New York Tribune

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

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At Last Direct Evidence

At last, in the testimony of Miss Ellen Chivers, is offered evidence which, if true, justifies the expulsion of at least one of the five suspended Assemblymen.

Miss Chivers swears that in April, 1917, while listening to a speech by Assemblyman Solomon at Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, she saw him publicly insult the flag and heard him tell a group of soldiers, who proposed to hold a recruiting meeting, that the gutter was the place for them and that if "we had our way there would not be any one who would ask a Socialist if he might borrow his platform to call for volunteers."

The young lady was positive in her statements. The incident she described occurred, she said, opposite to her home. She had often seen the Assemblyman and was emphatic in her identification. She was a member of an anti-Socialist organization and earnestly patriotic. She declared that she and others spoke to policemen who were in the hall and that they declined to do anything. It further appeared that knowledge of her story was not known to Speaker Sweet in advance of the suspension. She wrote to the Speaker after she had read in the newspapers of the trial of the Socialist Assemblymen.

This evidence is of such a character, so bears on the vital question of personal guilt, that the only question to be considered is the one of credibility. The witness is now nearly eighteen years of age, and hence was about fifteen in April, 1917. She could not remember having mentioned the incident to anyone since its alleged occurrence, nor does it appear that the soldiers, any more than the policemen, took notice of Solomon's behavior. The accused Assemblyman, although he says he remembers a meeting which was continued when a recruiting party arrived, flatly denies the remainder of the story. Finally, so far no corroboration of any of its essential details has been furnished.

The committee heard the witness, and thus is best able to judge whether she was truthful or was led to exaggerate through excessive patriotic zeal. The committeemen in arriving at their conclusion are to be guided by the time-honored rule that the accused is to be entitled to the benefit of reasonable doubt. If they conclude in good faith and in honor that the story is true, then there can be no difference of opinion as to the sort of report to be made concerning Assemblyman Solomon.

A "Trapp" for England?

A booklet has just been published by Captain Robert Trapp, formerly of Germany's naval general staff, a body which was the chief instigator of the strategy to concentrate the entire hating capacity of Germany on England. Captain Trapp believes that strategy was wrong. He not only absolves England from all responsibility for the war, but advocates a policy which he sums up in the slogan: "Over every hurdle, over every ditch, over stock and block, through thick and thin, with England." The captain says at the bottom of Germany's troubles was Kaiser Wilhelm's naval policy. The remedy, logically, would be an "anti-naval law." This, he proposes, should take the form of a resolution of the National Assembly denouncing the naval policy of the old régime as "one of the most essential causes of the war" and pledging the nation to the principle that Germany and Britain must never cross swords again. Moreover, Captain Trapp urges that Germany shall undertake no important step of foreign policy without consultation and agreement with England.

Now, the question is not whether such policy would be good or bad. Its results would be probably good. What, however, strikes anybody not a German is the utter unreality of the thing. Captain Trapp talks, not politics, but the philosophy of either-or. There is no reason to impugn his good faith, his ominous name notwithstanding; but his pamphlet is typical of that lack of a sense for reality that characterizes the nation of Realpolitik. The true German does not know or care as to what really is; he is coerced by the force of his assumed major premise, and such is the force of his logic that he frequently confounds "ought" with "is." He is a sentimentalist parading as a logician.

The Deadline of Free Speech

Attorney General Palmer, in his statement to the House Judiciary Committee, correctly traced the deadline of free speech.

The constitutional guarantee does not protect one who, by word or implication, urges or incites resort to physical force or violence to overthrow our democratic institutions.

Free speech is a flower of democratic freedom. It blooms from no other soil. Destroy democracy and there is and can be no free speech. A rule of force means the application of a gag.

So, to defend free speech it is necessary to deny to any one the privilege of attacking its roots. Any one who upholds the doctrine that it is permissible in a free country to advocate the establishment of a régime of force is an enemy to, not a friend of, free speech.

This country, as the Attorney General says, has had its revolution. Those who come to our shores accept the results of this revolution. Some truths concerning government are immutable—self-evident, as Thomas Jefferson wrote—and one is that government must rest on consent, and not fear.

Held Back Knowledge

Our neighbor *The World*, in this case adopting the leadership of Hearst, joins the attempt to foment anti-British prejudice, to delay further the ratification of the treaty and to weaken the league of peace by sowing distrust among its members. It twits the Republican ratificationists for following the leadership of Ambassador Grey while rejecting that of President Wilson. Here is material for vociferous demagogy, and the partisan plan is to make the most of it.

It is assumed that Senator Lodge reversed himself when he read the Grey letter—that his darkened mind was suddenly illumined when he learned Great Britain would accept his reservations. Before that, it is charged, he was scheming to prevent ratification and to throw the treaty into the approaching political campaign.

The trouble with this argument, interrupting the smooth flow of its plausibility, is the fact that knowledge of the British attitude, however new to the general public, was not new to the Senator. For a long time he had been aware, as is now revealed, that our principal allies did not object to reservations. This knowledge antedated November 19, when ratification failed. Moreover, there is evidence that the White House also had full information. So one can imagine what were the Senator's thoughts, honor compelling him to keep silence, as he beheld the White House demand the rejection of the reservations on the ground that they were fatally obnoxious to our allies and writing letters to the effect that the reservations would be held to "nullify" the treaty. If Senator Lodge was converted to ratification by the knowledge he possessed, the event long preceded last Sunday.

The British Cabinet refrained from public expression of its views because it wished, it is plain, to avoid anything savoring of discourtesy to the President. The White House was the place from which the get-together announcement should have come. It is a mystery why nothing came—why there was a neglect to make a statement which would have tended to straighten things out, a silence that necessarily created a false belief.

The public is averse to learning facts that intimately concern public affairs via London or Paris. It longs for a time when Congress and the country will be treated frankly and openly.

The inner history of the protracted struggle over the treaty has not been written. Some day it doubtless will be, and then there will be a better informed judgment as to where has been the chief obstacle to ratification.

Who Is the Public?

A writer in *The Nation* has some amiable and pointed fun in an effort to discover that "public" which is so much drawn by cartoonists, written of in editorials and usually represented on boards by distinguished citizens not generally regarded as primarily concerned in anything except their own fortunes. When capital confers with labor, for example, who is the public, anyway? Professors are admitted after some debate by *The Nation*, followed closely by the seven editors of *The New Republic*, all ministers of the Gospel, physicians, dentists, veterinary surgeons, authors, fortune tellers and politicians. This gives a total of 447,622 souls, or 1.7 per cent of the adult male population of 1910. Not exactly an impressive body to be spelled with a capital P and generally respected—in theory at any rate.

Perhaps this notion of a mysterious "public" serves some good use. But we are inclined to think that the good, old-fashioned conception of the nation, the state, is far more logical and appealing and clear-cut. The "public" is necessarily shifting and nebulous. The bricklayers belong to it—most decidedly—when the coal miners strike and a bricklayer's coal bin is as bare of coal as a banker's. But the bricklayer does not belong when he goes out on strike, thereby boosting rents another notch. Simpler and truer is it to say briefly that all citizens are members of the state, and that in any civilized nation worth its salt the state, which is to say all of us, is supreme.

This is not fashionable terminology, we are aware, among the guild or soviet philosophers of the hour. These gentlemen loathe with a deadly loathing the thought of a supreme authority, a sovereignty that is the voice of the common will. They picture charming scenes of federalization wherein bricklayers carry a portion of the national sovereignty in their trowels; and brakemen receive yet another; and so on throughout a delightful slicing of the cake among all properly sovietized children. How will justice be done and disputes settled as between the sundry assignees of sovereignty? Ah, that is the problem, concede these philosophers. We gather that a half-hearted remnant of the old national government would try as best it could to adjudicate or recommend or plead for the right. The net result would be something not so different from the blessed old feudal days, when folks bought protection where they could and were mighty glad to be mulcted only of their gold and grain and cattle.

After such an experiment the old-fashioned nation of us all might not seem so bad. We suggest it as a present antidote against future nonsense. It is the nation that should be supreme, against greedy labor as against greedy capital; and we are all members of it, bound by its laws and dedicated to its welfare, most of all those who happen to be evil members of it, seeking gain for themselves at the risk of injury to their fellows.

The Wrongness of Samuel Butler

There is no doubt considerable silliness on the part of worshipers of Samuel Butler, but we have seen nothing to equal the silliness of a recent criticism attacking the fame, person and labor of the author of "The Way of All Flesh" in *The Evening Post*. Several thousand words are devoted to the task of proving what has never been contradicted that we are aware of—the general perversity and sardonic bitterness of this grim old idol smasher. Of discussion of the intellectual labor in issue there are only occasional traces. The conclusion is naturally presented that Butler was an immensely overrated and thoroughly wrong and bad old man.

We suppose Samuel Butler was wrong upon more things than any other man of equal intellectual ability that we can recall. He could not well be otherwise; for his favorite occupation was to stride into some utterly novel field of laborious intellectual endeavor and seek to prove that everybody was wrong. He had a perfectly clear conception of what he was doing. As he says in his "Note Book":

> "I am the *enfant terrible* of literature and science. If I cannot, and I know I cannot, get the literary and scientific bigwigs to give me a shilling, I can, and I know I can, heave bricks into the middle of them."

Not a wholly admirable spirit in which to live one's intellectual life? Decidedly not; and if this were all that was insisted upon we could accept the criticism with applause and agreement. Butler had much of the aggrieved and disgruntled failure about him. He was a sorry lover, a hating son and a vitriolic enemy. His thinking showed at times what Mr. Francis Hackett has called a "diseased contrariness." No wonder Mr. Bernard Shaw clasped his posthumous being to his bosom as a long-lost brother!

But with all his wrongness of thought and life, it was Samuel Butler's achievement to plow a first furrow in an untilled field, and that is an achievement which no cohort of dyspeptic critics can erase. His thought was the legitimate ancestor of the philosophy of his grandchildren—though proof of its status turned up only after his death, very much like the lost will in the last act of a melodrama. Pragmatic is the convenient tag that has since come and gone—lapsed into something almost unfashionable. The way of thinking is with us yet, will be with us for years to come. It is in spirit nothing more or less than that open-minded, questioning freedom from cant and conventional beliefs that Samuel Butler lived and practised and was. The method, not the result, is his monument.

To be wrong through one's own thinking is better than to mumble the truth learned by rote. Not exactly a safe or a comfortable world, if all were Samuel Butlers. But the utmost of such intellectual freedom that the general run of us can achieve is a small item. It can at most, and in the mass, stir sluggish waters and help slowly, very slowly, to move mountains. The family, for example, will survive Samuel Butler's diatribes against it. But it may well be made a better institution through his frank discussion of its successes and its failures.

We do not recall that Secretary Daniels ever had any sea service.

A Life for a Life

A Defense of Capital Punishment by a Bank Clerk

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A few days ago the evening edition of one of your leading (after a fashion) contemporaries featured on its front page an article about the execution of one of the most notorious "killers" that this part of the country has ever had the misfortune to come in contact with. It really decried the fact that this poor innocent man, who was shielding the real criminal etc., should be put to death in so heartless a manner. If you will pardon the personal reference, I would like to have some of your readers who may have become influenced by the wording of this article to see this matter from a more or less selfish viewpoint.

I am a young man of thirty, the sole support of a mother. For over ten years I have followed the banking profession. I quote my own case because I know there are thousands of cases just like it. I leave my home in the morning bidding my mother a fond goodby. The next big thing in her life of that day is my return home in the evening when she can serve me my next meal and hear me tell about the work of the day. I arrive at the bank, at peace with the world, trained by time to be courteous to all comers at the bank window, always believing that "the customer is right." Suddenly a cold blooded animal filled with the lust for money, a man whom I had never seen, who never saw me, knew nothing about my family life, comes to my window, and, as this late criminal claimed, "in all fairness," levels a gun at my face, and because I am not quick enough to comply with his request, he pulls a trigger sending me into eternity and my old mother to probable starvation.

Of course a few weeks later he makes a spectacular witness at his trial, is perfectly composed, refuses even the benefit of clergy at the moment of death, a thing that he denied the one on whom he pulled the trigger, and because of all this, some meddlesome reformer, immediately raises a hue and cry and appeals to the sympathetic side of the paper's circulation.

I believe that the mere fear of capital punishment has been the deterring factor among many so-called gun fighters. They are at best cowards and wouldn't come out and fight clean. They must either have fire arms or a crowd to work with them. But no, the law is all wrong! ALVIN E. HAUSER.

New York, Jan. 31, 1920.

Cold Weather Rules

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The press reports of the recurring zero weather fires emphasize again the deplorable and unnecessary loss of life and property, due to lack of ordinary care and the exercise of ordinary intelligence.

In cold snaps hot air furnaces and stoves fired up to the red-hot point are the chief offenders, and the pointing out of a few elementary precautions in connection with maintenance of these we believe to be timely.

First—Never let a heater get red hot; suffering from cold is safer.

Second—When the heater is being run hard, a few hours neglect of the drafts may have fatal consequences.

Third—See that all woodwork or partitions within two feet of the heater are protected by sheet metal.

Fourth—Where the smoke flue passes through a partition, make sure that it is protected by a double metal collar, with an air space.

These are the A B C's of fire prevention that some have never learned and many have forgotten.

WILLIAM O. LUDLOW,
Chairman Committee on Fire Prevention, New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects.

New York, Feb. 3, 1920.

The Incomparable Celt

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Oliver Herford's amiable attempt in his book, "The Giddy Globe," to make fun of the Irish shows that he, like all Briton-Roman-Anglo-Saxon-Danish-Norman people, is incapable of understanding or appreciating the qualities that make the Celts the greatest race on earth. What that part of the Celtic races inhabiting Ireland may have at one time been has no bearing on this essential fact—that the Celt is the superior to any other race that exists or that has existed. It is probable that those Celts who settled in the Highlands of Scotland are somewhat superior to those of Ireland, as the latter have an admixture of Fierbolgs, Milesians and other races that, to some extent, detracts from the virtues of the Gael.

It is not necessary to furnish proof of these statements. They are admitted by the Celts themselves, and Mr. Herford's envious gibes cannot change established truths.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

New York City, Feb. 3, 1920.

Exchanging Bad for Worse

(From The Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger)

The Bolshevists are making the population of Russia work twelve hours a day seven days a week. Had the "down-trodden proletariat" known what was going to happen it might have hesitated before overthrowing the "hated aristocrats" and the "despised bourgeoisie." But apart from the damnable compulsion there seems to be praiseworthy appreciation of the country's needs by the new despots.

The Paramount Issues

(From The Baltimore American)

What is to become of Fiume? and What is alcoholic content? bid fair to be the two prominent puzzles of the century.

The Conning Tower

A Cure for Insomnia

Laura, my love, when you recite
With azure orbs ashine, aglisten,
The dream you had the other night
I do not listen.

My Postumus, when you explain
The virtues of your car; how cheap
Its upkeep is. I cannot feign.
I fall asleep.

And when, Belinda, you essay
To tell me of the current shows,
Weaving the plot of every play,
My dear, I doze.

And when, O John, you tell this hard
Of poker pots you used to take,—
With all details,—well, I can hard-
Ly keep awake.

Trite though these tales, my sweet Miss Smith,
Gold are they from a fairy hoard,
To your experiences with
The Ouija board.

Nobody could be so deft, so cutting, so reverent a parodist as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has been without being a deep and observant critic. Sir Arthur ("Studies in Literature") is lecturing his class at Cambridge on The Poetry of George Meredith. "And after all," he says, "what does it matter to this large world in the long run if a tripos candidate should pronounce a mistaken judgment on the merits of Lascelles Abercrombie, John Masefield, or John Drinkwater?" It matters not at all. What matters is the fear—in critics—of pronouncing wrong judgments. For even your mistaken judgments are not held against you. Who reviles Samuel Pepys because he characterized many of Shakespeare's plays as poor stuff, or praised plays that probably were without merit?

Sir Arthur wants, he says, his students to be sensible that a sloppy sentence is no more nearly "good enough" than dirty linen is good enough. "I desire," he says, "that among us we make it impossible to do again what our Admiralty did with the battle of Jutland, to win a victory at sea and lose it in a dispatch. And I use this illustration because many who will hardly be convinced that a thing is worth doing well for its own sake may yet listen when you show them that to do it ill, indifferently, laxly, means public damage. There used to be a saying in the Fleet—and it should have reached the Admiralty—that 'Nigh-enough is the worst man on the ship.'"

It is given to few to be able to make words mean what you want them to mean. To do it you must have a great respect for words—and the language—and you must use them honoring them and you. When Sir Arthur—to take one instance—speaks of a lyric or a line as "lovely," he means lovely; and you can feel the cadence or breathe the fragrance of lilacs.

Other authors do this with certain words, making the words almost their own. Mr. H. G. Wells does it with "bright" . . . and Miss May Sinclair with "sullen."

The more we read Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's lectures, the more we wish that he were touring this country. Rather, as far as we are concerned, one of his lectures than fifty years of Alfred Noyeses and a cycle of Sir Oliver Lodges.

"I Remember, I Remember"

Sir: I well remember my first day at school, for I was the laughing stock of the class within the first hour. When the teacher asked if any of us knew her name I proceeded to answer her question without observing the etiquette of scholastic society. All the other children raised their hands, but I immediately hollered out, "Clara Belle Turner," expecting the rest would all do likewise. A roar of laughter greeted me, and my impression of the teacher was that she looked decidedly pained. She called on a little girl who sat near me, and the latter announced sweetly and politely: "Miss Turner."

Before the morning was over the teacher put about a dozen simple problems in addition on the board, writing also the answers to the first two. I copied them on my slate, and as soon as I discovered that the answers to the other problems were lacking I hollered out (forgetting again to raise my hand, but not forgetting the teacher's proper title): "Oh! Miss Turner. You forgot to put down the answers to the last ten questions."

TUT.

Sir: My first day at school was a total failure. My teacher looked a hundred years old to me, and all the other girls in the class seemed to know a great deal about subjects that did not interest me in the least. So at 10:30, when the class was sent downstairs for recess, I went home and told my mother I didn't care for school and didn't think I'd go back. I went back—with mother—next morning.

JEANNE.

Sir: Like C. W., my first day at school was purely a matter of raiment. I was taken to school by my cousin, Harry Gay, and I wore my stockings wrong side out. It was not until I reached home that I learned, to my horror, every child in school had come to Harry privately and muttered: "Say, did you know your little brother's got his stockings wrong side out?"

W. W. E.

Being advertised are "Bronx garages," and E. J. W. wants to know whether this is a new name for the old wine closet.

In Fargo, N. D., is the Holland Wild Oats Separator Company, a concern W. W. E. thinks should command the attention of every college faculty.

"O Joy, O Rapture Unforeseen, the Clouded Sky Is Now Serene"

[From The Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal]

On January 3, 5, 6, 1920, I gave notice to the public that I, Fred Traut, would not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Julia Traut, which was a mistake, as I was pushed to doing same. I am glad to say we are together again.

FRED TRAUT.
624 Spring Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

Owing to the condition of the sidewalks, the enforcement of the foot-fault rule temporarily is suspended.

How about unseating the groundhog?

F. P. A.

IT'S GETTING SO'S A FELLOW CAN'T HAVE ANY PRIVACY ANYWHERE ANY MORE

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Ethics as a Vice

A 'Wet' Criticizes Prohibition and Our National Failings

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was in Christiania last April during a meeting of Norway's medical association. Physicians from Sweden and Denmark also attended. The influenza was raging then, and much time was given to its consideration. There was no dissent from the statement made by many physicians present that aquavit—a potato or cereal brandy of about 90 proof—is not only a valuable remedy against influenza, but that it is the best remedy.

There are a few European physicians who oppose the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease, but there are mighty few. The overwhelming bulk of testimony is against the W. C. T. U. So is the overwhelming bulk of personal testimony. Neither Mr. Anderson nor any physician is so well acquainted with my body, its idiosyncrasies and reactions, as I am. After more than forty years of life, with average experiences with physicians, I listen with impatience to doctors who would tell me that hot rum does not more quickly cure my hard colds than any of their therapeutic agents, and I will not listen to teetotalers at all. They are not competent to speak.

Since Mrs. Allen wrote we have read the complaint of the physicians of the steamship Kaiserin Auguste Victoria about the absence of spirits hampering their fight against influenza on board. Are these men, too, the victims of a delusion?

I would not be understood to intimate that the physicians who oppose the use of alcohol are consciously influenced by the fact that their communities regard any consumption of spirits as sinful per se. They are merely the unconscious victims of the general national inability to consider on its merits any matter that has an abstract ethical side or into which ethical considerations have been imported. This characteristic of our people manifests itself in various ways. In the single matter of sexology, for example, we lag far behind the rest of the world. Sexology is exclusively a matter of physiology and psychology. Sexologists' conclusions are valueless if influenced by any other considerations, but our Puritan spirit will not permit them to reach conclusions at variance with our conceptions of morality and immorality, and if unhappily they do reach such conclusions, it will either not permit them to make them public or will ostracise them if they dare do so.

In my community prohibition has, in practice, become a part of the religious creed of the churches. I cannot enter a church to pay homage to my ideal of a manly Christ, who changed water into wine for a wedding feast, without running the risk of being held up to scorn from the pulpit as an infidel and an immoral man because I make no secret of my opposition to the infamous and un-American law that would banish wine and beer from my table and compel me to alter radically the eating customs of a quarter century—and this at the dictation of fanatics, male and female, who are not intellectually fit to be my guardians.

Of all peoples on earth we could least afford to banish alcoholic drinks. The soulless materialism that measures human progress and happiness by savings-bank accounts and industrial efficiency needed occasional moments of exaltation, even though artificial and temporary. The Andersonites have robbed us of even these few moments.

I believe there are millions of Americans who resent the Eighteenth Amendment as bitterly as I do, and I believe they will yet be heard from.

S. MILES BOUTON.

Jamestown, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1920.

Is the Majority Wet?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It has always seemed to me that The Tribune has striven to give the people the truth. Wish you would direct your attention to the prohibition question in this country, for the situation today is making so many lawbreakers and causing such disrespect for the law that we have come to be a family very much divided among ourselves.

The prohibition question—for it is still a question—is of more personal interest to a large percentage of the population than the high cost of living or who will be our next President or any other question. As a rule, they consider that the present act of prohibition is a "frame-up," and they are "sore" at the government and country for bringing it about, because they think that a majority of the people want the country "wet."

Personally, I want, with all my heart, to see the country "dry." But I am not absolutely sure myself that the majority want it "dry." And if there is a majority wanting it "wet" it must be "wet." I think there is no way to prove this except by a direct vote of the people.

The proving of this question is of vital interest to stop the present growth of lawlessness, which, unless checked, might spread to other things. For discontent is very deep and general over several other conditions in this country.

CHARLES E. HEINLINE JR.

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 2, 1920.

No Alices Left

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Milton Nobles does not know the nature of the sweet and lovely women of the time "Sweet Alice" was written. Any woman could blush, but it takes a fine and beautiful one to love a man so much that she "weeps with delight when he gives her a smile and trembles with fear at his frown."

But he need not worry. They are all dead in A. D. 1920. Besides, there are only a few left of the men to make a girl feel that way. And they don't grow on this soil.

It takes Ireland to make such dear and lovely men that can lift up the soul, so that one can weep with delight. Yours for "Sweet Alice."

FLORENCE DREW.

Bay Ridge, Feb. 1, 1920.

The Deadly Stein

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "I'se very much troubled in mind." We have a number of steins that we have used as ornaments on the "Dutch shelf" in our dining room. Are we violating the prohibition laws? Is it a mitigating circumstance that these steins enjoy their virgin purity, never having been contaminated by the touch of beer? Please relieve my anxiety. LAW ABIDER.

New York, Feb. 1, 1920.

A True Prophet

(From The Wheeling Intelligencer)

It was the celebrated Greek mathematician, astronomer and philosopher Thales who said that "all comes from water and will return to water." And he lived some twenty-five hundred years before our times.

Signals From Afar

Aurora, Not Mars, Responsible for Strange Messages

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: We have heard of apparent signals from afar, by wireless, but it is probable that they are nothing more than stray currents of electricity, such as are occasionally manifested on land lines when the Aurora is at play. It is a remarkable fact that wireless telegraphy works better between stations north and south than between installations east and west, and, what is more singular, all wireless works better and over greater distances by night than by day. Long ago it was discovered that the earth was a great magnet, and it is supposed that its magnetic condition is influenced, if not controlled, by the sun. It is believed that light, heat and electricity are variant manifestations of etheric vibrations.

Readers whose memories go back to 1865 will remember the attempt to lay the Atlantic telegraph cable, and how in mid-ocean the cable broke. The ship returned to England, and the next year was successful in establishing telegraphic communication. All this time the broken cable of 1865 lay at the bottom of the sea, but at what would be the receiving station in Ireland the galvanometer was in continual action, the moving spot of light swung to right and left on the scale as if attempting to deliver a message from the sea depths. Thus, a year passed by and the Great Eastern went westward again to find the broken cable of 1865. Day and night watch was kept in the station at Valentia Bay, until at last the moving spot of light, which had never been still, began to show signs of intelligent control, and the receiving operator wrote the words as they came letter by letter, Canning to Glass, telling how the ship had picked up the broken cable, had brought the end on board, joined it to the cable in the hold and was proceeding westward. A few days afterward the voyage was successfully completed and the two trans-Atlantic cable were in operation.

It is more than likely that these disturbances noticed at the wireless stations are akin to the manifestations observed by the cable operators when the end of the broken wire lay in the ocean depths, two miles below the surface, waiting to be sought for and put to use. JOHN E. NORCROSS.

Brooklyn, Jan. 31, 1920.

The American Labor Party

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I do not wish to belittle the importance of a protest vote, when one votes the Socialist ticket, but that is not constructive, when there is a real solution to the problem.

For those who, like F. E. Benton, feel that both old parties have outlived their usefulness and are too corrupt to function any longer for the benefit of the layman, there is the new party, the American Labor party, which comes clean from the people to serve them in their own interest.

Why do not all the readers who are thinking voters get busy and join this new party? Platforms are easily obtained by writing the office, at 123 East Twenty-third Street.

People have just the kind of government they want. Those who want the change to good government have the cue now. How many want it enough to do their part?

B. PHYLLIS FENIGSTON.

Sparrows Nest, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1920.