New York Tribune

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

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The Harding Character

There seems no question that Senator Harding's speech of acceptance has gained favor the more it has been read and discussed. Hasty critics of the highbrow school dismissed it out of hand for lack of literary style—it is certainly utterly lacking in that literary facility which is second nature to President Wilson. The intellectuals jeered at it because so much was tentative and hesitant and no complete and positive cures were promised.

Nevertheless popular opinion has been increasingly favorable to the speech, and, we think, for a clear and sufficient reason. That reason we would define as the downright sincerity of its utterance, the solid basis of character, that underlies convincingly the entire document.

Striking proof of the point is furnished by the report of the ceremonies of acceptance at Marion, written by an eyewitness, of independent politics, Mr. Mark Sullivan, for "The New York Evening Post." To the outsider the occasion seemed certain to be a wholly perfunctory one—in the nature of things. So Mr. Sullivan expected it to prove. On the contrary, to his surprise, he found the ceremony "exalted and moving." Why? Here is Mr. Sullivan's analysis:

> "One was quite sure that much of this solemnity came from the audience, but probably more of it came from Harding himself. Not that he consciously created it. He has almost nothing of the dramatic in him, but he was obviously and deeply moved, and moved in a way that was perfectly in tune with the occasion.
>
> "He was the picture of a diffident, almost a shy, man called upon to accept a high responsibility, sincerely wishing to be sure that the country understood his limitations, earnestly determined to make clear exactly what were his ideas for the administration of the office to which he was being invited; rather more concerned, you felt, with giving people reasons why they might properly prefer another rather than soliciting the office for himself."

There is here well suggested a basic appeal of the Harding candidacy. For lack of a more precise definition we offer the word "character" to cover those very fundamental qualities of rectitude and devotion and steady intellectual processes which Mr. Harding displayed in his speech of acceptance. It was essentially an American scene that Mr. Sullivan described, and the qualities which Mr. Harding has to offer are preeminently American qualities.

The speech includes no intellectual speculations. The phrases are neither imaginative nor striking. In style it is the effort—sometimes laborious and involved—of a man to be accurate, painstakingly accurate, and frank—neither pretending to more definiteness upon any particular issue than was in his mind nor holding back any doubts or hesitations which he felt. The substance of the speech bore out the picture drawn by Mr. Sullivan, "a diffident, almost a shy, man," called upon to accept a high responsibility and sincerely wishing to be sure that the country understood both his limitations and his plans.

We think the impression thus conveyed by Senator Harding will grow with the campaign. We think it is the true impression of the manner of man Senator Harding is and the manner of President he will make. These Americans who prefer a superman in the office will obviously not vote for him. On the other hand, he will appeal strongly to all who hold to the older American tradition which views the President as a cooperating executive head, who can best serve his country by organizing in his Administration the best minds of his party, and conducting the business of the country by and with their advice.

Plutocracy in Germany

The Germans are notably a people needing leadership. They respond to organizing genius, but when the genius is absent show little resourcefulness. This is the lesson of the revolution of 1918. There has, perhaps, never been an upheaval of a great people so totally devoid of inspiring personalities. Liebknecht was the only Socialist chieftain whose qualities approached genius, yet even in him sense of reality was missing.

Apart from Liebknecht the Socialists produced no leader, and their opponents have produced none. The republic is carried on and defended by mediocrities; it has been assailed mostly by humbugs like Kapp. The one asset of the republicans is the greater weakness of the monarchists.

Has the outcome of the elections changed this condition? A correspondent of "The London Times" thinks it has. He asserts that the victory of the People's Party is not that of monarchist reaction, as it is usually interpreted, but simply of constructive big business, in the good sense of that much abused word. The People's Party, the correspondent says, "seems to have more executive ability and more constructive imagination than all other parties put together. They certainly have plenty of money and brains. . . . Germany is going to develop into a highly organized plutocracy, possibly with a certain amount of Socialist window dressing." . . .

This is by no means an improbable forecast. The heads of German industry and finance, as expressed politically by the People's Party, may do two great things for the German people: They may relieve it of the distasteful duty of governing itself. They may, if installed in supreme power, revive production, and thus restore the material conditions of civilized life and progress.

For the former task they may be as good as anybody else in sight; for the latter they ought to be better. A German government of big business may be in occasional need of being reminded, like Herr Stinnes at Spa, of its manners. If it be intelligent at all it cannot fail to recognize that its only chance to survive is to adapt the interests and needs of the new Germany to her place in the new Europe.

A Traveler in Peril

Not the least of the perils of traveling in a strange land is that of the published "impression." The modern explorer may escape the depths of the raging sea and never come face to face with Indians or a sand storm on the desert, yet he is indeed fortunate if he avoids committing himself to fantastic generalities about the country into which he has peeped.

The recollections of Hugh Walpole recently published were a shining example of this peril lightheartedly avoided. Mlle. Jacquemaire Clemenceau, daughter of the "Tiger of France," who has just returned from a visit to this country, has not been so fortunate. The things she observed in a comparatively short sojourn, in a limited social circle, are set down in her impressions in "Femina" as typical of the American people. Doubtless all the things she noticed did actually occur; they are the commonplaces of our humorous periodicals and the breath of life to our reformers, but they are not typical.

Take the club woman, for example. For a generation we have permitted ourselves to joke about her, it being all in the family, and well knowing that neither we nor our hearers took our remarks seriously. But it rankles to hear Mlle. Clemenceau record for all France to read: "Her clubs are as numerous, as important, as rich and as carefully organized as those of the men. The members often live at their clubs more than at home, and arrange there meetings where national questions are examined, debated and judged. The American family, which has appropriated to itself the term 'home' and rendered it almost sacred, nevertheless scarcely ever comes together as a whole in this home, though with a sure instinct it has created everywhere a setting full of charm and favorable to long hours of intimacy, to the development of tenderness and of domestic ties."

A nation which has lived down the charge that it ate mince pie for breakfast will feel no particular rancor over the French visitor's discovery that we are addicted to oysters and turtle soup. "The cooking is generally good"—this is more than many travelers admit—"more chicken than meat, more clear soups than the heavier ones, more fruit than fresh vegetables. A great use of milk in cooking is noticeable. Oysters and turtle soup are especially popular dishes. Great predilection is shown for pastry. The Americans do not eat much bread, as every one knows, but seem to live on cakes and ice cream (this is their favorite delicacy), and nibble candies, always detestable ones, all day. They have just been stricken with a painful dispensation which they support with impatience, but which, after all, they do support—prohibition. They drink ice water, which is to be found everywhere at hand on turning a spigot, even in their bedrooms or on their trains."

The expense of running the luxurious American home, and in particular the terrific wages paid the American servant, receive great stress from this visitor. Untold sums go for food bills, she believes, and such is the nervous strain of conducting these complicated establishments that "much receiving is done in hotels." Mlle. Clemenceau tactfully puts it down to the climate that "all the women have gray hair at forty," but we are sure that, in her heart, she thinks the servant problem responsible.

Teamwork

The sporting writers, those monuments of erudition who amaze us with the mass of their knowledge, seem generally to agree that Resolute's good showing is because of the superiority of her crew in teamwork. Shamrock is new, and ingenuity exhausted itself in developing her new speed devices. But Resolute was more skillfully handled; her canvas was spread or stowed more nimbly; and so, though an ancient hulk, she did that which naval mathematicians demonstrated she couldn't.

A lesson lurks in the story. What ails Russia? What is the matter with other countries? What is the cause of the restiveness of America? Lack of teamwork. Men and women, yielding to their suspicions and mistaking superficial veneers for real substances, have said to themselves that perhaps, after all, there was something in the theory that an employer was necessarily an enemy.

If a computation could be made it would doubtless appear that the central dogma of Marx and its reflexes have done more material damage to the world than all the German shells. Men lost the habit of keeping step. They were exhorted so to do, and listened.

Teamwork! This is what makes production large even as it makes yachts fast. It quadruples power while diminishing individual expenditure of effort. Do you want real wages higher? Then display teamwork. Do you want prices lower? Develop teamwork.

Excessive profits, refusals to divide fairly the products of industry, a buccaneering spirit that leads to the capture of galleons freighted with the wealth other men create—these things are regrettably present. All except a few Bourbons agree that every method wit can devise should be employed to counterpoise them.

But, after all, the little filched through gimlet holes bored by selfishness is nothing compared to the waste that comes when hoops are loosened and staves smashed in. The profiteer flourishes in all kinds of business weather, but the more, rather, when it is stormy. The average man cannot prosper except when conditions are settled. So it's teamwork that must be had—more and more teamwork, and suppression of all who oppose its multiplying harmony.

Bertrand Russell Goes to Russia

It is only a few months ago that Bertrand Russell, the British philosopher and radical, was completely converted to Bolshevism. He deprecated violence and hoped England would achieve communism without it. But such were the gains he foresaw that he was willing to use any means necessary to bring this Utopia to England.

But, alas for theories, Bertrand Russell has now been to Russia. He accompanied the recent British labor party mission to Soviet Russia. He spent five days in Petrograd, eleven in Moscow, traveled down the Volga, stopping among the peasants; had an hour's talk with Lenine, spent a night in the country with Kamener, and saw Trotzky in action at the Moscow opera, calling for "three cheers for our brave fellows at the front!" like any other imperialist leader.

And the facts have converted Professor Russell, if not from communism at least from the revolution. He is convinced that unlimited gore is not a safe road to the brotherhood of man. In an article in "The London Nation" he presents a picture of Bolshevism that confirms all that the most unfriendly critics have asserted of it. One of the first things he discovered was the "profound difference" between the theories of actual Bolsheviks and "the version of those theories current among advanced Socialists in this country"—meaning England. Let the admirable prose of Professor Russell speak for itself:

> "Friends of Russia here think of the dictatorship of the proletariat as merely a new form of representative government, in which only working men and women have votes and the constituencies are partly occupational, not geographical. They think that 'proletariat' means 'proletariat,' but 'dictatorship' does not quite mean 'dictatorship.' This is the opposite of the truth. When a Russian Communist speaks of dictatorship he means the word literally, but when he speaks of the proletariat he means the word in a Pickwickian sense. He means the 'class-conscious' part of the proletariat—i. e., the Communist party. He includes people by no means proletarian (such as Lenine and Tchitcherin) who have the right opinions, and he excludes such wage-earners as have not the right opinions, whom he classifies as lackeys of the bourgeoisie."

Interesting parallels are suggested. The baser side of Bolshevism is declared to resemble most the Directoire of the French Revolution. The sincere Communists are likened to the Puritan soldiers under Cromwell. Cromwell's dealings with Parliament are compared to those of Lenine with the Constituent Assembly. Both tried to make their countries live at "a higher level of morality and effort than the population found tolerable." Life in modern Russia, as in Puritan England, is "in many ways contrary to instinct." If the Bolsheviks fall, Professor Russell declares, it will be for the same reason for which the Puritans fell—because there comes a point at which men feel that amusement and ease are worth more than all other goods put together.

Of the Pickwickian sense in which high-sounding words of democracy are used in Bolshevist Russia there are other illustrations. Bolshevism is "internally aristocratic and externally militant." Shades of "The Liberator," "The New Republic" and Emma Goldman! The Communists have "all the good and bad traits of an aristocracy which is young and vital." Is this the proletarian idyl of which our young radicals write so emotionally and toward which they would drive poor, prosaic, capitalistic America? The Communists, little brothers of all the world in their patter, are "dictatorial, lacking in ordinary consideration of the plebs, such as their servants, whom they overwork, or the people in the streets, whose lives they endanger by extraordinarily reckless motoring." They have better food, alone have motor cars and telephones, and possess the inside track to such emoluments as railway tickets, permits for purchases at the Soviet stores (where prices are about one-fifth of what they are in the market), theater tickets and so on.

Exactly what does Bertrand Russell conclude from these facts, which plain, common-sense observers have been reporting for months but which the super-intellect of a philosopher was unable to credit until he saw them face to face? We do not wish to do any injustice to Professor Russell's conversion. Here are his exact words touching the Lenine theory that only a bloody revolution can advance the world:

> "For my part, after weighing this theory carefully and after admitting the whole of its indictment of bourgeois capitalism, I find myself definitely and strongly opposed to it. The Third International is an organization which exists to promote the class war and to hasten the advent of revolution everywhere. My objection is not that capitalism is less bad than the Bolsheviks believe, but that socialism is less good—at any rate, in the form which can be brought about by war."

Having felt the fire of socialism, Professor Russell realizes that even the frying pan of capitalism has, after all, its good points.

"Peace"

(From The Villager)

WARSAW, July 20.—The long-awaited general attack by the Bolsheviki along the line of the River Styr commenced Monday, and has been repulsed by the heroic work of seven Polish divisions.

SHANGHAI, July 19.—Hankow was thrown into a panic Saturday night by a machine gun battle on the outskirts of the city, between the Anfu troops and the forces of Wang-Chang-Yuen.

LONDON, July 20.—Large reinforcements for the British troops have been ordered from India to Mesopotamia. Mr. Churchill said to-day that the garrison in Rumeita is holding out against the Arabs.

FIUME, July 20.—Captain Gabriel d'Annunzio says he intends to maintain the Italian claim to Dalmatia even should the Giolitti government have other plans. "It is said Giolitti intends to renounce Italian claims to Valona," he declared. "I will have to occupy Valona immediately if he does so."

PARIS, July 19.—General Gouraud's ultimatum to Emir Feisal expires today, and it is expected that hostilities may begin at any moment.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 19.—Railway traffic has been interrupted by the fighting between the Greeks and Turks in the region of Adrianople. There are rumors that the Greeks are having clashes with the Bulgarians.

DUBLIN, July 20.—Military forces today occupied a large foundry here belonging to the Unionists, in which quantities of shell and munitions cases were stored.

WASHINGTON, July 20.—A State Department report received to-day from Mexico tells of the revolt of General Larraga, who is said to be operating in Tamaulipas, about seventy-five miles west of Tampico.

JERUSALEM, 701 B. C.—The ambassadors of peace weep bitterly.

What Senator Sage Has Done

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a Republican and because I do not believe that the Democratic party in New York State, with its New York City affiliations and obligations, can give the state as a whole as economical, efficient and business-like an administration as the Republican party, I resent the implications contained in your editorial of Saturday morning.

The fact that Senator Sage happens to come from Albany County and that William Barnes jr. happens to have some influence in the political affairs of Albany County is merely a coincidence. To attempt to say that these two facts, which are of no significance, should bar Senator Sage from being considered as the Republican candidate for Governor of the State of New York is not only far-fetched but unfair. Senator Sage may not be as loud mouthed as some alleged progressives, who presumably will receive your support for the nomination, judging by the opening gun fired Saturday morning. However, he is considered by all who have intimate knowledge of the affairs of the state to be the one man who has stood head and shoulders above all others in trying to see that the state got a dollar's worth for each dollar expended, and that so far as possible two dollars' worth in taxes be not collected where only one dollar in expenditure was necessary.

H. C. HOPSON.

New York, July 20, 1920.

The Plurality Primary

It Would at Least Prevent Boss Nominations for Presidency

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The arguments in the letter by Professor Loomis, of New York University, in The Tribune of July 19, 1920, are well taken, timely and to the point. The article, however, is somewhat pessimistic, and it gives no remedy for popular control of the convention. It is, indeed, an unfavorable criticism upon the character and ingenuity of the American people, of whom Viscount Bryce so aptly remarks in his introduction to "The American Commonwealth": "What he (the European reader) probably fails to do is to realize the existence in the American people of a reserve of force and patriotism more than sufficient to sweep away all the evils which are now tolerated and to make the politics of the country worthy of its material grandeur and of the private virtues of its inhabitants." There seems to be no doubt in the minds of the American people that at the present time the President is not truly the people's choice. In this they are correct. But is there, then, no remedy?

My plan is the legal regulation of the convention in conjunction with the direct primary of delegates to the convention. Do away with the unit rule, the two-thirds rule in the Democratic convention and the majority rule in the Republican. Nominate your candidates at the convention by a mere plurality and by direct primary, force the delegates of both parties to pledge support to one candidate and make the delegate a rubber stamp of the people rather than a rubber stamp of the boss. Then, when the delegates vote at the convention, the man who gets the plurality is really the people's choice.

Let us take a practical example in the present Presidential election. Who was the logical candidate on the Republican ticket, who received the greatest number of pledged delegates, who received the plurality on the first ballot? In all cases it was General Wood. The conclusion is evident: Wood was the real choice of the Republican voters and organization. But Wood did not get the nomination, because the majority rule permitted bossed manipulation. The same thing happened to McAdoo, the logical Democratic candidate, but the two-third rule permitted Messrs. Murphy, Taggart and Brennan to put through a minority candidate.

I sincerely believe that the simple expedient stated above would give the people their true choice in the Presidential convention. Make the convention simpler, prevent manipulation, and put it as far as possible under popular control.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, '21.

New York, July 21, 1920.

An Historic "It Is Me"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Tripping up Dr. Shimer on his "I's" and "me's" brings back to mind the story Dr. McCosh, then the venerable president of Princeton, told in the '90s in a lecture to the students of Ohio Wesleyan. He said his Presbyterian conscience got to bothering him one night and he got up to stroll around the university grounds to gain back his sleepy mood. Spying a light in a window of a dormitory at this hour—2 a. m.—he became curious to know what was keeping one of his students up so late. On gaining the door he was about to rap when he caught the click of chips and several low-pitched voices. Giving a vigorous knock which resulted in a sudden confusion of sounds within, a voice tremblingly said, "Who's there?" "It's me, Dr. McCosh," the president replied. "You're a liar," shot back the voice. "If you were Dr. McCosh you'd have said 'It is I!'" "I folded up my tent and silently stole away," said the good doctor, "for I considered the honored name of Princeton for scholarship of vastly more importance than the breaking up of a friendly game of poker."

THADD ELLIS.

Racine, Ohio, July 22, 1920.

Too Proud to Fight

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Surely the finding of a life-belt of the ill-fated Lusitania comes like a pricking conscience at a time when the shadow of another war is menacing the battle-scarred fields of Europe to remind your mighty country that now is no time to condone the blackest and most dastardly crime in history by electing as President a man who, on October 14, 1916, published in one of his own newspapers the following:

"Our skirts are clean as regards the activities of the German U-boats. They have committed no crime against us."

Did not Mr. Cox also cause to be published an allusion to "the splendid Germans," declare that the American army was being sent to France for sentimental reasons and state that the best means of aiding Germany would be to reëlect President Wilson?

Was it for this latter reason that the Wilson battle-cry was "too proud to fight"?

JUSTICE.

Beverly Farms, Mass., July 23, 1920.

Tar and Pitch

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The first, broadest and evidently the most important plank in the Democratic platform is so full of knots as to display slight skill in the selection of timber from the Democratic lumber yard. Attention was at once directed to one of these disfiguring knots, i. e., that falsely accusing Senator Lodge of double dealing; and we are informed that the revised platform will have that knot tarred and pitched. But the platform is built; that knotty plank is in it and must remain. Tar it and pitch it as the revisers may, that knot cannot be obliterated.

Both tar and pitch are unsavory materials; they are usually as black as the "lie that is half a truth," as that knot is. "A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies. A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright. But a lie which is part a truth is a harder thing to fight."

PHŒBUS.

New York, July 21, 1920.

"And When They Turned the Kivers Down He Wasn't There at All"—

Looks as if the Goblins Had Got All but the "Pants and Roundabout," All Right

Books

By Heywood Broun

"But if the reader, because the Andalusians are slothful, truthless, but moderately honest, vain, concludes that they are an unattractive people he will grossly err," writes Somerset Maugham in "The Land of the Blessed Virgin" (Knopf). "His reasoning," Mr. Maugham continues, "that moral qualities make pleasant companions is quite false; on the contrary, it is rigid principles and unbending character, strength of will and decided sense of right and wrong which make intercourse difficult. A sensitive conscience is no addition to the amenities of the dinner table. But when a man is willing to counter a deadly sin with a shrug of the shoulders, when between white and black he can discover no insupportable contrast, the probabilities are that he will at least humor your whims and respect your prejudices. And so it is that the Andalusians make very agreeable acquaintances. They are free and amiable in their conversation and will always say the thing that pleases rather than the brutal thing that is. They miss no opportunity to make compliments, which they do so well that at the moment you are assured these flattering remarks come from the bottom of their hearts. Very reasonably, they cannot understand why you should be disagreeable to a man merely because you rob him; to injury, unless their minds are clouded with passion, they have not the bad taste to add insult. Compare with these manners the British abhorrence of polite and complimentary speeches, especially if they happen to be true. The Englishman may hold you in the highest estimation, but wild horses will not drag from him an acknowledgment of the fact; whereby humanism and the general stock of self-esteem are notably diminished."

We were talking to our friend O'Doul about politics and he was calm enough until somebody announced himself "a violent radical."

"I can stand for socialism, a little of it anyway," said O'Doul fiercely, "but it's this communism that makes me mad. I'm not going to stand for any form of government under which a man can come up to me and say, 'O'Doul, there are too many men just like you in New York. You go out and live in Columbus.'"

Alice Brown's "The Wind Between the Worlds" (Macmillan) is not up to her standard, but she has been hugely successful in the creation of the most likable and lively old lady whom we have met in fiction these many months. By old, we hasten to add, we mean between sixty-five and seventy.

There is also a shrewd comment on the effectiveness of the sniff. "After Susanne had left the room," writes Alice Brown, "Madam Brooke, who was always careful to preserve the decent reticences between the family and 'below stairs,' forbore to sniff until the maid had got well outside the door; then she did it with somewhat diminished effect, owing to the delay. This she realized. A sniff, she knew, had to be served up hot."

"The constant striving for effect and the tedious effort to present each subject from a distorted angle," writes Marlinspike, "are getting to be positive afflictions among journalists who obtrude themselves on our notice by their special columns and their featured accounts of everything from books to conventions. It seems to be a reaction from the modern craze for 'self-expression' (regardless of the merits or qualities of the self to be expressed), which allows half-baked views and the most intimate idiosyncrasies of the home to take the place of true criticism and analysis. The unusual and the bizarre are followed by writers of your type, my dear Mr. Broun, with a slavishness compared to which the most superstitious devotees of mediæval religion are models of enlightened ratiocination. Warped ideas are more commonly featured than eternal principles, because the latter are necessarily bromidic and commonplace, and the acceptance of them nowadays is considered 'narrow minded.' Why one should be narrow minded in affirming truths and broad minded only in what one denies is a question which I will leave to you, as spokesman of the moderns, to answer. I presume, however, that the solution lies in the newly discovered 'right' to believe that two and two make five."

We must refuse the nomination. We are lost in wonder at the wisdom of anybody who knows of a certainty what is truth. The man who has also made up his mind as to what is to be true forever and ever passes beyond us into infinity with the parallel lines. Moreover, we are old-fashioned enough to say "two and two make five."

Marlinspike also rebukes us for a lack of enthusiasm about the yachts, but he has not been whipsawed by them as we have been. There have been days when the wind was too light and days when the wind was too strong, and we have come to feel that future cup races should be held in Madison Square Garden, tightly sealed, into which the wind might be poured to just the proper proportion by means of a dropper.

"In regard to your $2 watch mentioned in The Tribune this morning," writes A. J. Sawyer, of Robert H. Ingersoll & Bros., "our question is: Is this an Ingersoll? If so we would be pleased to receive it and enter it into our museum of notable timepieces (as we like to refer to our product). With it we will put the clipping showing the arduous service in which it perished. If it has any other memorable records, such as timing the cheering for Palmer at San Francisco, these would be of interest. H. 3d would probably enjoy it, but he might swallow the mainspring, and that would not be palatable, even if it had been boiled with the eggs."

It was an Ingersoll, but we can hardly comply with Mr. Sawyer's request. Naturally, we gave it a sea burial.

Up to date the vote against the "womanly woman" and the "he man" stands 7 to 3, but R. B. C. writes, "I may not be up to specifications on the 'womanly' stuff, but if you have an unsuspecting 'he male' on your files may I have his name and address."

An Unnecessary Request

(From The Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

Radical prohibitionists who are complaining because neither of the political parties inserted a plank in their platforms indorsing the Eighteenth Amendment are unreasonable. They might as well insist that both parties were obligated to insert a plank indorsing the Seventeenth, the Sixteenth, the Fifteenth, or any other specific amendment.

Praise for Kenia Colony

A Monk's Testimony Transmitted via the Argonne Forest

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In regard to the statement in your editorial on "Kenia Colony" that "only a small part, about the size of Wales, is fit for settlement by whites," I would like to give you some information, which, curiously enough, I picked up at Chatel Chehéry, Argonne Forest, in October, 1918. One day I ran into an interpreter belonging to the French army and attached to the 78th Division, operating on our left. This gentleman was before the war (and I hope is again now, though life was uncertain those days) a monk-missionary from a French monastery in British East Africa.

In the course of conversation he informed me that there was an area bigger than France of the best farming, maize-growing and cattle-raising land in the world in the colony; that the climate was excellent and that it was the best place in the world for a young white man with a little capital and a taste for outdoor life. The best proof he offered was that his monastery had experimented in growing coffee and had been most successful. The reason coffee grew so well there was the country mostly consisted of high uplands which, needless to add, are also excellent for white colonization. He also said that the colonial government was most just and ready to help coffee growers and all planters to find a market and transportation for their produce. We met only for an hour, under most trying circumstances.

I don't even remember his name, but I have no reason to doubt his enthusiastic boost of Kenia Colony as one of the best virgin spots in the world, capable of being colonized by millions of white settlers.

E. A. L. BENNETT.

New York, July 23, 1920.

Two Flags

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: An item in The Tribune of July 17 states that British officials at Bermuda have expressed regret for the insult offered the American flag by British sailors July 4. The message adds that the sailors who took part in trampling upon the flag have been heavily fined and sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

Apropos of the above, I should like to inquire of the readers of The Tribune their opinion of the penalty given the women who recently burned the British flag publicly, in the city of Washington, within a stone's throw of the White House. The same or a similar group of "ladies" paraded with banners bearing insolent inscriptions in front of the British Embassy. This was done in the name of American women. Just a plain American woman would like to know how other American women and men feel about the insult offered the British flag and the British people. I should like to have the guilty women "heavily fined and sentenced to terms of imprisonment." What do you think?

BETTY WATKINS.

Burlington, Vt., July 19, 1920.

The Test of Truth

(From The Chicago Daily News.)

Before believing the report that a fish larger than any whale has been seen in the Atlantic, one demands to know whether the report was made by a one-half of 1 per cent American skipper or by a 100 proof foreign seaman.