The Sun.

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The Court and the Sentence.

"The Kaiser's sentence," writes an esteemed friend of THE SUN and of human justice, "has already been pronounced by public opinion. It is St. Helena—for life."

There is in the city of Brussels a court building which is generally regarded as one of the costliest and ugliest structures on the face of the earth. That seems to be the proper place for the trial and the sentencing of the person directly responsible for the costliest and ugliest crime in all the history of the world.

What more impressive spectacle to celebrate the ultimate triumph of Civilization over Hohenzollernism, what more significant guarantee of the right of nations to exist and of individuals to live in the future unmolested and unassassinated, could there be than the delivery of the German Kaiser to the restored and reconstituted courts of Belgium for fair trial and for just sentence according to the forms of Belgian law in the Palais de Justice at Brussels?

But the trial should precede the sentence.

Cotton Shipments and Our Soldiers.

To the makers of ammunition cotton is a fundamental necessity. It forms the base, the substance of all high explosives. For this purpose it is estimated that the Allies are using not less than 3,000,000 bales annually, while Germany requires 2,500,000 bales at least.

Where does Germany get it?

In 1915, the latest period for which complete statistics are available, the total world's production of cotton was 20,823,000 bales of 500 pounds each. Of this production 12,122,000 bales were furnished by the United States—a short crop. India and Egypt supplied 3,976,000 bales more. Thus 16,000,000 bales of the 20,000,000 bales produced in 1915 came from fields within or controlled by the United States and Great Britain. The remaining 4,000,000 bales were produced by China, Russia, Brazil, Peru, Persia and a number of other countries. None of them produces more than is sufficient for its own domestic uses.

It is apparent, therefore, that the cotton which supplies Germany with material for her high explosives must come from the United States and from the British colonies. All the other cotton raising countries put together produce only a few hundred thousand bales more than needed for this purpose alone, and they are not exporting nations. The British control shipments from their colonies absolutely, and the conclusion is inevitable that it is the United States which is guilty of the incredible folly and crime of selling to its enemy the material for ammunition wherewith to blast the bodies of our soldiers on the battle line.

The enormous increase in our exports of cotton to States in commercial touch with Germany clinches this charge. It must be remembered that in all these States, notably Switzerland, Italy and Holland, the scarcity of fuel is so great that cotton mills, like other manufacturing plants, are running at half capacity. Notwithstanding this our exports of cotton to Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Italy leaped from 335,000 bales in 1913 to 1,998,000 bales in 1915 and 525,000 bales in 1916. Shortage of tonnage is said to account for the falling off in the latter year. Italy, though at war with Germany, is under suspicion of passing on much of her greatly increased imports of cotton to that country through Switzerland. Her own mills are running at half capacity, yet her imports from the United States doubled between 1914 and 1915, and are increasing during the current year.

Without cotton in sufficient quantities our enemies can no longer prosecute the war, and without the connivance of a certain portion of our people they cannot get the cotton. It is unbelievable that we shall continue to supply them with the material from which to fabricate explosives with which to slaughter our soldiers. We send the flower of our land across the water to fight for our protection and the cause of humanity and democracy. We send out our navy to make the sea safe for shipping. And then we load down the ships thus protected with the material for explosives to be used against our soldiers. It is incredible that the Government should permit the continuance of so suicidal a policy.

It is asserted that the great interest of the South in the price of cotton has thus far blocked any endeavor to regulate its shipment, or even to put an embargo upon it. The sensitiveness of the Administration to Southern sentiment is well known, and the domination of Congress by that sectional interest is unfortunately notorious. But we doubt whether any section or its political representatives would be willing to defend openly a policy which permits profit seekers to supply the Germans with munitions for use against our troops. If the arms factories of Bridgeport should contend for the right to ship guns and ammunition for Teutonic use, they would be adopting a no more unpatriotic and treasonable course than the public man who defends the unrestricted shipment of cotton to countries that notoriously transfer it at once to German hands.

A Doctor's Dismal Thoughts.

We fear that a tube of gloom culture from the laboratory at Washington must have found its way to the office of that usually cheerful New York physician Dr. JAMES J. WALSH. In an article on "Utopia: Where Men Were Happy" in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, he betrays symptoms of profound doldrums. This would not be remarkable in a mere doctor, but Dr. WALSH is a historian, and no historian should be appalled by anything. Yet he writes:

"Whenever I have lectured on 'The Thirteenth as the Happiest of Centuries,' however, I have usually ventured to suggest that probably the very unhappiest time of human existence is our own. For some reason apparently in the designs of an inscrutable Providence we were born into the period when more human beings in proportion to the whole number of those alive are unhappy than was probably true ever before. Since the outbreak of the war I do not find many people who disagree with me seriously, but even before the war I felt that this expression as to the superlative unhappiness of the men of our time was true. Our insanity rate was higher than ever before and has doubled in the last generation. Our suicide rate is ever so much higher than at any time before, and that, too, has more than doubled within a generation. Besides the age at which people go insane and commit suicide is getting to be ever younger and younger, for the strain, the struggle for existence and the stress of the lack of sympathy around them produces a profound feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction with life."

Dr. WALSH is preferable to Pollyanna, of course, yet we think he shares that young lady's fault of going to extremes. The theory that everything is wrong is delightful in that so many things can be shown to be wrong—including the theory itself. Possibly the rates on insanity and suicide appear to be higher now than ever before, because the statisticians of previous generations were lax.

Everything moves, either forward or backward, or seems to. Novels and the weather are worse than they were ten years ago; motor tires and telephone service are better. Take the thirteenth century, accepted by Dr. WALSH as the happiest of human cycles: was there no cause for the megrims then?

It is easy to fancy King JOHN in the dumps when the barons crowded up bearing Magna Charta. What a century! he must have said to himself; the eleventh for me! More brief and bitter were the thoughts of his contemporary, PHILIP of Swabia, at the moment OTTO of Wittelsbach slew him. The people of Pekin surely were not happy when GENGHIS KHAN came along. As LOUIS IX. fell into the hands of the Egyptians we cannot imagine him blessing the century. The people of Wales, conquered by EDWARD, probably decided that it was the worst century that most of them had ever lived in. The last Caliph of Bagdad, retired from his delightful business by the Mongols, did not rise to say that this was the decade of decades. MARCO POLO may have started his tour for the purpose of learning whether things went as badly in Tartary as in Venice.

The twentieth is the best century that our readers may have at the present time. We trust that on the evening of December 31, A. D. 2000, Dr. WALSH will sit down and write us a letter admitting as much.

Honor These Badges!

When the New York National Guard parades down Fifth avenue on Thursday of next week to let this city say Godspeed to the men who compose it, there will be in the millions who will cheer it about 100,000 individuals particularly entitled to consideration.

These will be the guests of the guardsmen—parents, sisters, brothers, sweethearts, wives, children of the men in the ranks, to whom badges of identification will be issued by the military authorities. These badges the civil authorities are prepared to recognize, and their possessors will receive especial consideration from the agents of the municipal government. But the real task of making this scheme successful and providing advantageous opportunities for badge holders to see the troops rests on the public, and without its cooperation little can be accomplished.

It is important that this fact should not be overlooked. A policeman to enforce respect for every badge is out of the question; and the matter of compelling recognition of the superior privileges conferred by them should not arise. On the other hand, every individual fortunate enough to see the men on their way to Spartanburg should be a committee on the comfort of soldiers' kinsfolk.

A good disposition toward the troops will show itself in facilitating the progress of their special guests to desirable watching places on August 30; and if anybody has not that disposition, he will do himself a kindness by hiding for the day.

A Line From Metastasio.

We commend, in the friendliest possible spirit, to the painstaking attention of a number of active and noisy fomenters of treason in the United States the subjoined line from the writings of PIETRO ANTONIO DOMENICO BONAVENTURA TRAPASSI, who flourished in the eighteenth century, winning under the assumed name of METASTASIO high and enduring fame as a poet and dramatist:

"It is the just decree of Heaven that a traitor never sees his danger till his ruin is at hand."

We recall this wise and timely observation at this moment because it is plain that certain deluded persons are blind to the open pits before them in the path they are following, and when disaster overtakes them, as it inevitably must if they persist in their present conduct, they cannot turn to us and say with truth that they were not warned of the peril in which they stand to-day.

Brine From Josephus.

The civilian employees of the League Island Navy Yard, animated by a desire to make known their recognition of the necessity of continuing work on the vessels entrusted to them for alteration, repair and construction, on Wednesday sent a committee to the Navy Department with a formal pledge to remain at their tasks. The 7,000 signers of this pledge have at no time been suspected of planning to turn the country's necessities to selfish advantage, or to use their power to impede our preparations for war. Their purpose was to rebuke men elsewhere who lack their understanding of the national needs, and to counterbalance, by their acts, the wild talk of less patriotic men and those who trade on them.

Their demonstration was a dignified, heartening act, fully becoming loyal men, carried out with admirable spirit and decorum. Not an American read of it without praise for their purpose, or without recognizing the practical usefulness of the record they spread before the world for all to read. So far as these stalwarts had control of the affair, it was conducted on the highest plane of dignity.

But, unhappily, the official of the United States who received them was JOSEPHUS DANIELS, and JOSEPHUS can be depended on to comport himself like a ninny whenever opportunity offers. As he could think of nothing more inappropriate to do in the presence of this impressive display of far sighted patriotism, he proceeded to weep. For a time it seemed that news of some tragic occurrence must have been conveyed to him by the committee from the navy yard; some even thought his mind might be dwelling on the sufferings he designed to inflict on the sailors in the fleet in order to humiliate the Navy League. He dripped tears all over the place, to the obvious distress of the messengers there present, who knew full well the damaging effect of brine on the floor coverings. While JOSEPHUS leaked, he talked, talked in the futile, fulsome, sophomoric way that makes all intelligent men long for a gas mask and ear stoppers when JOSEPHUS opens his lips.

How long must the affliction of JOSEPHUS be endured by a patient and sorely tried country?

Russia's Wastes and Climate Fight for Her.

Nothing is easier than to overestimate the effect of such a German offensive against Russia as is foreshadowed in present day despatches. The reported plan is a drive into Russia from Riga, with Petrograd as its objective. The extreme demoralization of the Russian troops, their recent heavy losses of artillery, and the lack of a commanding head to the armies and of discipline in the ranks make it not impossible that such a movement may be attended with initial success.

But its objective will make complete success impossible. The Russians are not accustomed to have an invader in their capital. The only time that goal was reached by a foreign foe was in the days of NAPOLEON. Rather than tolerate his presence the Russian people burned their capital and drove the invader back across a desert waste in midwinter in a retreat the miseries of which are historical. The Germans are not literary soldiers, but it is unlikely they are ignorant of the story of NAPOLEON'S retreat from Moscow.

Nothing would so unify the Russian people, at present torn by factional strife, as the advance of an invading column upon Petrograd. Nothing would so quickly undo the work of the German spies who have been preaching pacifism as the spectacle of German troops practising war with all the German frightfulness. It is notorious that a nation sorely rent with dissension within will turn a united front upon a menace from without.

Russia, even with its armies disorganized, inert, is itself impregnable. Its enormous distances, its wide barren wastes, its gloomy, impassable swamps, its wretched highways and few railroads make the operations of an invader difficult and hazardous. From Riga to Petrograd is at least 300 miles through territory largely swampy, destitute of any considerable towns and but sparsely supplied with railroads. The further the Germans may penetrate into this territory the more dangerous will be their position. They will have a steadily lengthening line of communications to protect. They will be in a hostile country, readily devastated by a retiring foe and made unfit for occupation. If the attack on the Russian front at Riga this week portends the immediate beginning of the advance into Russia there still remains only a brief period before the autumn rains set in to make the country an impassable quagmire, and to be succeeded by the rigors of a Russian winter, against which no invader has ever struggled successfully.

The undercurrent of news from Washington of Russian conditions seems to be tinged with a new note of pessimism. That may be only the back swing of the pendulum. Washington's spirits, as reflected by the news, vibrate incessantly between elation and gloom.

We think, however, the reported dread of a drive upon Petrograd and the seizure of the Government there is foolish apprehension. The Russian wastes, the Russian distances and the Russian climate may be relied upon to defeat that. Should it be attempted, the Germans will be less able than ever to maintain their fighting strength on the western front, where the issues of the war are being fought to a decision.

There is enough irony to make even a Prussian wince in the rescue of German sailors by a steamer named Edith Cavell.

As MURPHY has returned from Good Ground, Judge HYLAN will be able to answer questions earlier—say about 1 o'clock.

I do not want the support of any man who does not hold the interests of America to be the supreme consideration.—*Judge* HYLAN.

Will the Judge then ask the pro-Germans on the slate with him to vote against him?

It is not without interest to observe a little the oratorical points of those, when they come into national places, who have home reputations as spellbinders. Senator JOHNSON of California, saying that war profits will cease with the war, was able, and apparently without discomfort, to say it in eight different ways in a paragraph of only four and a half lines in the *Congressional Record*. Thus:

"I submit to you there can be no future as to these war profits, because they are fleeting, ephemeral at best, lasting alone with the war, with the exigency, with the strife, and with the conflict, ceasing the very moment that the war ceases, the very moment that the conflict is at an end."

And probably he could have kept on.

The Hon. CHARLES F. MURPHY, according to his intimates, declares that nothing better fits the situation in which Tammany Hall now finds itself than the words, familiar to all of the learned habitués of the Wigwam, in which COLERIDGE declares that "In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly."

A policy based on might alone and not on right is doomed to failure from the beginning.—*Dr.* RICHARD VON KUEHLMANN, *Imperial Foreign Secretary.*

Even when it is modified by strategic necessity?

The Tammany executive committee has indorsed Judge HYLAN, and we are for him.—CHARLES F. MURPHY.

Having indorsed the Judge, it is only fair that the executive committee should have an opportunity to meet him and find out who he is.

"Who invented this gas stuff, anyway?" asked a fat soldier as he sat in the stifling gas chamber, puffing and perspiring. "The Germans," he was told. "Well," he panted, "I'm going to give 'em hell for this!"—*The Tribune.*

More power to your arm!

Washington view of situation is gloomy.—*Newspaper headline.*

Of course; Washington is nothing if not consistent.

Among the appeals for exemption from military service is one made by HARRY W. MARSH, a lawyer and officer of both the National Civil Service Reform League and the New York Civil Service Reform Association. Because of his connections with these bodies Mr. MARSH states that he considers himself more valuable to the public welfare here than he would be in the trenches.—*The news of yesterday.*

Should not all Tammany workers be exempted because they will be needed at the polls in November?

Those "Americans" in Germany.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Along with the other horrors of war our feelings now are harrowed by the news that Germany is about to draft for active service in her army divers and sundry "American citizens" who still are holding forth in the Vaterland. Just how we can endure this crushing blow is at present unknown. It is said that Bloody William cruelly takes the ground that any "American" who has lived for twenty or thirty years in Germany is repatriated, and once more a German, and therefore eligible as kannonenfutter.

We are deeply grieved over this. Germans who have honored the United States by acquiring American citizenship and dollars, and then kindly hied themselves back to the land of culture and cheap Pilsener, to spend their lives in Germany but quite free from the annoyance of German military service, are certainly entitled to every consideration. The "Americans" who remained in Germany after the Lusitania went down are of course loyal to the Stars and Stripes. We can imagine how indignant they are with Germany for her crimes. We miss those "Americans" sorely, and the rude action of the Kaiser cuts us to the heart. We hope that Secretary Lansing will speak to William about it. W. T. HORNADAY.

NEW YORK, August 22.

Changing Ellis Island.

From the Christian Herald.

The immigrants who have been landing at Ellis Island have been of a higher type than those of an earlier time. Of course there has been a wonderful change in their dress. When I first went into the work it was like going to the opera, the native costumes we used to see whenever a shipload of immigrants landed. Now there are very few national costumes to be seen.

IN THE RED CROSS SERVICE.

An Ambulance Driver Who Got Within Fifty Yards of the Germans.

From a private letter.

We have been at the front a little over four months. During that time our experiences have been many and varied. First I will explain to you our system of service. There are forty men in my section, section seven, and twenty cars, so there are always two men on a car. We are divided into four squads in order to have five cars always on duty at a post. A post is an advanced position near the front, consisting of several doctors, stretcher bearers and a cook. We leave camp early in the morning for the post where one service is for twenty-four hours. During the day two cars are on duty at smaller posts near the third line trenches, where the wounded are brought in.

As soon as we receive any wounded the long slow drive to the hospital six miles away begins. At night we drive still further up to the trenches to posts which cannot be reached in the daytime, as the road is in plain view of the Germans, who never hesitate to shell a Red Cross ambulance. At these night posts we have most of the excitement, as they are often shelled and gas is occasionally sent over. There are dugouts at these posts where we take shelter when the shells begin to come in, and we always carry gas masks which we already have had opportunity to use.

The driving to and from the night posts is the most difficult, as the roads are usually jammed with trucks, ammunition carts and moving troops. Besides this we have to avoid the shell holes, and of course as we use no lights on dark nights the work is quite strenuous, as the inclination is to go fast when the shells and shrapnel explode.

Our main camp is well behind the lines among the ruins of a little village, where the trees have also been cut down by the "boches." Several times in the past week enemy aeroplanes have dropped bombs on our camp, but no damage was done.

I must tell you of an interesting experience I had with the man on my car. We had driven out to the night post, and as there were no wounded we started on a little walk toward the first line french. A Captain soon halted us and asked our business. When we told him we were American ambulance drivers he immediately called a Lieutenant and two soldiers, who took us not only through the first line trench, but quite a way beyond it to an outpost, where we were allowed to fire a machine gun and throw a hand grenade at the Germans not fifty yards distant. It was what I would call "some" trip.

EUGENE NORWOOD.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, August 4.

THE WANDERING SHOPPER.

From Rivington Street to Yonkers He Prices Things.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The more I look into this high cost of living question the more I am convinced that it is all a matter of geography and individual capacity on the part of the retailer. I have shopped from the Battery to Yonkers and have bought everything from mattresses to milk, from dry goods to doughnuts, and shoes to shines, and the price discrepancies in various sections are wonderful. This must be apparent to any one who takes the keen, practical interest in the subject that I do, but there are not enough of us who have the opportunities or the inclination to do this, and that is why the retailer "gets away with it."

Just a few items to illustrate: Smoked salmon sells on Rivington street at 28 cents a pound, on 180th street at 32 cents and in Yonkers at 48 cents. White bread can be bought for eight cents a pound in Jewish localities; rye bread for six and seven; up here in Yonkers it is 10 and 12 for rye and about 15 for white. Muslin on a pushcart is 14 cents; in Yonkers it is 22, while the big stores charge 20.

We pay outrageous prices for shoe repairing up here and get miserable leather. Once in a while we strike a decent job at even less money. One place will charge you 10 cents for a shine, while others charge only five.

I have drunk better ice cream sodas for five cents than some places charge seven for.

You hear people say that a dollar goes nowhere; that meat for one meal costs a dollar. Well, that all depends. Personally I do not find this so. For $1.25 I came home loaded Saturday with enough good meat for three days, besides vegetables and bread. The quality was beyond reproach; but it was bought in a section of New York where the people can pay just so much and no more.

Why, I thought that the penny banana was extinct with the dodo, but don't you believe it! You can get them; but not in the automobile district. JULIUS REICH.

NEW YORK, August 22.

THE IRISH DECLARATION.

We've fought for freedom—Ireland's sons.
We love the starry flag
When sounds the summons of the guns
We're never known to lag.
From Sheridan to Corcoran,
From Kearny on to Shields,
We've battled manful in the van
On fifty bloody fields.
And that's a fighting reason
We will not stand for treason
In one of Ireland's sons.

The land that gave our race a home
Is God's land of the free.
We love it all from foam to foam.
We share its destiny.
And when its men arm fast to strike
The rotten Kaiser crew
We're with them heart and hand and pike,
And we will see them through
And that's a true man's reason
We will not stand for treason
In one of Ireland's sons.

A monster with a poisoned sword
Would bid all freedom die;
But we shall smash his slavish horde
And smite him hip and thigh
We hold the warrant of the Gael
To stand where danger stands,
That freedom's gospel shall not fail
Throughout the broad world's lands.
Behold a ruling reason
That we'll not stand for treason
In one of Ireland's sons.

Whoever with a traitor's tongue
Befouls our Irish race;
Whoever, two faced and unhung,
The star flag would disgrace;
Whoever by one word or deed
Brings comfort to our foe,
May God's eternal justice heed,
And lay the traitor low.
And more and more the reason
We will not stand for treason
In one of Ireland's sons.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

August, 1917.

THE FLAG.

The Right Way to Salute It as It Passes in Parades.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A stroll through Wall street and William street to Broadway, a district where one would naturally expect a sense of the immaculate, bears out most forcibly Mr. Davidson's charge that our flag is not accorded proper respect and care. But what I consider a still greater and more serious disrespect is the failure of our people, not alone in New York, but elsewhere throughout the country, to salute the flag during parade. That the head should be uncovered and the hat carried to the left breast while the flag passes seems to be known only to a very few. THE SUN printed a picture of the Sixty-ninth on its farewell march. It shows the flag being borne in the foreground, and the curb lined with men. How many of these are shown with the head uncovered? Only a few of those in the last row.

I noticed this same careless indifference or ignorance in other cities on a recent trip, and when I commented upon it to a native New York merchant of wealth and breeding, he remarked: "Well, nowadays there are so many parades a man would have to keep his hat off all the time." In his case it was pure laziness, but in the case of the great majority it is fortunately only ignorance. It is not lack of patriotism, I am sure. The masses must be taught, and if necessary compelled, to respect the flag, rain or shine.

A. W. KEMPNER.

NEW YORK, August 22.

GARMENTS FOR SAILORS.

The Navy Department Will Now Accept Navy League Work.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The announcement of Secretary Daniels in regard to knitted woollen garments is most disconcerting.

I have just finished five garments. They are knitted from wool bought at the Navy League with the condition that all garments made therefrom be sent to the league.

The wool is sold cheaper at the league than in the shops, and I feel it incumbent on me to keep my part of the bargain.

There are probably many other women puzzled by the same problem. Is there a solution, or must we hold our warm garments while the "difference" is settled and cold weather comes on apace? M. H. S.

NORTHPORT, Me., August 22.

Josephus Relents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will you kindly permit me through your newspaper to announce to the many women who are interested in the Woman's Section of the Navy League that we have received word from national headquarters that our work will be accepted by the Navy Department and we are instructed to go forward with our plans? MARION MASON BELL,

Secretary New York City Branch
Woman's Section of Navy League.

NEW YORK, August 23.

And the Need Is Urgent!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Comforts Committee, at 509 Fifth avenue, earnestly request that all finished articles be sent in to them as rapidly as possible, as there has never been greater demand for the knitted articles, on account of cold weather coming on, and the Comforts Committee wish to meet the requirements. E. K. HAMILTON,

Chairman Publicity Committee.

NEW YORK, August 23.

MUST LOUIS WAIT?

Is the Poet's Case One in Which the Laurel Follows the Myrtle?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Louis M. Eilshemius, poet, who "like the universal sun blinds all who dare look at it longer than a minute," deserves our encouragement, or sympathy, for his protest against your attitude in failing to give his good name prominence among recognized poets.

But Poet Eilshemius must be patient. He should not be so in haste to "challenge any poet, dead or living, who can equal him." His experience is none different from that which has ever met all men of fame and ingenuity. He need not worry. The time will come when the world will recognize his greatness and of him will say in Johnson's words:

A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

GERARD DE MURO.

PASSAIC, N. J., August 22.

TRADE BRIEFS.

Greece's currant crop will be a satisfactory one in 1917, estimates placing it at 160,000 tons. High prices will prevail.

Two transatlantic steamers are under course of construction at Cadiz, Spain. Consul W. T. Gracey suggests that firms interested in supplying construction materials for these ships should write to La Sociedad Espanola de Construcciones Navales in Cadiz.

Two lifting magnets of from a half to one and a half tons capacity are needed in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Canning and preserving machinery and glass jars and bottles are wanted by a firm in Lakeland, Fla.

There is a market in Richmond, Va., for films suitable for drying beans.

Catalogues from American manufacturers of paper making machinery would be welcomed by Consul Thomas D. Davis, Grenoble, France.

There is a market in the large towns of eastern Greece for American automobiles, which are more popular than those of European make. Only the wealthier classes can afford them, however, as the freight rates are high, and in the last year gasolene has brought from $2 to $3 a gallon.

Oil has been extracted from the seed of the rubber tree by agricultural authorities of the Federated Malay States. After the oil has been extracted the residue is used for fodder and for fertilizer.

Gaudy hairpins and combs, heavily braded, are popular and would make big sales in Portuguese East Africa. A list of firms importing these articles can be seen at the district office of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, 409 Custom House, New York.

The establishment of fruit pulp canneries in Malaga, Spain, has opened a new market for American tin plate to be used in the making of containers.

Land clearing machines, especially stump pullers, should find a ready market in Scotland, where much wood has been taken from the forests, and where the land is needed for farming. Consul Rufus Fleming, Edinburgh, suggests that an American agency be established in some important English industrial centre.

Machinery for making paper from bamboo is wanted by an East Indian firm in Trichur, Cochin, India.

Wood is being used as a substitute for coal in Argentina. Quebracho wood sells for $11.50 a metric ton, while coal costs $50 for the same amount.

THE EFFECTIVE AND CRUSHING WORK OF RUBBER TIRED CAVALRY.

Armored Motor Cars as Aids to the Infantry and as Protection to the Stranded Russian Artillery.

And now it is the rubber tired cavalry!

The horse that eats gasolene, that requires no tether, no lariat and no cooling down at the end of the day, has come to take a new, unique and important place in the refined art of killing people at wholesale that men have for many ages glorified under the name of war.

In all of the chapters upon war, from the time of Philip of Macedon down to Pershing, there is nothing that offers so interesting a study as the armored car. It came into its own for the first time in Galicia but a few days ago. From this time on the military instructors will have to revise their teachings and their tactics to fit the innovation. It is true that the armored car came along in Belgium in the early days when the forts at Liége were preventing a speedy remaking of the world's map. But they came then as independent factors which played about the fringes of the war game without definite place.

In Galicia they were regularly fitted into place as coordinating units in a general scheme, as powerful aids to the infantry and as the most important protection for stranded artillery that the brain of man had as yet devised. It was no fault of theirs that the motor cars did not save the Russian artillery. They did their part. They did it wonderfully well, with the most scientific accuracy and with results that have made old army officers revise their ideas about rear guard fighting. Had the Russian infantry been faithful to its trust the armored cars would have saved every gun.

The distance to Galicia is great. There are men on the battle fronts closer to home who are closer to heart. So the popular mind has paid little attention to the performances of the motors because it did not travel far enough from the more familiar scenes, the more familiar names and the men who are more closely connected with our Western life. Americans thought of Galicia chiefly as a land that contained small towns which had gone amuck in the alphabet seeking names that suggested the arrangement of a set of blocks in an infantile asylum for the weak minded.

The fact that three entire armies—armies in every sense of the word excepting that they lacked a concentrated command—were advancing over a front as wide as from New York to Baltimore did not seem to make much impression in this country. But it fell to the lot of this advance, the first that the Russians made after Alexander F. Kerensky came to the virtual dictatorship of a chaotic realm, to prove to the soldiers of all lands that an automobile with a game chauffeur and a proper armament is worth its weight in real gold.

Nobody seemed to realize that any particular attention had been paid to the equipment of these new Russian armies. The public read the names of unpronounceable towns which they passed on their eastward sweep with languid interest.

Suddenly the name of Locker Lampson began to trouble the wires. Lampson surely bore no Russian patronymic. What could he be doing along the line with men whose names were formed of consonants on a spree? Lampson had brought along the British motor cars. They were of small use on the western front, where the armies are deadlocked in trenches with the Allies trying to squirm out of a system of fighting that the Germans wished upon them at the outset. Even the British, who developed the American idea, did not attach any great importance to the scheme.

Cavalry horses had been eating their heads off without any chance to add to the gayety of nations, and cavalrymen had been doing dismounted infantry duty.

And now a rubber tired cavalry has come to make a new place in martial study and in war history and fiction. Regardless of the fact that three Russian fronts were in action, that a Macedonian front claimed some attention, that Mesopotamia offered some attraction, that Egypt and East Africa and the Holy Land were still on the map, the reading public settled back to consider the French front with its stalemate as the one spot on the face of the earth worthy of consideration.

Out of it all chugs the motor car, with engine going full tilt, with the pilot pushing it over heavy roads to protect a routed army, and with guns of considerable size checking infantry and cavalry until the field artillery of the Germans might come to life.

The purpose of a rear guard in such a case is to protect the retreat of the main body. It must check, hold up, harass and delay the advancing foe. In any orderly army the rear guard for such a large fighting force would have held all three arms, the infantry, the artillery and the cavalry.

But the infantry of the Russians was in panic. Artillery without supporting troops is as helpless as a babe. The cavalry was by no means sufficient for the task before it.

The commander in chief sent for Lampson.

"They have cut through our lines on a front of fifteen miles," he said. "If they are not checked they will get behind our flank and cut the line of retreat, and that spells ruin for us—and for Russia."

That is where Lampson jumped into the fifteen mile breach to make a name for himself and a place for all future wars for the armored motor car. His scheme was simple. He picked the best roads leading toward the enemy, well knowing that the advancing columns would pick the best and most direct routes. Then he ran his motors straight back for the foe. The guns mounted on his cars had more range than the infantry could make. The machine guns they carried were poison to any advance cavalry.

As the long, field gray columns hove in sight Lampson let loose the guns from his chugging machines, which were kept going like the machines that our New York gunmen use when taking part in a criminal affair that requires a speedy getaway without undue notice to the police. The German infantry went to cover along the road, and signalled for a light battery to make the going hard for the rubber tired cavalry.

But the gasolene horses could outrun the hay burners, and when the artillery got around to the head of the column the motor cars had joyrided back to the next station where the advance could be held up. Once a German cavalry outfit ran afoul of the machine guns and little rapid firers. It fled precipitately.

So the eight cylinder mounts kept plugging away all along the roads, until they had so delayed the Germans that they could not use the fifteen mile gap to its full advantage. They probably cheated Germany out of 50,000 prisoners.

As for the Russian guns, the fleeing infantry cut the gun horses out and used them for flight. If the infantry had done its part the artillery could have pulled back its guns under the rear guard protection of the motor cars.

The whole story gives to the world a new war picture, a new element in the fighting game. It puts the automobile makers along with the Krupps as factors in army equipment.

And, incidentally, it puts Locker Lampson along with Marshal Ney as a rear guard commander whose work will in later years interest the readers of war lore.

SUNDAY BASEBALL.

Introduced by Band Concerts, It Does Not Violate the Law.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Magistrate McQuade's decision on Sunday baseball met with the approval of thousands who believe that baseball is a mighty good medium through which to raise funds to help along worthy causes.

There is no desire on anybody's part to have the law prohibiting the playing of baseball games on Sunday to which admission is charged evaded. As long as the law is on the statute books it should be obeyed, but there is no law against holding band concerts on Sunday to which admission is charged, with a baseball game following, to which no admission is charged. Any one who wished could have walked into the grounds without paying an admission fee the moment the game started.

The effort made to prevent these concerts and ball games is not meeting with popular approval. There is great demand for funds to carry along certain charities, and any effort to interfere with worthy causes will be cried down.

NEW YORK, August 23. B. B.

Supplies and Prices.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Government, according to the press, is to guarantee high prices for wheat in order to stimulate production. We are told prices of some commodities are to be ordered reduced. The effect of this will be of course decreased production. It will be interesting to see where the Government experts desire increased production and where lessened production. ELIOT L. GORDON.

NEW YORK, August 23.

A Girl.

She wore a draggled Paradise aigrette
Perched high upon her flopping, silly hat;
Her face had so much paint and powder that
One couldn't tell where art and nature met;
Her frock was an atrocity of net,
Eked out with beads, and laces far from clean,
And cleared by inches boots of vivid green
Which made her mincing gait more saucy yet

Her jibes spurred twenty loafers to recruit.
She sought their hours of dull and rowdy ease
In garish dance halls—with a mock salute
She said her eyes were sick of dolts like these.
Made them enlist, and emptied all her purse
To bid them "So long!" with a tear and curse.

CHARLOTTE BECKES.

CONCRETE SHIPS.

With a Thought on the Impossible in War Time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have just read the article in THE SUNDAY SUN on concrete ships. I believe there are great possibilities in this material. We only need to overcome prejudice. Necessity makes many heretofore impossible feats comparatively easy.

H. F. APPLECK.

DULUTH, Minn., August 21.

Josephus as a Recruiting Officer for the Navy League.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will you either inform me where I may apply for membership in the Navy League or notify that body that I should like to join and have them send me blanks? I think this quarrel between the Secretary and the Navy League will be the greatest good thing that could possibly happen to the Navy League, and I want to join before they get so many members they won't want more.

F. L. DUNN.

SARANAC LAKE, August 22.

Foreign Postage in War Time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I always wondered why we did not extend to other European nations the little favor of two cent postage for first class mail, as granted in peace times to England and Germany. Now that our soldiers are in France would it not be proper to reduce to two cents the rate of postage to that country? Omitted Belgium, to whose representatives we are extending a cordial reception, reserves the same favor. N. DUNLAP.

NEW YORK, August 22.

If Wheat, If Steel, if Coal—Why Not Cotton?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Washington lawmakers are about to establish and fix a price for steel, coal and wheat. As a wheat raising farmer I desire to know why the price of cotton is not also to be fixed. It is one of the necessities of the war and has increased in price much more than wheat.

A WHEAT FARMER.

NEW YORK, August 23.

"Come Back at Two o'Clock."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May I suggest that if the same question had been asked of Mr. Mitchel at 1 o'clock the Mayor would have said, "Come back before 2 o'clock"?

CHARLES B. DALZELL.

LITTLE FALLS, August 23.