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A Shindy at the Wake.

There is a shindy at the League of Nations wake. GEORGE WHITE, the new chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Governor Cox's own chairman, says Mr. WILSON'S League of Nations is not the issue of the campaign. He says out in Ohio you don't hear anything about the League. He says Governor Cox is going to try to get into the campaign on issues that you do hear something about in Ohio and in the rest of the United States.

Of course GEORGE WHITE is pretty close to Governor Cox, just as both Cox and WHITE are pretty close to Ohio. So if GEORGE WHITE, Cox's personally selected and personally conducted National Chairman, doesn't know what the Democratic nominee is thinking of, who does know?

But the New York *Times* and the *World*, paramount oracles of Mr. WILSON and rival organs of Mr. WILSON'S League of Nations, tell GEORGE WHITE he doesn't know what he is talking about. The League, Mr. WILSON'S particular League, is the one issue of this campaign, and if GEORGE WHITE doesn't know it he is almost as big a fool as the *World* keeps saying the American people are for not knowing it.

Thus runs the shindy between GEORGE WHITE in charge of the Democratic campaign and each of the Wilson newspaper organs in charge of the sacred remains. As for ourselves, we are bound to say, with perfect neutrality so far as concerns those Democrats in the scrap, that all of them might reasonably wait to see what Governor Cox, the Democratic nominee, will have to say about it in his speech of acceptance. Meanwhile the *Times* can keep on slapping the United States Senate on the wrist and the *World* can keep on cussing out the American people good and hard for their refusal to internationalize the United States Government. But we suggest they do not open up on Cox, their own candidate, until he has had a chance to state in his official acceptance what he thinks of the League as an issue and what he is going to do with it in the campaign, if he never has a chance to do a thing with it in the White House, as he never will.

Throttling Production.

The Federal Reserve Board's monthly review of business conditions throughout the country is an outshining example of the results of a monetary policy which is gradually making for industrial stagnation at a time when the world is short of supplies and this country should be at the height of its prosperity. The promising word in the report is an expression of the opinion that the efficiency of labor is increasing.

Mills and factories have experienced a slackening of orders and the steel industry is crippled. Coal production is 2,000,000 tons a week under the current demand. Cancellations of orders for goods of all kinds are pouring into manufacturing centres. Crops are reported good, but as yet this is a factor beyond the control of deflation extremists.

With a total of about $6,100,000,000 of money in circulation, an increase of nearly $200,000,000 over last year, and an increase of probably a billion in bank loans and deposits, bank clearings are running nearly $75,000,000 a week below last year. In this one factor lies the explanation of the present stringent conditions. The velocity of currency and credit circulation has declined and the efficiency of money exchange, and consequently goods exchange or distribution, has decreased at least 10 per cent. Since the Reserve Board finds that labor is more efficient the sag in credit circulation cannot be due to longer time requirements in turning raw products into finished goods. The distributing channels cannot bear the blame. The railroads were in bad shape last year and the year before.

One explanation remains. Credit has become a slacker because the deflation policy has killed off markets and forced the producers to take back and carry large stocks. These stocks in the hands of original manufacturers have not been liquidated in the normal way because the manufacturer is not in touch with the consumer. The effort to force liquidation with too sudden and too violent measures slowed down production as if it had its throat choked. This is just the reverse of what should have been.

A Canadian Visitor to New York.

After an absence of twenty years from New York CHARLES A. E. MCHENRY of Toronto came down the other day "to look the old town over," and when he went back home he wrote his impressions for the Toronto *Sunday World*. "A roast, I suppose," says Father KNICKERBOCKER with a memory of hundreds of other guests whom he had entertained and who had also given to their home papers their impressions. It has apparently been the delight of many of these visitors to attack the old gentleman, "good, easy man"—so easy in fact that he never kicks back—regarding every phase of civic life and to try to stick his anatomy full of pins and needles.

The Arkansan who had been watching day and night for the end of the passing procession on the streets told the *Gazette* back in Little Rock that New York was so noisy he could not get a wink of sleep. The Colonel from Kentucky used to embody all the Bourbon State contempt for the metropolis by telling the *Courier-Journal* that there was "not a decent drink of Bourbon in the town, sah!" The man from Youngstown, Allegheny city or some other point in the Pennsylvania steel belt told the folks back home of "hotels crowded with spendthrift New Yorkers," and of the garish, riotous life of the Tenderloin, "of which, thank Gon, I know only by hearsay." The Kansan returned to the prairies to grieve over New York's wickedness and wonder when it would be wiped out like Gomorrah, its Biblical prototype. A Hawaiian visitor, according to the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* of Honolulu, brought back with him only one impression of New York, "at a hotel he paid 75 cents for a glass of milk and $2.50 for a beefsteak."

The gentleman from Toronto, however, says in the beginning of his article: "I have the greatest possible pleasure in hereby affirming that my experience in New York after an absence of twenty years is exactly the reverse of its savage critics." He advises dropping the narrow, provincial spirit and the cultivation of a broader and more cosmopolitan outlook. And addressing the Torontonians he says:

> "Let us stop comporting ourselves after our outwardly pious and smug fashion in Toronto, and assuming another rôle not conspicuous for either wisdom or piety when we are let loose on New York. Our Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde methods do not get us anywhere."

Father KNICKERBOCKER will no doubt agree with Mr. MCHENRY and will believe that this observation is not applicable to Toronto alone.

Mr. MCHENRY was greatly impressed with the growth of the city in the years of his absence; "apart from the many tall buildings is the immense wealth represented by its display of brick, mortar and steel" in residential as well as business structures. "The markedly efficient and serviceable police," he found, "are courteous and consistently polite." He was most favorably impressed with the order preserved, with the apparent health and vigor of the people, and the prevailing air of cleanliness. In this last respect we find Dr. ROYAL S. COPELAND, Health Commissioner of the city, who previously was much worried over phases of our civic health and cleanliness, agreeing with the Toronto visitor. The Commissioner's two months investigation in Europe compels him to say that no city abroad is as clean as New York, and that "in the matter of health supervision, infant welfare, school inspection and the protection of the city against disease Europe is a full generation behind New York." It would seem necessary even for some of New York's officials to go abroad to appreciate fully the city's blessings.

The impression that was "irresistibly forced upon" Mr. MCHENRY was "the systematic and wonderfully quiet orderliness of the never ending street traffic." He says that he saw no evidence of that "arrogant and maddening spirit" too constantly shown by many Toronto automobilists, of whom he writes:

> "Frequently the speed crazed and self-important Bolshevist at the wheel, fearfully disgusted that his mad and illegal rush should be interfered with even slightly by a despised foot wayfarer, hisses a hysterical curse at him, and vanishes in a cloud of dust and profanity."

In contrast to this he gives his impression of the management of the New York traffic:

> "The street traffic is sanely, steadily carried on at a strictly moderate and regulated speed. There is no fuss about it. Tooting of auto horns is seldom heard. It is not necessary. The safety zones, in the centre of the streets for traversing pedestrians, are protected by several small uprights, and those who stop in crossing the streets to rest within the precincts of these, or to wait for a tram car, are respected by wheel traffickers and feel safe."

"Wake up Toronto! Learn something from big New York," adds our Toronto visitor. This bit of advice too is not applicable to Toronto alone. The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, demanding a better control of the street traffic of that city, counsels taking a leaf from New York's book. In an editorial article printed recently this paper says:

> "They have an institution in New York city which ought to be copied if the streets of Philadelphia are to be made safe from the depredations of reckless and incompetent motorists.
>
> "The evil of reckless speeding in the city streets has grown to proportions so great that it cries aloud for remedy. Every day the speeders take their toll in human life or in mangled human bodies, and still the authorities are indifferent!
>
> "What Philadelphia needs is a Traffic Court and magistrates to preside over it who understand their responsibilities and have the courage to live up to them. Given these, it is not too much to expect that the lethargy of the police would soon disappear."

"The arrogance of New York"—an expression used by some of the city's critics—the visitor from Toronto says, "I found markedly conspicuous by its absence." He found too "a finished politeness" delightfully in evidence throughout, in the hotels, on the trains, on the river steamers, on the streets—everywhere. He believes that Canadians could learn many things to their advantage from the big metropolis of the Americas and that New York is well worth a visit and a study. The acquaintance would lead to a much better understanding between the people of Canada and of the United States. "It should be the part of us and of them to lose no opportunity of increasing and intensifying the fraternal feeling."

In advising Canadians to visit New York Mr. MCHENRY paraphrased a well known expression and enthusiastically exclaims "Canadians might with advantage adopt the motto 'See New York and die'!" Father KNICKERBOCKER may not agree with this. The old gentleman is fond of life and appreciates visitors. See New York and live to come again would suit him better.

Social Welfare Involved in Elementary Schools.

The Board of Education in submitting to the Mayor its estimate of cost for new sites and buildings indicates that the latter are planned with the view of providing 45,855 new sittings. It is good to learn that these will take care of some thousands of those children it is most desirable to keep off the streets and start on the road to acquaintance with the three R's; 35,000 elementary school sittings are provided.

The proposed additional 8,500 high school sittings, if they are not immediately in demand, might be transferred in part at least to elementary school accommodations, for as recently as in May last, President PRALL of the Board of Education says, "there were 222,471 children under instruction in part time classes or in double or duplicate sessions."

Mr. PRALL adds in his statement accompanying the estimate: "I realize that the great problem confronting us at this time is the proper education of our children in the elementary schools, but at the same time we must not forget our obligations to those seeking admission to our high schools."

True; but our obligation concerning school children generally is believed by some who have given intelligent consideration to the problem of child welfare to be highest in respect to those in the lowest grades. There is a social as well as an educational conception here.

Teschen Question Out of the Way.

The controversy over Teschen has apparently been settled by awarding the town of Teschen to the Poles and the coal fields to the Czechs. This solution of the problem does away with the plebiscite which had been planned for this district and promises to put an end to the almost continuous strife with which the country has been torn for the last year.

The ancient duchy of Teschen, the territory in dispute, lies on the border between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, and its capital, Teschen, a town of about 23,000 inhabitants, is not more than fifty miles from the old Polish capital of Cracow. The coveted treasure is the coal fields, with a resource of about 6,000,000,000 tons, in the southern part of the duchy. The question of a plebiscite is widely different here from what it is in Schleswig or Silesia. The duchy did not belong to the German Empire but for the last six centuries has been an integral part of Bohemia. The Czecho-Slovaks of Teschen thus believe that in being forced to take part in a plebiscite their right to what is incontestably their own is brought into question.

The contention of the Poles was that the population of Teschen was largely Polish and that the Czecho-Slovaks did not actually need the Teschen coal fields. The Czecho-Slovaks, however, say that a plebiscite would show 260,000 votes in their favor as against 180,000 in favor of the Poles. They hold also that the resources of the Polish coal fields are greater than their own and that the Teschen fields are necessary to their industrial development.

The Ambassadors' Council gave to Poland the town of Teschen, in which there is a larger proportion of Polish inhabitants than in the rural district. It considered that the plea of the Czechs for more fuel was well founded and awarded the coal fields to Czecho-Slovakia. The territory was practically divided into two almost equal parts by making the railroad through the capital the boundary between the two States.

Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, it is said, will offer no objections to this decision of the Council. Ambassador WALLACE has agreed to the finding, and it is believed that he will receive an authorization from Washington to sign the decision. The United States was called into consultation upon the Teschen question, but as it took no decided stand in the matter it is considered by the Council that it will not oppose the settlement which has been reached. Europe unquestionably stands ready to accept the agreement. It will save the expense and trouble of a plebiscite and will prepare the way for the final settlement of the whole Silesian question.

An Art and an Industry Great and Growing.

Two of the most interesting conventions held recently in New York city were those of the National Association of Organists, a society in which many of the American masters of this magnificent instrument hold membership, and of the Organ Builders Association. These assemblies served to direct attention to the notable expansion which has occurred in late years in organ building as an industry and the concurrent remarkable growth of popular interest in the art of the organist.

It is not too much to say that the most famous organs of a generation ago, fine as they were, would be regarded as primitive instruments today, not in their tonal qualities but in their range and equipment, were they put in comparison with the present products of the successors of their builders. In no industry has greater thought been given to the application of modern scientific devices to familiar methods than in organ construction. As a matter of fact, practically every great organ in the country is a modern organ, in that it has been rebuilt in accordance with up to date practice and mechanically made new.

While the installation of organs in churches, lodge rooms and other places of assembly of a similar character has gone forward at an accelerating pace as the country has grown in numbers and wealth, two factors have contributed materially to the extension of the organ industry. The more important of these is the demand of motion picture theatres for a musical instrument of wide range and flexibility, controlled by a single performer, to provide the accompaniments for the displays on the screen. The number of motion picture houses in America having organs of first class construction and capacity is remarkable. In many of them performers of high skill are engaged. There is, in fact, a wealth of fine organ music, programmes frequently attaining the standard of those provided in formal recitals, for patrons of the motion pictures, which means practically the whole population of the land.

It would not be fair to speak of this aspect of the organist's profession without remarking the ingenuity and good taste shown by individual performers in fitting music to pictures. While music directors of acknowledged ability employed by the picture producers prepare suggestions for the guidance of the men at the theatre keyboards, the organists frequently allow their own conceptions of the pictures before them to dictate their interpretative selections and in so doing add greatly to the interest of the production.

Motion picture theatre managers often provide special programmes for their patrons, and numbers repeated by request are a feature of practically all performances. Invitations to audiences to sing the choruses of familiar songs or of songs undergoing commercial advertisement often produce extraordinarily effective singing. As the accompanying instrument to community singing the organ is positively unrivalled.

Organs are naturally selected by individuals and organizations for erection as memorials, and the monuments of this nature which have been built and are building have greatly increased the proportion of fine instruments in the country. It should be borne in mind that a fine organ need not be a large organ physically. The problem of the builder is to fit the instrument to the room in which it is to be used. The musical possibilities of a relatively small or medium sized instrument enlist the skill of the most accomplished organist, and the results obtained by an artist at the keyboard will thrill every lover of music whatever the dimensions of the mechanism he operates.

LLOYD GEORGE has drastic new bill to quell unrest in Ireland.—*Newspaper headline.*

What a splendid history of Ireland would be told by the titles of the bills put forward for the pacification of its people!

A Buffalo man has ordered 5,000 pounds of live snakes from the postmaster of Pascagoula, Mississippi. This would not have been necessary before prohibition went into effect.

A two year jail sentence for a sugar hoarding grocer will do more to prevent unnecessary inconvenience to the public than any number of official statements explaining the causes of the sugar shortage.

The world will record in favor of PONZI, to-day's speculative marvel, that at least he has not yet called himself a Napoleon of Finance.

Governor Cox's Problem.

Knicker—What is Cox wendering?
Bocker—Whether President Wilson is a millstone or a milestone.

SEAGOING RACING YACHTS.

Other Contestants for America's Cup Braved Wind and Sea.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: I wish to take issue with your correspondent A. F. Aldridge about the yacht races. In a letter of July 29 he states substantially that if the contestants for America's Cup were stanch enough in construction to sail in a strong summer southwester they would be so slow in ordinary weather "that we would have been going out to the Hook yet, and for days to come, wishing for weather in which they could sail the course within the time limit."

There is nothing in the history of the America's Cup races to warrant any such statement as this. From the early days, in which such fine seagoing schooners as the Sappho and the Livonia sailed for the Cup, up to the time of the Vigilant and the Valkyrie, there never was any question about the ability of the contestants to go out in bad weather.

The Puritan and the Genesta sailed in a hard northwester, in which the Puritan carried only lower sails, and the Vigilant and Valkyrie sailed reefed in an easterly storm with a worse sea than we had on this recent occasion. In spite of the fact that in those days a longer course was sailed and that the yachts went twenty miles to the windward instead of fifteen, there was no more difficulty in completing the races in the required time than there has been in the recent contests.

It is very unfortunate to have any one interested in yachting like Mr. Aldridge condone the shortcomings of the present inexcusable racing machines, because if the building of such boats as these is not put a stop to America's Cup racing will be killed. It will soon become evident to foreigners that it is impossible to build a vessel that will cross the ocean on her own bottom and have any chance against a boat built here with no requirement except to hold together for one series of light weather races. It is to be hoped that our yachtsmen will see the necessity of adopting a measurement rule that will force the designing of able and strongly constructed yachts. H. G. S. NOBLE.

NEW YORK, July 31.

HOMES OR A MEMORIAL?

With $20,000,000 5,000 Families Could Be Housed.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: The housing situation in all parts of the country is bad. Yet in the face of this condition the Victory Hall Association proposes to raise $20,000,000 to build an architecturally beautiful war memorial that will be useless except as a pretty picture for colored postcards.

Just think of it! At a time when building material of all kinds is scarce and skilled labor is scarce and high priced $20,000,000 worth is to be diverted to a structure that could wait five years or more, if it is necessary to build it at all.

The prime requisite after marriage is the making of a home. When there is no place to establish a home the marriage market slumps. Then why not let us erect buildings for homes instead of reminders of war?

Why not use the huge sum of $20,000,000 to build homes, one or two family houses or even model apartment houses? Let us encourage home making. Let us combat the decrease in the number of marriages by making it easy to establish a home.

Even at the present high cost of material $8,000 will build a two family house, and $20,000,000 will build exactly 2,500 such houses, making apartments for 5,000 families. These houses could be erected on the vast tracts of empty land in any one of our outlying boroughs.

Is not the construction of 2,500 houses, with apartments for 5,000 families, a better use for $20,000,000 than the erection of one ornate structure to remind us of war? GEORGE H. MCDERMOTT.

NEW YORK, July 31.

WAR FICTION.

Not the Material but the Right Man Lacking to Make It Popular.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: In regard to the alleged unpopularity of war fiction let me say that if half truth constitutes fiction, then in the great flood of so-called stories of the late war the half has not been told. And heaven knows when we will produce writers great enough to tell the other and unwritten half.

When we produce the man the fickle public, who some of us fear are too bored with war stories to follow the epic tale of by far the greatest years since civilization crashed at Rome—that fickle public that we pray for will eat up the product of the master's pen or typewriter faster than he can grind out the truth that is stranger than fiction. And this in spite of editorial rebuffs and hard hearted publishers.

I wonder if some of us who were forced by this, that and the other to stay over here until it was all over over there have any conception of how many honest to goodness fighting men there were who when the politicians began mucking things up after the Teutonic appeal for the armistice, when we had the enemy always moving eastward from the Channel to Verdun, realizing that we had not the power to tell what our guns had spoken and half of what our eyes had seen and our ears had heard, shook hands after we had buried our dead, and agreed to lay off the war.

BROOKLYN, July 31. ENGINEER.

TICKLED A CATFISH.

Kansan on Trial for Violation of Game Law.

Manhattan correspondence Topeka Capital.

Charles McMahan of Manhattan found himself on trial before A. S. Porter, justice of the peace, because while fishing in the Blue River here McMahan spied a monster "yellow cat" who wouldn't try for the baited hook and only rolled over indifferently when he was prodded with the fishing rod.

So McMahan, according to the evidence of witnesses produced by the State at the trial, handed the fish pole to his son, crawled down the bank, grabbed the hook and jabbed it into the fish's jaw. Then he returned and hauled him out.

The following day he was put on trial for violating the game laws by having "captured from the waters of the Blue River, said river being within the State of Kansas, a fish otherwise than with rod, line and hook."

The case has been postponed by Justice Porter until the State can produce more witnesses.

Suppression of Evil in Kansas.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The operation of buying cigarettes in Kansas, once a circuitous performance, has become a direct transaction. Having passed a law forbidding the sale of cigarettes, Kansas lost interest in the matter and proceeded to the suppression of other glaring evils.

POEMS WORTH READING.

A Vivid Face.

Your face is sensitive as some clear spring
Aglean with wavering flecks of sun that strew
With gold its living beryl, dartling through
The fringing fern and violets that cling
About its brink. While sudden as the wing
Of oriole and tanager that view
In its pure glass their forms of flame-bright hue,
Each vivid thought your eyes are mirroring.
And sometimes when like petals of wild rose
That fall with delicate rippling of the fount
Joy on your cheeks with mantling lustre glows
From hidden depths of feeling swiftly mount
Fresh crystal pulsings of such tenderness
As angel's troubling of the springs confess.

ELIOT WHITE.

Rashness of an Ancient.

Obelisk so tall and grand
Reared on the Egyptian sand,
Did some ancient Royal Boss
Carve upon you to his loss?
Do your hieroglyphics dim
Show the goods are caught on him?

Did he make his blunders known
On imperishable stone?
Did he say that he was for
The unrighteous in the war?
Did he chisel thus his creed
For posterity to read?

Down the centuries you came
Telling how he played the game;
Paper only five years old
Makes a candidate turn cold—
Tall and stately obelisk,
Some one ran an awful risk!

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

The Longest War.

This fights for freedom—this for ancient rights—
Behold, for both Heroic Hellas fights!
I pray, may still her white cross legions gain
By Anatolian coast or Thracian plain.
For she has dreamed—these ages long has dreamed,
That her far driven ones shall be redeemed.

If any deem too high the mead she seeks,
Hear then this answer from a Greek of Greeks—
A woman soul—Athena come again
To rouse and brace the hearts of faltering men!
Reproached that Greece too long remained outside,
The world's great war, her wing'd words swift replied:
"'Too long!' Five years of war has Europe seen,
But we five centuries at war have been!"

Consider then: Ere yet the Genoese
This shore of ours did bare from veiling seas,
Like some doom'd land the thieving waters drown
The flood of Islam dragged fair Hellas down.
And bitter was her lot those centuries five;
Yet her first loves she ever kept alive.
So, as the Covenanters of old days
Who kept their faith alight by hidden ways,
And as those dauntless Pilgrim sires you praise,
Oh, spare for Hellas too a reverent thought!
In torch lit caves her little ones she taught
The Cadmean symbols, and the mighty lore
Of all the golden cycle gone before
She guarded, to enrich all scholars' store.
Let philomaths of our own day declare
How great the debt to Hellas still they bear.
Who would not cry, if chosen arbiter,
"In this war's end may Nike be with her!"
This longest war of all—this basest foe—
This Islam—who has heard the stern "must go!"

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Deserted Garden.

From the Kansas City Star.

Under the sagging arch of vines
The rustic gate still swings,
And just inside, a gnarled old tree,
In which a redbird sings.
Down grass grown paths where long ago
The sweet alyssum marked the way,
The vine entangled dial stands
Shadowless through the day.

The crumbling fountain's song is stilled,
The bowl is filled with sodden leaves;
The old stone seat, moss stained and gray,
For old companions mutely grieves.
Only a wandering butterfly
Comes near to kiss the rose,
Or a quivering silver humming bird
Dips where the poppy grows.

Through mists of silvery, shadowy dusks,
In hours of deepening gray,
The happy spirits steal a-down
The old remembered way:
There phantom sweethearts keep their tryst
Beneath the sheltering boughs,
And whispered benedictions rise
In love's replighted vows.

WHITELAW SAUNDERS.

In China.

From Asia.

The sun is only the sun here
But every day when he goes to China
He is a celestial dragon, breathing gold and scarlet.
And the moon here is only a moon
But over the pagodas she is a white phœnix,
And there the stars are little silver unicorns with crystal crowns.
The iris are not like our iris, nor the chrysanthemums like our chrysanthemums,
For at dusk they hide bewitching mouths behind little fans
And the gardens are filled with the sound of their shoes;
The willow trees there cover white faces with their long sleeves
And the fox bride is pledged in cups of green jade. . . .
And we, we are only lovers here,
But who knows what we might be . . . in China!

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

Simplicity.

From the Christian Herald.

Sing simple songs from your heart of hearts,
Of friendship and love and rest.
Work not so much with thy thinking mind,
Nor say that the brain sings best.
Our heartfelt thoughts through a mist of doubt
Shine clear as the lightning darts,
And heads yearn not for the thoughts of heads
As hearts for the beat of hearts.

LYNDALL DARRACH.

Precept and Practice.

From the Washington Star.

The city man doth plant some seeds,
Sufficient for his summer needs—
He thinks.
He simply drops them in the ground,
Then gayly knocks a ball around
The links.

He argues with an air profound
On how food products should abound;
Then sinks
A little fortune in the weeds,
Which bawl him out, as he proceeds,
A jinx.

PHILANDER JOHNSON.

Colossal Los Angeles!

Los Angeles lies warming beside the western foam;
Of things choice, chaste and charming, she is the heart and home.
Her heavens are the bluest the brush divine can paint,
Her sons are quite the truest, her soul without a taint.

Los Angeles shines golden mid flowers, vineyards, fruits.
Los Angelans embolden their sons to toot their toots.
Los Angeles prolific sees population whis—
The Queen of the Pacific due to the movie biz.

Los Angeles makes pictures on a colossal scale—
Unheeds the jealous strictures of puny rivals pale.
Let small directors harp it, the while they smile awry—
God's seashore is her carpet, her ceiling is the sky!

When Earth her dermis wrinkles, and tremor sharp annoys,
Los Angeles just twinkles and keeps her equipoise!
Let fearful folk grow grimmy, Los Angeles stands pat;
That's how she shakes the shimmy—she lets it go at that.

MAURICE MORAIS.

AN EVENING WITH A BOTTLE.

And the Bottle Did Not Contain a One-Half of 1 Per Cent. Beverage.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: You once said in an editorial article "Americans are not sots." This does not appreciate the general experience of mankind. Since the dawn of history all the great civilized and strong nations have been drinking nations. Is there no meaning in this universal fact, or has this fact no foundation in the needs of human nature?

You say "No race of drunkards built the nation we inherited from our fathers," but the men who founded this republic drank ale and wine and "licker" like water and would not have allowed any man on earth to meddle with their personal habits. They were no hothouse plants, but oaks on the hill, strong men who were not afraid of either a pleasure or a hardship for their precious health's sake. And we glory in the fact that they were such men of positive qualities and not mere patterns of negative virtues. A complete man like Socrates unites in his personality both Epictetus and Epicurus, and is as much at home at a drinking bout in the "Symposium" as he surpasses in war all the soldiers in courage and endurance. So, says R. L. Stevenson: "Shakespeare, we can imagine, might begin the day on a quart of ale, and yet enjoy the sunrise to the full as much as Thoreau and commemorate his enjoyment in vastly better verses."

Some time ago I met an intelligent big bronzed Swede, an engineer on an ocean liner, who had been sailing the seven seas for more than twenty years. One of his sisters is married to a German electrical engineer in Wuerttemberg and he had spent five weeks during the late summer in Germany visiting his sister and bringing her good things from Sweden. He gave me much interesting information about conditions in Germany, and after describing with humor a scanty supper in the town of Reutlingen he continued:

"But, oh, boy, the beer was good. The stuff I used to get here was mere slops when compared with the worst beer I drank in Germany, and it was getting better every week. You know what this means?" It means that there will be no Bolshevism in Germany. As long as the German workingman has a home and food, the comfort of his pipe and a social glass of beer after his work, and of course an occasional hearty jollification, he will start no revolution nor will he help one. He will work and he will work hard. It is his nature. The average German prefers working to idling any work day in the year, but he wants his comfort and little recreations after the work is done. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

I asked the Swede what his opinion was about prohibition. He said:

"I think it is the most foolish thing the leading classes could possibly do in these unsettled times. There was no necessity for it, and it upsets the people more than a great political change. Of course this country can risk the experiment a hundred times better than any other country for the simple reason that Americans don't know how to drink for sociability's sake. I have travelled from coast to coast, but I never struck anywhere that natural hearty conviviality that you find in the old country, even in the smallest village, at a gathering around a keg of beer. Moreover, there are millions of Americans who don't drink at all and others who are unable to drink. It hurts them. If you have a weak heart, a sore throat or shaky nerves you ought not to smoke, but if you are a normal man with healthy organs you may enjoy your pipe or cigar up to your hundredth year, and it may sometimes save your life, for tobacco is an excellent destroyer of disease germs. The same rule applies to drinking. It takes a strong constitution to be dissipated without evil results.

"The Scots or the Norsemen are not a strong race because they are hard drinkers, but they are hard drinkers because they are a strong race. Strong drink is only for strong men who can work it off with ease. But beer and ale and light wines are wholesome beverages for almost every normal active man, as the experience of centuries and of whole nations clearly proves. Some day science will find the reason, probably—what do you call them—vitamines or such stuff. You told me before that you have been drinking beer almost every day for more than fifty years. Is it not rather tough on you and your stomach at your age to break off a lifelong habit so suddenly?"

I grinned.

"Not much," said I. "Every evening when I put on my slippers, settle in my armchair, light my long pipe and reach for a good book, I have a big tumbler of good rosy claret punch standing alongside on the table, and I find it suits my stomach exactly. I am comparatively a poor man, but I scraped enough together to lay in a bit for the lean years. When I am through with my supply of claret I have two large boxes of good Jamaica rum and French cognac left. A little of this good stuff, with hot water, three lumps of sugar and lemon juice will keep me comfortable for a long time yet."

"Where do you live?" cried the Swede excitedly. "I have a good mind to forget my manners and to invite myself to your room."

"You surely are most welcome," said I, shaking hands. "What shall it be, claret or rum?"

"Rum," said he very decisively. "I can carry a big load decently, so can my father, so could my grandfather and before him all the generations back to the big, light haired, blue eyed warriors who camped in the forest on bear skins and kept the big horn with strong mead going around and around. I am of the old stock of Northmen who always could drink, fight, love and"—stretching his powerful arms—"work."

"You and your friend come right along with me," said I enthusiastically, "and we will make a night of it."

So we did. And never in my life have I heard so many interesting tales about Calcutta and Hongkong and Tokio and other far away places as I did that night listening to the two hardy drinking seafaring men. It was worth the bottle of rum, even in prohibition time.

NEW YORK, July 31. D. S.

THREE CENT MILK.

A Proposal to Use Free Grazing Lands in the Ramapos.

TO THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD: In the Ramapo Mountains of northern New Jersey there are 200 square miles of watershed owned by various cities and corporations. The grazing privileges can be had for nothing.

In the valleys blue grass, timothy and clover grow in abundance. Milk can be produced for three cents a quart, and the region could be developed into a milk producing section. N. N. D.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 31.

The Sun
AND
THE NEW YORK HERALD.

THE SUN was founded by Ben Day in 1833; THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. THE SUN passed into the control of Charles A. Dana in 1868. It became the property of Frank A. Munsey in 1916. THE NEW YORK HERALD remained the sole property of its founder until his death in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which continued in his hands until his death in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey in 1920.

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SOFT COAL CHIEFS CLAIM EXONERATION

National Association Quotes Report of Federal Trade Commission.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—In a report just published by the Federal Trade Commission the National Coal Association feels it has received complete exoneration from charges of price gouging in the sale of bituminous coal. "Instead of the bulk of bituminous operators engaging in a revel of exorbitant prices, as the public has been led to believe," an officer of the association said to-day, "the commission's report reveals that an extremely low price, permitting only a small profit, has prevailed in the coal fields."

According to the report, figures based on returns from 812 operators show the average sales price at the mine for the month of April to have been $3.26 a ton. The commission adds that "it is believed that the results shown are fairly representative of the industry."

The commission gives the average reported mine cost a ton during April as $2.76, leaving a margin between the cost and sales price at the mine of fifty cents a ton. From this margin must be deducted selling expenses, interest on borrowed capital and other items.

The National Coal Association places the blame for exorbitant prices on a ring of speculators, who have taken advantage of an upset market, and points to the lack of open top cars, preventing the operators from shipping, as paving the way for speculators. The railroads also are blamed for the practice of reconsigning carloads of coal, under which a speculator, having shipped coal to a consignee, in the meantime obtains a better price elsewhere and causes the shipment to be consigned to another destination.

COMMUNITY CONTROL OF RAIL TERMINALS

O. W. Stiles Says This Would Relieve Congestion.

Too much is expected of the railroads in getting transportation back to an efficient level, according to O. W. Stiles of Cleveland, who offers a remedy for transportation ills in a paper submitted recently to the Material Handling Machinery Manufacturers' Association. The problem, Mr. Stiles thinks, must be attacked from the terminals, and he proposes that these be owned and operated by the community, as a business undertaking, while the railroads confine themselves altogether to actual transportation.

"The prevailing congestion," he says, "is not due to lack of cars, but to inadequate terminal facilities. Rail officials have had no special training in the terminal problem."

The roads can cooperate, he believes, by repairing more cars, increasing the number of miles a day per car, by increasing the loading of cars and by installing efficient methods of handling freight throughout terminals.

COLLEGE HAS PLACED 297 MEN ON FARMS

N. Y. City Institution Does Much to End Shortage.

In order to help in relieving the shortage of farm help a campaign was undertaken by the faculty committee on employment for students of the College of the City of New York. Advertising matter together with newspaper stories was sent out in May all over the eastern part of the country, stating that the college offered about 150 students who had experience on farms and about 147 students who desired to work on farms but who had had no practical experience.

The committee has not made any effort to place students in the city except those who needed a summer course to complete their requirements for graduation. All other students have been urged to go on farms.

Up to date 297 men have been placed on farms. If a call came in for five experienced men two with such experience were sent, together with three helpers. In this way the green men were broken in, and all calls were filled.

The committee knows that the students will do good work. From reports that have come in from students it seem to be satisfied with their work.

The City College has again shown that if the proposition is placed squarely before its students they are as patriotic as the men of the other colleges and feel glad of the opportunity to relieve the shortage of farm help. All these students feel sure that when they resume their studies in September they will have been repaid not only financially but physically, and especially in the satisfaction of having helped to perform a public duty.

EVENTS TO-DAY.

Opening of the thirty-eighth annual supreme convention of the Knights of Columbus, Hotel Commodore.
Opening of the International Convention of Negroes, Liberty Hall, 114 West 138th street, 10 A. M.
Friars' dinner to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Hotel Astor, 7 P. M.