# The Sun.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1916.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

| | |
|---|---|
| DAILY, Per Month | $0 50 |
| DAILY, Per Year | 6 00 |
| SUNDAY, Per Month | 25 |
| SUNDAY (to Canada), Per Month | 50 |
| SUNDAY, Per Year | 2 50 |
| DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year | 8 50 |
| DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month | 75 |
| FOREIGN RATES. | |
| DAILY, Per Month | 1 25 |
| SUNDAY, Per Month | 65 |
| DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month | 1 90 |
| THE EVENING SUN, Per Month | 25 |
| THE EVENING SUN, Per Year | 2 50 |
| THE EVENING SUN (Foreign), Per Mo. | 1 05 |

All checks, money orders, &c., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Published daily, including Sunday, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 150 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer, William C. Reick, 150 Nassau street; Vice-President, Edward P. Mitchell, 150 Nassau street; Secretary, C. E. Lexton, 150 Nassau street.

London office, Ellingham House, 1 Arundel street, Strand.
Paris office, 6 Rue de la Michodiere, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.
Washington office, Hibbs Building.
Brooklyn office, 106 Livingston street.

*If our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.*


## Our Forefathers' Declaration of Defence.

A good many years ago, when some of us were young, there was a copper token in circulation in this country bearing a close resemblance to the old fashioned large copper cent, which bore on one side in conspicuous letters the legend, "Millions for Defence. Not One Cent for Tribute."

A suitable inscription for such a token to-day, expressive of the real sentiment which actuates the advocates of preparedness, and is anything but favorable to militarism, would be: "Millions for Defence. Not One Cent for Aggression."

Our forefathers understood the correct doctrine applicable to this feature of national life and sought to enforce it.

The first Constitution of the State of New York was adopted in 1777, in the midst of the Revolution and long before the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It contained the following provision in reference to the defence of the Commonwealth:

"And whereas it is of the utmost importance to the safety of every State that it should always be in a condition of defence, and it is the duty of every man who enjoys the protection of society, to be prepared and willing to defend it; this convention, therefore, in the name and by the authority of the good people of this State, DOTH ORDAIN, DETERMINE AND DECLARE, That the militia of this State, at all times hereafter, as well in peace as in war, shall be armed and disciplined, and in readiness for service. That all such of the inhabitants of this State (being of the people called Quakers) as from scruples of conscience may be averse to the bearing of arms, be therefrom excused by the Legislature and do pay to the State such sums of money, in lieu of their personal service, as the same may, in the judgment of the Legislature, be worth: And that a proper magazine of warlike stores, proportionate to the number of inhabitants, be forever hereafter at the expense of this State, and by acts of the Legislature, established, maintained and continued, in every county in this State."

Neither JOHN JAY, the principal author of the New York Constitution of 1777, nor the patriotic population of the State in that formative period of our history can justly be reproached with any tendency to militarism. They simply recognized the fact that those institutions of freedom worth having were worth fighting for when attacked; and that they could not be successfully defended without adequate preparation, watchfully maintained against any possible emergency.

This truth is as manifest to-day as it was then. Those who insist upon the necessity of preparedness do not want to see the country turned into a permanent armed camp, as their opponents suggest; but they do want a condition of things established which will insure the American people against being deprived of their liberty and property by the military power of a foreign foe.

To this end we commend to the readers of THE SUN the lesson taught by our forefathers in the New York Constitution of 1777.

## Food for Philologers.

In Ex-Senator EDGAR T. BRACKETT'S letter to Comptroller TRAVIS, in which the Sage of Saratoga pleads for information as to certain details of the indebtedness contracted by eminent guests of the taxpayers on their journeyings between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, the acute philologer will observe that Mr. BRACKETT says:

"What I particularly want to know is how much was paid by the State on the Whitman trip to the Panama Exposition for 'booze'?"

It will not escape attention that the expenditures to which reference is made in this sentence have been discussed near the mouth of the Hudson under the title of "rum bills." Thus the influence exerted by environment on language is sharply displayed: that which is "rum" where the salt of the ocean breeze gives tang to the air becomes "booze" where the healing waters spring from the earth under State supervision.

The local usage seems easy of explanation. Rum is the solace of sailors; naturally in a great port the vernacular is influenced by the language of the seafarers. Along the coast alcoholic beverages are known generically as "rum" because that powerful agent is closely associated with naval affairs; inland another term is employed.

Albany, happily situated where it enjoys a pleasant neutrality between sea and mountain, utilizes the two terms indifferently; it takes as much booze as it does rum; and its principal care is that its grog shall have a vigorous kick in it.

## The Opportunities of a Great Faunal Naturalist.

Why did the Colonel, setting sail for the Lesser Antilles, Trinidad and British Guiana, suppress the intelligent reporter who inquired if he thought of doing a little hunting while he was away?

"You might as well ask a man going to the Rockies," exclaimed the Colonel with Sam Johnson severity, "if he intended to catch whales."

Surely the Colonel could indulge his fondness for the chase during a four days stay in British Guiana. In its forests lurks the largest and most savage of all wildcats, the jaguar, with a girth of three feet back of the shoulders and massive head; stalker of deer, the sloth and tapir, destroyer of even the boa and alligator, seizer from overhanging branches of great fish, the jaguar is big game worth the Colonel's attention.

Nor is the great ant eater to be despised, for this resourceful animal with its sabrelike claws sometimes disembowels the savage jaguar.

Why not a shot at the capybara or carpincho? Hugest of rodents and weighing one hundred pounds. "It resembles," says the naturalist, "a gigantic, rough coated guinea pig, having a heavy flat head, with small eyes and ears, and a blunt muzzle." The capybara is not too proud to fight. If taken alive it makes an interesting if unlovely domestic pet.

The Colonel should add a carpincho to his collection at Oyster Bay.

As the fauna of Trinidad, where he will also remain four days, is similar to that of neighboring South America, the Colonel's British hosts might arrange a day's familiar shooting for him there.

## Mr. Edison as a Temperance Reformer.

Mr. EDISON celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday by advocating for the correction of the drink evil the method described in the subjoined sentences:

"Man isn't perfect yet and you cannot take alcohol away from him all at once. If you do he'll resent the act. Beer has 4 per cent. alcohol. Cut down the percentage to 2 or to 1¾. Let men drink that for twenty years or so and then cut it down to 1 per cent. Cut out all whiskey and strong drinks at once."

Here is a sensible and original plan for attacking a terrible curse. We should like to see it tried. Yet it inevitably brings to mind the experiment conducted by the imaginative agriculturist who reduced the daily allowance of oats for his horse gradually until the excellent beast supported life on one oat a day. The farmer was encouraged to believe that he had brought the animal to a condition in which it could do without any food, but this theory he was not able to put to empirical proof, for on the very day when the attempt was to be made the fool critter died.

## Miss Fancher Was a Non-producer?

Miss MOLLIE FANCHER was a bedridden cripple for over half a century. She was a non-producer, contributing nothing of material usefulness to the world. Under the stern requirements of that high conception of efficiency which now obtains she had no place in the community. She could not tend a machine in a factory, she was not a literary genius, her once talked of psychic powers are forgotten, she was incapacitated from presiding over a woman's club. From the day in 1865 when she took to her bed it was known to her and to her medical advisers that she would never recover her health. Surely in such a case, if in any, euthanasia would offer an immediate solution of an otherwise hopeless problem.

But not one person familiar with her history in these long years of invalidism will say that she lived in vain, that the world is not better for her broken existence, that her removal from earth half a century ago would have been in accord with sound public policy. If she did not produce shirt waists, or poems, or world shaking political theories, she did something not less admirable. She set an example of fortitude and cheerfulness in suffering that heartened and upheld many a weary man and woman, that salved many a bruised heart, and that put new strength in many a faltering victim of the accidents and tribulations of a world no amount of sociology can make easy for most of us.

With those qualities that men look on as the rarest gifts of nature Miss FANCHER was not notably endowed. Her virtues were of the homely, everyday order; not the kind romantic dreamers attribute to their ideals, but the sort wisdom seeks in the companions of a hard march. She possessed the splendid curiosity that keeps interest alive; the warm affection that tends the lamp of friendship with ceaseless care; the fine spirit of boldness that forbids a sigh for what might have been and discovers the possibilities of true pleasure adverse circumstance hides. And from the narrow limits of her perpetual prison, from which no human power could liberate her, her spirit, untrammelled by the mischances that had subdued its frame, performed a work of highest import, to the real and lasting benefit of the thousands to whom her unaffected character made her a guide and counsellor more helpful than the most eloquent of preachers or the most vigilant of moralists.

There is no yardstick with which to measure the works of a good man. There is no statistical atlas in which this brave woman's contribution to the peace and happiness and comfort of her kind can be set down. Yet it was real, though imponderable; genuine, though not to be apprized in dollars and cents; worth while, though beyond the purview of efficiency experts; and the fruits of her life refute with overwhelming force the theories of those who set themselves up to correct the illimitable mysteries of nature by the intrusion of their finite minds.

## When Ezra Pounds the Keys.

Shall "an Ezra Pound toil ten years at one aim, and coin high joy and red life into a commanding book of poetry," only to have "offhand scholars" pound Ezra because he means nothing to them? A deep and dolorous critic weeps the question into the pages of that saucy exploiter of newness in verse *Poetry* of Porkopolis. EZRA the Vorticist, graduate of the Imagist School, has two schools of hostile critics: first the Mumbo-jumbos, who assert that pound cake poetry cannot be poetry at all, simply because never before has it been so done; and then the Pish-tushes, who amuse themselves with taking the poems apart, to see the wheels go round. And "in the cool and purple meantime" EZRA pounds out "new poems having the slogan 'Guts and Efficiency' emblazoned above his daily programme of work." A meantime that is royally purpureal.

More worth to a world needing amusement than the poets of Imagism or Vorticism are their parasites of praise; dearer than POUND are the expounders of POUND. Compare

"LI PO.

"And Li Po also died drunk
He tried to embrace a moon
In the yellow river—"

with this, also quoted by the critic in *Poetry* from a fellow member of the vortico-critical brotherhood:

"Demon pantechnicon driver, busy with removal of old world into new quarters in his steel net of impeccable technique he has lately caught Li Po. Energy of a discriminating element."

Tender buttons at the end. But in the rest a packed utterance that, like much in recent "advanced" verse (since it has stopped aping decadence) makes some who come to scoff remain to praise. But is this accepted laudation any less than the verdicts of Mumbo-jumbo and Pish-tush a "two minute judgment" on a "twenty year accomplishment"? Can it be only the hostility of the hostiles, and not their way of working, that roils the springs of adulatory, pinkly passionate criticism?

The critic stands before the mirror when he quotes. The critic in *Poetry* repeats, with other passages, this:

"ANCIENT WISDOM.

"So-shu dreamed,
And having dreamed that he was a bird, a bee, a butterfly,
He was uncertain why he should try to feel like anything else
Hence his contentment."

And this that follows, we are told, "keeps its music through more than a hundred readings":

"Beautiful, infinite memories
That are a-plucking at my heart
Why will you be ever calling and a-calling,
And a-murmuring in the dark there?
And a-reaching out your long hands
Between me and my beloved?

"And why will you be ever a-casting
The black shadows of your beauty
On the white face of my beloved,
And a-glinting in the pools of her eyes?"

What does the mirror give back? "I like the pages of EZRA POUND. He stains darkly and touches softly. The flair of great loneliness is there. He is utter as a prairie horseman, a biplane in the azure, a Norse crag, or any symbol of the isolate, contemplative spirit of man unafraid and searching." It shows us the lineaments of the critic, not of the poet—nor, correctly according to the test of "human interest," the poetry.

Would the Binet-Simon tests, applied to Pound poetry and criticism, show subnormal or supernormal intelligence?

## Not Ankles—Mugs.

Speaking of anti-ankles legislation, why do not some of the Solons who are exerting their broad and copious intellects in the great field of reefed petticoat statesmanship devote a little attention to the far more pressing question of mugs—the awful, the indecent exposure of mugs, the orgy of mug horrors into which this whiskerless age has plunged us?

Cover up the mugs, screen them, get them out of sight! You do not have to look at ankles if you are firm. Mugs you do have to look at. They stare you in the face everywhere, out of your own mirror as likely as not. They are all about you—in the streets, in public vehicles, in hotel lobbies—everywhere. And such mugs! Raw beef mugs, catfish mugs, squirrel teeth mugs, globular mugs, lantern jawed mugs, bulldog mugs, rat terrier mugs, porcine mugs, chinless mugs, simian mugs, prognathous mugs, bejowled mugs—a walking, rocking nightmare of mug atrocities. And all because in some quarter of hirsute impotence there was inaugurated a few years ago a press agent anti-whiskers campaign!

That the case against whiskers was strong there is no denying. By their own fantastic excesses whiskers were vulnerable. Pefferian populists, poodle dog pinks, leaky lilacs, paint brushes, argicultural billy goats, alfalfa jungles, excelsior spinaches, soup strainer and walrus mustaches, Newgate frills, Galway sluggers—beyond question a face foliage debauch.

An anti-whiskers reaction was due and it came. The whole whisker crop was mowed down and swept out. And then emerged the mugs. Just as they are, without one plea, they stood revealed, and in entire candor it may be asked if we do not owe whiskers an apology for abuse and ridicule when we shudderingly contemplate what they so long covered up and saved us from beholding. Surely we do not want another whiskers spree, but by the same token we have had enough of whiskers prohibition. A moderate and temperate use of whiskers: that is the demand. Get the mugs behind a screen; that is the slogan.

---

Harvard's oldest living graduate is dead.—*The World.*

Surely, a stranger thing never was reported.

---

Mr. EDISON'S advice on his sixty-ninth birthday to "cut your food down to one-third or one-fourth of what you have been eating" will be spurned by lumbermen, longshoremen, trench diggers, sailors before the mast, tugboat men and other big muscled wage earners, but gentlemen of sixty-nine or so who do brain work should heed the advice, particularly if there is a poor plain cook in the kitchen.

---

I have heard the question asked, Is the spirit of Yale football gone? I do not believe that it is.—TAD JONES, *the new Yale coach.*

The spirit is not gone, but the letter is not as valuable as it was.

---

The United States army lost a splendid officer when Major JAMES EDWARD NORMOYLE died in quarters at Fort Ontario. No man's zeal was greater and the Major's capacity for doing a thing the right way never failed him. As a quartermaster there has seldom been his equal in the army. His work in the Mississippi Valley during the floods of 1912 at Dayton, when that city was overwhelmed, and at the Gettysburg encampment on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, called not only for great organizing ability but for incessant application, shrewd knowledge of human nature, the patience of JOB, and the tact of a diplomat. Cheery, optimistic, self-sacrificing "Mickey" NORMOYLE was one of the best known men in the army, and he could ill be spared.

---

The resignation shows that Secretary GARRISON does not believe that the President was sincere in what he said on his Western trip about the need of a continental army.—*Representative* CAMPBELL *of Kansas.*

The Hon. PHILIP PITT CAMPBELL has hit the nail on the head.

---

Mr. WILSON'S putting out to sea to decide upon a new Secretary of War may signify—the idea is appalling!—that he contemplates making JOSEPHUS DANIELS the ruler of the army as well as of the navy.

---

Many a girl would rather have died an old maid than to have been tied up to a cigarette smoking, cussing libertine.—*The Rev. Dr.* SUNDAY.

True as truth; the cigarette smoking and cussing of a libertine must be highly objectionable to a woman of romantic temperament.

---

While an eminent scientist lives in psycho analysis with a divorced woman, it is to be presumed that his legal wife looks after herself in a state of psycho synthesis.

---

The Hon. EMMA GOLDMAN again wins the compliments of all admirers of persistence. She has succeeded in getting arrested once more, in the face of the almost insurmountable obstructions the New York police maliciously put in her path.

---

The revenue required for such naval construction as the representatives of the people believe to be justified and necessary will be obtained by taxation in the usual manner; and I believe that every American like yourself will gladly submit to the taxation which his spokesman sees fit to impose.—*Secretary* JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

"Will gladly submit" to taxation: JOSEPHUS is a rare wag.

---

An intelligent taxicab operator whose patron wanted to go "somewhere where he could sing" drove to 102d street. What are the peculiar qualities of that thoroughfare which render it particularly appropriate for the musical exercise of the vocal organs?

## THE UNKINDEST CUT.

### Highland Falls Mistakes the English for the Song Sparrow.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The two letters lately appearing in THE SUN in which are related the experiences of two of our neighboring Jersey citizens of hearing at an early morning hour a sparrow chirping as sweetly as a canary, and, as one stated, somewhat like the English wren, might lead one versed in the habits and abilities of the different species of the feathered kingdom to say, if he were so disposed, that one going home at an early morning hour might be expected even to mistake the lark for the nightingale. Our great poet told us that over three hundred years ago:

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their great praise and true perfection!

J. HENRY.

HIGHLAND FALLS, February 12, 1916.

### Are the Silkworms in a Trust?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Can you tell us the truth about the high price of raw silk?

The warehouses are full of it. None is used to speak off in Austria or Germany.

Is it a trust, to kill the smaller or honest manufacturers?

A SILK MANUFACTURER.

NEW YORK, February 12, 1916.

### William Shakespeare.

He is the Whitman of the world.
He is wave and flame and crescent moon.
He is the bulging, westward moving night,
The ivory lap and lave they call the dawn.
And he circles with the eagles 'round and roundabout Mont Blanc.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

## NEW FACTORY ZONE.

### Precautions Taken Somewhere in Southern Manhattan.

Grave uneasiness has been caused in the nighborhood of (deleted by censor) in southern Manhattan because the authorities have decided to declare the territory a factory zone, subject to the restrictions applied to such areas to prevent fire and protect the lives of the workers.

The neighborhood has hitherto been classified as a first class office district, the rents being so high that even light manufacturing could not be profitably carried on there, although a number of famous water companies have their headquarters in it.

The correspondents are not permitted to disclose the exact locality involved, but the industry which has brought the status of the district into question is the cheque indorsing, recording and forwarding department of a social reformer whose initials are L. E. Q.

The Q. business, beginning a number of years ago as a modest enterprise in uplift and civic reform, has developed to dimensions that make it impossible for Mr. Q. to conduct it in the ordinary and familiar manner.

Cheques are received in such quantities that Mr. Q. can no longer give them his personal attention, and even the use of a rubber stamp in indorsing them consumed so much of his time that the industry was threatened with demoralization.

Under these circumstances Mr. Q appealed to the Mobilized Inventors, Inc., and besought them to devise a machine which should relieve him of the task his amazing success imposed upon him.

The Mobilized Inventors, Inc., after elaborate and costly experimentation, produced the engine known as the Filanthrofist's Phriend, to relieve Mr. Q. of the task of indorsing cheques.

The Filanthrofist's Phriend consists of a hopper, into which cheques of all denominations are dumped as they are received; a sorter, which separates the small ones from the large ones, and throws out the I. O. U.s; an accounter, which records the sum total of all cheques, drafts, money orders, postal notes; an indorser, which affixes Mr. Q.'s sign manual to each in the appropriate spot; a bundler, which performs the functions its name indicates, and a district messenger office, which distributes the packages of indorsed cheques to the banks.

At first Mr. Q found it necessary to run the machine only eight hours a day, but the added business produced by his release from the routine work of indorsing cheques soon compelled him to lengthen the working hours of the gang assigned to this task. In a short time three shifts were put on and new units were installed, until now four floors of (deleted by the censor) are occupied by batteries of Filanthrofist's Phriends.

Each gang consists of a foreman, four journeymen, a half dozen apprentices and several boys. The boys pick up cheques that fall on the floor when the day's mail is dumped in the hopper, collect and destroy the I. O. U.s, and generally keep the shop in order.

The attention of the authorities was directed to the plant by (deleted by the censor) who informed Fire Commissioner (deleted by the censor) that he had reason to believe something besides hand work was done in the premises at (deleted by the censor).

The Fire Commissioner accompanied by B(deleted by the censor)e (deleted by the censor)visited the suspected building at once, and after an argument with the foreman obtained admission. He inspected the apparatus carefully, and then issued this statement:

"By operating a great battery of Filanthrofist's Phriends in there Mr. Q. has transformed not only his office but the whole district into a factory zone. We must hereafter treat it as such. We shall post large notices printed in red ink on white cards in conspicuous places, prohibit smoking, and enforce the regulations with respect of fire walls, fire escapes and fire prevention apparatus.

"As to the report that the plant employs child labor, that the innocent little ones work under cruel taskmasters and disease breeding conditions on the Filanthrofist's Phriends, I have nothing to say.

"I have notified the Factory Inspector and the Board of Health to inspect this establishment.

"We should have discovered this amazing establishment sooner had the machinery not been absolutely noiseless. Mr. Q., I am informed, required that it be noiseless, telling the Mobilized Inventors, Inc., that absolute quiet was necessary in the transaction of his business."

Mr. Q., who was seen last night as he got on the train for Albany, said he had nothing to say.

## THE OPEN HAND.

### Tip, If You Must, in Proportion to Services Rendered.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Tipping may be classed as an evil if you choose, necessary or otherwise, but the custom is a fixture.

I have travelled the seven seas, North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and almost without exception every steamer or transcontinental train numbers among its passengers the "bounder," who not only "overtips" but tips first so that he, and he alone, may obtain some attention that is the just due of all. The tariff recognized by the majority of travellers is ignored by this type of social outcast, who at the expense of his firm or his travelling allowance undertakes to create for himself a recognition that his honest worth would never bring him. His kind is despised by those who through experience have learned that a ready and good natured return generally results from a tip gladly offered in proper proportion for the service rendered.

JONAS MASON, Jr.

NEW YORK, February 12, 1916.

### The Watch, the Waistcoat and the Socks.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why wrinkle the waistcoat by putting it under the pillow to save the watch and purse? Once after saving everything of value in a hotel fire, which, fortunately, did not reach my room, I returned to it, dragging my trunk and other belongings, to find that I had left my watch under the pillow. I then devised the simple method of putting my valuables in one of my socks, and to date, after circumnavigating and criss-crossing the globe many times, I have never left anything under my pillow of value. Try the socks; it's safe and easy.

WEEDSPORT, February 12. PACIFICO.

### Rainbow Due in Nebraska.

*From the Wakefield Record.*

The Sunshine Society will meet this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Vera Storm.

### Where Wisdom Is Found.

Knicker—Bachelors know how to bring up children.

Bocker—And probably foundlings know how to bring up parents.

## A PLUMED PERSIAN.

As Mollifer crossed the yard on his way to home and supper the smoke colored Persian kitten, sighting a fox terrier afar, dashed toward him and to his intense anguish climbed his leg, hiding a furry head beneath the edges of his coat. Mollifer gently disengaged the sharp little claws an instant before falling into the clutches of his two children. Placed on the ground the Persian fled up the nearest pear tree and perched unsteadily, waving his plumelike tail and addressing Mollifer with a reproachful "Miaow!"

"No doubt," admitted Mollifer, somewhat absently from the midst of his offspring, at the same time indulging a common reflection of his, that poets and philosophers have generally given too little consideration to the meritorious cat. Better than Swinburne's measured tribute he liked the whimsical verses of Thomas Gray, "On the Death of a Favorite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes," with their close:

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold.

Mollifer felt that by inspiring such a gay utterance of a priceless moral the cat had not met Kismet in vain.

His own cat is named Omar the Contentmaker, an appellation which pleases the family as uniting appreciation with a certain fancifulness of expression which Mollifer once carried a degree further by murmuring:

* * * and thou
Purring beside me in the wilderness.

For Omar the Contentmaker contributes a liberal share of the innocent fun that makes Mollifer's home such a cheerful place to be in.

When the hated alarm clock sounds at dawn a musical cry is heard from the foot of the staircase and the orange eyed Omar, begging a morning meal, is a spectacle perpetually interesting to the whole household. After breakfast and during the remainder of the day it is Omar's invariable wish to chase and be chased, run up the backs of chairs, toy prettily with fringes, turn somersaults in pursuit of his silver shadowed tail. In these antics he has the Mollifer children as attendant sprites. The exercise leaves them glowing and merry.

At evening when Mollifer is writing under the lamp Omar the Contentmaker frequently sits at his feet for some minutes, casting interrogative looks at his master. No objection being offered, he springs gracefully to Mollifer's lap and with perfect incuriosity gazes now at the scratching pen, now at the absorbed face above. Then he rests his head on Mollifer's free arm and naps lightly.

At such times Mollifer feels a shade of regret that Omar the Contentmaker has no soul and no reasonable hope (he gathers) of immortality. But he finds it pleasant to think that his cat's nine lives may be so many incarnations.

## WORDS OF TONGUE AND PEN.

### Compressed Wisdom of the Ancients, and Some Spoonerisms.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The epigrammatic saying respecting which inquiry is made by a correspondent in THE SUN of February 7 is to be found in slightly different forms in several authors. Rochefoucauld, as your correspondent suspects, may be one of these. Tacitus gives the idea perhaps its most classical expression: "Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeserit" ("It is characteristic of human nature to hate one whom you have injured"), "Agricola," chapter 42. Somewhat similarly, Seneca in his essay on "Anger," Book II., chapter 33: "Quos laeserunt et oderunt" ("Whom they have injured they also hate"). John Dryden expresses the same idea in a couple of vigorous lines in the "Conquest of Granada," Part II., Act I., scene 2:

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they neer pardon who have done the wrong.

Perhaps you will allow me to incorporate in this note a few Spoonerisms suggested by those recently given in the columns of THE SUN. When Mr. Spooner, on his transfer from a church to the headship of an Oxford college, was preaching his farewell sermon he feelingly reminded his hearers that he had always been to them a "shoving leopard" (a loving shepherd). Sitting in judgment as a college don on some idle students, among other collegiate enormities he charged them with having "actually tasted two worms" (wasted two terms). At a public dinner where he was one of the speakers he illustrated his exceptional ignorance of music by stating that he knew only two tunes, one of which was "God Save the Weasel," the other "Pop Goes the Queen." On another festive occasion he pointed to a dish containing jelly of a roseate hue and asked a lady sitting near it to kindly pass him that "stink puff" (pink stuff). In a lecture of his he used the weird expression "blinkering kongs" (conquering kings). Lastly, he was probably the originator of the mysterious query employed at a marriage where he was the celebrant, "Is it kustomary to kuss the bride?"

A. D. SMITH

SACKVILLE, N. B., February 9, 1916.

### The Checker Player.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* That was a most appealing picture you drew in your editorial article on the death of Royal A. Davis. I lack the art to put in words the effect these peculiarly SUN-ny editorials have upon me, but I have the heart to gratefully acknowledge the benefits derived. In the best sense of the word, it is a homely picture that you drew. They may still abound in the rural districts, but what with the Hermiones and the Fothergill Finches that offend our gaze wherever we look in this "advanced" town, such backward specimens of humanity as the checker player you depict are hard to find.

J. S. A.

NEW YORK, February 12, 1916.

### Frank Expression of a Roosevelt Supporter's Opinion of Mr. Justice Hughes.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Various papers and politicians believe the Presidency to lie between Roosevelt and Justice Hughes.

Why drag in Mr. Hughes? He doesn't want it, and if he did he could not get it. As a candidate he would be a joke like Mr. Parker; as a President he would be merely a bewhiskered Wilson.

All thoughtful people must know that Roosevelt should and will be overwhelmingly chosen President.

It is sad to think that America can now provide but one fit man for the office, and yet this is the obvious truth. May his life be spared for his country.

RICHARD P. READ.

NEW YORK, February 11, 1916.

### Albuquerque's Shame.

*From the Albuquerque Journal.*

Probably no other city of similar size in the United States is without a stone crusher.

### Willing to Oblige.

Mrs. Knicker—But the snow has been shovelled off.

Weary Willie—Well, I'll shovel it back for you, mum.

## RAILROAD STRIKES.

### Plain Talk From a Mere Citizen Threatened With Starvation.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* There hardly seems any occasion for groping in the dark such as is displayed by Borden D. Whiting in his letter of February 3 on the threatened railroad strike. The duty of "the rest of us" is quite obvious. That duty is to make it understood that the Government, which is really "the rest of us," proposes to protect fully the owners of the railroads in maintaining open traffic.

Bear in mind that it is the men who have precipitated this situation. It is they who have announced that if they do not obtain their demands no wheels shall turn. The owners have taken no such stand, and they could just as reasonably announce that no more wheels would turn until the rates were boosted to a certain point. Therefore, as matters are now the owners are entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

It is not so difficult to determine whether the contentions of either men or owners are in the whole fair and just. Most of us have for neighbors these engineers, conductors, &c., and we find that they are fully as well situated as "the rest of us." Likewise, the stockholders, bondholders, &c., are our neighbors, and they also manage to live as well as "the rest of us."

Therefore we arrive at the plain unvarnished conclusion that these men want more because they want it; quite a human characteristic. We cannot arrive at exactly the same conclusion regarding the owners, however, for, as Mr. Whiting says, the Government, "the rest of us," has stepped in and said "Thou shalt be prohibited from wanting more than so much."

The spectre of the nationwide strike will always be with us while the leaders can go through the form of delivering the labor vote. Some day enlightened public opinion will demand that these men be shorn of their power by the enactment of a law similar to the Canadian one, which, while it makes strikes and lockouts illegal, fully protects all parties, even "the rest of us."

H. D. MURPHY.

JERSEY CITY, February 11.

## THE CABINET BREAK.

### Remarks on the Unequal Distribution of Potential Efficiency.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The following conversation took place on the street here yesterday. Duty compels me, I think, to transmit a report of it at once to THE SUN:

"Well, Garrison has carried off half of the brains of the Cabinet."

"What about the other half?"

"Lane has it."

WONDERING WILLIE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12.

### Splitting Up Josephus.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* One might well be in sympathy with your lament on the resignation of the Secretary of War were it not so easy to find a solution for any embarrassment thereby entailed.

May not the Hon. Josephus Daniels now be selected to perform the duties of both Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy?

JOHN J. SHERIDAN.

BROOKLYN, February 12.

### The Calamity Is National.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The resignation of Mr. Garrison, the Secretary of War, is a national calamity. In following the Congressional and political bent of a national militia, organized on State lines, we shall perpetuate an old evil. Our army organization will be controlled by as many differing policies and orders as our railroad system now labors under through the incoherent control of forty-eight State commissions.

Let us hope that Mr. Garrison's resignation will at any rate awaken the people to the fundamental points at issue between the War Department and Congress.

In the present state of our country's unfortunate policies, as voiced by our Administration, it would be in order to now appoint Rabbi Wise to fill Mr. Garrison's place.

C. E.

NEW YORK, February 12.

### A Trio of Texans.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If the President wants advice about filling that vacancy in the Cabinet let me mention the name of our distinguished amateur ambassador, Colonel House of Texas.

We have only two Texans in the Cabinet. Considering that the President is beset by "liars," in respect to affairs in Mexico, it seems to me that a group of Texas statesmen in his official family would furnish a buffer worth having.

House, I presume, is in favor of "watchful waiting."

I hope Mr. Tumulty will permit this brilliant proposal of mine to reach the Executive eye.

ALAMO.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12.

### Another Vote for Josephus.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why not transfer the Hon. Josephus Daniels to the War Department?

He doesn't know anything about the navy. Perhaps he might learn something about the army.

EX-OFFICER OF THE NAVY.

JERSEY CITY, February 12.

### Juggled Milk.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I was delighted to read Mr. Curtis's letter in your paper in reference to the milk question and also the "Farmer's" letter published February 11.

I am one of the few million of people in this greatest city of the world who really have an interest in the milk question. I have dealt with the great milk concerns, one after another, hoping with each change that I might be able to get real cow's milk in as near the natural state as possible and milk that would have cream and would be satisfying. I have, after sifting over the different dealers, settled on the one which I consider best, but still I am far from satisfied with the results of my milk purchases. The price has gone up to the consumer with wonderful regularity, but the product seems to be so juggled that it is hard to get satisfaction, and it is a hard matter to tell whether in the 9 cent Grade B, the 12 cent Grade A or the 15 cent certified I am getting better results.

I cannot understand why, with the present rates paid the farmers, we cannot get real milk for 9 cents. The letter in THE SUN stating that the milk separator was to blame explains something, but if we should take the three grades in equal quantities and mix them together, we should be getting a 12 cent milk, which ought to be the natural product, and that is certainly a high price for cows' milk.

I do not claim that the milk is watered, but there is a possibility that in this juggling process water has been injected into the stock of the company.

I should be very glad, as I think many others would be, to have this matter explained by the selling company.

G. A. W.

NEW YORK, February 12.

### Harbingers of Summer.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Was all this fuss about the "Harbinger of Spring"? We have had evidence of the coming of summer. Two lone flies called two weeks ago and seem to have chosen our apartment for their permanent home.

M. C. W.

NEW YORK, February 12.

### The Gay Life in Wyoming.

*From the Hamilton Gazette.*

A cowboy recently returned to Wyoming from a visit to the city. He visited the theatre, had lunch at the main hotel and purchased a new silk hat. Miss Ethel Wing returned with Mr. Worth and they will be married soon.

# SEEKS TO EXPEDITE JUDGMENT ACTIONS

## Alexander Rosenthal Working for Amendment to Code of Civil Procedure.

## JURISTS INDORSE PLAN

Alexander Rosenthal, a lawyer, of 2 Chambers street, made public yesterday a number of letters he has received from Judges and well known attorneys indorsing a movement he has been fostering for several years to bring about an amendment to the Code of civil procedure at the next session of the Legislature which not only simplifies the present practice and expedite litigation but will remedy defects in supplementary proceedings.

As to shortening the time required for a judgment to be entered, Mr. Rosenthal believes only ten days should be permitted to answer a complaint and if any extension of time is granted it should be under the supervision of the court. He believes the Sheriff should not hold an execution for sixty days before returning it, as at present, but should return it in ten days. He also suggests that an order for the examination of the debtor in supplementary proceedings be served at the same time the execution is served.

Mr. Rosenthal suggested that the debtor be examined in open court before a Judge and that wilful false swearing as to the ownership of property be made contempt of court and punished severely. Mr. Rosenthal said regarding the present method:

"After judgment is rendered an execution is then issued to the Sheriff and when he has made a return stating that no property of the judgment debtor can be found an examination is supposed to ensue. One would imagine that judgment debtor is thereupon examined before a Judge and minutes should be taken so the proceeding should be surrounded with some solemnity and importance. But such is far from being the case.

"The proceeding to collect the judgment is, of course, the most important matter of all, yet it has come to be regarded as a side issue. The man who is persistent about collecting his claim is regarded as a bulldozer instead of individual who should be commended. Of course, as quickly as justice is a being the point of view, it has come to pass that no Judge presides at the examination and no minutes are taken by any official stenographer. Usually the debtor is examined by the attorney for the creditor in some deserted room, or one of the vacant jury rooms, and with what results?

"The result is that almost any excuse, however flimsy, any fabrication, however transparent, suffices to relieve the honest judgment debtor. On the other hand, the unfortunate judgment debtor not having the protection of a Judge is pounded and bulldozed into desperation by some unscrupulous or tormented by some judge willing to gain practice and experience.

"The dishonest debtor knows that his business is owned by his wife or other relatives and that he is employed at some miserable pittance a week, while in fact he may be living in luxury and cutting a wide swath in other ways. He can easily and calmly assure the creditor that the business is now owned by a corporation which he is the manager and owns one share of stock. And so the creditor 'gets away with it,' and the poor creditor gets nothing."

Bills to remedy the defects pointed out by Mr. Rosenthal will be introduced shortly. Such a step is urged in the following letter from Justice Tompkins:

"I have felt strongly for years and have urged upon the members of the committee of the Courts of Appellate Division, as well as upon the Presiding Justices of the Appellate Division, that the phase of our city court practice is so urgently and greatly in need of action in the direction of reform. The present methods are most outrageous, absurd."

Justice Tompkins of the Supreme Court wrote:

"In almost all matters of practice too much time is given to pleading, serving of notices, hearings, &c., and that is one of the causes of the delays that are so frequently complained of. . . . I think your suggestion for the examination of judgment debtors in open court is a good one."

## N. Y. UNIVERSITY ASKS $275,000

### New Physics Building Needed as Students Multiply.

An appeal for $275,000 for a new physics building at University Heights is being made by the management of New York University. Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown will be the first to address the engineering group of the university on the work in physics, and has been greatly hampered for space, and it is expected that the next year the registration will increase that it will be necessary to exclude students from the college unless the new building is built.