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"HERE SHALL THE PRESS, THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIED BY GAIN"

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What Constitutes Real Education

In a New Jersey town, a day or two ago, a man was arrested for begging in the street. He had no home and no money. Taken to the police station, he said he could read and write ten languages. He appeared to think it was a very hard world which would deny a living to a man so highly educated. It is very likely that, despite his ability to write and speak so many languages, this man was not educated at all, in the real sense of the word education.

The only possible position for which the ability to speak and write many languages—and that ability alone—could fit a man would be interpreter, and in a country where one language is almost universal, very few interpreters are needed.

You might add to this man's accomplishments, and still not add to his usefulness. He might be familiar with all the classics, with the ancient and modern philosophers, and still be unable to earn his living. And he might, on the other hand, be barely able to read and write in one language and still prosper—perhaps make a fortune by the application of useful knowledge.

More learning is far from wisdom. It does not necessarily indicate ability. And it is ability that counts in the fight for existence that every human being ought to make. You can stuff a boy with Latin and Greek in a college—he can take all the prizes for languages and still be a lumberer of the earth when his course is finished. Unless education is complete, unless it develops the mind in every needful direction, it is not good education. The best service that any college can do is to awaken a thirst for knowledge, to take a student far enough along this or that path to interest him in following it. After that, if he has intelligence, he can go on his way, and reading and experience will teach him far more than he could learn from any professor.

The point that we make in this connection is, that the young educated men of the race must turn their education into real racial uplift, by touching and elbowing his fellows at every angle and do those practical things worth while. Get a job, stick to it and make of it what you want it to be.—J. C. Lindsay, in Savannah Tribune.

WE SUSPECT HE'S ONE OF OUR TRIBE.

The recent retirement of the Rev. John Clifford from a London pastorate of fifty-seven years is an event worthy of comment far beyond the confines of the Baptist Church to which he nominally belongs. The Christian Commonwealth speaks of his amazing energy, his unsurpassable devotion, his large heartedness and breadth of mind, his championship of unpopular causes, his readiness to help individuals and movements as be-

ing the adequate explanations of the gratitude of countless thousands. At the farewell service Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George sat on the platform. Dr. Clifford welcomed his successor, the Rev. S. W. Hughes, as coming to a home, not simply to a church but to a Brotherhood.

THE NEGRO FRANKS.

In my little summer retreat in the Jersey Hills I am reached by the horrified outcry against the murderers who lynched Leo M. Frank, a white Georgian.

I want to assure you and your readers that I am fully in accord with all those who now condemn the Georgia mob law. I am somewhat more consistent than the prominent people who now express their indignation so vehemently against the "lower element" of Georgia whose prejudices were inflamed by designing agitators.

How about the inflamed passions in the thousands of cases where Negroes, men and women, were murdered by lynching mobs, generally even without the chance of a trial? And not only in Georgia, the home of Tom Watson, but in many other states? Are Negroes not also human beings entitled to the full benefits of civilization? Why get excited only over the Frank case, and not equally over the many Negro ones? Why should the press not give as much space to the outrages against Negroes as it devotes to the Frank case? Is it a case of class psychology and race prejudice only?

Perhaps Leo Frank, in his death, may serve the cause of social justice by calling attention to the real influences that stand back of the revolting injustice under which our colored brothers and sisters are suffering terribly.—Moses Oppenheimer in The Crisis.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

As told in our issue of last week, the hunt for the assailant of the Mt. Healthy girl brought no result, as everybody was looking for the Negro in the case thereby giving the white man a chance to escape. The search ended a few days ago. After the bloodhounds following the trail leaped upon a cot in the camp of some white man who had never admitted colored men, the lame excuse was made that possibly "the Negro" had slept in that cot while escaping the officers. A rumor became current that the Negro had been seen on the road several mornings, eating tomatoes, by the daughter of a rural mail carrier who was carrying mail for her father during his vacation. She was directed to sound the alarm if she saw the Negro again. The next morning, lo and behold, there sat the man under a tree eating tomatoes! She gave the alarm. The guards and citizens in hot haste responded. They surrounded and closed in on the Negro. Then the surprise came. Instead of being a Negro, he was a dark white man, well known, had formerly been in business and had acquired the habit recently of taking an early morning walk and refreshing himself upon tomatoes. That ended the search for "the Negro."—Cincinnati Union.

The Power Of The Submarine

The testimony of science as to the revolution that is going on in methods of defense illustrates, in the following passages, the need of delay and caution before we rush into the expensive and futile policy of creating a great army that would be needed to defend ourselves "only from Canada and Mexico." In the "American Magazine" for August, Herbert Quick, in an article entitled, "The Submarine as a Peace-maker," presents arguments that should have wide consideration. He says:

"At the moment, sea power is functioning just as the galleys functioned at the battle of Lepanto, for the last time. * * * The submarine is the negation of sea power. It equalizes things between nations. It creates a universal stalemate at sea. It can sink any other warship except another submarine, which it can not see nor follow. It can prevent the transport of troops by water, thus putting an end to conquests like many of those of the past. * * * It makes peace at sea the only practicable thing. It makes real war at sea impossible, literally so, just as debating between a blind man and a deaf man is impossible. These statements are somewhat anticipatory; they relate to the very near future when submarines will be as plentiful off every defended shore as moving buoys in every yacht harbor. The future history of the world will be far different from what it would otherwise have been because of the submarine. The mastership of the seas has passed from every nation. Defense is made perfectly practicable against overseas expeditions everywhere. Japan and Great Britain are forever safe from invasion once their submarine forces are developed, but they are capable of being starved by their enemies. We, of continental position, are in better case than ever before as against transmarine foes, actual or potential. The submarine gives us only two possible enemies on whom we can wage war—Canada and Mexico. * * * It carries out over all the seas a stalemate as complete as that which exists in the trenches in France, a stalemate in which real battles are impossible, in which destructive war on commerce is raised to the nth power, and in which world intercourse must be based on peace, or insofar abandoned as to make the very existence of the insular commercial nations hazardous."

Nikola Tesla, in an interview in the New York Times of August 1, enlarges on the marvelous possibilities of the near future. He says:

We can maintain peace for ourselves and help to maintain it for the world by adopting methods radically different from those that have so signally failed in Europe. Hitherto it has been humanity's plan to preserve peace by creating forces for defense. But I am sure that the

United States can do more towards promoting the world's progress and insuring its own tranquility by making itself invulnerable than by making itself invincible. * * * We already have means at hand, not merely theoretical but demonstrable, and in a measure experimentally proved, which, if consequentially employed, would make it impossible for any hostile force to imperil our tranquility.

Even now wireless control from the shore of crewless, and therefore of doubly offensive vessels, is a possibility, though with their automatic engines, automatic steering gear, and automatic weapons they will be well out at sea.

It is my belief that we should install numerous wireless controlling plants under the command of competent officers, and that to each should be assigned a number of submarine, surface and aerial craft. * * * If we were properly equipped with such devices of defense, it is inconceivable that any battleship or other vessel of an enemy ever could get within the zone of action of these steel automatic craft, without incurring a risk of annihilation amounting almost to certainty. And such a danger would never be braved."

This testimony, together with Norman Angell's trenchant article in the August number of the "New Republic" on "A New Kind of Warfare," is to be commended to those who are now considering new and drastic methods of compulsory training of our boys.—Lucia Ames Mead, in Unity.

URNS BLACK WHITE.

Dr. J. W. King, of Bradford, Penna., told a number of his colleagues at a recent medical meeting how he turned a Negress' skin white as the result of an accident. He treated a Colored woman for lumbago by freezing one leg from the hip down to the ankle with ether.

"After a week or so," said Dr. King, "she returned to my office and said: 'Doctor, the lumbago is gone, but I think I shall have to prosecute you for mistreatment. You've done more than you said you would.'"

"The leg I had treated was perfectly white and is so today."

Some of the other doctors present agreed that ether freezing had been known to remove the pigments in the skin, but they say Dr. King's case is unusual.

NEGROWINS HIGH HONOR.

Seattle, Wash.—Only 45 years of age, William A. Vrooman, regimental quartermaster sergeant of the 9th cavalry, retired on September 12 after thirty years continuous service, with pay amounting to \$67.50 per month. His entire service was with the Ninth.

Vrooman enlisted in 1886 at Buffalo, N. Y., when only 16 years old. He served in the Indian campaign of 1890-1891, was at Santiago, also the Philippine campaign of 1900-'02. He qualified in 1894 as distinguished marksman, the high-

Things That Are Untold

Of the making of books there is no end. Tons of them emerge daily from the laboring presses. What innumerable things they tell! Yet much more they leave untold.

There are thoughts men do not write down, but hide them as their shame. Every author has visions unrecorded, fears unsaid, hopes not breathed. If his silent soul should become vocal—what a book!

The world is full of vast reticences. There is the dark half of the moon, forever unlit, unseen.

There are the crowded mysteries of the stars. Of them we get but tiny points of light. What is going on in those globes, many of them colossal beside ours? No entertaining correspondent has ever sent us any news. We and stellar folk gaze wonderingly at each other, forever dumb.

Your duty looks at you with such eager eyes. How he longs to grasp your meaning. And to us he and all animaldom as a dark pit. What do bees and birds think?

Beneath the mirror surface of the ocean are more lives than in our air; between us a shut door; all their business an impenetrable secret.

We human beings are enigmas to each other. Even in love's confessional is a residue unspoken.

There are things in you that you have never told a soul. You have had suggestions whispered to you by your inner self which you have hurriedly rejected, amazing impulses you have promptly clamped down; you refuse to admit even to yourself that you have had them.

What beast-hungers, what crime-forces, what incoherent anarchists, what wild cries are there, happened down under the hatches of your soul!

Two that have lain side by side for years have each concealed in the heart, locked up in the mind's keep, weird, pale prisoners of memory that only peer out through grated windows, in dreams or in morbid moments, and shall die with them.

We know but the surfaces of souls, but the symbols of things. None of us was ever present at the wedding of hydrogen and oxygen, or even saw an atom-dance, or was ever present at the birth of conscience. The significant affairs of the world take place behind veils.

Let us be very loath to judge one another, and avoid harsh and hard estimates, for we know little of what passes in the depths of souls.

est qualification in the army.

Sergeant Vrooman received his retirement papers at Douglass, Arizona, where the Ninth is stationed, on Sept. 12, and the next day he was escorted by the regimental band and a large number of his comrades when he took the train for Cheyenne, where he visited before coming on to Seattle. He will make his future home in Seattle.