New York Tribune

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

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1917

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Richard H. Waldo, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York:

Daily and Sunday, 1 mo.	$ .75	Daily only, 1 month	$ .50
Daily and Sunday, 6 mos	4.25	Daily only, 6 months	3.00
Daily and Sunday, 1 year	8.50	Daily only, 1 year	6.00
Sunday only, 6 months	1.25	Sunday only 1 year	2.50

FOREIGN RATES.		CANADIAN RATES.	
DAILY AND SUNDAY.		DAILY AND SUNDAY.	
One month	$1.84	One month	$ .75
One year	22.05	One year	8.50
SUNDAY ONLY.		DAILY ONLY.	
Six months	3.33	One month	.50
One year	6.66	One year	6.00
DAILY ONLY.		SUNDAY ONLY.	
One month	1.39	One month	.50
One year	15.39	One year	4.50

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—for if dissatisfaction results in any case THE TRIBUNE guarantees to pay your money back upon request. No red tape. No quibbling. We make good promptly if the advertiser does not.

American Troops to Russia

"The Evening Sun's" Washington correspondent reports that the Administration is ready to send a division of American troops to Russia if the Russian government requests such a reinforcement. Certainly, the idea of American participation on the Eastern as well as the Western front has been discussed in high Administration circles. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the cryptic remarks made on the floor of the Senate the other day by James Hamilton Lewis, who for several years past has acted as the Administration's mouthpiece in matters of the highest diplomatic concern.

Mr. Lewis tactfully disclaims having spoken for anybody but himself when he said that the United States was going to send troops to Italy and to Russia. But Washington knows enough of his intimate association with the State Department's policies to discount that disclaimer as merely another manifestation of his characteristic prudence and modesty.

Why shouldn't American troops go to Russia? The public has somehow got the idea that our military effort would be confined to fighting Germany in France and Belgium. The West Front is the primary front. But it might be practicable in a military sense to make a completer use of our resources by employing a part of our forces on the Eastern Front. It is evident that we shall soon have more troops than we shall have transports in which to carry them across the Atlantic. There will always be a minimum of our shipping in the Pacific, and on that side Japan's merchant marine might also become available for transport service.

The Pacific is free from submarines. The haul from San Francisco or Seattle to Vladivostok is long, but it is safe. The journey across Siberia and Russia proper is also tremendous and the Russian railroad system is badly disorganized. Yet it could be restored to a moderate degree of efficiency by American engineers. It is merely a question between a long, slow, relatively inadequate but entirely safe route to one fighting front and a shorter, faster, but far more congested and more perilous route to another. Since our new armies will be mobilized ahead of our shipping facilities in the Atlantic, there will always be a surplus of man power here which could be sent to Europe by the long, safe route. It may be found expedient in a military way to dispatch across the Pacific the armies recruited and trained in the Far West, instead of bringing them to the Atlantic seaboard and then sending them to France.

An American expedition to Russia would also probably bring about a larger Japanese participation in the war. If the contest runs a year or two longer Japan will have to strike at Germany to compel peace, and her easiest avenue of attack must be through Russia, unless some way is found meantime to checkmate the submarine. If we go into Russia in force, Japan may decide to go in also, and Germany will be faced on the East by a combination as formidable as that which she now faces in France.

In this war political considerations are inextricably mixed up with military considerations. The case of Rumania, for instance, is one which appeals strongly to all the Entente Allies. Rumania was deceived and betrayed by the government of the late Czar Nicholas. She entered the war on the strength of false promises and suffered at once a humiliating and costly loss of territory. She is still in peril of total subjugation—such as overtook Belgium and Serbia. We pity her condition and would be glad to help her to hold Moldavia and to regain Wallachia. Yet the only help we could give her would be through an expeditionary army sent to Russia. Major General Hugh L. Scott, of the mission to Russia, visited the Rumanian headquarters. His report on conditions there may have stimulated our government's interest in the fate of a gallant and undeservedly suffering ally.

Were the Atlantic clear of submarines and were our shipping facilities ample, the General Staff would probably cut out all military ventures except the expedition to France. But there are potent arguments now against a concentration of our effort in a single field. Germany is very powerful on the West front. Her weakness is on the East and the Southeast. Austria-Hungary is far on the road toward exhaustion. It would be hazardous to say that the armies of the Dual Monarchy could hold out against another attack from the East as violent and well sustained as that of Brusiloff in 1916. The United States and Japan could possibly stiffen Russia to the point of making a final, victorious advance. It is, at least, an experiment well worth considering in Washington and Tokio.

A Russian expedition would mean a declaration of war with Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. Senator Lewis hinted at that in his speech. The break with these countries has been too long delayed. It is a farce to consider ourselves at peace with them while we are fighting Germany, which directs their policies and controls their resources. They are our enemies in fact. They should be treated formally as such. We should not hesitate to attack the Teutonic combination at all points as soon as we get ready to fight.

The City Hall Clock

It is pleasant to learn that plans for the restoration of the City Hall tower, which was wrecked by fire on May 10, have been filed with the Bureau of Buildings. And it is still more pleasant to learn that the plans for the tower as originally designed by McComb, who designed the hall, have been found, and will be carried out entire with an adaptation of them to admit of a clock within the tower. The Municipal Art Commission has yet to pass upon the plans, but it is to be hoped it will agree to this modification of the original plans, as such a change, were it put to those who frequent downtown New York, would undoubtedly be carried by an immense majority.

The restoration, with the addition of the clock, will cost about $50,000, but it will add to the beauty and dignity of New York's most highly prized specimen of the architecture of the city of a hundred years ago. As a matter of fact the clock is, perhaps, the only thing upon which practically all the people of lower New York would be agreed upon in respect to the tower. To most of them the clock is the chief thing. Like Eugene Field, who told the house painters to paint his house any color they pleased, so it was red, what the many thousands who pass the City Hall every day insist upon in regard to the cupola is that it shall have a clock.

And there are good reasons back of this preference, reasons that, rightly understood, go deeper than the preference of architects or artists. A clock is an almost living symbol of life itself, a daily, hourly, even momentary, reminder of the flight of time; and a clock in a cupola, belfry or tower gives it animation and significance. Old St. Paul's and Trinity's steeples would be silent and lifeless without their clocks. They are company for the crowd, just as a clock ticking on the mantel or in the hall is company for those in a house. No one but a neurasthenic would care to live in a house or in a room without a clock. To many people the greatest mistake in planning the Woolworth tower was the omission of a great clock like that in the Metropolitan tower in Madison Square, with chimes to fling down their golden tones over lower Broadway.

What would Old St. Paul's in London be without its great clock? And who that has read Charlotte Brontë's "Villette" does not recall this pasage descriptive of Charlotte's first night in London?

> I had just extinguished my candle and laid down, when a deep, low, mighty tone swung through the night. At first I knew it not; but it was uttered twelve times, and at the twelfth colossal hum and trembling knell I said: "I lie in the shadow of St. Paul's."

A clock, moreover, is peculiarly appropriate to a City Hall. It seems to be the actual sign of life of the municipality and helps in many ways to coördinate the city's life and thought.

Doing the Enemy's Work

Indications from Albany are that opposition to Governor Whitman's food control legislation is weakening. The legislators who are backing the inadequate measure now before the two houses are said to be willing to compromise with the Governor. They will yield to him the power to appoint the food commissioners—a power properly and logically his—if he will refrain from advocating a "socialistic" bill. That is, they will leave to the Executive his proper powers and functions if he will consent to have foisted on the public at this time a measure which seems to give means of relief, but which in practice could not and would not help soldiers' families and workers struggling in the grip of food extortioners.

Governor Whitman should fall into no such trap. The issue is precisely the one which he stated in his speech at Sodus—whether unscrupulous and greedy food gamblers or the people are to prevail. The consumers now are exploited. The farmers are exploited. Middlemen, commission men, distributers, skim the cream. They practically dictate the terms of purchase of foodstuffs from the producers; they control the conditions of sale. Their profits, big enough in all conscience in ordinary times, have grown tremendously since the war began, because of the vastly increased demand for foods.

Patriotism seems to mean to them nothing in comparison with profits. They talk of "supply and demand," and in the face of hardship such as this city knew last winter, and assuredly will know again in greater degree if a remedy is not forthcoming, they utilize all the old tricks of hoarding, of destruction of crops or failure to gather them after purchase from the farmers and of arbitrary increase in prices to fatten their pockets.

There is one practical, comparatively simple way in which the state and its municipalities can break this vicious and wasteful system. That is state or city purchase and sale of foodstuffs, with publicly owned storage facilities and distribution plants or markets. It is this plan which the upstate legislators oppose as "socialistic." It may be. What of it? This is no time to shy at a name. The government of Great Britain has become socialized to a degree unthinkable before the war—in the interest of the people of that country. The Federal government here is rapidly following its example—not rapidly enough in many respects for the expeditious and efficient carrying on of our part in the war. To strain at "socialism" in food control and permit waste of foods, profiteering, hardship and hunger which must handicap industry and tend to affect adversely the spirit of soldiers who know their families are suffering is more than shortsighted. It is wickedly unpatriotic.

Those who oppose the grant of powers to buy, store and sell food with public funds are doing the work of the food pirates. Worse still, they are doing the work of the enemy. There could be no better service to Germany rendered in this country. The legislator who helps to make American workers go hungry is no whit better than the German-controlled I. W. W. agitator who fires Western wheat fields. The need at Albany is for a real food control bill—not a weak bill, not a compromise, but a thoroughgoing measure adequate for the present situation and for more trying situations certain to come. Governor Whitman should not compromise. He should accept nothing less than the best bill which the most expert brains in this state can draft.

Antecedents of Frightfulness

In these days of momentous events and history in the making it is sometimes difficult to stop long enough for the backward glance which forms the true perspective. The world, for instance, has been shocked in so many ways and on so many occasions by German brutality and frightfulness in war that it was scarcely surprised to learn that Hindenburg in his retreat was outvandaling even the Vandals in destroying towns and villages, and even cutting down orchard treees and garden shrubs, that nothing might be left to the people who after the war would come back to what were once their homes, but where they would find nothing left but the soil.

As a matter of fact, all this has been done simply through blind rage, baffled and defeated in its purposes and in its attempt at world domination, but, in consequence of theories of warfare peculiar to the Prussian through generations, only reaching its height in the barbarism which wrecked the University of Louvain, battered and ruined the beautiful Cathedral of Rheims and deported Belgians into scarcely disguised slavery.

To get a proper background for this exhibition of war reverting to barbarism it is merely necessary to turn back half a century or more to a German novelist to find this theory set forth, humorously it is true, but with a sufficient touch of truth and earnestness to give it effect. In his novel, translated into English under the title "In the Year '13," Fritz Reuter makes one of his characters, Friedrich, translate, or rather tell the story of the translation, of the Prussian motto, "Suum Cuique," for the miller's benefit, after this manner:

> "But I know another saying, and that is, 'If you have a thing, you've got it.' And we Prussians have an eagle for our crest, and underneath it is a Latin verse which fits that saying as close as your finger and thumb when you nip a pig's tail. And the sergeant of my company—he was a runaway student—he understood the verse and translated it: 'Hold fast what you've got, and take what you can get.' Now, this problem is handy at times, specially in time of war.' Turning round again, he went on: "Miller Voss, cursed be the shilling I steal from my neighbor, and cursed be the wheat, oats or barley I cheat my master of; but in time of war it's quite different. The Turks and the French are the country's enemy, and the country's enemy is not better by a hair than the arch enemy. What said old Captain von Restorp? 'Injury must be done to the enemy in every way.'"

"If you have a thing, you've got it," "Hold fast what you've got, and take what you can get," and "Injury must be done to the enemy in every way"—could three sentences better explain Germany's attitude in the present war? As Henri Bergson has said: "The moral energy of nations, like that of individuals, can only be sustained by some ideal superior to themselves, stronger than they are, to which they can cling with a strong grip when they feel their courage vacillate." What is the ideal disclosed by Germany's rape of Belgium, her submarine frightfulness, her Zeppelin bombardments of London and Paris, her destruction, as far as possible, of the country itself which she is compelled to evacuate? Could it be better expressed than in those sentences from Fritz Reuter's novel, published just half a century ago?

The Cost of the Dog

(From The Portland Oregonian)

The dog is coming in for close scrutiny from the economic viewpoint. It seems inhospitable, to say the least, to count the value of devotion in dollars and cents, and "man's best friend" has always heretofore been regarded on a sentimental basis, but war is war, and there is a growing inclination to investigate.

It is estimated by "The Manufacturer's Record" that there are 25,000,000 dogs in the United States. As a source of revenue they would produce $50,000,000 if taxed at the rate of $2 a head, provided the owners of a lot of worthless curs did not kill them rather than pay the tax. The same writer estimates that the average dog consumes food worth 70 cents every week. Authority for this figure is not given, but the argument that much of the food a dog eats would not be consumed by humans in any event can be anticipated with the statement that if it were fed to other animals, such as pigs and poultry, it would be converted into food supply for the people.

The Slackers

(From The Baltimore Sun)

It is a shame than any man between 21 and 31, barring those with inherited troubles, should not be equal to military service. That so large a number are in the defective or doubtful class speaks badly for our modes of life and demonstrates the need of a general system of physical culture. One outstanding practical lesson taught by the draft figures is the necessity of improving American physique by the adoption of an intelligent training system in youth that will reach all children and that will help to cure physical weaknesses and to develop strength and endurance.

The chief defect revealed by the draft examinations, however, is of the mind, not of the body. It is a case in which the flesh is not only weak, but the spirit is unwilling. The government should not hesitate to take these weaklings in hand and to restore them to the enjoyment of vigorous life through its military sanatoria, wherever there is a probability that such benevolent treatment will efficacious.

A Muffler for Hearst

Time the Government Took Note of His Activities

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Permit me to commend your cartoon on the front page of your paper of the 6th. It ought to be clear to any intelligent person that Hearst—the most dangerous, the most reckless, the most revolutionary journalist who has ever stained the annals of American journalism—has "taken off his coat" in a desperate attempt to save his friend the Kaiser.

It is a great pity that there is not some means of preventing Hearst's abuse of the freedom granted the public press. And Hearst is not an enemy to be despised. He is an adept at setting class against class and race against race. He will carry his torch into a powder magazine with the utmost recklessness if he thinks the explosion will blow him a little nearer the Presidency—the goal of his sublimely ridiculous ambition.

It was the inspiration of his infamous campaign against McKinley which, in the opinion of most, winged the assassin's bullet that cut short his life.

It is high time the government put a muffler on this cheap dispenser of fake news and filthy advertisements.

ALLAN A. STEWART.

Lynn, Mass., Aug. 9, 1917.

Twisting Facts

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your cartoon of Hearst in Monday's issue was appropriate. There is nothing in journalism so mean and contemptible as half truths and twisting of facts to suit.

Take, for instance, the editorial in Monday's "Evening Journal," "Roosevelt's Kin Lined Up Comfortably for Military Service." It goes on to say that Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt were met at the station by the Ambassador to Spain and to describe the difference it makes whether you "line up as an ordinary and unknown 'Sammy,' soon to be shot and forgotten," or travel with your wife to be met by an ambassador. How many people reading this editorial know that Mr. Willard, Ambassador to Spain, is Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt's father, with whom she is going to make her home during the absence of her husband in the service of our allies?

The object of these editorials is to create class hatred and dissension among the Allies. The real facts are hidden to suit his pro-German propaganda. T. R.

New York, Aug. 8, 1917.

"Properly Labelled"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am glad to note that The New York Tribune has at last shown its courage of conviction and properly labelled the intention of "The New York Journal" editorial columns by the cartoon on the front page of Monday's issue. It is manifest to the ordinary mind where "The New York Journal" stands in our present crisis, and I sincerely hope that your paper continues this method of exposure, so that all may know its policy. For Mr. Hearst to assume for one moment that the people of New York City would allow such a man to be Mayor is indeed adding further insult to the intelligence of this city. R. W. LEEMAN.

New York, Aug. 8, 1917.

Hearst's Un-Americanism

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: For some time I have wondered when one of the important patriotic newspapers of New York would have the courage to show up the un-Americanism of "The American" and all the other Hearst papers. I congratulate The Tribune on taking the lead. Keep up the good work until every man in New York City who loves his country and hates hypocrisy understands the situation correctly. More power to you! W. J. SHILLIDAY.

New York, Aug. 8, 1917.

Why Not Practise Own Preaching?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Apropos of the interesting discussion in your paper about the form and size of the ideal newspaper, and in view of the presence in this city of the English newspaper king, it may interest some of your readers to peruse an extract from an article contributed by Lord Northcliffe to the January issue of "The North American Review," 1901:

"With the newspapers of the whole civilized world before me each week, I look in vain for any great and impressive stroke of originality or daring. We still cling to the clumsy and awkward shape in which our newspapers are issued, and the man who has attempted to manipulate one of them on a windy day will best appreciate the force of my remarks. Why should this relic of the days of the old and slow flat printing press still inconvenience us daily? By the use of improved machinery it would be possible to issue the newspaper of the future in what is obviously its proper form—a small, portable and neatly indexed publication of the size of page of 'The North American Review,' and the bulk and appearance of the New York 'Outlook' (!), the best of weekly reviews. Something of the kind has been done in Germany, and one proposal to issue a daily journal in handy form was made in England by Mr. Stead, but fell through."

I do not know what the size of "The Outlook" was in those days, but many of us can remember the warm welcome we gave to the recent change to the present size. "The North American," too, appears to have a partiality (though not very appreciable) for something larger, if we may compare the bound volume of 1901 with recent issues. But why hasn't Northcliffe instituted some of the reforms for which he was clamoring more than sixteen years ago? Certainly it was not from lack of either initiative or opportunity.

New York, Aug. 7, 1917. AN ITALIAN.

Loan Automobiles to Letter Carriers

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: While the weather remains so terrifically hot could not your valuable paper start an agitation for the liberal people of this community to loan their autos for one hour a day to the letter collectors while taking up the mail?

We do not come in contact with these faithful public servants as we do with the letter carriers who leave our mail at our offices and homes each day, but the burden these collectors have to carry would be very materially lightened if the postmasters would permit the collection of mail by autos donated by the people of this city. A. H. EASTMOND.

New York, Aug. 7, 1917.

A United Country

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The time has come, I believe, to make the name of our country a compound word—United-States. We are no longer a collection of individual states, but a nation. Let us cease using a plural verb after the word. United States is, has, was—incidentally, we all trust it always will be.

ALDEN W. WELCH.

New York, Aug. 7, 1917.

Has America Put Aside Frivolity?

A Yale Student Serving Abroad Deprecates Our Diversion-As-Usual Point of View.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Inclosed is an extract from a letter written by Coleman T. Clark, a Yale student, for fifteen months with Section 3 of the American Ambulance, and now in Albania.

New York, Aug. 4, 1917. X.

"It seems to me that our country, as yet, is not taking the war very seriously. Why is it that 'the rain cannot dim the enthusiasm of hundreds of golfers at Lakewood' and that the baseball season goes on just as buoyantly as in peace times? In England all sports stopped dead, not because the government forced them to, but because almost every athlete realized immediately that the sport issue was nothing as compared with his duty to the country. I should have thought that these athletes would be the first to answer the call in our country. Instead, of that the baseball organization has not lost a single man.

"Any one who has watched the events of the last three years, has read of hundreds of thousands of men killed at Verdun, on the Somme, in the Carso, is still watching France and England draining themselves uncomplainingly and courageously, and sees the whole civilized world crying for help, but who can still cling to baseball and other sports, is in a state of brutal indifference which makes me ashamed of America. How can our country be so unpitying? I do not criticise Congress. I only feel indignant against the attitude of the nation as a whole.

"'The New Republic' states: (1) We realize that France needs troops badly and that sooner or later we will send an expeditionary force, but (2) we will not send any until the troops can be sent with reasonable safety. Does not that seem a little like saying, 'We will send soldiers, but nothing must happen to them'? Every transport, French or English, that goes to Salonica runs a far greater risk than any Atlantic transport. If Germany can keep her submarine system as efficient as it is to-day the seas will never be reasonably safe. But the troops must pass just the same.

"If Russia should make peace, the only thing which could save the Allies would be the United States. So, right this minute, she ought to be going about the getting of her great army very, very seriously, and not amusing herself as she always has been doing. It will mean terrible sacrifices for every one before the end arrives, but we must go through with it, not just because Germany has killed some hundreds of our citizens and we are fighting to get reparation, but because of the great ideal of the war, the crushing of a rotten system and justice for little nations, which will never come about with any half-way peace. Oh, if the United States will only realize her opportunity in time! Every hour means so much. It is not going to be any four or five hundreds of thousands of American soldiers who are to win the war, but a great army of three or four millions.

"I am not criticising anything that has been done or has not been done since we have declared war. I am just sore at the frivolous idea of the country toward the war, as reflected in all the newspapers. I am sick of looking at picture after picture of women soldiers and Boy Scouts. Why don't the people as a whole over there realize the horrible thing that is in store for them?

"Last night I saw a regiment marching off. As it was in a town, they went 'musique à tête.' There is nothing so inspiring as these blue ranks, with their thousands of rifles, marching steadily off to the sound of the "Sambre et Meuse"; big fellows and little ones; every now and then a little dog, on a string, trotting alongside—the ensemble makes the most emotional thing I know. You think of so many things as you watch them; the great power of such a regiment of men; the sufferings that they have been through and are about to go through again; the idea of quiet determination which they give you when the music stops for a moment and you hear just the steady tramp of the feet, and watch wave after wave come around the corner and pass off into the distance. You think of the Marne, Verdun, the Somme; and above all, of France, to fight for France, to push back the Germans; and of Alsace-Lorraine. You will feel the same when you see our own soldiers march down Broadway the day they embark for France. It will be so different a thing from a flat and stupid parade."

The Mountaineers Loyal

No Anti-Draft Riots in Hill Counties of North Carolina

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I desire to correct through the columns of your newspaper, if you will permit me space, certain misrepresentations of the western portions of North Carolina which have been published in the columns of several newspapers in the North during the past few days.

Last week when news of the anti-draft agitation in Oklahoma, Georgia and North Carolina was published, it was stated in certain papers that the drafted men and other citizens of the western portion of North Carolina were revolting against the government. The truth of the matter is that there has been no anti-draft agitation in the seventeen western counties of North Carolina, usually designated as the mountain section of the state. It is true that in Chatham County there was serious trouble. Chatham County, however, is not in Western Carolina, but is removed from the mountains two hundred miles, and is located in the central section of the state.

Those of us who read the news that our people were revolting were astounded, and felt that an injustice was being done our section. As a native and resident of Western Carolina I can say that I believe our people to be as patriotic as any people in America. The people of the Appalachian region of the South are loyal to the flag, and surrender to no section in the measure of their patriotism. There is hardly a section that did not have some of its boys on the border in the recent Mexican trouble, and some have already died on the fields of France.

WAYNE TALMAGE JERVIS.

Asheville, N. C., Aug. 7, 1917.

Called to High Honor

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: If the drafted boys take the correct view it will help them to measure up to a great opportunity in the world's supreme crisis. Destiny has signalled them to high honor. He who goes fearlessly and heartily to his country's call shall have the imperishable fame of a savior—not only of America, but of the world.

The right of man to think and govern himself is imperilled by a force that has usurped that sacred boon, and under hypocritical pretence is claiming authority from God to rule because of ability to kill the greater number of human beings.

The only alternative left us is to fight fire with fire, or become cringing vassels of a tyranny that embodies the colossal crime of the ages, and if successful will become the endless scourge of hell. Millions of freemen arise quickly and say gladly, "Here am I, send me." So we and our fathers went in the 60's.

Life has always meant more to the writer for having pressed eagerly into his country's service when a mere youth. Twice at sixteen years of age and once at seventeen, after enlistment, he was rejected by the mustering officer, but finally got in the last year of the war by his mother signing his papers. The war ended, he entered college at eighteen, graduating at twenty-two and entering his profession at once thereafter.

If you live there will be lasting contentment and new initiative. The country, too, will care for you and your relatives as it has done before, providing liberal pensions. If you fall fighting for the liberty of the world, "you will not have died in vain."

JULIUS A. WARD.

New York, Aug. 6, 1917.

Horses in Hot Weather

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: How many people who have been suffering from this dreadful heat wave and who have sought to mitigate their own suffering in every possible way have stopped to consider the excessive distress of our most faithful and uncomplaining servants, horses?

Much that they suffer is wholly unnecessary. They are in many cases overloaded; they are driven hard when they ought to be spared, and, oh! most cruel of all, they are many of them made to suffer tortures from thirst. Why do they not wear hats with wet sponges beneath them? Why are they not oftener hosed? At least they might have a few buckets of water thrown over them.

When the poor beasts succumb they are, in nine cases out of ten, left to gasp out their agony in slow death, instead of being put out of misery.

I trust that the voice of The Tribune may be raised in behalf of these victims.

C. B. M.

New York, Aug. 3, 1917.

"Sammy" Is Supine

Get a Better Nickname for the Soldier Boys in France

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It was encouraging to see in your yesterday's issue a protest against the use of the name "Sammy" for our representatives in France. Surely every one must admit there is nothing ennobling about the word. "Sammy" brings a mental picture of a person rather supine—lying on the back, so to speak; lolling, calm, inactive, callous. It presents a picture of stupor, and, last, but not least, it suggests vegetation. Are these the qualities carried on our transports to France?

And the first word that presents itself for the end of a possible second line is clammy! Let anybody who has time look up that word in an unabridged dictionary and see for himself. One can see Uncle Sam in tears because of their added burden as he listens to the "boys." "What," said one as the writer passed a group on Forty-second Street, "are they goin' to wish that on us, too?"

Tommy Atkins has a cadence,
And a pleasant one at that,
Though we laughed with great good humor
At his dinky little hat,
And he walks along quite lively,
Has a rather careless air,
Yet we always feel the gods provide
With Tommy Atkins there.

Poilus satisfies one also,
For it sounds extremely pat,
And it fills one up with music
And good feelings and all that—
Sky-blue outfits set one grinning
And red trousers made one stare,
Yet we always feel the gods provide
With poilus going there.

Teddy is a wholesome measure,
And it makes one love to fight.
Just for "Teddy," the amenities,
Or for anything that's right.
They've a graceful, swinging motion,
And the "boys" are debonnair.
Oh, we always feel the gods provide
With Teddies going there.

JANE FYLES.

Weehawken, N. J., Aug. 2, 1917.

Bars Up in the Aviation Service

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Having read in The Tribune about the War Department calling for more aviators, and when young men volunteered for that branch they were turned away because they did not possess the right college diploma, I wish to say that I was one of the unfortunate young men to meet that fate.

In May, 1916, I applied for enlistment in the aviation corps and was told that men having a college education or its equivalent only would be considered. Having no college education, I decided to get the equivalent, and the following month I enrolled in a flying school, paying my own tuition fee. When war was declared with Germany I applied for enlistment and again was turned away, the recruiting officer telling me that they had more applicants than they could take care of.

H. E. Stickney and W. J. Schaffer, two students from the same school, were trying to enlist at the time, and, not being college graduates, were also rejected for the same reason. They finally applied for enlistment in the Lafayette Flying Corps, and, having been accepted, they sailed for France the early part of June.

Until then I had not qualified for my pilot's license and was expecting to get it by July, but on account of having an accident and the machine being totally wrecked I was unable to do so. Knowing that it would be about two or three weeks before the school would have another machine ready, and my draft number being among the first on the list, I made another effort to enlist, so that I would have the chance of getting in the branch that I wanted to. The next day I tried to enlist in the aviation corps and again was turned away.

This week, my number having been called and having passed the physical test, I suppose I will be drafted and placed in any branch of the service, and all my training that I have had in flying will be of no account. ANTHONY PULEO.

Brooklyn, Aug. 3, 1917.

Appreciation

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Allow me to thank you for the excellent and very constructive article appearing on the editorial page of The Tribune Thursday, August 2, by Mr. Charles Ferguson. His mind is always active toward essential things, and the results are always illuminating. I only wish you might arrange to receive more articles from him.

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS.

New York, Aug. 4, 1917.

Conscientious Objectors

More Instances of the Restraint of Personal Freedom

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Not so very long ago in our beloved State of Tennessee occurred an instance of tyrannical oppression. The victim in this case had conscientious objections to paying his debts. There can be no question that it was a matter of conscience, for the poor fellow had money and could easily have paid had not his refined instincts revolted at putting his means to such degrading use.

He had property, too; but in his wife's name (though it had been bought with his money and the wife had never seen it nor enjoyed one cent of the income). It appeared at first that this man was secure in the enjoyment of his sacred rights. But the minions of the law were without sympathy for a man of conscientious scruples. Spies were employed to pry into his affairs; and it was found that he owned property in another state, which he thought safe because no one in his home town knew about it. The property was levied upon, and the poor fellow had to pay, though much against his will.

I have in mind another case of this tyrannical abuse of government authority. This man had conscientious objections to paying taxes. A portion of his property was ruthlessly seized and sold. In still another case, a dark complexioned gentleman of leisure, residing in the environs of Buck Run, had scruples against refraining from nocturnal visits to nearby hen roosts. He is now compelled to perform manual labor.

Thus we see to what depths state and city officials will go in enforcing their infamous decrees. But even the government of our great nation, which professes to be a democratic government and prates of "making the world safe for democracy," is guilty of similar outrages. There is a party in a certain large city who enjoys the reputation among those who know him best of being what is called a "gun toter." On one occasion only the quick interference of a relative prevented his exercising the high prerogative of shooting a neighbor. At another time he had the courage to fight his wife single-handed and with no weapon but his bare fists. Again he was incarcerated brutally by the state. And now, to add to all his troubles, the government of the United States begins to persecute him. He is a conscientious objector to going to war for his country. And yet this cruel government threatens to force him into the service. It isn't fighting that he objects to; but the disgraceful sort of fighting that soldiers practise.

I don't know what is the matter with the quiet and decent conscientious objector. He is so rarely seen that it is hard to size him up. There seems to be a screw loose somewhere. But I have a lot of respect for him. Perhaps he has a pretty good conscience, even if it is just a little out of plumb. EDWARD CORMAN.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 2, 1917.

Camp Whitman's Advantages

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In looking about for a place to harbor the youth from this or any other part of the country who soon are to do their share in making the world "safe for democracy," it is the consensus of opinion among thousands of persons who have recently had the good fortune to pay Camp Whitman a visit that this site should not be overlooked by the powers that be.

Last year this camp was chosen mainly because of the natural advantages it afforded for troop concentration purposes, being itself somewhat wild and having little to boast of except its high and dry location and its climatic healthfulness. But this was enough. Expert engineers have done the rest, until today Camp Whitman, with its 1,200 acres of soil, lying in a beautiful valley at the foot of the Pawling range of mountains, can be truly called one of the finest military camps in the United States.

In addition to the above mentioned advantages should not be forgotten the complete absence of mosquitoes. This, coupled with the cool night air in this section of the country, makes ideal sleeping conditions, thus affording the soldier the rest so essential for the following day's work.

On all sides is evident the craftsmanship of Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd Collis, the camp quartermaster, and his aids, Major Smith and Captain Ackerson, who with a staff of engineers have been working day and night for the past six weeks to bring the camp up to its present state of efficiency.

Ample railroad facilities for passenger and freight traffic abound. Telegraph, telephone and postoffice stations are ready for business. Sewers have been installed; the water is pure and cold; the roads have been reconstructed until they resemble macadam; a small river has been dammed and scores of shower baths have been established.

An open air moving picture theatre has been constructed, and the parade and drill grounds are in excellent condition; in fact, everything for the comfort of Uncle Sam's soldiers, whether they come in companies, battalions, regiments, divisions or brigades, can be found. J. E. MENDELSON.

Camp Whitman, Aug. 7, 1917.

Progress Needed for News Pages

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I note that Nathaniel Hibbard asserts: "The present form (of the newspaper) is perfectly satisfactory to a vast majority of readers."

It is not quite clear to me as to how the doctor acquired this knowledge. This "vast majority" assertion has been rather overworked in the suffrage discussion.

He says, "Let well enough alone." Evidently some of us do not consider the present unwieldy form of newspaper "well enough."

Ten years ago probably "the vast majority" were bitterly opposed to the automobile. We heard so much sentiment about the love for the horse and the greasy mechanical contrivance, etc., but it seems that some people have changed their minds. This is true of every step in progress. There are many to oppose any improvement in anything.

Let some enterprising publisher print a newspaper with pages half the present size, so that it can be held in one hand and the pages turned conveniently with the other, and see if a large percentage, if not the "vast majority," do not prefer it.

Thanks to Mr. Briggs for his cartoon in The Tribune showing the contortions of a man trying to find "the sixth page." It is true to life. J. C. MORGAN.

New York, Aug. 3, 1917.

Reinsurance Profits

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As an insurance man I have been very much interested in your efforts to have the German companies cut off from their source of information regarding American plants.

I see that a certain United States Senator is very much interested in retaining the reinsurance facilities of these companies. I was wondering whether the fact that the business written by American companies costs on an average a commission of 12½ per cent and that the companies receive on their reinsurance contracts from 35 to 50 per cent commission would have any influence on the companies' inclination to retain these very profitable contracts or not. CURIOSITY.

New York, Aug. 1, 1917.