

ATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914.

table will go further and see in the circumstances proof that the thieves the implicated detectives were in the, but that is a hasty inference, while not wholly unprobable, it is necessary and therefore should not be drawn.

There is no doubt, however, that every effort should be made to prevent the acquisition by members of the police force of extra remuneration for the mere performance of their sworn duty, and it is questionable if rewards for the recovery of stolen property should be allowed to benefit them even indirectly by going to the pension fund. In the one case on the other, the tendency is to give rewards of theft who can afford to pay the return of their property an improper advantage over those who cannot.

The only legitimate excuses for offering rewards at all when crimes have been committed are to incite the help of the criminals by their acquaintances or to arouse the interest of amateurs who otherwise would have as little reason as obligation to do detective work. All that the professionals should expect or should get, besides their regular salaries, is the money that results from displays of no special skill. And the legitimate excuses for rewards are none too legitimate. In most of them there is a hint of willingness to compound felony, and they all tend to create willingness to catch the wrong man if possible, but to catch some one, right or wrong.

A correspondent whose fallibility was proved by his writing that "gee" orders horses or oxen to turn to the left, is delighted—or more probably delighted—because he has found in THE TIMES an original use of the phrase "best of."

It doesn't much wonder, he says, Gov. GLYNN spoke of New York as being "the best banking law of any State in the Union," but he is nothing less than horrified that the paper edited by him to be a model of the editorial proprieties should have fallen to the same "absolutely indefensible" condition. "Best of any" isn't at all senseless! "Best of any" isn't at all incredible. To be sure it involves, on analysis, the logical absurdity of fitting or declaring that a thing can be and is better than itself. But what is that? Logic and language never agree on the best of terms, and ever since growls and grunts turned into words, human beings have been taking short-cuts to arrive at the expression of meanings.

It wouldn't do to go quite so far as to say that what is understood is right, but it is comprehensible is never "absolutely indefensible"—no more than is putting of an "absolutely" unnecessary "absolutely" in front of such a

"HOMES."

Mr. Creel Wishes to Know Which Ones Suffragism Threatens.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

At Wednesday's meeting of the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, when a campaign fund of \$40,000 was solicited, practically every speaker declared that "to give the ballot to women will mean the disintegration of the home."

Whose home? What home? Surely they cannot mean the dark, squalid holes in the 13,000 licensed tenements in New York City alone, where whole families and adult boarders sleep, eat, and work in a single room, toiling incredible hours for incredible pittances?

Nor is it reasonable to assume that they refer to the old dog houses, dilapidated carriage sheds, chicken coops, and noisome "barracks" in which padrones herd the cannery workers of the Gulf Coast States, Delaware and Maryland, and the cranberry pickers of New Jersey?

Or to the "homes" of the 150 girls who were recently locked in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory just as 147 dead workers had been locked in, the owner paying a fine of \$20, which works out as a license fee of 13 cents for the privilege of endangering each girl's life?

Or the tattered tents of striking miners in the mountain sides of Colorado and West Virginia? Or the sickening hovels in the Pennsylvania coal region? Or the paper-walled shacks of the cotton-mill towns where children of 12 and under work ten and eleven hours a day?

Intelligence forbids the conclusion that they mean these "homes" where families rot in despair and children grow to maturity stunted in body and soiled in soul? And common decency holds back the thought that they mean the fine, splendid homes of Colorado and Wyoming, for even the most prejudiced would scarcely cover whole States with a blanket of mud.

What "home" do they mean then? Let them be more specific so that people may properly estimate the danger.

GEORGE CREEL.

New York, April 17, 1914.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE."

Work for the Blind Compared with Two Lights of Eddy's One.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

May I correct the error made in Mr. Choate's letter in this morning's TIMES? The sum pledged to the Lighthouse Fund for the Blind has now reached \$104,000.

I would specially commend to your readers a consideration of the "Log of the Lighthouse," which is the seventh report of the society, and thoroughly reviews its exceptional labors and wonderful results. Our work has been well described as resembling

ART NOT

Old Lyme Artists Show to be Sold for New

Old Lyme has come to the attention of the town, with the white houses, and the fences and the library, contented, like the rest, restricted quarters, and raise money for a hand-painting that shall look just like a picture. In which to hold exhibitions, what might Labor Day exhibitions, tea on the lawn and show the season and the sketch to it. With this in mind brought their leafy branches, and are showing of the Frances Building of pictures donated by their group, which they have raised money for the new building.

Mr. Green shows his Old New York Post. Of least topographical, just of white and gray that and a motley of dim colored ground that is Passing Sheep pictures, of course painted the poor beasts, when they look like the fried part taken off, has painted a clever picture in a wintry landscape, evergreens, with sheep and nibbling at the brush. Mrs. Green has given two or three dignified in composition, brisk little river scene, landscape by E. L. Warner, "Rockbound Coast," a view of the Pasture," by Walter impressionistic (not Post) Mr. Ball, a dock picture, and "Early Spring," by Voorhees, a violet and blue by Chauncey P. Ryd, charming studies by straightforward, vivacious landscape by George pasture scene by Mr. Peterior by Mr. Bittinger works that attract attention.

There also is a preliminary delicately colored, of the Old Lyme setting, but the architect did not know what wall that will enframe. Instead an ordinary picture is asked to view wall. Otherwise the new is delightfully satisfactory, low, and no sign of a case. Nevertheless, their Old Lyme seem mourn. First, the whole as a constant theme, an real art gallery comes, a reason that a place in can be shown to advantage be noticeable.

NYTimes18April1914p10

Clipped By:



brooke_kroeger
Wed, Jun 7, 2017