The Sun.

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August—1915.

Although war's vulture wings spread wide,
And there is grief and there is pain,
Triumphant over time and tide
The eternal verities remain;
Above the holocausts of slain
This dream celestial hovers still,
Out of all woful loss some gain
Wrought by the great consoling Will!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Mexico: The End of One Policy and the Opening of Another?

All signs indicate that the Administration is about to begin a new chapter of Mexican policy. That being so, the present is the right time for THE SUN to free its mind respecting the contents of the chapter now closing, and to say plainly that which millions of other Americans have thought, and for reasons of loyalty have left unsaid, during the past two years and a half.

It can be done in precious few words. Probably history will never be able to fix the precise apportionment of responsibility, as between President WILSON and his former Secretary of State, for the miserable conception known as "watchful waiting." We can only be sure that the greater the share of that responsibility which Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN has carried away with him into the outer darkness, the better for WOODROW WILSON and his place in the esteem of intelligent men. "Watchful waiting" has meant scarcely more than a fictitious moral activity that expended itself in words of empty altruism, and a practical passivity that has cost unnumbered American lives and uncounted millions of American investments. It is not THE SUN'S purpose to go to the extreme and to say with some of the critics of the Administration's amazingly unfortunate course with regard to Mexican affairs that it was shaped mainly by personal hatred of VICTORIANO HUERTA, by an obstinate determination not to recognize him in any event, by a steady hope of procuring his downfall even at the risk of American rights and interests, and likewise of Mexican welfare. Unavowed motives are not often susceptible of proof; we should be slow to impute such unspeakable pettiness to any man or set of men charged with the exercise of the nation's power.

Results, however, are actualities, and they can be measured; and the results of these months of so-called "watchful waiting"—these years of fatuous, inconsistent, unconstitutional, disastrous trifling in this republic's relations with the neighbor republic to the south, in the name of uplift and in the nature of downpull—are patent in the dire conditions which mistaken judgment and inefficient diplomacy at Washington have inflicted upon a people which might otherwise have been as well off now as it was under PORFIRIO DIAZ'S rule.

Turn over the page and shut out from further contention the follies and mistakes and tragic consequences of the Mexican policy of the past. No citizen contemplating with emancipated judgment the conditions today existing south of the Rio Grande will doubt that the time has come for a new policy as different from "watchful waiting" and Chautauqua exhortation as a policeman's club is from a dictionary, as common sense is from sentimental claptrap, as ROBERT LANSING is from WILLIAM J. BRYAN. The Mexican conditions call insistently for the long deferred performance of this Government's purely selfish duty to itself and to its own citizens; and Washington, all will observe with profound gratification, now clearly perceives the fact.

A positive, definite, vigorous course of action with regard to Mexico, whether undertaken in cooperation with the other leading republics of the Western Hemisphere or pursued upon the sole responsibility of this nation, the nation most closely concerned, will meet with the universal approval of President WILSON'S fellow citizens and bring to his Administration their loyal and united support.

A Military Heresy.

State militia efficiency promises to be the topic of keenest interest under discussion at the annual Governors' conference which opens in Boston on August 24. Mr. M. O. RILEY, secretary of the conference, says that nearly all of the forty-eight Governors consulted as to the programme suggested some phase of this question as desirable for debate.

This is excellent. The more enlightenment the Governors can get on this important subject the better. If the illumination could even be extended to some of the darker recesses of the State legislative mind that too might be desirable. Always, of course, provided that the illumination be of the right kind. And there is one sentence in Mr. RILEY'S remarks which strongly suggests the advisability of rigid scrutiny in this last named particular. "A number of the Governors thought," he said, "that if every young man is subject under the law to be called on for military duty such training should be provided as will fit him to perform that service well.

No matter how cautiously the scabbard may be gripped, the sword of militarism rattles in this plausible sentence. Made fit by training for military service, indeed! And what, pray, is to become of those countless millions of Americans who on the word of the most remarkable Colonel ever photographed in uniform are to respond in twenty-four hours to their country's call? They will not be trained; they will not be armed. They do not have to be. They respond, that's all. The enemy does the rest.

The American soldier is evolved overnight, not made by weary months of training. So are his arms, equipments and necessary vast stores of munitions. If the Governors are really launching a preliminary heresy in contravention of this fundamental article of pacifist faith, we may as well make up our minds to expect almost anything when once they get together in conference assembled.

If You Had a Thousand Dollars.

Economists, from practice, theory or dire necessity, joy riders, promoters, and all writers of moving appeals for temporary assistance, will find in the request of an Oklahoma woman to Secretary WILLIAM GIBBS MCADOO, of the Treasury Department, a model of directness of touch, a fertility of ideas and a lesson in urgent necessities. The Oklahoma woman asks for a thousand dollars; if she gets it she intends to buy a cow, a Ford automobile and a set of false teeth.

"If money go before, all ways do lie open." But how to spend it? The sage advice of all once poor boys who grew up to employ their time clipping coupons is that since the "first thousand is the hardest to get," save and invest. But a man in this woman's State, perhaps one of her neighbors, put his money into a house and along came a cyclone and carried its pieces into an adjoining county. Another invested his savings in a brick that assayed three cents of gilt and a penny of lead. Still another purchased fifty-two per cent. a year bonds just before the presidency of the concern was removed to the Federal prison. No encouragement!

She might have bought a motor boat and tinkered with its machinery. She might have gone travelling and gladdened the hearts of Pullman porters; perhaps come to New York and with her thousand dined and had enough to tip the waiter. But she would have none of these enervating, weakening frivolities.

What she asked of fate and the Treasury Department was a cow for sustenance, an automobile for pleasure, and teeth to meet the grinding necessities of life. BECKY SHARP solved the problem of living well on nothing a year; but she confessed that it was "so easy to be good" on a few thousand pounds a year. Since her day, though, standards have changed, up and down the scale. Perhaps a thousand dollars is now enough for goodness and happiness. If you had a thousand, how much better would you spend it than would this Oklahoma woman?

The Attack With Gas.

So much has been written about the efficiency of asphyxiating gases on the modern battlefield that it will surprise a good many horrified people to learn, on the authority of Professor VIVIAN H. LEWES, a British expert, that a gas attack is futile unless the enemy against whom it has been launched is taken by surprise. For that reason Professor LEWES urges his countrymen not to retaliate against the Germans, as they are quite prepared to cope with such gases directed against themselves. Soak a strip of flannel in a solution of ordinary washing soda, says the professor, pad the mouth with it and there will be no danger of succumbing to the chlorine cloud. Nor is it worth while trying to asphyxiate the enemy unless the gas can be generated in a plant provided with mains and pipes from which it can be liberated without solidification, since the temperature of the chlorine must be low.

Chlorine as a weapon of war requires a somewhat elaborate process of manufacture, and it is therefore not portable like shells in an ammunition chest. It belongs to the latest trench and tunnel warfare, and can be used only by the army that digs itself in and burrows deep down to stay a while. The Germans were not, however, the first to think of asphyxiating vapors to stupefy and kill an enemy. More than one hundred years ago the Earl of DUNDONALD proposed that large piles of combustible material fed with sulphur should be lighted when the wind was favorable to overwhelm soldiers of an opposing army. But the British Government was sceptical, if not humane.

It is to be expected that the Germans will turn to chlorine whenever they believe the enemy can be taken unawares on either front where intrenchments are constructed to be permanent, for not only can this gas be easily made but its great cheapness commends it to a thrifty war office. Professor LEWES says that four parts of chlorine in 10,000 parts of air make "an irrespirable mixture which produces coughing and inflammation of the respiratory organs." Dilation of the heart and death usually result when there is no protection from the gas, and the sufferer expires in agony shocking to witness. But after all is said, it may be conjectured that the panic produced by the oncoming gas cloud is more the object of the Germans than increasing the casualty list.

"Mr." Roosevelt.

As TEDDY he was the idol of the masses. As T. R. he ruled then. As The Colonel he began for the first time to hold the minds of men because of what he might do instead of for what he was doing. He has been hated and loved, he has been feared and revered; now he is the respected Mr. ROOSEVELT.

"If they don't take TAFT they'll get Me," he snapped; and the Great Rebellion was on. Then it was Armageddon: no quarter, no surrender. Republicans who were not Moose were vermin. Now, speaking of Progressives who intend to enroll Republican, he says mildly: "I think it has been fine of them to have made the great fight. * * * I am sure they are acting conscientiously * * * with the purpose of doing what they regard as most useful to the community."

There are some, of strabismic vision, who see a fact "a straight staff bent in a pool," who, noting as all must the change, refuse to believe that the new Roosevelt is the true Roosevelt. They smell Br'er Wolf under the sheep's hide.

The Progressives will march as a party to victory, shrieks MURDOCK of the prairies, with vision of his own flaming poll lighting the van. Others may go, says Mr. ROOSEVELT; I will "stick." VICTOR, the dream-victor, would like to be thought the reincarnation of TEDDY.

Mr. ROOSEVELT has lived more lives than a cat, and every one of them enough for a regiment of ordinary men. We believe we see him at last beginning to ripen with the years. We like him better dignified than strenuous; neither flinching nor hitting the line hard.

The Progressive protest has done some good, at great cost. It may have, as a party platform, continuing opportunity for useful effectiveness in State elections. In national politics, however, its course is run. Who should better know when the power is spent than he who gave the impulse? Mr. ROOSEVELT knows.

Mr. ROOSEVELT: for TEDDY is gone, "T. R." is now a headline convenience. T. R. and the Big Stick are embalmed in history; TEDDY will live long in the affectionate memory that turns with time into mellow, cherished popular tradition.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, if we are not mistaken, retains too much of the shrewdness of his prime either to bind his fortunes and his fame again to the Progressive standard in a national campaign or to forfeit respect by going back to the G. O. P. fold. Having sat on the oracular tripod of Pythian APOLLO, we expect to see Mr. ROOSEVELT, with the wisdom of his years and experience, continuing as the honored counsellor and foregoing the riotous pleasures of Big Stick.

But we reserve the privilege of withholding even from the Pythian Apollo unqualified confidence.

A five cent box of crackers has sold for $15 Villa money.—*El Paso despatch.*

Showing how urgently at times one may require a biscuit.

Prominent Republican delegates to the Constitutional Convention insisted that President Root's flatfooted espousal of the reforms was prompted by a desire to show the Progressives that they would be welcomed back to the Republican party.—*Albany despatch.*

Is there no space at the Constitutional Convention for a "sawdust trail"? Already, in our mind's ear, we hear the stirring old revival hymn:

"I was a wandering Moose,
I did not love the fold;
I did not heed the Grand Old voice,
I would not be controlled."

In spite of a rumored lack of prosperity in the theatres during the past season and a certain apprehension of the conquering movies, the theatrical year is beginning earlier than usual. Within a week most of the New York theatres will be open. It is almost unprecedented for the second week in August to witness the opening of four playhouses.

The Progressive party was organized not to secure for its followers the offices in the gift of the electorate but as a vehicle to advance the principles of the Progressive movement.—*A confidant of the Colonel.*

How superfluous! Whoever would stand at Armageddon and battle for mere office!

The tailors have decided that the figure of the American man must be changed. "Slender, leggy, but with a well balanced and athletic seeming body," is the description of the fashionable physique in the conservative *Sartorial Art Journal.* This change is apparently to be brought about with as little trouble as the dressmakers find in the case of the other sex, and one need only follow the directions of the tailor to possess in all their beauty the modish outlines.

An Illinois physician expresses an enthusiastic belief in the efficacy of golf in the treatment of mental disorders and has had a private golf links laid out for the patients of an insane asylum with which he is connected. He noted, he said, "that the affected ones played like rational beings." With the greatest respect for the players of the ancient and royal game and also for an expert's opinion, still, it must be confessed, the doctor's argument is not wholly convincing.

The El Paso report that PANCHO VILLA has expressed a desire that the United States Government go to Hades should have been printed with a footnote saying that the General did not speak for publication. No Mexican milder, more accommodating and docile than PANCHO in his dealings with the State Department of late. He would consign Mr. LANSING to no other abode than Paradise. The lines about the devil sick and the devil well apply perfectly to PANCHO in this ebb tide of his fortunes.

"Bulgaria stands ready," says a London despatch, "to enter the war on a strictly mercenary basis." Substitute Morastirian for mercenary, and there is an inkling of what Bulgaria wants in the west in addition to Adrianople and beyond in the south. Bulgaria is playing a safe game; all that the Teutonic allies ask of her is neutrality.

According to a homecoming captain of industry, "everywhere the Grand Duke NICHOLAS is acknowledged as the military genius and strategist of Europe." Not in Warsaw, perhaps.

The story of the torpedoing of a Galata bridge at Constantinople by a British submarine appeals to the imagination, but it needs official confirmation. Even the Germans have done nothing of that kind.

THE ONLY BLUE GRASS.

A Refugee From Kentucky Becomes Fiercely Patriotic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Observing a serious, almost libellous, reflection in THE SUN of Saturday, July 31, upon the Blue Grass qualities of Kentucky as compared with those, so called, of Missouri, especially of Gentry county, which claims to raise more blue grass than any other county on earth, while the other counties of Missouri raise more than all the remaining counties in the United States, in which you inquire if Kentucky is really the Blue Grass State as represented, permit me to state that Kentucky primarily is the Blue Grass State, and it is so not because of the quantity raised, but because of the quality. In other words Kentucky sets the pegs of standard.

Peoria, Ill., raises more whiskey than Kentucky, but who drinks Peoria whiskey except Missourians?

To go back a little into history, Kentucky was a State in the Union thirty years before Missouri was, and Missouri was largely settled by Kentucklans, who had only to cross the Mississippi to get there, and at once became rank expatriates because one of the first places settled in the State was called New Bourbon. Would the rock ribbed Kentuckian have called it anything else but Old Bourbon? "New Bourbon" sounds like "Missouri Blue Grass," and no doubt tastes like it.

As for Gentry county, it was named for Colonel Richard Gentry, a fine Kentucky family name, and very evidently the Colonel was making his title good in the new State. As for its alleged blue grass, the first raised in the county was brought there in sod, as the real blue grass seed from Kentucky could not or would not sprout in the Missouri soil. By careful cultivation of this and later importations of sod from its native heath a kind of Missouri blue grass was produced which finally spread over the State, invigorated by the Kentucky strain in the original transplanting of the sod.

Possibly Kentucky gets some so-called blue grass seed from Missouri, as is stated by the report which you quote, but what she gets she uses to cross with the genuine stock for distribution in the Pennyrile, the Peavine, the Purchase and the Red Brush, where the soil, being similar to that of Missouri, is adapted to the hybrid and raises a grass not unlike that which is being raised in Missouri.

Did you ever see any Missouri Blue Grass, so called? It isn't blue at all, but a bilious green; and they make hay of it! Can Kentucky blue grass be cut for hay? It cannot! It lies close and lush to the peculiar soil which proudly bears it; and a two thousand pound shorthorn will sit back on his hunkers in the vain attempt to pull its firmly imbedded roots from the calcareous earth which will not let it go. That's how a Kentucky blue grass pasture differs from a Missouri blue grass hay field with a razorback shaking the clay from the roots of the grass he has grabbed en route, so to say. Why, sir, the very name of it is hyphenated and they spell it "blue-grass." Can anything much worse be imagined, even in these times of atrocities? Missouri raises more horses than Kentucky does, but who is there who points with pride at a Missouri thoroughbred? Who ever heard of one, except possibly at the annual Gentry County Fair? Kentucky makes no meretricious boast of how much blue grass she raises, but she proudly boasts of how much superior hers is to any that can be raised in Missouri or elsewhere on earth.

Therefore, sir, when you ask the question "Is then Kentucky the Blue Grass State?" you may well reply in thunder tones, defying successful contradiction, that she not only is, but will continue to retain the title so long as her justly celebrated blue grass region is a limestone plateau one thousand feet above the level of the sea, overtopping Gentry county, Missouri, as the dazzling sun in the cerulean heavens overtops the pale and ineffectual moon.

Now, sir, if Missouri wants to be shown, show her!

COLONEL W. J. LAMPTON.
NEW YORK, August 2.

[The big capitals are the Colonel's, not ours.—THE SUN.]

New Use of the Hyphen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As a long time reader of THE SUN may I be pardoned for injecting a suggestion, during this heated term, in the hope of dissipating an apparent obscurity touching the matter of hyphenated Americans?

We will suppose a Dutchman has come to America, secured his naturalization papers, and is to all intents an American, but his old home ties in some circumstances make him a good deal of a Dutchman. This American, in order to properly convey his feelings, should they be pro-Dutch, should sign himself Hans Brinker, Dutch—American. Should his American sympathies preponderate he might use this form: Peter Stuyvesant, American—Dutch.

This method only lends a new meaning to the hyphen and to the Dutchman.

PHILIP T. NORTH.
AUGUSTA, GA., August 2.

STEAMSHIP INSPECTION.

An Assertion That It Is of Rare Occurrence in This Port.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The editorial article in THE SUN of July 30 headed "Secretary Redfield Qualifies as an Efficiency Expert" is timely and straight to the point. Mr. Redfield put his foot in it badly when he said the stability of steam vessels was not within the purview of inspectors of steam vessels. If a vessel is unstable she cannot be seaworthy. She may be the best built vessel obtainable, equipped with every device for the saving of life and property, commanded, officered and manned by the most capable of officers and men, but if she is unstable she is dangerous, she is unseaworthy, she is unfit to navigate, she should not be allowed to carry either passengers or freight, a certificate of inspection should be refused in her case. Stability is a fundamental requisite in the safety of a steam vessel. Section 4415, Revised Statutes of the United States, says:

The inspector of hulls shall be a person of good character and suitable qualifications and attainments to perform the services required of an inspector of hulls, who from his practical knowledge of shipbuilding and navigation and the uses of steam in navigation is fully competent to make a reliable estimate of the strength, seaworthiness and other qualities of the hulls of vessels and their equipment deemed essential to safety of life in their navigation. * * *

If the inspector is competent to pass upon the seaworthiness of steam vessels, then the stability of the vessel is a matter that necessarily must come under his purview, as, being unstable, she would be unseaworthy, and therefore could not be "deemed essential to safety of life in" her "navigation." Again, Section 4417, United States Revised Statutes, says:

The local inspectors shall, once in every year, at least, carefully inspect the hull of each steam vessel within their respective districts, and shall satisfy themselves that every such vessel so submitted to their inspection is of a structure suitable for the service in which she is to be employed, has suitable accommodations for passengers and the crew, and is in a condition to warrant the belief that she may be used in navigation as a steamer, with safety to life. * * *

If a steam vessel is unstable her structure is not suitable for any service, and she cannot be in a condition to warrant the belief that she may be used in navigation as a steamer with safety to life. When an inspector of hulls "passes" a steamer that is unstable he has passed a vessel that is unseaworthy and unfit for use with safety to life. If he is unable to pass upon stability, which is but another word for safety, he is unfit to be an inspector. And when he issues a certificate of inspection to a steam vessel, solemnly swearing that she is seaworthy, if she is unstable the inspector has certificated a possible death trap, because she is unsafe, as the Eastland was.

Thirty-five years ago the Sound steamer Seawanhaka caught fire in the East River and was destroyed with large loss of life. She had been inspected by an assistant inspector of hulls and an assistant inspector of boilers. It was first intended to indict these assistants for manslaughter, and try them in the Federal court, but it was found that although these assistant inspectors had inspected the vessel the local inspectors had solemnly sworn that they, the locals, had inspected her. On the strength of this the assistant inspectors who had inspected her were not tried for manslaughter and the local inspectors who had not inspected her but who had sworn that they had inspected her were tried for manslaughter. It was then established that assistant inspectors were not authorized to inspect steam vessels. What has happened since then? It is a rare thing for local inspectors to inspect steam vessels in this port. But they swear, in issuing each inspection certificate, that they have inspected them. They do this on the strength of the reports of assistant inspectors whom they assign to the duty of "examining for inspection" the steam vessel, and the assistant inspectors' report is merely an "examination for inspection," not an inspection.

So we have the anomaly of assistant inspectors actually conducting all of the inspection that steam vessels receive, men declared unauthorized to inspect them; and because of this lack of authority to inspect them the local inspectors falsely swear that they have inspected the vessels, thus becoming criminally and penally responsible for the acts of subordinates, and liable, because of the peculiar conditions under which inspection is conducted, or not conducted, to be sent to prison for manslaughter if an accident happens to a vessel they swore they inspected but did not inspect. Is this not a condition of affairs that should be remedied?

No one can read the requirements of law regarding local inspectors of hulls or regarding the inspection of steam vessels and properly absolve such inspectors from the requirement of, first of all, finding that the vessel is stable.

A. R. SMITH,
Editor the *Marine News.*
NEW YORK, August 2.

Blessed Sleep!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If it be true, as we are told, that some of the younger generation of Irishmen are turning their backs on the war, it cannot be said of the older, as the following from the London *Spectator* proves:

During a recent air raid the following incident occurred. A certain workshop was so badly shaken by a bomb close by that all the dust accumulated on rafters, travelling cranes, &c., began to fall. A cry of "Gas!" was raised and a stampede began. But an old Irishman cried: "I'd rather be poisoned than run away from them fellows!" He wrapped his coat round his head and lay down where he was. When the scare was over and the men returned, they found him still there, fast asleep.

The correspondent vouches for the truth of this.

NEW YORK, August 3. ROS NA REE.

Where to Carry a Bank Roll.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Carrying one's bank roll in the right hand trousers pocket and watching that pocket, as suggested by William A. Page, is a very excellent precaution, but a better way is to put your money in the watch pocket, fasten the pocket at the top with a good stout safety pin and pull your waistcoat down over it.

An old gentleman friend of mine over 80 years of age took a trip to Florida a few years ago and he thought out a "safety first" idea of carrying his reserve funds. He placed his money on the sole of his right foot, put on his sock and shoe over it, and arrived in Florida safe and sound, with the money where he put it.

ABINGTON H. CARMAN.
PATCHOGUE, L. I., August 2.

When Polly Freezes Cream.

'Tis of a summer girl
I sing a summer theme,
And so I tune my lyre
When Polly freezes cream.

She sweetens it a bit
With neither stint nor waste,
The proper flavor adds
Exactly to her taste.

She packs it next with ice,
A grating frigid sound,
And then she turns a crank
And makes the wheels go round.

I shiver while I note
The method of the scheme,
Her process she applies
To either men or cream.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

THE CITIZEN'S DUTY.

Anti-Enlistment Pledges Can Hold Only in Times of Peace.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Eugene Lombard strikes a true note in his letter published in THE SUN, and the indignation he expresses against the pusillanimous poltroons and self-seeking grafters who are doing all in their power to "chinafy," as Colonel Roosevelt so aptly expressed it, this country will find such an echo in the hearts of his countrymen that the poltroons and grafters will ere long be glad to crawl into some lonesome, dark secluded hole, and pull the hole in after them.

It seems a pity that the laws cannot be suspended long enough to convert some of these anæmic gentry into pendants for lamp posts. Becker was executed for being an accessory before the fact to the murder of an undesirable citizen, yet these walk abroad at full liberty while they are potentially accessories before the fact to the murder of an entire nation.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Lombard has made one slip in his otherwise excellent letter in that he says "So no anti-enlistment pledge can hold." This would apply only under actual war conditions, but as enlistments are necessary to keep our skeleton army even up to its very small peace strength, thereby furnishing military training for future contingencies, the youth of the country, misled by the specious sentiments of these supposed servants of God, may refuse to enlist, and herein lies the great danger. The more men of military training there are when trouble comes, and all past experience shows that it is the unexpected which happens, and that very suddenly, the better nucleus will we have for a successful defence.

H. H. MCCORD.
BROOKLYN, August 3.

St. Paul's Example.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I greatly desire to put on record my gratitude for the splendid protest made by Eugene Lombard in THE SUN against those who advocate the surrender of the privileges of our citizenship.

These propagandists "holler before they are hurt." They invite calamity to our shores and announce their intention in advance of doing nothing to alleviate the calamity when it comes. Eugene Lombard calls them lots of befitting names. I suggest he might have likened them to ostriches, which, though blessed with fast running legs and abundance of wind, refuse to use them, preferring to bury their heads in the sand until led away captive.

The peacemakers should not forget that it was Paul, who did so much for Christianity, who wrote "When Peter was come to Antioch I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." The world knows that when St. Paul stood up for a high principle it was to win or die. Let us take courage. There are multitudes of such men among us to-day, but they must get together.

N.
PHILADELPHIA, August 3.

MORE ABOUT HEDGEHOGS.

And a Story About Mrs. Cow Blackbird.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The recent discussion on hedgehogs has interested me. Writers of "natural history" have had a way of asserting that the porcupine or hedgehog cannot shoot his quills. This merely means, I take it, that the writers have not seen him do it. Like Mr. James Owen of Tuckahoe, N. Y., I have often heard that the Canadian porcupine or hedgehog, such as is bred in Vermont, under State subsidy called a bounty, could shoot quills, and the mere assertion to the contrary by one of these natural historians would not make me doubt the hedgehog's ability to do so.

So good an authority as Zadock Thompson, whose "Thompson's Vermont" used to be a text book for well bred Vermont boys, had the temerity to say of the hedgehog that "the vulgar notion that this animal has the power of projecting or shooting his quills at his assailant is without a shadow of foundation." In the same article he said that the hedgehog was a "solitary" animal; yet I once saw eight hedzehogs assembled on the roosts of what had been a henhouse in an abandoned lumber camp on the east side of Glastenbury Mountain, Bennington county, Vermont. Falsus in uno falsus in omnibus.

I had my experience with the real nature fakers years ago when I collected birds' eggs. The writers of natural history, especially if they had the manner of the learned and wanted to slap their contemporaries or predecessors, used to say of Mrs. Cow Blackbird that after laying her egg in a vireo's nest she would never remove one of the vireo's eggs to make the score correct, or for any other purpose. I knew of a vireo's nest on a young sugar maple near the west boundary of Edwin W. Stoughton's property in the village of Windsor, Vt. I was shadowing that nest with a view to future robbery thereof. One day I saw sitting on the nest a bird larger than a vireo. Presently the bird came off the nest, perched herself on its edge or a near twig, thrust her head deep into the nest and lifted on or in her beak an egg. This egg she let fall to the ground and flew away.

Climbing a picket fence I trespassed on Mr. Stoughton's land and found beneath the sugar maple a vireo's egg, strictly fresh, with a hole punctured on the side and the contents running out. I then climbed the tree and found in the nest the egg of a cow blackbird with an egg or eggs of the vireo. To all these facts I am ready to make affidavit at any time during office hours.

NEW YORK, August 2. W.

An Appeal on Behalf of Aviators.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In view of the likelihood of the campaign being continued through the autumn and winter, I am anxious to collect the following articles which will be urgently needed by the men of the Royal Naval Air Service and of the Royal Flying Corps in the western war area and elsewhere: cardigans, sweaters (both urgently needed), flannel shirts and vests, leathern and knitted waistcoats, helmets, gloves, socks and mufflers.

I shall be most grateful for any contributions, which may be sent to me at Langley Lodge, Headington Hill, Oxford, of articles such as the above, or of money, which will enable me to purchase those things which seem most urgently needed.

The high appreciation with which consignments of such objects as the above were received by our aviators during last winter emboldens me to make this appeal to the well known generosity of American sympathizers.

EDITH BALFOUR.
OXFORD, England, July 21.

Purveyor to Pegasus.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Motoring past the Balmtree into Newburgh we came upon the establishment of William Leatherem, horseshoer, who spares not his hammer to spoil refractory quadrupedal candidates for good new shoes. His brass nail studded leather apron would look well in a dedicated niche of the shadowy department assigned to immortal blacksmiths.

J. A. M.
CHESTER, August 3.

Still on High.

The moon boasted.
"And yet when I left the earth all the wiseacres said I would come down like a stick," she cried.

"KING'S ENGLISH."

And a Few Words on the Grewsomeness of Newspaper Literature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* THE SUN'S reply to a correspondent who naively asks whether "an" hotel is preferable to "a" hotel runs as follows: "'A' hotel is correct. There is no reason for subduing the 'h' of 'hotel' in Cockney fashion."

Hearken, O Sir! to the reflections of an Englishman who is not a Cockney. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and the little knowledge which the average American has of pure English leads him to hairsplitting distinctions which raise a smile in the Britisher: but I did look for better things from THE SUN, as representing one of the few papers whose prose comes anywhere near the article which we, across the Atlantic, call "King's English."

Now, sir, pray don't think me offensive or discourteous, for I admire America heart and soul in many things; but not her way of handling Shakespeare's tongue, either as to orthography or syntax. It is no exaggeration to say that the average American paper is blistered with grammatical inaccuracies, locutions and, chiefly, errors of orthography which in England savor of the servants' hall: this quite apart from the topsy-turvy attempt to galvanize public interest by inverting news headlines and closing a paragraph with the phrase which should lead off according to the fundamental rules of analysis.

To cover so vast a subject would certainly strain the limits of your space; so I will merely ask one or two questions in addition to that of the gentleman in doubt about "hotel": while assuring him that "an hotel" not only passes muster in England, but that it is the form which is far more usually adopted by the best writers. "A" hotel grates on the English ear, almost as "a hour" would do, though the latter is incorrect while the former is not.

Now for my questions: Why, in America, if you drop the double consonant in so many words such as "traveller," "levelled," &c., do you gratuitously add it where it does not exist in English and write "enrollment," "installment," &c.? Another instance of perversion: Why suppress "on" when speaking of days of the week? "He quit Saturday," &c. "Quit" is horrible, but let it pass: side by side with the man who quit, I read of a fashionable marriage to take place "on" next Saturday. It must indeed have been ultra fashionable to want that "on" where in English the qualifying "next" rendered the "on" superfluous!

These are two instances taken at random of the peculiar twist in the American mind. When it comes to a question of orthography, with your "theater" and "center," and "defense" (why not "a rail fense" instead of "a rail fence") and "plow," and "check" and a hundred other innovations which grate on the eye and have no justification beyond a love of novelty, I feel that in a generation or two the English language on this side of the ocean will be no more. Only a few days ago in the account of a notorious capital execution the reporter referred to the "grewsome" scene. Dr. Johnson's shade whispers in my ear "What gruesome English!"

NEW YORK, July 31. A BRITISHER.

MISCHIEVOUS PACIFISM.

What the Scruples of Lord Aberdeen Cost England in 1854.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit me to remind you of this paragraph in the twenty-second chapter of the first volume of Alexander William Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," where the historian is dealing with one of the reasons which trundled Russia to force war on England in 1854:

The Prime Minister's continued persistency in the use of hurtful language was another of the causes which still helped to keep the Czar blindfold. Lord Aberdeen abhorred the bare thought of war; and he would not have suffered his country to be overtaken by it if the coming danger had been of such a kind that it could be warded off by hating it and shunning its aspect. But it is not by intemperate hatred of war, nor yet by shunning its aspect, that war is averted.

Almost to the last Lord Aberdeen misguided himself. His loathing of war took such a shape that he could not and would not believe in it; and when at last the spectre was close upon him, he covered his eyes and refused to see. * * * He would not be roused from a dream which was sweeter than all waking thoughts; and even now, to any man to whom he chanced to speak, he continued to say that there could not, there would not be war. Coming from a Prime Minister such words as these did not fail to have a noxious weight with many who heard them. Baron Brunnow, we have seen, had looked deeper even at a much earlier period, and now again no doubt he took care to warn his master that Lord Aberdeen was under a passionate hatred of war which deprived him of his competence to speak in the name of his country; but by other channels the words of our Prime Minister were carried to the Emperor of Russia, and being very welcome to him, and coinciding with his long cherished notions, they tended to keep him in the perilous belief that Lord Aberdeen was speaking with knowledge, and that England, still clogged by her peace party, was unable to go to war.

May not a parallel fairly be drawn between Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Bryan? Substitute "Kaiser" for "Czar," Count Bernstorff for Baron Brunnow, Germany for Russia, and the United States for England.

E. B.
PITTSFIELD, Mass., July 31.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

Mr. Marvin Explains His Book and Reenforces Its Lesson.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My "American Merchant Marine" was written in 1902 with nothing further from my thought than to produce an economic treatise. The purpose was rather to tell a straight salt water story of the American merchant service, its ships, officers and men; and in this the whalers, coasters and deep sea fishermen were necessarily included. It seemed best to devote separate chapters to these auxiliary interests, and with this plan the publishers graciously concurred. Hence, doubtless, the "repetitions" of which Mr. Mattes speaks in his letter printed August 2; it was not possible to make the whole narrative proceed in chronological order or to construct a concise handbook of the politico-economic aspects of the merchant shipping question. Indeed, those aspects were not so imperiously commanding a dozen years ago as they have become in the stress of a world war, where even the long indifferent or hostile middle West has been harpooned into a realizing sense of the truth that a merchant fleet means as much to Illinois or Iowa as to Massachusetts.

Born on a New England islet and taught to "hand, reef and steer" as every lad of my race before me, it was the human side, the romance of our maritime commerce that first and most appealed to me, and I wrote the story so, deliberately making the economic side subordinate. Even now I am not sure that this was not the better way. At least I make no apologies, for the four hundred page narrative was meant to be a narrative and not a text book; it was intent, and not error or accident. For an actual propaganda I would have written a different book, but there was no idea of and apparently no opportunity for a propaganda in those days of 1902. Since August 1, 1914, events have been speaking with more power than was ever given to any pen.

WINTHROP L. MARVIN.
BOSTON, August 2.

NEW HAVEN ACTION NOT WICKERSHAM'S

Denies He Contemplated Present Suit While Attorney-General.

NOW DEFENDS LEDYARD

Assistant United States Attorney-General Swacker's attention was called yesterday to that part of the bill of particulars filed by him in the New Haven case in which Lewis Cass Ledyard is charged with having worked diligently to forestall any investigation of the affairs of the New Haven system so as to prevent the prosecution of himself and his fellow directors under the Sherman law.

According to the paragraph in the bill, Mr. Ledyard's suppressing activities extended as far back as the latter part of the Taft Administration when George W. Wickersham was Attorney-General. Mr. Wickersham is now attorney for Mr. Ledyard.

Mr. Swacker was reminded yesterday that during a recent argument in open court he had made the statement that the Department of Justice had begun an investigation into the affairs of the New Haven during the latter part of the Taft Administration, but had been called off by Mr. Wickersham.

"Is the paragraph concerning Mr. Ledyard's activities in any way related to your declaration in open court?" he was asked.

"In view of my position," replied Mr. Swacker, "I cannot answer either yes or no to that."

On March 29 last Mr. Wickersham in an argument before Judge Hunt in the United States District Court opposed the Government's original plan of beginning the trial of his client, Mr. Ledyard, and the other defendants within two months. He declared that he had not had time to prepare a defence for his client.

"On the other hand," he asserted, "the Government has been at this case for about two years; we cannot ask that we get a bill of particulars the scope of preparation in this case."

"We did start on the case a couple of years ago," retorted Mr. Swacker hotly, "but we just about got started when Mr. Wickersham, then Attorney-General, stopped us. Nothing further was done until a year ago. Many of the defendants had been preparing long before any indictment was ever brought, before any Grand Jury proceeding was ever started, and the idea that the Government has had a long start is not entirely correct."

The paragraph in the bill of particulars referring to Mr. Ledyard's alleged suppressing activities reads:

"The defendant, Lewis Cass Ledyard, during the three years next preceding the return of the indictment herein, and upon divers dates and occasions within said period, took steps to prevent the ascertainment of the facts concerning the activities and actions of the conspirators in carrying out the conspiracy charged herein, and made statements intended to and having such effect, and having the effect of concealing the purpose and activities of said conspirators and preventing judicial actions to enjo