

# The Sun

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dent bade an official farewell on the eve of his unprecedented departure from the seat of Government does not know. The Senate, his constitutional associate in the business of treaty making, does not know. The newspapers do not know. The various societies of political thought and propaganda do not know. The political organizations which make the platforms which are supposed to direct political policy do not know. The people of the United States themselves do not know.

Consequently, although there is much thinking in this republic about practical measures for safeguarding the peace of the world, as far as possible, against such immeasurable calamities as that which has recently overcome the planet; and although there are many and diverse ideas of preventive and preservative schemes, ranging from Mr. BYRAN'S conception of a system of treaties engaging irate nations to stop and count three hundred and sixty-five days before proceeding to actual hostilities, and from Senator KNOX'S idea that for present purposes there is adequate security in the association of Powers which has just won the great war, all the way to the rainbow visions of a World Federation under millennial conditions, there cannot be said to exist any approach to unity of American thought on the subject. No man, however exalted his official station, however capable and assured his own mental processes, whatever the character of the project contained in his doubly and trebly locked intellect, has a mandate to speak representatively for the American Republic, for there is at this time absolutely no consensus of American opinion as to a League of Nations.

Yet there are certain obvious facts of the situation, certain lessons inwrought in American experience, certain principles and traditions inseparable from the American spirit, which bear directly, and in our view impressively, upon the general question of acquiescence in any form of supernatural control involving the merging, in any degree, of national sovereignty and independence of action.

To our present participation in an effective scheme of world police there is in the fundamental law a concrete obstacle which seems to have attracted little or no attention on the part of those who have considered the subject from the various angles of approval or doubt.

The position of the United States in this respect differs from that of some other Powers where strict limitations are not imposed on executive or legislative action by the text and spirit of a written Constitution.

For the employment of the armed forces of the United States, and the expenditure of money in the Treasury produced by the taxation of our citizens, for police intervention in a quarrel between two foreign nations, or against either of which we have direct cause of war, and in the absence of a declaration of war by us against one or both, there is no warrant in our Constitution—no warrant whatever, express or implied.

The prevalent confusion of mind regarding this cardinal fact is perhaps due to a failure to perceive the essential distinction between such joint operations as our advance upon Peking along with the British, the French, the Japanese and the Germans at the time of the Boxer troubles, or our latest entry into Mexico, or our present occupation of Coblenz during the armistice, and, on the other hand, an expedition of our military or naval forces, at the call of an international board or council with whose majority decision our vote may not even have coincided, for the repression of strife concerning us only to the extent of a general and altruistic desire for universal peace.

Our troops marched to Peking to protect American lives and American property. For coercive measures of that sort, in the absence of a war cause or a declaration of war, there is precedent and reason, and doubtless good constitutional warrant.

For coercive operations of the other sort, as, for example, to settle a dispute between the Poles and the Letts, or to quell a war between Rumania and Bulgaria—for intervention in such a case not merely with good offices but with armed force as an incident of international police duty, our Constitution bestows no authority either upon the Executive or upon the Congress.

The power to declare war is vested in the Congress alone. Nothing less than an amendment of the Constitution by the regular process can transfer to any external authority any part of this sovereign function. It cannot be done by any treaty or series of

conventions. A treaty may be held to override a statutory enactment, but it cannot possibly be held to override a constitutional provision or limitation, or to remove any of the restrictions imposed by the Constitution, or to add one iota to the powers already conferred by that instrument upon the Federal Government.

If a treaty could do this, then our form of government could be revolutionized in many particulars, without a reference to the required vote of the States, merely by the concurrent action of the Executive and two-thirds of one house of Congress.

Any plan, therefore, for our enlistment in a world police, subject to assignment to military or naval duty by another authority than the Congress of the United States, requires an amendment of the Constitution, if the Constitution continues to be valid and respected.

Not only the job of policing the world in the long future, but also the more immediate responsibility for the arrangement of the world and the reconstruction of its boundary lines looms large and vague before the somewhat apprehensive eyes of the American people.

A faint picture of the myriad complications and entanglements that will surely repay us for a deliberate departure from that sound doctrine of non-interference in European affairs which President WASHINGTON bequeathed to his country when he bade it farewell may be beheld in the present situation, even before a single Commissioner of Peace has reached the table at Versailles.

Outside of the grave problems presented by the disintegration of Russia and the black uncertainty overshadowing the enemy countries, Germany and Austria-Hungary, we now see Colonel HORN and the minor tribal nation builders on the American President's staff endeavoring to reconcile the Czechoslovak pretensions with the demands of New Poland; adding their American gray matter over the incompatibilities of the different elements of the proposed fifteen million Slav self-determined people; weighing Croat and Serb; staving off the leaders of the various Irish secessionist factions who invoke American aid to self-determination in their island, also, as against the British Government; trying to arrange plans to prevent the unredeemed Italians and the newly redeemed Jugo-Slavs from flying at each other's throats over the question of the Dalmatian coast; examining into France's supervisory rights in Syria; puzzling over the difficult question of racial self-determination in sections of Anatolian territory where the Levantine Greeks or the Armenians are locally in the majority; seeking the proper flag to fly in Palestine over the great flagless nation; and with infinite patience applying the ethnic acid test to the blood corpuscles of Bulgar and Banat and Gruda Albanian and Druse of the Mountain, and the unidentified racial humans from near the Enos-Media line, in order that each may fall naturally and properly into his self-determined place as predetermined by the Wilson Fourteen. And now even the venerated Sherref of Mecca—Allah prolong his continuance and may his tribe increase!—has arrived in Paris to lay before Colonel Horn for American sanction certain Pan-Arabian aspirations which have not yet obtained England's approval.

This is but an inadequate exhibit of the innumerable questions of purely European or Asiatic or African provenance which are already springing from the points or principles prematurely delivered a year ago from a single American brain. Their progeny in the second generation promises to be considerable. They are all alike directing themselves straightway to America as the arbiter, on the assumption that America, having originally and voluntarily unannounced the Fourteen, has thus made itself responsible for the practical application of the code and is bound in honor to see the matter through. In several of the more important cases an American decision satisfactory to the appellant might prove extremely unwelcome to one or another of the great Powers which have been fighting side by side with us to win the war.

Nothing can be further from THE SUN'S intention than to speak disrespectfully or even lightly of the claims or cause of even the least of the little kingdoms or republics created in the process of European, Asiatic or African reconstruction. They all should have the friendly interest and helping hand of the United States. They all may be sure of that. But when it comes to the business of maintaining and policing them we are

impelled to ask again, in the virtue language of the lamented Monsieur MORLAIX: "What the devil are we doing in that galley?"

IV. The practical and immediate consideration is that whatever scheme for a League of Nations now abides in the inner chambers of the President's mind—and his speech yesterday to the British League of Nations Union added not a particle to public knowledge of his thoughts or intentions—a persistent attempt to embody it in the treaties of peace would surely postpone the conclusion and proclamation of peace for an indefinite period. It might be for months, it might be for years, it might even be till the Greek kalends.

That in itself affords sufficient justification for the attitude of those leaders in the United States Senate—the body which must finally accept or reject the League of Peace submitted to the Senate by President WILSON after he has made it something more than the mere phrase it now is in his outgivings—those Senators who with Mr. LORAN and Mr. KNOX insist that the project shall come to them on its merits and not be forced upon them as a rider to the treaties of peace.

But any such proposal to bind this nation by contract to an indefinite future of entanglement in European politics, of armed intervention in foreign affairs not immediately concerning us, must inevitably suggest reasons for extreme caution; reasons broader and deeper than those of legislative convenience.

Can any American who loves his country above all the rest of the world forget that there are other ideals than those of world service, of international socialism, of universal brotherhood and of primary allegiance to common humanity?

Greater even than the Monroe Doctrine is the Washington Doctrine, impressively formulated in his last message of counsel to the American people, reaffirmed in the clear and concise phraseology of JEFFERSON and in the ringing periods of DANIEL WEBSTER'S incomparable eloquence: "Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, honor or caprice? It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

A hundred and twenty-two years later we can see not only that this is the true policy of the United States from every point of view of national common sense, but also that it is the very quintessence of the American spirit, the traditional principle which has made the great western republic what it is to-day.

During this century and a quarter of consistent adherence to the policy of staying at home and minding our own affairs, going afield in armor only on proper occasions pertinent to our own national interests or honor, our population has increased from less than one million to more than one hundred millions. Our national wealth has grown from probably less than a billion at the beginning of the last century to seven billions in that century's middle year and to nearly 100 billions at the beginning of this war, and probably, according to the estimate of impartial foreign authority, to 250 billions at the present time. Never in the history of civilized progress has there been a comparable example of prosperous growth self-produced and inflowing.

And commensurate with this miracle of material progress is the increment of moral power that has attended the steady pursuance of the Washingtonian policy. The United States, by its independent position in the family of nations, its aloofness on principle from the intrigues, rivalries and the toils of European ambitions, while drawing to itself a stupendous part of the mobile wealth of the world, has also been the fortunate recipient of an unprecedented accession of the energetic manhood of the world. As has been said again and again, we are the melting pot of nations; and the product, thank heaven! is pure Americanism.

There is a vast difference between nebulous theory and adamant fact. The adamant fact is the unique place of the Washington Doctrine has given us; the power, while attending to our own affairs, to reach forth on proper occasion, and use our might as occasion requires. Why should we throw this power away? We hear much of ideals; we have already our own ideal, the American Ideal.

Human nature has not changed in Europe or in Asia or in Africa or in the American hemisphere. National

character has not changed and is not going to be changed by any written and sealed system of world ethics. The whole history of the world shows that an artificial League of Nations is likely to crumble like an eggshell under a heavy heel at the first important divergence of economic or territorial interests as between the really dominant Powers associated.

We are free, while our sovereignty is all our own, to enter into such temporary alliances as the Washington Doctrine foresaw and as the needs of the time require. Let us beware of any sentimentally specious project for the abandonment of any part of that independent sovereignty to any exterior authority, however styled, which proposes to take over to itself the smallest fraction of that which has made us great and strong.

The Sun's conception of the America of the future is not as a mere unit in a supernational system, but a free, mighty and prosperous sovereignty, friendly to all except those who wrong or attack it—not an America over all, but an America kept independent of all by Americans who are for America first.

**Mr. Asquith's Defeat.**  
The returns of the British elections show a victory for the Lloyd George Government even greater than was expected. Coalition, the political offspring of the war, is a lusty child; the ancient parties dwindle.

The tragedy of the hour is the defeat of Mr. ASQUITH, a member of Parliament for more than thirty years, and the greatest Liberal since GLADSTONE. It is one of the ironies that a British constituency, in the moment of the exaltation of democracy, should defeat the statesman who sheared the Lords of their power to rule the nation. It is unfortunate that Parliament, at the moment when the Irish question looms darkest, should lose the man who as Premier came so close to solving that problem that perhaps only the war prevented him from so doing.

It was a war election and a war victory. How curious it is that ASQUITH, a supporter of British sympathies in this as in the Boer war, falls victim to the fever of the moment, a fever which is used to keep in power the man who in the Boer war fought the British Government with all his strength.

**The Germans Sent the Wrong Man With the Basket.**  
The ancient phrase of conglomeration to perdition has been used twice in the last year in such a manner as to attract public attention to the conspirators, both Americans. The first of these was Colonel WHITTESLEY, who told the Germans attacking his outnumbered forces to go to hell when they demanded his surrender; and WHITTESLEY has the Medal of Honor—not for his language, but for the bravery that went with it. Now Mr. HOEVER has told two Germans to go to hell, and although he will get no medal for it he has attracted a good deal of attention.

The emphatic words were employed by Mr. Hoever in the course of negotiations with the German Government on the subject of food supplies, but it must not be assumed that they express the Food Administrator's general attitude toward such Germans as the allied Governments consider fit to be fed. He took pains to make it plain that his anger was directed against the two individuals who represented themselves as having been appointed by Berlin to carry on negotiations with him—Baron von MULLER and Dr. REHR.

"You can describe two and a half years of arrogance toward ourselves and cruelty to the Belgians in any language you may select, and tell the pair personally to go to hell with my compliments. If I do have to deal with Germans it will not be with that pair."

The Germans are, of course, but psychologists, otherwise it would have occurred to them that Von MULLER and REHR were poor messengers to send to a man as familiar with the wrongs of Belgium as Mr. Hoever. Von DER LANCKEN was the German Governor of Brussels to whom Minister WHITLOCK vainly appealed in the Cavell case, and REHR was one of his associates.

## A VILLAGE OF DREAMS.

**This Man Who Knows It Is Too Selfish to Name It.**  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The recent letters in your columns depicting the vanishing of the small towns for some folks are a little amusing, and still more pathetic. Possibly, however, those seekers after the unobtainable might not find conditions as satisfactory as they imagine. Fifteen or twenty years of strenuous life in Gotham are hardly conducive to quietude and sanity. And yet a dream town does exist, only one must find a further effort to find them. The writer knows of just such a spot, where Sunday is Sunday, where the only sound on a midsummer afternoon is the drone of insects and where quiet reigns supreme; where farmers drive into town with ox teams and where a still autumn leaves leaves in defiance of modern intensive agriculture. A noble river runs past the old town and tier after tier of rolling hills surround it on all sides. There are no mosquitoes and no nuisances. The old inhabitants, and the few, very few newcomers, city people who have been lucky enough to discover this paradise, live the simple life, mitigated by a little bridge and golf at a beautiful country club a few miles away.

Yes, I do know of such a place, and the knowledge I am keeping strictly to myself. It is not every one who would be so bold as to name a town and those of us who know and love the old town wish to keep its charm unspoiled.

**At the Foot of the Berkshire.**  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A village in Connecticut, called Brookfield, seventy-three miles from New York, on the Berkshire division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, would suit "Another Lost Man." We do not possess a golf club. In the fall he can burn leaves in his heart's content. In the spring he can pick all the flowers in the fields he wishes to. He can tramp in the woods until his legs give out. In the winter he can coast down hills without danger of being hit by a motor car, as there are plenty of hills. I am not in the real estate business.

**A Rhode Island Opinion.**  
From the Providence Journal.  
A correspondent who signs himself "A Lost Man" writes to THE SUN to say that all through his active business life he has looked forward to retiring eventually, into some village of his dreams, that is a country community with broad shaded streets, white houses and green blinds, where he might find a cheerful, dignified and easy going environment for the remainder of his years.

He points out that as he has spent his youth and his early manhood in the still fields dependent on the metropolitan area for occasional stimulus and inspiration, so that his village should be within fifty miles of Manhattan. But, alas! he has come to the regretful conclusion that no such settlement now exists. Suburbia does not appeal to him. He would like to find a quiet white and green village that we read about in story books and that undoubtedly still exists at a greater distance from New York.

**A PEACE CELEBRATION.**  
International Good Will Does Not Need to Be Tied by a League.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Before the present war began we were about to celebrate a century of peace in commemoration of the Treaty of Ghent. I wish our country would make a celebration of such a century of peace, involving to the celebration not only Great Britain, but France, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, Japan, China and the other nations with whom we have lived for a century on terms of amity, not overlooking the republics of South America, India, except Russia, Turkey, Austria-Hungary and Prussia, the world has moved along in a creditable tranquillity, and now that those sections of political pestilence have been exposed to the sunlight, there is a nobly occasion for mariners to get thanks.

Let us lay some emphasis on the thousands of questions of international import that have been settled directly by one nation with another, and the many questions settled by voluntary arbitration. The larger part of the world has lived on neighborly terms, and now that the sore spots, rather than the body, have been exposed by a terrific exhibition of surgery, it is folly to assume that mankind is in a woful condition of sickness. There is such a circumstance as too many physicians and too much doctoring after the patient is on the road to recovery.

I see little in the extreme form of a League to Enforce Peace but "the temporary excess of despotism which follows revolution," as Herbert Spencer explains it. Let us keep open all of the old channels of agreement which produced a century of peace; let us not use only a single mode of producing harmony and congenial lawfulness. The millennium is not necessarily a condition in which every man is engaged in a lawless, but let us emphasize health, not sickness, and build upon the old elements of strength. Let us have a celebration of the good that is and was giving national recognition to the victors and losers of this war, but the victory that does not have already won. H. B. BANGS.

**Home Service.**  
The bells that led the battling hosts Receive their decree from the King. The silver chryseon dawn and day The silver chryseon on the land.

## POEMS WORTH READING.

**Inside the Organ.**  
Within the great church organ is a space Enclosed by looming pipes of massive birth Like sturdy tree trunks, with a sapling growth Of flutes and reeds thick clustered by their flanks. To this dark chamber of the organ's heart I climbed as one who threads a gloomy wood And waits the bursting of a wrathful storm. Then to that console came the organist, Drew the ranged stops, and from the bowls of keys And thunderous pedals hurled such tempest blast Of shrilling, roaring tumult on my ears. Where it stood prisoned in the cave of sound, That scarcely would my limbs support their frame. The diapason shook the trembling flesh. Bombarde and tuba bellowed in their might. With undaunted hearting underfoot, Poseune clamored with its brassy din. The trumpets clashed in plangent battle call, And ophicleide and oboe blared their strength. Gamba and cello rang their resounding chords. The quintadena sung its high complaint. And like wild storm birds shrieked the piccolo! Yet when I came from that discordant place I found rapt listeners in the dim church who said a noble anthem had been played. And marvelled at the organ's harmonies! So may the tumult of these troublous years Wherein men's spirits are so sore besieged, And racked with clamor of rude dissonance, Become to listeners in a later time The surging ground swell of high eucalyptus, with reasons caw, The Year hastens down its darkening way.

**The Fading Year.**  
Where once I tread with vernal zeal The soil is crispy under heel, While overhead, with reasons caw, The crows go flapping down the lawn. The branches wither and lose and turn: With frosty bicker runs the burn; And from behind the hills afar Comes a sound oracular: A requiem that sobs and swells, And talks in mournful syllables. How to a hours beyond the day— The Year hastens down its darkening way.

**To "The God of Things as They Are."**  
Your altar stands—just as it stood of old, And worshippers you have in manifold. Forever was that worship still the same— They only changed, from age to age, your name. But into one brave schismatic faced you stare, With that ascription you henceforth shall wear. Things as they are! the priesthood of your cult Of starchy stock, and they exult Your strategy to reach your altar crown. With victim offered as the law lays down. "Come," say they to the people, "whither bring." That altar sully dream to which you cling. The dream may be of truth unshod yet, Vexed by the future's ultra-violet. The dream—tis of the More-than-all-we-know—

**The Cowboy's Prayer.**  
Oh, Lord, I've never lived where churches grow; I love creation better as it stood. That day you finished it so long ago— And locked upon your work and called it God. I know that there find you in the light of dawn— How pained— And yet I seem to feel you near to-night. In the dim, quiet starlight on the plains. I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so fair. That you have made my freedom so complete— That I'm no slave of white-hot hell, nor bound about the prison walls of woe. And give me work that is a sign to the sky. Make me a partner of the Wind and Sun— And I won't ask a life that's soft or lush. Let me be racy on the man that's down. And make me square and generous with. I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm alone. But never let them say I'm mean or small. Make me as big and open as the plains— As broad as the horse between my knees. Clean as the wind that blows behind the rein. Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze. Pardon me, Lord, when sometimes I forget— To understand the reasons that are hid. You know about the things that gall and grieve. You know me better than my mother could. Just keep an eye on all that's done and said. Just fight me sometimes when I turn weak. And guide me on the long, aim-trail ahead. That stretches upward toward the Great Beyond.

**The Language of Mars.**  
Billy was a soldier boy. An' war he fought in France. Where he behaved exactly like a hero of romance. Now Billy has come home again With medals on his coat. So when the ship was like a gloriously shop at anchor. But the crew of martial glee has been upon the steam. His folks can't understand him and He can't converse with them. He's full with the tales of his adventures in field and trench. He can't, alas! express himself In anything but French.

**Home Service.**  
The bells that led the battling hosts Receive their decree from the King. The silver chryseon dawn and day The silver chryseon on the land.

## GERMAN GOODS, PAID FOR AND HELD.

**An Importer's Views on the Predicament of the Buyers.**  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It is notorious that industries employing exclusively domestic sources of supply have prospered. The war has made thousands of persons rich. It has been an unalloyed joy to those who have not to make the acquaintance of war trade boards or customs examiners. The war has given them the unshared freedom of mere chance. It has privileged them to about their patriotism without reserves or condition, to wave their sleeves of Liberty bonds in the faces of idle taxonants neighbors.

What about the man who up to July, 1914, was engaged in the legitimate business of importing from subsequent enemy countries? Up to that time such business carried no stigma with it. No one considered that it reflected upon the patriotism of the importer. An instant's glance at the Collector's files showed many an honored name in the ranks of the patriot.

But the gentlemen and the ladies cry that they want no German goods. Very well. Let it be agreed that if the policy of these United States is that we shall not trade with Germany, then all shall abide by the law, if indeed it becomes a law. But to-day foreign countries, crowded with merchandise paid for in good American dollars by good American citizens. That merchandise had gone into German pockets years before we entered the conflict. Further, the Alien Property Custodian holds thousands of dollars in trust for the enemy, paid into his hand by citizens upon his demand, and their goods lie on Dutch plantations, as if they were stuck upon the soil of the enemy. To make the matter still plainer, let us suppose that a citizen of this country had purchased a herd of blooded cattle which reach the foreign dock a few days after the United States entered the war. The importer is forced to pasture these in his expense, of course, on Dutch grazing grounds. According to the present prevailing sentiments it is commanded that the owner permit these cattle to starve rather than that he should import them, even though the purchase price may now be resting with the official paper of Mr. Palmer. This is about the position of the importer to-day. It is plain confusion.

**THE DRAFT EVADERS.**  
A Protest Against Releasing Conscientious Objectors From Prison.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: After reading in THE SUN of December 24 the article headed "Appeal to Laker for Draft Dodgers. Release of Conscientious Objectors Will Be Asked," I wrote a letter to the Secretary of War in which I said: "This [the release of conscientious objectors] to my mind is an outrage. Why do you release those who are considered evaders? When their country needed for the sake of saving their precious lives, while others more patriotic took their places and have laid down their lives, in a great number of cases, so that these evaders might live. Now if it is proposed to pardon these men and in this way they will have accomplished their purpose. "Every one of us who has a son or relative in the service I am sure feels as I do, and I, as a citizen of the United States, most earnestly protest against any such proposal."

**HAZARD CROP RACE GOES ON.**  
Nebraska Hopes to Recapture First Place From New York in 1919.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I notice that one of your correspondents questions the figures as presented by Nebraska's hay production. Last year's crop was the total production for 1918 and 1917 as follows:

Year	Production (in 100,000 tons)
1918	1,100,000
1917	1,050,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>2,150,000</b>

These figures were prepared from government reports and are accurate. The production for each year was as follows:

Year	Production (in 100,000 tons)
1918	1,100,000
1917	1,050,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>2,150,000</b>

Our figures of 1917 were 1,050,000 tons. The Monthly Crop Report of the 29th of December, 1918, shows that our figures were correct. It is an interesting fact that Nebraska's hay production in 1918 was 1,100,000 tons, or 50,000 tons more than in 1917. This is a record for Nebraska and is a great achievement for the State.

**Preserve the Service Files.**  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: As a former member of the United States Army, I feel that it is a duty to preserve the service files of all those who served in the war. These files are a record of the service of the men and are a valuable asset to the Nation. I hope that the Government will take steps to preserve these files and make them available to the public.