

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

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In the Carpathians.

The simplest fashion in which to describe the topography of the present battlefield in the Carpathians is to compare that mountain range to a long isthmus separating the Galician from the Hungarian Plain.

At one point this isthmus narrows to less than forty miles and the mountains sink to less than 1,700 feet. Here is a great natural depression, comparable with that at Panama.

The main Russian advance is coming south through the Dukla Pass, the easiest of all the passes and the broadest. As the Russians advance down this pass they will presently reach the points where the Lupkow and Uszok lines enter the Hungarian Plain.

Coming south by the Dukla the Russians, if they are victorious, will very soon reach the Hungarian plain east and west of a spur of mountains which divides two small river valleys.

Another circumstance must be noted. As the Russians advance south in the plain they will very speedily reach the western end of the railway leading from Hungary to Bukovina.

That such an Austrian retreat would call the Rumanians into the provinces which they have earmarked for their own seems certain. For Austrian retreat would be followed by fresh Russian advances in these quarters and Rumania would have to reckon that if Russia conquered Transylvania and Bukovina unassisted she would most probably insist on retaining them permanently.

Still another consequence of Russian triumph in the Carpathians must not be overlooked. At present one great mass of the Austrian army is holding the line before Cracow at the Dunajec and the Nida. But this line is not a protection for Austria, for Vienna or Budapest; rather it is the first line of the defence of Germany, of Breslau and Berlin.

This would mean the end of the German attack upon Warsaw; it would probably mean the withdrawal of the Germans from the Buzza-Rawa line to the Wartha, the evacuation of Lodz, the relinquishment of the Polish conquests. It would

put the Kaiser on the defensive on the whole eastern front. It might lead to the eventual evacuation of East Prussia, if the pressure of the allied armies in France and Belgium made fresh demands for reinforcements.

Precisely as long as the Austrians can hold the Russians on the line of the Carpathians the country offers the defenders all conceivable advantages. But to judge from recent reports the Russians are slowly "steam-rolling" their way to the plain. Once this is reached, with three railroads and a national highway at their back and a level plain a hundred miles broad on their front, the Russians can deploy their masses and resume the tactics which won for them in Galicia in August and September of last year.

For the observer the real test of Russian progress must be the occupation by the troops of the Czar of Bartfeld, Ungvar and Munkacs, the towns at the foot of the Carpathians and on the shore of the Hungarian plain. Once these towns have fallen, Russian success in the Battle of the Carpathians cannot longer be denied.

The key of the whole operation is the Dukla, the narrow, Panama-like isthmus separating the Galician and the Hungarian plains. Here the Russians seem to be putting in their main effort, here they are meeting with their most conspicuous success. All other operations are subsidiary to this main thrust through the shortest, lowest and least difficult of the passes.

Sing Sing's End.

It should be a matter of gratification to the entire state that after years of beginning and stopping, of backing and filling, of argument and entreaty, the authorities at Albany have finally decided to abandon Sing Sing. Instead of appropriating \$300,000 for a new cell block at that place of horrors, the Governor and the legislative leaders have agreed on an appropriation of that amount to begin a substitute for Sing Sing at the Wingdale site purchased some years ago.

This is exactly what should have been done, yet what only a short time ago seemed hopeless. No amount of money spent on new buildings or repair of old ones at Sing Sing can ever make that institution anything but an inadequate, disease breeding, old style jail. Broad gauge, intelligent work such as Warden Osborne is doing there can help the prisoners somewhat, but it cannot overcome the physical limitations of the place, nor can such humanitarian efforts reach their greatest efficacy in such surroundings.

Prohibition as a War Measure.

There must be not a little in the prohibition of vodka in Russia, of absinthe in France and in the current agitation to prevent the sale of liquors in the United Kingdom until the war ends to disturb some prohibitionists on this side of the water. These prohibitory measures are frankly military expedients, designed to conserve national energy and resources for the more efficient prosecution of war.

There is an undeniable irony in the European adaptation of prohibition precepts for purposes of war, particularly as they blend so readily with the policy of asceticism which a supreme national effort invokes. One can't resist the mental picture of Lord Kitchener, with a beaker of grape juice raised on high, toasting our most distinguished pacifist as one of the greatest friends to military economy of the world has produced.

The City's Legislative Programme.

There are in one or the other house of the Legislature, not finally acted upon, several bills essential to the orderly and economical conduct of the business of New York City. These measures include:

A "trade waste" bill—intended to permit the city to collect ashes, garbage or other refuse from manufacturing establishments at a proper charge, as it now collects ashes and refuse from households and small concerns for nothing.

A Commission of Accounts bill—making this bureau a single-headed affair, with a couple of deputies, instead of an anomalous double-headed office.

A markets bill—consolidating in a department under the Mayor the functions now exercised under the Controller and the Borough President in regard to the construction, maintenance, supervision and control of public markets.

Excess condemnation bills—meeting the "condemnation graft" by permitting this city to take advantage of the constitutional amendment authorizing excess condemnation and the conduct of condemnation proceedings before a Supreme Court justice with or without a jury.

A small Education Board bill—not the original bill for a board of nine members, but for one of twenty-three—a compromise which gives, not a small board as that expression is understood, but a smaller board than now affects the city.

The Coroners' bill—establishing a medical examiner system of inquiring into suspicious deaths and abolishing the present coroners at the end of their term.

A "home rule" bill as to salaries—giving to the Board of Estimate and the Board of Aldermen jurisdiction over all

salaries of city and county officials paid out of the city treasury, and power to determine the number of such employees.

All these bills, save that abolishing the coroners' offices, were unanimously approved by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. They affect no community save New York City, and they are greatly needed here, because they will assure better and cheaper municipal government in many ways. There has been manifest at Albany recently some concern over the emphatic protest of the voters of the metropolis and their official representatives against the shabby treatment New York has received so far at the hands of the legislators. If the legislative leaders really want to convince people here that they desire to give New York a square deal let them adopt this legislative programme, which comes to them, duly accredited, from the city authorities.

An Elixir of Life Discredited.

If we were led some years ago to believe that Professor Metchnikoff had discovered a sure way to defer old age indefinitely it was not so much his doing as that of certain ingenious adapters of a practical sort, who saw in his speculations a convenient opportunity to turn the Bulgarian bacillus to account. He himself had gone pretty far in his conclusions concerning the relation between sour milk and longevity, but his commercial disciples went much further and contrived in a wonderfully short time to convince a considerable number of people that the elixir of life had been found.

This was no easy task, for to make their advertisements plausible they found it necessary to work them out on semi-scientific lines, according to the popular demand of the time. They were obliged to give their customers a smattering of Metchnikoff's theories, with a good deal about macrophages and other obscure things. It was a long and difficult process to prepare the world for sour milk, but the result was wonderful. Bacillus bulgaricus came to be known familiarly as "the germ of immortality" and, with sundry more or less disreputable counterfeits, was consumed in vast quantities as a cure for the great majority of ailments, old and new. Arteriosclerosis came to be fashionable about this time, and its popularity to-day may be attributed in large measure to the educational efforts of the milk-sourers.

It is very disappointing that after all these efforts an investigator should come forward to tell us that "the beneficial effects which it is claimed have been derived from the use of yoghurt and other Oriental sour-milk products have in all probability been due to the milk as such, rather than to the bacteria which they contained." He bases this discouraging conclusion on the results of a series of feeding experiments extending over three years, and involving 5,118 chickens. Not that he denies the benefits of sour milk. On the contrary, he is satisfied of its value, for in every instance the use of it "was followed by a marked increase in the weights of the chicks beyond that which took place in the chicks which received no milk."

Only he cannot discover any peculiar virtue in Metchnikoff's bacillus as compared with other acid-forming bacteria, nor is he persuaded that sour milk is in any way preferable to sweet milk.

Possibly the conclusions drawn cannot properly be applied to human beings, but to say the least they are disquieting. In the same manner doubts have been cast from time to time on the therapeutic value of certain famous foreign springs, the question being whether those who derive such wonderful benefit from them might not do as well with tap-water at home. Yet they survive and do a flourishing business in spite of the skeptics; so perhaps the dealers in sour milk may survive the doubts of Dr. Rettger.

A Bronx shoemaker is suing the city for killing his dog, asserting that its faithfulness gave it a money value. The faithfulness of a good dog not only may give it a money value, but is something above and beyond valuation in mere coin of the realm.

Mr. Root, a tall, rangy figure in spite of his years.—Albany dispatch to "The Evening Sun."

Mr. Root was never known heretofore as a physical duplicate of John Raines.

Nero may have been "modern" enough to have three elevators in his palace, as an archaeologist insists, but he wasn't very up to date on his fire department.

Scots Not Ready for Prohibition.—Headline. A stubborn race, always prone to think its own thoughts and go its own gait.

New York's Easter suit of snow cost \$82,000—but still, it might have been worse.

\$100 Reward for Poisoner of Dogs.—Headline. No wonder the pastime is popular.

Politics in New York. From the Chicago Evening Post.

"It is a fact, as ex-Senator Burton said the other night, that the current has set toward the Republicans and that there is every prospect that a Republican will defeat Woodrow Wilson next year."

So says the New York Tribune in an effort to concede Republicanism everything that it can claim and yet warn it that it is now throwing away its chance to attain the prize that is seemingly within its grasp.

The Tribune speaks upon one of the most extraordinary happenings that the troubled and disgraceful record of state legislatures has ever brought forth. After a visit to Albany made by Messrs. Elihu Root and William Barnes, jr., the Republicans in the Legislature by unanimous vote of the caucus in each chamber turned over to one man, Senator Elon R. Brown, control of all legislation for the session. As the Republicans have over two-thirds of each house this means that Brown can put through anything over Governor Whitman's veto.

"The New York Times" speaks of him as "absolute dictator." Whitman was utterly disregarded in the arrangement. Brown's programme even leaving out the one legislative measure which the Governor has favored.

"IT'S A GOOD THING WOMEN DON'T VOTE!"



MR. LEGERE REPLIES

Giving His Side of the Controversy with Mr. Osborne.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: An article appearing in your issue dated April 5 upon the front page under the caption "Auburn Reform Called Myth" contains such misrepresentation of my views on the matter that I am impelled to ask for this correction as well as reply to the stupid attack made upon me in the article by Thomas Mott Osborne.

In the first place, the article, in stating that I am an anarchist, misrepresented my views in a way which seems to me to be without any shadow of justification, since I very distinctly told your reporter over the telephone from Schenectady, when the interview was secured Sunday evening, that I was a socialist. I repeated it several times, so there could have been no misunderstanding about it.

If the error was the result of your reporter not knowing the difference between a socialist and an anarchist, may I respectfully suggest that The Tribune should take steps to instruct its writers upon that point before a libel suit makes the instruction too costly.

Again, your article quotes Mr. Osborne as saying: "Legere is an unmitigated liar, who does not deserve any consideration." This is given as Mr. Osborne's direct answer to my statement in "The New Republic" of April 3, that "Osborne told me personally that he would leave no stone unturned to have the two guards who were guilty of the bludgeoning of the prisoner disciplined. These men are still on the job at Auburn," etc.

Mr. Osborne then follows this assailing of my personal character (which your paper printed in apparent defiance of the operation of the libel laws) with this sentence: "I was not a witness to the attack on the boy, but I heard the confusion and the story of it as it went about the prison. I was very hot about it at the time and thought the guards should be bounced."

I am willing to ask any fair person whether this does not, in Mr. Osborne's own words, uphold exactly what I claim he said—namely, that he would leave no stone unturned to have the guards disciplined—if, of course, one believes that being "bounced" from such a lovely place as the Auburn prison constitutes "discipline."

I really should have had more respect for Mr. Osborne's sense if he had called me a liar and let it go at that. People reading his statement might have accepted, more or less, his charge as being true, but certainly when he calls me an unmitigated liar, and then proceeds to prove that what I said is absolutely true, most persons consistently wonder where he keeps his sense of logic! And where the reporter keeps his sense of humor!

As a matter of fact, Mr. Osborne does not speak naturally until toward the end of his little talk. I refer to the paragraph in which he uses these words: "This is an old matter. There is no reason for raking it up. . . . Legere has no reason to hold a grudge against me, but he apparently does, and has written a number of untrue things about me. This is the typical Osbornian manner—the flinging out of an emotional counterblast as a refutation of facts, even when the truth of those facts be acknowledged by Mr. Osborne himself in the same breath."

No, I haven't the slightest personal feeling against him. I would not even criticize Mr. Osborne were it not that I feel his weaknesses to be a distinct handicap to the progress of prison reform in New York. And I base my feeling in the matter on facts which in my own experience at Auburn, in spite of Mr. Osborne seeming to think that nothing ever sways any one in this world but personalities. That very trait of his (that every attack must needs be based on a personal grudge) is quite enough to disqualify him as a prison reformer.

A man who conducts his life by personalities is not the man for the big task of cleaning from our society the blot of its barbarous prisons—a thing needing, above all, a mind with a large, free gesture.

Whenever Osborne does anything to indicate that he has actually been able to emancipate his mind from the "prison idea" and indicates a difference from any of the al-

NEW YORK THE LANDOWNER

Its Fat Acres So Valuable They Should Be Taxed.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Corporation Counsel Polk's letter, published in The Tribune, entitled "Robbing New York City," if unanswered, is certainly a most convincing argument in favor of the legislation which he desires.

I live in the town of Carmel, Putnam County, where one of Mr. Polk's cited examples of discrimination against the city has occurred. I shall assume that Mr. Polk's figures are correct. He says:

"In the town of Carmel, Putnam County, the city's land was taxed at \$290 an acre. The remainder of the town was assessed at \$97 an acre." In other words, the average acre of the city's land was assessed at three times the average acre of the remaining land in the town.

These figures are condemning, but this is the answer: The City of New York owns almost every fertile acre in the town; the city's watershed covers every fertile valley; the land that is left is the rocky upland. From general farming the town has been driven by the city to dairy farming almost exclusively, and the farmers have to buy all their feed because feed cannot be raised on the rocky upland; it is good only for summer pasture for cows, and it is poor at that. For farming purposes—and that is the basis of the taxation—every acre of the city's land is worth many times the upland owned by individuals. It is surprising that owners by individuals more than three to one.

The trouble with the City of New York and its watershed—at least in Putnam County—is that it owns too much land. Hundreds of valuable acres could now be sold. They may have served a purpose some time, but they do not now. The city could make a profit out of them now and stop all taxes.

The city could also sell water to the adjoining owners—something it will not do—and increase its income. It could also treat the residents with more courtesy and consideration, which would do it any harm in the eyes of the assessors. And I would not be surprised if a small amount of judicious investigation would show many ways in which the city could save more money right in its watershed than it would gain by the lower taxes which it desires.

CHARLES E. KELLEY. New York, March 29, 1915.

Sunday's Hypocrisy.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read your editorial on "A Revival in This City." Yes, I do like to see a good change come over the people of this city—a revival if you like to call it such.

We had a true and real revival over thirty years ago in this city. But the difference between that revival and Billy Sunday's to-day is this: Moody and Sankey were sincere, faithful men; they meant every word they said. Also, there were no deals or bargains such as "give me \$50,000 and I will save the town."

To-day Billy Sunday's revival is a plain business transaction of making money—\$50,000 and more. I hate to see such hypocrisy. As Mr. Barnum said, "The American people like to be fooled." Mr. Sunday is now a very rich man. He can retire and laugh in his sleeve at all the dupes.

JOHN HENRY SMITH. New York, April 5, 1915.

Appreciation.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I feel that I must express my very great appreciation of your editorial in this morning's Tribune headed "Dollars Against Lives" opposing the Hinman bills and the cutting down of the work of the State Department of Health in the interests of so-called economy. We are deeply interested in preventing the crippling of the State Department of Health, and I cannot tell you how encouraging it is to have the support of so able and influential a newspaper as The Tribune.

It may interest you to know that we are printing the editorial in a special pamphlet and will reprint it in our publication, "The State Charities Aid Association News."

HOMER FOLKS. Secretary State Charities Aid Association. New York, April 3, 1915.

Questions in Grammar.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Of the following please tell me which is correct and why:

"The package is lying on the table" or "The package is laying on the table"; also, "The man was hanged" or "The man was hung"; and by so doing you will greatly oblige.

ELLA REED. New York, April 5, 1915.

"The package is lying on the table" and "The man was hanged" are the correct forms.—Ed.]

INCIDENTLY.

Sir: As it appears to me, not to be a flagrant violation of our neutrality, I'll tell you comendably that the Athletic Young Man sure does give credit to old General Von Moltke, whose strategic experiments played such important parts in the Battle of Aisne. More than that, he gave credit while riding downtown in a Broadway Express yesterday.

Bert Taylor has been quoting instances in current fiction, of the "meditative forefinger." Add to them the "thoughtful fire" before which the Lord Chancellor sat down, in H. G. Wells's "Bealby."

Entered, from Boswell's "Life of Johnson," for the Anti-Climax Stakes: "Mr. Richardson is dead of an apoplexy, and his daughter has married a merchant."

"April": After William Watson. April, April, Black as cold December, Ne'er do we remember Thee in icy tears! April, in past years, With thy gentle showers Didst thou bring sweet flowers! Lend us, pray, thine ears, April, April, Cold as bleak December, Store till next November All thine icy tears!

April, April, Grip and laryngitis, Croup and tonsillitis, Linger in thy breast! Linger, answer, please! Is thine earthly mission Cheering the physician? Chorus: (Excuse the sneeze.) April, April, Quinsy and neuritis, Hoarseness and bronchitis, Linger in thy breast. A. R. N.

"They were the far-flung end of the ring of iron," says The Tribune. Doubtless a political ring, that being the only kind of ring that has an end.

At a Broadway chapsorium: "Complaints and suggestions will be Gladly Appreciated."

Kurds Mistreat Christian Women.—Sam headlines. So do a good many American factory employers.

A BIRTHDAY ODE TO MRS. WALLACE. (From the Middletons. (Cont.) Percy Fyfe.) To the home of Abel M. Brewster Fourth of March, eighteen forty-seven. There came a new maiden, called Jane Adelaide. According to records now given. When our Jane was but a young maiden. We say it in love, without adding. With her and with child, she became the fair wife Of one known as Hugh J. Walliker. At your home in the old Essex town. Where Connecticut's wild water flows. With your own children dear, and other friends and We have been there, and therefore we know. To you, Cousin Jane Adelaide. Our greetings on your natal day. And wish you remain, hope, sorrow and pain May forever be banished away.

Speaking of Uncrowded Professions, being King George's Royal Cellarer can't be much of a job just now.

Old Don Marquis turned his column over to the suff's yesterday and it led with a poem by Alice Duer Miller, whose rhymes of "Diana" with "manner," and "goodness" with "congresses" do not prove that woman should not have the ballot.

When universal suffrage comes the special suffrage editions of newspapers and magazines will cease.

Votes for women! F. P. A.

The Conning Tower

The Little Children. Sadly through the factory doors The little children pass, They do not like to leave behind The morning sky and grass. All day the wheels will eat their joy And turn it into gold, And when they pass the doors again The world will seem so old! IRWIN GRANIC.

At last night's office conference the Department of Weights and Measures was under discussion. It occurred to us that here was the title for our next volume of Imperishable Idyls: "Weights and Measures."

Speaking of conferences, there's the wheeze that Fred Donaghey attributes to Wilton Lackaye. Lackaye had invited San Francisco editor to dinner. "How about seven o'clock?" asked Lackaye. "I can't," the editor said. "We have our conference at seven." "Conference?" Lackaye echoed. "Yes, we all get together every night and decide what shall go into every day's paper." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Lackaye. "You don't mean to tell me you get out that paper deliberately!"

There is a foundationless rumor that a certain fiction-writer is trying to have his name changed to Owen Willard.

Still, as E. S. W. suggests, Jess Willard invented the latest application for Twelfth Sleep.

AN INDETERMINATE SENTENCE. (From the Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post.) Delor Gordon and Fred Smith thought they could raise disturbance and that they would not be locked up, as the jail in the basement of the Town Hall which was destroyed by fire Thursday evening, but were arrested for being drunk and disturbing the peace and were kept overnight in the firemen's room at the fire house and a hearing was given them Saturday afternoon. They were sentenced to go to their home in the Elizabethtown jail for three months, as they are uneasy when they are out of jail.

"Live people"—the Evening Post is discussing slang—"would as soon omit to say 'What do you know about that?' as they would omit to go without the new two-for-a-quarter linen collar." Sooner, perhaps. The live birds omitted to say "What do you know about that?" about the time the director skirt went out.