The Sun.

AND NEW YORK PRESS.

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The Price of Peace Is Already Fixed.

In his letter to SAMUEL GOMPERS commending the conference of the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy at Minneapolis the President of the United States has restated the final answer to those who seek peace at this or any other time.

The United States makes war because we are "a nation whose rights have been grossly violated, whose citizens have been foully murdered under their own flag, whose neighbors have been invited to join in making conquest of its territory, whose patience in pressing claims of justice and humanity has been met with the most shameful policy of truculence and treachery."

The United States makes war because of these things—for what purposes? To defend ourselves, to maintain a free future for ourselves and our national ideals.

No peace can be contemplated which does not serve these ends. And the only peace that will secure them is "a peace for the peoples that shall be untroubled by those to whom men are but the pawns in their struggle for power and gain," namely the present masters of the German people.

Those who crave peace at any price cannot object to paying the price. By definition they do not care what price they must pay. The cost of the peace they gasp for has been fixed; as absolutely as the price of soft coal and wheat. They have only to harness their misdirected energy and apply it usefully to the task of inducing Germany to pay.

Readjusting the Meat Supply.

Baron RHONDDA's decision that two million acres of grazing land in England and Wales are to be diverted to grain is coincident with Mr. HOOVER's effort to encourage cattle raising in America by making money easier for the cattle men.

Both countries are trying to strike an economic balance. Britain has had a disproportionately large acreage in grass—nearly 40,000,000 acres in the Isles—and only 8,000,000 acres in cereals. One-eighth of the cattle lands of England and Wales is to be diverted to wheat and its allies. The island product of cattle will necessarily be reduced, but it is evident that Britain, although she expects to buy liberally of American meats, is not short of beef or milk cattle. If wholesale prices of butter are indicative, England is not alarmed. The figures range from 46 to 53 cents, not a great deal higher than New York prices.

Mr. HOOVER would stimulate the meat industry by reducing the rate of interest in the cattle raising States from 8 per cent. or more to 7 per cent. His belief that high interest holds back the business is based on figures which indicate that the interest charge represents between 35 and 40 per cent. of the total costs of the industry. America is not like England in cattle raising. Our grain lands need not be sacrificed to obtain more range for steers and sheep.

Russia's Early Failures in the War.

The trial of General SOUKHOMLINOFF, former Russian Minister of War, upon the charge of criminal negligence and high treason, throws a new light upon a critical time in the Russian military history of the present war, the days when the victorious advance into Galicia and East Prussia was turned into a rout and massacre of thousands of unarmed, unequipped Russian soldiers. It discloses, too, the great sinister power that Germany was exerting in Russia through her influence with the bureaucracy of the former régime.

When Grand Duke NICHOLAS found it impossible to hold his lines on account of lack of ammunition and supplies he sent a report on conditions to Petrograd. SOUKHOMLINOFF resigned as Minister of War. A year afterward he was arrested. If he had any hopes by the change of Government he was soon disillusionized; for he was the first of the bureaucrats that the revolutionaries sought. He was saved from mob violence by being imprisoned in the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress. He was, too, the first to be brought to trial.

The President of the Duma, Mr. RODZIANKO, in his testimony said:

"I went to Galicia and what I saw there filled me with terror. I affirm that the responsibility for the enormous losses we suffered during the retreat falls entirely upon General SOUKHOMLINOFF. A committee of defence was created to investigate the situation and immediately established General SOUKHOMLINOFF's culpability."

Other witnesses testified to the lack of all military preparation. They said that war projects were neglected, railway lines to the front were unequal to the transportation of troops or supplies and that all efforts to increase the manufacture of ammunition were met by the reply that it was not needed, that "the Russian army lacks nothing."

Russia, General LOUKOMSKY, a former War Minister, said, began the war with no munition, no plan and a poor commanding staff; and he said the War Department made no pretence of activity until the end of the first year and that the activity then consisted "in giving fictitious orders and seeing delegations." As an instance of the lack of preparation he said that at the time of the fighting at Lublin he inspected the fortress of Ossoweiz, Russian Poland, and that twenty-four howitzers had not a single shell, all the artillery was practically without ammunition and that there was a shortage of rifles. General BATOG, who was military prosecutor at Kieff before the war and who holds a similar position on the south Russian front, testified that General SOUKHOMLINOFF interested himself actively in protecting persons, especially officers, who were accused of being German spies. General LOUKOMSKY, testified that General SOUKHOMLINOFF also assisted ALTSCHILLER, the reputed director of the Austrian spy system, to settle in Petrograd, to establish his agents and to obtain useful information.

Previous investigations of Russian military affairs have resulted in some most unpleasant disclosures, but never have brought out evidence of a more flagrant neglect of duty and of a treachery more expensive in treasure and lives than has this trial of General SOUKHOMLINOFF.

The National Army To-day.

The army of undrilled and unequipped men who will to-day march down Fifth avenue represents American military power in the making. It is upon these men, and upon the hundreds of thousands selected like them who will speedily follow, that our defence must largely rest.

They are of our brawn and blood. They have been drawn from every stratum of society. The millionaire and the mechanic march side by side to-day in the diverse trappings of civil life. It is their farewell to the lesser obligations of life—their assumption of the very highest duty of a citizen to his nation.

Just as the baton of a marshal of France was in every soldier's knapsack under NAPOLEON, so to the men who will look so unmilitary on our streets to-day every military rank is open. The Administration has wisely ordered the discontinuance of the camps for the special training of officers when those now in operation shall have completed their allotted terms. Henceforward officers will be chosen from the ranks. Should the war be long and cruel thousands of the men marching in mufti to-day will be wearing shoulder straps.

THE SUN bespeaks for the National Army which will march to-day a hearty welcome and generous applause. We are not unaware of the difficulty that will attend the effort to duplicate the impressive "send off" given to the militia regiments last Thursday. Popular ovations of that character cannot be repeated within a few days, and we therefore urge those who march to-day not to feel that a lesser display of public enthusiasm suggests in any way that the enthusiasm does not exist.

From every walk of life the men who tread Fifth avenue's asphalt to-day have been drawn for the country's defence. All go at the sacrifice of family ties and personal comfort and safety. For many the duty entails grave financial sacrifice. Let the city turn out in their honor. It is our National Army, our citizens' army, and to it those who stay behind while its members bare their breasts in the nation's defence owe the tribute of respect and farewell.

Two Conventions.

While the seditious agitators of the People's Council, driven from three States and several cities, were holding a hole-and-corner meeting in haste lest the troops despatched by the loyal Governor of Illinois for their dispersal should reach the scene, the members of the American Alliance for Labor and Democracy were boarding their train for Minneapolis, their convention city.

Five thousand sympathetic people saw the latter delegates off. The station from which they departed was decked with the flag of our nation and those of the nations fighting gallantly shoulder to shoulder with us in defence of democracy. Patriotic songs accompanied the departure, and soldiers and sailors ready to fight at the front in defence of the principles this convention will enunciate cheered the departing delegates.

There could be no more striking contrast than that furnished by the departure of the two bands of delegates. The one unhonored and unsung, sneaking forth they knew not whither to meet rebuffs at every point. The other departing to the sound of the national anthem and the cheers of our national defenders to meet a hearty welcome in one of the great cities of the West. The temper of the country has had no more impressive an illustration.

In writing to Mr. GOMPERS, the organizer of the Alliance for Labor and Democracy, President WILSON finds occasion to call attention to the care that has been taken in all the preparations for this war to guard the interests of the workers. He says:

"With all my heart I want them [the delegates] to feel that their devotion to country is in nowise a betrayal of principle, and that in serving America today they are serving their cause no less faithfully than in the past. I, myself, have had sympathy with the fears of the workers of the United States; for the tendency of war is toward reaction, and too often military necessities have been made an excuse for the destruction of laboriously erected industrial and social standards. These fears, happily, have proved to be baseless. With quickened sympathies and appreciation, with a new sense of the invasive and insidious dangers of oppression, our people have not only held every inch of ground that has been won by years of struggle, but have added to the gains of the twentieth century along every line of human betterment."

No observer of the course of the Government in preparation for war can fail to have been impressed with the efforts made to guard the interests of labor. The endeavor to maintain union standards is apparent not only in Government shops but in the work places of contractors for Government work. Supervision is maintained over even the contractors for uniforms in order that sweat shop methods may not creep in.

This is as it should be. Every nation at war has two armies—the army of soldiers at the front, the army of workers at home. The former are wholly dependent upon the latter. We clothe, feed and guard the former in the way most likely to enhance their efficiency. A like policy toward the army of workers is peremptory. Our allies have discovered that and have acted accordingly.

So far from the conditions growing out of this war being reactionary, they bid fair to be just the reverse. Never in so brief a period of time has organized labor gained so much additional recognition. Never have the conditions for which organized labor fights been so generally conceded to unorganized or non-union labor.

The delegates to the Minneapolis convention are not only patriotic. They are shrewd enough to see that the war not only makes for the present good of labor but promises future advantage as the need for the fullest cooperation between all the forces of production becomes more apparent. They see the Government loyally standing by them and they rightly and patriotically stand by the Government.

Their work will win recognition and respect where the seditious utterings of the pacifists in their fly-by-night conference evoke only ridicule and disgust.

A Medal for Toscanini.

A medal has been awarded to ARTURO TOSCANINI, the conductor of orchestras, for bravery in the battle of Monte Santo. The Italian soldiery stormed enemy positions, a thunder of guns filled the air, gray green uniforms blending with the landscape and helmets unplumed with glittering cock's feathers advanced steadily and by rushes upon the Austrian trenches, and the band played on. Far forward, sheltered from the barrage fire only by a great rock, musicians blared forth military music, while the shoulders of Signor TOSCANINI moved expressively up and down and the baton in his fingers described isosceles triangles melting into squares, trapezoids, rhomboids and pentagons, the whole presenting problems insoluble by any of EUCLID's rules.

The band played on. Did it play well or poorly? Be certain the maestro knew. No burst of shrapnel deafened him to the trombone's false entry. Above "the drums and tramplings of three conquests" taking place simultaneously a quarter mile away he heard the performance of his snare drummer and observed the clarinet player's careless habit of keeping time with his foot. The battle might be going poorly at the moment; all the more reason why the processional music from "Aida" must go briskly and well.

The despatches speak of a "concert" in the lee of the protecting rock. Where TOSCANINI conducts there is always a concert. What was played can, after all, have hardly mattered to those who were in a position to observe the conductor. How many a mortal, sitting sidewise and rather remote from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, has followed with complete satisfaction the sound of Mr. CARUSO's voice and the sight of Mr. TOSCANINI's profile! It was a proud satisfaction to read in next morning's paper that "Mr. TOSCANINI conducted with his customary skill, clarity and grace."

A medal for TOSCANINI? A toast, too. Here's looking at him!

The Flanders Coast.

The report from Amsterdam that the Germans may evacuate the whole coast of Belgium must be taken with a great many grains of salt. It is true that civilians have been sent inland from all the coast towns and villages—a procedure which in other parts of Flanders has always been followed by the evacuation of these places by the military. But the coastwise positions—notably Ostende and Zeebrugge—have been of too great importance to the Germans to be surrendered lightly. If they are abandoned it will be because the force and pertinacity of General HAIG's push in Flanders has compelled it, and if this be admitted then the ultimate defeat of the German armies in the west will be no longer in doubt.

There is, however, reason to believe that the value of the two Belgian ports, Zeebrugge and Ostende, has been materially lessened to the Germans by the almost uninterrupted shelling they have undergone from British aircraft and monitors. They are in the main artificial harbors, created by the construction of huge stone moles or breakwaters, and with their channels maintained in the shallow and turbid waters by constant dredging. The stone constructions are said to have been blown to pieces by the great shells of the monitors, while the dredging has been greatly interfered with by the constant attentions of the British airmen. From Zeebrugge a canal, fourteen feet deep when the war began but since then much deepened, enables the submarines to take refuge near the walls of Bruges, where shelters have been built for them. But while their retreat is secure from the attacks of all except airmen, their egress is much hampered by the cutting of the banks of the canal and filling it with debris by shells from British guns and bombs from aloft.

If Zeebrugge and Ostende have been rendered useless as submarine bases the coast of Belgium loses much of its importance. Once the Germans thought to launch from it an invading expedition against England. But that has faded like many another iridescent dream of the Hohenzollerns.

"Never in history," says BOUCK WHITE, "have pacifists stopped a war while it was raging." Confinement appears to have made Mr. WHITE acute.

If LA FOLLETTE had but addressed the People's Council the troops would surely have reached the hall before adjournment.

Rain checks fighting on Flanders front.—*Times headline.*

The rain check always was a quarrelsome thing.

This comfort we can give the former Czar, that it is easier in a fourteen room flat than in a palace to find your pipe.

The Stockholm conference is to be postponed. Why should not Mayor THOMPSON invite it to Chicago?

The sinking of a raider St. Theodore raises the question why the Prussian Admiralty ever stood for a name like that.

"Come back at 2 o'clock" has been revised to "Come back on September 20" and is still subject to change without notice.

Sixty-one automobile fatalities on New York streets in a month! Aircraft raids on London are less murderous than the careless man with a car.

Wanted: An American city for a brief period as a rabbit warren.

THE RABBIT SPECIAL.

Uncommon Interest in the Wanderings of Louis Lochner's Pacifists.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I cannot refrain from inflicting a letter on you about the news articles concerning the doings of the Peace Rabbits or "People's Council," &c. These articles are exceedingly clever and are up to THE SUN'S best standard, and that's "some." They make the greatest kind of interesting reading, and above all they do the greatest kind of a patriotic service in casting proper ridicule on these un-Americans.

CHARLES W. COOMBS.

NEW YORK, September 3.

A Rebuke for the Warren.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read the account of the "Peace Junkers'" manœuvres in to-day's SUN while having lunch. The style of this account was so repulsive, cheap and nauseating that I am sure I shall not digest the modest food.

Your characterization of the train as being a "Rabbit Special"; your open hints as to delegates being foreigners and bought by German money; your glee over the "junkers'" troubles caused by little czars of the U. S. A., are silly and unworthy of a newspaper supposed to be read by intelligent people.

I had an opinion about THE SUN. I have a conviction about it now.

The rays of THE SUN are sickening—not healthfully inspiring!

MILTON LEHRMAN.

NEW YORK, September 1.

The Tale as Told.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The stories of the Rabbit Express, published in THE SUN yesterday and to-day, ought not to be allowed to pass without a tribute of deserved praise. They are worthy of THE SUN in its palmiest days.

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST.

NEW YORK, September 1.

Applauds Sergeant Miller's Acquittal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* All honor to Judge Mulqueen for reversing the conviction by Magistrate Krotel of Sergeant Miller of the Marine Corps for defending one of our allies from the vicious attacks of a Hindoo nondescript!

NEW YORK, September 3. CABLE.

Dogs, Cats and Men.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will you kindly publish these few lines in THE SUN, in answer to the grouch who signs himself "Modern"?

Has this man ever owned a dog (the useful dog such as a fox terrier) or is he a lover of that useless animal called the cat? Especially the Angora?

Does this man know that the dog pays for his food and lodging, and that dogs are more useful than some of these so-called men?

Does this man know that the dog does more than enough work for the sheep raiser than to pay for the damage done? Common sense should tell him that otherwise the sheep raiser would not keep dogs, but would hire more men.

My idea is that this writer is ignorant of the cost, &c., of the dog.

I am sure that other letters will follow in defence of the dog, then, maybe, "Modern" may see that the dog is useful and should not be taxed heavily or killed for the likes of him. A DOG LOVER.

NEWARK, N. J., September 3.

No Help from Father-in-law.

From the Chanute Tribune.

There is an old man in a neighboring town who has the right idea. His new son-in-law was drafted and immediately claimed exemption on the ground that he had a dependent wife. "I supported this girl a good many years before you ever saw her," was the old man's comment, "and I guess I can take care of her a while longer. So you needn't stay out of the army on that account."

ENLIGHTENING GERMANY.

A Hard Job, When the Spirit of Some Germans Here Is Considered.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The fine answer of our President to the Pope's letter counts on so enlightening the German people that they will cut out the Kaiser and his junkers. This, it seems to me, is possible, but not excessively probable.

The German people here, who vote with us—or, at least, a majority of them—will certainly not be rude to the Kaiser or any of his brutal henchmen. They wave their dear American flag by day and then shut the door, put out the lights and worship the Kaiser and pray for him. Am I wrong? Tell your readers of one instance when such Americans ever criticised the Kaiser or his crimes and I shall hope for results in Germany.

JOSEPH WILBY.

ON THE GREAT LAKES, August 31.

CITY COLLEGE'S FLAG.

Its Critic Regarded as a Poor Judge of Size and Distance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of August 18 there appeared a letter, signed "Walter Miller," which criticised the size and condition of the flag on the City College flagstaff, which cast aspersions upon the college janitor because of an alleged bad condition of the grounds, and questioned the patriotism of the evening students of the college by stating that a subscription could not be raised in the student body to buy the college a new flag.

Now, of course, I do not know what our janitor has done to provoke one to assault him through THE SUN. I should like, though, to let you know that the college tower, on the top of which is placed the flagstaff which bears the Stars and Stripes, is over 160 feet high. I believe it is the highest college tower in the United States. The flagstaff itself is 75 feet tall, though a parapet wall surrounds its base over 20 feet high. Mr. "Walter Miller," viewing the flagstaff from the ground, may have thought that the 75 foot flagpole was only 35 feet high. It may have been a similar optical illusion which made him mistake a flag 6 feet by 9 feet for a "postage stamp" 3 feet by 2½ feet. As a matter of fact the gale of wind that inhabits the region of the flag on the top of the pole is so strong that numerous flags are torn into tatters in very short order. On August 18 there was floating at the top of the mast a flag 4 feet by 6 feet, which was especially purchased at the request of Colonel Charles E. Lydecker of the board of trustees, and it was of such material and such size as to resist the unpatriotic wind.

There was never any need to take up a subscription among the students of the college to buy the institution a flag, because the city authorities appropriated sums sufficient to keep the college in proper repair and to purchase flags when necessary. Furthermore, there is no Walter Miller who is a student of the evening session. Furthermore, whenever the evening session students have been requested to join in a patriotic movement which has been properly authorized the response has been overwhelmingly satisfactory. Evening session students were the first to pledge to President Wilson as a body their entire loyalty in the crisis which confronted the nation just prior to our declaration of war. The evening session students contributed most generously to the erection of the college library, which will be built by the alumni and students of the institution. Mr. "Walter Miller" should be commended for his imagination, though of course that would be at the expense of his veracity.

One of the institutions of the college is Michael Bonney, the janitor. His father held the position of janitor before him. Like old retainers the Bonneys not only perform their duty but they are jealous of the good name and reputation of the college. They have kept the college grounds in the best of condition. While the lawns of many private residences were parched and brown the college lawns were green. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any shrubbery and lawns kept throughout the year in the admirable condition peculiar to those of the College of the City of New York.

FREDERICK B. ROBINSON,
Director of Evening Session.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, September 3.

DOGS' VALUE TO MEN.

Companionship to the Lonely Is Not Their Least Service.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter of "Modern" might have been written by Senator Wicks, whose bill permitting any one to kill a dog of sheep or chicken chasing tendencies became a law this year. "Modern" is in no way modern—there have always been dog haters even as there have been women haters. "Modern" should have signed himself "Practical." The Lord preserve us from these unimaginative, overpractical men. How make them see that thousands of dogs if not hunting or doing watchman's work are supplying a very important companionship to otherwise lonely human beings?

We all agree that vicious dogs should be done away with.

In sheep or chicken raising districts dogs need only to be muzzled all the time. A heavy fine for an unmuzzled dog in sheep districts plus payment for damages would satisfy "Modern," because of its practicability.

I am a dog owner and a lover of dogs and my fellow creatures. Therefore, I keep my dogs muzzled year in year out. Well trained dogs are almost never a nuisance. Anything badly brought up is a nuisance. A dog hater acquaintance of mine refused, on a certain occasion, to dine in a house where there dwelt a beautiful collie. Rather than let his eccentric friend be absent because of the dog, "Laddie" was temporarily removed. That night the host facetiously stuck a label on the entrance hall mirror: "The dog is out of the house." Then entered the satisfied dog hater. Whereupon I added this P. S.: "Which one?"

ANTIQUE.

WESTPORT, Conn., September 3.

The Lafayette Escadrille.

Now, day by day, the rising planes
Seek their swift quarry in the air,
And crossing th' invisible lines
Sweep dauntless into conflict there.

The pilots, rovers through world space
Uncharted save by fleetest eye
And straightest glance, drive desperate
In lightning chase athwart the sky,

On cloud hills bright o'er which they rush,
In misty vales whose depths are spanned
In seconds' time, there lurks for each
A stranger death than e'er on land.

They daily with Eternity,
Whose bounds for them are always near,
In dizzy gyres, like careless wisps
They skirt Life's edge and never fear

And when with marvellous control
They safe return to earth, why then,
They walk and talk and smile and curse
For all the world like common men.

F. A. D.

LITTLE FOES WITHIN.

An American's List of Those With Whom He Has No Peace.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* With due respect for the broad principle underlying the proposition that America is at war with Germany, but that the American people are not at war with the German people, allow me to remind those who would unreservedly embrace this principle that there are pronounced exceptions where it is inapplicable. For example, I, one of America's people, am at war with the following of Germany's people:

Those who advocate political disruption such as socialism, Irish "freedom" and kindred enterprises that abuse the privilege of free speech.

Merchants who, having built up flourishing trades through sale of low priced articles, are now undertaking to discourage the American consumer by means of an advance in price accompanied by this argument: "You must expect to find some defects in so cheap an article; since we are at war we cannot get as good material or as good dyes as before. You may soon have to pay four times as much for this same article."

Those lunch rooms, particularly of German origin, and certain places, formerly French, that have been acquired by German corporations, where waiters even continue to use their irritating lingo and all evidence of French administration is removed. And wherein a point is now being made to suggest food shortage by means of pretension that certain articles cannot be obtained.

Manufacturers of matches who are distributing boxes that contain from 5 to 30 per cent. undipped match sticks.

Those who sit in our theatres and sneer at noticeably good performances, particularly vaudeville acts given by English performers. And above all of this class those who give unmistakable evidence of deliberately withholding their applause for the purpose of putting a damper on performances.

Newsdealers who discourage or attempt to discourage reading THE SUN and THE EVENING SUN.

Among this collection of my enemies I have encountered many who can scarcely speak the American language.

FRANK HUNT.

NEW YORK, September 3.

THE MERRY VILLAGERS.

A Pen Dipped in Red Ink Is Wielded in Their Defence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* How encouraging and strengthening to find THE SUN taking up cudgels on behalf of poor belabored Greenwich Village!

It has recently become quite the fad among our literary war lords to drop gas bombs promiscuously into that peaceful and non-combatant community.

The casus belli against the Village seems to be its propensity to revel. The revels, we are told, constitute the chief and choicest activity of these awful bohemians. They are just as graphically described to us by some who have never been south of Fourteenth street as by those others who have spent more time poking about back streets than they would care to admit. But why all this row over a few little revels? The gay denizens of the Roaring Forties are not denied a certain respectability. Besides, some of the Village's ablest critics—Mr. Cobb, for example—tell us that these same revels aren't real revels at all, but shams. And yet Mr. Cobb stayed around long enough to eat "enough spaghetti to stretch from the Battery to Fourteenth street," which must have required several sittings. If we are to judge from his writings, Mr. Cobb has evidently broken much bread with the bohemians. For shame, that he should turn State's evidence against them!

There are, too, numerous ranters against the "red ink" of the Village who have themselves consumed enough of that bitter cup to float a battleship. These outraged connoisseurs seem to have forgotten that good and respectable vintages can generally be had for the asking—and the price.

Another favorite sophistry promulgated by these self-appointed avenging angels is the idea that nothing truly artistic or enduring can spring from such an atmosphere as the bohemians are supposed to have kicked up. No doubt it is the revels again which make that atmosphere so noxious and unwholesome a medium for artistic growth. Now, as a matter of fact, revels and art are not at all inconsistent. How tastefully did the Bacchanalian revels garnish the art of the Greeks! How generously did those thrice naughty Roman revels lend lustre to the poetry of the period! Take the revels out of history, and your history will look like a Swiss cheese. Would they kill Bobby Burns and annihilate Falstaff?

It is all wrong, this bald, dried up, canting Comstockism. It is not true, as they would have us believe, that to pass the arch (except on business) is to "leave hope behind." What would we poor grocers, shoe clerks and plumbers do without our Greenwich Village—for is not every man an artist and a reveller at heart? Let those who scorn the Village betake themselves elsewhere for their amusement. Has it not been decreed that the world must be made safe for democracy?

PAUL D. VOORHIES.

BROOKLYN, September 3.

The Perfect Marine.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Sept. 3.—A thousand raw recruits undergoing intensive training at the United States Marine Corps recruit depot at Port Royal, S. C., went through the month of August with a perfect conduct record. There was not one single offender against the regulations, a report to headquarters states.

"The lads realize that each has a man's duty to perform," said Major-General George Barnett, commanding the "Soldiers of the Navy," "and they go about their work grimly. I am proud of them—every one."

No Slacker in the Family.

From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

WAVERLY, Ark., Aug. 18, 1917.

Crittenden County Local Board, Marion, Arkansas:

Herewith please find enclosed exemption blanks. My family can make their support, and I am anxious to go to war. Please notify me when to come.

WILL TUCKER (Col.).

Care F. B. Haskins.

An Oregon Outburst.

From the Gold Hill News.

No, William, we have never killed a man. But, Lord, that doesn't mean that we never felt like it, with delinquent subscribers enriching themselves while we stagger under the price of print paper.

The Kansas Editor Smiles.

From the Atchison Champion.

We were amused to see one of our prominent citizens who refused to subscribe for the *Champion* carefully reading Monday's issue in a downtown store last evening.

NEW UNITED STATES ARMY LEADS IN BRAIN POWER.

First Army Known to the History of the World That Contains Absolutely No Illiterate Soldiers.

When the flags are flying and the bands are playing and everybody is rooting for our boys as they march away to war it is difficult to get any man or woman to listen to a cold analysis of the fighting power of the men. They are to the mass "our boys," and, like the flag, the country is with them right or wrong. What a great consolation it must be in the light of the hard facts to know that they are right!

For the first time since men donned armor and shouldered arms for the fray the world sees in the new American army a force of individual thinkers, without a single illiterate in the ranks. It is not so far back along the calendar of war when many a good noble, with a design on his shield that commanded respect everywhere, and broad acres at his back, could not do better than make his mark as a sign of his approval of a written document. The benefit of clergy was so highly esteemed that it might be pleaded as a good and sufficient defence to criminal charges.

From that state of things down to the swinging of the New York National Guard down the asphalt of Fifth avenue is a long jump, but it is one of the notable facts in connection with that cheer accompanied pilgrimage that this division represented the most intelligent collection of individual soldiers that has ever been brought into a single division.

It is true that the advance guard of this army of the intelligent went along with General Pershing, but that force is part and parcel of the same command to which the New Yorkers belong, and the National Guardsmen represent a still higher state of mind than the regulars who preceded them.

But the difference is not what this article seeks to show. It is the average condition of the first 900,000 men that the United States has sent into the world war. Taking the army, the navy and the marines, we have now nearly 900,000 men under military organization.

Every one of these men has been touched by the magic wand of the public school system, and in the entire list there is not a single man who could be classed by the experts as an illiterate.

When it is remembered that the Russian army contained at the beginning of the war 61 per cent. of illiterates—a condition that the subsequent recruits made worse—and that the Italian army holds 31 per cent. of men of the same class, the contrast with the extreme ends may be readily grasped.

Even England's army represented 17 per cent. of illiteracy and France had about 4 per cent. on her compulsory service rolls. Germany was our nearest competitor in point of school training for soldiers, and even she had to put a fraction behind her decimal point to show that some portion of the 100 could not pass the mental test.

But our own is a clean slate.

Under the old army régime it was necessary for a recruit to read, write and speak the English language in order to enlist. The standard has held on up to this time. What it means may be understood by citing a leading German General, whose word is generally taken as authority upon all technical military subjects, no matter what one may think of the imperial company in which he fights.

"I attribute the fighting strength of the German army," said this authority, "to the individual intelligence of the German soldier. It is charged that the German soldier is a machine who thinks not, but blindly obeys. That is entirely apart from the fact. It is his superior intelligence that leads him to understand discipline, and where we do not find the individual intelligence we do not get the discipline."

For proof of which, look at the New York Guard regiments. When they came into the Federal service one month ago the commands had many recruits. The men had been thinking in terms of business of various kinds, with military ideas as entirely secondary. A month of undivided attention to the business of being soldiers worked a wonderful change. Those of us who followed them critically from the date of their entrance into the service until they came down the avenue saw at a glance the change.

Where a month ago the lines bowed and doubled, and the men crowded toward their guide like so many sheep, in their parade they swung along in good alignment, every man feeling his way for himself, and knowing instinctively when he was getting too close or too remote from his guiding neighbor. The "feel" of the job—that intangible, undefinable thing that makes a man do his task in the right way without stopping to think how it should be done—was everywhere apparent.

It was more noticeable among the line officers than among the men. They had used a month of constant association to great profit, and they went snappily through their work just as though no other people were in the world.

That is discipline.

That, also, is the fruit of individual intelligence.

For so many years makers of platitudes have said that the difference between an army and a mob was discipline that it is bromidic to repeat it, and yet the point is so strong that one may not resist the temptation.

The point of the thing is that the individual action of the men that came from thirty days of association with trained men, and thirty days of doing the right thing the right way, was made possible by the operation of the mental development of the single man. Such a result would not have come from men who depended upon what they saw and heard alone for guidance.

There wasn't a man in that line who could not read and understand the drill regulations, the suggestions as to sanitation, the laws governing his service and the routine work of his company as well as his captain. This addition of personal mental effort to the instruction of the officers had its effect.

It will have a vastly greater effect as the days go by and the army is augmented. There has been more literature published in this country for the use of the enlisted man during the last two years than any country in the world has ever known. It ranges from trench digging to the calculation of the ballistic properties of a big gun, and the public has literally consumed the output. The demand for elementary publications has been remarkable, and a number of officers who had the gift of writing what they knew so that a layman might understand have added large sums to their bank accounts from books.

So when the sharps come to cast up our resources and put down the men, the guns, the airplanes, the transports, the fighting ships and the other things that are to be listed among our fighting resources they should add one line written in red ink and underscored:

"The Public School."

A MEMORY OF PFAFF'S.

Ganymede of Old Broadway Saw Greatness as He Bore the Cup.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter of "Kit Clarke" seems encyclopedic rather than intimate. "Charley Pfaff's" would appear to be the title given to this place by the most eminent among its visitors. These have left a record of their doings there in the "Diversions of the Echo Club," a series of papers originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and attributed to Bayard Taylor. These would well repay reading, if not republication, to-day. The only theatre near Charley Pfaff's that I can remember was the Winter Garden, which was close to it, and on the same side of Broadway. There was another important place at the same time at the corner of Bleecker street and Broadway, of a type now unhappily replaced by the lobster palaces. This was Showler's Oyster House, where the purest and freshest of sea food was served without extortion, dancing or other degradation of the gastronomic art, and without being inspected and supervised by a municipal department of food and drugs.

Bleecker street in those days was renowned for its merchant tailors. One of these was a man of convivial habits who had his place close to Broadway and who lived over his shop. After a return from one of his periodic sprees he would be confined to his premises by a watchful wife, who was deaf to all the importunities that follow, as a rule, a sudden cessation of this form of indulgence. It was under these conditions that, as a street urchin, I was commissioned to assuage for a slight consideration the longings of the imprisoned merchant tailor. Underneath his show window there was a vacant space, opening into the cellar. Here, conveniently hung on a nail, I would find a tin can. In this was deposited a sum sufficient to have it filled with beer at Charley Pfaff's. When this was accomplished, the tailor, who was a dignified man of the old fashioned type of tailor, would retire in a dignified manner to his cellar, whence he would return after his libation much refreshed and still more dignified. Although there was a more convenient place next door, I was under strict orders to get my supply nowhere but at Pfaff's.

It was many years afterward, when the Echo Club papers were published, that I realized the nature of the company which I had seen there assembled so many times around the round table which has since passed into history.

JOHN P. DAVIN, M. D.

NEW YORK, September 3.

Missourian's Unfailing Rain Forecaster.

From the De Kalb County Herald.

That ducks are good rain indicators is the declaration of Guy B. Alex, of Maysville. Whenever a duck goes through the motions of swimming on dry land, he says look out for rain within twenty-four hours. The *Tribune* says the theory was proved correct the other day, when a duck was seen apparently swimming delightfully in the dry grass. That night came the rain.

YANKEE STENOGRAPHERS.

Not One Has Qualified for the Paris Clearing House.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Burr Wright Kauffman, special correspondent of the Vigilantes in France, writes us as follows:

Isn't it a pity that in Paris, in the American Clearing House, which is completely in charge of Americans—an organization that distributes contributions of money and articles from America to France at war—not one American stenographer has qualified? The requirements are an equal fluency in writing and speaking French and English and an expert knowledge of stenography. Most of the forty stenographers employed are of necessity English.

The Vigilantes would be glad if you would call the attention of your readers to Mrs. Kauffman's statement. Here, it appears, is an excellent opportunity for American stenographers with a good knowledge of French to serve their country near the seat of action.

THE VIGILANTES.

NEW YORK, September 3.

THE FORTUNATE ALIEN.

Exempt From War, He Is Allowed to Take a Drafted Man's Job.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Don't you think it is about time that this country woke up to the fact that the enormous number of aliens that reside here are a detriment to the citizens inasmuch as they are living not only under the protection of this glorious country but also of the town or municipality in which they reside without contributing to their just portion of the cost of maintaining it? Only recently the police census of this city showed an alien population of over 40,000, or 16 per cent. of the entire population.

Aliens are exempted by examining boards, to the detriment of the citizen; many a young man has given up a good position to fight for his country, and the aliens who have been excused are filling the positions left vacant and laughing at our laws that allow such a state of affairs to exist, allowing them to thrive and enjoy the liberty of our country while the citizens are compelled to give up everything as a sacrifice for our citizenship.

The recent census of young men who are conscripted should awaken our Government to the fact that something should be done in the matter. I think there ought to be some law that would make it illegal for employers to employ any one unless he can show citizenship papers. Don't you think such a law would be beneficial to the Government and people in general?

JAMES JOSEPH.

NEWARK, N. J., September 3.

Architectural Note.

Knicker—What is the House of Hohenzollern?

Bocker—A bungle low.