New York Tribune.

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

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Mr. McAdoo's Sophistry.

Most simpler minded persons have imagined that national defence was an end in itself. But according to the logic of the ingenious Mr. McAdoo, the true end of a national defence programme seems to be to give the Federal government an excuse for spending $50,000,000 for the purpose of acquiring and operating a big fleet of merchant vessels.

Mr. McAdoo must put a very contemptuous valuation on the intelligence of the fresh water voters to whom he is trying to impart some notion of the merits of his government ship purchase scheme. Otherwise he would have avoided the boomerang arguments which he used the other evening at Indianapolis. In his speech in that city he tried to make his hearers think that the government's intervention as a ship owner and builder is absolutely indispensable if the navy is ever to get the fleet of auxiliaries which would be needed in case of war. That is a begging of the question which can deceive only the most ignorant.

The Secretary of the Treasury says that Admiral Benson told him last winter that auxiliaries of 1,172,000 tonnage would be needed in case of war. But a tonnage of 700,000 is already available, according to the admiral's statement. Only 472,000 tons would be required to make up all deficiencies, and common sense would prompt any intelligent person to ask why the extra 472,000 tons could not be secured by a slight acceleration of the economic forces which have produced the existing 700,000.

Our laws provide now for an auxiliary navy composed of merchant ships to which the government pays mail subventions. If Congress had been willing to grant a little larger subventions and open new mail routes to South America, Asia and Australia we should now have more than the 1,172,000 tons of auxiliaries needed by the navy. What is the use of investing $50,000,000 in a government-operated merchant marine when an expenditure of one-tenth of that sum in subventions would induce private capital to build all the auxiliaries desired and pledge their use to the nation in war time?

How have the other great naval powers obtained their auxiliary fleets? Every one of them has followed the simple, economical method of subsidizing private lines and making private capital do the lion's share of the work of preparation for war contingencies. No nation which wanted to create a merchant marine subsidiary to its navy has ever thought of resorting to the clumsy, costly experiment which Mr. McAdoo advocates with such childlike enthusiasm. He puts the cart before the horse. It is not the creation of the auxiliary fleet but the expenditure of the $50,000,000 out of the Treasury which seems to him to be the crying need of the situation.

It is a parody on reasoning to argue that the government must become a ship builder and ship owner because the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has just sold its liners on the Pacific. Those liners were sold because Congress passed the oppressive La Follette seamen's law. Governmental action alone drove them from the transpacific trade. They would still be conducting that service, over whose termination Mr. McAdoo sheds crocodile tears, if the President had had the courage to veto the La Follette act, instead of signing it and then attempting to escape its evil effects in part by having department law officers construe it out of its natural meaning.

A very moderate aid given to our merchant marine would revive it and provide more auxiliary tonnage than the navy asks for. But to revert to that practical, matter-of-fact plan would be to admit that the administration grievously deceived itself when it plunged last winter on the ship purchase bill. Pride of opinion is a costly luxury. Rather than confess a blunder, the administration will go on trying to persuade the country to sink fifty million good dollars in a perfectly superfluous and profitless enterprise.

A "Type of Modern Man" in War.

Miss Jane Addams has undertaken to explain and amplify her curious and instructive observations on the use of alcohol in modern armies. It appears that in the address that caused so much commotion she was concerned only to lay before her audience certain facts indicating "a revolt against war taking place in the midst of war itself." Now, as she intimates in the current "Independent," she is not satisfied that this revolt is general and fears that in expressing her own views on the extent to which alcoholic stimulants are used she "unfortunately gave a mistaken impression." Her desire, therefore, is to make clear exactly what she meant on that occasion.

To begin with, it never occurred to her for a moment that the doses were administered "because the men lacked courage." Besides, she was not thinking of the common run of men. On the contrary, "one of the hideous results of the war," she says, "is the inveterate tendency of the 'average' man to fall into the spirit of hot retaliation." It may be gathered that Miss Addams has rather more respect than less for exceptional men, the men who have to be whipped up with spirits before they will fix bayonets. These are the more refined modern sort, and it is evidently in these that Miss Addams sees indications of the great revolt against war. She is thinking of "a type of sensitive man doubtless found in each army," and for this type, she still holds, "stimulants might be necessary." When, therefore, she heard that rum, ether and other spirits were in fact used, she concluded, not that the imbibers were timid or cowardly, but "that the stimulants inhibited the sensibilities of a certain type of modern man."

This is all extremely interesting, only, considering how strongly the old way of distributing spirits to soldiers has been condemned by army men of experience, the proper distribution of alcohol on these critical occasions must call for very nice discrimination. When it is considered, moreover, how very uncertain the action of alcohol is, the task must be enormously complex. However, it is obviously encouraging to the pacifists to see that the chiefs of modern armies in spite of their opposition to alcohol are obliged to use it in the field. It shows that the sensitive modern type of man is already too strong for them, and when the revolt is general they will be at their wits' end. To keep whole armies perpetually drunk would be a task beyond the greatest of generals.

When the Pacifists Fail.

To that busy, if numerically insignificant, band of American pacifists, at present busily engaged in restoring peace in Europe, and particularly to the present owner of "The Evening Post" and "The Nation," we submit the following document:

> The great reason why the more earnest enemies of war have not made more progress toward doing away with it has been that from the very outset of their labors down to the present moment they have devoted themselves mainly to depicting its horrors and to denouncing its cruelty. In other words, they almost invariably approach it from a side with which nations actually engaged in it are just as familiar as anybody, but which has for the moment assumed in their eyes a secondary importance. The peace advocates are constantly talking of the guilt of killing, while the combatants only think of the nobleness of dying. To the peace advocates the soldier is always a man going to slaughter his neighbors; to his countrymen he is a man going to lose his life for their sake—that is, to perform the loftiest act of devotion of which a human being is capable. It is not wonderful, then, that the usual effect of appeals for peace made by neutrals is to produce mingled exasperation and amusement among the belligerents. To the great majority of Europeans our Civil War was a shocking spectacle, and the persistence of the North in carrying it on a sad proof of ferocity and lust of dominion. To the great majority of those engaged in carrying it on the struggle was a holy one, in which it was a blessing to perish. Probably nothing ever fell more cruelly on human ears than the taunts and execrations which American wives and mothers heard from the other side of the ocean, heaped on the husbands and sons whom they had sent to the battlefield, never thinking at all of their slaying, but thinking solely of their being slain, and very glad indeed that, if death had to come, it should come in such a cause. If we go either to France or Germany to-day we shall find a precisely similar state of feeling. If the accounts we hear be true—and we know of no reason to doubt them—there is no more question in the German and French mind that French and German soldiers are doing their highest duty in fighting than there was in the most patriotic Northern or Southern home during our war; and we may guess, therefore, how a German or French mother, the light of whose life had gone out at Gravelotte or Orleans, and who hugs her sorrow as a gift of God, would receive an address from New York on the general wickedness and folly of her sacrifice.
>
> The fact is—and it is one of the most suggestive facts we know of—that the very growth of the public conscience has helped to make peace somewhat more difficult, war vastly more terrible. When war was the game of kings and soldiers the nations went into it in a half-hearted way and sincerely loathed it; now that war is literally an outburst of popular feeling the friend of peace finds most of its logic powerless. There is little use of reasoning with a man who is ready to die on the folly or wickedness of dying. When a nation has worked itself up to the point of believing that there are objects within its reach for which life were well surrendered, it has reached a region in which the wise saws and modern instances of the philosopher or lawyer cannot touch it, and in which pictures of the misery of war only help to make the martyr's crown seem more glorious.

This document is taken from the comment of the late E. L. Godkin, once editor of "The Nation." It was written at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, but it is difficult to see how it could be improved upon as a statement of the existing situation.

There are only two classes of Americans who can desire to see the European conflict ended in the present situation. One is made up of those who actively champion the German cause. The other is made up of those who believe that war is the worst conceivable ill, and that nothing that peace can bring of slavery or dishonor compares with the evils of strife.

With those who hold either one of these views it is idle to argue. But for the rest of the American public there is a world of value in Godkin's comparison of the earlier European conflict with our own Civil War. Peace at any time between Sumter and Appomattox meant the success of secession. Peace in Europe to-day means the success, not alone in Europe, but in the world, of German ideas and German ideals.

Those who would like to see this thing accomplished do well to advocate peace. But for the rest of the American people, whose traditions are of the American Revolution and of the Civil War, it is not the time to contribute, even by foolish words, to the success which would mean the negation of all that liberty and America meant to their fathers and their ancestors.

Pacifists may believe that the men who fell at Lexington and Concord were fools. German-Americans may believe that the morality of Frederick the Great is better than that of Washington and that Bismarck was a better friend to humanity than Abraham Lincoln. But those of us who hold with our past and remain loyal to the America that has been made by our ancestors cannot now contribute to German advantage without betraying all that has gone before in our own history.

The New Matinee Idol.

We had supposed that the matinee girl no longer existed, that feminism, striding onward, had cured her, gush, candy and all, of her one-time infatuations. We had, in short, drifting along with our own generation, assumed her passing with that of the matinee idols of our younger days, when the sting of jealousy was often our only reward for taking Her to the theatre. She would talk of nothing but him all the way home, the glamour persisting in her racing imagination long after the last curtain had fallen. In vain we sometimes protested that at that very moment he was washing off the grease-paint or prosaically ordering supper at his club.

It is injudicious to confront the dreams of maidenhood with common sense. However, these idols of yore, grown older with us, have gone on and up, or have disappeared. We remember the "Favvy" of those days with indifference—as a matinee idol dangerous to our peace of mind. Rassondyl-Hackett has grown rich; and it is years since we listened to a fresh young voice raving over Captain Letterblair's lovely eyes. We listen unmoved nowadays when the wife of our bosom remarks how well John Drew wears his clothes, and can't we find out who his tailor is?

We began by talking about the matinee girl. By a natural transition we have continued to talk of her one-time idols. Have younger men taken their places? We had doubted it. Not but that we have plenty of handsome, graceful young actors nowadays; but we had thought that their place in the regards and the feelings of the modern young girl had changed along with the momentous change in her. Then, again, the modern drama, such as it is, had seemed to us not conducive to the creation of illusions, of adorations from afar, of crushes. Young heroes defying the conspiracy of silence with every speech they make, busily reforming this scheme of things entire, social, financial, political, hygienic and what not, between the hours of two to five, twice a week, had not appeared to us to appeal to young romance. The matinee idol, we had concluded, had fallen victim to the drama of exposure, reform, uplift. And, in consequence, the matinee girl, apart from the influence of feminism, had died of inanition.

We are rambling. We know it. We are taking a long time to come to the point, but that is because we are attempting to readjust our viewpoint. For we have made a discovery—two, in fact. The matinee idolator, is not extinct; from which it follows logically that the matinee idol, too, is still with us. Only he, and consequently she, have turned up in a new field, the moving picture theatre. One more signal victory for the new art! Listen to Pearl Gaddis in "The Southern Woman's Magazine." Would you like to know, she asks, why girls leave home at all hours to go to the movies? The answer is: Earl Metcalfe. He is a movie play *jeune premier*. Not having known of him we humbly confess ourselves unknown. We had heard of Charlie Chaplin, but we would never have sought the new matinee idol on the screen. Yet here he is, believe Pearl Gaddis, "mush notes" and all. Earl is a fine fellow, who hates that sort of thing. In proof whereof he showed his interviewer one of the notes, chivalrously shielding its fair writer's name. Sounds familiar, does it not? No further proof is needed.

The New York City Railways Company has paid a bonus of $250 to Malachi Murphy, the motorman who by quick wit and grit saved his car from falling into the subway pit when Broadway collapsed. Murphy earned it. It is a credit to the company to recognize such a creditable action.

Justice Morschauser, in deciding a separation suit, has ruled that a tongue-lashing is cruelty worse than wife-beating. That doctrine ought to work in favor of the husbands sometimes.

Why shouldn't those interned German officers escape? A parole isn't even a "scrap of paper."

Millions for defence, but not one cent for Democratic politics.

Inglorious Silence.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Arthur S. Pier's communication on October 14 was excellent. The counsels which we hear are for the most part those of cowardice, of timidity and procrastination calling themselves a love of peace. It is not a glorious thing that we kept officially silent about Belgium. Our present policy of "muddling through" somehow, of protesting our "friendship" for Germany and Austria when we were complaining of fearful outrages which they were committing against us—these things are not diplomatic triumphs in any degree whatever. It is an unfortunate thing that so many people seem to believe that endless note writing is what stopped (if it has stopped) the murders of Americans by German submarines. Bitter disaster will some day follow a national trust in that way of dealing with wild beasts.

Civilization is, indeed, fighting for its life. And our embassies are still working overtime in the interests of the enemy of all that America holds dear. We are protected by the French army and the British navy—a proud thought! All that many persons see in the agony of the nations is that we should try to keep friends with both sides (friends with Wrong as well as with Right), and at the end gather in a little cheap glory as the mediator—whatever that means.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.
Scarsdale, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1915.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

Its Illogical Association with the Work of the Saloon.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A drunken man beats his wife, and a child, to save the mother, shoots her father. Such, in a few words, is the dreadful tale the morning paper brings us. Who is responsible? The child? She was protecting her mother. The father? He was not in his right mind. The saloonkeeper? He was pursuing a legitimate business. The State? Yes, the great State of New York—you and I, fellow citizens, who for the sake of the few, the very few, who can "take it or leave it alone," but who would not leave it alone for the sake of their fellow man, the few who prate of "personal liberty" until one would think their lives were threatened—I say, for these few, we, knowing the inevitable consequences, gave the saloon the license to get that man drunk. The man was in full enjoyment of personal liberty, by the way, but what of his wife and children? But who shall lift the weight of woe from that little girl? Who is to comfort her in all the years of sorrow before her? Who is to blot out the recollection of the dreadful deed—the saloonkeeper or the state?

"Personal liberty"? There is no such thing. The only personal liberty is anarchy, and this is supposed to be a country of law and order. Some of the most violent proclaimers of the personal liberty doctrine come from a country where "es ist verboten" meets them at every corner.

My uncle choked to death while drunk; my cousin is in an asylum from the same cause; my neighbor fills his wife full of booze and then beats her for being drunk. Where does my personal liberty or that of my family appear in this? My community under a local option law would dispense with the saloon by a large majority. Who is interfering with our personal liberty? The increase in the license fee is not a temperance move and does not interest temperance people. It only tends to make the saloon more respectable, and therefore the more inviting. CITIZEN.

Brooklyn, Oct. 12, 1915.

Barbarous Russia.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your leading editorial to-day, on the frightfulness of Kaiser and Sultan, causes me to wonder why your ethically eagle eye stubbornly refuses to acknowledge the sight of the barbarous doings of the dear Czar of Russia.

Far be it from me to hark back to the genesis of the great struggle and impugn the moral motives of Britain and Gallia in entering the conflict as allies of the pseudo-Tartar régime. Nor do I undertake at this time to demonstrate the sincere logic of Teuton claim to national self-defence as original stimulus to war. The parties to the contention are fighting it out. Wiser men and later generations may even find themselves unable to adjudge these governments, severally and respectively, clean and unclean. What is of visible concern to neutrals now is to observe the modes and acts of both sides.

If Germany committed a heinous offence in attempting to traverse Belgium on the way to France, then behold the Allies marching through Greece. If Turkey is evidencing savage qualities in her treatment of the Armenians, then are we met by the facts of Russian inhumanity to Jews and Poles.

A little—oh, just a wee, tiny bit—of justice will do your patriotic heart no harm. Why not try it? Also, it might do Americans good to remember the many scientific, practical and æsthetic benefits received and to be expected from the Germanic races, in comparison with the frigid nothingness (excepting the morbid, negative literature of the Russian élite, in despair over the black ignorance of the masses) of the Russians.

If human evolution can at all be affected by conscious human selection, and if our "neutral" sentiments have any influence let us choose—you can't laugh me out of it—the culture which stands for progress; and I ask you to say whether the adjective can be "Russian" or must be "German"?

As for England, France and Italy, I'm willing to wager that these Western friends will not be long in finding they are in the midst of a gratuitous quarrel. Eastward the course of war takes its flight. There let the best men win! ISIDOR LAZARUS.

New York, Oct. 13, 1915.

An Idle Scarecrow.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A story is told of a gentleman who dropped in at a friend's house and was surprised to find him reading a letter aloud, while the foreign maid-servant held her hands over his ears. The maid explained:

"Ay bane got a letter from my young man, and ay not know how to read, so Mr. G. he read him for me."

"But why do you hold his ears?"

"Ay not like to have him hear what is in dat letter."

This story is commended to certain opponents of equal suffrage who profess great alarm lest women as jurors should have to listen to offensive testimony. Since the reports of trials of this kind are spread broadcast, to be read by the public at large, and even by young boys and girls, it need be no great cause for concern if a few women of mature years should occasionally hear the same things from a jury box.

Old lawyers have said that in cases of that sort there ought to be some women on the jury as a protection to men unjustly accused. A pretty adventuress can sometimes pull the wool over the eyes of a jury of men, when a jury of her own sex would see through her at once. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 13, 1915.

Party Leader and President.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Is it because Mr. Wilson regards the leadership of a party as a greater honor than the Presidency that he so frequently declares himself "the leader of the Democratic party"?

Only a few days ago in making known his attitude toward equal suffrage he again affirmed his intention of voting on the amendment, "not as leader of my party in the nation, etc. It does not seem to me that this attitude of mind has been so apparent in former Presidents.

If I am not mistaken, some years ago a President said, when criticised for going outside his own party in making certain appointments, that he was no longer a party man but the President of all the people.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 13, 1915. S. T. L.

No More Democracy.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "The World" says Wilson wants a line-up. So do the voters—and it cannot come too quick.

I am a Southern Democrat, and always have voted a straight Democratic ticket, but no more Democracy for me in view of what is going on in Washington and what is going on here in New York under the autocratic rule of Murphy and Tammany. I used to read "The World" regularly, but now I read The Tribune. J. C. SALTON.

New York, Oct. 13, 1915.

WAR IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Campaigning Trials of the British Forces Fighting Their Way Up the Tigris and the Euphrates Through Mesopotamia.

(From The London Times.)

Mesopotamia, September.

Whatever the feelings of the troops in Europe about the approaching winter may be, those who have spent the last six months in Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf cannot but feel that the end of the long and trying heat will spell a new lease of life to them. In England and elsewhere, where interest has naturally been centred on the European conflicts, it is not realized under what conditions of hardship the Mesopotamian campaign has been conducted. The climate, admittedly one of the worst in the world, has taken a heavy toll of British and Indian troops alike, and it speaks well for the spirit of the troops and the enterprise of their leaders that the operations have been consistently successful since the expeditionary force landed in November last. The fruits of nine months' campaign include the defeat of the enemy on three lines—the Tigris, the Euphrates and on the Ahwaz line—and the occupation of an enormous area of valuable country.

The troops who have opposed the British advance are in the main Turkish regulars, and in these are included several of the Constantinople regiments, who were dispatched to the southern campaign before Constantinople was threatened by the Allies. The Turkish regulars were loyally and ably assisted by Arab and Kurd levies; for Turkey, even in her most distant provinces, enforced universal military service. As might be expected among an Eastern nation, this law was openly manipulated to the advantage of local governors. The fee for avoiding military service was as high as £5 Turkish just before the British occupation, levied indiscriminately on Mahometans, Jews, Christians and Chaldeans. In practice this system led to a not unsuccessful result, insuring to the local governors a goodly flow of cash and to the colors sturdy country youths who could not afford to pay so high a price.

The third class who resisted the British occupation are the warlike Arab tribesmen of the country. It is probable that the Turkish government made their biggest mistake in counting too highly on the support to be expected from these. Throughout the campaign the tribesmen, who seem to spring in their thousands from nowhere or anywhere, have played a three-cornered game, watching for their opportunity as the fortunes of the fight swung in the balance and devoting their energies to harassing and plundering whichever side should waver. Although the Turks have had a primary claim on the services of the tribes, it has happened more than once that a Turkish defeat has been changed to a disastrous rout by the attention of their treacherous allies.

"Temptation Square."

Never has a campaign been fought under such diverse conditions as here in this land of the oldest civilization in the world. Students of divinity may be interested to hear that in this present year two important actions have been fought on the supposed site of the Garden of Eden. Nothing will shake the local conviction that in Kurna, at the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, Mesopotamia possesses the original Garden of Eden, though units of the garrison who occupied its defences during the torrid months of May and June express doubts on its authenticity, pandering only so far to local opinion as to apply names such as "Serpent's Corner," "Temptation Square," etc., to its more important thoroughfares. The first of these actions was a land fight, such a one as takes place daily in Flanders. The second, over identically the same ground, after the floods had risen, a naval action in which ships of the royal navy were able to participate.

Mesopotamia boasts a record variation of temperature during the year. Bitter cold and damp in winter and intense and malarious heat in summer have added enormously to the difficulties of the operations. In comparison to Mesopotamia, India, even in the hot weather, is a health resort, and indeed has been used as such by a greater number of sick than we care to think about.

Trade in this country of infinite possibilities has faltered for many years under the oppressive rule of the Turk. Revenue to the government was often assessed at half the produce of the land, and the only saving clause was that some of the more powerful landowners were accustomed to refuse to pay revenue at all. Still, the Turkish government had their own methods of jogging the memories of the recalcitrant, and there are few sheiks or large landowners who have not served terms of imprisonment in Constantinople, varying in length from two to twenty years, for arrears of revenue, often contracted by their predecessors. The production of grain, here every essential for its successful prodution exists, was discouraged by strangling taxation, and the frequent action of the Turkish government in placing an embargo on export did not tend to encourage trade in grain or in any other commodity.

The export of dates to Europe and America is the chief source of wealth on the lower stretches of the river. Picking and packing the dates occupies two or three months of the year, and the season is in full swing during September. Profits are large, and as the dates need little care or cultivation, and a sufficient likelihood is easily come by, a more than ordinary dislike of work characterizes the inhabitants of this part of the country, and an independence which is rarely to be met with in other highly populated countries of the East.

Amphibious Warfare.

During the first half of the year excessive floods inundated all the country in which operations were taking place. An amphibious sort of warfare was the result, where soldiers of the British and Indian armies and sailors of the royal navy met one another halfway in a form of fighting which at least had this merit—that no official textbook has ever been published on the subject.

The floods have subsided now, and north and west of the marshes which surround Kurna the country opens out into a valley of luxuriant pasture land, where herds of cattle and horses and flocks of sheep meet the eye wherever it turns. To the east, faintly outlined in blue, the Ferso-Bakhtiari Hills are visible. Canals intersect the great Tigris valley in all directions, while every now and then ruins of an ancient work bear record of some long past civilization. Encampments of wandering Bedouin are dotted about here and there, and hordes of naked children play along the banks of the canals.

Before the war the Arabs used to vary the monotony of their peaceful lives by firing on trading steamers as they passed up and down the great waterways. They have learned to treat with more respect the armed boats which ply there now, but among the expeditionary force it is still an axiom of the art of preserving life that an Arab shall never be allowed to approach too close. We have lost too many good men from Arab treachery to forget the lesson.

UNNATURAL NEUTRALITY

Honor and Even Self-Interest Should Compel Us to Act.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

Sir: Let me express profound approval of the noble and wise letter of Arthur Stanwood Pier in your issue of to-day.

Our government, in its desire to remain neutral, has experimented too long in a most unnatural neutrality, and has endured constant contumely and numberless affronts and injuries from the Teutons. It has uttered no single word of protest against their unspeakable outrages, excepting only those relating to direct injuries to our own citizens.

At this moment, so far as the war on land is concerned, the situation is appalling to all who believe in the principles of that liberty and representative government which America inherited from England and confirmed by the aid of France.

Opposed to that liberty and in favor of world despotism are arrayed the three Turkeys. All mankind faces their not impossible victory.

Then would they be swift to ravish and loot America and add her scalp to the gory trophies now at their belts.

Neutrality, at its best, is a compound of cowardice, lack of patriotism and overselfish expediency, for it is too prone to ignore right, reason, honor, justice and manliness, and to a grave extent permits or sanctions wrong, unreason, dishonor, injustice and all unmanliness.

Shall America have no part in this, the most stupendous conflict we can conceive, in behalf of the greatest earthly boons—liberty and individualism?

No word of condemnation for the three Turks? No word or act of sympathy for the Allies, who give their "all" as much for American liberty as for their own?

If they win will they not hold us in just contempt for our base inaction?

If they lose—my God! I dare not contemplate the horrors on Belgian and French soil repeated on a vaster and more ravenous scale in our beloved land!

Does not every principle of right, honor and even self-interest call upon America to do her share? Will our government continue to be supine, to shut its eyes to the sword now over our heads, and do nothing at all but whimper with Bernstorff and pray God to soften the hearts of those who savagely menace the civilization and liberty of mankind?

To strike hard and strike first is the chief law for fighting peoples. It is not within a private citizen's function to prescribe the details of action.

But surely, most surely, the administration has or can command sufficient mentality to give to the world the American estimate of the status quo, and all it means, and pledge itself to use any and all means it can employ to avert the calamity and menace of the Teutonic effort to drive liberty from the face of the earth.

England has benefited by a coalition Cabinet of all parties. Why may not the United States profitably do the same thing, and secure the aid of some of her great sons who are not members of the President's own party?

JOSEPH CULBERTSON CLAYTON.

Brooklyn, Oct. 14, 1915.

German Villanies and Others.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your motto, "First to last the Truth," evidently does not mean "the whole truth." I never see any reference in your paper to the frightful atrocities committed by the Russians during their invasion of Eastern Prussia, which are undoubtedly true, as I have never seen them denied by the Russians. On the other hand, you are forever carping about the atrocities said to have been committed by the Germans in Belgium. These were denied, not only by Germans, but also by neutral persons, such as the American newspaper correspondents who were with the German army. It seems very significant that most of these tales are about cutting off of hands, which was a favorite amusement of those dear Belgians in the Congo.

You often print letters from people who want to know why you keep silent about the outrages committed by the Russians upon the Jews, but you do not answer this and similar questions. Why don't you tell the truth and say that it is because the bloody Russians are fighting against Germany? If you cannot be fair, at least be honest.

I should like to ask you another question. Suppose Turkey or some other power were to protest against the burning and hanging of colored men, women and children by mobs in this country without any of the murderers (usually "prominent" citizens) being punished, what would our answer be?

Furthermore, I should like to know, as you are grieving so much about the violation of Belgium's neutrality, what do you think about the violation of Greece's neutrality? Was the "taking" of the Canal Zone a violation of neutrality? What about the treaties with the Indians, which were considered "scraps of paper" by the United States government? If you would stop your German baiting long enough to answer questions put to you you would satisfy some others besides those who write letters praising your anti-German editorials. It is your privilege to form and express your own opinion about the war, but at least be honest. C. G.

Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 13, 1915.

Anticipatory!

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Tribune announces with conspicuous liberality of phrase that on Sunday it will publish an explanation by Victor Murdock, Progressive, of "Why the Progressive Party Will Go Into the Campaign of 1916—and to Win." I conclude that your readers generally will concede that a man whose hopefulness is truly phenomenal should have his say.

Obviously the crisis for that party is acute, considering that in this state its former state chairman, Mr. Douglas Robinson, nephew of Colonel Roosevelt, and their candidates in 1914 for Governor and Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Davenport and Mr. Hamlin, have all announced their return to the Republican party, as also has Mr. Bird, their former candidate for Governor in Massachusetts. In this state, in which their enrolment in 1914 fell 278,000 short of the vote for their Presidential Electors in 1912, the need for a heartening word seems imminent.

But may we not venture a few words anticipatory of what Mr. Murdock shall say? Not long ago he spoke in Washington, and advised that each Progressive read the 1912 platform through at least once every three months. That no doubt implied confidence in the wisdom of that document and ignorance of the fact—provable beyond possibility of refutation—that the protagonist Progressive himself has practically repudiated several of its most important planks. It also must have implied confidence in the sanity and veracity of their 1912 Presidential candidate—the man unquestionably still, as then, the leader of their one-man party.

GEORGE R. BISHOP.

New York, Oct. 15, 1915.

Why Not?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I see by the papers that under Mr. Osborne's "reform" rule at Sing Sing inmates break one another's heads, indulge in immoral habits and suffer persecution through close confinement in their cells without the slightest interference from the authorities.

Why hasn't Mr. Osborne, who has so much time to denounce the "old system," invoked the law's aid to punish law-breakers inside the prison, instead of waiting for his superior to call in the District Attorney? I believe in prison reform, but I cannot condone lawlessness and indecency committed in its name. Mr. Osborne may have done a lot to advertise Sing Sing's convicts, but apparently has done little to reform them.

Reports that one of them has been locked up seven weeks for accusing the warden of letting him steal into the deathhouse impresses the onlooker that the ghost of the "old system," with its revengeful punishments, still lurks about the place. Why not genuine prison reform? FAIR PLAY.

Newburgh, N. Y., Oct. 7, 1915.

A California Anti-Suffragist View.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Whatever value there is in the arguments over the suffrage question, here is one most forcible to persons of calm judgment:

For several years 1,000,000 persons a year have come to us from foreign countries, mostly from Southern Europe, many not able to read and write even their own language, the women less educated than the men. Most of them have no conception at present of real republicanism. Many of the older ones refuse to learn the new language, depending upon their children for communication with Americans.

If the right to vote is given to them immediately, what then? Their vote will counterbalance that of the intelligent educated suffragist women who are pushing this through now.

It is true, an ignorant vote could be bought, but would the suffragists buy it?

Republics stand only on education and honor. A READER FOR FIFTY YEARS.

San Francisco, Oct. 7, 1915.

CLEAN STREETS CHEAPER

Reduce Dirt and Protect Health by Keeping Manure Off Streets.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: With all the talk about cutting down expense of our city government, it seems strange that no one has suggested the saving of millions of dollars by the very simple plan outlined below.

It is safe to say that had the automobile made its appearance as a machine which scattered organic filth to the amount of several pounds at intervals of one or two miles it would have been forbidden the use of our streets. Yet we have the edifying spectacle with us at the present time in the horse.

Many years ago it was suggested in England that each horse be provided with a receptacle attached to the harness to catch the droppings before they fell to the street. The time is ripe now to make this compulsory. Co-operation between the departments of Health and Street Cleaning can bring about and enforce a law obliging all horses entering the city limits to be equipped with an approved receptacle to catch all the manure. At intervals of five blocks or so, to be determined by trial, permanent stands shall be erected where the contents of the receptacles on the horses may be emptied. The manure deposited at these stations will be free from foreign matter and may be sold by the city at a good figure, instead of being disposed of at a loss, as at present.

Of course, we may expect howls from the teamsters' associations, express companies, stores and others in the teaming business. They will fail to realize that many of the accidents to their horses are due to slippery streets, made so by manure. The tractive effort of adhesion is lowered because of the same conditions—i. e., on a slippery street a horse cannot pull as heavy a load as he can when the coefficient of friction, due to dry surfaces of street and shoe, is greater.

Automobilists will welcome such a measure with open arms. It means less dust, less mud, less skidding, and hence greater safety and pleasure.

The first effect would be the reduction in street cleaning costs—probably 60 to 70 per cent less—from the fewer number of men and apparatus needed and the income from the sale of manure. The second effect would be the improved health of children, and adults as well, whose lungs would not be filled with wind-blown horse manure. And, lastly, our sense of decency and cleanliness would be improved, together with a greater pride in our spotless city. The horses would not mind the arrangement in the least and the cost to the owners would be trifling.

Is it too near election to start a movement for this reform? I personally shall fight for it. Let New York lead the world!

JOHN S. CRANDELL.

New York, Oct. 9, 1915.

Sunday Saloons.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: With the good example of the Mayor of Chicago enforcing the law against Sunday liquor selling, I have written Mayor Mitchel asking him to go and do likewise.

Having written to him steadily since January, 1914, nearly every month on this question of permitting the liquor trade to disregard the Sunday liquor law, I am hoping that in view of the great interest now manifested in the question of inefficiency produced by alcoholic depression in all the departments of life he will be willing at least to stop the open back and side door trade of the saloons on Sunday.

I can enter any of the saloons in this parish on Sunday, even in my clerical dress, without trouble. I have on some Sundays gone into eight or ten and seen men sitting and drinking.

I have in times past given to the Mayor and Police Commissioner the names of these places, but nothing has been done. If Chicago can elect a Mayor who will not shirk his duty I have enough confidence in this great city to believe that a Mayor who would be true to his oath of office would be handsomely supported.

JAMES V. CHALMERS.

New York, Oct. 8, 1915.

Bloedsinnig.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: No one can deny you the right to favor the Allies' cause in this European struggle, but when you use such silly arguments against German Kultur as evidenced in today's editorial "When the Mountain Goes to Mahomet" all intelligent people will agree with von Papen that at least some Americans are idiots. M. E. P.

New York, Oct. 13, 1915.