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TELEPHONE, BEEKMAN 2900.

The Secretary of War and His Worst Enemy, Old Red Tape.

Six or seven weeks ago this newspaper undertook to draw in rough form articles of impeachment in the case of the most conspicuous enemy of the country's cause now operating in our own territory.

His name is Red Tape. He is an American by nativity but pro-German in all his deeds. He was charged then with the crime of high treason, and rightly. Not all the cash which has come from Berlin through one financial channel or another, not all the subterranean activity and diabolical ingenuity of the spy and incendiary establishment left behind by VON BERNSTORFF's people to promote sedition, to prevent preparation, to destroy property intended for war use, to delay action at the front, have done us one-tenth the damage wrought by this traitor unaided. He has been strangling the nation's military efficiency with his cursed girdle of vermilion. And the feature of his case which would seem positively grotesque if the matter were not so serious is that not one single mark has been paid to him out of the Kaiser's war chest for his inestimable services in the Teuton interest. We ourselves are paying Red Tape from the United States Treasury; and he is costing us hundreds and perhaps thousands of millions of our own money while he does the Kaiser's work.

Since the general indictment the Congress and the country have learned in a specific, detailed way a vast deal more about the criminal operations of this public enemy than was ever known or suspected before. This is owing primarily to the courage of a Democratic Senator, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of Oregon, and to the patriotism of Democrats and Republicans alike on the committee of which he is the chairman. The Federal Legislature, after a searching investigation of Red Tape's sinister achievements in the War Department, is now discussing measures for eliminating him from the situation. The War Cabinet bill and the Director of Munitions bill are proposed on the one hand to bring about unity of action, harmony of policy and the proper coordination of effort on the part of the half score or dozen great war bureaus which, as Senator HITCHCOCK put it last Monday, are now running independently and sometimes running wild. On the other hand, an alternative and very different plan of dealing with this deadliest of national evils is advocated by Secretary BAKER for the War Department.

Mr. BAKER asks Congress to keep its hands away from Red Tape's gullet; and he has taken on himself the duty of strangling the strangler, promising to accomplish this in addition to the arduous daily labors crowding upon his office, and to do it without legislative assistance.

The choice between the two plans for putting Red Tape out of business is one of the most important questions at this time before the country.

Secretary BAKER's testimony and bearing at the time of his first appearance before Senator CHAMBERLAIN's committee we are glad to pass over without other comment than that the country is now trying to forget the unfortunate episode. He has partly regained the ground then lost in the confidence of his fellow citizens by the decided modification, on subsequent occasions, of his personal attitude toward his questioners and by his later exhibition of what has seemed to be a much more adequate sense of the gravity of the matter concerned. That his notable change was due merely to the tactics of expediency we are not ready to believe. Nevertheless, it remains true that a large part of the American public is yet waiting to be convinced of his worthiness to rank with administrators of big vision and broad experience, and of something more than surface plausibility; to sit, for example, in the place once occupied by that other War Secretary called from Ohio by another War President.

The President has intimated that the only new laws needed in the case of Secretary BAKER are such as might repeal unnecessary restrictions upon the War Department's activities. The nature of these alleged restraints has not yet been specified from the White House. As Senator WADSWORTH declared on Tuesday, the Administration should at the earliest opportunity tell the Committee on Military Affairs just what existing laws stand in the way of effective operation in the War Department, impeding our progress and making it more difficult to wage the war. Surely there is no official body more plainly entitled to have this information, no quarter where sensible and specific suggestions from the Executive for the disentanglement of Red Tape would be more respectfully received.

What Mr. BAKER has or has not learned since he answered the first summons of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs is by no means so important a question as what consequences to the nation and its fortunes are to result from that quality in him which Senator PENROSE, with characteristic charitableness, describes as "his sanguine disposition and hopeful nature."

For there is not the slightest doubt now that Secretary BAKER will accept without a quiver—if Congress shall permit him to accept it—the undivided responsibility in the future, subject only to the larger though direct responsibility of his chief in the White House, for the success or failure of our conflict with Germany's land forces.

Duties which in variety and extent and difficulty almost match those performed under the different German system by the unrivalled General Staff of that nation, educated for war and prepared for war since many years ago, have manifestly no great terrors for Mr. BAKER. The distressing catalogue of blunders and omissions since the beginning of the war found in the office of War Minister a young pacifist notoriously out of sympathy with martial ideas and naturally ignorant of military practices is disposed of with the easy assurance that though all these things may be true these very mistakes and failures have taught him where the trouble was and how the trouble may be avoided, the next time. What can be explained away to the credit of the Department's foresight is with uncommon dexterity so explained. What cannot be explained but must be confessed is candidly confessed and immediately converted into a factor of security against a repetition of the same error.

Certainly this spirit of cheerful confidence in self and in the mastery of fate is the right spirit for a great man to show when in face with a great undertaking. But it is warranted only by exact self-knowledge of greatness, and is justified only in the sequel by what Secretary BAKER termed in his statement of a week ago last Monday "the final demonstration of success."

But if the final demonstration of success should be lacking? If success should be attained, but at a disproportionate cost of treasure and human life? The executive, whether War Secretary or President, who fails of success or even reaches success at too extravagant a cost to his country will have no cause for self-reproach and need not dread the record of history provided he has done his honest best under the circumstances and has rejected no aid that might have helped to bring success. Consider, on the other hand, how awful is his responsibility if he fails or overpays because he miscalculated his own powers or was stubbornly determined to do the job alone!

Sweeping the Ikons From Russia.

By their open opposition to the Russian Orthodox Church and their decrees aimed at its complete extinction, the Bolsheviki have entered upon a struggle that promises years of trouble and contentions. The Patriarch of all Russia, the Most Rev. Dr. TIKHON, who was elected to replace the Czar as the head of the Church, says regarding the Bolsheviki's sweeping change:

"They seek to kill CHRIST'S cause, excite hatred and bring fratricidal war."

The Russians have been recognized as a naturally religious people, with a deep veneration for the symbolism and ceremonials of the Church. In the past religion has given their many wars with Turkey the nature of a crusade for the recovery of Saint Sophia and the relief of the Christian races. The Church was one of the mighty influences of the nation, and the ruler had as great power as the Little Father as he had as the Czar. The ikon, which the moujik hung on his walls, with which he was confronted in his workshop, public buildings and at every crossroad, and which was carried by him in battle, represented a force for good, a mysterious protection of his physical and spiritual well being by Church and State.

This influence the Bolsheviki would sweep away by official decree of the Soviet. In recent years great religious changes in nations have not been brought about by means of political revolutions. BISMARCK fought his Kulturkampf and effected the secularization of the monasteries after the German Empire was formed and internal political differences adjusted. France won the last steps in the separation of Church and State when the nation was united and prosperous. ROBESPIERRE deplored the Age of Reason with its Festival of Notre Dame and deification of an actress. He recoiled at its desecration because he was at heart a deist. DANTON condemned it because he was a politician and knew something of human nature and the French people. The Age of Reason was short lived.

So far the Government at Petrograd and the head of the Church alone have spoken. As a reply to the decree eliminating church incomes from the State and the confiscation of all church realty, furnishings and paraphernalia, Dr. TIKHON issued an anathema threatening excommunication and called upon the faithful to defend the sacredness of the Church. Threats of excommunication may have little effect upon the leaders of the Bolsheviki, but that there is danger of the revival of anti-Semitic outbreaks is shown in Dr. TIKHON's reference to a "fratricidal war" and the capture of churches and the Pochayeav Monastery at Kiev by the "godless dominators of our time."

Commenting on the situation the London *Times* says that the Patriarch has a "powerful weapon at his disposal." If he should lay all Russia under an edict closing the churches and refusing permission to the priests to perform the baptismal and marriage ceremonies, or to bury the dead, the effect would be immediate and far reaching, and "arouse in the peasants every superstitious fear." The moujik would then speak and Petrograd would be forced to hearken.

Hard Lines for a Rare Jester.

Misfortune, we are informed by a despatch from Amsterdam, has come to WILHELM VOIGT, a man with a real sense of humor, whose one exploit as a practical joker won him the international title and rank of Captain of Koepenick and the laughter of all the world.

VOIGT, a middle aged cobbler, dressed in an old uniform with a Captain's shoulder straps, and appearing at the castle of Koepenick, twenty miles out of Berlin, announced that he had been sent to make an inspection of the fortification. The troops were turned out in review by the commanding officer. VOIGT then demanded a look at the treasury, pocketed what he wanted, and clanking his borrowed sword, marched away.

Of course the cobbler was easily captured. He told the joke so often that all his neighbors knew it. He told it again at his trial, and he became so busy telling it that his cobbling business went to shucks. In recognition of the sport he had furnished he received all sorts of presents, and among them was the offer of a pension of $25 a month for life. But the pension turned out something of a joke in itself, for in his extremity VOIGT of Koepenick has now brought suit to recover almost two years of default in payment.

The Captain is a hero and deserves his pay. Any man who could make Germany laugh at militarism and its own idolatry of soldier clothes should have a pension, and if there is left in Germany any appreciation of a good job efficiently done, the Reichstag should see that he gets it.

The National Army on Parade.

The excellent appearance of the 308th Regiment in its parade here on Monday, and the remarkable impression produced by it on the public, have induced Secretary BAKER to order all camp commanders to have the men under them take part in reviews whenever it is convenient, in order that the public may see what kind of weapon the nation is forging in the National Army.

Such appearances of the men will naturally depend on the necessities of their training. Instruction cannot be interrupted merely to make a display. The new army is a working army, not a mere decorative organization, and the business of teaching its members how to fight takes precedence of all other considerations. Yet it will undoubtedly be possible at various times to exhibit the results of the training that has been in progress, without interfering with more important matters.

Nor should the importance of familiarizing the public with the new organization be overlooked. It is impossible for most citizens to see the men in camp. Visitors to cantonments rarely have opportunity to observe any except details of the work. The conception of the army as a great machine, each unit performing its proper function, each individual doing his task in the proper way at the proper time, is difficult to form. But the bearing and demeanor of the men in formal parade offer a practicable means of impressing on the public the advancement they have made in their profession.

Moreover, the soldiers are entitled to know the esteem in which they are held, and to hear themselves the applause of their former neighbors. The competition for public approbation between regiments and companies can have no other than a beneficial effect on the individuals in the ranks. The cheers of spectators are not less welcome to soldiers than to men in civil life, and the danger of putting a false value on mere theatrical display is non-existent when the intensive exercises that fill the bulk of the time in cantonments are taken into account. Men who are receiving instruction in the use of the bayonet and in grenade throwing; who dig the trenches under the eyes of experienced tutors, who spend their hours in the hard grind prescribed by their officers, will not be deceived by occasional indulgences in lighter and showier duties, in the course of which their fellow citizens may testify to the affection and admiration all of us have for them.

A Hartford despatch informs us that "potatoes were made a wheat flour substitute temporarily by the State Food Administrator," and another from Harrisburg, Pa., of the same date announces on the authority of Governor BRUMBAUGH that "farmers of Pennsylvania are willing to sell thousands of bushels of wheat, but there is none to take it." In an earlier and less regulated day tobacco grown in Virginia and rum made in New England were traded and transported by inland waterways without very long portages. In those days traders were tireless—fierce is the word—in keeping open lines of transportation for conveyance of necessaries.

"Twenty million pounds of beans commandeered in San Francisco for army food." Artful! The Pacific slope must be alive with cunning press agents. Coal and labor in Seattle! Rose festivals in southern California! Mountains of beans in San Francisco! And the real purpose of these alluring news items skilfully concealed. Dr. GARFIELD is back of it all; his purpose is to send so many of us to the land of plenty and roses that next winter it will be a picnic for him to supply coal for those few who remain here.

It is understood that the two ounce limit will not be rigorously applied to biscuits made by brides.

To Teddy.

Dear Teddy, here's to say
We're with you in your hard redoubt,
And here are all our million hands
To help you fight it out!

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

February 8, 1918.

A LOST YELLOW DOG.

Jewels and Furs May Be Replaced, but a Waggish Companion Cannot Be.

It is not remarkable that $150 is offered for the return of a lost "small, all white, West Highland terrier," or that the return of a lost "small Pekingese" will meet with liberal reward. Proof of the affection the small pets enjoy may be noted by the casual observer of things of interest in a whole cityful of men, women and children of widely varying tastes, moods and emotions. Offers of such rewards are made daily. If they excite any general interest it is merely in the puzzle of the manner in which the toy pets are ever separated from the tenacious hold of their solicitous owners.

But another liberal reward halts the reader's idle scanning, arrests attention, excites interest; a reward for a lost "yellow mongrel, license and muzzle on." Then and there curiosity abates even in the mystery of the loss of "a bundle of chints curtains from a taxi," or "a steamer trunk on Broadway." Such regrettable losses will occur, we suppose, in Manhattan, remembering that complaint was once made of the loss of a bass drum in the cosey corner end of a stepless Broadway surface car.

A yellow dog? What was the color of that hound some one loved and put into a song which nearly nominated for the Presidency Missouri's most cherished Representative in Congress? Yellow, for a ducat! But, observe, it was a hound, it had breeding, so it was not unreasonable for its owner to chant his protest against the neighborhood habit of kicking it around. Here, however, is a liberal reward for return of a dog not only yellow but frankly and of formal record mongrel. There is an invitation for the psychologist to give thoughtful pause.

No such problem nor any is presented by other rewards offered in the column we are considering, although the offer of $20 for the return of "an umbrella lost on Fifth avenue" inspires pity in the wise and invites speculation in the simple. And, too, some may sense a movie scenario hint in the offer of reward by a lady who separated herself from "a mink neckpiece" at one corner of a crosstown street, and from a "handbag with money and jewels" at the corner of the next intersecting avenue. It probably will arouse wonder in those unaccustomed to scatter furs, money and jewels along Manhattan's best known highways why those who do so do not pick up their belongings where, with such particularity, they were known to have been abandoned.

A minor thought. A major one is: What sort of man lost a yellow mongrel and so grieved over his lost companion that he will pay well him who returns it? Mark that the owner had supplied the mongrel with a license, insurance against forays by dog catchers; with a muzzle, insurance against molestation by officers of the law. A kind man, a law abiding citizen. Over military age, we guess, out for a stroll on the avenue when his pet disappeared. Where to? Why? The answer may be found in another advertisement: "$100 reward for return of package of unfinished garments lost on Fifth avenue." Now who, indeed, would not be surprised to see a thief steal a package of unfinished garments on Fifth avenue!

Surely, a yellow dog, all properly licensed and muzzled as by statute provided, strolling along on the avenue with his law respecting man (it seems certain that the man wore light gray spats and possibly a silk topper) would be outraged in all his honest fibre to see a thief steal unfinished garments on Fifth avenue. Then the scurry of gathering crowds, the distressful cries of the owner of the unfinished garments, hoarse shouts of police—all these would distract a yellow or any other honest dog. Even his man would have run and rubbered had he known that the garments were unfinished, because civilization, the whole world, knows that in that neighborhood never theretofore had garments been noted except for the astonishing completeness and high state of their finish.

So the yellow dog became separated from his man, and it is to be deeply regretted. More sorrow will be felt for this unhappy separation than is felt for the person who lost "a portfolio containing farm machinery and automobiles." They can be replaced, if, indeed, they were not blue prints of them contained in that portfolio. A yellow dog may be returned but cannot be replaced.

And how about the objects lost by the many ladies who offer generous rewards for the return of a surprising variety of furs and jewelry lost, it is interesting to note, as they journey in taxicabs between that and this or this and that place of refreshment and recreation? It is consoling to picture them, though their valuable possessions be not returned, still transferred by taxis between places where they dine, dance and laugh at care.

But the gentleman in light gray spats and the possible silk topper, until his yellow mongrel returns, paces the avenue lonely and sad; he misses the waggish ways of a companionable fellow, the confidences of a trusted friend.

A Musical Evening in Illinois.

From the Effingham Record.

Mrs. William Anderson, who is a very polished musician, rendered several magnificent selections on the talking machine, at the conclusion of which the Judge brought out the tiddle-de-wink boards and tiddle-de-wink ran riot for about two hours. George Barnes brought his fiddle, and take it from me, when he gets right down to business you just can't help but sneeze, cry and swear. After this had all happened Paul Willets did some fancy dancing aided and abetted by the entire company ensemble. Paul is very supple and "kicked in" with some fancy steps that almost made the parrot scream with delight.

IN TRACKLESS BOSTON.

By Polar Coordinates It Is Possible to Locate North Station.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is said that in France even the little children speak French. I suppose it is equally true that in Boston the citizens are able very early in life to find their way from one part of the city to another. In order to appreciate the difficulties with which an outsider has to contend I suggest the following psychological investigation which may be attempted by any mature Bostonian and which would furnish material for a most interesting paper in the *Journal of Psychology*.

Let us suppose that one wishes to go from the South Station to the North Station, and let it be further assumed that the traveller in question, although a resident of Boston, is not at liberty to make use of any of the peregrinatory instincts which have come to him either through inheritance or early environment. In other words, let the Boston man impersonate as well as he is able for the time being the well known citizen of Kalamazoo, Mich., or Skowhegan, Maine.

Playing the game in a conscientious manner our traveller asks a policeman the way to the North Station. He is told to take the "elevated" and is courteously shown the way of beginning his journey. When he has ascended the stairway he hunts up a man in uniform who is very willing to tell him that if he stands in a certain position he will in due time find himself in juxtaposition to a train bound for North Station. He soon observes that if he had followed the advice of a former eminent Bostonian and looked up and not down he would have seen a sign bearing the words "North Station" upon it.

Presently the train appears and he goes on board. If he plays the game faithfully he assumes that he has not the remotest idea whether the North Station is the next stop or the twentieth, and he looks around for some means of obtaining information on this point. While doing so the train has stopped and from the car window he sees the name of a station in large letters. Whereupon his spirits revive because he thinks he has found a means of determining the station at which he desires to get off, only to droop again, however, when he observes that the next stop corresponding to the one which he had formerly noticed is "Drink ———." In despair he tries another scheme.

He has noticed that a list of the stations is hung up near the door, and he wonders if in some way a key to the situation may not be found here. While studying this list, another station is called, which to his horror he finds to be on the other side of North Station. He appeals to a fellow passenger, who tells him that this list of names has reference to points along a loop. He also tells him that this is not an ordinary loop, but a mathematical figure known as a Cartesian oval. One who is familiar with higher mathematics can readily determine the position of North Station with reference to a moving body by use of polar coordinates. This is extremely simple to the Bostonian, but for the present in the interest of fairness he assumes that he does not understand it.

Meanwhile the traveller has noticed that as the various stops have been reached, a man in uniform has appeared from some mysterious recess at the end of the car and whispered confidentially to such passengers as stood within a few feet of him. The traveller hits upon the somewhat original device of endeavoring to elicit from this individual some information regarding the proximity of North Station. He is met with a stony stare as the car doors are slammed, and he is obliged to spend the next few moments in silent meditation upon his mental inferiority.

At last a benevolent fellow passenger who has witnessed the perplexities of the hero of this adventure courteously informs him that the station at which they are just arriving is North Station. Our traveller leaves the car and after a few mistakes in the selection of an exit, which are not worth noting, he finds himself at rest in his desired haven.

It may be postscripted that both of the Boston stations are extremely convenient, that the service is most efficient and that all the officials are extremely courteous. It is just possible that the joy of travelling is enhanced rather than otherwise by the mental stimulation one is obliged to experience in getting from the South Station to the North Station in Boston, Massachusetts.

X. Y. Z.

ORONO, Me., February 6.

ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Her People Are Not Cut Off From the World.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As an always interested reader of THE SUN I was much amused by the article entitled "How a Summer Town Looks in Midwinter," which appeared on page 8, Section 3, of THE SUNDAY SUN of February 3. The writer says, "Mail may be got, probably every two or three weeks," &c.

Inasmuch as during this entire severe winter so far there has been but one day that mail was not received here, and as a rule there are two outgoing and two incoming mails each week day, it is evident that the writer's knowledge of the geographical situation of Martha's Vineyard Island is vague, as the island is but six miles from the mainland, while, judging by his statement of infrequency of mail service, one might think it was some thousand miles or so out at sea. I rather imagine the writer to be what we call a "week end tripper," who comes on a Saturday, stays over Sunday, returning Monday morning, and then grabs a pen and shows what he does not know about the island.

HENRY E. DAVIES.

VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS., February 6.

The Highest Rank.

From the Carlisle Arrow.

Ida Daybird is the honorable cook at the Model Home this week.

What the Thrift Stamp Says.

From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Buying thrift stamps day by day
Is not a game of chance,
It's the silent way in which you say:
"God help our lads in France."

"Once More Unto the Breach."

From the Winslow American.

Somebody reported that "the little Winslow *American* paper" had expired. One subscriber who had paid his subscription even came in and demanded the return of his money. With such conditions arising and the prospect of possibly having to refund as much as four or five dollars if all the paid in advance subscribers should make a run on the institution, the owner of the *American* again takes up his pencil with a strong grip and a firm resolution that Winslow shall not be without a paper to herald the "comings and goings" of the most widely known town of equal population anywhere.

BADGES FOR WAR WORKERS.

Let the Country Identify Those Who Help the Warriors.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* You along with most all other patriotic papers are continually emphasizing the fact that the country needs every possible human element in back of its production. The nation must speed up its war production if we are in this affair to win.

I am a member of the regular army, in active service, and it has baffled me to see the multitude of men who appear to be following their pre-war methods of livelihood; it seems to me that these people ought to be divided up by some method, possibly a badge or a uniform, so as to distinguish those who are working for the production of war materials and those who are available for such industries. In this method we could at least approach men and women who could be made interested in our propaganda for placing all man power in our war factories.

This army of war workers would also be a source of information to those who wish to get employment, and I sincerely believe that some such distinction would add to our war workers the same proudness that a soldier or sailor has for the uniform of Uncle Sam.

HARRY B. ISAACS,
Corporal, U. S. Infantry.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., February 8.

THE CHANTEYMAN.

A Valuable List of Books Containing His Lyrical Utterances.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your editorial article entitled "The Chanteyman" you expatiated on the fact that Mr. Stanton H. King of Boston has been appointed official chanteyman for the American merchant marine.

The chantey with its chorus is the throaty music of the sailing ship, and forms the measures to which the windlass is hove around, the anchor heisted, sheets and halliards bowsed taut, the pump wheels kept clanking, and by which innumerable toilsome jobs around decks are lightened.

In your article you gave the names of several famous sea songs long popular among deep sea sailors, and incidentally mentioned two books, "Casuals of the Sea" and "A Sailor's Garland," in which some of the old chanteys can be found. The latter book, which contains twenty-five chanteys, was compiled and edited by John Masefield and published by Macmillan in 1906. It is now out of print.

I would like to add to the books mentioned by you "Naval Songs (with music), A Collection of Original, Selected and Traditional Sea Songs," published by Pond & Co., 25 Union Square, in 1883, which contains "I Wish I Was Old Stormy's Son," "Lee Gangway Chorus," "Oh Liverpool Jack," "For Rousing up the Bunt of a Sail," "For Sheeting Home Topsails," &c., which are not in Masefield's book.

In "A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea," by Charles Keeler, published by A. W. Robertson, San Francisco, 1902, can be found "Storm Along," "Pull the Line Home" and others.

In "A Ship of Solace," by Eleanor Mordaunt, published by Sturgis & Walton Company, New York, 1911, can be found "Away Rio," "Royals Free" and others.

I have frequently seen references to dipsey (deep sea) chanteys in down East papers—the Portland *Argus*, Lewiston *Journal*, Bangor *Commercial*, Kennebec *Journal*, &c., but do not know of any book containing all the chanteys (some of which have several versions). Perhaps some reader can add to the list.

S. J. RICHARDSON.

NEW YORK, February 7.

TRADE BRIEFS.

A demand for trunks and valises of American make can be created in Paraguay. Those now in general use are of local manufacture and are of an inferior grade. The Foreign and Domestic Commerce Bureau will supply a list of importers to firms interested in securing this business.

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, presents an excellent market for American shoes. There is also an opportunity to sell shoe machinery in the city. Shoes are now made almost wholly by hand in the local shops.

Suit hangers and trouser pressers are wanted in New Zealand.

There is a market in Colombia for general merchandise suitable for department stores. These supplies will be purchased by a man who will visit this country in the near future.

Sheep will be imported by the Japanese Government from Australia and sold at nominal prices to farmers for the purpose of encouraging the local production of wool. It is stated that $150,875 will be appropriated annually to aid the industry and that one million head of sheep will be raised in the next twenty years.

There is an opportunity to introduce American windmills into the Australian market. Firms interested in exporting these supplies should communicate with E. H. Eklund, Queensland State Hydraulic Department, Brisbane, Queensland.

In a report on business conditions in New Zealand in 1917 Consul-General A. A. Winslow states that there is now a fine opening for all kinds of American goods. Agencies should be established with complete stocks available for rush orders and the territory should be covered by competent salesmen.

Due to the high price of butter there is a demand for oleomargarine in Newfoundland. A list of importers in St. John's has been sent to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, 734 Custom House, this city.

Norwegian experimenters report that whale fat has been successfully substituted for other fats in the manufacture of margarine.

A Chilean bank wishes to secure agencies for various kinds of American merchandise needed in that country.

Mirror glass is needed in Peru.

Cottonseed oil and other vegetable oils are in demand in Canada.

Spain presents a field for the sale of machines for turning wooden shoe lasts and wooden heels for women's shoes.

Wrist watches are wanted in British East Africa.

A cement company in Valparaiso, Chile, plans to enlarge its plant and install new machinery immediately after the war. Firms which refer to File No. 1346 at the Foreign and Domestic Commerce Bureau, Custom House, this city, will be supplied with the name of the concern in need of these materials.

American firms wishing to exhibit catalogues at the third sample fair to be opened in Lyons, France, on March 1, should send this literature, printed in French, to the American Consul in that city, taking care to mark the wrappers "Catalogues for fair of 1918."

No cattle dips have been used in the Vladivostok, Siberia, consular district up to the present time, although cattle suffer from pest, anthrax and barb. Names of Siberian firms who would be interested in handling remedies for these diseases can be obtained from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, 734 Custom House, New York, by referring to File No. 90214b.

An agency for the sale of glacé fruits is wanted by a Canadian firm.

FIGHTING THE PRO-GERMAN ELEMENTS IN THE TRENCHES.

A New Kidney Disease, Called Trench or War Nephritis, as a Development Caused by Cold and Wetness.

One of the most powerful of all the pro-German elements this winter has been the cold weather. The recent storms have seriously hampered the movements of coal and supplies and have done considerable damage to the prospects of a good harvest. Agriculture has suffered, but the extent of the injury will not be known until later.

On the western front the cold has proved an insidious foe to the troops, inasmuch as it has been the cause of the development of a new disease of the kidneys. This ailment, for it is not necessarily a dangerous disease, is called trench or war nephritis, and it appears to be due to cold and wet. Doctors are somewhat puzzled to account for its peculiar features. It is asked, for instance, why such a condition of the body should be almost exclusively the outcome of living in trenches. The civilian population in the same area suffers little if at all.

Different branches of the military service are affected in an inexplicable manner. There is no doubt, for example, that infantrymen are much oftener the victims of trench nephritis than cavalrymen and men in the artillery. Here the insidious attack of this unseen enemy of the soldiers' health seems to stop, for officers seldom suffer from its ravages, a fact which can only be explained by the environmental circumstances of officers, that is, better food and warmer clothing. This being the case it does not seem necessary to call in the aid of an unknown germ or microbe as the cause of trench nephritis. Cold and wet weather, fatigue and strain are responsible, and supply a perfectly natural explanation.

Curing is said to be quite simple and effective. The congestion of the kidneys, like the congestion of a crowded street, is relieved by rest and return to order in life. Such is the weird visitation which the trenches mean to the infantry. They are used to marching with full kit for long distances. It is not that which wears them out; it is the constant exposure, the constant starts and alarms. In the front lines a man is keyed up to stand the bombardment, and there is a kind of rest in the fierce excitement. But when the strain is over and the troops are on their way for four or five miles to rest billets the stimulus is lacking, the pack seems doubly heavy and the cold and muddy road is very hard to feet softened by three or four days of wearing gum boots in the water of the trenches. It is the discomforts of the days and nights of cold, in reaction, that count.

To be laid low by a malady resulting from exposure to cold, damp, frost or germs is not a cheerful prospect, but it is largely avoidable. Cold and frost are the accidentals of trench life, and the country that looks after the health of its soldiers should see that they are not more than accidentals by providing officers and men with warm clothing, shirts, socks and boots. Such things as trench nephritis should show a country the necessity of having ample reserves of men and clothing.

Again, there is no reason why an intelligent public should not be aware of the defects of cut and quality in an army uniform. Any one who has contrasted the cloth of which a French or German or Italian tunic is made will be convinced that, speaking generally, it is about twice as serviceable as our own, being better in color, thickness, quality and style for its special purpose. The little short khaki coat of the American officer may be pretty, but it does not cover, as it should, the flanks or loins, just those regions of the body that are susceptible to the effects of cold. The defect is made worse by the fact that the soldier must wear the regulation shirt, which happens to have the same faults as the tunic.

A French or British officer is blessed with a coat whose ample tails allow him to wear under it an extra shirt or two. The result is that they look warmer, which must be a comfort to their men. A pallid officer is not an exhilarating sight. When the story of No Man's Land is finally written the soldier's uniform will occupy a relatively conspicuous position.

For the moment, when it is a question of actual service, the immediate effect of an insufficient supply of warm clothing is a rise in the sick rate from kidney ailments. That they are not more serious is a piece of good fortune upon which it would be unwise to depend too far. When the first symptoms appear, when a man becomes breathless and easily tired, it is time to give him a rest and general change of apparel. The question is obviously one of supply of reserves of all kinds. It is not wholly a medical question. It is an important item in the training of company officers. They are answerable for the health and comfort of their men. But ultimately it is a function of the headquarters staff, while public opinion should be enlightened.

SILK AND COTTON THREAD.

A Manufacturer on the Better Service That Cotton Gives.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My attention is called to a letter from F. M. Chapin, appearing under date of January 31, in reply to a letter written to you by our Mr. J. J. McPhillips, and I feel that I, as president of the Seamans & Cobb Company, cannot afford to allow this letter of Mr. Chapin to go unchallenged, as it seems to me that Mr. Chapin has but little practical knowledge of the serviceability of silk as compared with cotton.

I have been a seller and manufacturer of thread for over twenty years. I have sold silk and have also sold and manufactured cotton and I know positively that cotton is more durable in a seam which requires a maximum amount of wear resistance than silk, though it is a known fact that the tensile strength of silk, size for size, is greater than that of cotton.

Every one knows that a cotton lining will outwear a silk one simply because silk will not stand the friction. Please note that workingmen's clothing, which is used until worn out and has the hardest kind of service, is invariably stitched with cotton—some manufacturers offering a dollar for every rip and others a new garment for one in which the seam rips. It is where the utmost service is demanded that cotton, not silk, should be used.

For many years the United States Government specified silk and linen as a combination for shoe stitching. This was regarded by practical manufacturers as being the worst possible combination for shoe stitching, because silk, the most fragile sewing material, was crossed in a lockstitch over linen, which is the harshest and most easily affected by perspiration. I am thankful to say that the Government now permits a good cotton to be used, and the difference will be greatly in favor of the man who wears the shoes.

I myself pay from $16 to $18 for my shoes, as unfortunately I cannot comfortably wear a stock size, and I invariably furnish good cotton thread for stitching these shoes.

That the tensile strength of silk is greater than cotton I admit, but that it will wear longer I protest. The Government tests Mr. Chapin referred to were undoubtedly made on machines for determining tensile strength—not service.

That you may see that shoe manufacturers have adopted cotton thread instead of silk for stitching shoes, because of the superior durability of the cotton thread, we are enclosing copies of some letters recently received.

F. S. COBB,
President Seamans & Cobb Company.

BOSTON, Mass., February 7.

For Men Who Would Have Military Training.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May I call to your readers' attention the organization of a new battalion in the New York Guard?

A military education under competent instructors in a city armory may be obtained by men between the ages of 18 and 45 years.

Uniforms and equipment supplies are furnished by the State. For further information any one interested should communicate with D. Bennett Soman, 663 West 178th street, telephone St. Nicholas 3309, or with the undersigned at 452 Fort Washington avenue, telephone St. Nicholas 8824.

CASPAR SPIES.

NEW YORK, February 6.

Taxpayers' Part in the Dog Suit.

From the Atchison Globe.

W. J. Shubert of Bonner Springs, Kan., and C. B. Martin of the same place, both claimed a dog. They said: "We will leave it to the dog, whichever name he answers to will decide to whom he belongs." The dog joyously answered to both names, so a lawsuit was tried, and a jury deliberated twenty-six hours in deciding the ownership of the dog. It is now tied in Shubert's back yard, and the taxpayers will pay the bill of the suit.

MAN'S A CLOCK SLAVE.

Let Him Spring Upon His Master and Turn Its Hands.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Every country seems to be afflicted with back numbers who make it their business to oppose virulently every innovation regardless of its merits or of the fact that change is a condition precedent to all progress.

I was in England throughout the controversy which ended in the adoption of daylight saving. While the public were, as usual, apathetic, the back numbers spared no efforts to defeat the measure, promising us all sorts of inconveniences, not to say catastrophes. One reverend gentleman averred that it was flying in the face of Providence for man to interfere with divinely ordained time, farmers threatened that the cows would withhold their milk, and such nonsense as that put forward by your correspondent G. B. Martin was talked in volumes; but strange to say, though the measure was adopted, not one of the promised troubles eventuated, there was no inconvenience, Providence gave no sign, the cows milked as usual and every promised advantage was realized.

It is plain common sense to adapt our habits to the seasons. Every civilized community has elected to be guided by the clock. We are all, in fact, slaves of this machine of our own invention, and the simplest, easiest and only way of bringing about simultaneous and unanimous change of action is to alter the clock.

In these latitudes, where sunset is early and twilight short, daylight saving is of infinitely greater importance than in England, where during summer there were several hours of daylight after business, and now, since the adoption of daylight saving, every summer day has become a half holiday.

To the myriads of jaded workers of this country an hour or two of daylight after business in which to enjoy their leisure outdoors or till their gardens would come as a gift from heaven, and this daylight saving would give them.

Viewed from every angle its advantages are real, the objections mythical. No nation that has tasted the delights of daylight saving is in the least likely to revert to the old order of things, while in England a movement is already on foot to commemorate the greatest invention of all time by a monument to Mr. Willett, the inventor of the one and only method of obtaining unanimous human action.

E. NEWITT.

NEW YORK, February 6.

It Was Another Gregory Weinstein.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your paper of February 4 contained a report of a meeting of "Russian Bolsheviki, Menshaviki, anarchists, &c.," under the presidency of one Gregory Weinstein, who, waving a red flag, denounced the American Government, capitalists, &c.

Since Monday my wire has been kept busy by my friends, my customers and others, who inquired whether I was the leader of the New York Bolsheviki. At first I was inclined to treat the mixup of names quite lightly. But I find now that having a "double" in name is no joke, especially when one has a family of lusty young Americans.

I am therefore obliged to ask you kindly to let me state in your paper that I am not the Gregory Weinstein referred to in the reports of the meetings; that I am an American citizen of thirty years standing, and that I have absolutely no connection with the Bolsheviki, Mensheviki, or any movement which in any shape or form, directly or indirectly, tends to interfere with the energetic prosecution of our war against Germany and its militarism.

You cannot make this statement too strong for me.

GREGORY WEINSTEIN.

150 Lafayette street and 296 Lenox Road, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, February 8.

Located.

From the North Loup Loyalist.

D. A. Davis has moved onto the farm he bot of W. S.