

New York Tribune.

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German Diplomacy Chiefly to Blame for Germany's Predicament.

What stands out clearest in Germany's uneasy predicament of over half of Europe is the fact that Bismarck died and left no successors. In the Chancellor's office in Wilhelmstrasse Bethmann-Hollweg rattles around in Bismarck's shoes. His plan is to do things first and find out afterward whether it was wise to do them.

The collapse of German diplomacy in the last few weeks has been amazing. German policy for twenty or thirty years back has been built on the foundation stone of the Triple Alliance. But in the first great European crisis the Triple Alliance has crumbled. One partner—Italy—has dropped out of it, and the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg have been placed in the humiliating position of having first to plead with, and then vainly to threaten, a power which they had counted upon as a certain ally.

Italy escaped the obligations of the Triple Alliance through glaring faults of the Berlin Foreign Office. The Italian government says that it was never informed of Austria-Hungary's plans for disciplining Serbia. That is not surprising, since Italy and Austria-Hungary have antagonistic interests in the Balkan territory and Vienna could not have expected a hearty approval in Rome of its aggressive Serbian policy.

Austria-Hungary evidently worked out the details of its demand on Serbia with great secrecy. Berlin newspapers just received say that the German government admitted having simply a general knowledge of the Serbian note, receiving its text only at the last moment. In allowing Austria-Hungary, which has all along accepted guidance from Berlin, to rush ahead into a perilous position without notice to Italy and with inadequate notice to itself was a diplomatic blunder of the first rank on the part of the German government. It left open to Italy a way of escape from the obligations of the Triple Alliance—obligations of which the Italian people had become very impatient in view of the many acute conflicts of interest between them and the people of Austria-Hungary.

Italy has again announced its neutrality and given technically good reasons therefor. Germany must consequently take the filigree attitude of lamenting the alleged perfidy of an ally bound by the triple compact, while offering no apology but its own interest for the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, whose autonomy is guaranteed in a treaty of which Prussia is one of the signatories. Bismarck was cynical about the observance of treaties, but while he lived he would at least have seen to it that a compact like that on which the Triple Alliance was based was not broken to Germany's disadvantage.

It is equally certain that Bismarck would not have outraged the opinion of the world by a wanton violation of Belgium's sovereignty, thus driving Great Britain irrevocably into the circle of Germany's enemies. Whatever military advantage might have accrued from clearing a path across Belgium into Northeastern France could hardly have outweighed in the mind of a diplomat of Bismarck's keenness of view the enormous injury done to Germany in the good opinion of the neutral states.

The whole German diplomatic policy of the last two weeks has been one of almost panic-stricken uncertainty. Its lack of balance went to the point of grotesqueness in the note recently submitted to Sweden demanding to be informed whether Sweden was "with us or against us." That was a barefaced imitation of the first Napoleon's arrogant methods at the height of his inflated power.

There is no evidence as yet that the Kaiser can now do with impunity what Napoleon did only after he had nearly all Continental Europe at his feet. German military plans have been checked by little Belgium, and Paris is still as many marches away as ever. Militarism has its limitations as a method of getting forward. It may go far for the moment, but it has rarely succeeded in winning permanent triumphs, except under geniuses like Frederick the Great and Napoleon, unless based on sound and fruitful diplomacy. Germany's diplomacy in the present crisis has been neither fruitful nor sound.

Our Peaceful Land of Many Tongues.

When a Serb from Novibazar and an Austrian from Salzburg meet on Park Row before a bulletin board there seems every reason why they should fly at one another's throats. Yet, judging by the frequency with which such meetings must occur in this town of many tongues and the comparative peacefulness of these militant days, they do nothing of the sort. They argue a little. They wave their arms. A knot of observers collects. And they go home. Such bloodless battles are fought hourly all over the city.

Europeans are always amazed at the peacefulness with which our many races sit down side by side. Probably we should be amazed if we realized the seething hatreds which surrounded these new Americans at home. But such animosities are a long way from Broadway, they are utterly

absent from the minds of older Americans, and the immigrant entering our shores seems instinctively to feel the new and broader outlook in the air he breathes.

The old allegiance persists in some cases for a while. Yet even that departs. Here is a general European war at white heat and only a few thousands of our millions of aliens show the slightest wish to return. An affection for the native land is not so soon done with. Ungrateful children they would be who could forget altogether. No one asks that they should. The close bond of sympathy which our immigrants feel for their old homelands is a precious possession of the country. May they never die out—so long as they do not lead to blows on Broadway!

The Nation's Sympathy.

In the melée of European news the grave illness of the President's wife has escaped conspicuous mention, and her death yesterday will come as a great shock to the country. Mrs. Wilson disliked publicity and avoided every suggestion of conspicuous action.

By her wish the general public knew but little of her save as the President's wife, when social obligations required. Thus she upheld the finest traditions of her position and won the respect and regard of the nation. There is widespread sorrow at her death and profound sympathy for the President in his great loss.

Answered.

"The Brooklyn Eagle" says:
The question urged on Harvey D. Hinman, of Banghanton, comes from all parts of the state in substantially this form:
"If not nominated yourself, will you be loyal, as a party man, to the nomination of your party?"
This is a legitimate question. The whole principle of party organization depends on the readiness of party men to give the pledge that is asked of Mr. Hinman. He has not answered yet.

He has answered it. In his statement published on July 28 he said:
The question has been asked me whether if I am nominated as a candidate for Governor in the primaries of any other party I will consent to run on that ticket. In the announcement of my candidacy I asked all the people of the state who agreed with me on the great issue in this campaign to render all possible aid and support.
On that issue I will permit my name to be used as a candidate for Governor in the Republican primaries and in the primaries of any other party whose members believe as I do. Permitting my name to be used in that way, I could not under the law nor in good morals decline to run in case I was nominated by any party.

He has no choice. The law leaves him none. If nominated in the Progressive primaries he cannot legally withdraw his name, whether he is also nominated in the Republican primaries or not. Every one who runs in the primaries of another party than his own takes the chance of having to be a candidate against his own party. If Mr. Whitman had been nominated by Tammany last year and not by the Republicans he would have been compelled to run against the candidate of his own party, just as Mr. Hinman may be compelled to do so this year. If what Mr. Hinman is doing is not permissible from a party point of view, then no fusion is permissible, either in city or state.

The Railroads' Opportunity.

Rather than further to choke the warehouses at the seaboard with exports for which there is no available tonnage the railroads are refusing to transport from the interior more foodstuffs and manufactures designed for the foreign markets. No one can quarrel with their decision under the circumstances, and at the same time no one can fail to realize what a serious paralysis of commerce and disturbance of values this entails. Congress is attempting to remedy the situation somewhat by the passage of amendment to the Panama Canal act which will make it easier for foreign vessels to obtain American, and therefore neutral, registry. Would it not be both possible and profitable for the trunk line railroads with tidewater terminals to supplement the efforts of Congress by preparing to establish on the Atlantic coast transoceanic services as the Southern Pacific and Great Northern have long maintained on the Pacific; as, indeed, the Canadian Pacific has long maintained on both oceans?

There is nothing in the law to prevent any such expansion of railroad activity. That clause of the Panama Canal act forbidding the ownership of steamship lines by railroads specifies only such steamship lines as might compete for traffic with the railroads. This obviously exempts all transatlantic shipping, or, for that matter, any service between the United States and South America which a railroad might see fit to establish. Why, then, is this not a golden opportunity for the railroads of Eastern America, by providing an intensely needed outlet for their own traffic, to insure the prosperity of the territory which they serve, the enhancement of their own earnings and the permanent upbuilding of the American merchant marine?

Paris in War Time.

France is presenting to-day the spectacle of a nation under arms and Paris finds herself in the hands of old men and of women and children. To the New Yorker, deep down in his masonry canyons, accustomed to the monotonous aspect and regular functioning of his environment and to the false sense of security which these things give him, the extraordinary effect of the war on Paris makes a strong imaginative appeal. Suddenly, within less than a week, Paris has lost all her alibi young men. The clerks in the stores, the guards in the suburbs, the truck drivers, the domestic servants, the waiters, the policemen, have all been withdrawn like the nails in the legendary ship which sailed too near the magnetic pole. And with them have gone all the heads of businesses and professional men under the age limit, and, of course, all the factory workmen and porters and street sweepers; even the artists of the Latin Quarter, the students of the Sorbonne and the picturesque Apaches.

But we learn that the women of Paris, regardless of social rank, have stepped into the vacuities. They have become storekeepers and clerks and subway ticket sellers. Little boys have been made subway guards; aged, gray-haired men have become motormen and policemen. Only the heaviest manual labor and the more skilled work for which no substitute workmen are available have been abandoned.

It is characteristic of Paris that it should enjoy the novelty of the situation instead of worrying over the fortunes of war, and it is characteristic of the mercurial but capable French women that they should show themselves equal to this emergency, only to retire contentedly later, when the call for their activities has passed, to the purely feminine sphere which they so delight to adorn.

The Conning Tower

WITH APOLOGUES TO F. P. A.
Or rather to the poem on page 39 of "Tobogganing on Paradise."
Frank Adams runs The Conning Tower
And signs the colyum F. P. A.;
He is the boy who wields the power—
He has the say!
He can my wheeze, he can my rhyme;
He reck's not of the world's great loss
But calmly zines my verse sublime—
He is the Boss!
But though my stuff's canned ev'ry day;
Although my trumpet never toots;
Would I, you think, be F. P. A.?
You bet your boots!
DON Q.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS, ETC.
With men who wear brown derby hats I never fight at all;
I get on fine with idiots who write things on the wall;
I love some violinists but for years I've always mixed
It with the guy who tells me that the baseball games are fixed.
EARNEST GUY.

HONEY BEES.
All day long they come and go,
Busy ever to and fro,
Getting honey while they may,
Each delightful summer day.
How they fit from flower to flower,
Tree or bush or vine-clad bower,
Getting all that they may bear,
While the days are bright and fair.
In the neat house where they dwell
Is a pantry laden well
With the sweetest food we know,
Just because bees love flowers so.
Bless the little honey-bees,
Surely doth their labor please,
Think how well each mite doth know
Where sweetest honeyed flowers grow.
MARY C. BURKE.

OH, PERHAPS.
Sir: But will not all contrib's week produce the Tower of Babel?
La Crosse, Wis.
NEW READER.

WAR EXTRA!
These terrible smears on escutcheon
That seem to be everywhere much on
Will harvest the dove
For Anthony Hope
And Prince George von Barrwitz McCutcheon.
N. R. M.

ON A RAINY DAY AT BROMFIELDWILD.
Like the drippet-dray of the cold-water tap as it drops with unvarying beat,
Or the leisurely pound on his regular round of the copper's symmetrical feet,
Or the rhythmic note of the Fall River boat as she paddles her way up the Sound,
Comes the maddening noise of the Star Boarder's voice as he tells how he nearly was drowned!
PETER.

Notwithstanding the reported resumption of Austro-Russian "conversations" and an announcement in Berlin that no German mobilization would be ordered to-day, every indication was that war was eminent.
Perhaps the Globe meant eminently imminent, but was in too much of a hurry to get its late afternoon news out before noon, to bother with unimportant details.
J. K. L.

In the Countries that Have No Heart.
Sir: It looks as though "Die Wacht am Rhein" is about to become the Russian National Anthem.
A. R. E.

THE CONTRIB'S STAY-AT-HOME VACATION
Here is a precious consolation
For those who must pass up vacation.
Here is, for once, a rich emolument—
Ent for the ginks that haunt the Colyum!
You do not need to seek the mountains
To recreate contributing fountains
Or rest the pale and thought-worn dome—
You'll do that quite as well at home.
Just sit and puff your pipe and think
That some one else is in the line—
Nor wonder while you read each wheeze
"Could I produce that, did I please?"
H. K. S.

DULCINEA ON THE HEIGHTS.*
Sir: Dulcinea is attending the summer school at Columbia. She sat behind me the other night at the open air performance of Hamlet. She thinks Hamlet is too serious a play for summer,—one wants something light, don't you know?—but it's such a novelty to see them acting out of doors and the trees look so grand. Besides, one can scarcely call this summer, can one, with the weather we have been having? She always wants to say Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, though one doesn't think of the Danes as being such intelligent people, does one? Now, take Forbes-Robertson, he is very intelligent. Though he has better opportunities in The Second Floor Back, but then, of course, that's a modern play. Shakespeare had a wonderful mind, if he did write so long ago. He would be surprised to see us attending his plays now, though this performance would seem very natural to him, for Professor Matthews has discovered that in Shakespeare's day they played without changing the scenery. And if he had lived to-day, he would probably use lots of scenery, like Bayless. One couldn't believe Hamlet was exactly crazy, could one? Though he did some very peculiar things. And she doesn't believe in wearing black forever, herself, and she has told all her friends that she will be just as well satisfied if they don't put on mourning for her, at all.
W.

Metropolitan Miracles.
Yesterday I met a man from out of town who did not say: "I like New York fine as a place to visit, but I'd hate to live here all the year 'round."
ELGRAY.

We Left for Home When Your Letter Came; That's How Interested We Are.
Sir: Perhaps it would interest you to know that the Cavanaugh Pharmacy is at 18 Hoosick St., Troy, N. Y.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.
TO MAKE-UP: RUN THIS AS FINAL 5, OR IT WILL SPOIL THE POINT, NOT THAT YOU CARE.
F. P. A.: The Tower is deep but I hope to reach the bottom with a couple lead lines.
H. H. S.

"ICH UND BONAPARTE."



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN An Open Forum for Public Debate.

AUSTRIA'S CAUSE FOR WAR

More Justifiable than the Blowing Up of the Maine.
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Is there no justice for Austria in the American press? Have Americans forgotten how they yelled for revenge when the Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor? Was there a cause for war? We all thought there was. Is Austria's case analogous? It was not a battleship and its crew that was blown to pieces, but it was the heir to the destiny of Austria. And that wretched boy who did the deed did not die himself and close his lips forever, but gave out the names and secrets of the true perpetrators of that deed.
Now Austria asks Serbia to be present officially when that gang of murderers is brought before a court to be punished. Is that wrong? Our honorable President refused to recognize Huerta in Mexico, because the President only through a dark murder. Did any civilized nation in the world have the right to recognize King Peter of Serbia? Did he not gain his throne through the murder of Queen Draga and King Alexander?
Austria's cause for war is the justest cause for war that ever was.
W. A. BECKER.
Chicago, Aug. 4, 1914.

WORK OF PEACE ADVOCATES

Does Not Consist, It Is Said, of Exaggeration and Visionary Advice.
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: In its editorial entitled "The False Prophets of Peace" The Tribune taunts "professional peace folk" with the failure of their dreams and the shattering of their visions. The editorial is a strange soum for it is directed, apparently, against a sort of peace fanatic who does not exist among the men and women now making the advocacy of peace their life work and their profession.
That progress is slow the workers for peace have always realized. They have never held the dream of immediate universal peace nor have they ignored the fact that nations must perhaps plunge many a time into barbarism and savagery before that ideal situation is realized. But they believe that each reversion to barbarism will show only the hideousness and cost and fatality of such struggles, and that a time like the present can only bear out what they have said as to the far-reaching calamities war must bring in its train.
What peace advocates have asserted of the forces opposed to war is not exaggeration but truth. In the present crisis a war spirit has naturally been aroused by such acts as the invasion of neutral territory; but stronger than the war spirit is the general consternation at the catastrophe and the universal condemnation of the aggressors. In this country the feeling is one of incredulity and horror. Both here and abroad nations engaged in commerce, in agriculture, in all the large industries, see in the war only a crippling of their interests. The mass of the people are swept forward unwillingly into the movement started by a few militarists. Public opinion is not now what it was fifty years ago. It is to changing and educating public opinion that peace workers are addressing themselves. By their efforts some of the horror of war has been more clearly realized and its economic results more clearly pointed out.

That any one nation should disarm or neglect "reasonable military precautions" peace advocates have never advised. They have maintained that international good feeling must be established before disarmament can be considered. At the same time they have condemned the ruinous competition in armament building, and they have urged the possibility of a world conference to determine a universal limitation of armament. The increased

WHAT THE KAISER IS AFTER

Secret Understanding Over Spoils Between Russia and Germany.
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: It seems that the action of the German Emperor in arraying himself against all of Europe would proclaim him a madman who is beyond the confidence of his nation and should be put in a straitjacket. He has proven himself by the way he has built up the German nation in the last thirty-five years a genius at nearly everything that he puts his hand to. It is beyond belief, therefore, now that he has reached the ripe age of his wisdom, that he should commit such an act of folly as to plunge his people into a war of destruction which would finally annihilate of everything German, as well as the royal family.
There would seem therefore to be some reason underneath this apparent precipitate action which would justify what otherwise becomes a career of lunacy. If he should win in his effort, which appears the first thing next to his head, the active campaign against the French—if he should be able to reach Paris within six or seven months, as Bismarck did, what then would be the result? He could only obtain war indemnity. The consolidation of Europe would finally close in around him, as they did around Napoleon, and a mere indemnity would be without value to Germany and without adequate return for the blood and money and time expended.
This is not like the German Emperor. There must be some other motive which would allow him to acquire territory, and allow him to have the fruits of his victory after he had gained it more satisfactory than a mere indemnity of money, which never could recover for him his loss of prestige and the destruction of power and commerce which he would suffer.

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY

Sonnet from a Survivor Written on the Fiftieth Anniversary.
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Here is a sonnet, "Passing the Forts," on the battle of Mobile Bay, now exactly fifty years ago, in which I had the honor to take part as surgeon of Farragut's fleet.
PASSING THE FORTS.
Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864.
The battle brooded in the morning light;
Silent our squadron stood at break of day,
Until the ingoing tide should speed the way;
Then flew "the Old Man's" signal for the fight;
All down the line the red and blue and white
Broke out like laughter on the stern array,
And loud the cannon-song began to play,
And swift the crashing thunderbolts to smite;
For either cause did equal passion burn,
Brave souls contended in th' embattled cloud;
Ah, shipmates! you who thence did see
A nation's dear remembrance shall enshroud.
But see! the storm is spent; and splendoring far
The corruspictory flames on every spar.
TITUS MUNSON COAN.
New York, Aug. 5, 1914.

NO COLORPHOBIA IN THIS WAR

Correspondent Rebuked for Evoking It Against Japan.
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Contemptible as race prejudice is under all circumstances, it rarely presents itself at so inopportune a moment as in the letter signed "White" in this morning's Tribune. The writer goes far out of his way to vent a needless spite against a friendly people. Japan has done nothing but give a perfectly proper and timely assurance to England that her treaty obligations would be faithfully kept.
The fact that her inhabitants possess skins of a hue unlike our own is totally irrelevant, inasmuch as she has deservedly acquired recognition as a civilized power. The present war has nothing to do with colorphobia. The larger international relations concern human beings as such, regardless of the mere and unimportant accident of color.
JAMES F. MORTON, Jr.
New York, Aug. 6, 1914.

Why Is Press Hostile to Germany?

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Will you kindly tell me why the American-English press is so antagonistic toward Germany? What have the Germans or Germany done to it, or is it ignorance or malice or jealousy? Whatever it may be, it shows what they in reality are. They have evidently forgotten what Germany has done for this country in the last Civil War here.
H. WEISBROD.
New York, Aug. 5, 1914.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

armies and navies, they hold, will serve only to make the present war more horrible and more prolonged.
The mistatement of The Tribune may do much to discredit a valuable work. "The cause, which is the cause of civilization, will march on," and those who have helped to turn men's thoughts and desires toward peace will be of the procession.
H. P. WHICHER.
New York, Aug. 4, 1914.

TOO-TONIC.
New York, Aug. 5, 1914.