

New York Tribune

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

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Greece Enters the War.

The Greek government—or what is left of it—has at last yielded to the inevitable. King Constantine, finding his army and navy deserting him, many parts of his kingdom refusing any longer to acknowledge his authority, his civil administration collapsing and his throne tottering, has agreed to issue an ultimatum to Bulgaria which cannot but lead to a declaration of war.

For Constantine it is a pitiable humiliation. Self-willed beyond the worst of rulers in a limited monarchy, he has been trying for more than a year past to hold his subjects to an impossible programme of neutrality. He evaded his treaty obligations to Serbia on a flimsy technicality. He has overridden the constitution, defied public sentiment and defied all considerations of reason and prudence—to say nothing of honor and national advantage—in the pursuit of a policy which in the end could only lead to his own deposition and the ruin of Greece.

He has now pulled up just short of deposition. But his right-about-face has been due in no way to an appreciation of the utter folly of his own statesmanship. It is due to an acute concern for his own fortunes and safety. He is not leading the Greek people into the war. They are dragging him—still reluctant and unconvinced—into a struggle in which their own interests and national aspirations have long required them to participate.

Much can be said in defence of Constantine's refusal to allow Greece to enter the war at the time when the ill-fated Dardanelles expedition was planned. He was soldier enough to foresee that that expedition was likely to fail. The territorial compensations offered Greece then may not have offset the risks of a counter attack on the part of the Teutonic powers and Turkey—possibly aided by Bulgaria. So Constantine broke with Venizelos, the master mind of the Greece of our time, who saw from the beginning where Greece's interest and opportunity lay and was willing to take long risks at a moment when taking them would establish the strongest possible claims on the good will of the Allies.

Constantine might also have been excused in some measure for playing safe when Bulgaria declared war on Serbia. Greece was morally bound to go to Serbia's aid. Yet, as the event showed, his assistance might have failed to stand off the Teutonic-Bulgarian invasion, and all northern Greece—including the great prize of Salonica—might have fallen to the conquerors of Serbia, Montenegro and Albania.

But from the day the Allied forces had established themselves solidly in the lines north of Salonica Greece's course became absolutely clear. She could not hope to keep out of the war with any possible advantage to herself. And each week of delay only reduced the chances of entering with some show of conviction—of establishing that friendly understanding with the Allies which was essential if any of the natural fruits of a successful campaign against Bulgaria and Turkey were to be gathered.

When Bulgaria overran the Kavala region, seized Greek forts, killed Greek soldiers and took a whole Greek division prisoner, and Constantine still held back in the hope of appeasing the German Emperor, his wife's brother, his policy of neutrality reached the low water mark of contemptibility and futility. It became intolerable to every Greek who still remembered the glories of the two Balkan wars, who was still moved by a traditional hatred of the Bulgarian and the Turk and who still cherished the national aspirations which had been promoted with such signal success by the broad-voiced statesmanship of Venizelos.

Now Greece is in the war and the programme of Venizelos must displace the programme of Constantine. But it will require all Venizelos's genius, all the high qualities which he has heretofore displayed as a builder of empire, all the prestige which he has stored up with the Allies by his courageous expression of sympathy leading to a fair recognition of Greek services after the war—he will have earned once more the undying gratitude of his countrymen.

Greek military resources are sufficient to turn the scale in the Balkans hopelessly against the Teuto-Turk-Bulgarian alliance. Greece has a population a little larger than Bulgaria's. She can furnish at once 200,000 trained first-line soldiers and can supply probably that many more within a year. The Allied army north of Salonica numbers between 500,000 and 600,000 men. It can now be rapidly increased to between 700,000 and 800,000. There are probably 200,000 Rumanians and Russians in the Dobruja, while Bulgaria, attacked on two fronts, has probably at her disposal not more than 300,000 Bulgarians

and about the same number of Turks, Austro-Hungarians and Germans. The military situation in Bulgaria is therefore precarious. A successful defensive may be maintained through the winter. But the outlook for next spring, when Greece's full strength is developed, is dismal. The entry into the war on the side of the Allies, first of Rumania and then of Greece, has definitely reversed the balance established in the Balkans a year ago, when Ferdinand of Bulgaria donned the German Kaiser's livery and Mackensen's victorious columns overran Serbia, Montenegro and Albania without once encountering a serious resistance.

Call Off the Strike!

The much-heralded general strike is a fizzle. Two days of it have proved the inability of the Fitzgerald-Frayne-Bohm combination of leaders to lead the workers of the city into any such pit as the lost traction strike. Unions have voted to strike, and then have sidestepped; others have postponed action, as did the building trades council yesterday; still others have flatly refused to violate contracts made with employers against whom no legitimate grievance could be found. The unionists who have actually stopped work—outside of the Jews, who are celebrating their holidays—are a mere handful, compared to the number who have refused to be deluded by the agitators' windy declarations. The city's business has not been tied up; indeed, it has scarcely been affected.

All this is a tribute to the innate good sense of the workers of this big city. It proves that they have within them something bigger and better than the ultra-sounding class spirit which the professional fomenters of strikes encourage. They were able to see that the traction strikers had been misled and grievously injured by Fitzgerald and his associates, who sanctioned the strike in violation of the arbitration agreement which now they would give much to have in force again. Unionists in general recognized that this strike was lost, and ought to be lost, and that no general strike could possibly save the traction men from defeat. There is plenty of class loyalty among the wage workers here—that has been proved often enough. But there is also much good common sense, against which even the Fitzgeralds cannot prevail in a situation so plain as this one has been.

If these "leaders" had as good judgment as the men who have refused to follow them, they would shut up shop. They have failed. The traction strike is broken; the general strike is a farce. Further endeavor to stir up trouble will only prolong the annoyances to which the public is subjected, without any possible gain to the strikers. Messrs. Fitzgerald, Frayne and associates might as well accept what loss of prestige is now theirs without letting the present miserable affair, for which they are primarily responsible, drag along until even they cannot have the face to carry it further. They might regain some standing in labor unionism if they would acknowledge defeat and call off the strike.

Ready for Further Action.

The German Emperor has sent a circular letter of thanks to the shipyards in recognition of "the surprisingly short time" they took to make good the damage done in the battle off the coast of Jutland, the result being "that the fleet was already able weeks ago to undertake battle." It is not intimated that it actually did so, but that it was ready for service is easily credible. Repairs can generally be made speedily in well equipped yards, as we know the German yards to be, and it may be recalled that Sir John Jellicoe reported his fleet fuelled, replenished and ready for further action the day after he returned into port—nearly four months ago.

Precisely how seriously the German fleet was damaged it is impossible to tell. It was known that a number of the units were badly knocked about, but that the fleet as a whole was ready to put to sea a good while ago no one doubted. In fact, a sally was reported about the middle of August. When Admiral Akiyama, of the Japanese General Naval Staff, said he firmly believed that the German fleet would not take the sea again it was because of the actual loss in battle-cruisers and light cruisers and not because of the supposed damage to the vessels that escaped. It still remains to be seen whether a further encounter on a grand scale will be risked. That is a more important point than the fleet's ability to play at bo-peep.

New York's Cleanliness.

At first sight Dr. Hornaday's recent statement that "10 per cent of the people of New York are indifferent to filth and dirt" appeared to be a severe indictment of the community. It has been so understood in certain quarters. The truth is this percentage, if correct, is extremely low. If only one person in ten may be classed as instinctively unclean, New York may well claim to be the spotless town among the large cities of the earth.

It is doubtful if Paris, Rome, London, Chicago or even Boston could show such a degree of cleanliness. One need only read Havelock Ellis's description of the way of life in nineteenth century England to be convinced that a population only 10 per cent dirt-loving represents a surprising advance in social progress. The heroic indifference to dirt strikes Mr. Ellis as one of the leading characteristics of recent centuries.

The trouble with all such generalizations as that of Dr. Hornaday is their subjective character. Much depends upon how fastidious the person happens to be who makes the statement. It appears that the criterion used in this case was the behavior of people in the parks. A more correct estimate of general cleanliness would be reached by observing the care which the inhabitants of New York exercise in keeping their homes free from contamination and infection. For instance,

how careful are they to protect themselves from such filthy disease carrying insects as flies and mosquitoes?

The use of screens be taken as the standard of cleanliness, Mr. Hornaday's percentage would probably be reversed. It is safe to say that 90 per cent of the domiciles of New York are unprotected against this well known source of filth. In the matter of screens New York is thirty years behind the average Mid-Western village. Eating places, sleeping rooms, nice, furnished apartments, fruit stands, pushcarts and the most unsanitary slum tenements are about equally accessible to the visits of flies and other contaminating pests.

It is difficult to see how a public with a keen sense of prophylaxis can remain indifferent to such carelessness. More astonishing still is the fact that during all the time that the city has been in the grip of infantile paralysis little has been said about the desirability of screens, a matter which elsewhere would be regarded as a prime necessity for health and cleanliness.

Vaccination and Infantile Paralysis.

It is a remarkable thing that the Anti-Vaccination League was so slow to realize the obvious opportunity offered by the recent outbreak of poliomyelitis. The anti-tobaccoists are much more alert, for it must be nearly two months since one of the most notable of them drew the attention of the public to the smoke that pervades most houses, observing that it "paralyzes the nerves that are too weak to resist the nicotine, which has a deadening effect on the nerves—and that is all there is to the question."

The Anti-vaccinists are generally prepared to seize on such happy occasions as this to advertise their doctrine. Yet it is only now that they announce the great discovery that infantile paralysis is spread by vaccination. This is the more astonishing because it is no part of their business to collect and sift evidence. They trust rather to divine inspiration or genius, waiting with exemplary patience for the facts to confirm their preconceptions.

Nor do they in this instance undertake to make any rash promises. Confirmation may come in time, but—who knows?—the truth may not be established for another century. A fair warning is given out in a statement by the secretary of the league. It is in these terms:

"It took a hundred years to develop the fact that mosquitoes carry yellow fever, proving it is absurd to say that because one cannot prove a point in pathology the point does not exist."

The improved point in poliomyelitis is that almost every victim in the recent outbreak had been vaccinated or, if not vaccinated himself, at least "exposed to persons who had been." This is so probable that it is as hard to deny as the probability of exposure to tobacco smoke.

The conclusion drawn by the leaguers may possibly be questioned, but do not the doctors themselves confess their ignorance? It is precisely there that they differ from the Anti-vaccinists, and it is there that the Anti-vaccinists have so great an advantage over them.

Nature's Fertilizer.

We are known, of course, as a wasteful people, despite lectures on thrift and economy. Our very abundance provokes lavishness; we take scant thought for the future until necessity forces it. We pay thousands of dollars every year for phosphates and nitrates, and overlook the product of nature's laboratory that is under our noses.

Take the unconsidered item of the annual destruction of leaves. Nobody knows how many tons of valuable fertilizer are wasted every year through our practice of raking the fallen foliage from lawns and parks into the street and burning them or leaving them to the D. P. W. to take away. The scald smoke of burning leaves is as much an indication of autumn as the shortening of the days. We destroy one of the best of Nature's fertilizers, that on which she relies for the renewal of the vegetable humus in the soil. A leaf on the lawn is as much of an eyesore to the particular housewife as a thread on the rug.

All Nature's protection is removed in the interest of tidiness; then we wonder why lawns must be so frequently resodded and why grass seed "won't catch." The fallen leaves protect the roots of grass and shrubs from the freezing and thawing of winter, and deposited in a corner of the back yard with a little earth thrown over them to prevent them from blowing away, in a year or two are converted into what the forester calls "duff," an organic material which makes the loam that grows the farmer's best crops. It is an excellent top dressing for the lawn, and enriches it for flowers and shrubs, and, mixed with a little ordinary earth, a most desirable soil for filling the window boxes and potting plants—something hard to get in town. It is invaluable to the amateur gardener who utilizes his back yard, and yet it is almost invariably wasted.

American Inventiveness in War.

Those armored caterpillar tractors, described as "tanks" in official war reports, and facetiously named "Willies" by British "Tommyes," are nothing more than the application to land fighting of a principle put into effect in the United States during the Civil War. They are in effect "moving batteries," just as was the Monitor built by John Ericsson and equipped with the revolving turret invented by Theodore R. Timby. The Monitor was an invention by an American made necessary by changed conditions in warfare. Fixed harbor defences had proved to be ineffective. What was needed was a fort that could travel around so that the enemy could not secure the range and reduce the fort by concentrated fire. The Monitor quickly proved the practicability of the idea and brought about a complete change in naval warfare and harbor defence. Fixed fortifications were shown to be a failure in defence against heavy guns early in the European conflict. Trench fighting was the next move to meet the new conditions. Then to offset this successful method of defence by driving travelling forts over the trenches, the "tanks" were developed by the British from the caterpillar tractor. And that tractor, like the Monitor with its revolving turret, was the product of the brains of an American and the mechanical skill of the workmen of this country. Thus is another radical change in modern warfare to be credited to the United States. And, as usual, the United States is about the last to avail itself of its own inventions. Witness the dreadnought, the aeroplane, the Lewis machine gun and now the tractor.

THE SHADOW LAWN SPEECH.

Awaited with Eager Curiosity, It Leaves Its Readers Little the Wiser.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: As did many another voter, I awaited with solicitude and eager curiosity the great speech that our President was going to make at Shadow Lawn last Saturday in order to enlighten us common people as to why he behaved as he did about the proposed arbitration between the railroad managers and the brotherhoods.

I have read carefully what is reported of that great speech. Not a bit the wiser am I for my reading. "The World" of Sunday speaks of "the enthusiasm accorded the President's detailed explanation of the handling of the eight-hour law and the settlement of the threatened strike." We are told that this enthusiasm "led his political advisers to urge further discussion of the issue in a speech to be made during the next two weeks."

While he is about it, perhaps the speaker, two weeks from now, will kindly "explain" what under the sun this outburst means: "America must understand the world in order to subject it to its peaceful service." "Peaceful service" has a sort of familiar sound—a kind of Mexican border quietude, I should say.

I hope that these political advisers will see to it that Woodrow Wilson quits talking about "an eight-hour day." That phrase doesn't deceive anybody. What the people want of the President is some information about what the brotherhoods demanded that he should do and why he did it. A little plain talk in this direction will be worth more than any amount of glitter about America under-standing the world and the like—some "honest injun" talk. Give us the truth, Mr. President, now you have really got on to the stump. Speak right out and tell us why you didn't ask the brotherhoods to join in an arbitration. O. G. Washington, D. C., Sept. 25, 1916.

Indignation at Hat Check Pirates.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: It is a source of much gratification to me to learn that in Copeland Townsend, director of the Majestic, New York has one hotel keeper who has sufficient courage to take steps to abolish the hat check evil.

Why I, as a hotel guest, should be obliged to pay some one to protect my property from thieves while I am dining at a hotel I could never understand, any more than why I should demand that patients who come to see me should be expected to pay my office boy to look after their hats and umbrellas while calling upon me professionally.

As a concrete illustration of the way this works, I am reminded of the fact that I visited a large New York hotel downtown two years ago with my uncle, a physician, nearly eighty years of age. The night was cold, and the doctor preferred to keep his light overcoat with him to use in case of necessity.

After taking a seat at the table, first the waiter and then the head waiter appeared and refused to take my order unless I turned the overcoat over to the waiting check boy pirate. This I declined to do and left the hotel rather than to be thus imposed upon. I made up my mind then, and see no reason to change it, that that hotel is no place for me or my friends to spend money.

I suspect that this experience, which has been so recently told, may have cost the hotel enough to have paid the hat check by a living wage, for that evening, at any rate. A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN. New York, Sept. 20, 1916.

The Railway Employees Misled.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Gompers are misleading and deceiving the workmen. They tell them that the traction employers, Messrs. Shonts, Hedley, Whitridge and the rest, deny the unions the right to organize, and that this is what the latter are fighting for. This is an absolute misstatement of the case. No one denies the unions the right to organize, nor have Messrs. Shonts and Hedley at any time done so. Indeed, they have expressly said that they did not and do not deny them any such right, as have also Mayor Mitchell and Chairman Straus of the Public Service Commission.

But what the traction gentlemen do most emphatically deny is that any union, such as the Amalgamated, has the right to monopolize the right of union formation or organization and to rule out as illegal every other union except their own. The country, state and city are free, and as the traction people are not in an absolute misstatement of the Amalgamated or any other union, so the Amalgamated and Mr. Fitzgerald, its president, must be satisfied to allow the traction people to organize a union of their own in perfect freedom, without interference, complaint or interdiction of the said Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees. ALBERT P. SCHACK. New York, Sept. 25, 1916.

Psychological Effect of Air Raids.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Apropos of your editorial headed "Another Zeppelin Failure" and Walter Dodge's letter, "The Zeppelin Fiasco," both of which appeared in this morning's Tribune, I wish to say this: To my mind it has always seemed that in order to compensate the Germans in any way for the enormous expenditure in money, the risks of life and the loss of Zeppelins—which they must take into consideration—that are incurred by their raids on London, more damage has necessarily been inflicted than official reports show. I have talked recently with two men who have returned from England—one a wounded soldier not more than thirty, whose hair has turned snow white—and they both not only advanced my theory, but confirmed it. The thousands that are killed outright or wounded are not so pitiable, they say, as the numbers pathetically herded together in the fields and meadows—too fearful to live in houses—whose minds have been utterly crazed with the fear—the morbid, unrelenting fear—of impending attacks.

I pass this information along for what it is worth. KATHRYN H. HILL. New York, Sept. 25, 1916.

On Gladness.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I have read Mr. Heywood Brown's tirade against gladness in to-day's Tribune, and, of course, it makes me glad, as it doubtless did him, in writing it. Surely, such a heartfelt diatribe could not fail to give its author gladness. Obviously, he should be the gladdest of glad men in his conviction that the world needs malcontent. Certainly, his lack of contentment fills him to overflowing. Let him now be glad that he is furnishing the world with what it needs so badly—a superlative example of the malcontent. Let him be glad that there are so many glad people who are glad that he is discontented and who would gladly lift him up and out of his slough of despondency into their own gladness. FULLER MELLISH. P. S.—In the impulse of my gladness I have almost overlooked this opportunity to express my hope that Mr. Brown will be as glad with my next performance on Broadway, and I shall be glad of the opportunity to give it, and come in his glad review of that performance, evidence that he has become one of the glad disciples. E. M. New York, Sept. 22, 1916.

AT LAST.



"TERRIBLENESS AGAIN" Some Letters from Readers of The Tribune Regarding Its Condemnation of German Atrocities and the Spirit Which Prompted Them—One Thinks Britons and Frenchmen Would Have Done the Same if They Could Have Reached Germany.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The shade of Horace Greeley, the immortal founder of The Tribune and master of clear thinking and plainness of speech, inspired your splendid editorial on the vanity of frightfulness to intimidate an amazed and suffering but undaunted world.

Yes, the deceived and misled German people in their home land will learn and bitterly bewail the truth, as the Germans born or domiciled in every foreign land see and inwardly deplore the ruin from within of their cherished fatherland. The most tragic of all the results of this wanton, aggressive war will be the consciousness which every human being bearing a German or near German name will realize, that every time he reveals it he will know that in the mind of his acquaintance of any other race there will be a recollection of all the condemnation and aversion aroused by the crimes of the Prussian overlords of Germany.

This is an occasion for concern and regret for Americans of all races, for multitudes of good, patriotic Americans have inherited German blood and names. When I was a boy we had the Germans who had been loosened from their home land by the revolutionary struggles of 1848, and the German boys of that day were aglow with the republican aspirations of their forebears. Occasionally there was a Prussian, but he did not flock with the Germans. The latter were careful to make it known that they were not Prussians, but Germans. I never learned at that time why a Prussian was not persona grata to the German emigrants of that day, but it was evident to all the lads that there was something wrong about a Prussian in the eyes of Germans, and that the cause affected the minors as well as the seniors. A mighty change has come upon the German people since the time when their aspirations for republican self-government were throttled by the monarchical conspiracy, to be followed by the overlordship of the Prussian Hohenzollerns.

I trust that in this time of stress for those of German lineage all right feeling Americans will be sedulous in discriminating between those who are clearly indorsers of the Hohenzollern iniquities and those of our composite nation who are of us in all that constitutes Americanism—the love of liberty, democracy, fair play, fraternity and justice, with goodwill and the helping hand for every race that turns to us as the modern Good Samaritan, paraphrased in the national appellation of Brother Jonathan.

Personally, I can never lose my love and respect for the German boys of my youth, nor for those splendid and efficient men of like lineage I have met and admired in my mature years. My flag is their flag, and its protecting folds are over the one country to which we yield a common allegiance. GEORGE W. DITHRIDGE. Chautauqua, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1916.

Non-German Frightfulness.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In Monday's paper you printed letters from E. F. P. and W. S. G. commending your editorial on "Terribleness Again," which depicted in the most graphic manner the awful atrocities committed by German troops on French and Belgian soil. Now, is it not probable that the reason that the French and British troops have committed so few of these inhuman and terrible acts, which you attribute to German lust, is because they have so far been unable to reach German soil? Is it not probable that were they not fighting on German territory there would be an equal percentage of German women raped? Is it possible to control entirely the acts of a victorious army, marching through a country with which they are at war? And are not these more the acts of individuals rather than the acts of a nation? Consider the "march to the sea" by our own Sherman, and the many seemingly unnecessary atrocious and shameful acts committed during that march. Consider also the horrible uncessant tides brought back here by American Red Cross nurses who had been in East Prussia immediately after the Russians had retreated from that section. I have in mind the six little children (the eldest only eleven years of age) who were found seated about a round table, their little hands pinned to the table by knives, and their parents having been slaughtered, these

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I would like to comment a little on your editorial "Terribleness Again" of last Friday's Tribune. I will acknowledge that Germany has gone the limit in some of her actions in her war for a place in the sun, but war is war, and we know what use our generals said of it.

However, as to "terribleness" and "frightfulness," have you already forgotten some of those things which her enemy, the Entente, has been guilty of? If not in this war, there in former wars, and also in times of peace. Have you forgotten the English atrocities against the Boers. Also Leopold of Belgium's terribleness in the Congo? Can you also forget the worst of all—the actions of Russia in times of peace—her terribleness against the Jews—an act which horrified the entire world—and most of all the countries which are now her allies?

We will grant that Germany has not frightened the Entente by her acts, but she is not considering whether they get frightened or not. Her one idea is to win, and by all the means at her disposal. The Allies not having Zeppelins and not being able to use the submarine (German commerce being off the sea), we are not in a position to say whether they would do the same things you are arraigning Germany for. I am a great believer in fair play, and I am sure you will see that I am not entirely wrong in my answer to your article. ROBERT LYON. Far Rockaway, L. I., Sept. 27, 1916.

Might Silence Mr. Wilson.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Permit me as a daily reader of your paper to express the opinion that your editorial "Terribleness Again" was a masterpiece and has not been surpassed by any of your brilliant writings upon the European war. It expresses the sentiments of those thousands that are dying for the cause of liberty, justice and civilization—a cause you have so eloquently championed since the beginning of the war.

Every man and woman should read it. Its interest is not national, but international. It strikes higher than creed or party. It reads like an epic, which no way diminishes its irrefutable logic. The Emperor of Germany might read it with profit—he certainly will never read anything that might be of more benefit to him. Mr. Wilson might study it and get an eleventh hour inspiration, but he might silence his typewriter and his speechmaking. It might seem to him like a visitation from the Ghost in Hamlet, telling him of murder, foul murder, unavenged; of crimes that cry to heaven for redress while he, the representative of one of the greatest powers on earth, at first stood by in silence without protest, then threatened and retreated behind one subterfuge after another. New York, Sept. 25, 1916. A. G. P.

Thanks from a Canadian.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Permit me to congratulate you on your excellent editorial on "Terribleness Again." This is one of the very best things written on the subject and deserves to be reproduced in every newspaper in the British Empire. Personally, I am indebted to you for the neutral perspective, as I imagine my own viewpoint is warped considerably by national prejudice. I thank you for the editorial and the many others of like nature. C. W. FORD. St. Lambert, Que., Canada, Sept. 26, 1916.

Limited Terribleness.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: That "Terribleness Again" I should call a supereditorial and the "Defeated Germany" of to-day another one. Still, sir, in full justice one thing should be recognized: that if the Boches have committed all sorts of incredible barbarities they have so far eaten none of their victims; hence they can plead not guilty of anthropophagy, but of that alone. Of course, with time, "Chili lo sa!" HENRI DE LAFITOLE. Boston, Mass., Sept. 26, 1916.

Congratulations.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your able editorial "Terribleness Again" takes on a new significance in the light of recent reports, and you are indeed to be warmly congratulated on the fact that you stand almost alone in the newspaper world of the United States in having the courage to tell the Germans and their sympathizers just what you think of them. CHAS. P. DOUGLAS. Toronto, Canada, Sept. 26, 1916.

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Constantine the Betrayer.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I thought at first that King Constantine was sacrificing Greece and himself out of sheer madness, stupidity and stubbornness. His deadly hatred and jealousy of Venizelos had maddened him. But so one could ever imagine that he would presciently betray Greece. But the events that have taken place in the last two weeks in Eastern Greece Macedonia and in Athens go to show plainly that this is what he did. He did this first by keeping Venizelos out of power; second, by keeping a big army under arms for a long time, thereby ruining by inaction its morale and its war material of every kind; third, by causing the doubling of the salaries of the officers, but not the soldiers, thereby bribing and corrupting the former; fourth, by pressure from the Allies, forming successive cabinets of low grade and unscrupulous politicians, except Zaimis, in order to prolong the working out of his nefarious schemes; and, fifth, by surrendering methodically Greek forts, \$10,000,000, and last, almost an army corps, surrendered to Bulgarians and Germans and transported to Germany. Greece to-day is in worse plight than Belgium and Serbia. They lost materially, but saved their honor, while unhappy Greece lost in both by the treachery of its King—modern Pausanias. Nothing remains now but that the traditional friends and protectors of Greece—France, England and Russia—backed by the great majority of the Greek people, should proceed to stop further and declare the Greek throne vacant. Constantine's deposition is not due; it is overdue. J. P. LEOTSAKOS. Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1916.

Quebec's Part in the War.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: With regard to the poor response to the call to arms from the Province of Quebec as compared with the Province of Ontario, the matter can (and should) be very accurately adjusted by taxation. Quebec has already herself not entirely of the Dominion; Ontario has identified herself with the Dominion. Consequently, in the post-war tax distribution, the Province of Quebec will very naturally be treated as a more or less outside province and the preference given to the loyal Province of Ontario. Anything short of this would be manifestly unfair. Quebec has discriminated—not Ontario, not England. I have often thought that England was usually stupidly lenient with a certain type of usual, stupidly lenient with the meek and French Catholic who knows not the meaning of the word reciprocity, even with France's score pressed. A. J. H. New York, Sept. 25, 1916.