

The Sun

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Conclusive Evidence of the Worthlessness of the German Word.

The German Imperial Chancellor has done more than anybody else, except perhaps his predecessor, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, to clarify the situation in one highly important particular.

In just a dozen and a half words Count von Hertling, addressing the Reichstag, informed the American Government, the Allies of the Entente and the whole honorable world, belligerent or neutral, why a peace negotiated with the present rulers and masters of Germany is impossible, and why the only peace for which we can look is a dictated peace won by the utter defeat of militarism and the complete overthrow of Hohenzollern autocracy.

That is what President Wilson, who will speak to-night in the Metropolitan Opera House, has been saying from the first.

The German Imperial Chancellor says it likewise. His way of saying it is extraordinarily candid for a person so sophisticated. "You cannot trust us," he says in effect. "You cannot accept any compact or agreement or convention or treaty which we may make in settlement of the war. You cannot believe the Imperial German Government's word or depend upon our pledged faith; for the simple reason that we recognize a higher law than the written law, an ultimate obligation beyond the obligation of any signed and sealed document."

This is the way Count von Hertling, speaking for the Imperial German Government, has confessed the worthlessness of its treaty word. He was referring to the case of Belgium—fatal theme for German Imperial Chancellors! He admitted that in invading Belgium Germany transgressed the written law. Then he defended the perfidy and the crime in this pregnant sentence:

"As for individuals, so is there also for states another law. That is the law of self-defence."

That is to say, in the judgment of war lords irresponsible to the people there comes in sight at any time a military advantage to be gained by the violation of the national pledges, the infraction of the international law, the violent invasion and destruction of an innocent people whose security has been guaranteed by the aggressor himself, it is only necessary to plead this other law of self-defence, and promises become non-binding, pledges meaningless and solemn treaties nothing more than scraps of paper.

And the role Judge of what is required by this other law of self-defence is the German Imperial Government!

What a weapon of noble scorn, of mighty truth, of high and inflexible purpose, the spokesman of militarism and autocracy has unconsciously put into President Wilson's hands!

Cardinals Named "In the Breast."

The death of Archbishop Ireland recalls not only the desire of thousands of his friends that he be made a Prince of his church—a desire which burned perhaps more hotly in his admirers than in himself—but a remarkable article which was printed in our conservative contemporary the Brooklyn Eagle so recently as September 11, the eightieth birthday of the Archbishop. This article, which purported to be information received from "a prominent Catholic clergyman recently returned from Rome," contained in direct quotation from the report of a conversation between the Pope and the clergyman. He deduced to the essentials, the dialogue was as follows:

"Have you heard how Cardinal Isard is of late?" asked his Holiness.

"You mean Archbishop Ireland, don't you?" inquired the priest.

"No," quickly replied the Pope, "I mean Cardinal Ireland, whom I have named for the red hat in petto."

The Eagle's passing comment was that "the Pope's appointment in petto cannot be ratified now," meaning that there was no immediate prospect of a consistory. But would not the very naming of Archbishop Ireland in

petto constitute him a Cardinal? In the nomination of a Cardinal the Pope is free. In the matter of the creation of a Cardinal in petto we quote from the interesting and authoritative article on Cardinals in the Catholic Encyclopedia:

"Formerly the dignity of Cardinal was acquired only after public proclamation and reception of the hat and ring. At present any form of publication suffices (Pius V., 23 Jan. 1571; Greg. XV., 'Decret,' 12 March, 1621, in 'Bullarium Romanum,' XII., 663 sq.). Creation of Cardinals in petto is therefore without effect unless there follows publication of the names. A testamentary publication does not suffice. Pius IX., announced (15 March, 1875) a creation of Cardinals in petto with publication of their names in his testament, but this creation never went into effect. From the reign of Martin V., i. e., from the end of the Western Schism, during which there were many Cardinals created by the contending Popes, it became customary for the Pope to create Cardinals without declaring their names (creati et reservati in petto), the Italian equivalent for which is in petto. The publication of the names may, in given circumstances, be made at a much later date. Only at whatever time such publication takes place, the Cardinals so created rank in seniority according to the date of their original announcement as reserved in petto, and precede all those created after that time."

Assuming the trustworthiness of the Eagle and its clerical informant, there would appear to be left only the question of publication. "Any form of publication suffices," the Encyclopedia says, but is a conversation of the kind described a form of publication? If it is not, has there been—still assuming the correctness of the Eagle's article—any official form of publication in Rome?

In passing from a subject which is as delicate in technicality as it is interesting to the many friends of the great prelate of the Northwest it is well to note that the creation of Cardinals in petto is not an uncommon practice. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, according to the Official Catholic Directory, was "created and reserved in petto" on December 30, 1889, but he was not proclaimed a Cardinal until June 23, 1890. Cardinal Mendes, the Patriarch of Lisbon, was "created and reserved in petto" on November 27, 1911, but he was not proclaimed until May 25, 1914, two and a half years later.

Von Hertling Shudders for a World at War.

At no time during the war has the German Government manifested such a state of alarm and deep concern for the fate of Europe and the rest of the world as at present. In his address before the Main Committee of the Reichstag, Count von Hertling, the German Imperial Chancellor, hopes that Germany's enemies will be ready to make an end of the war "before half of the world is converted into a heap of ruins and the flower of many strength lies dead on the battlefield." Again, he shudders with humanity at the thought "that this terrible Kultur destroying war may not be the last, but may bring further wars in its trail."

Since the sword of battle was thrust so against his will into the Kaiser's hands more than four years ago we have not heard such an expression of squeamishness over war's horrors. "The German Empire must build with blood and iron the road to the attainment of its political destiny in the world," was the loudly proclaimed doctrine of the day. When Belgium was devastated, her towns and homes wantonly destroyed, her men and women murdered under the plea of military necessity, and her government supplanted by a Prussian rule of cruelty and merciless extraction, there was no compassion for the starving, helpless people and a ruined nation.

When northeastern France was pillaged, its inhabitants turned into refugees or carried away into German slavery, the old German Gott was ejected and blessed for his victories. A supine and helpless Russia became mere loot for military conquerors, and a Rumania, crushed by treachery, was robbed of its resources, defenses and strength and reduced to subservience and vassalage. Germany announced at that time the addition of vast conquered territory and attempted to extend her rule by the force of arms over people opposed to her by every circumstance of race, origin and religion. She proclaimed an open war for further economic conquests in the East and for the extension of her imperialism into Central Asia. Again the German Gott was acclaimed mighty and just. But Germany showed no tender solicitude for a world engaged in a titanic struggle.

The explanation of the Chancellor's present deep concern for the embattled world is evidently found in his statement of conditions within the German Empire. The Berlin Government has throughout shown such a misunderstanding of the psychology of other nations that it is not unexpected that the Chancellor should speak most astutely from the situation in Germany. He says:

"As you are aware, deep discontent has seized hold upon wide circles of the population. The principal reason for it is the pressure which the terrible war, now lasting over four years, is producing on all—the sufferings and deprivations which have brought in their wake sacrifices which the war imposes on all classes and all families and more or less on every individual."

The reason for this change from a

defiant faith in military power to a "deep discontent" he sets forth when he attempts to show that this discontent should not be due to the present military situation on the western front.

"I have no intention," says Count von Hertling, "of trying to diminish this pressure by words." This might have been expected to forecast a franker statement than previous utterances of official Germany, at least a statement freer from insincerity and duplicity. But, no, there is the usual Reichstag rant: Germany's innocence of early warlike intention, her scorn of conquest and desire for peace, the confluence of England, of this in instance of Edward VII., with Russia for Germany's overthrow, the spirit of revenge fostered among the French people, the use of Serbia as an excuse for hostilities and the justification for the despoiling of Belgium. To this stock in trade is added the new detail of a "wild war fury" raging in the United States, the course of which "the former idealist and zealous friend of peace seems to have developed into the head of the American imperialists."

The consolation he offers is that "our troops repel the attacks of English, French and Americans supported by every kind of modern instruments of war." He reminds Germany that she has a peace with Russia and Rumania, and that the Austrian army holds a large part of Italian territory. He omits any reference to Germany's two other allies and the reverses in Macedonia and Asia. "The situation is grave," he declares, "but it gives no ground for deep depression." But on this statement outweigh the actual conditions on the western front, the knowledge that the German people possess of the uncertainty of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, and the insecurity of a peace exacted by the sword from Rumania?

Our conception of the Spanish influenza germ is a gripe bacillus that has been trained in Prussia. A Bulgarian can always find comfort. No matter how badly he fares with the Allies, it will not be any worse than he would get from his friends the Germans in the end.

Unlimited are the bounds of this world conflict. Yesterday, at the Chemical Show, the enemy's dye salient was smashed.

"The Return of the Druses," predicted in one of Browning's poems, familiar, of course, to all tired business men, was not a success, either the return or the play. But the Druses have returned triumphant, under LAWRENCE to ALLENBY, with 25,000 prisoners.

To justify Von Hertling's declaration that America is being consumed by an uncontrollable war fury, America will now proceed to oversubscribe a six billion loan.

One unique result of the war is the institution of lighthouses on terra firma. Erected at the Swiss border, the upturned lights notify all airmen of their arrival at a neutral boundary.

Liberty bond workers may use motor cars on Sunday—The news.

He travels the fastest who's boosting a loan.

PERHING has an "invisible" headquarters, a SUN correspondent reports. Unlike the headquarters from which the world gets Herr Rosenberg's delightful stories which give us such stirring, such touching pictures as to "impress upon the mind's eye a headquarters visibility of dazzling candle power."

Stand ready to weigh the anchor of your bank roll!

THE BICYCLE'S DAY.

Its Riders Take to the Roads on Gasless Sunday.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The bicycles to be seen on any road last Sunday outnumbered the horse drawn vehicles of all descriptions at least five times over. On Fifth avenue there were swarms of bicyclists. One bunch of about twenty-five, apparently composed of groups of club riders, amounted almost to a parade and attracted no little attention. On Queens boulevard and other main Long Island roads I noticed a great many riders, a number of them being men of 40 or thereabouts. Also a number of them were to be seen, which would seem to bear out the contention of the makers that they have conquered a greatly increased demand for women's bicycles.

It is true that a certain class of riders does not create an impression favorable to the bicycle, but then there are plenty of roughnecks in automobiles nowadays. Cycling is a respectable recreation, and any one who thinks he would lose caste or dignity by mounting the democratic wheel has very little of either to lose.

W. T. F. New York, September 26.

THE STAR NEAR VENUS.

Saturn is Identified as the Gallant of the Heavens.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The star which a Veteran Reader has observed close to Venus in the constellation Saturn, an both of these planets were in conjunction early in the month, although the actual conjunction was not visible here, but the two planets were still very close together the following mornings. They are moving rapidly eastward, and according to programs arranged millions of years ago our radiant neighbor will make her bow in the evening sky punctually on November 23.

It is indeed a rare delight to be able to recognize and greet these heavenly visitors upon their return to our sky and to feel the throes of kindred harmony. A certain philosopher has said that man has the advantage of thought over the universe, but it seems more reasonable to believe that thought is everywhere and that each of these planets imparts life!

GLEN RIDGE, N. J., September 26.

Grave Jokers. Take Notice.

year. Probably the rest will be used next season, if the Park Department can get the necessary ploughs and enough fertilizer.

Washington Heights carries off the honors. The prize crops were raised at 188th street and Amsterdam avenue, where the average yield from the individual plot was worth \$35. The poorest farm land appears to be at 100th street and Fifth avenue, where the average yield was valued at \$2. Intending homesteaders will please take notice.

The Manhattanites with the hoe asked 200 questions a day at the two demonstration centres, Union Square, where good crops were raised on the foot of soil above the subway roof, and Bryant Park, where lettuce grew on land worth, we suppose, a dollar a teaspoonful. One query stuck in the minds of the experts as a classic:

"How would you forestall an impending night attack by cats on a newly planted bed of lettuce?"

There is the cityed version of the perennial suburban dilemma—shall I grow chickens or a garden? The answer must have been difficult; the Sullivan law was drafted before the war made gardens a subject of interest hereabouts.

Plans for the coming spring are ambitious. Each amateur is to have 20 by 40 feet wherein to exercise his new found skill with dibble and scum-fie hoe. The Swiss chard propaganda is or are to be spread assiduously. Swiss chard, our tutors assure us, is Germany's two other allies and the reverses in Macedonia and Asia.

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A PREMIUM FOR SMALL BOND BUYERS?

It is Suggested That \$2.50 on \$100 Would Stimulate Subscriptions. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I have read all your editorials and articles on the Liberty loans with much interest. Not only because of the thoroughness with which you have discussed them, but because you have stressed which you place upon the importance of all issues being owned by citizens in small lots. You say, "Any scheme that will encourage this is distinctly in the public's interest." It also works for the success of the loan.

To-day all of us are thinking of the Fourth Liberty Loan and are deeply concerned for its success. The amount set to be subscribed, \$6,000,000,000, is staggering. It has no precedent in size, and no other country in the world is equal to such an emergency. A doubling of expenditures above last year has called for a doubling of amount needed, and this has doubled amount called for a doubly energetic effort to obtain the necessary response.

The deduction is imperative that as the last loan was subscribed to by 18,000,000 people, this one should and must be subscribed to by at least double this number. Let us see how we can do this. Of whom Mr. McAdoo said on Tuesday night, "It is preposterous to say that there are only 25,000 in America able to lend more than \$10,000 each to their Government." It is from the immense number of small subscribers of this democratic country that subscriptions must come.

Each of the preceding loans brought subscribers to the number of 4,000,000, 9,000,000 and 19,000,000 respectively. If the fourth maintains this graduated ratio the feat is accomplished.

But let the sentiment created by a continuously disappointing experience of loan taking be not only sustained and which now permeates the mind of the small subscriber be corrected.

In each of the three loans it was relentlessly urged that the utmost be accomplished. Each was subscribed to by participants in dense ignorance of bond conditions and thought of each subscriber being successful for himself while being assured of the high value and stability of the nation's bond.

Upon completion of each loan the price immediately fell and thousands of ignorant, disturbed subscribers, sometimes from distress, want or an overcautious feeling, were left with their hands being worked upon by unscrupulous salesmen, sold their bonds at a loss. This was the penalty attached to each of the three issues. We are about to enter upon the fourth loan with this crying evil unremedied. It has created lukewarmness, reluctance and suspicion.

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"SKEDADDLE."

A Gaelic Authority is Willing to Accept It for Ireland. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It requires all my interlopity to take issue, even ever so gently, with Dr. Visetelli, but while it is true that "skedaddle" sounds very much like a compound of "skid" and "addle," it seems doubtful to me that the Lancashire yokel, or any other of the simple folk among whom such terms have their genesis, would have made the rather labored, ratiocinative combination of the two words which the eminent lexicographer's theory supports.

Dr. Visetelli may pardon me, remembering that I contributed 350 definitions of Irish terms to the Standard Dictionary under his editorship, for halting the suggestion of Mr. Henry E. Davis in THE SUN. There need not have been an Irish Bally student at Ball Run, though there were certainly a few other kinds of Irishmen there. The fact is that many years ago in some learned columns—because they were learned I suspect they may have been the columns of THE SUN itself—I read an explanation of "skedaddle" which made it out that that forceful word was compounded of "skid" and "addle," the latter translated, like Mr. Davis's "skedaddle," as "all scattered," or, I rather think, "all scatter," that is, "out of the way, all."

It sounds to me very much like a slogan which would well have fitted the lips of bearded "galloglasses," or Irish battle axe men as they charged the ranks of Elizabeth's soldiery at the Yellow Ford or in the Curlew Pass; the other war cry being one also often heard on the battlefields of our civil war—"Fag-a-bailach," or "Clear the way!" STAMMAS O'SHEA, BROOKLYN, September 26.

A MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

His Not to Boss, but to Look Around and Suggest.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In some of these letters dealing with domestic affairs it seems to me I detect an absence of that sportsmanship which becomes man always as a garment.

Do you realize how much men miss by absenting themselves from their kitchen? They are thereby depriving themselves of the opportunity to suggest to their wives what they should always be peering and prying to ascertain to the last mill what articles of food cost or to inquire sternly of their wives in what extravagant way they squandered the quarter they entrusted to their profligate hands.

Why doesn't he invade the hitherto unknown realms of the sacred precincts and take a hand himself? Astonishing, unheard of, absurd proposal, I know it seems to do nothing to me, but I have few exceptions. There is the irrepressible John Smith (I may say to save speculation that the name is assumed), a cherished friend of mine who is always clothed in the habiliments of the eminent respectability and has his right hand on the handle of the kitchen knife.

He takes a sort of whimsical, or shall I say wistful, pride in picking out the potatoes, peeling them and digging out the eyes; and his wife admires him. He likes to tell her—not to show his superior knowledge but as a guarantee of good faith—how he has done it in the past. He likes to plan with his wife every day what she is going to have for dinner. He appreciates that this robs the meal of the element of surprise so dear to the heart of your true epicure, but at the same time it has the gratifying effect of making her directions. He likes to plan with his wife every day what she is going to have for dinner. He appreciates that this robs the meal of the element of surprise so dear to the heart of your true epicure, but at the same time it has the gratifying effect of making her directions.

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