

**New York Tribune**  
 First to Last—the Truth News—Editorials—Advertisements  
 Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations  
 THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily, except Sundays, Holidays, and special days. Headquarters: 120 Nassau Street, New York City. Telephone: 2-1000.

Subscription Rates—By Mail, including Postage in the United States:  
 One Year \$12.00  
 Six Months \$7.00  
 Three Months \$4.00  
 Daily rate 35c

By Mail, Foreign:  
 One Year \$18.00  
 Six Months \$11.00  
 Three Months \$6.00  
 Daily rate 50c

Advertising Rates:  
 First position, 10 lines, 10 days \$100.00  
 Second position, 10 lines, 10 days \$75.00  
 Third position, 10 lines, 10 days \$50.00  
 Daily rate 10c per line

security she asks only for what is obviously fair and right. It is America's duty to support her demand. Whether that security is best to be found in the seizure of the Ruhr or by other measures is a practical detail of minor importance as to which a reasonable decision can surely be reached.

**Smith or Murphy?**  
 Governor-elect Smith knows every man in Tammany Hall as well as he knows Mayor Hylan. He has grown up with the organization. He can have no illusions about it. But it will not be Tammany Hall that made Mr. Smith Governor. And it will not be Tammany Hall to which he is responsible for the government of the State of New York during the next two years.

Whether or not Mr. Smith wants to be President of the United States—and no one could blame him for harboring such an ambition—he has a duty to perform for the people who elected him. That duty is to give the State a clean, honest and able administration, to keep professional place hunters and grafters out of office and to keep their grasping hands off public utilities.

**Why Insure or Prepare?**  
 Senator Borah laughed loudly at the notion of certain Senators who wanted a merchant marine for purposes of national defense; because, he proclaimed, no one could point to any war that was "imminent." That seems to be the favorite argument nowadays of the anti-preparedness devotees—just as it was in 1913. War has been made unlikely on the Pacific by the four-power pact and the chance of our fighting anybody just now is small. Therefore, abolish the army and navy and forget about a merchant marine—even though it was a merchant marine, the British, that enabled the American army to arrive in time in 1918.

This is a fine idea, but to be consistent the Senator ought to apply his theory all along the line. The risk of a "fire-proof" building burning down is obviously small. No fire can possibly be shown to be "imminent." Therefore, cancel all insurance on your "fire-proof" buildings. Or since national defense involves lives quite as much as property take the parallel of a modern school building. Every precaution has been taken to reduce fire risk in it. The chance that it will burn down is, let us say, one in a million instead of one in a thousand. Why waste the time and energy of school children in that obsolete relic, a fire drill?

Cancel your insurance policies. Stop all fire drills in schools. Then go ahead and end all preparedness for national defense. We hope Senator Borah will round out his program for gambling upon all perils not "imminent."

**Pigs and Damages**  
 Secretary Wallace has sung the psalm of the pig, and the Department of Agriculture has published glowing accounts of the profits made by home pig clubs for boys and girls, but it has remained for an Italian citizen of White Plains to show that pigs can be profitable, even when not possessed on the hoof, on the ham or in the sausage. A Frenchman of his acquaintance had the temerity to apply the epithet "cochon!" to him in the course of a dispute, and in the suit promptly brought against the Frenchman by the Italian the jury handed the latter a verdict of \$750, evidently for defamation of character. The testimony must have been convincing as to the extent of the affront, for the judge pronounced the verdict sensible and the amount right.

To the Anglo-Saxon the pig has never been an object of particular antipathy. Its name when applied to humans has implied selfishness or bad manners. Evidently even a prolonged contemplation of pigginess and a diligent search of ancient authorities did not inspire Noah Webster to characterize the pig as anything worse than a young swine, and the swine in turn as "artiodactyl animals of omnivorous habits." In this he does not differ much from Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, who describe a hog as "an omnivorous suid mammal." All three are impressed with the gluttonous nature of the beast, as is any one who listens to him eat.

To the foreigner, however, and especially to the Continental, the swine, be he pig or hog, has something about him sufficiently repulsive to make the use of his name a term of reproach. Whether it be "cochon!" "puerco!" "porco!" or the more expressive German "Schweinhund!" the recipient is almost sure to consider himself mortally insulted. Had the recipient of the term "cochon" and

the \$750 been a native American he would have gone unscathed and uncompensated. It evidently pays not to have a thick hide and to come from a country rich in the vocabulary of insult.

**Forestalling the Coal Shark**  
 No better service has been performed by the fuel administration than that of insuring a coal supply to people of limited means at a fair price. During the coal famine of 1902 the bucket dealers sold coal at a price that ran sometimes as high as \$35 a ton. The poor consumer had to pay this price or freeze.

The system which has been introduced this year has worked admirably thus far. Coal is vended in very small lots at the ton price which large consumers must pay. Stations are established where they can be reached conveniently, and their locations have been published in the newspapers.

With the supply short of the demand there is likely to be gouging here and there, but if the fuel administration firmly refuses further stock to any dealer caught profiteering this will soon come to an end. Rationing is likely to be necessary for at least two months more, and it is a real accomplishment to give people of all conditions a reasonably and honestly priced supply.

**Art for Politics' Sake**  
 Financial geniuses appear to arise when they are needed. In the dark hours of the Republic Alexander Hamilton smote the rock of public credit and a stream of revenue gushed forth. Here in the metropolis when school funds run low some inspired member of the Board of Education snatches a portrait of De Witt Clinton from the walls of the board room and disposes of it for enough money to pay a judgment against his department for \$140.

Thus the problem of where the money for schools is coming from is solved. Other portraits of distinguished former mayors and governors adorn the interiors of public buildings. As fast as claims are filed they can be sold to meet them. And even if all the relatives of John H. McCooey, Mr. Murphy's Brooklyn satrap, aspire to high-salaried positions in the schools the funds can be readily provided.

Some day Mr. Murphy or Mr. McCooey may wander by mistake into the large stone building on the eastern edge of Central Park at Eighty-sixth Street. This building contains many pictures, whose combined value runs into the millions. If a way can be found to sell them, even though the title to them is not vested in the city, the entire McCooey contingent can be kept in excellent places even to the fourth or fourteenth generation.

Raphael's "Madonna" alone could be instantly turned into a quarter of a million dollars in cash. Paintings by Rembrandt, Ver Meer and a score of other old masters would pay the salaries of all the Tammany applicants for pedagogical positions who have managed to get through high school, and there might even be a little money left over to build a couple of new school buildings.

Just a hasty collection trip through the museum would prove more lucrative than a raid on the Mint. And though the city has not at present the right to dispose of these art treasures and some of them are loaned by their owners, an organization like Tammany with full power in the city could, by asserting the power of eminent domain, condemn and sell them whenever new jobs were demanded by the supporters of the boss.

The ignorant cry out upon art as having no practical value—like other manufactured products such as home brew and radio sets; but if it can be made to educate the children of a great city and at the same time keep hundreds of faithful Tammany voters on the pay roll this opinion will have to be revised.

is music in Millinocket and the Allagash, in Meddybemps (beloved of Claire Briggs) in Cobossecontee, Norridgewock and Mooselucmeguntic. And what aboriginal triumphs are Sykladobels, Molechunkamunk, Pamgoodkamook and Chimquassibantacook!

The varied wealth of Maine's nomenclature is a delight to those who have a taste for the state, either native or acquired. It is good to hear Mr. Seitz boost Norway, even if it is not a "unique community," as he says, but quite typical of that neck of the woods. Let us hope it is still breeding hardy Norsemen to send on to Park Row.

**Real or Reel Pirates?**  
 While the American newspapers were deploring the number of bandits in Mexico the Mexican press carried lengthy articles about the dangers of life in New York and the armies of bandits who drove taxis and robbed peaceful citizens in broad daylight on Broadway. Now, however, the Mexicans have discovered that pirates are once more upon the high seas and that their vessels are owned and manned by Americans.

Nor are they merely bootleggers or rum runners. They are genuine, 100 per cent pirates, in search of treasure. Their port of outfitting, according to Mexican dispatches, is the much advertised and often maligned city of San Diego, near the southern border of California.

It is not unnatural that their radius of operation is confined to the Gulf of California. This is one of the few localities left on the American Continent inaccessible and untraveled except by occasional mail steamers. Both shores are flanked by deserts, with only a few straggling settlements where some stream has a sufficient all-year flow to make irrigation possible. From a little harbor at the end of the peninsula of Lower California, where the town of La Paz is situated, some of the few pearl fishers on the North American coast go forth to their work. The pearls from the region are often of fine quality, but they are comparatively scarce and the work of getting them is slow and arduous. It has been estimated that only about one shell in a thousand contains a pearl.

Evidently, however, their harvest is sufficient to cause the Mexicans to think that piracy is profitable. If it is not, and yet the pirates are there, why not place the blame on Hollywood and appeal to Will Hays rather than to Secretary Hughes to remove them from the high seas?

**More Truth Than Poetry**  
 By James J. Montague

A Human Wreck in the Making  
 He's sure to be a nervous wreck,  
 He always is suppressed,  
 His dull pre-Freudian parents check  
 Each impulse in his breast.  
 He cannot squash a worm or ant  
 When on the walk they crawl,  
 Or chase the hens—in fact, he can't  
 Express himself at all.

It's always inhibition this,  
 Or inhibition that;  
 They cry "No! no!" if he should throw  
 A stove lid at the cat.  
 And when for years and years  
 The things that he enjoyed,  
 Too late they'll find his brilliant mind  
 Is totally destroyed.

He cannot smear himself with coal  
 Or stick pins in the pup—  
 These small desires that move his soul  
 Are always bottled up.  
 He's told that eating half a pie  
 Is sure to make him ill;  
 His stupid parents always try  
 To thwart his childish will.

It's always inhibition here  
 And inhibition there,  
 Life is for him but stern and grim—  
 A record of despair.  
 With all his impulses repressed  
 He'll grow up glum and sad,  
 And in due time he'll turn to crime  
 Or go stark staring mad!

**The Lantern**  
 Capt. Peter Fitzurse confides to us that the three fingers which were bitten off his right hand on Christmas Eve, 1897, by a mad bull seal, a few hours after his discovery of the North Pole, returned to him as the result of a system of auto-suggestion invented by himself.

"I will be ninety-five years old on the 28th of February, 1923," said Captain Fitzurse yesterday. "How did I reach this great age? Sir, by practicing the Fitzurse System! I could have died a dozen times in the last twenty years if I had wished to. But I did not wish to. That is all there is to it."

"My present intention is to die at the age of 125; but I may change my mind and live longer."

"However, I did not intend to talk about myself, but about my System."

He pulled from his pocket a number of letters and began to tell us what they contained.

"This one," he said, "is from a pair of Siamese twins, who were formerly triplets. They felt a certain shame at being triplets . . . it seemed too unconventional to them, I suppose. After using the Fitzurse System faithfully for six months they became twins instead of triplets, and they write that they cannot thank me sufficiently for what the Fitzurse System has done for them."

"And this one is from a gentleman who became tired of his wife and wished to marry another lady. She had been very good-looking when he married her, and he vaguely expected, without thinking very deeply of the matter, that she would continue to be beautiful. He used to argue with her about it, but in spite of everything he said to her she persisted in losing her attractiveness. Naturally, this display of obstinacy on her part led him to desert her. But there was no legal manner in which he could get rid of her, as she had never done anything amiss. He finally took up the Fitzurse System and gave his wife the suggestion that she was a vamp. She eloped with a blind man within six weeks and he has married the other lady, who is quite young and very handsome, and now everybody is happy. It is all due to the Fitzurse System, he writes."

"And here is one from the widow of a man who was a barber before prohibition came to the country and who used to drink a great deal. After the Volstead act went into effect he found a certain difficulty, being a poor man, in getting all the liquor he wanted."

"So he took to drinking a brand of hair tonic which contains about 40 per cent of alcohol. After he had been at this for nearly a year he began to feel a tickling inside of him. He would burst into laughter at the most inopportune moments, and when asked the cause of his mirth he would say: 'Something tickles me!'

"His wife discovered that the poor barber was becoming lined with hair, as a result of his indulgence in the hair tonic, and she tried to persuade him to desist. But he would not do so. Alas! He was fast in the clutches of the Drink Demon! And he grew furrer and furrer inside."

**Books and So Forth** By Frederic F. Van de Water (F. F. V.)

THE source of most of the ills that beset us currently can be traced back to the fact that we didn't stay in New Jersey, where you were born, but immigrated to New York at an early age. If we had remained upon our native health we might now have the money the New York State Income Tax Bureau has taken away from us and would be a more popular figure among our friends and relatives, Christmas morning, than we are destined to be, this year.

Furthermore, our literary taste might be keener and more appreciative if we hadn't studied English literature for four years in a New York high school. That ordeal almost cured us. It is now some time since we were emancipated from George Eliot and De Quincey, and from the day of our graduation to this we have never resumed contact. We don't think we could see a production of "The Merchant of Venice" to-day without a reminiscent shudder, and the only reason we cherish any kindly feeling for "Ivanhoe" and "The Ancient Mariner" is because we read both of them before their glorious bodies were probed, flayed and disjointed in a classroom.

The educational method of our day inspired true love of books about as much as a course in physics would improve one's appreciation of painting or music. On emerging from four years of literary forcible feeding one shrills no more to the art of great writers than a man who had worked for months in a dissecting room can respond to the artistic appeal of a Russian ballet. Apparently, they do these things better in New Jersey.

Donna B. Cleveland, head of the English department of the West New York, N. J., High School, writes: "In speaking of William Beebe you say that no one pays any attention to him. You might be mildly interested to know that this year his "Edge of the Jungle" has been added to the list of books for special study in the junior English classes of the high school in

West New York. This and some other modern books were added to the course to dispel the notion, too commonly held by high school students, that all writers of literature wrote rather dull novels, poetry or dry essays, and died many years ago.

"By special study I do not mean the old method of tearing a book to shreds by minute analysis, nor using it for a kind of disguised grammar study. The students are given a certain number of pages to read for a certain recitation, and in class we discuss this assignment, teacher and pupils together, telling what we liked or did not like, citing especially striking passages and sometimes getting into rather deep water in digressions, philosophical and otherwise, that are suggested by what we are reading. Everybody has something to say and most of us have a great deal of fun; perhaps the teacher has the most of that."

"The students like 'The Edge of the Jungle' . . . They were a little puzzled by it at first; it was so different from anything they had read before, but when they had become acquainted with it they were enthusiastic. It was interesting to see how it broadened their horizons."

If Miss Cleveland really means that students in the New Jersey high schools are permitted to speak right out in meeting and tell what they did not like in the books they have been obliged to read we think that the educational authorities of the state just to the west are doing a tremendous work for the future of American literature.

The chief trouble, it seems to us, with the people of this nation has been their literary inferiority complex. Few of them have the least confidence in their own taste in books or their own country's literature. Automatically, the American mentality, confronted by a volume by a native American, registers lukewarm or deprecating judgment. At best the book is "pretty good." On the other hand, there aren't many great-grandsons of the heroes of Lexington

and Monmouth who will fall to give much higher praise to inferior books by English writers. Historically, we still seem perfunctory. In literature, we bow before her with an excess of humility.

People don't say what they think about books. They say what they think they ought to think.

Only once or twice in our high school experience do we remember any of having the insurgent spirit to speak up and say that the book being dissected at the moment was stupid or, in his opinion, badly written or untrue to life. And the fate of the unfortunate prodemagogue is vivid in our memory. His remarks were received as though they had been directed against the home life of the principal.

And yet we think he had justice on his side. High school students are not entirely unqualified for independent thought—that is, if they haven't been in high school too long. Science, the arts, permits no debate. The man who tries to quarrel with the classical theory or the principles of Aristotelianism is setting himself up against the scientific testimony of the ages. But literary values are to a large extent matters of opinion. We think the student who, out of his conviction, says that he thinks "Silas Marner" is stupid, or that a large proportion of De Quincey is not ought to have his mark raised 10 per cent immediately for literary initiative.

If the high school students of New Jersey are reading in course William Beebe, who in our opinion is the best of our writers, we think they are being permitted to say what they don't like, instead of being expected to preserve a permanent attitude of fawning approval, we promise, if born again, to stay where nature deposited us.

The conspicuous lack of book criticism in our last two efforts is due to the fact that we're trying to read H. Lawrence's "Women in Love."

**What Readers Are Thinking**

**"The Last Defense"**  
 To the Editor of The Tribune:  
 Sir: Your editorial "The Last Defense" most accurately presents the transit problem that confronts not only the Governor-elect but the Republican members-elect of the Assembly, who concededly can, if faithful to their trust, prevent the carry-over into effect of the Hylan transit policy.

Governor Miller's transit plan won approval from Democrats as well as Republicans from the start, while it was still pending in the Legislature, before we knew the bills would be enacted into laws or who, if they became laws, would be appointed on the Transit Commission. I asked Mr. McAneny, who had been in touch with and officially an actor in the dual plan at the time when he was President of the Borough, if, in his judgment, Governor Miller was not the one officer having authority in the matter who had looked the situation through from top to bottom and devised a workable solution, and he answered that he thought that about expressed it.

It was gratifying that, with Mr. McAneny's conceded familiarity with the subject, he was appointed to head the new commission, though he and the Governor did not belong to the same political party, and the appointment of his two associates seemed equally wise and happy.

We are informed that the commission, so constituted, has worked out a comprehensive plan which experts commend, and Governor-elect Smith faces the question whether that plan shall be retained and put into complete operation, or shall be disrupted and displaced by one of which Mayor Hylan will approve. Can there be doubt as to what is the duty of Republican Assemblymen-elect, having due regard to their oath of office? How can they conscientiously evade the solemn duty to preserve this wisely devised plan at all hazards?

GEORGE R. BISHOP.  
 New York, Dec. 19, 1922.

**Baseball in the Papers**  
 To the Editor of The Tribune:  
 Sir: The letter of Mr. A. L. Rogers in the Tribune relative to baseball and newspapers is both important and true. As he says, if the New York papers (and the papers of all other cities and towns) would not devote so much space to baseball games commercial baseball would soon go out of business.

New I do not object to baseball, as played and conducted in the '90s, but

**The Ruhr as Security**

It is a welcome sign that even in quarters most sympathetic to Germany there is now realization that the first and greatest problem to be faced is the obtaining from Germany of assurances that she will in good faith begin to pay what she owes.

What Germany could have paid as reparations had she in good faith accepted the judgment of the world will probably never be known, for from the day of the Versailles Treaty her government and her financiers have consistently used every method that ingenuity could devise to evade payment. The vast sums have been shipped overseas as conceded by Mr. Bonar Law. The record of the printing presses that have debased the German mark is a matter of common knowledge. Great hardship has resulted to the middle classes living upon fixed salaries and to the laboring classes, whose mounting wages have failed to compensate for the rapidly diminishing purchasing value of the mark. But great profits have been made from this inflation and German industry has been active.

The problem that now confronts the Allies and the United States is to determine what sum it is practicable to collect from this nation which for three years has shipped its assets beyond the jurisdiction of the court, so to speak, and now seeks a voluntary bankruptcy.

There is agreement among many of the experts who have studied the problem that the sum lies between \$10,000,000,000 and \$15,000,000,000. This is less than half of the \$32,000,000,000 fixed by the London conference, which, in turn, was but a fraction of the vast sum that Mr. Lloyd George thundered for in his "last farthing" mood of the Versailles conference.

Had Germany in good faith sought to pay the judgment found against her and it had proved beyond her power there would be a very different problem before the Allies to-day. There would be general willingness to make concessions, to render help by loans and to rely upon Germany's word to live up to any revision that was reached. The case of France in 1871, shorn of Alsace and Lorraine and ordered to pay \$1,000,000,000 indemnity within three years, stands as the great example of a nation that attempts no evasion and pays with every energy. France held the whole of her indemnity six months before it was due, largely through loans from other nations.

As it is, how can the creditors of Germany be assured that if they now reduce the judgment she will not continue her policy of evasion and attempt to secure yet another reduction? It is from this point of view that the French insistence upon occupation of the Ruhr is to be discussed. No one can in good faith question the intentions of France in the Ruhr. Her government has repeatedly disavowed any thought of conquest and has stated that if she went further into Germany she would simply hold such territory as she occupied as security for all the Allies against German default.

There is surely nothing startling in the idea of a creditor's demanding collateral or security for a debt from a slippery debtor. The Allies are occupying the Rhineland upon exactly that principle. Germany in 1871 occupied far more of France than the Rhineland and the Ruhr together, and retreated step by step only as each payment was made and delivered.

The objections to the occupation of the Ruhr are wholly practical. It is a costly project. It may hamper Germany's industry and thus lessen her ability to pay. For these reasons some central control of German finance may well be preferable. But what we wish to insist upon is that the question of seizing the Ruhr is simply a practical one of how best to enforce collection from an elusive debtor. Surely if the United States approaches the problem with knowledge of the facts and a realization that some security is necessary agreement can be reached with France and with England.

France has been left stricken by an invader to rebuild her ruins thus far with but a dribble of reparations to aid. In insisting now upon better