

New York Tribune
Special to Last-Truth News-Edi-
torials-Advertisements
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations
MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1922

Subscription Rates:
By Mail, including Postage in the United States:
Yearly \$12.00
Six Months \$6.00
Three Months \$3.00

Guaranty
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of news dispatches received by it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and the local news of spontaneous origin published herein.

Allied Policy at Mudania

Great Britain, France and Italy have broken the deadlock at Mudania by reaffirming their Near East agreement of September 23, with some slight modifications favorable to Turkey. They had decided on September 23 to return eastern Thrace to the Turks, up to the Maritza River and including Adrianople.

Kemal's representatives at Mudania accepted the terms of September 23 "in principle." But they had their hearts set on an immediate occupation of Thrace by the victorious Turkish armies.

The Allied powers had laid down the condition that Kemal's forces should not cross into Europe pending a peace conference. It was a wise embargo, which will not be lifted. But in recognition of Kemal's anxiety to protect former Turkish subjects in Thrace and to hasten the restoration of Turkish sovereignty, Great Britain, France and Italy have now undertaken to secure the immediate evacuation of the Greek forces in Thrace and the prompt re-admission of Turkish civil officials and gendarmerie into the province.

These concessions are ample and remove the last excuse for Turkish stalling and bargaining. Kemal can gain by diplomacy practically all the ends of Turkish nationalist policy. For this policy is concerned chiefly with the restoration of Turkish national life and the acknowledgment by the European powers of Turkey's military and political recovery. Kemal is willing to concede the freedom of the Straits, guarantees to religious and racial minorities and economic advantages to the Western powers. In his mind these things do not weigh in the balance with the abolition of the galling rights of extraterritoriality.

There is nothing on which to base a quarrel between Kemal and the Allies, personal vanity and an exaggerated ego on his part being the chief out of the question. Kemal has seen what Constantine's self-admiration and swollen sense of self-importance did to Greece. Will he ape Dino? It is not probable. If he does not there is no unyielding obstacle to an all-around settlement in the Near East.

On the Wrong Sent

District Attorney Ruston of Brooklyn, acting on information about Market Department conditions brought out before Justice Crosey, made an investigation which disclosed that graft and petty persecutions of pushcart peddlers were altogether too general. His findings supported those of The Tribune, which began and carried through an investigation of its own even before Mr. Ruston acted.

For some reason not wholly clear Commissioner of Accounts Hirschfeld was selected to defend the Market Department, rather than Commissioner O'Malley, who had charge of it. Mr. Hirschfeld conducted several hearings and gained considerable information. Meanwhile, as a result of newspaper publicity and Justice Crosey's decision, the Board of Estimate denied appropriations for an army of inspectors requested by the department, and altered the regulations so that the funds collected from the peddlers went into the treasury instead of to support a crowd of politically appointed inspectors.

Mr. Hirschfeld then pursued the quest no further. Disregarding an opportunity to get at the bottom of the department and to assist in its reorganization, so that it would really become an effective bureau, he started an investigation into the conduct of Mr. Ruston's office. The investigation, wherever it may lead, savors of spite. Mr. Hirschfeld really was indebted to Mr. Ruston for helping to clean up the Market Department. Instead, he resented

this action, and now announces savagely that he will never let up on the Brooklyn District Attorney. Most of Mr. Hirschfeld's ways are past finding out, but in this particular case he is extremely transparent. It is his clear desire to punish every officer who finds evil in the administration and to make—if possible—such an example of him that no one else will engage in such an undertaking.

Better Homes

This is "Better Homes Week." In every state in the Union, beginning to-day and running throughout the week, a campaign is being conducted to arouse an interest in owning, improving and beautifying homes. The Tribune has long supported the movement locally and is glad to see it now made nationwide.

In different community centers suitable houses have been chosen and have been equipped with furniture and all other appliances to show what a model home can be. Everything from kitchen and cellar to attic and roof has received attention. Saving space, saving work, saving time, have been considered, as well as making the home more attractive and beautiful. To those who are interested in improved housekeeping equipment as well as to those who are interested in making over the appearance of their homes, therefore, the movement has a special appeal.

The task of organizing a "Better Homes Week" in each state, of getting the co-operation of the authorities and of the merchants, of insuring the application of the highest standards in the models used, has not been easy. Various magazines have done much to cultivate good taste in furnishings and decorations among the women of the country. But the editor of "The Delineator," Mrs. William Brown Meloney, has had the vision and the ability to marshal the nation-wide sentiment for better homes into concrete action. A committee appointed and backed by the Governor exists in every state, and in Washington the President, the Vice-President and Mr. Hoover have given real co-operation.

There is nothing that teaches so well as the sight of the eyes. When the members of a community can see for themselves what a model home can be they have a standard by which to measure their own homes and to guide them in satisfying their own needs. Even though the drive lasts only a week, it furnishes an impetus which will carry forward the movement for better homes for a long time.

The Leadership of Kansas

To call Governor Allen's industrial court the most interesting governmental experiment in the world is strong language, but it seems to us to deserve that description. In a plain common sense sort of way the State of Kansas is here working toward the solution of the gravest problem that faces the modern state. Much highfalutin nonsense has been talked about the general strike in the name of "liberalism." The state must recognize the unions as an equal, one of the pet theories has held. We must try to federalize the unions within the government upon a basis of divided sovereignty. In any event, it is suicidal to interfere with their complete liberty to strike and do what they please to make their strikes successful. When a union approaches strike breakers with the Constitution in one hand, and a stick of dynamite in the other, we must speak politely to them and endeavor to work out some amiable compromise.

Now, whatever the defects of the Daugherty injunction and however much it may be modified by the Supreme Court, it did an immense service toward clarifying the public mind by treating this learned radicalism as the piffle that it is. A strike that destroys interstate commerce and the lives of the public is not a strike, Justice Wilkerson in effect held. It is a plain conspiracy against lives and property, and if the law cannot protect lives and property against such attack, what is the good of law?

The Kansas Industrial Court is a seasoned and carefully drawn preventive plan representing much the same point of view. It is not state socialism, as certain critics have argued. It is hardly to be termed regulatory. It is, as Governor Allen made clear to the bankers' convention, purely an emergency measure, operating only in emergencies upon matters touching the lives of the people. In any broad view of the problem it is no more state socialism or regulation of private business than are the operations of a fire department or a police force.

The law simply says that in certain essential industries—food, fuel, clothing and transportation—when a dispute between employer and employee reaches a point at which it threatens the welfare of the public, that welfare controls the situation and the industrial court has full power to take over the controversy, make awards and see that they are carried out. There is no interference with any individual's right to quit work. Nobody is made to work at the point of a bayonet, as some of Mr. Gompers's phrasology would suggest. But there is complete protection to men who want to work at

these industries; and any act encouraging the strike is prohibited. In the shopmen's strike all the men hired to take the place of strikers wanted to work in Kansas, Governor Allen stated. That was because the State of Kansas has pledged its word that every man who wants to work in Kansas shall have the right under the protection of the government. There could be no Herrin massacre in Kansas. Whatever the machinery chosen by the Federal government, the sooner it reaches the point of view of Kansas the better. It involves no novel theory of government. Rather is it a return to common sense. A conspiracy against the safety of the public is not to be argued with. It is to be put down like any other attack by fire, pestilence, bandits or an alien enemy. If a government cannot so protect its people, it does not deserve the name of government.

A Mean Trick on Mr. Wells

Those members of the Labor party who are trying to send Mr. H. G. Wells to Parliament for London University are hard-hearted wretches. Here is Mr. Wells having a beautiful free time telling the world how it should go, now this way, now that, and these unfeeling brutes insist that he step down from his pulpit and put his ideas into action. Every problem is always so simple when Mr. Wells tells just how it should be solved. There was that time when it seemed as if the whole world would not make eternal peace at once, might indeed make it hemisphere by hemisphere; and Mr. Wells gave us all a good scolding for thus "taking two bites to the cherry," as he picturesquely stated his thoughts. It was just as easy, he asserted, to corral the whole blooming world in one peace pact as in two.

All international relations are ridiculously easy for Mr. Wells. Practically single-handed he went to war against France during the making of the four-power pact, and that was all there was to that. He faces God in the same confident fashion. He can organize and disband a new religion in a tenth of the time it takes Mr. Chesterton to join an old one. Education is another of his hobbies. There is really no possible proposition which can come before Parliament as to which Mr. Wells has not expressed eloquent thoughts from half a dozen points of view. The sooner the Society for the Preservation of Utopia intercedes in Mr. Wells's behalf the better. For his own sake, to say nothing of the sake of Parliament, he must be kept free as a mountain bird, able to flit from side to side of every argument, unchained by facts or any unseemly demand that he make his ideas work.

Can Women Be Fans?

Life, liberty and the pursuit of baseball are unquestionably the inalienable rights of every American citizen. This being granted, the question arises as to the plight of the new citizen, the recently enfranchised woman voter. Is nothing to be done to welcome her into the fellowship of fans? It was the following heartrending plaint which woke us from our indifference to this great human problem:

"Dear Mr. Editor: "Cannot something be done to make baseball comprehensible for women? Now that we have the vote, and by our own newspapers and are generally accepted as people, the only thing lacking is our admission into the ranks of fans. "Men may not be born with an understanding of baseball, but they take to it with an instinct surer than their appetite for food—I know plenty of little boys who have to be coaxed to eat, but I never knew one who had to be bribed to play ball—and by the time they are old enough to be office boys I understand they speak the language better than the sporting writers who invented it. "But it is different with women. However anxious they are to take their place on the bleachers side by side with their fellow men, however deep their devotion to the home team, they find it almost impossible to overcome the lack of childhood training. "Things that men seem to absorb by instinct, just as they know the sun is shining, are most perplexing for women strangers at the game. For example, how do you know which are Giants and which are Yanks? After diligent reading of three newspapers and frantic searching of the score card I had to give it up, and brazenly addressed the Kind Soul sitting next to me. He turned out to be a Kind Soul. I mean, I expected to be shriveled with a glare of disgust when I murmured, 'Will you please tell me which are the Giants?' "It was explained to me that, of course, the Giants were in white and the Yanks in gray, because the Giants were the home team. Now I ask you, Mr. Editor, how did he know that the Giants were the home team, inasmuch as they were both New York teams? And granted that the Giants were the home team, why did it follow that they should wear white? We women wear blue gingham at home. "Twenty-four hours after the game was over another Kind Soul explained to me that that is an unwritten law of the baseball world. The home team always wears white. "Now, this is the burden of my plaint, Mr. Editor: Can't you do

something to codify these unwritten laws? Admitted that we women are ignorant of the A, B, C's of baseball, why don't you help us to learn?"

Distress so touching should be remedied, no doubt, but it is a question whether the responsibility rests with the women themselves or with the masters of baseball. (The editor disclaims any power in the matter.) Should the players adopt some simple device like a huge "G" or "Y" on their chests, or should the women be compelled by wear and tear on their intellects to find out which team is which? Should they not study the game before they clamor to enjoy it? After all, men give the best years of their lives to mastering its intricacies. Shall women enter into their heritage without a struggle?

Purgatorial Days

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford's "Story of a Varied Life" contains a letter from Theodor Roosevelt, dated March 6, 1917, which recalls most vividly the emotions of that time of national flogging. Those days seem long ago. We rose above them suddenly. But why they were so purgatorial to Americans of deeper feeling is told with intimate emphasis by Dr. Rainsford's disheartened correspondent. The letter says in part: "Wilson prepares for war with Germany essentially on the principle of the schoolboy who prepares for trouble with his teacher by putting a geography in the seat of his trousers. "I am glad you find a growth in the national spirit. But it is a very slow growth. The hideous wrong that Wilson has done the American spirit has been to drag it, to stultify it. I make no apology for our lamentable spiritual falling off, which has permitted them to do this. But after all, good, simple, hard-working people, such as those who necessarily compose the immense majority of our population, cannot be expected to think out international questions for themselves. They must have a leader; and normally they will accept the President as that leader. When by a multitude of adroit and shifting speeches and gestures he bewilders them until they do not know what has really happened, it is hard to blame them for following his lead into what they are told is safety. "The war and its sequels have taken our eyes off the unhappy period of 1915-17—up to the declaration of war against Germany. It is interesting to be reminded so vividly of the reactions of that time, as they were reflected unpremeditatedly in a representative American's private correspondence.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Equatorial Aliteration
The coiling cobra creeps across
The dank and dismal deeps
Mid matted mounds of moulding moss

The lusty leopard leaps
The tiger trails his tawny tail
Beneath the bending boughs;
The dappled deer, in dell and dale,
On brittle branches browse.

Now wildly wails the wallaroo,
As dawns the dusky day,
And panting porcupines pursue
Their pressed and prowling prey.
The wombat works his weary way
Up slick and slimy slopes
Where panthers press their panting prey—
The active antelopes.

The rustling rabbit runs around
The tall and tossing trees;
The buoyant badgers blithely bound
As blows the balmy breeze.
The horrid hippopotami
Resound their ringing roars,
While lolled at length the lions lie
Beside the shelving shores.

The gaunt gorilla grimly gapes
On quilts with quivering quilms,
Where active and athletic apes
Are padding through the palms.
With grievous grunts and guttural groans
The crabbed crocodile
Fills all the air with morbid roars
For many and many a mile.

Trouble Ahead

The captain of some dry navy boat is no longer going to be dreadfully embarrassed by discovering that he has boarded a United States Shipping Board vessel.

Experienced

The ex-Kaiser sold his book before getting married again. He had no illusions about two being able to live as cheap as one.

Getting Tough

For Mr. Dempsey the future is just one color line after another. (Copyright by James J. Montague)

From Superintendent Anderson

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: There is no basis of truth for the statement that a letter from me advocating the nomination of Mr. Frank Hendricks for United States Senator was the occasion of an attack on me at the Prohibition party state convention. I did not either by letter or orally undertake to procure or even advise the nomination of any person for any office.

When I was approached by various members of that party and asked what the Anti-Saloon League would do under certain contingencies, I made frank reply, but I did not approach any member of the Prohibition party respecting any procedure. WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, New York, Oct. 6, 1922.

The Tower

Said Mother Eddy to Father Coué: "I wonder could you cure an old roud?" Said Father Coué to Mother Eddy: "Pretty darned hard to keep 'em steady!"

Mr. Charles Bragg is Press Agent for Lew Fields, reports Dick, Aptro-nymic Scout 768-845.

A coal miner in Somerset County, Pa., is making \$580 a month. If he keeps this up he should be able to buy fuel for the coming winter.

New York's prohibition director has resigned. Going back to the drygoods business, we hear.

To Aidous Huxley A thunderstorm approaches: The cream of life sour, And the sanctity of our home Is invaded by wind. The blackness is pierced By occasional flashes of brilliance. "Only a passing shower," says the Puta on his rubbers! And wades home. —DWIGHT TAYLOR.

SIGNAL SUGGESTION Sir: A Philadelphia citizen explains the system of traffic signaling in that city: Hand extended horizontally, indicating the driver's intention to stop—arm bent upward, turning to the left—hand moving in a circle, turning to the right, etc. To be complete the scheme should have gesture to be used by the successful competitor for a narrow right of way, crossing and the like; a gesture similar to that suggested by Dr. Brady to an elderly lady who requested him to prescribe an exercise for her fingers: "Place the end of the thumb at the tip of the nose," said the good doctor, "and move the fingers rapidly as though playing an imaginary flute." —B. C. C.

It is said that twenty-one airplanes are bringing liquor through the clouds from Canada into this country. It comes high, but the wicked old soaks will have it.

Some college professors say that too many young persons are going to college, and others say that not enough of them are going. And both sides view the situation, whatever it is, with alarm. There should be some comfort in the reflection that few of them that do go appear to take the colleges very seriously.

Uncle Pat McLaughlin, of Beauvoir, Miss., is 101 years old, and has drunk corn liquor all his life. A lady in New Jersey who is 104 has taken her wine regularly for nearly a century. These persons should be converted; if we can get them to stop drinking by the time they are 150 there may be a chance for them to prove during the next half century after that that teetotalism conduces to longevity.

The Waiting Room

A vast, high building with a big blue dome Arched over it as if it were the sky. Two merry children play upon the floor, Nor ever think of trains to miss or catch, Or any fateful clocks upon the wall. An old man, seated in a corner, looks With patient eyes that wander round, and then Come back to the clock face, seeming to know His time is close at hand. . . . A black-robed nun, Or sister, whose thin cheeks are like the keys Of some old Steinway, yellow-white and worn, Counts o'er her wooden beads—stealing from time To make more sure of all eternity. Two lovers sit with stealthy fingers twined, Looking for words that need no sound for them; Content to love, though trains should come and go, Though every clock in all the world should stop. A soldier, stiff and rigid in the seat, chin up, Awaits, alert for orders soon to come For him, that he may rise and march away. There is a workman with his bag of tools. A mother with a babe at breast—and, too, A woman weeping 'neath a thick, black veil. . . .

All this is life—this waiting for the train, That takes us to some far-off place; And while we wait, we play our childish games Upon the floor; or love, or fast or pray. We fight, if fighting be our lot, or grow So old we merely sit and watch Time's clock For our own hour—await the Train-man's call That none can e'er gainsay. For he speaks truth, And when he calls our train, we leave the room, And all the other people waiting there— Playing, loving, working, praying—waiting. —HARRY VARLEY.

The City Bus Tangle

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: I noticed the report and your editorial in this morning's Tribune regarding the injunction issued by the Supreme Court on the operation of the city buses, and the statement by the Corporation Counsel that the city would take appeal. Also another one by Commissioner Whalen that he had a plan which, however, he was not prepared to disclose or discuss in detail, by which the operation might be continued notwithstanding the injunction. I am moved to inquire why all the ado in this matter and why the unnecessary public commotion stirred up? There is a plain and simple method already provided in existing law by which such service may be installed where needed. The people should be informed and should know that fact. The law clearly outlines the procedure. All that is required is an application to the Transit Commission by the corporation or the individual undertaking the business under franchise for a certificate of convenience and necessity, and these having been shown, its issuance granted by the commission, the operation can be legally undertaken. It is scarcely to be supposed that Commissioner Whalen, the Corporation Counsel or even the Board of Estimate and Apportionment that would be inexcusable, especially in view of the continued illegal operation of the buses (so held by the court),

PEACE—AS LONG AS SOMEBODY STAYS THERE AND HOLDS 'EM



Oddments and Reminders

These old-fashioned persons who still regard pugilism as brutal should have seen Mr. Johnson, of the Golden Gate, and Mr. Martin, of the A. E. F., in conflict at Madison Square Garden the other night. The meeting was particularly a messy one, as a result of Mr. Martin's flailing arteries, and it bore all the traditional stigma which have caused prizefighting to be deemed vulgar and inimitical. Yet, on reflection, it was neither. Mr. Martin, as he eddied here and there upon the battleground, an aimless, scarlet fluid, was not at all a demoralizing sight. Gorgeous in his fresco of wet reds, vermilion, crimson, caruncles, rubies and old roses, he was, rather, a gratifying hue-banquet to the hungry eye. His decor recalled to many of those present a figure which Miss Rebecca West is fond of using again and again in her latest fiction, "The Judge." He was like "rich colors split on marble floors when the sun sets behind cathedral windows." We thought him as pretty a thing as we have seen since we looked, some years ago, with admiration on the pre-Raphaelite pictures of "grilled, dismembered and arrow-riddled saints" in the National Gallery. As Mr. Morris Gest described him, he was the willing canvas and Mr. Johnson the Bakt who inflamed it with flushed stains from his own paint pot. Or, as Mr. Bond, of Chicago, said, he was as lovely as a horse stumbling from the arena at Seville with a riven belly and hanging entrails that gleamed like mother-of-pearl under the calciums. Opponents of boxing object that it is a painful, though lucrative, business, and that its practitioners suffer while pursuing it. Mr. Martin did not seem to mind. Early in the imbroglio, while his back was turned, Mr. Johnson struck him a lethal blow from the rear upon what Dr. Jackson, the osteop-

athist, told us was his cervical plexus. Thereafter Mr. Martin was present only in the flesh and blood. Under the anesthetic wallops from behind Mr. Martin appeared to be happy, though aberrant. He danced a sedate saraband with his sleepy, fat feet, and he was a wholesome spectacle of unconscious comfort and satisfaction when the bell rang and he sat down to be sewed up between the rounds. We can imagine nothing less brutal or more eleemosynary than the benevolent action of Mr. Martin's seconds when in the tenth episode they threw a sponge into the ring. Mr. Frank Wiltach, by the way, recently compiled and published an anthology of the poetic expressions employed by the journalists to describe the Dempsey-Willard fight, including some good ones of our own. But he omitted the best of them, a simile evolved by Mr. Bugs Baer. "In the fourth round," wrote Mr. Baer, "Willard's right eye looked like a nest of red ants."

JUDGE LANDIS'S plight at the Polo Grounds the other day was full of delectating aspects. A little mob of little sportsmen who were cheated of a few minutes' sensation made up their loss by the pleasure of insulting a gray-haired man who was as innocent of injustice as was his wife who stood beside him. This small riot enjoyed its shoddy frenzies so much that it was more than repaid for its breavement. It had a much better time reviling the helpless high commissioner and his wife than it would have had in such other innings as might have been played if apocryphal umpires had not intervened. It was, again quoting Miss Rebecca West, a sorry exhibition of "the rabies endemic in human society," a petty, mean, frothing at the mouth. Still, our anguish at Judge Landis's

and also the expenses of the several litigations, which were unnecessary, in which the city is mulcted. How shall be characterized the misleading of the public by the representations that the fault is due to the courts or the Transit Commission, or even laid against the "railroad interests"? It would seem that some explanation is due to the people who suffer inconvenience and may be under misapprehension as to the proper responsibility for it. WILLIAM MCCARROLL New York, Oct. 6, 1922.

A Welcome Young American

To the Editor of The Tribune: Sir: Speaking of the truly remarkable immigration laws (and incidentally of Isadora Duncan, who doubtless can fight her own battles), may I ask for light on a question which is puzzling me? What will the authorities do in the following case? The family of an American missionary who remains in Smyrna doing relief work is, I am told, on the way home to America. The youngest child, two years old, was born in Smyrna. When this baby arrives with his mother and her other children is he to be allowed to enter? Or will the officials send him back as an alien? F. E. D. M. New York, Oct. 4, 1922. [The child born in Smyrna of parents who are American citizens is no more an alien than if he had been born in New York.—Ed.]

pitiable discomfiture was mitigated a trifle as we recalled some episodes in which he, as a judge in the Federal courts, hurt the feelings of innocent persons who annoyed him. How bruised must Standard Oil have felt when, though it was guiltless, he upbraided it with a fine of \$25,000,000! Once, in Chicago, a young lawyer appeared before Judge Landis wearing a pearl watch. It was during the war and Judge Landis was American and militant no less than he is now. "Have you been in the service?" said he to the youthful barrister. "No, your honor," was the reply. "Then take that wrist watch!" he ordered, because a wrist watch is a soldier's badge and none but a soldier can wear it in my court." We felt almost as sorry for Judge Landis the other day as we did for the humiliated young attorney-at-law as he removed the offensive timepiece. It had been given to him, it seemed, by a thoughtful, sentimental bride. WE chanced yesterday to pick up a volume entitled "Life in Shakespeare's England," containing significant extracts from the works of English writers between the years of 1570 when the Bard was an infant, and 1680 when he might still have been alive if he had fulfilled his day. In the year that Shakespeare was married Philip Stubbes wrote as follows about football: "As concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be said a friendly kind of fight than a play or recreation; a bloody and murdering practice, than a fellowly sport or pastime. It doth not every one lie in wait for an adversary, seeking to overthrow him and to pick (pitch) him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or what place soever; it is he that can serve the most of this fashion, he is counted the only winner, and who away the best goeth, and who is either sore-founded and bruised, so as he cannot see with his eyes, or is so sorely And no marvel, for they have sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the heart with their elbows, to hit him upon the short ribs with their stripped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with an hundred such mischievous devices. Those words are recommended to Mr. Scoville, of Columbia, the only football player we know, in the hope that they may cause him to be kept. Philip Stubbes was the most intrepid sporting and dramatic critic of his time. He once wrote a pamphlet which displeased Queen Elizabeth, and he was sentenced to have his right hand cut off for so doing. Immediately after the amputation Mr. Stubbes removed his plumed hat with his left hand, and as he faintly aware he cried "God save the Queen!" And ere his wound was healed he went to the theater and fearlessly wrote of it, thus: "Do not play maintain bawdry, instead of health and industry? Do they not intend freedom and unconcernness? Nay, are they not rather plain devourers of modesty, virginity and chastity? For good whereof, but mark the flogging and running to theaters daily and hourly, night and day, and with their knees to catch him upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with an hundred such mischievous devices. How pleasant for the critics of these times! No matter how malicious, frank, contemptuous and sneering we may be to-day, we do not have our right arms cut off by Earl Carroll, Kilbourne Gordon, Charles Dillingham of the Minsky brothers. It would be rather nice, however, if, being tortured for a naughty notice, we could get with Mr. Stubbes, as we avowed, 'God save Ziegfeld, Sam Harris, Maxine Herrmann,' or, as the case may be, 'the Messrs. Shubert.'"