

others that may have been called forth by Mr. McAdoo's speech will be used for all they are worth by the organizations which seek to overthrow—or to override—the law. May the organizations that seek to uphold the law be relied upon to make similar use of all the material on their side? General Smedley D. Butler is quoted as saying not. In a statement sent to Philadelphia, where he once was in charge of public safety, he declared, according to press reports, that those who stand for decency in America will not stand together, that they do not know how to fight, that they are suspicious of one another and are likely to "get trimmed."

General Butler's warning ought to be taken to heart. The thing at issue is not merely prohibition but a thing tremendously bigger. Those who believe in maintaining the Constitution and enforcing the law—believe, in General Butler's terse phrase, in decency—should be able to forget their minor differences, forget even wet and dry, if necessary, and use their united powers for maintaining the dignity of the Constitution.

Limits to Indecency

LIKE small boys trying the sensation of being naughty, certain stage managers, newspaper editors, and book publishers from time to time experiment with the exploitation of moral filth, mental disease, and physical abnormalities. Like the small boys who write on walls, these theatrical managers, editors, and publishers find an inquisitive and giggling public. They discover that for a time at least such ventures pay.

Perhaps the most offensive of recent experiments in exploiting degradation has been the report of the Browning separation suit in Westchester County, New York. Not only have newspapers notoriously vulgar descended to the depths in publishing the noisome testimony in this case, but papers that have avowed some regard for good taste. The public revulsion against this sort of thing has brought most of these editors to their senses. The New York "Daily News," a tabloid which has not gone as far as the "Mirror" and "Graphic," acknowledged editorially that it had gone too far, and added: "Unless the minds of the children in New York are to be drenched in obscenity it seems to us that a censorship of the press as well as of the theater must come."

Indeed, censorship of the theater has gained recruits from unexpected sources. Some theatrical managers have virtually confessed that the only restraint upon the excesses of the stage that is likely to

be effective must come from outside. The trouble with the censor is not primarily that he limits freedom that should be permitted, but that he suppresses what is offensive because it is obvious and leaves untouched what is less obviously offensive but more poisonous.

Restraint cannot be the final cure of this evil. There is no way of driving out evil except by introduction of good. If the Church, for example, were half as active in support of what is right and wholesome and great on the stage as it has been in merely fighting what is degrading, such a situation as that which has come to pass in New York would be much less likely to arise. If preachers could become good judges of drama, and recommend not merely the teachy and preachy play but the soundly dramatic or the wholesomely entertaining, they could do better service than by preaching scores of fault-finding sermons.

The Tennis Warfare

FAILURE to rank Vincent Richards and other members of C. C. Pyle's professional traveling tennis circus is the first gun in bitter and open warfare by the United States Tennis Association against the professional game as played for exhibition purposes. At first blush it seemed to many followers of the game a rank injustice not to rate Richards at the top of the heap on his season's record as an amateur. It seemed a cruel and unusual punishment for honestly turning professional. That might have been true in the case of all the Pyle players had it not turned out that they sold to the professional promoter, not merely their tennis skill, but also their rancor against the Association under whose aegis they had made their reputations. Just as Red Grange sold to Pyle, not merely his football ability, but also the prestige of his coach, Bob Zuppke, and the prestige of Illinois University, so Richards *et al.* sold the prestige of the National tennis championships and that of the Davis Cup, without which they would have been worth no more than the honest out-and-out professional instructors, such as Agutter, McNeill, and Burns.

Tennis, as every one knows, is rooted in amateurism as deeply as any game that can be played. Amateurism, after all, is a thing of the spirit. Some of the honest professional instructors who have grown up with the game are in the spirit of play more nearly amateur to-day than are the members of the Pyle troupe. These professionals do play in professional tournaments, especially on the

Riviera, but they do not draw the crowds brought out by the amateurs. George Agutter once said: "My job is that of instructor. It is to me that my employers look for the development of the youngsters of to-day who are to be the champions of the future. I am also hired to instruct members of the club who play for pleasure only, but who still like to feel that they can play acceptably correct tennis and thus not be a drag on any man they may meet. For that reason we professionals must pay more attention to our stroking than to winning points. Every move we make must be correct, whether the ball goes over or into the net. You can see, then, that some of our matches are pretty dull. We must be constantly thinking of our style and our strokes. You would learn a lot of tennis from one of our matches, but you probably would not give three rousing cheers."

Yet these men have done, and are doing, more for American tennis than a hundred Vincent Richardses and Mary Brownes. If Pyle's people care to regain the respect of the tennis public and still need the money, they might well set up shop as instructors at so much an hour. Then their previous amateur-rating would make no difference, and they would earn a comfortable living on their immediate tennis merits. As it is, they can no longer expect the United States Tennis Association to furnish the professional promoter with more free advertising.

The Rules of the Road Through the Air

PERHAPS the most interesting point established by the new air commerce regulations, effective December 31, 1926, is the fact that the new traffic element is definitely aligned with the sea, and not with the land. This code for air pilots, issued by the United States Department of Commerce, resembles closely the code under which the pilots of the deep manage their ships.

None but men of proved competence will hereafter be permitted to sail the air, just as none but men with a navigator's license are put in command of a ship. Standards of airworthiness are established, just as long ago were set up standards of seaworthiness. Air lanes are mapped out and made available, just as the seas have been charted for the safety of navigators. The right of way is determined in three dimensions. Land beacons are to be provided to guide fliers by night, just as lighthouses offshore protect mariners. Encouragement of the establishment of air ports is being

given, just as the Government undertakes to develop the Nation's sea commerce.

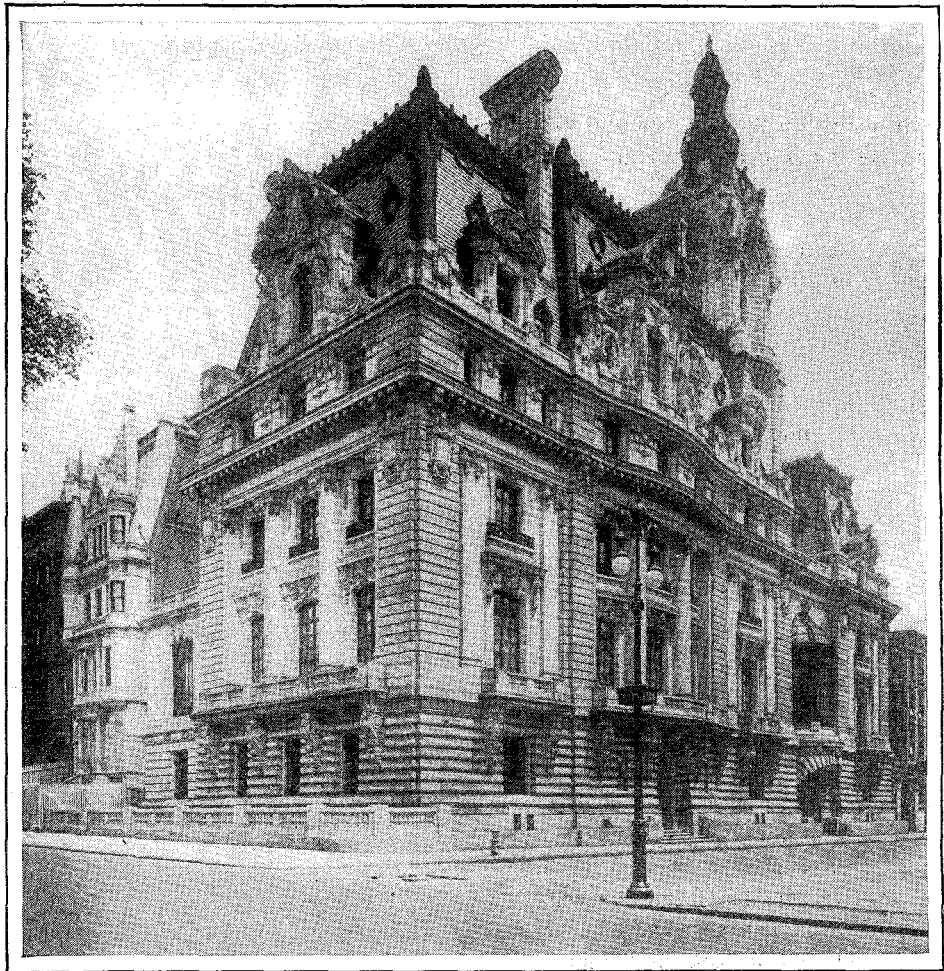
Some of us may look forward with misgiving to the day when the heavens above will be as full of airplanes as the earth is to-day full of automobiles. Still, it is well that the procession should be orderly.

How Long Is Posterity?

WITH the beauty and venerability of European edifices as model, American buildings have been built for posterity. Many have been splendid, many have been grotesque, most have been substantial, few have not been planned to last for long periods—in expectation whereof corner-stones have been hollowed out to receive contemporary documents which should amaze with their archaic twentieth-century terms and names those descendants who prowled among the ruins a number of centuries later.

But in New York, as is less true in other intensively inhabited American cities, prosperity has bored insidiously into the fulfillment of these plans for posterity. The most immediate, the most profitable use of real estate has been relentless. New buildings—designed for posterity, of course—replaced, first, last century's choicest structures, most of which were chiefly interesting to this century for their associations; more recently they have been taking prey from among newer buildings of true architectural merit—most notably the three Vanderbilt châteaux on Fifth Avenue. The public reaction to new buildings replacing distinguished old ones seems to be an anæsthetic pride of progress; but eventually we may at least stop imagining that we are building our cities in their final form. Newer and still newer buildings will follow and be followed, where pressure is exerted, in this land of change.

The latest office building and apartment-house in New York are to replace the Consolidated Stock Exchange Building, deep downtown, and the \$6,000,000 Fifth Avenue mansion of the late Senator William A. Clark, of Montana. When the Consolidated Exchange was finished twenty years ago, it was called, rightly or wrongly, "America's architectural gem." But the coins deposited in the corner-stone for the curiosity of the future can still fit chewing-gum slot machines after their brief repose. The Clark house has served its time as one of the sights of the city; but it was sold to a builder for less than half its cost because the destruction of its great mass



Keystone

"Clark's Folly," on Fifth Avenue, which is to be replaced by an apartment-house

of granite and steel would be difficult. It was built for posterity.

Vincent Massey and Others

THIS year is to mark the beginning of a new relation between the United States and the British Empire.

Most appropriately that new relation is signalized by an action rare if not unprecedented in diplomatic history. William Phillips has surrendered his office as Ambassador to accept the inferior rank of Minister. He has accepted as a promotion the exchange of the Ambassadorship to Belgium for the post of Minister to Canada.

When the British Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Irish Free State attained the status of nations, transforming the British Empire into a British Commonwealth, it was inevitable that they should seek to establish relations with other nations of the world by some other means than merely the British Foreign Office in London. Yet there was no thought that these nations should cease to be dominions of the British crown or become independent of the relation es-

tablished between the British sovereign and other sovereigns. How should these conflicting aspirations for nationality and yet for the maintenance of British unity be reconciled? The answer is characteristically British. They are not reconciled. So it is that Great Britain retains an Ambassador in Washington, for example, who represents, not merely the British Isles, but British Imperial interests, and yet there is coming to Washington a Minister Plenipotentiary from the British Dominion of Canada; and the United States, besides having an Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is sending to Canada an American Minister Plenipotentiary. Is there inherent in this a conflict of jurisdiction? Most certainly. Will there be in consequence any serious embarrassment? Most probably not. Politically the British are not logical—nor, for that matter, are the Americans.

Vincent Massey, who is expected soon to take up his duties at Washington, is a young man. He is only forty this month. He is the scion of a family prominent in the industrial life of the Dominion, but he is a scholar first and a business man afterwards. He is editor of a volume of plays, is reputed to be an accomplished amateur actor, and has a fine appreciation of music and art.