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The Question of Man Power Even More Urgent Than That of Money Power.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has reported favorably the Administration's man power bill, including the provision which carries the age for selective service down to eighteen years.

"My opinion is unqualifiedly in favor of the young men. The young men between eighteen and twenty are usually not married, they have not settled down in life, they have not accumulations and they are better off physically."

Since THE SUN began to advocate the inclusion of young men down to the age of eighteen in the scheme of selective service we have received a good many letters opposing the foregoing view of the matter.

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He is evidently an organizer and statesman of first rate ability as well as a real military leader.

The Turn of the Tide.

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From Fontenoy to Torgny and Belleau, from Soissons to Chateau, from Epernay to Rheims.

For the Allies are pushing back the foe! The going it is good and the courage it is true.

And this and knaki chess the fleeing army, the long journey from the Marne to the Rhine.

But the Allies have started on the way. They have mowed down the enemy with many a swarming gap.

They have captured his munitions where he had hidden them.

And General Poth who leads is following up a map.

Whose roads are all clearly marked in red.

No more shall see the peasants in the invaders' way.

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of physical and other fitness in drawing for the registrants.

"I believe that, before calling for more boys, the uniformed clerks in the army and navy should be released for active fighting service and replaced by men above the age limit."

There may be some truth and force in this criticism; we are not just now prepared to say.

"With a much smaller population than ours both France and England raised more than the 5,000,000 we are now aiming for."

That may be true. It may also be true that an earlier extension of the draft to the years below twenty in England and France would have served to shorten the war and to win sooner the decisive victory.

"France did not reach her young men of nineteen and eighteen until she had exhausted her older classes, including men in their forties. Then her boys were the subject of a rigid physical examination, and when found fit they were trained under special sanitary conditions required by their youth."

What the American man power bill purposes is to put our fit youth in line for service without waiting for the exhaustion of the older classes.

That there will be a most rigid examination of physical fitness in the case of the class under twenty-one nobody need doubt.

The lower limit merely fixes the age at which the boys physically and otherwise fit shall begin their military training.

The "mere boy" of eighteen, however enthusiastic his desires may be, can scarcely hope to get to the front of actual fighting in less than a year; and at nineteen he will be a soldier, if he is ever to be one.

"While we probably have some slackers, I am convinced that our men prefer to do their country's fighting and are opposed to its being done by our kids."

The purpose of the Government's plan is not to transfer the burden of duty from manhood to immature youth, but to procure from the available ranks from eighteen to twenty-five the best material by the selective process.

We beg leave to remind this correspondent and all other honest and candid objectors to the drafting of "boys" that the line dividing boyhood from manhood, "kidhood" from maturity, is an arbitrary conception, as destitute of objective characteristics as the tropic of Capricorn.

There are probably as many "men" of eighteen to twenty-one as there are "boys" of twenty-one to twenty-four; and it is the "men" that Uncle SAM needs for the safeguarding of the world's democracy and the salvation of civilization.

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bleasing for which we well may be devoutly thankful. And, as Mrs. Nonnis so well further says, an essential to that end is the English language. "One must read in English," she adds, "in order to think in English, and one must think in English in order to be a real American."

This is exactly the fact. It could hardly have been put better than Mrs. Nonnis has put it in the less than two dozen words quoted. Without unity of language, national unity of thought and purpose are compromised to the danger point. It is a handicap with which we have been long burdened, and burdened to the point where further tolerance would be near to disloyalty to all our higher American aspirations and ideals.

That senseless load has got to go overboard. And with it has got to go the detestable hyphen and all it implies.

Let it once for all sink into the depths of every political shyster's consciousness that we are at the dawn of a new order of things in respect to the old easy going tolerance of non-American racial imperfections and meddlings and intrigues under our very noses is to exist no more.

The Flag of Iceland Appears.

Skippers in the harbor of Christiansia enjoying the warm sun at 10 o'clock of a night in July were startled out of their lazy comfort by the sight of a strange ensign flying at the mast of a trim new freighter making her way up the beautiful fjord to anchorage. It was a red cross edged with white on a field of blue; it was and is the flag of Iceland, which so far as is known never had been displayed before in a foreign port.

The surprise of the sea captains was no greater than that of the representatives of the British, American, French and Italian Governments who met in council in London to draw up a new trade agreement with Iceland, the compact of 1916 having expired. Into the council chamber walked a mission from the earthquake torn island. They had with them the British Consul-General to Reykjavik—but not a soul from Copenhagen.

A new understanding was reached whereby the Icelanders are rationed liberally, and in return pledge themselves to sell certain of their products to England. All this was consummated without the signature of any representative of the crown to which Iceland nominally still owes allegiance.

In both these significant incidents Iceland outstripped the leisurely progress of the law. She has been contending for absolute independence for more than 400 years; now she seems to have gone ahead and taken it. Whereat there is great glee in Reykjavik on the west to Rifasangi on the east, from Raugadgurpr and Kogur on the Arctic Circle to Thykkvillar on the south coast.

There's stubborn stuff in these descendants of exiled Norse noblemen. The Norwegians found the place 1,048 years ago, but the Irish already were there. You can't beat the Irish. Disagreeable talks have said that Icelanders still talk Norwegian with a brogue. That is base calumny. The tongue in fact is the language of the ancient sagas, red undefiled to this day. Their real heritage from the Irish is the habit of being agin' the Government.

Denmark got Iceland from Norway in 1380. The Icelandic claim is that the treaty contained no provision destroying her national identity. Restive always, Iceland secured the segregation of her finances from those of Denmark in 1871, also the payment of a sum in compensation for certain church properties seized and sold by the crown at the time of the Reformation. Home rule came in 1903. The next step, in 1913, was an amplification of rights. Iceland won the privilege of flying her own flag on her own soil and in her own ports. Danish officials were sent packing home, every one. From that time forth, the Althing at Reykjavik made all Iceland's laws and administered them through its own Cabinet. The stipulation remained that Copenhagen must be consulted upon affairs of state, specifically upon matters concerning foreign relations.

Naturally the forbidden things were just what Iceland felt the irresistible urge toward doing. Precedents range from Eve and the apple down through the ages to us and wet paint signs. That explains the fug in a foreign port and the conclusion of what amounts to a treaty without so much as "by your leave" to CHRISTIAN X. In peace times this might have made a minor sensation, provoking a Cabinet crisis in Copenhagen, to say nothing of pictures of Iceland ponies in the Sunday newspapers. Nowadays the European press lets it go with a few lines. As for us, American correspondents did not think the trifles worth cabling.

Somehow we never do get much news from Iceland, and it seems a pity. She is always doing the pliant and unexpected. For instance, after worrying through 1,100 years without a railroad, she suddenly decided in 1914 to build one—seventy-six miles of narrow gauge from the teeming metropolis of Reykjavik, with its 1,200 souls, through the fertile Thingvall region to Rangvalle, and thence to Eyrarbakki. Is it finished? We never were told. The names look like Kurling's India. Does anybody speak both languages well enough to tell us whether the likeness extends to pronunciation?

Iceland has the area of New York State, or a little less, and the population of Yonkers, or a little more. That gives elbow room. After a hard winter, a generation ago, 20,000 Icelanders migrated to Manitoba. When Canada called for volunteers at the start of war 2,000 of these folk responded promptly.

Icelanders have been coming to New York to buy food since war made shopping difficult in Europe. Some of them came here in winter and complained of our bitter weather. They missed their offshoot of the Gulf Stream. They wanted to sell us ponies, described as combining all the good and none of the infamous characteristics of the Missouri mule. We bought herring instead and sold them corn meal, which they had to learn to eat. Now they like it, particularly mush.

Professor CARL LORENTZEN, formerly of New York University, later educational adviser to the Icelandic Government, made the astonishing statement that one-third of the inhabitants of the lava glazed island were American citizens. If so, did they register for the draft?

THORVALDSEN, the sculptor, was an Icelander. Then of course there was LEIF, the half legendary character who has been said to have discovered America almost 500 years before COLUMBUS. That phrasing would start a fight in Eyrarbakki. LEIF the Lucky is no fabled hero over there; he is as real to them as that other voyager, Commodore PERRY, is to us. The Flatley Book even tells why he quit our shores. It seems he had been misled. Here is a translation of a bit of the saga:

"When I came here brave men told me Here the best of drink I'd get; Now with water pall behind me— Wine and I are strangers yet; Stopping at the spring I've tasted All the wine this land affords. Of its vaunted charms divested, Poor, indeed, are its rewards."

That's what he thought of Vineland, the old rascal. But observe that the tables are turned. It is Iceland that is dry now. In 1915 the sale of the stuff was stopped and all stocks were exported.

The climate of Iceland is raw, cold and wet; there is every incentive to liker up. There are hot springs and mud baths all over the island; so there is every facility for getting sober. Yet she went dry.

What can you do with a people as stolid as that? CHRISTIAN X. may as well give in.

If a German submarine could get into Central Lake, what pleasure it would find in torpedoing the children's boats!

Governors Island has been enlarged by many acres of filled in land upon which the Government needs for its numerous clerical and administrative forces in this city. The island is more accessible to Manhattan than several points in New Jersey to which many hundreds of New Yorkers go daily to labor in war industries.

The interesting fact might be called to the attention of Washington by the War Emergency Committee of the Board of Estimate the next time Washington asks permission to demolish one of our parks for office building space.

There must be a touch of peevishness in General Pershing's after all. He writes of the long delay of a letter informing him that a Boy Scouts camp had been named for him. What does he expect? The letter was mailed in New York May 24 and—zip!—reached him July 19.

The Hindenburg line ought to be a landmark recalling pleasant memories of better days to the German troops who are marching homeward.

Attention was called here recently to a remonstrance by a citizen of Minnesota against a tax on musical instruments submitted to the body of which he is an ornament by Senator NELSON. Now the same Senator submits from other citizens of his State remonstrances against further taxes on poolrooms and billiard parlors and the proposed tax on automobiles. How now? Upon what festival doth Minnesota feast that she hath grown so fat? Music, billiards, pool, joy rides, say? Must be as free and untaxed as Indians.

General von BORNH, who has been appointed to the supreme German command on the Somme front, is credited with being the Germans' best hand at directing a retreat. In justice to the other German Generals who have been in the battle, it must be said that they have been retreating as fast as they could.

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WOMAN'S GOOD GOLFING.

Is the Solution Her Greater Sense of Rhythm and of Timing?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Before the professors get hold of the woman golf problem, recently presented in a SUN editorial article, permit me to make a layman's suggestion.

In the writings of professionals on golf the term "timing the stroke" of the drive is frequently used, and amateurs writing on the subject seem to have the same thing in mind when they emphasize the value of rhythm in the drive swing. I have many times heard golfers, amateur and professional, explain failures to get off good drives with the remark, "I'm not timing my swing right."

Both terms have descriptive value and may mean much the same thing. I think there is more implied by rhythm than by timing. Rhythm, by the big swing for the drive, implies, I should say, a desired speed relation, rhythmic, if you please, between the up and down swings; a swing not only without jerkiness, smooth, but a certain relation between the two speeds of the club head, that with which it swings back and the greater with which it swings down and carries through. Timing is included in this because the greatest speed in the down swing should be achieved at the exact moment the club hits the ball.

Women undoubtedly have more sense of rhythm than men, and as a great muscular power is required to impart a swift movement to a club head at the end of a light, springy forty or forty-two inch shaft, if their rhythm is better than man's women are more likely to work up to top speed at that critical instant when the rap is given. Women "feel" the club head as if it were a stone at the end of a piece of string, which is exactly the way it should be felt. "Throw the club head at the ball," a Scotch amateur used to answer when asked the secret of his long drive.

Women do that; they give a rhythmic movement to the driving implement as delivered when it will do most good. NINETEENTH HOLE. ESKER FELS, N. J., AUGUST 15.

Why Women Drive So Far.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It seems a waste of time to answer such a foolish question. Women are born drivers. From the beginning of time they have driven right on up to the Juno type, have driven men batty from home, to drink, to afflictions, to bankruptcy and to hell knows what. It's a wonder to me their golf drive record isn't a mile or two.

New York, August 15. I. LOVENS.

RIVINGTON PLACE.

A Missing Birthplace Identified by a Transplanted New Yorker.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: On the north side of Rivington street, between Orchard and Allen streets, at the time William Brown mentions in his letter to THE SUN, was a row of four story high stoop houses of pressed brick, with a green trim, that was called Rivington Place.

Such "places" were quite common in the lower part of the city at that time. I was born, seventeen years ago, and lived for a dozen years, just opposite in an old Dutch farm house, a three story, with a high ceiling, a foot wide, four rooms, cellar and attic, a "stoop," and a cistern and woodhouse in the back yard.

The other houses on the south side of the block were neat two and a half story buildings of brick, with low stoops, and a plain, clean, white facade, characterized the entire neighborhood.

What education I have come from my mother and at home, but for a few months I attended a public school near by, on Ludlow street, presided over by a very excellent man, "Pop" Heiden. The school class which I entered was taught by a Mr. Mather, who was a precursor and used a turning fork. He taught us among other songs to sing the following, which may have interest at the moment:

In the land of liberty, march we along Liberty! Liberty! raise the happy song Gaily with our stripes and stars sung to the breeze, May the sound stroke o'er the sea.

Kosuth's coming with a message, Stand back Russia! Clear the path, fight, Hungary's right, Says Columbia, says Columbia.

Here's death to the tyrant Czar, His coxacks may ride afar, But let monarchs and lords and their meretricious and lords and their go down with the tyrant Czar.

This last to the tune of "Sweet Peggy" or "The Low Backed Car."

Shall I add that I have read THE SUN for over sixty years? W. D. E. NEWARK, N. J., AUGUST 15.

RAISED CHECKS.

How Do Scoundrels Get the Money on Them?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I was surprised to see it stated in THE SUN the other day that \$25,000,000 was lost in 1917 through raised checks. Now I can understand how, with modern checks and other means, checks are raised, but I cannot understand how they are passed after being raised. If they are presented at the bank on which they are drawn the payee, if unknown to the teller, must be identified, and, of course, by some responsible party, or if they are offered in payment for goods naturally the merchant will not accept them unless he knows they are all right. But I suppose the statement in THE SUN must be correct or it would not have appeared there.

Will some one who knows kindly inform us how the "artists" proceed to realize on the proceeds of their skill? If, generally known, would help to defeat the same.

It was also stated in THE SUN that the Supreme Court has ruled that if the checks look normal after having been tampered with, the banker paying them cannot be held responsible. This is certainly a most curious ruling, if the banker supposed to use no "scrutiny" if so, then I say he ought to prescribe some special form of check and how it should be made out. As it is now, all sorts of checks are used, and some of them are so drawn as to positively prove a temptation to raise them. For example, you will see "Ten Dollars" written with a long blank space between the "Ten" and the "Dollars." It has occurred to me that a uniform check with which the public would become familiar, as with our currency, might minimize the possibility of raising.

NEW YORK, August 15.

THE GEORGIA SENATORSHIP.

A Republican View of the Contest Against Hardwick.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The Georgia Senatorial race has one month to run. Harris resigned in February, Howard announced in April; Cooper and Shaw have persistently prosecuted a campaign for months; Hardwick returned in July and has covered a large portion of the State.

All are speaking to comparatively small crowds. No one has aroused the people or brought forth any enthusiasm. Less interest is manifest in this political race than any within my knowledge, considering the prize at stake. If there is to be any excitement it is to come.

This month will see many bargains made, contracts broken, promises shattered, misunderstandings brought to the surface, advice given, candidates get down to business, lay aside personal animities, discard vituperation, stop quibbling, rivet their eyes most effectually on the unit vote.

There are 380 units to contend for. Take Campbell county with say 800 electors, say Harris gets 200, Hardwick 200 and Howard 301, Howard would carry the county unit and name the two delegates to the State convention, which will be the final arbiter in nominating the Senator. Every county is separate and distinct. The popular vote has been excluded by the Niel act. The man able to carry the unit vote will be elected.

Howard does not appear in Campbell and Douglas, his old Congress district, as strong as he should be to gain any outside prestige. Nor does Harris gain that volume of strength in the Fourth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Congress districts necessary to make sure his election.

Unfortunately, Emmett Shaw has no money. This precludes the possibility of his nomination. Be it said to the disgrace of both of the old parties that they have ordained that no man shall be elected to office unless he is possessed of money or backed by wealthy men.

John R. Cooper has never been taken seriously as a candidate. He could not carry Bibb county. As I see it, no man has the prize sewed up; no man yet has the race won.

The Niel act will prove an important factor; it possibly annihilate the dirty bunch of crass politicians and give the State at large a chance.

From my viewpoint, with a tabulated return from almost every militia district, I cannot see how Howard can possibly expect to win. He may yet be forced, in view of his promise to the President, to get out of the way. Neither Harris nor Howard can win. Howard has developed no strength, has gathered no following, has made no rupture or created any confusion in the ranks of the Harris support; has done no injury or disturbed in the least the following of Hardwick, which is solid, staunch, immovable, drawn from every kind, grade or class of electors known to Georgia politics. Harris is weak in certain localities, and he could be wonderfully strengthened by Howard's withdrawal.

The much talked of "loyal vote" is lost as well without a rudder. The proclaimed disloyalty of Hardwick, which was carefully nurtured, turned and proved a viper.

From now on the fight is going to warm up and be a fight to the finish. The people are awakening, the electors are determined to be