

Part II
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that a smaller proportion of ballots was received by church members than by others and that there is a greater number of absolute drags among church members than among other groups. Of these two points there is as yet no proof.

Only fanatics are willing to charge "The Digest" with a deliberate conspiracy to minimize the dry sentiment in the country. It is difficult not to feel that the poll as taken truly represents the sentiment of the majority of the country.

Inexperience vs. Experience

Dr. Copeland's nomination for Senator was obviously a crumb thrown to Messrs. Hylan and Hearst by the Democratic convention. The Health Commissioner is one of the most presentable figures in the Hylan administration. He has taken his post seriously. He is not an Enright or an O'Malley. But to be first in a Hylan administration scarcely qualifies one to be a Senator of the United States.

To be a successful or useful Senator requires some special bent of mind or some preliminary political training in state or national affairs. Mr. Copeland's career has been chiefly made in a field remote from politics. What qualification has he to represent New York in the upper house of Congress?

Dr. Copeland's opponent has served a term in the Senate and several terms in the House of Representatives. He has ample knowledge of governmental affairs and legislation and a wide acquaintance in all sections of the state. He has represented his constituents faithfully if not brilliantly. Was there no Democrat of similar qualifications and aptitudes available at Syracuse?

In the contest for the Senatorship inexperience is thus pitted against experience—unpreparedness against preparedness.

Settling Strikes With Ballots

In suggesting that when a strike in an essential industry lasts beyond a specified time the issue should be submitted to the public at a special election, Senator Pepper expresses the popular feeling that the public has a right to be heard when its interests are as vitally affected as in a nation-wide coal or railroad strike.

In theory such a referendum is excellent. Anything that helps mobilize public opinion in such emergencies is valuable. But would it be possible in practice to make a referendum either effective or fair? The chief interest of the public is that the strike shall stop. The chief interest of the strikers and operators is the terms of settlement. How reconcile these interests? If it were possible to vote on the simple proposition of stopping the strike forthwith a clear answer could readily be obtained. But if the vote included such questions as the increase of wages, the thirty-six-hour week, the check-off and other details of vital interest to miners and operators, it is hard to see how the outcome would be either decisive or fair. So complex are the issues that they cannot be solved by a mere show of hands.

There is little to indicate that such a referendum would do more than offer a new channel for the expression of general sentiments, already repeatedly emphasized in the press. Something more specific is needed. Few will disagree with Mr. Pepper's main thesis, that the public must have the machinery to make itself felt in great industrial crises. But public opinion has difficulty not so much in expressing itself as in transmitting its words into effective action. Would a referendum hasten forceful action?

Lo, the Non-Citizen

There is much sympathy with the plea for citizenship for American Indians. It seems unjust that the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country should almost alone of all people be singled out for exclusion from that status. Aliens migrate hither and are promptly received into full citizenship, while those who were born here and whose ancestors for uncounted generations were all born here are debarred.

The reason for this is, however, obvious, and the remedy is in the hands of the appellants themselves. Let them become citizens *de facto*; then they may become citizens *de jure*. Many have done this and have become citizens of the United States, state and national officials, members of Congress and eligible to the Presidency of the United States. All can do so on the same terms.

All that is necessary is for them to permit their race to be merged into the composite race which we call American, to abandon their tribal organizations and their exclusive reservations and become individual members of the communities in which they live. That may seem to them much to do; perhaps too much. We can understand their reluctance to forsake the traditions and customs of a thousand years. But then it is also *too much* to be admitted to the

rights and powers of American citizenship.

Some time such a change in their status will be effected. The only question is whether it will come suddenly, wholesale, by voluntary act or through the slow processes of attrition. Until it comes the Indians who defer it will have to remain outside the citizenship of the United States.

New York's Oldest Bank

The recent consolidation of the Bank of New York and the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company unites two of the oldest banking institutions in the country. The Bank of New York, as a matter of fact, is the oldest bank in the city, having been formed the year after the Revolution was brought to an end.

It was a small New York in those days. The population was estimated at less than 25,000. Philadelphia was still the financial and commercial center of the country. And yet even then the growth of business in New York was proceeding rapidly and the merchants of the city felt the need of a banking center of their own, free from the handicaps of distant Philadelphia, and able to expedite the business of the city.

Accordingly, early in 1784 two separate groups of New Yorkers discussed projects for a bank. Back of one was the powerful Livingston family. It supported a land bank. Alexander Hamilton, already recognized as a man of unusual financial ability, opposed this group, and finally joined with its opponents and himself drew up the charter of the Bank of New York. On March 15, 1784, a meeting of the stockholders was held at the Merchants' Coffee House, at the corner of Wall and Water streets, and the first officers and directors were elected. Shortly thereafter the bank opened its doors for business in Pearl Street, and some years later moved to its present site at 48 Wall Street. Its first president was General Alexander McDougall, and Alexander Hamilton was one of its first directors.

By the time Washington was inaugurated President of the United States the Bank of New York was a thriving institution. Few other banks in the city have been so closely identified with the early history of the nation.

Seasonal Poisons

The daily tale of poisonings with wood alcohol in sophisticated "hooch" now begins to be relieved with tidings of similar fatalities or near-fatalities through the mistaking of the deadly Amanita for the edible and delicious mushroom, and also—less often—through the eating of thorn apples under the supposition that they are wholesome nuts. The last few days have seen several reports of such mishaps, and many more may be expected during the season of wild mushrooms and "jimson weed."

It is unfortunate that there should be so close a resemblance in appearance between edible and poisonous fungi and a practical impossibility of extirpating the latter—circumstances which deter many people from utilizing the abundant supply of appetizing and nutritious food which at this time of year springs overnight into view in every old meadow and pasture; and which also bring suffering and death to people who lack knowledge and precaution in gathering what they suppose to be mushrooms. Since it is so, however, there remains nothing to do but to repeat again and again the warning against eating any supposed mushrooms unless careful examination shows them to possess the slight but unmistakable marks which distinguish the edible *Agaricus* from the deadly *Amanita*.

As for the scarcely less deadly thorn apple, stramonium, or "jimson weed," it is a reproach to any community that it is permitted to flourish, seeing the ease with which it may be extirpated. Yet perhaps we should not wonder at its tolerance by the laity, seeing the astonishing ignorance of it which seems to prevail in professional ranks. Only the other day, in connection with a case of wholesale poisoning in the Bronx, physicians and a park commissioner were quoted as saying that the nuts came from the "jimson tree," which had been used as a street shade tree and was still to be found in the parks. We had supposed that everybody with any knowledge of plants knew that the thorn apple, or stramonium, was not a tree but a rank weed, and that its commonest name was not "jimson" but "jimson," a corruption of Jamestown, from the historic Virginia town where its poisonous qualities were first observed.

Communities would do well to impose a penalty upon toleration of this noxious weed, as many have upon poison ivy. Meanwhile the advice of prudence to all at this season is not to suppose that everything that looks like a mushroom or everything that looks like a nut is good to eat.

Chosen Spirits of Pfaff's

It is not unlikely that Georges Clemenceau, then living at the corner of Twelfth Street and Seventh Avenue, was the moving spirit in the formation of this little coterie of chosen spirits, for he was a constant frequenter of the cellar, on whose wall hung his picture in a yellow frame. Pfaff was a German Swiss, and knew how to keep and draw lager beer, then a novelty in this country, and also how to make peculiarly delicious pancakes. The two formed the staple fare of his patrons, among whom were men of distinct talent, such as Fitz James O'Brien, Artemus Ward, George Arnold, William Winter, E. C. Stedman and an actress named Ada Clair, whom they dubbed the "Queen of Bohemia."

I never heard of any artists taking part in those underground revels. At that time, or possibly a little later, they were established in the Ten's Street studios, where many of them still live and work, and in the old university building, on the east side of Washington Square, the present site of a structure devoted to the manufacture of articles of attire. The change fittingly symbolizes the march of progress in New York.

Nor did authors of more serious mold often grace Pfaff's resort with their presence. Emerson they all disliked because he had referred to their idol, Poe, as "the jingle man," and I doubt if Bryant ever set foot in the place. Howells, who went there once, spoke to me of it with disapproval, and R. H. Stoddard did so with contempt. This attitude on the part of the more conservative literary element reveals in the Pfaff crowd a true bohemian spirit to which their appreciation of Poe's genius gives added testimony.

Washington Square

As far back as the days of N. P. Will's Washington Square and the streets adjacent to it were frequented by men of art and letters, nor did it lose its flavor until many years later. In the University Building the art of photography had its birth; the same roof sheltered Theodore Winthrop while he was writing his once popular novel, "Cecil Dreeme." It was a beautiful structure of gray stone whose lofty rooms, with their deep window embrasures, were well suited to painters and writers. William H. Hurbit, the editor of "The New York World" and one of the most distinguished journalists of his time, gave many memorable entertainments to famous men and women in one of the largest of the apartments. I believe that the Benedict, on the same side of the Square, was the first apartment house built for the exclusive use of men, presumably bachelors.

To a later period belongs the house on the western side in which I dwelt, during the "early years of 'Life,'" its founder, John A. Mitchell. There, too, lived Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, Rose, then Mrs. George P. Lathrop, and since widely known for her unselfish and tireless work among the victims of cancer. It is sad to reflect that professional bohemianism had its birth within a stone's throw of this hallowed soil.

The young men with whom I consorted in the '80s frequented the many cheap restaurants near the Square, and one of the most popular of these was Maria's, in Macdougall Street. Thither came also certain inquisitive ones who

desired to witness the manner in which bohemians devoured their food, and it was to gratify the curiosity of those visitors that the professional or performing bohemians came into being. Soon they infested every restaurant patronized by writers and artists, where they were tolerated because they attracted outside custom.

But it was not until within the present decade that these boll-weepers of art and letters became the pest they are to-day in the eyes of the substantial citizens of the region, who outnumber them ten to one, but are less skillful in advertising themselves. That their presence in a restaurant lures many gaping visitors of the kind known as "automobile parties" from the Bronx and nearby suburbs is indicated by a picture printed recently in which bohemians are shown in the act of satisfying their hunger. In the picture used to illustrate the diversions to be enjoyed in a certain Village restaurant we see two bohemians seated at table while other carefree ones dance clumsily around them. The touch of true bohemianism has been artfully imparted to the male diner through the medium of a pair of horn spectacles and to his female companion by her defiant smoking of a cigarette. I surmise that the picture was drawn by a customer of the restaurant in settlement of a long-standing account.

Pretenders

Much as I dislike the task of dispelling any of the pleasing illusions of metropolitan life, truth compels me to say that sociologists who have studied these haunts declare that their frequenters, despite their cigarettes and horn spectacles, are not so vicious as they pretend to be when the automobile parties are gaping at them. Nor is the quarter to which they have given such an undesirable reputation the scene of one grand carnival of licentious joy.

It is pleasant to learn that their orgies are to be transported to the waterfront, where stalwart longshoremen may be expected to make short work of invaders who make too much noise and bobbed hair and sandaled feet put the warehouse district on the map containing the route of the rubberneck coach.

A Portrait of Kemal

In a letter to "The London Times" Major General Townshend, British commander in Mesopotamia until the capture of his army by the Turks at Kut-el-Amara, in the World War, gives this intimate picture of the Turkish leader:

Piercing blue eyes, fair hair, a diminutive, close-cropped mustache—these are the salient features of Kemal Pasha, the force behind the Turkish push, that impressed me when I met him face to face at Konia only a month ago.

He is a man of middle height and he wore at the time of our meeting plain clothes—the knickerbocker breeches were well cut and rather in the English style—sporting stockings, and on



With regards to Happy Hooligan

Good By Bohemia By James L. Ford

I am sure that when Henri Murger wrote his "Scenes de la Vie de Boheme" he was not actuated by malevolent purpose and never dreamed of the evil that would result from his sparkling portrayal of life in the Quartier Latin. Murger died at the early age of thirty-nine, and the book that made him famous was written when he was a very young man, with untamed blood in his veins and the joy of irresponsible, care-free youth in his heart. It appeared, if my memory serves me aright, during the '40s, and started a craze for bohemian ways among the young men of Paris.

The winds carrying renown blew from east to west then as now, but that simpler age they were gentle zephyrs, slow in crossing the ocean and were often lost on the way. It was therefore fully a decade later before the new fashion appeared in New York, and the earliest and most notable of the many bohemian groups that punctuate the annals of the town established themselves in a beer cellar near the site now occupied by the Broadway Central Hotel.

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Napoleon's doctrine is as valuable today as it was one hundred years ago, and I discovered that Kemal is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon's campaign in Italy in 1799. I mention this in order to show that Kemal is a close student of military history—as every soldier who aspires to military warfare must be.

Laborious and indefatigable to the point of excess, Kemal is always at work, and possesses a wonderful grasp of European politics and affairs. This is all the more remarkable as his education was purely a military one, received at the Ecole de Guerre in Constantinople. He was in the Tripoli campaign and later served in several theaters of the war; his best service was in the defense of Gallipoli, and it was for this service that Liman von Sanders had him promoted to the command of an army. He was afterward on the tottering front of Palestine, where the Turks in the final stages were hopelessly outnumbered.

Kemal was inspector general of the Turkish army in Asia Minor after the armistice in 1918, and his patriotism came into prominence after the occupation of Constantinople by the Allies, when the Nationalists ran to arms.

Kemal is a patriot; he is out for liberty and independence—Turkey for the Turks—and he desires peace, but an honorable peace. His terms (the interview took place before the march to Smyrna) are the immediate evacuation of Asia Minor by the Greeks. He says, "How can I trust assurances that the Greeks will evacuate after four months, as was said in the Paris conference last March, when, in the middle of the London conference last year, during an armistice, the Greeks suddenly launched their offensive?"

"Will you try to persuade us that the British government did not know of that offensive being prepared?" he remarked to me. "If you can convince me of that then can you persuade me that the British government could not have stopped that offensive by raising a finger?"

Monroe's Virginia Home

Fallen to Lowly Estate in Old, Historic Fredericksburg

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your Sunday issue, under the heading "New York's Monroe Doctrine Is Neglected," appeared one of the most timely accounts of a national defect in character, an utter lack of appreciation of historical things and places which serve as a reminder to succeeding generations of a debt to those who have gone before, their ideals, work and sacrifices.

The Sulgrave Institute is to be congratulated on saving the house in which James Monroe died. But what about his home? In Virginia, half way between Mount Vernon and Richmond, on the west bank of the Rappahannock, the old town of Fredericksburg lies hidden in nature's verdure and environment with an atmosphere of its past association with great men whose efforts and ideals were largely responsible for our country's greatness.

On Princess Ann Street, here is the home of James Monroe, twice President of the United States and author of the famous Monroe Doctrine. It is tenanted by a colored family who charge ten cents admission. One of the members of the family, who apparently entertained some slight appreciation of its historical association, volunteered the statement that they owned the building.

This was Monroe's home after his return from Congress, when he began the practice of law in an office on Charles Street, just off Commerce. No American has ever held so many public offices as James Monroe.

Fredricksburg possesses a charm which transports one back to the Colonial days. On Amelia Street, here in a store selling automobile accessories, is the old apothecary shop of General Mercer, a gallant officer, who was killed in the Battle of Princeton, 1777. A monument erected to his memory is located on Washington Avenue.

On Charles and Lewis streets is the home of Mary, the mother of George Washington, with its old boxwood walks, and just back of her tomb are the Meditation Rocks, where she read her Bible and in the quiet twilight contemplated the eternal truths.

The character of Washington, its strength and greatness, cannot be understood without an appreciation of his mother. Lincoln, with Seward and Stanton, had a realizing sense of her greatness when they visited her favorite retreat in 1861. How many mothers and women of to-day find leisure for similar meditation?

The Masonic Lodge in which George Washington was initiated and raised as a Master Mason, November 4, 1752, is still standing, with its priceless relics of a serious age, but this iconoclastic generation is seriously discussing wrecking the monument to a great man and the principles of Masonry which he inculcated in his life for the erection of a modern building and lodge.

Fredricksburg possesses countless other places of interest associated with Colonial, Revolutionary and Civil War days, but thousands of tourists rush through this richly endowed town each year with a callous indifference, either insensible to or disinterested in its historic appeal, and the same apathy which permitted the old dwelling on Lafayette and Prince streets to be used as a rag-picker's shop, where an ex-President breathed his last, is an indication that the increased desire for ephemeral pleasures has caused an increasing disregard for the only things of value—the association of religion, home, family and historical ties.

GEORGE W. GEBLACH.
Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1922.

Says Life of Youth

(From The Measure)

I MUST take this beautiful thing and break it; It is time I began; I shall make a better thing of it, But nothing so beautiful!

—Nothing so beautiful as Youth Starting at the sting of a lash, Cheeks bright, chin high, back taut and eyes ablaze. Outraged, betrayed, incredulous of pain, Of whips, of thorn-roads, in a world of gold, Reaching superbly for the whip to break it!

I must take this beautiful thing and break it; It is time I began; I shall make a better thing of it, But nothing so beautiful.

ABBIE HUSTON EVANS.

Sails

(From McClure's Magazine)

THE river with its sails is a strip of blue silk On which moths have alighted And cling tilting.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

After the Circus

(From The Yale Review)

I CAN remember how the memory Of fat-tipped women and strong chalky horses And men in red and gold hung heavily From rafters in my eyes, how other forces Recruited among peanuts and popped corn Marched in my middle. I remember now A miserable sense of having worn Too small a hat, so that my dizzy brow Reeled in the settling dust behind the mare.

As we rolled homeward up the river breeze, Pursued by blasts of trumpets and the glare Of white lights hanging among high trapezes.

Yet, for relief, I have still more in mind How a great bird I never hoped to see With wings like winds of storm that beat me blind Flew up and startled both the mare and me.

So great the power of its sudden flight The very day was altered and my brain Burst from its bonds and followed the sloped light On through the maples to the bird again, And then the look of clowns and the glare of brass Was gone and something came to the road's edge And the breath of it blew petals to the grass And it took me in its arms and sang a pledge.

I have not yet forgotten into me, So much for circuses or for any event, The coming away is the reality. The coming to one's self is what is meant.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

The Little Path

(From The Dial)

BEFORE I could be wise I wore A little pathway to your door And all the traffic of my day Went up and down that little way.

And now that I am wise and keep My love at home, and half asleep, I only wish the grass would grow And hide the way I used to go.

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE.

The Red Knight

(From The Dial)

I SAW him, Standing in red armor before an altar Under the fish-scale roof of a church In a river valley in mid-France. The organ was crying an anthem along the great nave And the eddy of it tickled the noses of the impish stone mannikins with foxes' tails curled beneath the architraves.

When the organ ceased crying, he lifted his head And gazed through the clerestory windows at the white-blue of an after-rain sky.

Suddenly a thin scatter of sunlight smote upon his armor, And it flamed like a bonfire, and he in the midst, unnoticed, White wood of poplar beneath green bark, A man, the height and spread of a tall man, Beneath a burning armor. I would have flung my kerchief to him to bind upon his helmet, But kerchiefs fall obliquely through backward centuries, And already the light was growing too dim to see a silken nothing upon a shadowed floor.

Steel footsteps on stone make a strange sound; I never heard the like before, and I think I never shall again. For which unreasonable reason I am determined to remain a virgin.

AMY LOWELL.

Old Houses

(From Contemporary Verse)

SOMETIMES I cannot bear The look old houses wear At night; There is a fright About them, and a white scared look: They do not like to have the trees Swing shadows in their eyes, And mar the paint with crazy fingerings; A pale surprise Lies on them like a veil Of fortitude. Nights can be rude to old and timid things, Rude as they please! And stars can mock, And winds can knock At shutters. MARTHA B. THOMAS.