

New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth—Editorials—Advertisements

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a barrier between Germany and Russia can be done only by the strength of the united Allies. Large armed forces will have to be maintained, with the result that money which otherwise would have gone into reconstruction will go to the preservation of an armed peace.

Either alternative is a blow at the political stability of Europe. It forces a realignment, fraught with innumerable dangers for the Western nations. The next war may be to preserve Poland, even as the last one in many respects was to preserve Belgium.

Government Action Inevitable

That a government agency to investigate the coal industry is advisable seems now to be realized by operators and miners alike. There is a difference of opinion as to the composition and scope of the body, but the very fact that its need is recognized is an indication that the prospect of a settlement by direct negotiations between the miners and operators is small and that both sides realize the evils of a settlement by exhaustion.

The sooner, therefore, that a governmental board is appointed the better. Even were such a body to commence work to-morrow, many weeks would necessarily be spent in studying and amassing facts, so that there would be little prospect that the board could act before the latter part of the summer.

In the mean time the coal shortage becomes daily more acute. The first signs of an increase in the price of soft coal have been reported, and although the operators and miners differ as to the time when the real pinch will be felt every day that passes without action by the government means that a famine is so much the more inevitable.

Lulled by the coming of spring and misled by the surplus on hand when the strike started, the public, much like the government, remains apathetic and apparently fails to see that suffering and distress are inevitable later in the year. Just as in 1902 the anthracite people insisted that there were ample supplies on hand up to the moment when the situation became acute, so the bituminous operators to-day scout the idea of a shortage for many weeks to come.

Every day, however, the surplus is being cut down, and a settlement remains just as remote.

There is no time to be lost in choosing a body of experts to investigate the industry and find a solution upon which both sides will agree. As there is no prospect of a settlement being reached from within, pressure from without will have to be used. The exercise of that pressure lies in the hands of Mr. Harding.

'Tis Their Nature To

Americans, as Mr. Kipling has observed, will

"Shake the iron hand of fate
Or match with destiny for bears."

Dry law upholders who are indignant that the Volstead law should be made a subject of jest are wasting their indignation. The people of this country will just about anything that happens to absorb their attention, including burglars, crime waves, underdogs, Congress and the League of Nations.

They have their serious moments, and these are so intense that unless comedy relief is supplied now and then life would soon become not worth the living.

Jokes about the Volstead law are numerous because the Volstead law is talked about. During the war nobody loved the Germans or the profiteers or the Turks, but most Americans joked about them continually.

Lincoln in the darkest days of the Civil War, when he was told that Grant was addicted to drink, said if he could find out what kind of drink he was addicted to he would buy each of his other generals a barrel of it.

Whatever may be the opinion of the majority with regard to the Volstead law, as long as it is in existence it will supply material for paragraphs and cartoonists and comedians and the writers of "movie" sub-titles.

Americans keep their minds healthy and unimpaired by using humor as an antidote for overexcitement. They always have done so, and any attempts to making them wholly serious about any subject whatever will be unavailing.

Uses of Charity

That was a noble gesture by those thirty-eight Baltimore Ku-Klux Klansmen who went to church in their hoods and gowns and presented the pastor, before the eyes of a thrilled congregation, an envelope said to contain money for charity.

The man who first said that charity is a cloak that covers a multitude of sins might have anticipated this incident. The devil was sick, the devil a saint would be; but is there any Klansman so feeble-minded as to believe that even such a well advertised act of charity would counterbalance the defiance of law and right and malignant activity against a backward race which are ordinarily associated in the public mind with the activities of the K. K. K.?

For that matter most of us would be more inclined to sympathize with

the purposes of a troop of night riders going forth with tar and feathers than with a company of hypocrites making such a show of their benevolence.

Cold Light

Purely from a scientific standpoint the cold light discoveries of Professor E. Newton Harvey, of Princeton University, are of great importance. Whether an immediate practical application of the knowledge he has gained is likely at this time is problematical and unimportant.

He has demonstrated that cold light is possible, and is prepared to demonstrate that he has found a way to make luciferin, the light-giving protein substance of animal origin, continue to glow for a long period. His aim now, and the aim of all scientists similarly interested, is to produce luciferin by artificial means. When they can do this human civilization soon will find a way to accomplish what lightning bugs have always done.

When that day comes our interest in coal strikes and even in the price of coal will be less keen.

China's Millstone

General Chang Tso-lin, the famous ex-bandit chieftain of Manchuria, has taken possession of Peking and Tientsin. General Wu Peifu, commander of the central Chinese forces and Chang's most conspicuous military rival, has shifted his base to a point ninety miles south of the capital. A national convention is soon to be held in Peking. "When it opens," Chang says, "I will eliminate myself. The country once unified, I will retire to private life."

In the mean time, however, Chang may find much to occupy him. He has been considering co-operation with the forces of the southern government, although the latest dispatches say that that alliance is off. Wu Peifu may attack him, or at least force him to assume an offensive-defensive. China is still at the mercy of the militarist leaders, who act independently of the weak civil government. President Hsu Shih-chang is a figurehead. China, disarmed so far as international contacts are concerned, supports huge armies of mercenaries. But they disdain to fight except against one another.

At the Washington conference China figured largely as a nation oppressed by outsiders. The fact of long continued foreign penetration and invasion of Chinese sovereignty could not be disputed. But what was not emphasized was the other fact that China has invited and still invites alien interference by failing to attain the unity and stability which ought to accompany a claim to nationality. The Chinese militarist chieftains are among her worst enemies. Yet her greatest failing is lack of patriotic feeling, combined with fatalism in politics. The country in the world which is counted the most pacifist and non-militaristic is more than any other a prey to the evils of militarism.

The new national convention may try to restore an outward show of unity. But what does unity mean when control of China is parceled out among territorial separatists and generals with private armies like Chang Tso-lin and Wu Peifu?

Not Forcing Mexico

That the Harding government is trying to "dictate" to Mexico and to "force special rights" and to "interfere" has again been the theme of those who would have us abandon the just interests of Americans in Mexico. They endeavor to show that there is something sinister in the fact that the oil companies again are negotiating directly with the Mexican government about their Mexican properties and that the bankers of America and Europe expect to confer with the Mexican Secretary of the Treasury about Mexico's foreign debt.

As a matter of fact there has been no change in the Harding policy. Unlike his predecessor, Mr. Harding has not interfered in Mexican politics. He has not endeavored to dictate to the Mexican government. He has not intrigued for or against certain men or measures. He has simply clung to the just policy that the American government must have adequate assurances and guarantees that American life and American property in Mexico will be protected. He denies the right of confiscation on the ground that it strikes at the foundations of international law and protests the possibility that existing Mexican statutes may be applied retroactively so as to deprive Americans of what had been acquired in good faith before the new laws came into effect.

Adequate guarantees that American rights and property will be respected can best be given either in a treaty or by a change in the Mexican constitution. That Secretary Hughes is fully aware that to demand such a change would be a manifest interference in Mexico's own affairs goes without saying. Such a demand would repeat the unfortunate policy of his predecessors. Even in the matter of a treaty there has been no indication of any desire to force the issue. The Secretary has realized that much time would be needed for the Mexicans to make their own ad-

justments. He is interested, however, not so much in the form as in the fact of adequate guarantees. Should they come by a change in the Mexican constitution there is little reason to believe that they will be unacceptable. On the other hand, should they be embodied in a treaty of amity and commerce, as suggested, recognition automatically would take place upon the ratification of the document.

To call patient waiting for the Mexicans to make up their minds "dictation" or "interference" or "aggressiveness" is absurd. As well call it dictation if a storekeeper patiently waits while a customer figures out whether he wants to pay on the installment plan or cash down.

We understand now why the Mayor had that office built in the cellar of the City Hall. It is a nice stormproof place in which to defy the lightning.

The Bolsheviks contend that the capitalists intend to sack Russia. It would be easier and more profitable for them to sack Sahara.

Canon Doyle says there is love making in the world beyond. Ardent spirits, evidently, are not under any ban there.

Ireland's real grievance at England seems to be that she is trying to deprive the Irish people of everything they have had to fight about.

Mr. Mondell appears to be molding public opinion in favor of a bonus for Congressmen.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Why Caesar Was So Great

Many Caesars led their legions. Time and time and time again, through the wild and unknown regions which were thick in Europe then. Many Caesars conquered nations. And, in triumph, hurried home to accept congratulations. Of the people back in Rome, but the one who got the credit. That the town got on the map was—quite right, young man—you've said it.

Julius Caesar was the chap. Scholars, students, poets, sages. Sound his praises far and wide. Half of Roman history's pages. Tell of how he lived and died. Shakespeare, with the subtle magic.

Of his deft dramatic touch. Made him great and wise and tragic. Though he wasn't such a much. Yet his star has kept on rising. And the ages sound his name. For he learned that advertising is the surest route to fame.

When this Caesar wasn't fighting. Whether he had lost or won. He was always busy writing. Of the big things he had done. He was crafty, shrewd and clever. But his light was never hid. And you'll notice that he never underrated what he did. Lots of Caesars conquered nations.

But they got no reputations. For they didn't advertise.

Still Neutral

Two courses are open to the striking coal miner, but he sternly refuses to take his pick.

Not to Mention Pronouncing It

Toutchevin is said to have a fine intellect. He needs one to spell a name like his the same way every time.

Truly Representative

Mr. Bryan says he will not be a candidate for the Senate from Florida. Which shows that he is still able to reflect the opinion of the people in the state where he dwells.

Lying-In Hospital's Need

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: At a time when people are intent on their private affairs with more than the usual degree of concern, it is difficult, perhaps, to bring about a logical appreciation of their communal relation to charity. Yet it is just at such times that this relation assumes its most important aspect.

A case in point is that of the Lying-In Hospital, the oldest and largest institution of its kind in the city. This hospital, which cares for a tenth of all births in Manhattan and which for the last twenty years alone has brought into the world more than 100,000 babies, is critically in need of wider public support.

When the Society of the Lying-In Hospital was organized, in 1799, its founders expected that it would grow in usefulness. It was hardly foreseen, however, that the budget would rise to such a point, for example, that it has nearly doubled within the last decade. Bringing 5,125 babies into the world in 1921 cost the hospital \$327,818. To meet this there was an endowment yielding less than \$40,000, a grant from the United Hospital Fund of \$25,014 and aid from the city of little more than \$4,774. Of the donations, totalling \$261,230, which met the deficit, more than nine-tenths was subscribed by a small group of loyal and generous friends.

Business conditions have not affected the business of the Lying-In Hospital. There are just as many babies as ever, and 55 per cent of these babies must be cared for free.

Friends wishing to share a part of this burden are requested, during the week beginning April 24 to send their contributions to W. Pierson Hamilton, Treasurer, 207 Second Avenue.

MORTON S. PATON, Vice-President. New York, April 21, 1922.

The Tower

AFTER TWENTY-THREE DAYS
It would be a song of spring,
You really be gentle as a dove;
April comes with nothing but
Love, but she's hysterical!

How I sit with feeling wit and listen to her laughter;
Giddy peals and girlish squeals that make a daff-bard daffers;
Running mad in garments clad they'd never let a man don.

April gay, by night and day, laughs on in bright abandon;
Laughing on the meadows, grinning on the street;
In the twilight shadows, in the moon-tide's heat.

Giggling in the byways, snickering in rills;
Chuckling by the highways, chortling on the hills;
Gay and blithe and youthful, snickering like a flapper!

I—I say a mouthful—I should like to slay her!
Here and there she flutters, filled with merriment,
Bringing youthful mutters from an erstwhile perfect gent.

Straining at my collar, like a wrathful pup,
I should like to holler: "Shut that racket up!"

Proud arrays of springtime joys are winged in tones devoted;
Not for me a word of grief;
April's too emotional!

Laughter's gales are turned to wails, storms of tears are falling.
Bright at noon, by noon, forbear— isn't she appalling?

Things appear serene and clear, and then in deep humility
She will creep away and weep. She has no stability.

I'm obliged to scorn her, sentimental kiddo,
Sniffing like a mourner, sobbing like a widow;
Weeping on each zephyr, sniveling in showers;

Sighing like a heifer, long and dreary hours;
Crying endless sorrow in the sudden rain;
Gay upon the morrow; then, more tears again.

Bawling sad and fearful when the twilight thickens—
April, you're as tearful as a heroine of Dickens!
I shan't ask a question whence this sorrow flows;

Only this suggestion—Wipe your dirty nose!
When my lute would croon
A spring song, mild and gentle,
April quivers it with her tears.
April's temperamental!

We suppose if they ran the Park Place calculator twice as fast—which would be a great accomplishment—that New Yorkers, in their grievous hunger to get somewhere, would continue to work up to just the same.

When you watch the way that dwellers in the Brightest and Best City spend their leisure you begin to doubt whether time saving is worth all the effort.

If they were to replace the Golden State with an aureate escalator we're certain that those New Yorkers Dr. Straton contends to have saved with all eternity ahead of them, go running up it, bumping into scraphim.

The Glibblish Make-Up Man
OTHER ATTRACTIONS
SEATTLE ARMORY—Saturday, Military Day. Under Auspices of the Citizens Corps.

VENN—On Wednesday, April 25, 1922, at his late residence, 605 Albany Street, New York, N. Y., died at the age of 70, Mr. J. VENN, formerly of the family residence, 111, Hobart Street, Westchester, April 25, 1922. Burial in the family vault, Westchester, April 26, 1922. Friends may call at the family residence, 111, Hobart Street, Westchester, April 26, 1922, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

NEO-REALITY
I hear the splash of the rising trout
And the nothing song of the stream,
And I feel at my bosom as my heart goes out
To that land of my fondest dream.

But it's better, by far, for the sake of my dream
That I'm held by a myriad ties,
For I've had for years in that murky, miry stream
With never a stroke or a rise.

GEORGE O. SCHOONHOVEN.

We have no idea why, with air travel as safe as they try to persuade us it is, all the almsmen mentioned in all the papers continue to be intrapud, unless it's for the same reason that all negroes are burly and all youthful female criminals pretty.

Dust Off the Pedestal
Sir: Before I start I want to inform E. T. H. I am not jealous of his feeble attempt to benefit mankind. Perhaps the thought. But why, oh, why, waste so much valuable time on the question of razor blades?

If he is really sincere in trying to help the downtrodden why does he not do something worth while? Frinstance: Only those who use safety razors receive any benefit from his scheme. Help everybody, say we.

There are shoe laces that always break at the most inopportune time; screens that do not keep out the flies and mosquitoes; collapsible drinking cups that collapse without warning; umbrellas that turn inside out; glue on envelopes that does not stick. There are many other things to be righted, but if he remedies any one of those mentioned he will have no trouble in replacing the Civic Virtue statue with one of his own.

BILL NETCH.

A Come-Back
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Apropos of Mr. Enright's "don'ts" would it be impertinent for the simple citizen of New York to inquire what we pay Mr. Enright and his policemen to do?"

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGAL.
New York, April 21, 1922.

Lady Astor and the League
To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: May I express my keen appreciation of that many, or rather womanly, speech that Lady Astor delivered Thursday night before the English Speaking Union?

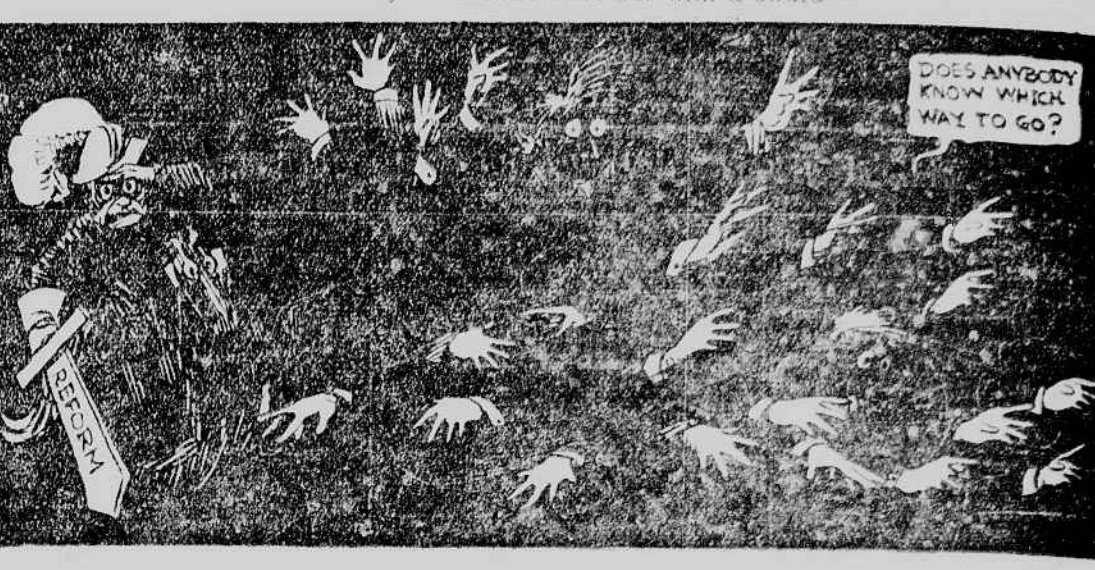
Lady Astor is the first overseas visitor who has had the courage and candor to tell us to put aside our partisan feelings, join the existing League of Nations and play our part in restoring peace and prosperity to a sorely stricken world.

If this is a sample of the stateswoman'ship in store for us when women take their rightful place in

WANTED! LESS HEAT AND MORE LIGHT



Too many candidates start out with a sword—



And have to come back for a lantern



Grant as a Soldier

By William L. McPherson

Ulysses S. Grant was the most successful of the Union commanders in the Civil War. He will always rank very high among American soldiers. The man who captured Fort Donelson and fought the Vicksburg and Chattanooga campaigns had the true earmarks of military genius.

But there is something puzzling and enigmatic about Grant's military career. He was a graduate of West Point—a trained officer, not a self-educated one. He belonged to our military hierarchy. Yet no one could have had less of the temperament and spirit of the professional soldier than he had. He was hardly a soldier in the sense in which Sherman, McPherson and Reynolds, on the Union side, or Lee, Jackson and Joseph E. Johnston, on the Confederate side, were soldiers. He had a profound distaste for the profession of arms. He took no interest in the science of war (if you admit there is such a thing; and Foch certainly questions it) or even in the art of war. He never read works on strategy and knew little of tactics beyond what he learned at West Point.

After he became famous a young officer tried to engage him in a conversation on Jomini. Grant said that he had never paid much attention to that celebrated authority. After the war some citizens of Boston thought it would be a good idea to give Grant a library. Samuel Hooper, Mr. Louis A. Coolidge tells us in his "Ulysses S. Grant," undertook to find out quietly what military books he had so that duplicates might be avoided, and discovered to his astonishment that Grant had no military books whatever. Imagine a French or German army commander who had never studied the military classics!

Grant had a quality, however, which carried him to the front in the Civil War and kept him there. It was a moral quality. Charles A. Dana, who had an opportunity to observe Grant at close range in the field, wrote illuminatingly of him after the Vicksburg campaign: "The most modest, the most disinterested and the most honest man I ever knew, with a temper that nothing could disturb and a judgment that was judicial in its comprehensiveness and wisdom. Not a great man, except morally."

Grant was imperturbable and had unflinching common sense. He learned at the beginning of the war what a great many Union generals never learned at all. His first military assignment was to disperse a band of guerrillas. His heart, he says, was in his throat as he reached what he thought would be the scene of action. But Harris, the Confederate chieftain, had abandoned his camp. Grant wrote of this incident: "It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. That was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event until the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."