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What France Demands

Those critics of France who profess to hear the saber rattling in every word and act of her public men will have difficulty in turning M. Poincaré's calm and generous words to their account. He stands resolutely upon his demand for guaranties, if there is to be a moratorium. He disavows again for his nation any slightest imperialistic aim, and his course of action bears out his utterances.

In the event of independent action—as a last resort—he solemnly declares that the guaranties taken will be retained only until Germany consents to meet her just obligations. Action is to be begun only to enforce justice, and whatever is seized will be guarded "in the interest of all."

"We are greatly disposed to aid other nations in the effort to restore the world. We know the world does not end at our frontiers. We welcome a broad and generous European policy. We fervently desire to remain allies of our allies and friends of our friends. We ask nothing better than to resume with our enemies of yesterday pleasant and courteous relations. But we wish to have our ruins repaired—and they will be."

That is the spirit of the French people as well as of their representatives. It is unyielding upon only one point—the demand for justice. Toward the solution of every problem touching the future peace and welfare of Europe it offers co-operation and good will.

The Bonus Fight

Those polls of the Senate which were reported to show enough votes for the bonus to pass the measure over the President's veto are already dissolving. As the Tribune hoped and expected, the ranks of the opponents are not only standing fast but are gaining recruits.

The appeal of the United States Chamber of Commerce lays proper stress upon the financial unsoundness of the pending bill. No provision is made for taxation to meet the eventual liability involved. Those members of Congress who support the bill are supporting a policy of inflation which cannot but derange the post-war processes of liquidation and postpone the return of sound financial conditions. Every consideration of business prudence demands that the cash bonus be dropped.

Unpopular Strikes

The coal and rail shop craft strikers were surprised to find how strongly public opinion ran against them. The two strikes have been unpopular. The strikers have been from the start on the defensive.

The reason for this is plain. The coal miners and shopmen were fighting to maintain inequalities in wages. They were resisting an economic adjustment accomplished in other great industries. Take the largest class of American producers—the farmers. They have seen crop values fall back to the pre-war level. They could not understand why wage increases which led to abnormal coal and transportation charges should stand in a period of general deflation. Was it fair for the workers in the more highly organized industries to hold themselves exempt from the general rule—to demand special economic privilege at the expense of the rest of the community?

Secretary Wallace recently presented some figures showing the injustice from the farmer's point of view of the rail and coal workers' demands. He showed that the purchasing power of the wages of the railway employee in 1921 was 51 per cent greater than in 1913. The purchasing power of the wages of the coal miner in 1921 was 30 per cent greater than in 1913. But the pur-

chasing power of the farmhand who works for wages was 4 per cent less in 1921 than in 1913, while the purchasing power of the farmer himself in 1921 was, on the average, from 25 to 45 per cent less than in 1913.

Here is an explanation of the widespread resentment which the miners and shopmen's strikes have caused. The American sense of fair play has been offended by selfish group claims to preferences and exemptions. The coal miners and shopmen are standing in the way of other workers.

If coal prices and transportation prices come down the benefit will be almost universal. Even the miners and railroad men will profit indirectly by the cheapening of commodities into whose cost coal and freights enter. These two strikes have been against the general good and against economic reason. Knowing this, the public has looked at them with critical and hostile eyes.

A Republican Precedent

October 11, 1906, at the Murray Hill Lyceum, the New York County Republican Committee unanimously nominated for Surrogate of the county Frank T. Fitzgerald, a Tammany Democrat, whose term was about to expire.

Mr. Fitzgerald was renominated by the Republicans because he had given excellent service on the bench. In that day the leaders were more concerned about keeping the judiciary, and especially the office of Surrogate, above politics than about making political capital of the bench.

Among the addresses in favor of the nomination of Mr. Fitzgerald was a speech by Senator Nathaniel A. Elsborg, who said: "Partisan activity has no place in a court of law, and the judge on the bench should be as blind to sect or creed as the classic figure of Justice."

To-day John P. Cohalan, whose services as Surrogate have been conspicuously able, has been refused a nomination by the Republican County Committee, which in this instance took the same action as the Democratic committee.

It is idle to say that the office of the Surrogate is not subject to the rule that the bench should be kept out of politics—that those who have filled judicial positions acceptably should not be asked to appeal to the electorate at a political election for a continuance in office. The duties of the Surrogate touch the personal affairs of thousands of people.

The safety of every inheritance is in his hands. It is to him that bereaved widows and children must turn for justice. And, what is highly significant, it is he who determines finally the amount of inheritance taxes that are to be collected.

One needs little imagination to understand how useful a Surrogate would be to important men of his party were he subject to any political influences whatsoever.

This Republican committee of 1906 fully understood. That was sixteen years ago. Obviously it is not as keenly alive to its responsibility to the people to-day.

Weakening the Russian Church

The attempts by the Bolsheviks to weaken the power of the Russian Church have evidently been successful. Following the trial of the Patriarch Tikhon and the death sentence upon the Metropolitan Benjamin, which crippled the conservative wing of the Church, the Bolshevik authorities have supported the formation of a new group in the Church, which in turn supports the Bolsheviks.

Without going into the details of the ritual and organization of the new group, it is obvious that this big split within the ranks of the Church itself is of great comfort to the Bolsheviks. It has been clear for several years that the Bolsheviks feared the Church. They feared its power as a rival, and they feared to harm it lest by so doing they should harm themselves. In the Church they saw the one great power remaining within Russia which could effectively thwart their plans. But the early experiments in attacking it directly proved too dangerous.

Not until the Patriarch Tikhon gave orders to the clergy to resist the confiscation of Church property by the Bolshevik government—a confiscation ostensibly made for the relief of the famine sufferers—did they take the final step and arrest him and his fellow leaders. As Tikhon had great personal prestige, his arrest was a serious blow to the old Church party.

The new group, openly hostile to Tikhon's followers, therefore is helpful to the Bolsheviks in their plans of weakening the entire Church organization. By prohibiting the teaching of all religious matters in the schools the hold of the Church on the people has been still further weakened.

If the Bolsheviks can turn the Church to their own purposes it will be of great help to them. But the tradition of the old Church is strong, and there is plenty of evidence in history to show that while religious traditions may be temporarily thrust aside they persist with surprising vigor. Part of the great strength of the Czar lay in his position as head of the Russian Church. His

death terminated this relationship, but it did not annihilate the idea underlying it. Will the Bolsheviks offer a sufficiently satisfactory substitute?

The New Crop

Younger generations are never quite so awful as their shocked elders are sure they are becoming. That is a formula as sound as it is old. Manners change rapidly, but morals withstand much jolting, continuing under new guise but slightly altered in essentials.

We cannot hope to convince such pessimists as Miss Agnes Repller of these truths. But for the average observer we offer the persuasive testimony in the article upon this page the other day "About the Rest of Us." This was written by a very modern young woman who is plainly afraid of understanding nothing, for whom, indeed, understanding is one of the main goals of life. Yet she could by no stretch of the imagination be classed with those wild young people the thought of whom has kept so many estimable elderly folk awake nights in the last few years.

This young woman did not deny the specific changes in manners and conversation. She conceded them. But she made it clear that there were in the upcoming generation quite as much of character as ever its parents had and a little more candor and usefulness. Some of the false romance has gone. Perhaps a new and fresh companionship will more than replace it. At any rate, the picture revealed is anything but a gloomy one. Here are young folk, alive, eager, honest, biting into the old squeezed orange of a world with new zest. The only persons who should worry are those too old or dried up or tired to view a fresh planting and a new crop of anything.

Starving the Library

The difficulty of obtaining books in the branches of the Public Library and the shortage of favorites from overuse owing to inadequate appropriations to replace them were pointed out last spring.

Now, in a formal communication from the chairman of the executive committee of the board of trustees of the library addressed to the Board of Estimate of the city, it appears that the situation in the libraries has become alarming:

"Embarrassed with an inadequate staff, with a book stock numerically unsatisfactory, badly worn and dirty and bordering on the obsolete in technical and other modern fields; with branch buildings and other permanent equipment badly neglected; with an inadequate allowance for fuel, and with an appropriation for supplies insufficient to provide for the absolutely essential items required in mechanical routine, the trustees believe the situation is indeed desperate."

Thanks to the present city administration, therefore, one of the most important social services which the city renders has been seriously crippled. Where the average American city pays 65 cents per capita for library appropriations New York pays 35 cents. Generous in supporting political ventures, the city is niggardly in supporting educational institutions. In the hope that if the city refuses to pay enough public-spirited private citizens will make up the deficit, the administration cheerfully sees thousands of seekers after knowledge disappointed.

Such neglect of an important public trust is a direct violation of the administration's duty to the city. The libraries may be remote from the politicians, but they are close to the people.

Every one favors scaling down the city budget. But to begin by starving the libraries is to hinder the people in the enjoyment of one of their most valuable rights.

Too Long Neglected

Even now, before Mr. Hylan has secured legislative permission to scatter busses from one end of the city to another, motor traffic on Manhattan Island is rapidly approaching stagnation. In October, when thousands of cars now dancing attendance on vacationing folk have returned to the city, the difficulty of getting about town will become still more serious. Within the year something must be done to relieve present conditions, or accidents will begin to multiply at an appalling rate.

What can be done and how it can be done have for a long time been the subject of speculation by traffic engineers. But until the administration takes up the matter nothing hopeful can be accomplished.

Whether Mr. Hylan succeeds in his bus line or not a better method of getting motors moved through Manhattan is imperatively necessary. Eventually it will without doubt be to dig a vehicular tunnel or build a viaduct in order to permit tracks and other cars to operate without hindrance or menace to the other class of vehicles.

That, however, cannot be done without vast expense and years of planning. What can be done now is to extend the one-way street system so as to include north and south as well as east and west avenues. Routes for one-way traffic from the Harlem bridges as far down as City Hall Park must be arranged if pos-

sible. Only a board of men familiar with the subject, preferably composed of engineers, can determine what routes can best be set apart. Only the city can set them apart when they are decided upon.

Here is a problem of more immediate importance than Mr. Hylan's bus lines, or where the money for Mr. Hylan's bus lines is to come from, yet no effort whatever is being made toward its solution.

The Tribune stated erroneously yesterday that the Democratic County Executive Committee had nominated Mr. Robert S. Johnstone to the Court of General Sessions. Mr. Johnstone is a Democrat, now sitting in that court by appointment of Governor Miller. The Republican County Executive Committee very properly nominated him to succeed himself. The Democratic committee did not do so.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The Bolshevik How doth the busy Bolshevik Improve each shining hour By drowning in the nearest creek Those who dispute his power! How much he talks of equal rights!

But, when he holds full sway, He unrestrainedly delights To shoot and kill and slay.

When he was in the moujik stage, Before he ruled the roost, With outbursts of unbridled rage All power he traduced. He held that property was wrong And money was a snare. The burden of his savage song Was "Swat the millionaire!"

But now that he has got the cash The government once had, The property he held was trash He finds is not so bad. And any man will jeopardize His family, life and limb, Who, in his folly, ever tries To pry it off of him.

"Equality" is something which (The Bolshevik is sure) Was given him to make him rich And other people poor. And, now that he has got enough, He'll make it his endeavor To bar such socialistic stuff From Russia's soil forever.

Guessing Contest

Canada's breweries are prospering to an unprecedented extent. Where do you suppose she finds all the new customers?

None of Mr. Lenin's deaths has thus far proved fatal.

Hard to Establish

The open shop is not very openly arrived at.

The Disappearing Turk

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your editorial on Enver Pasha is, I think, an unusually able and thorough exposition of the make-up and career of Enver. In May, 1913, I met Enver twice, just a few days before his expedition which resulted in his bloodless "reconquest" of Adrianople. He impressed me as a boorish and impudent egotist, with an immature mind and half-baked theories on political matters. He preferred to be compared to Napoleon and Kaiser Wilhelm, whose photographs looked down over his right and left shoulders in his office at the Ministry of War.

But your concluding sentence, that the harm he did his own people will plague them for generations to come, does not go far enough. The path that Enver and his band marked out for Turkey will lead, through the natural operation of physical and moral laws, to the obliteration of the Turkish state and the progressive disintegration of the Turkish race. Turkish history shows that the Turk, without the rivalry of the powers and the productive efforts of non-Turkish races, cannot stand on his own feet.

In 1828 Turkey had an area of more than 1,500,000 square miles and a population of about 45,000,000, of which about 9,000,000 were Turks. In 1914 Turkey had an area of 691,960 square miles and a population of about 18,000,000, of which about 6,000,000 were Turks. Under the Sevres Treaty Turkey has an area of less than 200,000 square miles and a population of about 5,000,000, of which possibly 3,000,000 may be Turks.

It has been stated by several German observers, and not contradicted by the Turks, that the Turks lost not less than 2,000,000 lives from the beginning of the war to the conclusion of the armistice. Mustafa Kemal is the authority for the statement that 486,000 Turkish soldiers died from typhus during the war. Under normal conditions the Turks decrease at the rate of about 2 1/2 per cent a year. Sir Edwin Pears states, on the authority of a German scientist, that at the present rate of decrease (1914) the Turkish race will disappear within the present century.

VAHAN CARDASHIAN. New York, Aug. 19, 1922.

A Williamstown Impression

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Reading your splendid articles for justice to France, can a stranger passing through Williamstown call your attention to the atmosphere of leniency toward Germany "for the good of the world," regardless of France, shown in the Institute of Politics?

The many teachers who came here, thinking to gain knowledge from more able minds, will return to their surroundings to disseminate what they have learned and quote the bankers' views of clemency, with no tolerance for wiping out the debt of France to somewhat balance it. Unknowingly may it not be propaganda against our ally?

E. M. Williamstown, Mass., Aug. 19, 1922.

The Tower

DEPARTURE

SOME day I'll close my book and dream at noon Of grass-grown lanes that lead to upland bars, Where timber legions sleep beneath the stars, Their hemlock lances stacked against the moon;

Of paths that seek the sea across a dune Engulfed in silver darkness, where the spars Of broken ships gleam, livid as old scars, Upon a beach where wrecks of hopes are strewn.

Then hughes Dawn and on the shining hills The angel legions lift their burning shields, And from the sea there steals a healing breath. Old broken dreams revive and no wind spins

From canvas newly spread. Embarked, Faith yields The helm to One who whispers: "This is death!" DURYEA.

Monday is always the day on which we spend what should be profitable time enjoining the ingenuity of older and wiser columnists who discovered that they could always camouflage inertia and fill in arid patches of space by printing translations from the Chinese.

Still, Monday cannot possibly be as blue as it is painted. Recent weeks of attention to newspaper headlines have taught us that it is the day on which all concerned are certain they can see the end of the rail strike.

(From The Hudson Observer) To Whom It May Concern—Not responsible for debts contracted by my wife, Mrs. Josephine Hearn, 327 Central Ave., Jersey City. John F. Hearn, 319 16th St., West New York.

I, Josephine Hearn, wish to state I only buy what I can pay for; my husband, John Hearn, 319 16th St., West New York, has all he can do to pay the debts he owes.

HUDSON OBSERVER WANTS ADS BRING QUICK RETURNS. Word comes from Jersey that if you hold your breath mosquitoes won't bother you. That is, we suppose, if you hold it long enough.

We Need a National Commission

Sir: I am playing your mosquito game and am an ardent fan. I believe I have improved upon it and wish all others who indulge in this fine pastime would send in their methods of playing. Then we could adopt rules and have a basis for comparing scores. I carry three clubs: a fly swatter for the short holes, a rolled newspaper for the ceilings and other long fairways and a towel to snap on the extra long holes that are well trapped, such as the far corner behind my wife's bureau.

First of all, follow and swat at the same mosquito until killed. Par for the fly swatter holes is one, the newspaper holes two and the towel holes three.

Last night I made my best score. I had 18 one-par holes that I made in 21 swats, 12 two-par holes that I made in 27 and 9 three-par holes that I made in 31 swats. This means that I killed 39 mosquitoes in 79 swats, but in terms of the game I played thirty-nine holes, having a par of 69 in 79 swats.

Living in New Jersey, I, of course, play some very long rounds. Last night was one of the shortest, which probably accounts for my good score. Usually the course has between fifty and sixty holes. I would like to hear of some other scores made playing the game as I do. Maybe we could stage a match.

H. H. G.

FITY

I saw a maiden weeping, A-weeping bitterly, And when I asked her what was wrong, She, sobbing, answered me: "Oh, the cruelty of humans Is quite beyond belief. The way we slaughter animals Affords me untold grief. We kill the cutest heifers To make ourselves a steak, And innocent young pullets A chicken pie to bake. We broil alive young lobsters, Who never did us harm, And murder almost every duck That's born our eyes to charm."

And as the maiden walked away, The cigarette on her Tam Winked stily at her overcoat, Which was of uaborn Lamb.

NURBLIEH.

World-Wide Chess

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: It is true, as you say, that tennis is the chief international game, if you have only "outdoor" contests in mind; but, as a sedentary game, nothing is so ecumenical as chess. Players can be found in every considerable city in the whole world. Adepts can play "blindfold," using neither board nor pieces. Games can be recorded and replayed after a century or more has elapsed, exactly as they were first fought out. Even as I write the games of the just concluded tournament are being studied and discussed everywhere. Give the royal game its due. F. M. T. New York, Aug. 20, 1922.

Curbing Reckless Drivers

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The tragic accident to William M. Wood Jr., in view of the repeated occurrence of similar "speed tests" on our roads, shows the need for drastic remedial action. The reckless driver can be controlled. A device could be attached to all cars by the Highways Commission when registered preventing any speed above the legal limit, thus controlling the speed maniac at the source. Penalty for operation without it—loss of license.

If the authorities offer reward for information of any instance of a car approaching on the wrong side of the road or more than two abreast (regardless of width of road) and the penalty be made loss of license of

WHEN THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY REPRESENTATIVE MEETS WORK ON THE HOME GROUNDS



NEWS DISPATCH—THE ATTEMPT TO FIX OUT THE THRESHING CREWS WITH STRIKING RAILROAD EMPLOYEES HAS NOT PROVED A SUCCESS. THEY COMPLAINED THAT THE WORK WAS TOO HARD.

It's All in the Formula By Thomas L. Masson

It is fortunate that a country which is known to have and has been diagnosed as having a soul by the most respectable thinkers does not require a genuine literature. All it requires is enough creative unintelligence to go around. Thus a popular author, in order to become popular, has only first to adopt a formula and then to apply it to the public.

The formula is a simple one. You take the most popular magazine there is and study its contents for, say, a year, during which period you are confidently supported by secretly grasping relatives, who know that later they will reap their reward. For in case the author doesn't pay them a reward for their care of him they are sure to scrape enough ducats eventually out of the connection.

After the author has thus studied his model carefully, he then proceeds in his process of reassembling. He immediately succeeds. His next step is to hire a trained psychologist to keep tabs on the dear old public. One day the trained psychologist rushes into his bungalow exclaiming "There she blows!"

The rising author then writes a book that "hits off" the particular wave of idiosyncrasy that is passing over us at that moment. With the proceeds of the book he then goes on a popular lecture tour. Later he appears in England; his book is reproduced in the movies, he joins numerous clubs, drops in at the Algonquin occasionally in order to keep the boys in good humor, moves up from a flivver to an eight-cylinder sedan and during the summer months lives on the Maine coast.

Now anybody who hints, or even dreams, that I am blaming the popular author in this instance has, as they say in East Orange, another guess coming. Nothing indeed is further from my alleged thought. On the contrary, I envy him. The only reason why I do not do likewise is because my own stock of creative unintelligence does not happen to take that particular form. For that is not the only form.

But no matter what the point of view is one must always have a formula. Some time ago I was taken into a huge department store by a friend of mine who owned a large part of it. To my astonishment I discovered him to be a gentleman of culture and leisure. He had a large, tranquil soul. He spoke in the most familiar, but by no means vulgar, manner of Walter Pater. He was familiar also with the English cathedrals. He agreed with me that the library of the world's worst literature was unfit for any gentleman's home. He knew the difference between neoplatonism and Shavianism. I therefore had a reasonable measure of confidence in his judgment. And as I looked about the vast aggregation of silks and satins, of jewelry and letter paper and chromes and dress goods and mission furniture and cosmetics, I remarked that the mind that could manage such a vast establishment was even greater than the one I once thought I possessed when I succeeded in putting together a portable garage that had been sent on from Grand Rapids by slow freight.

"Not at all," he replied, almost reluctant to give his secret. "It is so easy as to be quite ridiculous. There is really nothing to it. It is only a matter of assembling. It almost runs itself. You see, the whole thing is arranged and classified. I do

What Readers Are Thinking

driver and registration of car, or further punishment, this evil would largely be remedied.

The penalty for speed over the legal limit should be loss of license. If suitable rewards were offered for evidence speeding would be lessened. If every licensed driver were automatically sworn in as an officer of the law and thus compelled to report all violations of the law and penalty for evasion of this duty were loss of license, speeding as a regular practice would be stopped.

LINCOLN C. CUMMINGS. Brookline, Mass., Aug. 20, 1922.

"Caucasian" Japanese

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: According to "The Honolulu Star-Bulletin" Takao Ozawa, a Japanese of Honolulu, has been fighting for several years to secure the rights and privileges of American citizenship through an appeal to the courts. He has been denied this right by the Honolulu Federal Court, and also by the Circuit Court of the 9th Circuit, California, to which he appealed, and has now appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Ozawa claims that he has sought to mold his life along strictly American lines and in accordance with the best American customs and ideals. He has taken special pains to educate his children in American public schools (they have Japanese language schools in Hawaii) and to educate them in American customs and ideals in order that they might become loyal American

citizens, they being citizens by virtue of their birth in Hawaii. They have not been taught the Japanese language.

Mr. Ozawa came to Hawaii when a young man, speaks excellent English and holds a position of responsibility with one of the territory's leading firms. He has been denied citizenship on the ground that he is neither a free white person nor a person of African descent or nationality, as required by our naturalization laws. In answer to this Mr. Ozawa has set up the unpopularity of the Japanese were originally of the white race. He has traced his ancestry back thousands of years to the Aiuu tribe and contends that James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States, has expressed the belief that that particular part of the Japanese race has the distinct mark of the Caucasian.

New York, Aug. 20, 1922.

The Saloon Again?

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Why do the advocates of light wines and beer argue to have an evil restored? We all know if we then let down the bars the open saloon is inevitable.

Speaking of freedom, what about the freedom of those who are slaves to strong drink and the freedom of the growing boys who will become slaves to it if old conditions are revived? Let us willingly sacrifice some of our so-called freedom to remove temptation from the path of our weak brothers. MRS. ANNA H. MOORE. Hoosick Falls, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1922.