Mr. Cash's broadened vision. The surface cars have turned into trams; stalls for the music hall or variety he buys at a booking office, and when he inadvertently, or otherwise, jostles some one in a tube crush he beams patronizingly upon his victim and says: "I'm sorry!" SIB.

There are fewer murders committed in New York than in almost any other city in the Union. Possibly because the avenger is tempted to stay his hand and leave the matter to the automobiles and the canoes on the Hudson.

The human mind is, after all, a rather rigid contrivance. Here's a man who had lost his fingers, and then cut his throat because he couldn't get a job. He probably never even thought of opening a barber shop.

Yes, Yes, Yes! Sir: Is it true that they are considering changing the spelling of Barber Shop to Bobber Shop? Does the latest book on etiquette require mere man to offer his seat to a lady, even though he be in the midst of a shave? Should a gentleman remove his hat while standing talking to lady in knickerbockers? LINCOLN KRUEGER.

After having removed his hat, it is also permissible for the gentleman to hold it up before his face and try to think of something else. F. F. V.

IF WORSE COMES TO WORST



The Hazardous Pastime of Walking

By A. H. Foltwell

Walking in the country is a hazardous operation. Not hazardous in a physical sense. The chances of being hit by a spinning auto are relatively slight if one walks on the extreme edge of the road and is a good emergency jumper. The danger lies not in the prospect of injury to the body, but in the probability of injury to the spirit, to the self-respect. This is well nigh unavoidable.

To go afoot along country roads and escape glances either of sympathy or suspicion, generally the latter, you must have one of two identities. You must be a tramp, with unmistakable evidence of your calling; or you must be a cross-country runner, in a sleeveless jersey and bare legs. In either of these characters the occupants of passing cars will comprehend you. Otherwise they will not.

Astonished Motorists

To the occupants of an automobile, lounging on padded seats, a roof or canvas top shielding them from the rude sun, the man out walking for fun is an incomprehensible being. He affords quaintly humorous additional proof that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world." Dowagers in stuffy limousines regard him sometimes through a lorgnette, as if debating whether it would not be wise to stop the car at the nearest police telephone booth and send an alarm. Old gentlemen, motorists, with polished bald heads, look out of their glass coops

and scowl. Mothers and children peer through the rear window inquiringly. On all faces, young and old, are looks of puzzlement. The pedestrian regards himself uneasily and thinks he will be lucky if he escapes arrest at the next crossroads and prompt return, under armed guard, to the private sanatorium from which he undoubtedly brook looks.

Yet not by all passing motorists is the pedestrian in the country deemed a lunatic. The "upper classes" regard him as such, or as a person with Bolshevik leanings who should be watched lest he set fire to something. But the middle-class motorist, the type to whom a busted tire means a period of enforced economy with soft pedal on the grocer's bill—the middle-class motorist looks upon the pedestrian as a victim of hard luck.

"Hadda break-down?" he inquires sympathetically. "Where'd you leave your car?" He offers a lift down as far as the nearest garage, and is both amazed and offended when his undoubtedly well-meaning offer is not accepted. "Oh," he says, shortly, when told that the walking is done from choice, not from necessity. But you can see with half an eye that he feels vaguely hurt; perhaps to a certain extent victimized. He supposed you to belong to the same level of society as himself, and all unsuspecting, treated you frankly as an equal.

Perhaps those who embarrass the pedestrian most are the motorists who park their jitneys at the roadside picnic for luncheon. Their looks of disquietude, not to say alarm, are hard to bear. Particularly the women whose eyes say "tramp" as plainly as vocal chords could. Secluded spots are usually selected as luncheon sites and who could possibly hear you—the timid ones—if you had to call for help? No; it's pleasant here by the woods, miles from anything, but it's too risky. And what could George do all unaided, if one of those hold-up men walking by should suddenly decide to attack us?

There is safety in numbers, safe with the crowd, safety with the endless line of purring cars, all going somewhere and never getting them out on the wide boulevard of hot asphalt with its real estate signs of free-air placards and motor pollsters to shield you from harm—and how?

Which is why, perhaps, the man who huffs it over fun may still find all birds and overhanging branches and sweet scents from hidden vines so much which the motoring class rarely enters except as a venturesome marine. Elbow or a Magellan might enter as unknown ocean. Good roads, too, for walking; but roads which wind among little hills and dip lastly into little valleys, and which are not, by any stretch of experience, "the shortest way" to somebody's roadhouse and a jazz band.

It seems a little severe for one of the "wets" to be suggesting education to us, when the "wet" advocates never did anything on that line and when, on the other hand, pretty nearly all that was ever done in moral suasion was done by persons who were advocates of legal saloons also. Will Mr. Bell inquire whether the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment has a department of scientific temperance instruction, as the W. C. T. U. has, and whether at their meetings they sing "Rescue the Perishing" or "Fill Up the Bowl"? If he will look around a little he will find that nearly all the advocates of total abstinence for the individual have also been advocates of prohibition for the state.

Our prohibitionists propose to make the country dry by law and by education, now and forever, one and inseparable. Just to remove liquor boards from the landscape was education. To remove liquor advertising from newspapers was another case of utilizing the educative method. And Mr. Bell may rest assured that the prohibition element will continue to bring both positive and negative educational influences to bear upon the individual and persuade him to temperance. They know that if they do not do it it will be done by the "wets" are strong on recommendations in favor of "education," but short on performance.

ORRIN H. GRAHAM, Franklin, Pa., July 8, 1922.

What Readers Are Thinking

Does Egg Farming Pay?

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The following experiment in egg farming is submitted by a novice in the business in answer to the above question.

In May, 1917, the experiment was begun with two borrowed hens and two settings of eggs, one purchased and one donated. The egg farm was a small lot in a country village in which a pen for the fowls was inclosed, about five by twenty feet in size, back of which, facing south, was the hen-house, about five by fourteen feet in size. There were never more than twenty-two fowls in the flock at the beginning of any year.

Crediting the "farm" with all it produced at market prices the account stands as follows for the successive years:

Table with 4 columns: Year, Cost, feed, setting, etc. Production, Profit.

Total profit five years.....\$793.67 The year 1921 was a poor one on account of the failure of eggs to hatch.

Keep the Flag Afloat

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: It seems not only surprising but humiliating that there should be an American, and least of all an American business man, who would hesitate to approve and advocate the maintenance and perpetuation of our merchant marine, especially at this time, when we have such a large fleet of ships sailing on all trade routes of the world, but unfortunately we have among us some that are powerless to

recognize the value and importance to our commerce and fail to understand the great benefit our country would derive from an efficient merchant fleet and a dependable service which would be wholly out of foreign control and manned by American seamen.

Our ships, ship for ship, are the equal of any afloat, prepared to furnish facilities equal to those offered by any foreign line and to meet existing passenger and freight rates, but this will not be possible, as American owners cannot compete because of lower foreign costs and operations, unless they shall be placed in the position to meet the great advantage the foreign lines would have.

The government is operating these ships at a loss of millions on an invested capital of approximately \$3,000,000,000, and to deny the merchant marine the needed assistance would mean the scrapping of the ships, or worse yet, to have them pass into the hands of our foreign competitors and so abandon us again to their control, so far as shipping would be concerned. Therefore, to the unbiased, does not subvention become indispensable?

American standard of living on land is the result of protection to industries, and if we are to have American ships employing American seamen with the standard of American living thereon it can be accomplished only by and through a protection which will keep the American flag afloat.

GEORGE H. DE LEON. New York, July 12, 1922.

Prohibition by Education

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your correspondent John Arthur Bell wants the prohibitionists to tell him how they are going to make the country dry unless they use the educative and example method.

To Have and to Hold (From The Philadelphia Inquirer) Inversely, also, a man can't leave his job and have it. The man who wants to work has as much right to take his job as the man who strikes has the right to stop work when he wants to. There is no law for one is wages for another.