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And Evening Farmer

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MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1919.

MR. ROOT'S ADHERENCE

THE SPEECH of Mr. Root on the League of Nations appears to be an innocent method of getting in out of the wet. His proposed amendments are harmless. There is no objection reasonably to be made to suggestions by any American, if they are offered in a helpful spirit. The public hearing is a precedent to pretty nearly all democratic legislation.

It is suggested, by The Tribune, that President Wilson did himself harm when he denied himself the aid that men of quality, like Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes could give him. But the President denied himself no such aid.

Mr. Hughes and Mr. Root and Senator Lodge and the rest have been spontaneously swift and enthusiastic in imparting all their ideas to the President and to the country, under such circumstances as makes it reasonably sure that they have nothing concealed. Their help has been given more or less ungraciously which has done no harm; and by megaphone instead of whispering, which has been wholesome.

In the meantime the people have given many thousands of votes for and against the league. The opinion in favor of it, favor of the very league advocated by Mr. Wilson, is three to one.

More than half, perhaps, of the party of Root, Lodge and Hughes favors the league the President advocates.

Unfortunately there cannot be a Covenant of the League of Nations drafted by everybody, which will continue the specifics of all the individuals in the whole world.

The only possible Covenant must be drafted by the responsible heads of the peoples concerned, those who have been entrusted with national power according to the regular and lawful means employed in their several countries for the selection of rulers.

It is to be hoped that everybody who has a suggestion may make it publicly; as many suggestions as possible from each person. This will give the actual makers of the Covenant the maximum of information. Anybody who makes suggestions enough will be pretty certain to find some of them in the draft, which will give him an opportunity to claim that paragraph as his contribution.

America is getting closer to the day, when some two score of round robin senators will "point with pride" to the completed treaty of peace, proclaiming each that he virtually wrote it. This will be a good and wholesome performance, because it is of the essence of the democratic form of government that every man may aid in doing everything that is done.

EXAMPLE NEEDED

WILLIAM II., in the light of a recent interview, is represented as saying that rather than be tried by an international tribunal he will commit suicide. The statement is probably a correct representation of the attitude of the former Kaiser. Those who know him best, who have had much opportunity for seeing him at close range, have frequently described him as lacking personal courage.

Count Hoensbroech, has written a description of the former monarch, describing him "As a poseur and play actor, and at the same time, one of the worst things in rulers; a coward."

There was little courage in the monarch who ran away from his country as soon as things began to go against him. Napoleon it will be remembered constantly sought to return to France, whenever he was separated from his people by the misfortunes of the times.

A proud man, one of courage, would rather cut off his right arm than tell in the hour of his fall of his little consequence in his own country. William, proclaiming that he was no real monarch; that he did not amount to much; that he was pushed out of the room by his generals; that things were done in spite of him, and without him, presents a sorry picture.

Yet he cannot, or does not, avoid saying that after the execution of Edith Cavell he gave orders that there were to be no more such executions without his signature. He had some power.

The former monarch's withered arm is an index to his mind. He is the weak and degenerate offspring of a line that was once vigorous, haughty, courageous and competent. A mere puppet monarch, he has become a whining fugitive, whose chief concern is to create an international pity which may enable him to escape the scaffold.

If the determination were to be left to a decision of personal punishment it might be wise to spare him. The thing sought is rather an example to mankind; a proof that rulers who violate the will of the world and the established customs of the world must pay a penalty.

SOUNDER REASON NEEDED

TO THE Woman Patriot, in its current issue, the world is indebted for a new argument against woman suffrage, to wit that Eugene V. Debs has been given ten years. But President Wilson, also a distinguished advocate of woman suffrage, is still at large, while the late Kaiser, an eminent opponent of woman suffrage, is virtually a prisoner in Holland, and may lose his head at any time. One remembers a certain eminent advocate of Christianity who was crucified between two thieves, but this has never been an argument valid against the faith. Our contemporary will have to find sounder reasons.

NATURE OF BOLSHIEVISM

THE CHANGING institutions of Russia do not reflect their essential difference from previous political institutions by the violence which accompanies the effort of the Lenine government to keep itself in power. Grievous as are the executions, the assassinations and the confusions, they are phenomena attendant upon revolutions of every sort. The first duty of a government is to maintain order, and order is always maintained, when there is rebellion, by the employment of force

SCHOOL DAYS

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By DWIG



Horrors Of Turkish Prison Described By British Officer

"The London Daily Telegraph" prints the following account of life in a Turkish jail by an English officer who was taken prisoner by the Turks at Gallipoli after trying to escape from Constantinople. His release did not come until two months later, with the capitulation of Turkey. "You have seriously annoyed the Turkish government," said my gendarme, as he and a plainclothes detective piloted me through the main streets of Constantinople in my shirt sleeves and trousers. "What is going to happen to us, then?" I asked. "I do not know, but you will be punished."

But I must explain. In this incredibly constructed prison house there were two stories, "upstairs" and "downstairs." "Upstairs" is for officers and rich political prisoners. Conditions there are bad enough, but "downstairs" is for the commoner criminals. It is underground, and few of those who go into some of its cells ever see the light of day again. As the iron gates clanged behind me, my thoughts were none of the brightest. "Well, my fine lieutenant," said the insolent sergeant who accompanied me, "this is what happens to people who try to run away from Turkey." So saying, he unbarred a massive door and thrust me in past a sentry. I found myself in a large room, with about forty indescribably dirty ruffians squatting about the floor. They all stopped talking to gaze at the new addition to their society. "A European," several of them muttered. "A young Greek got up and addressed me in French: 'Hello, who are you?' Why have they put you in here?' 'I'm an English officer,' I replied, 'and was unfortunately caught trying to return to my own country.' 'Oh! that's very bad,' he answered, 'I'm only in here for murder.' At this point our conversation was interrupted by the remainder of the room clamoring for it to be translated. 'Let me introduce you to some of my friends,' continued the Greek. In a few minutes we were all about England, except a certain section, who seemed to keep to themselves on the other side of the room. These I learned were the thieves. All the other prisoners fraternized together, for even these people have a code of honor. To do a clever forgery, cheat the government, or do away with an objectionable neighbor are matters to be rather proud of, but to pick another man's pocket! They sat around me in a circle and discussed the political situation. Why didn't England hurry up and end the war? The most of them liked everything about England, except our air raids. But all this time I was boiling over with rage at the indignity of being put in such a place. 'How can I see the commandant?' I asked the Greek. 'Oh! that was quite impossible. Every one laughed at the idea. 'Well,' I replied, 'I refuse to remain here.' 'You had made a mistake; they all seemed deeply hurt. 'We will make you quite comfortable,' they said. 'I can lend you a blanket,' said one. 'And I've got a spare plate,' said a villainous Armenian. 'Thank you all very much, indeed,' I replied. 'I should be delighted to share your hospitality, but unfortunately this is a matter of principle.' So for the remainder of the afternoon I annoyed the sentries, sent for the sergeant on duty, demanded to see a doctor and made myself thoroughly objectionable—much to the delight of my fellow prisoners. 'At last I was told that the commandant wished to see me in his office. I found that my companion had also been brought up from the depths. We were both strongly guarded and never allowed within ten yards of each other. I subsequently learned that his experiences had been similar to my own. On being asked for an explanation of this treatment the commandant refused to reply, so I began calling him all the rude things I could think of in Turkish, until my vocabulary failed. I was forced to continue in English. He waited patiently for me to finish and then said, perfectly calmly: 'Have you any money in your possession?' 'No,' I replied, remembering that I had two 25 pound notes sewn into my trousers. Then turning to a corporal the commandant continued: 'Will you show this officer to his room?' Again I was piloted down the stone-

Since several governments compete for authority in Russia, and conspiracies are rampant, the phenomena of the French Revolution are repeated; but on a larger scale, because the arena is larger, and because the implements of knowledge and destruction are more numerous. The distinctive difference of Bolshevism is not in its form of government. The Soviets are a species of class government, a type of oligarchy. The class is different, because more of the proletariat are embraced, but government by oligarchy is an ancient thing in the world. The distinctive difference between Bolshevism, and other governments, of the past consists in two broad features:—the attempt to entirely eliminate private ownership of property used for taking profits and in the method by which such property is administered, after it is taken from private hands. The Ebert government, in Germany, has for its basic platform the same designs upon industrial, commercial and banking property that the Lenine government has, but the proposed method of administration of the expropriated property is different. Under the German system an expropriated factory would be operated like the United States post office. The plant would be nationalized, but its management would be controlled from above, as the postmaster general, under the president, is the top of the postal hierarchy. The Russian system would put the post office under the management of its own employees, who would elect their managers and captain. The Centralized management of all industry would finally be a group of democratically elected managers, meeting together in some central place. There are almost no precedents for the type of management proposed by the Bolshevists. Those experiments in the past which nearest approached the Bolshevist plan were failures.

flagged corridors. My companion and I had just time to exchange half a dozen words before we were rudely pushed in opposite directions. This time past the head of the fatal stairs—until I reached my future resting place. On my entering the room, three people got up from their plank beds; one was a young Turkish officer in full uniform, another was a dark-eyed rogue in a black morning coat and bright green tie, who I think was a pockmarked individual in a gray suit. "The young officer exchanged a few words with my guard. 'Ah, monsieur,' he said, turning to me, 'we are to have the pleasure of your company.' 'Unfortunately,' I replied, 'you must allow me to introduce ourselves.' He said with a bow, 'I am Prince V—, engaged to one of the Sultan's daughters. This is H— Efendi,' he continued, indicating the gentleman in the morning coat, 'a lawyer and a great friend of mine; and this,' turning to the pockmarked individual, 'is Pasha an Eyyudan.' The 'Gippy' and I looked at each other; he motioned me with an imploring gesture to keep silent. For the remainder of that night the Prince and I discussed the political situation. He was just a little too noble and attentive. 'Of course,' the finally said, 'I'm British and I'm not really a prisoner, we are sitting on courts-martial, and we stay here for convenience.' 'Oh!' I replied. At last the Prince and the lawyer left the room. I turned to the Gippy. 'Who are those two Turks?' I asked. 'You must be careful!' he exclaimed, 'they're prison spies.' 'Oh, yes, I know,' I broke in. 'I've been here before, but why are they in prison?' 'The Prince for being compromised in a palace scandal and for killing one of the guards.' 'And the lawyer?' 'For falling in love with an Austrian woman and trying to desert to Austria with somebody else's money.' 'And you?' 'I'm a British subject, and was therefore suspected of espionage.' 'How long have you been here?' I asked. 'Eight months,' replied the 'Gippy.' 'My friend and I were put into one of the underground places. He died in seven days from starvation.' For three weeks I was confined to this room without even the privilege of walking up and down the corridor. The two prison spies showed the greatest friendship to me, and skillfully tried to lead me on to talk of past events. They kept up the farce of not being free men, and as they enjoyed special privileges for the information they could get from their fellow prisoners they were often absent from our prison room for many hours at a time. This room had barred windows and bare walls; all the woodwork was infested with vermin; the only blanket, mattress and pillow supplied me by the prison authorities were in the same condition. There were no washing facilities, and the usual Turkish lack of sanitary arrangements. Until two parcels of medical comforts sent off by the British Red Cross several months before arrived, and reached the prison via the Dutch Embassy, I had not had any proper sleep. These God-sent parcels, containing disinfectants and soap, and, in fact, all the things we were most in need of, changed imprisonment from the ghastly to the bearable. 'After the first three weeks conditions gradually lightened. I was moved from room to room. Demands to be court-martialed and to know our sentence remained unanswered. Bulgaria gave in. This was said by the Turkish papers to make no difference, but the wildest rumors filled Constantinople, and even penetrated to us in prison. Then came a succession of daylight air raids, the moral effect of which was tremendous. The first took place on the morning when the Turkish papers had officially published the fact that England had suggested peace. Turkey had consented to let President Wilson, whom she regarded as neutral, open negotiations. As the Turks were reading this in their morning papers six of our machines appeared over their heads.

LOOKING BACK 50 YEARS

(From The Farmer April 1, 1869) Extensive alterations are being effected today at Birdsey's Dry Goods Store on Main street.

A large bull dog belonging to E. H. Harrol of the Japan Tea store, having become so vicious that no one could approach him, was started out with the peddler's wagon and attached to it by a heavy iron chain. A few days since while in Norwalk, he broke the chain, and seized a cow by the leg. The owner being unable to pull him off, shot him, when he let go, and seized the other leg of the animal, a second shot was fired at him which proved fatal. The cow was badly lacerated on both legs, but it is thought she will get over it.

The notice of the co-partnership between E. H. Lyon and C. P. Cary, appears in our columns today. The gentlemen succeed to the business lately carried on by W. W. Holcomb, at 60 Water street, in whose employ Mr. Cary has been for several years.

St. Paul's Parish E. D.—The following parish officers were elected on Easter Tuesday:—Senior Warden: James Daskam; Junior Warden, Isaac E. Keeler. Vestrymen: Sheldon Morris, Frederick Hurd, Alfred Beers, George S. Darling, Eli Dewhurst, Edward Elwell, John C. Eaton, T. M. Palmer, Henry Cowd, Henry Todd, J. E. Wilson, Samuel Reid, Elias E. Hall, Dr. E. Gregory and Nathan Warner. Treasurer, James Daskam. Clerk, Edward A. Judd. Delegates to convention: James A. Daskam and A. Thompson. Tything men: John Bachelor and J. E. Wilson.

The month of March left us anything but as a lamb, for the wind last night blew a gale.

Tomatoes—Mr. Joseph S. Williams, of New Jersey writes: "It is no uncommon yield to take 1,000 bushels of tomatoes from an acre, and that 1,000 bushels, will press 4,000 to 5,000 gallons of juice, which, if distilled after proper ingredients are added, with due time to complete fermentation, will make from 500 to 700 gallons of proof spirits, which have, by liquor dealers not knowing the liquor, been pronounced, peach brandy, apple brandy, &c. I have made it an object to get the opinion of both physicians and liquor judges; and believe it to be a liquor which is healthy and medicinal, and can be manufactured at low figures, in large quantities, and with ten fold the certainty of any other fruit spirits, and must in time be the great source of obtaining alcoholic spirits, as there is no crop which will yield as many bushels per acre with the same certainty, and with as little expense."

One bomb fell into a crowded street and killed sixty people. The next morning the papers were filled with righteous indignation. "If the English don't want to make peace, we won't," the air raids continued. Then suddenly the whole tone changed. Enver and Talaat fled; various persons tried to form cabinets, and one morning as we looked from our prison bars across the Golden Horn we saw Entente flags floating above Pera. Even then, with the armistice three days old, the military governor would not let us out. He was about to enter into lengthy explanations when we cut him short. "If we are not at liberty within two hours we shall force the guard. If there is an accident you will be held personally responsible when the fleet arrives." In less than half an hour we were at liberty.

After two months of imprisonment in a Turkish jail complete freedom comes as rather a shock, especially when those two months have been preceded by three years of captivity. Through the ancient streets of Constantinople we walked, and the military governor would not let us out. He was about to enter into lengthy explanations when we cut him short. "If we are not at liberty within two hours we shall force the guard. If there is an accident you will be held personally responsible when the fleet arrives." In less than half an hour we were at liberty. People rushed from their houses waving flags, cheering crowds pressed around our carriage. We had a few hours before being taken to a dangerous, where now the momentary heroes of a fickle city. We got clear of them at last, dismissed our cab and found refuge in a friendly embassy. They gave us addresses as to where we could find suitable lodgings, and that night found us comfortably installed in our own house, administered to by a charming dapper little Parisian landlord. On the succeeding days we found ourselves in great demand. Rich Greeks and Armenians asked us to their houses; invitations were poured upon us from all sides; we were made honorary members of the best clubs; we went to dinner parties and theatres, danced and made merry. European Constantinople was en fête, breathlessly awaiting, longing for the arrival of the fleet. "When will the ships arrive?" we were asked every day, and all day. Dozens of "boum-boum" late prisoners of war, who had broken out of their working camps, paraded the streets of Pera. Everywhere was packed with Austrians, Germans and Turks. The very air seemed electrical; there was only one thought in every mind—the fleet!

At last, one early morning, through the mist, majestically steamed the warships. It was a day we had waited years to see, a day on which the sacrifices, the hardships, the pain and loss ought to seem in some way compensated by our victory. But in me it inspired nothing. As I stood on Galata Tower watching the historic spectacle, as I saw again after years the white ensign, I was perhaps more miserable than I had ever been before. It was while one was a prisoner that liberty seemed so sweet; now that it was obtained only the appalling loss of three years of one's life, hopelessly wasted, seemed almost too overwhelming. As I glanced at the line of prisoners drawn up along the quay, I knew that I was by no means the only one who felt no pang of joy; no cheer burst from the lips of the couple of hundred British prisoners as the general stepped ashore; their thoughts were with those many fallen companions, done to death by Turkish devilry, lying unburied by some caravan track. A handful of prisoners is all that is left. Only God knows the fate of thousands.

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