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Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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Giving America the Worst of It.

The most remarkable comment made so far on the Frye case is that which appeared Friday in Mr. Herman Ridder's war article in the "Staats-Zeitung." Mr. Ridder says that he has traversed all the authorities on international law, from Grotius to Moore, without finding any justification for condemning the jettisoning of the Frye's cargo of wheat and the sinking of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich. He declines to admit that the cargo was not conditional contraband, and intimates that Captain Thierichens was within his rights in assuming that it was contraband in view of Great Britain's present attitude toward foodstuffs intended for importation into Germany.

This view is extraordinary, because it runs absolutely contrary to the contraband policy announced by the American government and the German government. In order to absolve an over-zealous German naval officer Mr. Ridder accepts the narrow British view of neutral privileges which the United States and Germany are earnestly combating. He even cites the Wilhelmina case as an answer to those who say that the destruction of the Frye was a high-handed violation of the rights of neutral commerce.

The United States has not assented to the action of the British government in detaining the Wilhelmina. We are trying to get Great Britain to abandon the novel doctrine upon which it acted in seizing that vessel, and Germany has virtually promised us to annul the "war zone" proclamation and to cease torpedoing enemy merchantmen without notice if Great Britain will acknowledge the right of neutrals to ship into Germany food intended for the use of non-combatants.

Mr. Ridder regards with cold indifference those joint efforts to re-establish neutral rights on the high seas. Rather than confess that the captain of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich committed a grave political blunder he lets American and German diplomacy go hang together. The only consideration which seems to appeal to him is that Captain Thierichens evaded up a score against Great Britain at the expense of the United States—an innocent bystander. The British government seized one of our food carriers; therefore the German captain felt free to seize and even destroy another. That the United States should get the worst of it from both belligerents seems to sum up Mr. Ridder's policy of "genuine neutrality."

A Case for Investigation.

It seems incredible in this day and age that the wards of the state should have to endure what Mr. John H. Delaney, retiring Commissioner of Efficiency and Economy, alleges the inmates of the State Training School for Girls at Hudson have had to. Washing out the mouth with bitter drugs or soap, the "water cure," and kindred forms of "discipline" belong to a past era of penology. If there is any holdover from that time in a state institution, proper corrective measures should be taken at once.

Unfortunately, Mr. Delaney's word cannot be accepted at its face value in this official report. Once before he made an official report setting forth the existence of vile conditions in the kitchens and food supply of various state hospitals. Subsequent investigation tended to disprove his statements, and he himself, if not actually denying them, did not back them up.

Belgium's Sacrifice.

Whether "Belgium saved Europe," as Dr. Charles Sarolea suggests in the title of his interesting book describing the heroism and suffering of his country, the world agrees that Belgium did save the Allies. And in saving them she was herself sacrificed to "strategic necessity."

France and England were not ready. Dr. Sarolea accepts this fact without protest. But it is impossible not to sympathize with him when he flames up indignantly at the flamboyant early invasion of Alsace, for strategic reasons, because it could not be sustained and led directly to the fall of Namur.

As to Winston Churchill and his naval brigade in Antwerp, Dr. Sarolea says nothing—neither accepting nor rejecting the German gibes. But he does say justly that Antwerp, like Namur, could have held out for weeks, as Verdun had done, if only the allied troops had come to stand with the Belgians in the trenches.

"Where are the English?" "Where are the French?" All Belgium asked these questions in August and September, and is repeating them now. Dr. Sarolea as-

serts. Now it is not a question of troops—not just now, at least—but of succor for what he calls a nation of unemployed, on the soil, in the towns, and in strange lands. The whole world is giving freely to these sufferers, but England's status is one of responsibility, not charity. Says Dr. Sarolea: "If the British people and the British government are not going to help, I ask, who, then, will help? Until the Teutonic invader is expelled the Belgian people are under the sole protection and dependent on the generosity of their British brethren."

Dr. Sarolea's appeal is direct and eloquent, his book distinctly worth reading.

A Partial Victory for Thaw.

Thaw's acquittal is an unquestionable victory for him. Though it was a blow to his hopes that Justice Page forbade any sanity test, the conspiracy case was so cleverly conducted by his lawyers that this acquittal was obtained without any admission or pleading of insanity and with Thaw's own testimony on the record that he considered himself sane and had been advised that it was no crime to flee from Matteawan under the circumstances. All this is bound to be helpful to him in any habeas corpus proceeding which his lawyers bring to try out the insanity issue. It is idle to speculate whether Mr. Jerome, if he had been retained, could have fought the state's case to a different end. What is done is done. The fact remains that Thaw, murderer, paranoiac, whose money has been spent like water to enable him to escape the consequences of his acts, is in a better position to accomplish what he desires than he ever has been before.

The case just decided, fortunately, was not conclusive. There are at least two other actions in prospect—a hearing on the question of Thaw's return to New Hampshire, which is largely formal, and the habeas corpus proceeding, which is the important one. If Thaw is to go back to Matteawan, where, as the state contends, he belongs, it behooves the state's legal department to sit up nights studying ways to meet the keen minds of the killer's expensive and adroit legal staff.

Count Sergius Witte.

To the Western mind Count Sergius Witte loomed largest among the Russian statesmen of the last two decades. He seemed more in touch with Western ideas than any other Russian leader. He stood for the industrial and commercial development of the empire, for financial reorganization, for the development of the arts of peace, and (inasmuch as progress in these directions is dependent on a raising of the level of popular intelligence and efficiency) for the political reforms which culminated in the introduction of rudimentary constitutional institutions into Russia and the material modification of the Czar's old-fashioned autocracy.

As a great railroad constructor, a promoter of manufactures, a financial administrator through whose efforts the gold standard was firmly established, he was one of the most powerful agencies on the side of progress, one of the real builders of modern Russia. He served as Minister of Railways, as Minister of Finance and as Premier in the first Cabinet after the constitutional régime was proclaimed and the national legislature was created. Sent as Russia's chief representative to the Portsmouth conference, where the treaty of peace with Japan was concluded, he obtained what looked like a most liberal concession from the Mikado's representatives and scored a notable personal triumph as a diplomat. His fame outside Russia naturally came to overshadow that of any of his rivals and associates.

Since 1906 he had been in retirement. His policy of development on peaceful lines and his indifference to the complications which were making for Russia's participation in another great European war put him out of touch with the political influences dominant at Petrograd. He had no share in the aspirations, probably soon to be realized, of unhampered Russian access to the sea. He may not stand eventually in history with Sazonoff and the other statesmen who are now extending Russian dominion toward the shores of the Bering. But in his own way he served Russia honorably, wisely and well.

Orville Wright's Vision.

Somewhere in the being of Orville Wright there reposes a confidence in the future of the aeroplane amounting to a vision. This undoubtedly he shared with his brother when, a decade ago, the two were first realizing their joint dream of human flight. It sustained them through those early trials, made them impervious to discouragement and ridicule; it steered them like a compass through the subsequent hysteria of optimism; it caused them to continue their scientific experimentation when the whole world was madly demanding aerial circus entertainment. And now it helps the surviving inventor to a proper appraisal of the aeroplane's achievement, actual and potential, in war.

In the interview with him printed in the special feature section of to-day's Tribune Mr. Wright, the man with the inner vision, with the clear-eyed calm of intense faith scorns to make those extravagant claims for the aeroplane as a military engine which the superficial enthusiast still insists upon. He points out its great value (with certain limitations) as a scout, and he admits its almost complete failure in offensive warfare. Some of the most important obstacles to its military efficiency, he indicates, are those imposed by the necessity of rapid flight. In the meantime gathering dust in Mr. Wright's shed rests a motorless machine in which four years ago at Kitty Hawk he hovered in practically motionless flight,

over the same spot for ten minutes. Attention to lawsuits has prevented his further experimentation with it. This machine is the wagon the Wright brothers hitched to their star; it represents their most advanced attempt to realize that confident vision common to both revealed shortly before his death by Wilbur Wright in this sentence: "Everybody who has ever seen a buzzard flying knows that there must be a method whereby human beings can also remain in the air once they really find themselves aloft."

Obviously in its development lies a remedy for much of the aeroplane's disability both as a scout and as an agency of destruction. Military science should be the gainer when Orville Wright takes up again the work of its perfection.

Abolishing Ben Lindsey.

Various attempts to get rid of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the juvenile court in Denver, have come to naught. The Colorado Legislature seems to be lending itself to the latest one, which is to abolish the court over which he presides, for the lower house has passed three bills for that purpose. It is greatly to be hoped that this will prove as futile as the political attacks on him have been heretofore.

The value of special courts for children is generally admitted to-day. Judge Lindsey was among the pioneers in this branch of work for humanity, and the success of his methods in reclaiming wayward children has been heralded all over the country. His fellow townspeople have voted on it several times and have paid him the tribute of handsome majorities.

As to the desirability of getting rid of Ben Lindsey now, they, of course, must be the judges. There can be no question whatever of the undesirability of abolishing his court. Such a step would be even more reactionary than the political and economic conditions which came to light during Colorado's coal strike.

That expense bill turned in by Chairman Van Santvoord of the upstate Public Service Commission was almost as entertaining as one of Mr. Whitridge's letters to the commission in this city.

When one contains "two pints of pure rye whiskey and six bottles of beer," as did the West Virginian, a label is usually unnecessary.

If Billy Sunday's census of hell may be considered authoritative, there must be some eminent citizens in both places.

Nova Scotia is trying a woman for witchcraft, which shows how long it takes Salem fashions to work up the coast.

"Britain Buys Indigo Crop."—Headline. The war ought to make things blue enough there.

Praise for the Erie.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your extremely amusing editorial of this morning regarding the collision between Mr. Wilkinson's wagon and the Erie locomotive has led me to thinking seriously enough about the Erie to make it seem worth while to say a few words about the road as seen from the commuter's point of view.

The Erie is and has been for years the railroad "goat," and during fourteen of those years I have been a commuter on it. The stations are shabby in the extreme, the cars are in many cases aged and the through trains are slow. Right here justifiable criticism of the train service stops. There is no railroad running out of New York which makes better speed on its suburban trains, no railroad which has so great a proportion of its trains on time, and very few railroads whose trains are so conveniently arranged for the commuter and so frequent at the commuter's hours. To this it can be added that during the fourteen years of my use of the railroad I have never seen a single instance of discourtesy on the part of any of the train crew, and I have seen very many instances where objectionable passengers were treated with the utmost forbearance, courtesy and patience.

The poor equipment and the poor stations, as every one knows, due to the fact that the road is and has been for many years on the verge of bankruptcy, but the excellent train service is due to a skillful and intelligent management; and when one considers the limited facilities that the road has for handling traffic and the lack of money for improvement and expansion, the promptness and efficiency of the service are beyond comparison with any other railroad running out of New York City.

Practically every employe of this road is paid a little less than the men who hold similar positions in the other more fortunate railroads operating out of New York, and every patron of this road is using outworn stations and outworn rolling stock not because the road is inefficient but because it is poor.

From One of the Victims.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I want to congratulate you on your brave fight on the crooks of this city. I think your fight will do your paper a great deal of good in time, and you deserve much praise for undertaking such a hard task.

More power to you, and if I can do anything for you call on me. I'm one of the many who got stung.

WALLACE LANSDOWNE. New York, March 8, 1915.

The Mule in the Army.

From the Manchester Guardian.

It would appear from the quality of the latest arrivals of mules here that they are to be used for cavalry purposes. The lot at Epsom are declared by experts to be as clean as polo ponies, able to gallop, and quite big enough for the purpose—they are about fourteen hands two inches high. They would outrun any of the heavy stamp of horse, of which there are plenty left, whilst horses suitable for cavalry purposes are scarce all over the world. Mules, of course, are used by Spanish and Mexican cavalry, but they have not hitherto been used in the British army except for transport and for mountain batteries. The likelihood is that there will be a revival of the mounted infantry idea, to take light cavalry men who are now working in the trenches from places to place where motor traffic is impossible.

Sir Gary Wainley in his "Wellington Essay," where he said that mounted infantry on mules or even in carts, accompanied by a small proportion of real cavalry, would be of signal use in days to come. The mules and ponies that formed the whole of Sir Frederick Roberts' transport from Kabul to Kandahar—he had no oxen or camels—carried "two maunds," which is about 160 lb., but were capable of carrying much more. A mountain battery mule's load runs up to 320 lb., but he is never as big as even fourteen hands.

REGULATED TO DEATH

This the Great Evil in City Government, Says a Reader.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The condemnation of so-called "calamity howlers" is largely justified on the ground that the charges made by these critics are usually without sufficient foundation. This is especially true of charges that the city is facing bankruptcy or insolvency. This charge can be easily refuted, as it is not constitutionally possible for the city to become bankrupt. It can and will always be able to meet its obligations through taxation. There is no limit to the tax rate that can be exacted to pay the city's debts.

Become a Militiaman.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Every patriotic man should serve in the national guard or naval militia for the national protection.

Many employers, when told by an employe that he would like to join one of the branches of service, bring up the question of time. The employer should remember that although it is true that members of these services must be away several days a year at camp or on a cruise, at rifle practice and on an occasional parade, yet men who have served five years in either branch of service are exempt from jury duty in the state.

The employe, if he has ever thought over the subject of being a guardsman, possibly has thought it would take too much time and be too expensive. Not so. The drill season in most organizations starts in October and ends the first of April—six months out of twelve. There are about twenty-four drills, one night a week; several reviews, rifle practice one day, and, as a rule, a camp to make every other year for the national guard and a cruise for the naval militia. As for expense, it is not very much, the dues averaging as low as 50 cents a month. He is fully equipped with uniforms in the majority of regiments. In some he buys the full dress uniform at a nominal cost.

The enlistment is for three years, at the end of which, as a rule, most men re-enlist for two years, since men who serve five years and receive a full and honorable discharge are exempt from jury duty in the state.

Most regiments are equipped with gymnasiums, swimming pools, libraries and other places for amusement. The discipline received and friendships made will always be looked back on with appreciation.

Do not hesitate. Join now.

P. L. CLARKE. New York, March 10, 1915.

The William P. Frye a Fine Ship.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The wanton destruction of the American bark William P. Frye by the quasi-naval auxiliary Prinz Eitel Friedrich, which might as well have been flying the "skull and crossbones" instead of her master's black and white ensign, will no doubt be adjusted in some satisfactory or other manner—after the usual amount of quibbling, etc. The demand for a prompt and thorough apology and ample indemnification for the loss of this fine vessel cannot be made too strong, and should be made to fit the stubborn Teutonic mind.

The last time I saw the Frye was in San Francisco, when she was alongside the Mission Street Wharf there. I had the pleasure of going all over her, and considered her the last word in American steel clipper ship-building. From boyhood I have known and watched the American clippers and have seen them at various times in many seas, where now, owing to a suicidal lack of interest and subornated and ignorant policies, they are total strangers.

So far as Herman Ridder's quoted comments are concerned they are only such as expected from such a source. It might be well to inform the brain that conceived them that the American people are accustomed to their own speaking and thinking in the "United States" language and not in that of hyphenated alien peoples who segregate themselves in a manner socially, politically and otherwise by using other instead. How about the Prinz Eitel Friedrich's dealings with the Sacramento? Was this a connived affair?

My sympathy goes out to the captain of the Frye, who I consider not a dirty deal.

G. H. New York, March 12, 1915.

Women's Service in Hospitals.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It has come to my notice that in your paper of February 26 there was a letter from Dr. Josephine Walter relative to an article in your Sunday edition of February 21 entitled, "Professional Women Tell of Handicaps." In this letter Dr. Walter referred to her services as interne in one of the New York hospitals which considerably antedated my experience, saying "which for the moment Dr. Barringer seems to have forgotten."

Realizing that the reporter's version of so long a paper was necessarily incomplete, I should like to quote directly from my notes just what I did say at the feminist meeting, because of my affectionate esteem for Dr. Walter and respect for her accomplishment, and, further, as a matter of record, to have no seeming inaccuracy stand. I can assure Dr. Walter that I did not "forget," but on the contrary made special mention of her signal victory, which I quote as follows: "On further study I found that other women had repeatedly applied for admission, and in some isolated cases had been successful, in one case in a private hospital and in several instances in infant or children hospitals under the city organization, but all these places had closed up again, and it was like the waters closing over a pebble: the situation was as impenetrable as ever."

Again, in regard to the question of precedent, I said, referring to the completion of my own hospital service: "A precedent had been established in that one city hospital had

PERFECT HARMONY.



FOR MILITARY PREPARATION

Some of the Many Things a Soldier Must Know.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: England's new volunteer army of from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 men is not yet seven months after war commenced—ready for the field. This shows how long it takes to make a soldier.

What would have happened to England before this if she had not had France, Russia and Belgium to hold the door shut till she could get ready? What have we to hold off an enemy for six months, or three, or two, or even one week, while we are preparing Bryan's "million patriots who will spring to arms between sunrise and sunset"?—29,000 regulars and 60,000 semi-efficient militia!

Where are the arms those patriots will "spring" to? We have not got them, unless we count the obsolete, condemned Krags and old black powder Springfield. And after the patriots have "sprung" what will they do?

How many are acquainted with military commands? How many understand how to execute those commands? How many average civilians know how many officers there are to a company, and what their duties are? How many companies in a battalion, battalions in a regiment, regiments in a brigade, brigades in a division, divisions in a field army, or even what those units mean?

How many know what an "outpost" is, how it is formed, where it is located, who orders it, what proportion of troops is detailed for it, what its duties are, how it is fed and how long it stays in position?

How many know the duties of an advance guard, or rear guard, or patrols, their size, how they are provided, who is responsible for their organization and the performance of their functions? How many can read a military map and determine merely from its inspection what are ridges and gullies, railroad cuts and fills; whether two points are visible one from the other; whether a slope of the ground is steep or gradual? How many can apply the scale of a map to computing distances thereon? How many can "orient" a map? How many can make a scale if one is not given?

How many understand the principles of co-operation between infantry, cavalry and artillery? Yet these are but a trifle of the most elementary knowledge required of an officer, and most of them should be known by the private in the rear rank.

How long would the million sunrise patriots take to learn all this after an enemy was pounding in the door? They might make their first spring before sunset of the first day, but if they sprang into the firing line before at least three months of the hardest kind of training, the next spring of those who had any spring left at the end of the first engagement would probably be out again and to the rear!

Let us have an immediate increase of the mobile regular army to at least 100,000 men, always to be within the United States and ready; an increase of the trained national guard and its federalization on a reasonable pay basis; a real, organized reserve, not the present sixteen men, an enlargement of the system of training of high school boys and college men in summer camps, or an adoption of a form of universal service, such as the Swiss or Australian system.

JOHN W. LOVELAND. Major, 5th New Jersey Infantry. New York, March 10, 1915.

Tenants' Union Protests.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The following message has been sent by the executive committee of the Tenants' Union to Governor Whitman:

"To sign the bill repealing the alien law you place your party and yourself in the attitude of protecting American citizen labor against alien labor when it needs protection and defense. The logical sequence of this act, if it be righteous, would be to employ aliens for all positions in the public service if they are found to be more efficient and cheaper than American citizens. In our opinion, the state belongs to its citizens not to its servants, whether executive, legislative or judicial."

CORNELIUS DONOVAN, President. New York, March 10, 1915.

Pasted Jewels

ECHO FROM A HOUSEWIFE.

Wring out, wild Belle, thou laundress mine, The clothes that languish in the tub— The few that have survived the rub! Wring out the garments coarse and fine.

Wring off the hooks, wring off the eyes, Wring off the buttons by the score; (That's what we sewed them on there for) Wring off the tapes and ribbon ties!

Wring off the crocheted linen rings That Aunt Matilda made by hand; Wring off Grandfather's collar-band, Wring off poor Susie's apron-strings. —The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The stoutest intellect is not damaged by taking it to church occasionally. We know people of accredited "fine minds" who keep their intellects under glass, to protect them from the germs of commonplace minds. Preachers, for example, they esteem to be dull fellows, and it is a great waste of time to listen to their droning.

Now, the church has no monopoly of dulness. There are proportionately as many dull writers as preachers, or as many dull painters, or lawyers. And there is one thing which may be got from almost any preacher of to-day—a reminder that you owe something to humanity, and that if you disregard the debt you disregard it at the expense of your tranquility of mind.

For the sword of the spirit is not tempered by self-indulgence, character is not hardened by following the yielding line, and the intellect that is kept under glass is more likely to suffer from want of air than from contact with inferior intelligences. Service seems to be, more than ever before, the keynote of the church, and it is possible to combine this notion of service with a positive disbelief in the story of Jonah and the Whale.—B. L. T., in The Chicago Tribune.

UNPRECEDENTED.

She bade goodby to all her friends And signalled to the car approaching. She'd said her say—left no loose ends Affectionate but time-encroaching. She knew her way about—sure pop!— Her methods showed a sweet completeness.

She gauged just where the car would stop And boarded with dispatch and neatness.

Umbrella, bag and furry muff With careless ease and grace she told. Yes, for them all had room enough Admiring platform riders noted. She caused no cranky men to wait While she sought cash in style unsteady.

She did not need to hesitate But passed right in. Her fare was ready.

She did not loiter in the rear And angle for some man's position. But walked up front—the little dear!— And found a seat—by intuition! Just where she wished to go she knew And rang the bell before she got there. Then off the car the lady blew— And left a wondering crazy lot there!

A most astounded lot of men Who looked their wonder and amazement. They cited all her points—but then She didn't suffer by appraisal. Then one man said—(His speech was pat)— As he hung limply to a strap-end, "There ain't no woman built like that! We dreamed it all! It never happened!" —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

No doubt Mme. Bernhardt has closed negotiations for her artificial prop, otherwise she could not do better than to consider the gentleman mentioned in the following:

SECOND POST.

[From a Kansas City concern.] Dear Sir: Mr. Louis Ostertag, our travelling representative, is now in your state. He has with him sample legs, and is himself wearing an artificial leg, which embody the very latest and best improvements. We desire one of our latest legs in use in your neighborhood. Our usual guarantee stands behind each leg. Yours very truly, etc. —B. L. T., in The Chicago Tribune.

BALLADE OF WHEN.

When the birds are on the wing And the bees are on the hummer, Then it's up to us to sing Of the hereby near-by Summer; But could anything be bumper Than to have to ting-a-ling! When the snowstorm comes, poorummer, And it isn't even Spring!

Oh, the music we could swing! How we'd chortle at the plumber! How we'd make the welkin ring Were we but a Welkin Summer! We would be old Summer's drummer, Bum-te-bum! and Ping-te-plum! But—we're getting glum and glummer!— But it isn't even Spring!

This is quite a rummy thing. But 'twould be a whole lot rummer If we had a longer string Of such words as "glummer—glummer." Summer! On our lyres we thrum her, To our lyric lute we cling, And we tune her and we strum her— And it isn't even Spring!

Summer! We would greet her, chum her, Sing her joys, forget her sting! Yet, we hail her as a comer, While it isn't even Spring! —Ted Robinson, in The Cleveland Plain Dealer.