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naturalization and aliens who have not yet sought their first papers shall meet to discuss the problems that must be solved. It is plain that these mass meetings, to be successful, must enlist the support of all elements in the community, and the bureau has appealed for general assistance in the enterprise.

Only through education and enlightenment can the character of citizens, native and naturalized, be improved, and any practical plan for increasing knowledge of American institutions and ideals must have the support of every patriot. We have had disquieting evidence of failure by some citizens to recognize their obligations; we can do no less than endeavor hereafter to prevent the inclusion in the body politic of persons who do not understand what Americanism means.

A Timely Lesson From Football. The almost passionate desire upon the part of the public to turn now from pestiferous politics to something of real importance is indicated by the fact that more than one hundred thousand football fans have applied for tickets for the Yale-Harvard game at New Haven on November 25.

As the Yale Bowl seats only about seventy thousand spectators a large number of disappointed enthusiasts are already fingering their returned checks and preparing to haunt the football bulletin boards when the day of the game comes around.

As a politico to hunt the blows of party antagonism college football is a national blessing at this crisis. As a people we've been a good deal stirred up of late in a way that was not conducive to mental or bodily comfort. Every man in the country, and nearly every woman, has been taking part in the great Presidential game and kicking, either publicly or privately, the political ball as it hurtled from side to side.

While speaking of this, it would be a timely suggestion to urge upon all the people of the country the earliest possible abandonment of such friction and ill feeling as the Presidential contest has of necessity engendered. After every great intercollegiate football match the opposing teams, and their respective supporters, make a demonstration designed to express the resignation of the losing side to the outcome of the game and the intention of the victors to be modest and generous in their hour of victory.

Let us follow now as a people the custom that prevails on the collegiate gridiron after a heart-breaking battle: royal and rise to a full realization of the fact that, whether we are Democrats or Republicans, vanquished or victors, we are all Americans and are not to be permanently alienated from each other through the temporary disintegrating influences of party strife.

If the other fellows got the ball and kicked the winning goal, don't snarl and grumble and imagine the republic is coming to an end because your team went down to defeat. If you don't like the result of the game, remember that there'll be another four years from now and that during the interval it is your duty to fulfil all your obligations as a patriotic American citizen, no matter which political party may be in power.

A Promise of Some New Thrillers. FREDERIC SMITH is the name of a Yankee who has arrived in this port after having, as he says, been shanghaied aboard the British freighter Midland, which was sunk in the Bay of Biscay on October 20 by a German submarine. Mr. SMITH says that he was not shanghaied in the regular way, which consists in slipping a drug, usually chloral, into the victim's liquor. This innocent astore knows nothing further until the mate enters the fore-cabin and turns him out on the top of his boat at eight bells of the morning watch next day.

Concerning the details of the coercion put upon this Yankee seafarer we read only that he suffered no rough treatment. His shanghaing was, he says, "purely scientific." There is a story of MORGAN ROBERTSON'S in which the hero was shanghaied at San Francisco in a very novel in the arts of Jiu-Jitsu. A hard blow inflicted on the pneumogastric nerve made the subject suddenly unconscious of everything terrestrial. When he regained consciousness he was for some time unable to speak. This novelty made interesting reading. Since the publication of that tale there has been hardly any variation in the styles of shanghaing sailors. The hero is treated in this fashion less frequently than he used to be, probably because of the operation of the new seamen's law, which makes it a highly punishable offence to treat the man before the mast unkindly.

If it will not be self-incriminating Mr. SMITH has a duty to perform toward the fiction writers; he must acquaint them with the method of his taking off. The royalties they can pay him will amount to more than an able seaman can earn in a dozen present day passages.

Resurrecting the Kingdom of Poland. Germany and Austria-Hungary, according to the despatches from Berlin, are to establish a new State in Europe by revivifying the ancient kingdom of Poland. Only the most meagre details of the contemplated plan are given; even the boundaries of the State are not stated. Upon the manner of the rehabilitation of their ancient monarchy will depend the satisfaction of the Polish people and their

chances of realizing their long cherished ambition for a separate national existence. A similar promise was made at the beginning of the war when the Grand Duke NICHOLAS issued a manifesto proclaiming that the hour of Polish freedom had come and calling upon the Poles of all countries to unite under the sceptre of the Czar. The realization of Polish hopes, however, was deferred. The one concession secured was the permission to transact official business in Polish. The right of suffrage was still limited to high property qualification and administrative interference with local government was not removed. When the political parties of Poland, taking advantage of the situation, attempted to secure a more definite understanding of their new status, they met with merely evasive answers. The Poles of the world did not arise to the defence of Russia. Those in Galicia bitterly opposed a union with that country and in many other parts of Austria special Polish legions were formed to fight against Russia.

The Poles in Austria-Hungary are divided, as well as in Russia, are divided on the question of their allegiance to the Government under which they live. For political reasons the Poles of Galicia in 1867 were endowed with certain national rights and local self-government, and have small share in the dissatisfaction manifested by people of their race in other parts of Austria-Hungary. In Prussia the Poles at the beginning of the war were engaged in an active struggle against the Germans and the policy of Prussiaification pursued by the Government aroused the most bitter opposition among the Polish people. None of the three empires that profited by the partition of Poland has been free from the charge of persecution of these unfortunate people.

That Prussia will surrender Posen or West Prussia or Austria valuable parts of her own empire to make up the new State is not likely. The despatch would indicate that the new Poland will be composed of "the districts conquered with great sacrifices from Russian domination." The plan apparently is to form of these districts "a national State with a hereditary monarchy and a constitutional government." This would practically foreshadow in case of Teutonic success a Poland that would be a "buffer State," a barrier to check the Slavs at the German frontier. But the position of buffer States in Europe, judging from the fate of Belgium and Serbia, is not enviable.

If the revival of the ancient kingdom of Poland is to accomplish more than this it is doubtful if it will bring the long sought rest and peace to this harassed land or realize the dreams of the Polish people.

Be Your Own Efficiency Expert. Are you efficient? The awful query refuses to elude. The clocks tick it, the flat wheels in the subway thump it, the ungraced curves of the elevated screech it. If you are an old business fog, the question burns in the eye of every pitying employee. You find your wife measuring the distance from the range to the kitchen cabinet and your son computing the power necessary to propel a football in the lowest arch. The telephone company advises you to give your name instead of saying "Hello."

Blessed be the concrete of thought, if not of head. Concreteness enables you to see just what the efficiency masters mean. One of them, WILLIAM FRETZ KEMBLE, tells in Industrial Management "How to Test Your Employees." Of course every man who reads it will first test his most important employee, his father's son. Watch and pad and pencil are all that is needed to acquaint yourself with your virtues and faults. In thirty seconds answer as many of these questions as you can: Give the name of a vegetable, a metal, an insect, a reptile, a fish, a man, a woman, an ocean, a lake, a town. If at the end of the half minute you have written only "beet, gold, flea, spider," you are pretty poor. If you have also put down "trout, HUGHES, PICKER, Atlantic," you are up to the human average of eight answers. If you feel that you can go beyond ten answers, you may describe the color of water, tea, beer, ivory, the sky, grass, milk, chalk, coal and skin. But men who go beyond fifteen answers in three seconds are rare; they should have secretaries, hushanines and big black cigars.

Next try to answer five "difficult questions" in twenty seconds: "1. Who is the greatest living general?" "2. What is the most powerful force in the world?" "3. Perhaps love isn't, but it's shorter word than mitochondria."

"4. What is the greatest modern discovery?" "5. Quick, man! Radium will do."

"6. What is the greatest necessity of commerce?" Secretary HODGKIN probably would not answer that in less than 11,840 words. You, perhaps, will write "ships" or "railroads" and pass on to the last:

"7. What is the cheapest food for the human race?" Bread, unless you are a flound for lentils or employed by the makers of Fluted Oatcorn. But you ought to answer three of the questions in twenty seconds, says Mr. KEMBLE. If

you answer fewer it indicates "slowness or deliberation in thought." Even more fascinating is the personal opinion test. Do you believe:

"That war is ever justifiable?" "That moral laws would be necessary if every one was naturally moral?" "That you are above human average in ability?" "That the account of JONAH and the whale is true?" "That it will ever be possible to tunnel from Alaska to Asia?"

These quoted are but five of thirty. The answers "should be determined by the vote of ten very high class executives." So in all humility we refrain from attempting to couch the reader. But we are curious as to what is the expert answer to the third of the questions.

The Cloud in the Gulf of Mexico. Great Britain can afford to lose a munition ship now and then, for the supply of shells and equipment in the United States is practically inexhaustible. Ships for cargoes are not so plentiful as they have been, but there are vessels going into the water from the home yards all the time. Great Britain, however, cannot afford to have the oil port of Tampico closed by a German submarine blockade. That would be a very serious matter, for the British navy must have its oil.

The Mexican wells have been an unending source of supply. From the Russian fields it is difficult to obtain any oil at all. German submarines have appeared in the Gulf of Mexico, and Great Britain has sent to the Carranza Government a note warning it not to permit violations of neutrality to its citizens; that is to say, not to allow the Germans to establish a base for submarine operations on the Mexican coast or to obtain aid and material at Mexican ports. "Drastic action" is threatened if the warning is not heeded. The situation is grave for Mexico, and it may become embarrassing for the United States if the Entente Allies attempt "drastic action," which might take the form of virtual occupation of the port of Tampico.

It is significant that the British note was conveyed to the Carranza Government through the medium of the American State Department, although there is still a British representative in the city of Mexico. This proceeding implies that in London the Mexican Government is not considered capable of enforcing the neutrality laws against Germany, and that the Entente Allies may undertake to disregard Mexican sovereignty, very much as the authority of the Government in Greece has been ignored.

How, it may be asked, could Mexico with her pitiful little navy, such gunboats as the Bravo and the Morais, prevent the Germans from making a base on the coast of Yucatan or among the islands of the Gulf of Campeche? Señor AGUILAR, the Carranza Foreign Minister, has made a brave reply to the British note, but it is only waste paper. His complaint that the Mexican Government was not addressed directly is mere bombast. His promise to enforce neutrality has no value.

If there are German submarines in the Gulf of Mexico—and private advisers confirm the British statement—any day may bring the news of the torpedoing of an oil ship, or of a number of oil ships, without warning; and we may hear at any time of retaliation by the Allies upon the feeble Government of Mexico for failing in its duty of neutrality. The United States may incur a dual responsibility: on the one hand, to keep the Germans within the law of the sea, and laid down by Mr. WILSON in his note; and, on the other hand, to deal with intervention in Mexico by the Allies.

Vote for Patriotism, Preparedness and Prudence. Don't be too hard on CARRANZA. He has still a Presidential election on his hands.

Why doesn't CONSTANTINE of Greece apply for that job as King of Poland? WILLIAM J. BRITAN goes to the polls to-day to kiss the beloved hand that smote him.

One thing is certain. VANCE McCORMICK in any case will need a new pipe. The campaign committee of the Weather Bureau is entitled to the thanks of the public.

The only invisible government this country is threatened with for the next four years, namely, Colonel House, votes early to-day for Woodrow Wilson.

There's no room for doubt that ALVA will carry the city of Chihuahua. Is This True of the Average Librarian? To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: After the lectures you speak of in your editorial article "Selling Books" get through imparting knowledge to clerks on how to sell books it might do some good if a course of lectures were given to library attendants on department.

Go into the average library to-day and you will not infrequently find some of the attendants talking in loud voices to friends or putting magazines or papers in the holders in a manner that sounds like the piling of kindling wood. Ask for a book of some literary merit and the attendant will frequently tell "ships" or "railroads" and pass on to the last:

"5. What is the cheapest food for the human race?" Bread, unless you are a flound for lentils or employed by the makers of Fluted Oatcorn. But you ought to answer three of the questions in twenty seconds, says Mr. KEMBLE. If

DEAD CORPORATIONS. Their Names Litter the Records of the Secretary of State.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: There is a pronounced and increasing need of a summary method of disposing of the names of corporations which have fled incorporating papers with the Secretary of State during the past century and a quarter but which have failed to complete their organization, or, having organized, ceased to operate and are, as a matter of fact, defunct, though still carried on the records as existing corporations.

There are now in the neighborhood of over 200,000 names of companies on the indices of existing in business, but a summary determination can be made, it is believed that a very considerable percentage of these names do not represent active corporations. It is therefore becoming increasingly difficult to devise names for new corporations which do not conflict with the titles apparently in use, and each day upward of one hundred applications for names made to this office have to be denied.

In some of the States, New Jersey, for instance, the Governor is empowered to declare by proclamation the forfeiture of the names of companies which have defaulted in the payment of the annual franchise taxes. Possibly a similar remedy would prove effective in New York, but the particular method adopted is, of course, less important than the achievement of some satisfactory way of clearing the titles from the list of available names for new corporations can be avoided.

FRANCIS M. HUGG, Secretary of State, ALBANY, November 3.

IS ORATORY A LOST ART? A Veteran Recalls the Magic Voices of Other Campaigns.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: The SUN's editorial article "Where Are the Faces of the Great?" was well designed to arouse recollections of the distinguished men before the public and the enthusiasm of the people in other Presidential campaigns. It impressed a more exciting political rivalry than that at Bedford, Ind., in the Hayes-Tilden contest of 1876. It would be impossible to forget the torchlight processions through streets of red fire, the blare of brass bands, the transparencies, the hoarse, wild shouts, "Hurray for Tilden!" "Hurray for Blue Jeans!" Perhaps comparatively few now remember that "Blue Jeans" was a nickname for James D. Williams, who at the succeeding election defeated Benjamin Harrison for the Governorship of the Hoosier State, the term "Blue Jeans" having its origin in Williams's favorite material for clothing. Oliver P. Morton, the great war Governor of Indiana, came to Bedford in that campaign and delivered a masterly speech while sitting in a chair in the grove where the people had assembled. What our country needs in the White House to-day is a patriot like Oliver P. Morton.

In the contest of the Grant-Seymour contest of 1868, I remember a Republican mass meeting at the public square in Medina, Ohio, that for enthusiasm I have never seen surpassed. Every township in the county sent a delegation, which in some cases numbered from one hundred to two hundred men, dressed in a uniform of blue, and carrying large wagons, handsomely decorated and drawn by many horses, carried ribbons in white, each adorned with a globe bearing the name of a State of the Union, while rising above all stood the Goddess of Liberty, with crown of stars, supporting the scales of justice. Local orators bore a large part of the general Grant, with the familiar words, "Let us have peace." As the long lines advanced over picturesque hills, their flags and banners waving and the woods echoing the music of the brass and martial bands, the soul of every loyal Buckeye that saw them must have thrilled.

Probably few political speakers heard in New York City have received a greater ovation than that accorded the late James B. Belford, one of Colorado's first representatives in Congress, when in 1868 he appeared at Cooper Institute to advocate the election of General Grant for President. Belford was a scholar with red hair, and his glowing periods brought from the vast audience storms of applause. As he left the platform, A. T. Stewart, New York merchant prince, presented to him his personal check for \$200 as a testimonial of his appreciation of the speech.

In the front ranks of stump speakers of five years ago stood General William H. Gibson of Tiffin, Ohio. General Gibson was once billed to follow John A. Bingham in addressing a Republican mass meeting in the open. Bingham had the reputation of being one of the most fascinating speakers of his time. He was a tall, thin man, with a long, thin nose, and a pair of eyes that seemed to follow you. When United States Minister to the court of the Mikado, gave to Japan the famous name, "The Land of the Morning," Bingham opened the meeting, but it soon became evident that only a part of the immense audience could come within a range of his voice, and he divided the crowd, climbing into a lumber wagon, in his shirt-sleeves, with a bandanna handkerchief protecting his throat. General Gibson began to speak. A few left the fringe of the multitude to gather around him. As he warmed up, others joined them. Then he moved to the center of the circle and the tide through had come under his sway, leaving the "silver-tongued orator," magnetic as he was, few more than a corporal's guard. With his marvelous voice General Gibson could address acres of men and women.

Harriet Beecher Stone, who heard General Gibson in one of the Lincoln campaigns, wrote: "I have heard many of the renowned orators of Europe and our own country, but I have never sat under two hours and a half under such wonderful eloquence as that of General William H. Gibson of Ohio."

NEW YORK, November 6.

The Drama in California. The villain pursued the heroine through the San Pedro mountains and the unexplored vastness of the mountains back of Los Angeles. "Ha! Ha!" he said by his lips what he said just as he raised his knife to stab her in the back. But the hero arose at this juncture and said, in silent drama words, "Unhand that woman!" He did not. "Just as the knife was about to descend and the gallery gasped and missed three cheers on their gun and the orchestra was playing the tremolo staff the Atkins Theatre cut walked majestically across the stage.

An Election Day Wish. May history repeat itself again And bring us eighteen sixty's brand of war. Buchanan stepped aside for Lincoln then, May Wilson now make way for Charles E. Hughes. C. E. H.

SHINNECOCK. There is a tradition that a man who lived in Good Ground, Long Island, many years before the advent of Charles Francis Murphy, wanted to court a young woman residing in the village of Southampton. He set out repeatedly in his buggy to visit her. His mare would carry him a certain distance on the road through the Shinnecock Hills and then would come to a dead stop; neither blows nor caresses could persuade her to go further. Eventually the young man gave up the effort to reach Southampton—in that day there was no railroad—and married a girl who lived across the street.

Nowadays we should be told that his gasoline gave out in the hills, or that he stopped to play golf and in the ardor of the game forgot his errand. The legend is probably a fictitious embellishment of the fact that the Shinnecock Hills are so attractive as to make it nearly impossible to leave once you have entered them.

Just what constitutes their charm is difficult to say, unless it may be that the hills are a combination of the best of both worlds, bare, undulating, windswept and possessing great delicacy of contour and coloring. The natural environment suggests the desert island of romance. This illusion is interfered with to a great extent by the golf courses, the country clubs, the summer residents and the twenty foot cement highway skirting the shore of Shinnecock Bay.

In one of these cottages George Varel lingered late into the fall to finish a novel which he was writing. Publication of the novel had been begun serially, and it was imperative that he complete the tale. When he had done so he intended to hunt up Patricia Wickham and ask her to marry him.

In one of the handsome residences of the Southampton summer colony Patricia Wickham remained long after the close of the resort's season. She lingered in the expectation that George Varel would find his way over to Southampton one of these days and propose to her. Once or twice a week she drove over the hills in her car, but the moment she reached the cottage near Varel's house and she could not deliberately let him know that she was staying close by. Perhaps he would hear of it by chance.

Varel finished his novel and hastened with it to his New York publisher. The novel had been accepted and a certain street where he called at a house and learned that Miss Wickham was at Southampton. Wondering greatly he returned for that town, hearing that Varel had gone back to New York. He hurried to the cottage and passed each other at six miles an hour somewhere about Bayshore.

When Varel found that the young woman was not at Southampton he began to think that she did not want to receive him. So he went to the cottage of the Shinnecock Hills and met her himself as untripped as his surroundings permitted.

When Patricia Wickham found that Varel had left New York she waited for him to reappear. As he did not do so she finally decided to motor out to Southampton. With some difficulty she contrived to ditch her car at the point on the cement road nearest the Varel cottage. Then she walked to the cottage in search of help. There was no one there. Varel had gone over to Southampton that morning to look at the house she had lived in.

In an extraordinary fit of temper Miss Wickham walked to the railroad station and returned to New York. When Varel returned to the city, between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the social season was in full swing. One of the first things that came to his mind was the announcement of the engagement of Patricia Wickham to Arthur Rupert Andrews, noted for his portraits of eminent men.

NOSEBAGS: A LESSON. A Tale of a Norman Merchant and His Bearing Now.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: At the close of the season there will be a lightning transition in all the now well organized munition plants of Europe into making goods for the American market. True, they will have a lot to do in replacing the waste, but the high prices of our present market will prove a rich reward for the foreman, who will need our money very much.

In 1882, returning East from attending a government auction, a friend induced me to stop over for a day in order to visit Salt Lake City. On my arrival in the great Mormon capital my friend joined me in the company of the Mormon Cooperative Store and tried to sell me a lot of 1,000 coats and leather goods for horses. He offered them at 20 cents each and claimed they could not be made for less than a dollar.

"Very true," said the manager, "but if I could get 100 more I would take them all over East and we would never see it again. I would prefer to make them here in Salt Lake City, for the money would go to our farmers for hides, our tanners for preparing the leather and to all our different members. The money would benefit us here instead of being carried off out of the country."

BROOKLYN, November 6. '16. Isaac Isaac.

My First Vote.

I am a man. Of years a score and one Have given in my third marriage. From wisdom's font my mind hath been, From heaven my heart, And now my vote.

Has dawned and life hath ruthless thrust, Asks her thousand to the world's great mart.

I am a man! The world looks now to me For manhood's marks and all his highest was. I have a vote and power attract my eager eye. But duty calls and I must own my lack Till it shall lead me to the very brink Of self-forgetfulness, ambitions foe.

I am a man! The state puts in my hand A slip of paper, and I take it with a sigh. By touch of any unclean, soiled thing, Shall I defile a thing so safe, and saint, And make it purer by a pure man's deed?

I am a man! God puts into my hand The issue of an opportunity. For some time past, shall I the issue sell And make it barren as a dead tree's bough, Or make it barren with the ripened fruit of man's good will unto his brother man?

I am a man! What then's my heritage? And what my chance upon the world's great stage? A chance to help the oppressed both far and near? A chance to smile all wrong with iron hand? A chance to stress my God with heart and hand? A chance, yes, God, to serve my fellow man? REV. WILLIAM CAYNE, D. D. BROOKLYN, November 6.

HERE IS A JOB FOR AMERICANS WITH BRAINS TO TACKLE.

It Involves the Curbing of Capitalists, Labor Leaders and Demagogues and Calls for Participation of Business Men in Politics.

From an address by President R. W. Rice of the General Electric Company.

It is the engineer's business to produce wealth; he does this by making discoveries and inventions, by making better use of material and of labor, by saving by-product and preventing waste, by multiplying the effectiveness of labor as by the invention of labor saving tools and devices, and in other ways too numerous to mention. The net result is and must be, if he is successful, a constant increase in wealth or in the good things of the world. He is increasing, in other words, the amount of the material which is the basis of our prosperity and even of our existence. I do not think I need to emphasize this point any further; it must be self-evident to you gentlemen.

However, if you have read the newspapers, or have seen your eyes, ears and brains, you must have become painfully aware of the fact that there has grown up in this country a large body of men whose business it seems to be to reduce the effectiveness of your work as far as possible. A large and apparently growing class of men act upon the theory that efficient production is undesirable, that production should be limited to the minimum rather than increased to the maximum, and that the cost of production may be constantly and indefinitely increased without damage to the industry or their own interests.

The fallacy which underlies this theory and practice is, of course, evident to you educated men. It is the fallacy that there is only a limited amount of work to be done in the world and that the less work each man does the more work there will be left for the other fellow. These teachers of false economic doctrine and practice seem to assume that it is undesirable to increase the amount of goods produced.

Now, in my judgment, it will be necessary for you gentlemen to make a careful study of this situation and combat it in every proper way this false and dangerous practice. Of course, you know that the more there is produced in the world the more there will be to divide, and while it may be true that as long as men live there will be a disagreement as to the division of the good things which are produced, it is simply suicide for any of us to adopt practices which restrict or reduce the amount of useful goods produced.

I will not take your time to go into this matter in detail; I am sure you are intelligent enough to make your own application from this situation and one that is a live problem and one in which every one of you should interest himself. You should try to ascertain the reason for the growth of the suicidal policy, and it will be your duty to help find a solution of the problem. It is perhaps the most serious problem which faces our country, in fact, not limited to this country, it is found in every civilized country. It is manifestly impossible for us to continue to make progress unless we all pull together. I do not wish to have you think that those who are now charged with the responsibility of manufacturing and engineering are content with this situation; on the contrary, all progressive companies and individuals are seeking a solution, but we need your help to combat inefficient practices and false doctrines. I think if we all get the

AMERICAN AVIATION CORPS. A FIGHT FOR THE LAND. If the Name Is to Be Changed Lafayette Would Be Appropriate.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: A Washington despatch published on Friday reads: "The famous American Aviation Corps of the President's army is to be given a distinctive title as a result of protests in the State Department that use of the name is not compatible with American neutrality."

The act of our Administration in thus disowning these heroic young men could only be accepted by France as something that is both unfriendly and stupid. In the opinion of many of our people these Americans are our noblest type to-day. Let us not forget that the American Legion, the following organization, is now being organized in France.

If through the act of expropriation associated with our enlistment in French army you are technically deprived of the right to be known as citizens of the United States, I would suggest that to change your name to Lafayette Aviation Corps would not imply any withdrawal of American sympathy. You may refer to me as "Lafayette" and I will refer to you as "Lafayette." Let us not forget that the American Legion, the following organization, is now being organized in France.

THOMAS ROBINSON, New York, November 6.

THE MARINA'S GUN. A Contention That Such a Weapon Impairs the Submarine's Usefulness.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: I submit that the question of the Marina revolves about her 47 inch gun. The mounting of such a gun necessarily transforms a non-combatant into a beligerent, and it is not clear that the Administration is entirely wrong in its attitude as to the arming of merchant vessels.

For the United States to contend that a German submarine with its eggshell plating should rise to the surface and deliberately warn a vessel with a 47 inch gun is too outrageously unfair for serious consideration. The submarine is a recognized implement of warfare, and its usefulness should not be impaired by the irrelevant fact that not many years ago merchant vessels were allowed to arm themselves against the pirates of the China seas.

Let us be fair and admit that an unarmed Marina returning for another cargo and a Marina mounting a fine 47 inch gun are vitally different vessels. Let us reverse our previous finding and come out flat footed with the truth that "the gun makes the beligerent." REV. W. H. H. NEW YORK, November 6.

The Path of Glory in the Palmetto State.

He Clark died Thursday night at his home near Pittsburg. He will be remembered by many as being a hearty laugh and a still heavier stomach, winning wagers by his capacity for devouring pounds of soda crackers, eating bunches of bananas and such kindred eating stunts. He was the champion eater of the county and a checker player of local renown.

The Little Cross Mark.

Knicker—Got your mind made up? Broomstick—Yes, I'm ready to swab ballists while croaking the circle.