New York Tribune

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

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily. Ogden Reid, President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; R. E. Mayfield, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York City. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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The Lesson for Republicans

It may be difficult to determine against precisely what products of Republican leadership the main force of Tuesday's reaction was aimed. It is unquestionable that it was in large part a vote of protest against the last two years at Washington. Unless Republican leadership is devoid of imagination and courage it will look the results in the eye and seek to benefit by the criticism which they offer.

The Tribune does not profess to have the ability to interpret th confused and contradictory votes of this election as yielding any definite message or outlining any complete platform for Republican action in the next two years. It does desire to submit several general observations which seem to it inescapable.

The first touches the Fordney tariff, its substance and the manner of leadership which enacted it. It was not a universal issue in the election, by any means. But it clearly played a part in New York and in parts of the Middle West. Only leaders deaf, dumb and blind to criticism could have expected anything else. Seldom has there been a more notable revolt within a party than that with which the Republican press of the country greeted the framing of this law. It was justly termed a perversion of the doctrine of protection, a product of bartering between sectional groups, utterly unscientific in its rates. Leadership worthy of the name would never have framed such a law.

It is the weakness of President Harding's theory of our governmental system that he felt bound not to influence the action of Congress. When the Fordney bill came before him as a thing accomplished he argued that the elastic clauses of the law were sufficiently important to outweigh the evils of the bill. He accordingly signed it. The Tribune opposed the bill in Congress and urged the President to veto it. It is confident that its advice was sound economics and sound politics. At best he could belatedly and piecemeal remedy a bad job. The more important question now is how such jobs can be done right in the first instance.

The failure of Republican leadership in respect to the tariff was perhaps the most flagrant, but it was not the only one. It was typical of a confusion that tended to pervade Congress throughout its sessions and that Mr. Harding's right of veto was powerless to affect.

Now, the most striking fact in the election returns is that the difficulties of the party will be increased in the next Congress, not lessened. That spirit of insurgency which blazes up in the agrarian states whenever there are poor crops or poor markets swept far and wide in the Middle West on Tuesday. There was a radical tinge to its leadership in spots, but radical is a most inaccurate word to apply to the voters who participated in it. They are farmers in a mood of discontent, and they are, historically, as Republican as any New Englanders. The farm bloc has been a force in the present Senate. It will be trebled in the new Senate; will, if it can unite its rather centrifugal forces, hold the balance of power between the Democrats and the more conservative Republicans.

The warning which the arrival of this group utters to the Republican leaders is unmistakable. It has come before often enough in the history of our politics—the last time in the years before 1912. It is a plain case of insurgency within the Republican party and it offers the same possibility of a cleavage that will leave its mark on the party for years.

The problem which President Harding and the leaders of Congress face is the problem of maintaining a united party through this period of revolt. In so far as the proposals of the farm bloc are extreme and unsound economically they cannot be considered by a Republican party that has fought free silver and economic fallacy generally. But the great body of Republican voters who elected these Senators are neither radicals nor extremists. They want only reasonable action, whatever extravagances of revolt their leaders may utter. A fair and far-seeing leadership at Washington would seek to work with the farm bloc, not against it, and see to it that no Fordneys and McCumbers were left in charge to make fair-minded progress impossible.

Where can such leadership be found to head the Republican party in the next two years? That, in The Tribune's view, is the great question put to Republicans, great and small, by the election of 1922. Leadership can come from either end of Pennsylvania Avenue. But come it must or 1924 will hold all the threat which culminated in the disaster of 1912.

Smith's Biggest Job

Unless new subways are built immediately traffic congestion in New York City will continue and increase. It is already interfering with the dispatch of business. Could the cost of time lost in rush hours be estimated it would reach many millions of dollars annually. That cost, under present conditions, is certain to rise with the growing population.

Unless the entire transit system is unified and put under a single control the five-cent fare will soon become only a memory. "Lean" routes, lacking help from "fat" routes, will be forced into bankruptcy. Two and three fares will be substituted for one on many a wage earner's daily ride from home to work.

The Transit Commission has worked out and is putting into execution a plan for building new subways and unifying the system. In the opinion of competent engineers, it is the only possible plan for this gigantic task.

The biggest job which will confront Mr. Smith when he takes office on January 1 will be to see that the city gets new subways and that the system is so centrally controlled that the five-cent fare can be maintained.

Mr. Smith says he is for home rule. But he knows Mayor Hylan and the Board of Estimate as well as, if not better than, any other citizen of this state. He has seen the effect of their policy of hampering the Transit Commission. He knows how utterly incompetent they are, either to plan or administer a system of transit.

Surely he will not commit the biggest problem of the metropolis into hands he knows to be the hands of bunglers. He will not permit the present subways to be crowded to the point of stagnation while he wrangles with the Republican Assembly over the policy of removing the Transit Commissioners.

He has proved in the past a man of expedience and resourcefulness. He can, if he will, find a way to carry out the present plan and relieve an intolerable situation. The voters elected him because they believed in him. They will not continue to believe in him if he deprives them of the transit that is vital to their comfort and their prosperity.

Some Women Candidates

There will be two women in the House of Representatives for the period of the extra session of Congress as a result of Tuesday's election. Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, of Illinois, Republican, who was elected to complete the unfilled term of her father, the late William E. Mason, will hold her seat only until next March, but that will be long enough to afford the country the pleasant spectacle of two women in Congress together. Unfortunately, they will make their exit together in March, likewise, as Miss Alice Robertson, "Aunt Alice, of Oklahoma," was unable to hold the majority which she polled two years ago in the Harding-Republican sweep, and Oklahoma returned to the Democratic column.

The new Congress will be entirely without women members, although nine women throughout the Middle West made the campaign for seats, some of them so vigorously that in the early returns they were reported elected. Victorious or not, nine is a surprisingly large number, considering the fact that this is the first national election since women had the vote the country over, and that the ambition of women to hold high public office seems to be in inverse proportion to the distance from home. Where hundreds of women will run for office in their home towns, or their own states, it is rare to find one who is desirous of going to Washington. There may be a direct connection between this tendency and the fact that the first two women elected to Congress were unmarried. Mrs. Huck is the first mother to sit in the House.

In addition to the candidates for Congress, there were women seekers after almost every office on the ballot, and the results show a goodly number of winners. Two women were elected to the Massachusetts Legislature for the first time, and three come back to the New Jersey Assembly. Women in high public office are increasing slowly but inevitably. This is the normal and desirable degree of progress. The desire of women to hold public office themselves was the least among the reasons actuating the millions who demanded the right to vote, but in individual cases where the desire on the woman's part is coupled with a desire on the part of her constituents, it is gratifying that the people of this country are already so willing to give the woman the vote of confidence that they would have given a man of equal caliber. Miss Ruth Taylor, who was defeated for the position of judge of the Children's Court of Westchester County, seems to have lost out not because she was a woman but because she was not a lawyer. So once again the great "sex war" refuses to start.

Under the Panama Flag

The transfer to Panaman registry of the Resolute and the Reliance, of the United American Lines, is the first sign of the inevitable movement resulting from the recent decision to enforce the Volstead law on American ships.

The question is one of economics, not ethics. There is no denying that most Americans are unwilling, and most foreigners simply refuse, to be deprived of the right to take an occasional drink while on the ocean. This is especially true on long cruises, such as the Resolute and the Reliance are booked to make. More than fifty passages were canceled on the Resolute alone for a cruise around the world when the Attorney General's ruling was made known.

The position of the operators is that unless passengers can be offered the same services and privileges on American as on foreign vessels Americans cannot compete successfully. Prohibition, coming on top of the other laws handicapping American shipping, is the last straw.

Perhaps the election will cause Congress to take heed of the necessity of so modifying the Volstead act that the American marine will not be altogether dried off the ocean. The nation cannot afford to lose the shipping advantages that she won as a result of the war, advantages vital to the welfare of the country alike in peace and war.

A $12,000 "Favor"

Governor-elect Smith reads the newspapers. He must know what is going on in the bus business in New York. He must know that the best way to start his administration right is to clean up this mess and get rid of the vultures who are battening on it. No friendship for any man in Tammany, no obligation to any party leader can exempt him from this duty.

On Wednesday Thomas H. O'Neil, Under Sheriff and Tammany leader in the Bronx, frankly admitted that he and the late Arthur Murphy received $500 a month each from Ferdinand Frankenberg because O'Neil got for Frankenberg a permit to operate a municipal bus line.

This permit was granted by Grover Whalen, Commissioner of Plant and Structures. O'Neil saw Whalen three or four times before the permit was given. On one occasion he brought Frankenberg along, but left him outside the room during his conference with the Commissioner.

Neither O'Neil nor Murphy put a cent into the busses operated by Frankenberg. The only service they performed was that of recommending him for the permit. Yet they profited for that little favor at the rate of $12,000 a year.

Commissioner Whalen has told the commission that any person who could produce good busses could secure a permit to do business for the city. O'Neil contradicted this flatly by the statement that Frankenberg had failed to obtain a bus route until he had made the arrangement to let O'Neil and Murphy in on the profits.

Here is evidence that points to the brazen sale of political pull. O'Neil is the present Tammany leader in the Bronx. Murphy was the Tammany leader there up to the time of his death. Why Whalen should have needed their recommendation before granting a permit Whalen himself could best answer. Evidently he did require it.

The citizens of New York can expect no explanation of this business from Whalen, whose only defense thus far has been abuse of the Transit Commission's counsel, Clarence J. Shearn. They can expect nothing from the Mayor but a repetition of the silly charge that he is being persecuted by the traction interests.

But they can and do expect Alfred E. Smith to protect them from this sort of thing. He has the power to stop it. It is devoutly to be trusted that he begins to exercise it on the day his term of office begins.

Goodby Volstead

In all the queer capers of the election, is there one more diverting than the retirement of Representative Andrew J. Volstead, of Minnesota? Drys and wets joined in defeating the legislator whose statutory namesake put the teeth in prohibition. The former painted the lily by voting for the Rev. O. J. Kvale, who boasted he was "drier than Volstead." The latter also supported Mr. Kvale, from motives probably associated with their notion of poetic justice. If there is a martyrology connected with the saying that politics makes strange bedfellows Mr. Volstead must take rank among the shining victims.

It may solace him to feel that it will be a long time before his name is forgotten. Volsteadism is already imbedded in American speech to express a new phase of repression for which there is no convenient synonym. Mr. Volstead is likely to find himself in the next edition of the dictionary along with Dr. Guillotin, Dr. Bowdler, Mr. Pinchbeck, Captain Boycott and other worthies who are everlastingly symbolic.

The political reverse of a gentleman who has inspired millionfold grudges is perhaps not a national calamity. Very likely Andrew J. Volstead is a royal good fellow personally, and we gladly give him hail and farewell—*Ave atque Kvale.*

To Punish Poisoners

The poison-peddling bootlegger may elude the prohibition officers, but the Wisconsin Supreme Court insists that he must pay for the harm done to those who buy his wares.

This court held that both exemplary and compensatory damages may be assessed against saloonkeepers who sell intoxicating liquors in violation of the law. The sum of $3,500 awarded to a woman whose husband suffered severely because of the illicit liquor he had purchased and drunk was held not to be excessive.

In most states the only means to punish a vender of wood alcohol is arrest and conviction under the criminal statutes. Few such arrests have been made because of the difficulty in catching the bootleggers.

But civil law may succeed in Wisconsin where criminal law has failed in New York. Any means of ending the sale of poisonous liquor which proves effective will be widely welcomed in this country.

Economy in Excelsis

That is a fine scheme of a Japanese professor of political economy to rescue the nation from financial stringency by reducing the size of kimono sleeves. And he proves his case conclusively by mathematical process. So many people in Japan, so many kimonos apiece; so many yards of superfluous material in the long, flowing sleeves; so many yen a yard. Multiply these ascertained factors and the irrefutable product is 160,000,000 yen, or $80,000,000, which might be saved every year by merely changing the style of clothes. As Euclid remarked, Q. E. D.

Pursuing a like train of calculation, it would be interesting to know how much a year this nation is saving by the abbreviation of skirts. So many million flappers, so many dresses apiece; so many yards of goods saved, so many dimes or dollars a yard. How much? Genera' Dawes, having pruned down the governmental budget, must look to his laurels. Here may have been a greater saving than was his. Whether it was done for the purpose of national economy, however, is quite another question.

Somehow or other the learned Japanese professor's ingenious computation reminds us of Colonel Sellers's scheme for making uncounted millions by supplying ophthalmic Egyptians with eye lotion: So many Egyptians, so many eyes apiece; so many of 'em suffering from ophthalmia, so many bottles of lotion to effect a cure, so much profit on each bottle. "There's millions in it!" And they stayed in, too.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The Point of View

I

Ed Judson lived in Littleville;
Bill Bascom up the crick;
Ed Judson never spoke of Bill
Excepting as a hick.

II

Bill Bascom moved to Middletown
Where frequently he said:
"I know it's wrong, but I look down
On hicks like poor old Ed."

III

Ed Judson went to Syracuse
To study baking brick,
And there remarked, "It ain't no use;
Bill Bascom *is* a hick."

IV

To Cleveland, O., eftsoons went Bill
To learn the railroad bizz,
Remarking, "Ed's warm hearted, still
A hick he surely *is*."

V

To old New York Ed Judson sped
Where folks are very thick,
And there he almost daily said
"Bill Bascom's one big hick!"

VI

Bill Bascom is in Heaven now
And probably looks down,
And murmurs with a pitying brow:
"There's Ed, in that hick town!"

Quicker Than Dredging

Mr. Daugherty's ruling that foreign ships cannot serve liquor inside the three-mile limit is merely getting rid of the harbor bars.

Customs Change

The reason no one wears campaign hats any more is because every one is so busy passing them around.

Transformed

Most of the former bar flies are now well-known drinkers out.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Likely to Succeed

(From The Toronto Globe)

De Valera declares that the Irish republicans seek victory or extermination. Victory is impossible, but they are trying hard to merit the alternative.

The Tower

Copr., New York Tribune Inc., 1922

A correspondent remarks: "A book reviewer taking a wallop at the Autobiography of Augustus Thomas says that as an autobiography it is great, but as a history of the theater it is tragic. He might have added that as a cookbook it is contemptible and as an explanation of the Einstein Theory it is absolutely unintelligible."—A dramatic reviewer, speaking of a play in which we are more or less interested, remarked that a certain emotional scene actually had a great deal of comedy in it, apparently in the belief that the comedy lines somehow got there without the knowledge of the author.—Some of these reviewers will one day make the discovery that Dante's "Inferno" is not a comic opera.—"Where in this law-abiding and peaceful country does Captain Peter Fitzurse fight all those duels he is forever talking about?" asks A. T. R.

* * *

He doesn't fight them in this country at all.—He patronizes the Atlantic Ocean.—He fights them beyond the three-mile limit, on his Dueling Barge, the Jolly Pete, which flies the flag of the Siamese Navy.—The Captain tells us that among the other titles that he might wear if he wished is that of Admiral in the Siamese Navy.

* * *

You may remember the gallant battlecry of the Kings of Siam:

I am the King of Siam!
For Petting I don't give a damn!
Cupid's no god of me,
Though you may think it odd of me—
For I am a Fighter, I am!

* * *

But to return to the Captain's Dueling Barge, the Jolly Pete.—When the Captain picks up some pretty little quarrel, no matter what part of the country he is in—no matter what country—he and his seconds and his opponent and *his* seconds entrain at once for the seaport nearest the place where the Jolly Pete happens to be.—Arrived at the barge, all parties become legally citizens of Siam, the laws of Siam, the Captain informs us, permitting dueling, and being so framed as to admit aliens to citizenship upon application, when indorsed by an Admiral of the Navy.—The duel is therefore fought upon Siamese soil.

* * *

The Captain is a chivalrous soul.—He always insists that his opponent and seconds shall be his guests for some days before the duel, so that his opponent may practice and not be hampered, in the use of sword or pistol, by the rolling of the barge.

* * *

The barge is being lengthened just now.—This step has had to be taken as the result of a most lamentable episode.—"A gentleman . . . at least, I thought him to be a gentleman at the time . . . forced a quarrel upon me, sir," said the Captain, "by speaking with disrespect of the Plantagenet family.

* * *

"I have always considered the Plantagenets one of the best families that ever reigned in England.—The Plantagenets and the Fitzurses, sir, came originally from the same part of Normandy.—Their lands joined, and the Plantagenet boys, sir, were always 'Dick' and 'Will' and 'Harry' to the Fitzurse boys.—So you can understand that it was not only my duty but my pleasure to resent this person's slur upon the Plantagenet family.—I knocked him down, and I would have nicked his jugular vein with my sword, but it happened that just at that time the stupid authorities had taken my sword cane from me.—Some expressions which he used gave me the notion that he might be a man of mettle, and so I decided to grant him the honor of a duel.

* * *

"Arrived at my Dueling Barge, and all parties legally naturalized as citizens of Siam, I looked forward to a delightful little affair, terminating as usual.—But, would you believe it, sir, the man's courage deserted him at the last moment and he and his seconds took refuge behind a technicality to escape a duel.—The seconds had arranged that we should exchange shots at twenty paces, and we found that eighteen paces was all the space we could get on the deck of my barge.—I prefer to fight at fifteen paces, sir, especially since my eyesight is not so sood as it once was.

* * *

"He refused to modify the agreement so as to make the duel possible at eighteen paces, and according to the strict technicalities that govern the duello, he had a right to refuse.—But a gentleman would have waived the point and fought me at eighteen paces.

* * *

"As soon as I perceived that he was not a gentleman," continued the Captain, "I ceased to treat the fellow with the consideration due a gentleman."

* * *

"What did you do?" we asked.

* * *

"I took him by the scruff of the neck," said the Captain, "and propelled him to the rail of the little vessel. 'Damn you,' I said, 'you *will* slander the Plantagenets, will you?' And with that I cuffed him, sir, and kicked him overboard."

* * *

The Captain paused.—"Well," we said, "go on with the story."

* * *

"There is no more of the story, sir," said the Captain, placidly.—"But, good heavens!" said we, "what became of the fellow?"

* * *

"Really, sir," said the Captain, "I did not look to see."—"But how far out were you?"—"Ten or fifteen nautical miles, I should say," replied the Captain.—"But could the fellow swim?"—The Captain yawned.—"I know nothing of his personal accomplishments, sir," he replied. "I do not know whether he could swim, or whether he could play the violin. I lost interest in him entirely the moment he left my ship."

* * *

So the Dueling Barge is being lengthened, in order that no person may take advantage of the Captain again in that low and tricky way and escape a duel.—It is very hard to put anything over on the Captain.

DON MARQUIS.

TAMED

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Bohemians I Have Known

By David A. Curtis

"Goodby, Bohemia," a recent article in The Tribune by that clever raconteur James L. Ford, has brought to mind a flood of memories lacking which my past would be poor indeed. For I have rambled in Bohemia and made friends with some of the nobility of the country.

There be many who try to be Bohemians, but I never knew one to succeed. They are like the professional Southerners who raise the "rebel yell" at banquets even yet, thereby advertising themselves as carpet-baggers.

Neither Mr. Ford nor I knew Pfaff's. We are not old enough. He repeats what others have written about the Pfaff group, but he seems not to know Maria's, where Mickey Finn was part of the furniture, for he locates her jolly resort in Macdougal Street, and makes no mention of the other restaurants to which the real Bohemians went when the pretenders crowded them out of the Twelfth Street place. Such places as Jauss's I mean. Who knows, to-day, where Jauss's was?

But whatever people think, the restaurant of the Greenwich Village type is not and never was the best place to find Bohemians. They have resorts to which curiosity seekers find no entrance. The first of these that I recall was the delightful home of Mrs. Marion Fortescue, who afterward became Mrs. Robert B. Roosevelt. There once a year, Mr. Roosevelt gave a "potluck picnic" to the elect.

The uncle of the famous President was an aristocrat of the aristocrats, though a Democrat politically and the recipient of high honors from his party, but he was also Harry Clapp's successor as titular prince in Bohemia. Clapp was the leader of the Pfaff group. My last meeting with him was in Cobweb Hall, in Duane Street, some time in the '70s, when he had already been forgotten. Even a Bohemian's fame is sometimes fleeting. He passed away soon after. Among the few but sincere mourners I recall Mortimer Thompson ("Philander Q. K. Doesticks, P. B."), Amos Cummings, Sam McKeever, Tody Hamilton, Kenward Philp and Henry Hercules Hadley, Bohemians all at that time, though Hadley "came back" and afterward became the official almoner of St. Bartholomew's Church.

Each of the hundred or so guests at the potluck was expected to prepare and bring some contribution to the feast, and as each one usually brought enough for a dozen the table was not only overladen but bewildering in variety. One year Joaquin Miller gave us what he proudly proclaimed as the true camp coffee of the wild Westerner, which we could not drink. But the principal zest of the feast came always from the attic salt, of which each brought at least a modicum, else he was not bidden again.

Then Roosevelt sailed away and for a time there was no recognized leader in the realm of glorified whimsicality, though there were many of distinction. Perhaps Maurice Barrymore was the foremost of these for a time, but he established no court.

One might meet Barrymore almost anywhere unless he was expected there, but I never met him alone. One afternoon stands out. We sat in the art gallery that was called the barroom of the Hoffman House by the white-haired man with a haunted look in his eyes who ran that hotel at the time it was most famous. Colonel John Amory Knox had just breezed in from Texas, bringing his "Texas Siftings," his broad brimmed smile and hat, his business partner, his military title and his inimitable swagger with him, and had inside of a week made friends with everybody worth knowing in New York.

Miner Griswold, the "Fat Contributor," who told more convulsingly funny stories of his own personal experience, and told them more amusingly and amazingly than any one else I ever knew, was there. If the shadow of his tragic end had already fallen across his soul he gave no sign of recognition of it, though there was sometimes a faint tinge of wistfulness in his voice as he quoted Tom Corwin's saying, "The world erects no monuments to funny men."

Billie Fales, who was then coming into fame, was there. So was Brooks, the lawyer (not Charles, but Charley in that circle), who shone at Clover Club dinners when Lew Megargee and Mose Handy established Philadelphia as the temporary capital of Bohemia.

I said to him once, "What is best worth doing?" And he said, "Chasing butterflies."

"But supposing you catch them," I objected. "Chase butterflies," said he.

Then "Barry" passed and we followed Fales to Jauss's, where we met Allan Forman, Hugh Farrar McDermott, George Halm, John Moran, Hoyt Allen, Mme. Cottrelly and many more. But that is another story. Before that Courtland Palmer had tried with indifferent success, though he had Mrs. John Bigelow's help, to lure a Bohemian group to his Gramercy Park mansion on set occasions. A few went a few times and that was the end of that.

The difference between a real and a spurious Bohemian can no more be explained to one who does not recognize it without explanation than the difference between red and blue can be explained to one who is color blind. Some points of difference, however, may be noted. Most people have faults, but the Bohemian himself pays the penalty for his failings and the Pharisee usually manages his indiscretions so that some one else shall pay. Also the Bohemian cares not a whoop what others think, if only he be entertained. The Pharisee, in the last analysis, attaches more importance to the opinions of others than he does to his own. So much I have learned from the many I have known, whose Bohemianism has greatly endeared them to me while they were here, even though it may have shortened that period. Their death is often cited to point a moral, but I notice that Pharisees die also.

What Readers Say

A Sentimental Landslide

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Reading the results of the elections, I am reminded of a statement made by Julian Street some time ago to the effect that "we Americans indulge in too much sloppy sentimentalism." That's the explanation of this landslide.

Because a likable fellow who talks well and knows how to smile tells them things they like to hear a large number of unthinking voters give him their ballot. They are almost frantic in their exhilaration at his election. Yet what do they expect to get from him? Certainly not light wines and beer or repeal of the tariff, since it is beyond his power to provide either. Do they expect to get better transit facilities? Surely there is no promise in that direction. But home rule sounds good.

It seems as though any one could see that the election of Smith must mean two more years of little accomplishment, no matter how good his intentions may be. The reason is, of course, the lack of likely co-operation between the executive and the legislative body. Still, Smith is a fine fellow, let's give him another chance, says the average man, and here we are. No thought is given to the effective and conscientious work of the other man. They don't like his looks and dislike the way he says things. The French have a proverb which says that it is only the truth that hurts.

J. R. WEMLINGER.

New York, Nov. 8, 1922.

A Gloomy Homecoming

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: After eight months of travel abroad the return to New York gives us a greater surprise than anything we have seen in Europe, Asia or Africa.

When we left home the cloud of smoke which hung over the city was not much larger than a man's hand, while now it envelops everything like a glove of gigantic proportions. London is a sunshine city compared with gloomy New York. When we went away the ash carts vied with the smoke distributors in polluting the air, while now even more ashes would hardly be noticed in the blackness of soft coal smoke. Why must we have either nuisance?

If all of us who are lazy and indifferent would only be different to the point of being willing to make real sacrifices, conditions might be improved. However, if women are accepting the return to long skirts on the street there is no help nor health in us.

BETH BALLIET.

New York, Nov. 8, 1922.

"Tariff Rebels"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It looks very decidedly as though the "Tariff Rebels" had found opportunity for "expression," and have exercised it in numbers sufficient to constitute reckoning by "army units," as I foretold. And so did you and "The New York Herald" when the foretelling was worth while, but your advice was not heeded. One of our worst situations is a dominant party with too great a majority in Congress behind it.

EDWARD S. FIELD.

New York, Nov. 8, 1922.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Every Republican defeated in the recent election will present his views of the proper alibi, and many of those who are not defeated will be equally zealous in setting forth their views of how and why it happened. Few will have the courage to admit that for their defeat they have only themselves to blame.

If any Republican in Congress thought the tariff bill as whipped into shape for final passage would meet with popular approval he thereby showed himself unfit for his job—and there must have been a lot of him, else the bill would not have become a law. Any person with two good ears could have got the drift of public opinion weeks in advance of the fatal moment of passage.

However regrettable the late evidence of the people's might may have been, it is not so much so as a clear-cut indorsement of the work of the last Congress would have been. The saddest feature of the slaughter of Tuesday was the defeat of Governor Miller—the one great tragic figure of the day.

A. M. ADAMS.

Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 9, 1922.