

THE SUN-HERALD CORPORATION. Frank A. Munsey, President. Edwin Wardman, Vice-President. Wm. T. Dowry, Vice-President and Treasurer. H. H. Tibbington, Secretary.

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MAIN BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 250 BROADWAY, TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

The Union of "The Sun" and "The New York Herald."

To-day the readers of THE SUN and the readers of THE NEW YORK HERALD have in their hands a newspaper in which the hitherto separate entities of the two oldest morning journals of New York city are combined under a single ownership and management.

For nearly eighty-five years in the case of THE HERALD, for more than eighty-six years in the case of THE SUN, these papers have pursued distinct courses, with varying fortunes on either side, but on both sides with a strongly marked individuality and a sustained quality of concept and product without parallel in the history of metropolitan journalism, perhaps without equal in the journalistic history of the whole world.

To uncounted millions of newspaper readers during more than three-quarters of a century THE SUN and THE NEW YORK HERALD have been like real persons of flesh and blood. They have inspired strong attachments and, on occasion, have provoked and even welcomed lively enmities, as happens generally to real persons in whose veins a fair equipment of red corpuscles is moving and whose gray matter is not unduly afflicted with sluggishness.

But ever since BEN DAY worked off on his crude little hand press in William street the few hundred copies which constituted the initial edition of his revolutionary penny paper enterprise there has been at no time any reason for mistaking THE SUN for any other newspaper. And ever since JAMES GORDON BENNETT the elder entered the field of competitive effort in this town with his one-cent New York Herald, and a very shrewdly conceived idea of what a newspaper ought to be, there has never been the least excuse for failure to identify THE HERALD as THE HERALD. It is a remarkable thing—we repeat, perhaps the most remarkable thing in all journalistic history—that after fourscore years of separate existence two such highly individualized and strongly contrasted offspring of the press should join hands and go out together this morning as one.

That it may be a prosperous union, we are sure, is the wish and hope of the friends of both. That it shall be a union profitable to the friends of both is the determined purpose of the proprietor and responsible conductor of the united newspapers.

He is fully awake to the auspicious circumstance, so seldom obtaining in the case of newspaper consolidations, that in this particular conjunction THE HERALD is able to bring to THE SUN traditions of method and distinctive features which it has needed, while THE SUN brings to THE HERALD different but equally important traditions and qualities which would have been at any time a valuable accession to the resources of that establishment.

sheets of the period had been giving their innocent patrons little or no news, some editorial expression, much of it about more or less negligible matters, a miscellany sadly destitute of human interest, and a voluminous volunteer correspondence mainly on subjects of concern to the writer rather than to the reader. Not a paper was sold on the streets and the progress of the printed blanket from printer to subscriber was of the most leisurely description.

DAY started in with his SUN, put his price at one cent instead of six, devised the newsboy system; and the first newsboy that ever sold a paper on the streets of New York was his BERNARD FLAHERTY, afterward famous as BARNBY WILLIAMS, the comedian. DAY had from the beginning a keen perception of human interest and of the amusing, both in his local reporting and his editorial writing and also in his scissored matter, and he developed those qualities as he piled up circulation; but he never showed the slightest conception of news perspective or of appetite for the big things for which the BENNETTS reached forth all over the world with lavish enterprise and mastery activity. The BENNETTS, who succeeded him, were more formidable competitors of BENNETT in this respect; but while they emulated the methods of their rival in news collection they really never approached the HERALD's efficiency. When DANA came in, in 1868, and made THE SUN which most persons now living remember as THE SIX of the past, he introduced fine scholarship, a marvelous appreciation of humor and satire, a vigorous editorial style and a perfectly definite knowledge of that which he editorially desired to accomplish. But his idea of news enterprise was selective rather than impartially comprehensive, like that of the BENNETTS.

When the senior BENNETT started THE HERALD, in competition with THE SUN of BEN DAY in the field of lower priced journalism, he defined in practical achievement that theory and that tradition which made his paper the foremost news getter in the world. Non-partisan reporting of all the facts of interest, whether in Brooklyn or in Bohemia, unflinching expenditure to secure the sensational, minute attention to social and aesthetic intelligence of every sort, were more in his mind as his power and prestige increased than any attempt to influence mankind by editorial persuasion. It is illustrative of the elder BENNETT's genius that on the second day of his HERALD's appearance he introduced the feature of a full stock market report. In a hundred other ways he expanded the function of the daily press; and although he had thousands of imitators who gradually made common property of his instinctive methods and bold innovations, he remained to the end of his life the master and the chief of the art of news journalism. His son preserved the continuity of the tradition, improving upon its practical application as material prosperity and mechanical devices enabled the improvement, and adding refinements of perception and process of which the father had never dreamed. This was especially true in the province of gentlemanly sport. THE HERALD became and always has been unrivalled in the breadth and finish of its chronicle of many amateur endeavor on land and sea. Thus THE HERALD came down to the day of its union with THE SUN.

What possibilities there are in the junction of these two distinct theories and traditions of journalism, in the combination of the comprehensive news gathering efficiency of THE HERALD with the editorial vigor and "punch for something" quality commonly attributed to THE SUN, it remains for THE SUN-HERALD to attempt to demonstrate.

We are impelled to these observations by the very generally favorable and complimentary comments by our esteemed contemporaries concerning the prospects of the undertaking. We thank them. Their words encourage us and cheer us prodigiously as the undertaking proceeds.

Is It Venus or Nothing? Scientists who think of looping in on the interplanetary ether under the stimulus of Mr. MARCONI's mysterious signals will do well to heed the warning of Dr. C. G. ABOT, director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. It is useless, he says, to expect a chat with Mars. There is nobody home. Dr. ABOT knows, for he was with Dr. CAMPBELL, the director of the Lick Observatory, on the fateful ascent of Mount Whitney in 1909 when it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the scientific world that the dreams of FLAMMARION and LOWELL of an intelligent race of chthonic building Martians were only phantoms of hope. The low temperature and the lack of

vapor on Mars make life, as we know life, impossible there. If any planet is trying to get us it's Venus. Dr. Abbot agrees with the opinion uttered several years ago by the great Swedish scientist, SVANTE ARRHENIUS, that the clear white lady who is now a morning star is climatically qualified to produce all the forms of life, animal and vegetable, from profifers to prunes, which come forth on the earth. Her average temperature, which ARRHENIUS believes to be 116 degrees Fahrenheit, is not likely to cause a demand for summer cottages. The humidity, three times as great as that of the steamy forests of the Congo, makes stiff collars impossible. The planet has many swamps and probably is covered with gas from decaying vegetation which is turning into coal. Not pleasant, but ARRHENIUS gives hope.

"Later the temperature will sink, the dense clouds and the gloom disperse and some time, perhaps not before life on the earth has reverted to its simpler forms or has even become extinct, a flora and a fauna will appear, similar in kind to those that now delight our human eye, and Venus will then indeed be the Heavenly Queen of Babylonian fame, not because of her radiant lustre alone, but as the dwelling place of the highest beings in our solar system."

Dr. ARRHENIUS has little faith in the present habitation of any planet, and hope for Venus alone. Yet he has declared his belief that living beings tenant the satellites of the countless suns which burn so far out in space that their remoteness from us makes Venus, by comparison, a crowding neighbor. Operator, get the Aldebaran central and see what's doing on the earth that goes around that star even as we circle Old Sol!

A Sign of the Times. Nothing could be a sweeter portent of the coming national campaign than the leadership of the Johnson Club which has been organized in this city. Former Senator WILLIAM M. BENNETT, the club's president, announces himself heart and soul for HIRSH JOHNSON for President.

A campaign in which the Hon. WILLIAM M. BENNETT is found to be enthusiastic for anybody except WILLIAM M. BENNETT is sure to be one of unselfishness and spiritual uplift.

Trying to Print Bread and Butter. Steel industries like steel workers, and all American producers like all American consumers, would better let the economic fundamentals penetrate more deeply into their intellects and they will go down together in one colossal smash.

While the United States Steel Corporation is announcing pay to day laborers of more than \$5 for a day of ten hours, the farmers of the United States are declaiming against the wage earners that get high pay but won't work, against the urban populations that exhaust production and want to riot over the price of what is produced. The American farmer declares that of all those involved in this economic crisis, he gets the worst of it because he alone does work hard. He works twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours a day and yet gets nothing out of it, while the labor union worker who will work but six or seven or eight hours a day, and work very differently at that, gets \$5, \$6, \$8, even \$10 a day.

But the American farmer is wrong in thinking he is the only victim of this preposterous national performance of trying to lift oneself by the bootstraps. Nobody gets anything out of it. They are all victims, foolish victims—sometimes it seems, because of their very mania of fallacy incurable victims.

It has got to be admitted by the farmer, by the employer and by everybody that the man who gets twice the wage or salary or income or whatever it is which he got only a little while ago, has to pay a good deal more than he paid a little while ago to meet his cost of living—his food, originating at the farm, his clothes, originating at the farm, his shelter originating in the forests and in the mines, natural kindred of the farm. Whether his earnings are half again as much as they were or twice as much as they were, they have to be exchanged into wheat at \$2.25 a bushel instead of 90 cents; into pork products at 50 cents a pound instead of 38 cents a pound; into cotton at 40 cents a pound instead of 30 cents; into wool at dollars instead of quarter dollars.

Steel wages and farm prices, other earnings and other prices, producers' costs and consumers' costs—they are all in the same vicious, damning circle.

ers but among the producers, there is a very delirium of trying to work out the solution of our economic problems by printing bonds! Printing notes! Printing money—printing dollar marks on wages! Printing anything and doing anything except work! You might as well try to climb to the moon on a greased pole.

In the middle of the desert of Sahara with nothing to eat and nothing to wear on all the stretches of the blazing sands, a printing press to grind out money by the ream and a battery of printing presses to grind out bonds, notes and money by the bale, never could supply a crust of bread to a starving man or a drop of water to a man dying from thirst. Yet in our own productive fields which are becoming deserts for lack of work, and in productive fields of other countries which already have become deserts for lack of work, there are millions of economic lunatics to-day who are trying to print bread and butter.

Dutch Opinion on the Refusal to Surrender William Hoehnzoeller. The Dutch people, as their opinion is reflected in the responsible press of their country, support with practical unanimity and warm enthusiasm the refusal of their Government to surrender WILLIAM HOEHNZOELLER to the Allies. A study of the utterances of the principal newspapers shows that on this subject there is no serious difference among them. These sentiments of the important journals, gathered and condensed by competent students of Dutch affairs, reveal these facts:

The Handelsblad lays stress on the Government's denial of the right claimed by the Entente to conduct such a trial in a court created by the League of Nations after war.

The pro-German Vaderland praises its dignity and broaches the question whether the Entente really desires the extradition.

The Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant admires the promptness of the Dutch reply.

The Nieuwe Courant lauds the subtlety with which the Government has avoided any irritating emphasis on the Dutch sovereign rights.

The Maasbode comments on the businesslike brevity of the answer.

"My reply is viewed by the Flatfoot as a masterpiece of diplomatic and juridical knowledge.

The Nieuw Van Dordrecht declares all guarantees "for any due and proper trial are lacking, Dutch laws and treaties do not provide for such a case, such trial would have encouraged national hate still more, and nobody may be condemned except upon the ground of already existing stipulations."

POEMS WORTH READING. Dimensions. I took a turn in Frostland (I look on the window pane), Where pleasure valleys and mountains Are to the selfsame garden, And where the pleasure gardens Are bathed in argent light, And leaf and stem and blossom And bud and blossom and leaf, Those gardens have their music, Through tubes of crystal blown, Or picked on tenor strings violins, But all is monotony.

I dreamed that Frostland dwellers Were with this lot content, Save one—a sage or prophet, Whom thought for solving went, He said—but none attended: "If I have deemed aright, There is, though past our vision, A ray beyond the white; And, past our audient threshold, Are tones of rare delight!"

And I, who knew the rainbow, The octave's single light— How would he have answered, If any answer might! But—was a warm breath smote it! That scene dissolved away!— My three spaced world enclosed me, Where it content I stray— I who have heard the rumor (Which I cannot forget) A ray has been detected— Beyond the violence, And tones (perchance ethereal) By us unguaranteed.

Young America. Eager and giant, strong and stanch and gay, Intermittently marching down the years, They shall assuage a nation's doubts and fears, And with great dreams and greater deeds ally.

The tragic memories of yesterday: They shall fling wide the ordonnance of truth, They shall banish their dauntless and untarnished youth, In blazing trails beyond distrust and fray, And they shall win their way through every maze.

That meets their questing; pass each danger by, With courage so serene and glad and gay, That other strivers after right shall cease, Into their clear, untroubled, friendly eyes, And know that here their country's safety lies.

Graybeard's Boyhood Saint. I'm sure for the little dove Who has no Auntie Jane, To charm the fairies in a dove Night through the window pane, And all the little people sing Her praises to the skies; For she can do 'most everything Because she is so wise.

When Cousin Fido is down and bumps His chin she kisses it, One time she draws away the mumps— It didn't hurt a bit. When Cousin Gabe got angry at Her ray she said "chill, chill, chill," She only got a "tremor" pat From Auntie—then she smiled.

I'd rather have her close to me, When I kneel down to pray, She cuddles me up to her knee, And utters what I say. Oh, foolish Graybeard, what a quaint Dream you fancy to-night, Of Auntie Jane, your early saint, Of boyhood's sweet delight.

A Reconciliation. From the Washington Star. I like to think about the place Where as a child I played, In the path where once I strayed, Amid the memories I loved, Amid the things of yore, I seem to prize above them all, And when I think of them, I see Where you would sit and take your ease, And hear the crackles and the chimes, And breathe around you the perfume of flowers, And when I think of you, I see When I see the shadow in the pool, I hear the distant bell, I see you with your arms back to school, I headed none too well, Yes, whenever may be the spot, I long to see you there, My dreamy vision across the lot, To that old grassy sward, Where you would sit and take your ease, And in your hand you would be strong, And when I think of you, I see Some change has come without a word, PHILANDER JOHNSON.

THREE LANDMARKS OF NEWSPAPER HISTORY. A Reader of "The Herald" for Sixty Years Sends Good Wishes. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-HERALD:—Sir: I have a copy of the first issue of THE NEW YORK HERALD, which came into my possession very many years ago. I shall now wrap it up with a copy of the last issue of THE HERALD and a copy of the first issue of THE SUN AND THE NEW YORK HERALD, label the package and put it away in a safe place. I trust that members of the generation which shall follow me, when they discover it and examine its contents, will be as interested as I am about them.

I have been a reader of THE NEW YORK HERALD for over three score years. I herewith tender my best wishes for its success in conjunction with its older companion, THE SUN, during all the years that they may remain together.

THE CHURCH THAT IS IN THY HOUSE. Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ, and Timothy, my brother, and Onesimus, a Philonian slave, are with me, and to the church that is in thy house—Philonian, verses 1 and 2.

References in Scripture to the "church that is in thy house" occur often enough to warrant Biblical basis for a religious sect whose members would worship only in one another's homes. Such a sect would have more Biblical authority than the majority of religious sects now in existence. There are many other instances that the Church was first fostered, organized and prayed for in the homes of the first Christians. Notable among them is the house of Stephanas, that set itself to ministering to the saints. Our religion is peculiarly a home religion, and it is at the hearth where the nation and church of America is rooted deepest.

But in order to fulfill the mission that Christ lays upon every one of us as members of the home church must unite with the community church. Here it is that we gather around the great table of our Host and Saviour, Jesus Christ. His commonwealth, the Church, is of which He is Head, who does not unite with the organized church membership, good and bad as they are, is not taking his place in the rank and file of Christ's army. Men often say, and as if it were original with them, that it is possible for them to be Christian outside the church as well as in. They may be likened unto the men who refuse to submit to command, preferring to fight in their own way as soldiers of fortune.

They often put up a brave fight, but they are not a part of the unformed host of the Captain of our Salvation. Guerrilla warfare lacks in spirit of cooperation which it lacks in science. And the Lord's Prayer is not an individualistic prayer.

The strength of the Church is maintained by united worship, mutual prayer, common labors and material sacrifice. In union and harmony there is strength, and especially in the Church. Besides seeking a common salvation in Christ the Church has a common value to everyday life in creating ideals, supplying motives and directing energies and aspirations.

That there is a freer, less pharisaical religion to be found outside the organized church body is a popular conception which the ministry has generously conceded or willingly allowed to go unchallenged. Dr. Wislart, the recently elected president of Wood College, recently made the best epigrammatic statement regarding this I have heard: "There is plenty of religion outside the church, and there is plenty of heat outside the stove. But when the fire goes out the heat is gone."

When the altar fires of a nation go out, when homespun religion in America is supplanted by religion à la mode, when the soul of the nation is lost, then will come the deluge. Sin, not material weakness, is the arch enemy of a nation. We hold the balance of power in the world—by wealth. No nation ever became so wealthy before and survived the load of its own wealth. The letter from which this text was written has a contemporary background remarkably like that of the book of Philonian. The background of the book of Philonian is gone and the purity of the religion has endured. Here was a nation within the empire of Rome, but a heathen heart lived on and the faith is gone. Sin is the arch enemy of the home, church and nation to-day. The ever-living, Holy, or Saturn, take your choice; call it wickedness, mistake, error, propaganda or what not, and thus being camouflaged, sin stalks the avenues of the republic, a welcome guest or a supposedly harmless abnormality. Clero has pronounced our judgment in pronouncing Rome's: "What now survives of that primitive morality which Ennius described as the safeguard of Rome? What shall I say of the men? Morally perishing through the want of good men, they are our fault and not our misfortune, therefore, that our republic is now but a tradition and a name."

There lies the rub. We speak of misfortune, luck, exterior influences. Fault in the word, but best known and dealt with as sin.

What Happens When the Hand of Genius is Laid on a Pig's Foot. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-HERALD:—Sir: I found the great chat, Alphonse Plumepatte, preparing pig's trotters for the broiler. "I wonder," said I, "if you could do anything else besides broil pig's feet?"

"Listen, Lescaurbaou, and you'll know how an original and very curious thing can be done with them. After being cooked the feet are boned and boiled again in some of their own broth, along with whatever trimmings you have on hand, such as pieces of cold meats, smoked tongue, ham, &c. The whole is well seasoned with various ground spices, and—dash—a little bread. The composition is then poured in a mould of a pig's head shape and allowed to cool over night in the icebox, just like headcheese. The remoulded form, which should be gelatinous and quite firm in consistency, is then coated with a thick demi-glace, decorated and adorned with two glass eyes and two mock tusks made out of white fat, thus imitating a boar.

Truffled pigs' feet are another delicacy. When cooked and boned the feet are seasoned with a coating of sausage meat, a slice of truffle on top. They are then wrapped in a piece of the veal, known as crepinette, found in the hog's belly, and are ready to cook, and may be broiled or baked.

"The Italians bone the pigs' feet raw; part of the leg skin is left attached. The case, strongly salted and peppered, is filled with a well seasoned forcemeat and tied up and smoked. It is called 'cassino.' It keeps for years and makes very good eating, when boiled with beans, lentils, cabbage, &c."

By that time all the feet were tied up and deposited in a big steam copper caldron and covered with water, and whole spices, whole peppers, cloves, soup greens, salt, &c., were added to it. "This requires at least three hours to cook properly," declared Mr. Plumepatte.

"Allowed to cool in their own broth and kept in the icebox they'll keep fresh quite a long while in their jelly. When needed for broiling they are taken out, unwrapped and split in the middle and rolled in dry bread crumbs. A few minutes on a bright fire, first sprinkled with a little sweet oil, and they are ready for the table."

DESIRÉ LESCAURBAOU, New York, January 31.

CONVERSE COLLEGE AHEAD OF SMITH IN DRIVE FOR MONEY. From the Journal and Carolina Spartan. Seven thousand alumnae of Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., will start a drive next Saturday for a fund of \$4,000,000. "Half of this sum," we are told by THE SUN, "is to come from the alumnae of Smith College, and the other half from the friends of the college and the public generally." Then THE SUN blundered into this statement, which, as it claims to shine for all, it will take the earliest opportunity of correcting with the apologies:

"It is the first popular campaign ever undertaken in the United States to raise funds for a woman's college." THE SIX of course has heard of Spartanburg, S. C., the most United States place in the United States. If THE SUN had been the diligent reader of the Spartanburg newspapers it should have known that one of the finest colleges for women in the United States is Converse College, at Spartanburg. It would be known further that a drive for an addition of \$250,000 to the endowment of Converse College was conducted in this town about two months ago, and that in six days the drive went over the top with several thousands "to carry." So that the Smith College drive is not the first drive that was ever undertaken in the United States to raise funds for a woman's college.

Sunday Baseball Opposed. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-HERALD:—Sir: In reply to the letter signed "Dawn" about Assemblyman John G. Down's bill, which would prevent professional baseball games on Sunday, I wish to say that such a bill has everything to commend it, and it should be made a law as soon as possible, as there is no excuse for legalizing Sunday playing. I maintain that practically every one can witness the game on Saturday afternoon if he chooses.

Sunday should be maintained as a day of quietness and the State should never sanction public games on that day. C. D. G. New York, January 31.

THE SUN was founded by BEN DAY in 1822; THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by JAMES GORDON BENNETT in 1825. THE SUN-HERALD was founded by FRANK A. MUNSEY in 1919. THE NEW YORK HERALD was the sole property of its founder till his death in 1872. It was then sold to JAMES GORDON BENNETT, succeeded to by his son, JAMES GORDON BENNETT, who continued to own the paper, which continued to be his hands until his death in 1919. THE HERALD became the property of FRANK A. MUNSEY in 1920.

MAIN BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 250 BROADWAY, TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000. BRANCH OFFICES FOR RECEIPT OF ADVERTISEMENTS: ALBANY, N. Y., 100 Broadway; ALBANY, N. Y., 100 Broadway; ALBANY, N. Y., 100 Broadway.

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The Associated Press is exclusively authorized to use for republication of all news articles credited to it or prepared by it, and to use the Sun-Herald's name in connection with its news dispatches herein are also reserved.

Daily Calendar. THE WEATHER. For eastern New York and southern New England, fair, not quite so cold to-day; partly cloudy and warmer to-morrow; probably snow in north portion to-morrow; moderate variable winds.

Observations at United States Weather Bureau stations, taken at 8 P. M. yesterday, seventy-fifth meridian time.

Table with columns: Station, High, Low, Bar, Rainfall. Rows include Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany, Albany.

LOCAL WEATHER RECORDS. Albany, N. Y., 1919. High, Low, Bar, Rainfall. Albany, N. Y., 1918. High, Low, Bar, Rainfall.

EVENTS TO-DAY. Community night at Christodora House, forum and lecture, Avenue B between Ninth and Tenth streets, evening.

Women's Share in Reconstruction. Mrs. Wilbur Phillips and Mrs. A. G. Sweeney, Washington, D. C., will speak at the Women's Share in Reconstruction, at the Hotel Astor, 120th St., at 7 P. M.