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New York Tribune

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

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Drastic Action Soon

"The public be damned!" seems to be the attitude of both sides in the coal strike.

Soon the President will have no choice other than drastic action. The country is interested in coal and little in the quarrel.

The President will soon be forced to use a club. His proposal is equitable and practical and provides for an adjudication by a board representing both sides and the public.

A Great Achievement

The United States Postoffice Department makes the highly important announcement that not one fatal accident has occurred in a year of mail carrying by airplanes.

During this time planes flying between New York and San Francisco covered 1,750,000 miles. More than 40,000,000 letters, with a total weight of 1,224,500 pounds, were delivered safely at their destinations.

The New National Game

Time was when no man lacking a burr in his speech was thought fit to instruct the tired American business man in the art of golfing.

Then along came a few Englishmen—Jim Barnes among them—and beat the Scots, and the dropping of an occasional "h" became as helpful as the burring of an "r" to husky youths who aspired to the homage of bankers and physicians and lawyers and political bosses.

The Tariff of the Future

Senators Capper and Poindexter have come out in favor of the Frelinghuysen project for a "non-partisan scientific tariff."

The country is weary of blind and spasmodic tariff leadership. The present Congress has been wrestling awkwardly for nearly sixteen months with the problems of permanent revision. And the Senate, where the McCumber rewrite of the Fordney bill is, is rapidly getting into a condition of hopeless deadlock.

Tariff schedules are now dictated by personal opinions, political calculations and the pressure of group interest, each struggling for a self-interest advantage. Precision is impossible. Moreover, a constant succession of wholesale revisions damages alike business and the party responsible.

A tariff once scientifically framed could be amended piecemeal as economic conditions changed. The enormous burden of constructing a Fordney or McCumber measure would be taken off the shoulders of Congress committees, poorly fitted for such work.

This is not to say that the tariff can be taken entirely out of politics.

It will remain a political issue, even if, as General Hancock once said, it is a perplexingly "local issue."

The antagonism between the protection theory and the tariff-for-revenue-only theory will continue. The voters will pass upon this more or less general question, and when their verdict is given a tariff will be drafted to accord with it by men who have no other interest than to do their work faithfully and skillfully.

Congress will eventually come to the Frelinghuysen plan or something like it. The last year and a quarter of tariff making in the House and Senate has been a nightmare to legislators who believe in practical results, smoothly attained, and who long for political security and quietude.

Backing Up France

The Tribune's Paris correspondent says that Ambassador Herrick, who is returning to this country on leave, will be depended upon by the Poincaré government to present France's foreign policy in its true light to President Harding and Secretary Hughes.

Probably no better spokesman could be obtained, since Ambassador Herrick is an old and tried friend of France and is in sympathy with all that is most commendable in France's attitude toward European reconstruction.

What France asks especially is America's moral support in making this reconstruction possible. The European nations are at one in expressing a desire to pull Europe out of the bog. But when they assemble in conference, as at Genoa or at The Hague, some of them block the exits. The rebuilding of the Continent on the lines of the Paris peace settlement is delayed by fears, suspicions and distrusts.

France believes that the American attitude toward recent European gatherings has been eminently correct. She agrees with us that there is no hope in any conference at which Russia appears with a sneer for all obligations. Nor does France blame us for avoiding conferences whose object is to assist German debt-dodging.

Our government has shown a desire to help Europe in every way possible, yet without contracting to relieve Europe of the duty of helping herself. Our moral support has been given to the maintenance of the peace settlements, the collection of the German debt and the exclusion from civilized society of an outlaw nation like Soviet Russia.

Ambassador Herrick's mission will be easy if it includes only the enlisting of American interest in France's efforts to uphold the treaties and the new European order. These are the fruits of the war, for which the United States fought as well as the European allies.

Advertised Once More

The writings of Anatole France, cynic and satirist, which for more than a half century have flowed in a bitter stream, have been placed on the Vatican's Index Expurgatorius.

One can picture with what a grin news of the exclusion was received by the new Voltair. As a professional blasphemer and puller of every variety of sacred beard he is hardened to rebuke. No change in his habit is to be expected. Instead of being cast down, his vanity, that persistent quality which increases rather than diminishes with the passage of years, is likely to preen itself for new stridentings.

What a chance for biting rejoinders! The great Anatole in his later phases has suffered from ennui. As Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, so he has yawned because there were no more ideas or institutions to pillory. He has not found it easy to avoid repeating himself. His plight has been that of Byron, who complained he was driven to take up with avarice. The gifted misanthrope has been reduced to the sorry shift of championing Bolshevism and its silly and shallow program. How in his lusty days he would have impaled Lenin on his pen point! But now he sees no better way to irritate his fellows than to pretend to share Lenin's views.

Now the Vatican gives to him a chance to end his days in a blaze of controversy. His mordant wit once more has an antagonist it can attack without loss of dignity. Hear him exclaim: "New audiences are created for me. The sentences on which I work with a lapidary skill are to be read."

The custodians of the Index, as shrewd men, are, of course, acquainted with the modern maxim

American caddy boys will in the dusk and dawn on deserted courses be preparing to keep them out of championships.

Moscow and America

What a difference a few degrees of longitude make! The platform adopted at the city's Socialist convention on Sunday (the party sports a new name) contains a sizzling condemnation of the punishment here of what are called "political prisoners."

But when a resolution was introduced declaring for amnesty for the Moscow political prisoners now on trial for their lives it was tabled twice. Not until the resolution was modified so as merely to beseech the Bolsheviks not to inflict a death penalty did it go through.

If the admirers of Mr. Debs make themselves understood Comrades Lenin and Trotsky may jail their Socialist opponents as they please, but should stop short of hanging them. A Siberian prison camp for life is all right, but not a gallows or firing squad.

Germany's Self-Made Troubles

Joining hands over the beer of Rathenau, a non-Socialist, the two Socialist parties of Germany have coalesced. The division came in 1914—the Majority Socialists, under Scheidemann, went Kaiser and supported the war. The minority, under Karl Liebknecht, saw the war as it was and opposed it.

Since hostilities ceased the German republic, at least nominally, has been ruled by the Majority Socialists; actually it has been controlled by the bureaucracy which hangs over from Kaiser days and is mostly recruited from the middle classes. The Minority Socialists, although there are many exceptions, have been tainted with Bolshevism and have shown sympathy for Red ideas.

The reunited party will have 180 of the 466 seats in the Reichstag and will be the largest single party group. With the allies they can attract, they should not find much difficulty in commanding a parliamentary majority, especially as the terms of the union imply no further paltering with the monarchists and no more flirting with the Independents with communism.

Disgust with Germany's course before, during or since the war has not blinded the world to the advantages of a safe and sane Germany. Only the foolish believe the charge that France or any one else wants Germany to be a wreck. To the degree that the Socialist reunion increases, as it seems to, the likelihood of orderly industry in Germany it is most welcome.

Most of Germany's post-war troubles are of her own making, and have little to do with reparations. Her government, by floods of paper money, has debauched her financial and business life. The Ebert régime has been afraid to levy taxes. Not only has it made production difficult, but by enlarging the bureaucracy and by a system of subsidies to the unemployed it has maintained millions in economic idleness. So heavy burdens were placed on the backs of those who effectively worked. Little improvement can be expected while this growing millstone continues to drag down.

Will the strengthened republic have the courage to act? Is the German intelligence sufficient to let it act? Or will there be more bread and circuses to quiet its noisy enemies until the precipice is reached?

Not Surprising

A still was lately discovered in Sing Sing, which is one of the inevitable consequences of admitting criminals to the place.

Hard Pressed

Having so easily disposed of evolution, Mr. Bryan is now doubtless preparing to launch an attack on the solar system.

Rubles Are So Quiet

Money talks, but it doesn't speak very distinctly in Russia.

Navy Grog

Sir: I happen to be the writer of the editorial paragraph which Admiral Sims finds in "The Literary Digest" and severely criticizes in a letter which you published on July 11.

When Admiral Sims tells us that never at any time during his forty-five years of service were "hard liquors" allowed upon ships of the United States navy and that officers were allowed to have only "beer and light wines"—why, the Admiral must be spoofing. If, prior to the order of Secretary Daniels which drove liquor out of the officers' mess, Admiral Sims was ever on board a ship of the navy upon which there was not a great plenty of all kinds of hard liquors I would like to know when and where it happened.

As for the canteen, which was established and defended by the army and navy officers whom Admiral Sims defends as "the original prohibitionists," I know it, either by observation or by first-hand testimony, all the way from Maine to Manila. I know it was established with the excuse that it would keep men from the "worse places outside" and would sell them only beer instead of the "bad whiskey" of the dives. I know, too, that it never kept them out of the dives, that it never made the dives unprofitable; and I further know that it sold whisky as well as beer in hundreds of cases and that drunkenness and crime, all the way up to murder and mutiny, came out of it wherever the canteen saloon followed the flag.

In short, what I said about our army and navy officers who established and defended the canteen was true.

WILLIAM P. FERGUSON, Editor of "The News-Herald," Franklin, Pa., July 14, 1922.

Remember This

Not long ago there was a governor who fearlessly performed his duty, notwithstanding he made a body of strikers angry, and won his fight for law and order. He is now Vice-President, which doesn't seem much in the way of a reward in itself, but the consciousness of having backbones is probably reward enough to satisfy a man like Calvin Coolidge.

that all advertising is good advertising—that a knock is almost as helpful as a boost. Nevertheless, the seal of their disapproval is affixed. We may look for a loud wail from George Bernard Shaw—perhaps from him will come a play devoted to establishing that he has been grossly discriminated against.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

When Willie got into the pantry, When nobody knew he was there, And ere he had fied ate a loaf of hot bread, His mother was filled with despair, For often the doctor had told her How bread that is soggy destroys—

By returning to dough in a second or so— The stomachs of greedy small boys.

When father, whose love for hot biscuit Could never be utterly curbed, After eating a batch with an avid dispatch Felt inwardly grieved and dismayed—

When he wakened the following morning Pale, bilious and wholly upset, His better half said: "It is too much hot bread, It may be the death of you yet!"

But now, so physicians inform us, It really assists one a lot, And adds a real zest to the food we digest To look on the bread when it's hot.

They give it as invalid diet To patients of standing and wealth, Who are ill of strong drink, and who are quick as a wink It always restores 'em to health.

Profound are the wonders of science; The food that it wouldn't allow Was fit to bestow on a dog years ago Is given as medicine now! To-morrow we're morally certain That doctors will freely advise Their patients to eat ice cream on their meat, And thick melted cheese on mince pies!

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The Tower

JUBILATE DEO I WILL rejoice and praise the Lord our God! Though He has given but to take away;

Though He has beat me with a heavy rod; Though I am His to chasten or to slay.

I cannot hear the song of any bird; No, nor the orchestra of winds and seas; But that I praise Thee, God, that I have heard—

Here in the dust, upon my bended knees.

I praise Thee, God, that Thou hast given love, And fatherhood, and friends; the dear delight

In those who voyage through the skies above; The sun by day, the fleet of stars by night.

I praise Thee for the dawn and dark, O Lord; The lightning and the storm, the hill, the stream, The forest and the field, the dewy sward,

The fleeting vision and the flying gleam.

I praise Thee for my valiant heart of cheer That bore me through the fiery halls of hell; That thrust aside the clinging shapes of fear

And brought my soul from out hate's citadel.

I praise Thee, God, for Thy great gift of death. Ere Azrael's sword upon my neck shall fall,

I shall look up to say with laughing breath: "For this I praise thee, God, the most of all!"

PERLEY A. CHILD.

Americans should give consideration to Mexico's reduction of the pay of its Congressmen. Maybe if we put the same plan into effect at Washington both houses would go out on strike.

And while on the engrossing subject of legislative economy, why not allot a certain number of pages per year in the Congressional Record to each Representative, with the understanding that he will be obliged to pay advertising rates for any extension of his remarks beyond this limit?

"Talk," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Freakness, N. J., "is cheap, and you don't wonder when you see who do the most of it."

THE FATALIST Whatever was to be would be. If it rained on the day he had planned to go on an outing, it was Fate's doing. No matter what happened it was the decree of Providence.

The bunch in the office dubbed him "Old Boy Fate."

His firm had a bad account on the books. Almost every one in the office had tried to collect it—and failed.

It was decided to let "O. B. F." take a chance. He went, he saw, he conquered. He returned with the entire amount.

Gosh, this made him pompous. You never saw the like. He was unbearable in the office. Finally one of the boys said: "What's the idea of the swelled head? Wasn't it just Fate that you collected that money?"

"Fate nothing!" he replied. "It was due to my training, cleverness and personality."

BILL NETCH.

The Unpoplar Tree The Tower, Sir: I beg to state, Referring to your pome to-day, The poplar's all that you relate, And yet you've left a lot to say.

The poplar haughty arms upspins." Admitted, he may well be proud What time his roots are doing things That should not be allowed.

This roughneck whom you praise in song Is known to us suburbanites More as a pest; we've stood too long That some sweet singer of the nights, I bought my home in '17, Attracted among other joys, By these same trees, a verdant screen Against the neighbors' boys.

Since then these poplars' roots have played The devil with the concrete walk; They've wrecked the lawn. I think they've made The house foundations weak. You talk Of maple, apple, willow, pine; Plant any, if you're building, but Remember this advice of mine: The poplar's just a mut.

P. H. COLYER.

The government is going to take over the coal mines, and we suppose that it's only a couple of years now before the miners will be demanding a Federal bonus.

Years of residence in a city apartment have bred in us a certain indifference to the attendant phenomena of the marching seasons. In summer you can never remember which is the hot water faucet, but, on the other hand, in winter you experience equal difficulty in identifying the cold.

Now that Lenin is dumb and only Trotsky remains to be interviewed, Russia's chief export will be cut in half.

Moscow is urging the Hague conference to resume its deliberations. History seems about to repeat itself.



Easiest Ways in Art and Letters

By James L. Ford

In the popular mind the term "easiest way" has come to signify the path of dalliance along which young girls journey to ultimate and inevitable ruin. The phrase has other meanings, however, for there are now easy trails through the fields of art and letters and they are crowded with travelers for whom everything has been made comfortable. Even the once formidable streams of adverse criticism are now to be easily crossed on stepping stones placed by our great mutual admiration societies.

Those who write novels find it much easier to prepare catalogues of inanimate objects than to construct stories, and the task is all the simpler when they disembarrass themselves of such loads of responsibility as wit, inspiration and imagination. When we compare certain highly praised portrayals of life in Mid-Western towns with the brief sketches in which such men as George Ade and John T. McCutcheon have done the same thing in fewer words and with genuine wit, we realize the inferiority of the wrist to the brain in such undertakings. For the writing of real fiction is something more than mere physical labor.

The introduction of so-called "free verse" as a means of honest livelihood may be compared with the opening up of a new territory in the Far West to the eager settlers waiting at its boundary. In the rush that followed this letting down of the bars guarding what was once esteemed an inclosure sacred to poetic fire, such inclosures as rhyme, meter, verbal melody and inspiration were discarded, and the newcomers hastened to stake out their claims to the noble follow-

ship of poetry. While it cannot be denied that certain true bards have broken down the walls of ancient convention without loss of fame or dignity, their imitators have shown us how much more difficult was the task to which Keats and Shelley set themselves so gladly than is the production of this unlovely corrugated iron verse.

Both painter and sculptor have found easier ways of their own and they lead to what they term "modernism." Surely the difficulties that once confronted the ambitious young artist have disappeared when we consider that an ill-drawn tangle of legs and arms can be made to pass muster as a crowd of human beings or a collection of building blocks as a portrait in marble or bronze. But, easy as it must be to make pictures of this sort, it seems to be quite as easy to dispose of them to magazines, for they are constantly reproduced, usually with the grave announcement that the creator has "touched a new note in American art." So many of these new notes have been touched within the last decade that I sometimes wonder whether this well trodden trail is leading. It may be that art is in a stage of transition, just as it was in the days of the Rogers groups and the chromo, and if this be so the sooner it lifts itself to a new level the better for current taste.

Those who seek the bubble reputation behind the footlights find more than one smooth and easy path to follow. Oscar Wilde blazed a trail with his epigrams that more than one dramatist has followed to his undoing. I well remember when "Lady Wind-

mere's Fan" was produced by Mr. Palmer to a chorus of critical approval. The piece was attentively watched by one of the most experienced theatrical men of that day, one too wise in matters of the stage to be deceived by either the applause and laughter of an audience or the praise of the commentators, and his summing up of the piece was as follows: "If I had stage-managed that play I would have cut out about half of those epigrams."

"But," rejoined his companion, "they are such awfully good epigrams. Didn't you notice how the audience laughed at every one of them?"

"That's the trouble with them," the wise one made answer. "They're altogether too good—in fact, they're so witty that they divert attention from the drama itself and the auditors lose their interest in the thread of the story waiting for another joke to come along."

"I don't believe in any play of that school," his judgment proved correct, for that much-talked-of and well-advertised play was not successful in this country.

The writing of dialogue usually called "brilliant" is far easier than the building of one scene on another that makes the interest cumulative. It is a task not infrequently accomplished by playwrights who were never known to say spontaneously witty things, for they have the great advantage of being able to write the laugh-provoking line first and then contrive one that will draw it out.

There are easy trails for the player as well as the playwright, for with the average American audience "personality" ranks far above histrionic art. The player endowed with this gift can avoid the dreary work of learning to enunciate the English language distinctly, to read lines intelligently and interest to what is said to him. The path of the subordinate actor is not usually made easy by the star; but once a star, the player may take his ease, knowing that manager, producer, playwright and press agent are sitting up nights devising schemes by which he will benefit. The result of this collaboration is likely to be found in a scene of the sort known professionally as "actor-proof," by which is meant one in which no player of experience and of even mediocre gifts can go completely astray. Scenes of this sort are common enough nowadays and more than one transient reputation has been built on them. But we have only to consider those players who have established themselves firmly in popular favor through long years of service to realize how much more enduring is the renown due to careful and persistent study of the art of acting.

There are many easier ways for the writers of criticism and essays, for they have the advantage of addressing a large adult public who have only recently begun to read, and are quite content with a verbose rehash of what the world's thinkers have been saying for centuries. In the matter of essays relating to the theater I have been surprised to see how many feeble reputations have been made by articles in which decorative scenery, stage lighting and the upholstery of plays are sagely discussed. All of these subjects are remote from the drama and the acting thereof, to discuss which requires real knowledge. The scenes and the lights bear the same relation to the drama that the frame does to the picture, and one of these days a picture frame will provide an easier way for an artist

Husbands' Credentials

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In your editorial this morning captioned "Bonded Husbands," discussing the proposed legislation which I expect to submit to the next Legislature, you misquote the main idea concerning the prospective applicant for marriage license. I am merely advocating that he should be required to establish that he is mentally and physically able by virtue of trade, occupation or profession to support a wife; and that before application for license he shall have satisfactorily established also that at least three months prior thereto he has been in lawful and gainful employment.

I am not an advocate of the thought contained in your article, namely, that the prospective husband "should file a good and sufficient bond insuring his wife support." Nor am I seeking to compel the prospective husband to insure against joining a lodge or displaying other masculine weaknesses.

My proposed amendment is in perfect parallel with the immigration laws of the United States, which require before a person is admitted to this country that he or she shall be free from mental and physical infirmities and contagious diseases, and in addition to be able to show that the prospective immigrant is not likely to become a burden or public charge.

Why, then, before a man enters upon the obligation of marriage, should he not be required to submit to a reasonable and minimum demand, namely, to prove ability to provide for his wife and

What Readers Say

future children in the manner indicated by me?

ANNA W. HOCHFELDER, New York, July 13, 1922.

A Word for Jonathan

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I have read Mrs. Asquith's vitriolic attack on our beloved "Jonathan." As an American woman and wife, I resent it. An army of American women will back my assertion, that as a husband and family man our beloved "Jonathan" is unequalled.

Speaking comparatively, let me ask Mrs. Asquith where will one find successful men of any nationality who are not "money grabbers"?

My observation of John Bull is that he is as keen as a bargain for his service or wares as the shrewdest Yankee.

KATHERINE E. DRISCOLL, New York, July 14, 1922.

Exegesis

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: "To the law and to the testimony!" As to the bonus, see St. Luke 3, 14: "And the soldiers likewise demanded of him (John the Baptist) saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages."

As to the strikes, see Psalm 144, 14: "That there be no complaining in our streets."

CONSTANT READER OF BOTH BIBLE AND TRIBUNE, Stamford, Conn., July 15, 1922.