

The Sun AND NEW YORK PRESS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1918.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not credited to it in this paper and also all rights of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

One Year, \$10.00; Six Months, \$6.00; Three Months, \$3.50.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

ADVERTISING RATES: Daily and Sunday, per line, 10c; per column, \$2.00.

likely statistical, not at all to draw a lesson for partisan advantage. If any such lesson could be drawn from the foregoing tables, the first of their kind in the political history of the State, it would be overwhelmingly to the advantage of the Socialist and Socialist Labor organizations, so far as the higher and more responsible offices are concerned.

Senator Knox on a Use Worn Phrase.

Senator Knox, a learned lawyer, probably surprised many of his colleagues in the Senate when he attacked "the substantial foundation" of "this felicitous phrase, 'The power to tax is the power to destroy.'" He was upholding the right of the Federal Government in time of war and for war purposes to tax the salaries of State officials and incomes derived from State instrumentalities when he assailed the phrase by declaring:

"The power to tax is the power to destroy." This phrase in turn, to mean anything, rests upon the inconceivable hypothesis that, armed with a lethal weapon, the nation would lie in wait and slaughter the States en masse, or one by one as opportunity presented. Whatever the danger may have been in the early days when this phrase was coined to serve ultra State rights views, it should no longer be seriously regarded.

"It is akin to many fictions of the law that were invoked to ward off the bugaboo that lurked in the shadows of the early dawn of our liberties, whose unreality we now clearly comprehend. The power to tax is not the power to destroy. The power to tax is the power to enforce a proportional contribution for the support of the Government. The levy must be for revenue; if it is made for any other purpose it is unlawful. The power to tax is the power to destroy only in the sense that the power to feed is the power to poison. In the one case it presupposes a malevolent purpose against the States which alone compose the Union, in the other against the laws of hospitality."

Precisely the same reasoning may be applied, it seems to us, to the phrase affecting the Federal power to define the qualifications of the States' voters, as by the proposed Federal woman suffrage amendment, that it is "the power to dictate who shall control the States."

Three Landmarks.

Each in a different way, but all for many years, the three places of refreshment whose names appeared in the newspapers yesterday, one of them as having closed its doors for good, the others as being in financial difficulties, have catered to New Yorkers who liked good things to eat and drink. Delmonico's may be saved; surely it should be. The pastryman's name has become synonymous with a well spread table, with fine wines and foods, wherever men give serious attention to the arts of cooking and serving. Moreover, the house as an institution is too intimately associated with the history of New York for it to perish. Its progress from lower Manhattan to Fourteenth street, to Twenty-sixth street, and to its present site records the growth of the metropolis northward. Delmonico's never led this march; it was not a rash innovator. But its proprietors were quick to sense the changes business and fashion have imposed on the commercial and residential topography of New York, and always succeeded in establishing themselves near the hub of things.

A roster of the patrons of this public house, a list of the societies and committees that have met and dined or lunched within its walls, a record of the receptions, the wedding feasts, the private entertainments that have engaged its hospitality would be almost a history of the town. Certainly no social or political movement of importance has survived without a meeting, a conference, at Delmonico's. Were those deft servers, who never seem to have grown older, to unlock their judicious lips, their piece-meal contributions to the informal lore of New York would elucidate many a mysterious occurrence and reveal the hidden influences of many a grave change for better or for worse in the community's existence.

No man will ask for a list of the great who have spoken in the assembly halls of this old metropolitan institution. The roll would be too long; the serried ranks of orators of passing or enduring fame would form an army even General Foch would not blush to command; their reverberating voices, joined in one, would shame the detonations that marked the progress of the New Jersey munitions disaster. And the delightful tête-à-têtes of less famous folk in the quiet rooms of this dignified establishment that are treasured in the memories of thousands of Americans, some of whom visited it not more than once, perhaps as an incident of honeymooning in New York, must be a mine of pleasure in many scattered homes.

In Sweet's a different, but not less discriminating, clientele for generations found food to their liking, service of the best, companionship of high and unflinching interest. Thither went men of the sea, and those who with them deal, and those whose palates had been educated to the fine distinction of the splendid food fish too many of us neglect. From the remote parts of the earth, over the endless waters, urged on by fickle breeze, they sped to the hospitable berth in South street, whose caterers drew on the unlimited resources of the great fish market across the way for the best and freshest of supplies, and whose simple customs were unaffected by the advance of more so-

phisticated, but not more attractive, manners. Sweet's saw its contemporaries vanish, but still it kept its head above the water, though prices rose to dizzying heights and old customers, weaned from it by the changes of time, ceased to thrust open its friendly doors. Our shipping declined; the ancient American mariners and their followers reached a low ebb in numbers; and Sweet's felt the pinch of higher costs and lower receipts. It is unfortunate it could not survive a little longer; the new merchant marine we are building would probably have established conditions that would have restored it to success. The sea is tenacious of tradition; the name of Sweet would have been restored to its former meaning. Perhaps even yet it is not too late to rescue it from the obscurity with which present untoward circumstances threaten it.

It was good drink, and not good food, that established the fame of Theodore Stewart. Man, ever given to self-deceit, would swear he wanted to look at the art gallery, or study the phenomena of natural history, or observe the marvels of mechanical ingenuity with which the respectable mahogany of Mr. Stewart's institution were surrounded. But it was the sound liquor that drew the unflinching patronage, at one place from commercial and financial life, at the other with a strong element of politics, at both learned by learned men from the professions. No beer was drawn in those well kept bars, but ale; hot apple toddy was compounded with skill unsurpassed; mixed drinks, the cocktails of the dignity, could be had, but the atmosphere did not encourage them. Perhaps a wise and philosophic mixologist will trace the beginnings of the downfall of Stewart's to the rise of the rickety and the highball. Certainly there remained to the last a fine body of upstanding citizens who took their beverages straight at Stewart's, and scorned other chasers than the plain water of our daddies. Theodore Stewart himself took nothing, so tradition runs, except champagne, having therefor a pretty taste and sound judgment.

A Little Puzzle of a Billion Dollars.

Who is to Lay the Tax on the Liquor That's Left Next Summer?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The new war revenue bill provides for a tax of \$5 a gallon to be paid upon distilled spirits now in bond when withdrawn for consumption for beverage purposes. According to reliable statistics the stock of distilled spirits remaining in bond in the United States was, in round figures, 150,000,000 gallons on July 31, 1918, a decrease of about 40,000,000 gallons since September, 1917, when the food control law put an end to distilling. It is easy to see, therefore, that the decrease of the bonded stock has been at the rate of about 4,000,000 gallons monthly during the ten months. Let us take it for granted that the greater part of these 4,000,000 gallons monthly represented actual consumption, although very likely such was not the case. June 30, 1919, is only about nine months off, and if the same rate of withdrawal continues until then we shall have over 100,000,000 gallons remaining in bond when prohibition begins. Who will pay Uncle Sam \$5 a gallon, in round figures about \$1,000,000,000, on the stock of spirits left in bond on and after July 1 next when the sale is prohibited? And in this connection the question arises in mind that the original cost of production of these spirits, plus the distillers' rather substantial profit, figures on the average something less than 50 cents a gallon. "Abandon the merchandise," you might say to the owner, but bear in mind some one will have to give bonds to Uncle Sam to get the amount of the tax. And when I mention 50 cents as the original cost, plus the distillers' profit, it must not be supposed from this that the present owners of the merchandise paid only 50 cents a gallon or thereabout, because many of them bought on an inflated market and paid all the way from a gallon upward for their present holdings. W. J. CHORNY. New York, October 5.

Judges' Salaries.

Do Income Tax Payments "Diminish" Them Constitutionally?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Former Judge Clearwater's article in THE SUN regarding the levying of income taxes on Federal judges' salaries begs the question: "Is it constitutional?" It is true that Section 1 of Article III of the Constitution provides that judges, both of the United States Supreme and inferior courts, "shall at stated times receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office." It is also true that to diminish means to reduce, take from, decrease, &c.; but I think the Judge loses sight of one important fact, namely, that it was undoubtedly the intention of the framers of the Constitution to provide a fixed salary for the judges. Professor's son, bringing up the rear rank. Nowadays the father and old Professor Jenks exchange letters from France, for both Otto and Eldred were assigned to the same company in the 36th Infantry (home port, Tappan). So, then, the father and son had the same tobacco fund and aid the Red Cross—all held in the shadow of a cross-service flag.

Grapes of Wrath.

It was the inspiration of lofty emotion, which perhaps is genius, that prompted Sir ARTHUR COSAN DOYLE to preface his story of the American assault which first broke the Hindenburg line with JULIA WARD HOWE'S "grand and mystical lines" as he calls them: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." The righteous vintners had trampled out the grapes of wrath. "Al-ready," writes Sir ARTHUR, "as we arrived the glad news came that the Americans had done their part." And doing their part the Americans had given a new and glorious significance to the words of their battle hymn!

One-sixth of the loan has been taken up in one-third of the time allowed by the Government for subscriptions. General PENNINGTON's comrades proceed on another plan; they take all the objectives in one-third of the time allowed.

Avenue of the Allies.

"Avenue of the Allies" will not do as a new name for Fifth avenue. The late HENRY JAMES tried with enticing ways to induce us to call it "The Fifth Avenue," but with patience unrelenting, Washington once tried to carry "The Avenue of the Presidents" as a new name for its lovely Sixteenth street, but the burden was too heavy, so a few years ago, by solemn act of Congress, Sixteenth street came by its old name again, to the relief of many, the regret of few. Pershing, Foch, Haig, these and others easily suggested by current great events might do a change must be made in the name of Fifth avenue, rather than in the name of some now important thoroughfare not so long and intimately associated with the city's life.

The TNT Explosion at Morgan, N. J.

ought to shake a few slacker dollars into the Liberty Loan.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON on the Fourth Liberty Loan, with very slight emendation:

"You know the reason why, All else you must deny, Yours but to buy and buy."

With the money saved in gasoline to-day and on previous Sundays buy Liberty bonds.

A friendly impulse prompts the London suggestion that Great Britain make a gift to the United States of the man formerly occupied by the German Embassy. It may be polite to look a gift horse in the plumb, and not in that spirit.

will a hint be conveyed to London that the mansion be used for some other than the suggested purpose. There is a Federal law, little availed of up to the present, authorizing Congress to appropriate funds for buying or buying homes for our diplomats in foreign capitals. Congress needs inducements to speed, not to delay, such purchase or construction.

The Peavey Constellation.

Fred Peavey's career up to June, 1918, was mildly interesting but not exactly exciting. Born twenty-five years ago in a small town up in the States, he went to the public schools, sang in the church choir and went to the Owl Club's weekly dances. He developed an interest in chemistry through talking to the chemist of the local paper mill, who sang him in the choir, and interested him in an amateur experiment he was persuaded by his father to abandon individual research upon the promise that he should have a college course leading to a chemical engineering degree. Behold him, then, at twenty-two, with a degree newly framed upon the wall of his first house where he lived in New York, employed by day by a great steel corporation and by night very likely to be found at the Engineering Club, or perhaps instructing a boxing class recruited from the Sunday school.

The Worker's Pay.

Some \$65 a Week Men Are Now Getting What They Once Earned.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: There seems to be a great "do" about the working men getting \$65 a week in the shipyards. I know several who get \$70 a week, and when they get home they are all in. It's no easy thing, and I know it.

Italian Patriotism.

It Burns Bright and the Sons of Italy Buy Many Bonds.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In the name of justice I ask you kindly to print this letter of mine in answer to your article in THE SUN of October 4, headed "Italians Cheer, but Bonds Go Begging."

The Italians not only of New York but in the United States and in the whole world are very patriotic.

Your article said that last night at Carnegie Hall was collected about \$400 in Liberty bonds. This is foolish; one saleswoman among many, a young Italian girl, Miss Ines Quallieri, sold over \$100 worth.

Of the Third Liberty Bonds the second place of honor went to the Italians of New York.

The Italian Americans of New York, from the beginning of this drive up to October 3, have already subscribed \$2,377,165. Perhaps this amount might be doubled from other districts.

GUSTAVE TOLSTENOV. New York, October 5.

War Etiquette.

To the Editor of THE SUN.—Sir: Should a gentleman doff his hat and keep it doffed when on an elevator being run by a lady operator?

Boston seems to be of divided opinion, so we leave it to you.

J. F. JOHNSON. Boston, October 5.

Describing a Kansas Front.

From the Coolidge Enterprise.

The performance given at the Coolidge Theatre last night by the one-two-three quartet company reminds us of the show the children give where pins are charged for admission.

Even Winter Can't Understand Him.

From the Arkansas Gazette.

We now approach the winter period. To lay aside his furs until summer.

A Great Coach's Sturdy Vocal Cords.

To the Editor of THE SUN.—Sir: Hang me if I can get quarter way through some of these strange Russian names we're finding in the war news these days, but every baseball fan knows one man who can set 'em up. Many a time I've heard Hubert Jennings encourage Detroit batters and base runners by his sturdy cries: "Come, mumpakay! Ukhinnokay! On your toes, old man! Only two out, Volhanavlet-ekaya!"

BLANCHER. Tax Bronx, October 5.

The Metamora's Fate.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Can any of the old timers of THE SUN recall anything of that famous old Hudson River steambot the Metamora, more particularly her fate? She was lost in a collision with the P. G. Coffin, or it may have been the Commodore.

H. Y. BROOKLYN, October 5.

Fred Peavey's career up to June, 1918, was mildly interesting but not exactly exciting. Born twenty-five years ago in a small town up in the States, he went to the public schools, sang in the church choir and went to the Owl Club's weekly dances. He developed an interest in chemistry through talking to the chemist of the local paper mill, who sang him in the choir, and interested him in an amateur experiment he was persuaded by his father to abandon individual research upon the promise that he should have a college course leading to a chemical engineering degree. Behold him, then, at twenty-two, with a degree newly framed upon the wall of his first house where he lived in New York, employed by day by a great steel corporation and by night very likely to be found at the Engineering Club, or perhaps instructing a boxing class recruited from the Sunday school.

Poems Worth Reading.

A Song Sung Twenty-eight Years Ago. From the Century of August, 1890.

In the heart of a man Is a thought unthought: Reached its full span It shakes the world. And to one high thought Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise, The great work grows, Nor with foolish voice, But in repose— Not in the rush, But in the hush.

From the cogent lash Of the cloud-herd wind The low clouds dash, Blown headlong, blind, But beyond, the great blue Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep The scourge and the rod, But in deep beyond deep Is the stillness of God— At the Fountain of Life No cry, no strife!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The Liberty Loan Posters.

A flame of terror and of loveless leaps from the city windows and gray walls.