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MAIN BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 280 BROADWAY, TELEPHONE, WOVITH 10,000.

Safeguarding a Precious Possession. Justice Beveridge's rejection in the Supreme Court of this State of the five Socialists who applied for naturalization...

It is obvious that a believer in Socialism cannot be well disposed to the good order and happiness of the United States...

The doctrine which a Socialist gives adherence makes him an enemy of the principles of the Constitution.

When the test is applied it is a matter of no consequence whether the applicant is an advocate of change by bomb or an advocate of change by ballot.

There was a time when naturalization was bestowed carelessly in the United States. That time has passed.

A Question Gompers Avoided. The meeting in Carnegie Hall between Governor ALLEN of Kansas and President GOMPERS of the American Federation of Labor...

Governor ALLEN's indictment was drawn up by a man fresh from the scenes of battle between organized labor and the public's rights.

Mr. GOMPERS was handicapped. He is an able man. No American knows better than he the old angles of the labor question.

The "fifty leading laymen" challenged represent a good many hundred millions of dollars in their combined wealth.

Commercial Value of the Airship. A detailed statement of the commercial value of aerial service, its probable cost and the prospects of its success...

So difficult was the position of President GOMPERS that in reply to Governor ALLEN's declaration that he wanted to take from Mr. Gompers the divine right of ordering strikes...

When a dispute between capital and labor brings on a strike affecting the production or distribution of the necessities of life...

The New York public knows the importance of this question, for it has been close at hand in the railroad strike, the dock strike, the subway strike.

It is on the main sea routes, Commander Maitland said, that this aircraft would have its best opportunity.

He doubted if at present it would be a serious rival to the high speed of land transportation, although he saw a distinct advantage in the airship for routes over land and sea combined.

Why didn't he say that he believed that the public had no rights which might conflict with the power and prosperity of his labor organization?

That is the answer his silence is taken to imply.

Matching Dollars With a Preacher. In a recent number of the Baptist pastor of a small church, having received from a committee an appeal to cooperate in one of the great drives for money, issues a challenge.

It is addressed to any fifty laymen. He challenges each and all of them to give of their incomes above living expenses a percentage equal to the percentage of his income over living expenses which he will give.

"You may have one servant or 100. You may have a new suit of clothes for every speech you will make in the great campaign, while I will 'carry on' in my nine-year-olds.

Beyond the living expenses you are to render an honest account and give at least the percentage of margin that I will give. You ask us pastors to cooperate. Do you mean it? Will you come across?"

It is evident the challenging clergyman is rather warmed up and this, together with his training in one of the universities distinguished in athletic achievements, may account for the somewhat "sporty" ring to some of his phrases.

The statement as to his own income and expenditures this pastor attaches to his challenge is an interesting document.

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For the sixteen years of my present pastorate we have had a salary of \$900 a year and the use of a cheerful paragon.

"The place where we live is a resort where prices are always inflated to the limit.

"The salary has never sufficed for the necessities of life and the benevolence programme that seemed right to undertake, hence we both (the pastor and his wife) tutor preparatory and college subjects.

"This last year the Mistress of the Paragon and I gave \$90 to missions, besides aiding in the support of the church.

"We have given to people who were hungry and cold and naked; we have given to the Red Cross, to Syrian relief, to the Y. M. C. A., to the Y. W. C. A., to raise the salaries of indigent Yale and Vassar professors, to plant trees in France, where two fine leads of the family lie buried, and to some half a score local causes.

"Last spring in the effort to put the \$4,000,000 across I gave of my income a per cent. equal by estimate to the per cent. of his income given by our leading laymen. Then to make up the deficit I gave 59 per cent. of my previous gift."

In view of this statement of receipts and disbursements there will be no surprise at the pastor's statement that "the Mistress of the Paragon" essays to wear her cloth suit in its seventh season, and the good trowsers I bought nine years ago are still doing duty as 'best' on an average of two or three times a week."

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to live, if there is an utter breakdown of national transportation, everywhere in Europe traffic rates have been increased far more heavily than they have in this country—and they were higher to begin with than they were here.

From American Railroads we extract the following table to show how Europe has tried to save its transportation system with rate increases:

England: Per cent. Passenger rates increased..... 50 Freight rates increased..... 25 to 100 Plus terminal charges per ton of 50 to 100.

France: Passenger rates increased..... 70 to 80 Freight rates increased about..... 140

Belgium: Freight and passenger rates increased about..... 100

Italy: Passenger rates increased..... 60 to 120 Freight rates increased..... 40 to 100

Holland: Passenger rates increased..... 75 Freight rates increased..... 70 to 140

Sweden: Passenger rates increased..... 100 to 200 Freight rates increased..... 200

Norway: Passenger rates increased..... 60 to 180 Freight rates increased..... 150

What rate increases may be necessary in this country first to save the American railway system and then to restore it to its former quality and power of service we do not know.

Perhaps the Interstate Commerce Commission at this moment cannot tell. Perhaps the railway managers themselves can only estimate. But of one thing we all may be sure—that since you cannot lock the wheels of the American railway system without locking the wheels of American industry and business, the brakes must be taken off the American railroads, cost what it will.

Lion and Bear. J. L. GARVIN's article in the London Sunday Observer, portions of which have come by cable from our London correspondent, showing how that newspaper has suddenly thrown open its columns to an advocate of peace with Russia, deserves more than passing notice.

The Observer is one of the most conservative English organs. It is not the type that would seem to try to fly a kite when there was no wind.

No surprise should be occasioned by the news that a journal in such close touch with the Prime Minister has come out in favor of peace with Russia. When a lion and a bear get into a quarrel two things are possible. The lion kills the bear or the bear escapes.

The Soviet bear has confronted the British lion at Bakou and elsewhere. Force of arms has not quelled the Soviet. DENIKINE and KOLCHAK are back numbers or mortuary memories. It is coming around time for the invention of a new weapon to clip the claws of Bolshevism.

But the Prime Minister must be excused while he changes the scenery to conform to the change in mode of action.

By getting out of prison with a tale of buried gold Slacker Bessouck took the first step to prove that you may out your cake and have it too.

Senator JOHNSON, replying to a question by a farmers' organization, is reported to have said that "Congress should at once begin to remove the obstacles to cooperation [between food producers and consumers] by enactment of appropriate laws."

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Senator STRECHER has introduced in Congress a bill to create a "commission to consider the racial question," the commission to be composed of three white men from the North, three white men from the South and three colored men.

As the Senator's bill does not say that the "colored" men shall be negroes they may be Indians, East West or native, or citizens of any other colored race.

The expense of the commission shall not exceed the sum of \$50,000 for any one fiscal year, but further provisions show that it is to continue indefinitely.

It is reported to Congress at the beginning of each session. It is "to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the unrest among colored Americans." This may be a wise proposal, but doubts concerning its wisdom will be created in some minds by the fact that its sponsor refrains from calling a negro what negroes want to be called.

The life of some New York restaurateur keeps seems to be just one incident after another.

Tribute and Prayer. True warriors they come—no bitter tears are shed: They place their flags and flowers on soldier graves: A short, sharp valley o'er their fallen lives: And then a sacred tribute for the dead.

I have this custom—'tis to solemnize: Sweet tribute—'tis to send a prayer heath: And to the principles for which they died A silent pledge—a nation's great Amen!

Amen! Amen! Oh, do you hear, you slain, Who sleep in peaceful glory, on row—Here and in Flanders where the poppies blow! Amen! Amen! You have not died in vain! Ray E. FURNACE.

DOES NOTHING EXIST? Authorities Quoted Concerning the Basis of a New Philosophy.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: A statement printed by you of the fundamental truths of an alleged new philosophy is as follows:

"There is no such thing as nothing. If nothing could exist, it must not possess length, breadth, thickness, motion, action or form. As such matter of fact, this thing we call nothing is really infinite substance, infinite energy; instead of being nothing it produces everything."

The following brief extracts from the works of Stock and the teachings of Kant will no doubt shed more light on the system under discussion as well as prove that the ideas contained therein were promulgated long ago.

Writing on the subject of Buddhism, Stock says: "Sakya-Muni, its author, has no god but nothingness. 'Nothingness' is the true being of all things."

Kant taught as follows: The world is limited in space and time. Matter is infinitely divisible and not infinitely divisible. There is a liberty of choice and there is no liberty of choice. There must be a necessary being and there need be no necessary being.

To clear up all possible doubt as to the fallacy of the underlying principles of the system here analyzed it seems advisable to state as a principle that is limited denotes the absence of anything in its incapacity of action or possible interest and is simply a mere fragment of reason.

T. JUDG. New York, May 29.

GREEKS AT SMYRNA. Hope of Economic Progress With the Ending of Turkish Rule.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: The extract you print from a letter from Constantinople prompts us to make a brief note on the paragraph dealing with the Greek occupation of Smyrna.

We are very sorry the writer considers the occupation of Smyrna by Greece "unhappy" for economic reasons. He does not explain his reasons. Evidently he knows little about Asia Minor and the economic relation of Smyrna to the hinterland.

Charles Vellay, a staff correspondent of the Temps of Paris, who knows Asia Minor as few foreigners do, in expounding the superficial theories of his fellow countrymen who have a vital interest in the economic development of Asia Minor, writes:

I have personally investigated the statistics of the exports and imports of Smyrna. I found that 75 per cent. of the commerce of Smyrna comes from that territory assigned to Greece. Only 25 per cent. comes from parts outside of Greece, Smyrna, and that is imports.

It is not to be denied, trade with us has long been a Turkish monopoly, but under Greek agriculture, industries and commerce will be so developed as more than to make up the loss.

Perhaps it will assist your readers to foresee the progress of Smyrna in the hands of the Greeks if we give here in brief the facts in connection with the capture of Smyrna by the Turkish province. Its inhabitants were only 290,000. In that year the province was awarded to Greece. To-day the population of the province is nearly 600,000, and since its incorporation one of the chief indications of progress is increase in population.

We can refrain from giving any other comparative statistics of commerce, industry and agriculture. Decrease of population, deterioration of land, ruin of industries and commerce are results of Turkish domination. We read in the report of the United States trade commissioner at Constantinople:

During the last five years many Greeks and Armenians have been deported or killed. As these elements were always conspicuous in the industrial life of Asia Minor the economic situation there is critical.

We hope we have made it clear that any administration will make Smyrna more prosperous than the administration of the Turks. And the Greeks, who equal the best traders of the world, can surely give no cause for uneasiness about the future of Smyrna to those who know something about Smyrna, the Turks and the Greeks.

N. J. CASABETTA, Vice-President of the Friends of Greece in America. Boston, May 25.

BLOT ON A FINE VIEW. The Hudson at Claremont and an Advertising Sign.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: I am glad to see the advertising sign which has been taken up by Joseph Penell. When one wants to enjoy a breathing spell in the open country near by every beautiful view is cut off by some high sign telling us what to chew, smoke, drink and wear on our backs.

One of the finest views in the world is from the Claremont on Riverside. Drive looking up the Hudson; thousands of tourists to New York visit this spot only to have it partly obstructed by a huge sign on the top of a building.

"If the Art Commission of the city of New York has not the power to condemn this sign I am sure there are enough public spirited citizens to contribute to the owner the price desired and remove it." E. DELLELLA. New York, May 29.

BIG HAT SAVED HENRY. Wife's Help Too Much for Governor Allen's Oratory.

From the Topical Captain. At a meeting of the Topical Knif and Fork Club recently Mrs. Henry J. Allen took her sign "Henry" used to recite his speeches to her before he said them in public.

"The only trouble with the method is that the wife soon learns the speech and knows it better than her husband," said Mrs. Allen. "After Henry had said his speeches to me while I held copy in front of them a few times I knew they by heart. That's where the trouble began. I remember the first time I heard one of his home tried talks. It was at church. I knew that Henry knew the speech perfectly, but I sat close up to the front of the church where I could not in approval if all was going well or sorrow if he started off on a wrong paragraph. He launched his speech, I nodded and scowled alternately.

Then I noticed Henry was getting nervous. Finally he shifted his position on the platform until he had a woman's big hat between us. He stayed behind the shelter of the hat until the speech was over. I don't believe men care to have their wives know their speeches too well."

Wife's Help Too Much for Governor Allen's Oratory. The four made artistic try So swift that Kelly had no chance To get his trousers by.

Mis comrades all went rushing past— No need to give command— But Daniel was by no means last, His instrument in hand.

And when the little scrap was done And Helen on his way, Said Cassidy, "Well played, me son! This much I've got to say: Your technique surely is immense! I never knew before You played that horn so dommed intense, I saw ye smash a score!"

"Artistic temperment, ahoy!" Says he, "Come, here's your son! Go murder now the Soldier Boy! The way ye reid the Hun!"

But now, alas! his comrades learn His fears were unfulfilled, His weapon did he twist and turn And hammer and rebuil.

POEMS WORTH READING. Athanatoi.

"Their words do follow them." There are a few, long centuries apart, Divine to every human heart, They lived their life, as we—that glorious life— But did record it too.

Whence, overlife have they, and shall not mine Their apotheosis. And we are right with our hearts to shrine.

And hold them as divine: Since we without the word, the work, they left— How has been bereft: No laurel, not a echo, from the vast Tumultuous Human Past!

One thought former I hold true and dear; They in their works draw near.

Recorders! They lost days can recreate And make them intimate. Recorders! Such did once rough marble take And soul within it wake.

But whether mould of beauty, calm or strife, Where glory lingers in their life, Time has unshaped the shaping touch at will, Yet stands the Heros still!

Altogether you think the work can bring from nothing: Him who created wrought, So, I behold—or dreamed that I beheld— Arcades of old One magic moment's space appraising stand The titan of his hand—

The Gladiator that the Leisure gave, Where glory lingers in their life, Time has unshaped the shaping touch at will, Yet stands the Heros still!

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ARCADY ON THE HUDSON. A Visit to an Exile From the City and Adventures on the Way.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: A friend of mine whose father was a minister and whose strict upbringing left him with a strain of humor which is the rebound from the over-zealousness of an undisciplined youth reverted to the type and harbored a wild idea to exclude himself from too intimate contact with worldly people.

He had been to the retirement of the hills that cast sombre shadows on the Hudson River. He had wrestled with the problem of rents in Manhattan. Like the scriptural Joseph, he had left his coat in the hands of an Egyptian who had an equity in a row of metropolitan cave dwellings—a man of the type of the fastnesses of the Mexican mountains appear like gentlemen—and had taken to the woods.

There with the small change that had been overlooked by his singularly neglectful landlord he purchased what he described as a shack.

From this nest in the woods he has a fine view of the Potomac Hills. The knowledge that these sunny heights harbor princes with no better blood in their veins than his own has not soured his nature, and the road to my friend's shack is the road to Arcady!

The most satisfactory way to travel this road, unless you have, as my friend has, a congenial companion, is alone and afoot. Legions have sped over it in a vain hunt for the unattainable with the aid of gasoline. A few inspired searchers—a girl with cheeks like a ripe peach and a youth whose arduous outdoor diet had travelled it in a buggy with room only for two, drawn by a white horse whom maternally has made slow and circumspect. They found Arcady a bit earlier but with no keener delight than my friend.

Being a tramp, I made an incursion into my friend's Arcady with a twofold purpose—the pleasure of the road and to force my needs on the Arcadians.

I arrived a bit tired, probably more hungry, for just when isn't a tramp hungry?

I found my friend sweaty with the course of the Garden and smiling through a crust of mother earth. Fearless, homeless, conscienceless, I forced my entertainment for a night; slept between clean sheets with no thought of the morrow; and in the morning ate his feast of good victuals with no care for its cost. Then I was significantly warned that the house cat had taken possession of my bed and would arouse any attempt to disturb her caudal arched all of the latent ferocity of a wildcat. And what tramp who has many times experienced the spiteful anger of a female blind will brave the dangers of a quipped female!

I followed my friend out of doors. When we were a safe distance from his house he pointed his finger southward with the comment that the safest road for the grub hunting type of knighthood that I represented was New York and suggested a variety of roads to reach it.

But I was in Arcady, and Arcady is Arcady even without friends. The birds didn't hand around the hat after their improvised concert, the scent of the May morning wasn't engaged in a drive for a billion to save the world. Fleecy clouds scudded over a sea of azure and nobody had cornered the scent of the lilacs or attempted to rob them of their color.

When I reached the open country—no one would attempt to localize Arcady—I saw an old burly in a field of green and gold, specifically weeds and dandelions. It suggested the girl and the boy, and I made my way to it. Its hood was torn, its iron rusty and its talls bleached white by exposure. The cushion on which the maid and youth had travelled to Arcady had vanished, and only the shadow of the journey remained. So I went across the road and found an Italian who lived in the house facing the meadow the way to the ferry at Alpine.

"Where you come from?" he asked suspiciously. "I saw shaka dabur." You do not have to steal lilacs in Arcady—the Arcadians will pluck and give them to you. At least a house painter from Oyster Bay who had tried his luck in various towns and had finally settled in Arcady did it for me. When offered him the price of a cigar he declined saying that he might as well have the flowers as to let them die on the bushes. When I pressed him he accepted the douceur, remarking that he would get cigars for his invalid son.

The Italian had convinced me that for a lotting tramp the ferry at Alpine was more than a Sabbath day's journey. At the foot of the hill at Palisade I found the ancient water route to Dobbs Ferry. Covering myself with a rubber cap and settling in the bottom of Cap'n Hill's thirty foot power boat to protect me from the raw winds of the river I was ferried to the east bank and was on the last leg of the journey which my Arcadian friend had indicated.

Arcadia is for sale! Nothing is so rare to the efforescent materialism of an age that has been "spiritualized" in the crucible of great war. My friend pointed out many places which the owners had supposed secure from the chances of time to serve as a refuge for well merited and hard earned cash, and which are now offered for sale to meet the demands of tax squandering politicians and afford their present possessors the assurance of a smoked beer, a slice of brown bread, but no beer