The Sun.

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Nothing Doing.

For the moment all Republican booms seem to be stalled. Mr. TAFT has made no perceptible gains by his Western progress except in so far as his engaging personality must make friends wherever it is known. LA FOLLETTE's Badger devotees are said to be "madder" than hornets because the Secretary of War dared to visit the Northwest, regarded by them as LA FOLLETTE territory. Perhaps the La Follette boom should not be labelled Republican. Uncle JOSEPHUS CANNON hangs on to Illinois and warns off all trespassers, but no kindling contagion for him spreads into adjoining States. He is learning to pitch horseshoes by way of proving his undiminished youthful strength and of winning the affections of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and other regions where the game has been revived and talk of ringers and shuckin' pegs possesses the air.

Mists veil the awful head of Mount Fairbanks. Only the long, melancholy withdrawing roar of waves of buttermilk reaches us from the stern and rockbound coast. KNOX, advancing prosperously, has been checked by the exuberant commendations of the Hon. NATHAN BAY SCOTT of West Virginia. No boom makes any headway.

The weather cannot be blamed. National conventions are usually held when the world is boiling. No absorbing interest concentrates and monopolizes the attention of the country. The season may be a little early, but for the making of Presidents all seasons are in season. Probably Republicans are waiting to see what Mr. ROOSEVELT will decide to do and what he will finally direct them to do. Their power of initiative has grown flabby through disuse. Why should they bother or bestir themselves about the selection of Mr. ROOSEVELT's successor? He will attend to that for them as he attends to everything else. He saves them labor.

But will the American people, after all these years of passionate melodrama, be content to sit down to a tame, villatic life? Do they not look forward to another President and a return to the old ordered constitutional paths of government with somewhat the same dislike with which the tippler regards the temperance pledge? Constitutional government is so dull.

Is France on the Verge of a Grave Crisis?

That the refusal of the vine growers in Languedoc to pay taxes or to recognize the civil authorities may lead to civil war was acknowledged on Tuesday in the Chamber of Deputies by Premier CLEMENCEAU, while ex-Premier RIBOT, the leader of the Moderates, described the present state of things in France as more dangerous than any witnessed since 1870. A large part of the inhabitants in no fewer than three Departments have practically seceded from the republic and have begun to organize a government of their own. What makes the situation more serious is the sympathy with the insurrectionary movement avowed by M. JAURÈS, the chief spokesman of the Socialist party, which is strong in almost every urban centre and particularly in Paris. The sympathy may take the form of violent demonstrations should the Ministry's now demonstrated determination to use the army for coercive purposes cause bloodshed.

A collision between the vine growers and the troops seems unavoidable, for while many regiments have been sent to Languedoc and more than 10,000 soldiers have already been concentrated in Toulouse, the followers of MARCELIN ALBERT and his chief coadjutor, M. FERROUL, who lately resigned the Mayoralty of Narbonne, are providing themselves with arms and erecting barricades. The spirit of the southern population is strikingly attested by the fact that women are taking a conspicuous part in the preparations for resistance. An element of peril is the circumstance that the disaffection is shared by the reservists, who have completed the legal term of service with the colors and who might supply the material of a formidable military force if organizers should be found. The outcome of the system of universal conscription to which France has been subjected for a generation is that almost the whole of her adult male population has received a military training.

It may be that firm measures of repression, like those which proved effective not long ago in the mining region of northeastern France, will allay the existing agitation, but the excitable temperament of the people of Languedoc renders it doubtful whether they will show themselves as docile as were the miners to the dictates of common sense. The sanguinary outbreak known as the White Terror, which occurred in the early part of last century, exemplifies the frightful extremes to which southern Frenchmen may be carried when their passions are aroused.

Time will show how much, if any, foundation there is for the assertion made by Ministerial newspapers that the uprising of vine growers in the south has been fomented by monarchists and clericals. We infer from the cabled extracts from the speech of ex-Premier RIBOT that he deems the charge not incredible. It is evident from the vote cast in the Chamber on Tuesday, 412 to 158, when the Government's demand for a postponement of an interpellation concerning its proposed method of dealing with the nascent insurrection was approved, that the Reactionists must have combined with the Socialists to make up the minority. Monarchical and clerical newspapers, it seems, are daily pointing out how much better off were the people under a monarchical régime. We may, of course, take for granted that the opponents of the political combination now in power will seize every opportunity to discredit it.

Whatever may come of this revolt of the wine growers, it is certainly a more ominous phenomenon than any that was witnessed in France a week before the overthrow of the restored Bourbon monarchy in 1830, or that of LOUIS PHILIPPE in 1848. Those revolutions could fairly be described as bolts out of a clear sky. At each of those conjunctures it turned out that the army could not be relied upon, and it is at least possible that a similar experience awaits the Government headed by M. CLEMENCEAU. It is significant that the War Office has taken the precaution of removing from Languedoc all the regiments recruited in that region and has replaced them with natives of the north.

Our Interest in Central America.

In addition to what there may be of sentimental or humane interest in the continuance of peace and progress in Central America the United States has also a considerable commercial interest. We sold to those little countries last year some $10,500,000 worth of goods, and we bought from them a little more than $12,000,000 worth of their products.

In the percentage of requirements obtained in the United States, Honduras stands at the head of our list of customers. The year 1905 is the latest for which such statistics are available. During that year the Hondurans came to us for 73.7 per cent. of all their imports; Nicaragua came to us for 52.09 per cent. of her needs; Costa Rica came for 51.35 per cent. of hers; Guatemala for 39.55 per cent., and Salvador for 31.18 per cent. As they prosper our business with them increases, and every political upheaval means loss of trade for us, as well as heavy expenditures, ruined credit and loss of human lives for them. Americans hold important concessions in those countries, and the number of American residents there is greater than is generally realized. Every revolution, every disturbance of the existing political order, brings its own menace to international relations and its danger of forcing a situation which would compel our active intervention.

Trustworthy information from that area is limited. Most of the communications received from our official representatives are either entirely or in some degree confidential, and the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the different countries do not spend much time in cabling to their representatives at Washington. From all that can be learned the situation is open to the following summary: Costa Rica is peaceful and progressive, minding its own business but keeping a watchful eye on the proceedings in its neighborhood. In Guatemala President CABRERA holds a strong position in spite of menace from both internal and external sources. In Salvador President FIGUEROA, inaugurated only a few weeks ago, faces a combination of internal revolt and Nicaraguan filibuster. This is not excited by anything that he has done since his installation, but is a continuation of an agitation against the party which he represents. Honduras is in the hands of a Provisional President who holds his job by the grace of President ZELAYA as a result of the recent international conflict. Nicaragua has peace at home, but there is little doubt that her President is the active cause of disturbance elsewhere.

That JOSÉ SANTOS ZELAYA is the prime mover in all of the present disturbance is the conviction rather than the opinion of those who are familiar with Central American affairs. He seeks a unification of the five republics and is ambitious to hold the Presidency of a United States of Central America. The various movements of recent months are regarded as steps in his plan for carrying out this purpose. If this scheme is carried on it will fail, and the failure will be costly. A Central American confederation cannot be established, with the slightest hope of even temporary peace, by revolutions, conquest and force of arms. The only possible result of an attempt to establish such an institution by such methods is anarchy and distress. Intervention, probably by the United States and Mexico acting in combination, would be inevitable from the present view.

If these various disturbances are no more than an epidemic of local revolutions our interest is limited to the due protection of American lives and property. If, as so many competent authorities are convinced, this is a larger and more serious movement the affair takes on a more important interest for this country. It means a serious disturbance of our commercial interests and a dire menace of a compulsory armed intervention.

Bryan's Hopes Dashed.

Only the mind the most callous can withhold sympathy from Colonel BRYAN to-day. That good and wise man has experienced a bitter disappointment. He is plunged in grief. His hopes are dashed, his plans are shattered. Try as he may, he cannot check the tear that courses down his classic cheek.

Colonel BRYAN, as the world well knows, has given much effort and many sleepless nights to the cultivation of the political intellectuals of CHARLES EVANS HUGHES. The Colonel has seen in Governor HUGHES a man of his own kind; a cool, logical man, a man of studious habit, a man of conservative, but progressive, ideals. In HUGHES the Commoner has discerned a fit heir to the Bryan theories and practices. High projects has Colonel BRYAN had for Governor HUGHES.

Governor HUGHES might have retained the respect and affection of Colonel BRYAN by signing the two cent fare bill. Colonel BRYAN expected him to sign it. Had Colonel BRYAN been in Governor HUGHES's place he would have signed it.

Governor HUGHES did not sign it because it was a foolish, ill considered, unfair measure; because it was a demagogical piece of legislation, discreditable to the State and injurious to all interests. In vetoing the bill he departed as far from Colonel BRYAN as he could go. The reasons he gave for withholding his approval were the very reasons that would have impelled Colonel BRYAN to sign the bill enthusiastically. They were based on common sense, intelligence and justice.

Probably Governor HUGHES was prepared for Colonel BRYAN's disapproval when he decided on the course he was to follow. Unquestionably he gave full weight to the effect of Colonel BRYAN's wrath and disgust. One can picture to himself CHARLES EVANS HUGHES considering his official acts and carefully balancing the urgings of a mind not without capacity, plus a conscience of at least ordinary activity, against the master thought, "What will WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN think of this?"

A Director for the New Theatre.

It would be interesting to hear the opinion of the New York theatrical managers on the action of the directors of the New Theatre. They are building the finest playhouse that has ever existed in this country. Their purpose is wholly artistic. Their aim is not commercial, but to establish in this country some academic institution which will represent in our drama what the Comédie Française and the Hofburg stand for in France and Austria. To accomplish this purpose they are spending a large sum of money and incidentally bestowing on the city a structure that will always be a source of artistic delight and a monument to the accomplishments of the architects of this day.

More important, of course, than its beauties of line and curve is the direction of such an institution. Such ambitious purposes and such material resources must be administered by a capable man. Without a director cultivated in his profession, wise and experienced in his calling, no beauty or grandeur of the building would count for much. The fate of the New Theatre will be decided by the policies of its conductors. Intelligent control might make almost any theatre attractive, while no beauties of design or decoration would avail against the blunders of a stupid management.

The gentlemen who are building this theatre for New York and for the greater glory of dramatic art in this country are just now seeking this accomplished director. Mr. CONRIED, who was appointed to act for one year, will not continue in charge of the institution after his term expires next winter. The director who will have actual control of the house will be wanted then. There is every indication that the theatre will be ready at the time it was promised by the architects. More difficult than building the New Theatre seems the selection of a director.

So far no American manager has been considered by the committee that has this matter in charge. For that reason it would be interesting to hear the opinion of local theatrical managers and their explanation—or would it be their excuse?—for the necessity of seeking abroad the director of what is planned to be the finest theatre in this country.

The Mikado Incident.

Against abuse, threats and accusations of stupidity the Lord Chamberlain, official dramatic censor of England, has been able to maintain a brave front and stick to his guns, but the worldwide ridicule to which he has been subjected since he prohibited the production of "The Mikado" has overcome the British Government and forced it to unconditional surrender. The ban has been removed and this charming comic opera may be performed again in the land of its origin.

When the opera was first produced nobody thought of objecting to it. Japan was open to the world, but it had not taken its place among the Powers. It was still a land of fairy tales and flowers, a place of upside down conditions, the fair target for every conceit and extravagance that might not be set down as the record of life in a better known corner of the earth. Since then the Japanese have won their way to the front and have established a name that must be respected. Incidentally they have become by treaty the allies of England. It was the thought of the Lord Chamberlain that to-day the real Mikado and his people might be offended at the irreverence with which they were treated in the opera, and his prohibition was enforced as a highly diplomatic compliment to a friend worthy of propitiation.

The only clue any one has as to the Japanese attitude toward the incident is the action of a Japanese warship band in playing airs from the opera on the occasion of an official visit from certain English dignitaries. The selection could hardly have been made in ignorance or by one without high authority. Whatever the intention of this choice of music was, its effect was to complete the humiliation of the English censor. He was left alone, deserted, forsaken and powerless. The rescinding of his order followed as the natural and inevitable result of attack at home and non-support abroad.

Amusing from the beginning, this Japanese teapot tempest became sidesplitting in its development. It has given cause for mirth to a worldful of people, from the highest to the most humble. Only one thing is lacking: GILBERT and SULLIVAN cannot preserve the incident in the form of another comic opera masterpiece for the education and enjoyment of remotest posterity.

Ninety-seven Cent Silverware.

The police of Montreal, supported by the Canadian postal authorities, have recently chased out of that city a gang of sharpers whose operations have also been extensive on this side of the line. The extent of their business here has not, so far as we know, been made public. In Canada they seem to have caught some 2,700 suckers. They probably caught more here.

According to the Canadian report about 10,000 letters, dated in Montreal but mailed in Providence, R. I., were sent out, 80 per cent. of them being addressed to women. They went to people of all social classes. The letter offered a four piece set of silverware for 97 cents, the low price being made for the purpose of introducing that particular make of goods. The 97 cents was asked merely to cover the cost of packing and shipping. The "silverware" consisted of toy articles worth about ten cents. When the Montreal office of the "company" was raided about 2,500 letters were found, each of which had contained 97 cents.

To-day it is a "silverware" swindle and to-morrow it is a mining gamble or an overcapitalized corporation, a South Sea Bubble or a Crédit Mobilier. So long as there are suckers to bite, the bait will be dangled; and so long as the bait is dangled, there will be suckers to bite at it. The man who loses his money on a "flyer in wheat" or who buys an unknown or doubtful stock in hope of an inordinate gain is deserving of little or no more sympathy or consideration than the man who plays the races or the woman who buys a "four piece set of silverware for 97 cents."

From the Rooseveltian point of view there should be a law prohibiting the sale of a "pig in a poke" or shares in a railway about which the public is not fully informed. There is already in existence a rule of ordinary common sense which should keep all people from buying bricks in hope that they are made of gold. It is the violation of this rule that makes the trouble in the stock market as well as in the field of 97 cent silverware.

> You have the best Constitution to-day of any State in the Union, and a better Constitution than the Constitution of the United States.—*The Boy Orator to the Oklahoma Democrats.*

Oklahoma is not a "State in the Union" or outside the Union, but Colonel BRYAN's meaning is clear. Why is he so cold in his judgment? It is notorious that every State has a Constitution, and every municipal corporation a charter, better than the Constitution of the United States, and that the Constitution of the United States is about as contemptible a document as mankind knows. Its demerits are obvious. It is not tautological or flamboyant. It is clear and easily understood. It contains no provision for the initiative and referendum. It does not mention the recall. It establishes security of property. It provides for a representative government. It is so unsatisfactory that a century and a third ago thirteen sovereign States and their people, among whom were some citizens almost as patriotic as Colonel BRYAN, accepted it and surrendered certain of their most jealously guarded rights to the nation thus formed. Its authors to-day receive the respectful admiration of serious students of the art of government for their wisdom, their foresight, their tolerance, and their magnificent skill in compromising apparently irreconcilable differences.

Oklahoma's Constitution better than that of the United States? Why, the two are not fit to be compared!

The March of Improvement.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The great march in the advancement of ideas in regard to property in the last 1,900 years would seem to call for attention:

> Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?—*Jesus, in the parable of the laborers of the vineyard, Matthew xx., 15.*

> I do not believe that any advantage comes either to the country as a whole or to the individuals inheriting the money by permitting the transmission in their entirety of such enormous fortunes as have been accumulated in America.—*Theodore Roosevelt, at Jamestown, June 10.*

A man has come into possession of a large fortune, honestly acquired. After providing for his family and connections he devises a certain amount to friends. He endows hospitals, libraries, old people's homes, &c. He pays his taxes in the same proportion as other people pay theirs. If he has protection he pays for it, oftentimes for more than he gets. He dies, and the Roosevelt idea is for the Government to snatch away a portion of what was left to each beneficiary and spend it for its own purposes. Might apparently makes right, but I can see no difference between such a method and a footpad who meets you on the street and extorts money from you with a pistol.

The words of Jesus will have to be remodelled. "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" is obsolete. If the Roosevelt idea is correct, that it is right to take a portion of a man's goods after he dies, by the same logic it is right to take the whole. I can see no difference. Is this to be the coming rule? CHARLES B. WHITING.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 19.

Animal Psychology in the Twenties.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Was the original nature faker a New Yorker? If so, his book described below might be worth recording. It sold in a book auction to-day:

"New York City—City Conversation. An Account of the Possibility of a Whale Becoming a Bird. * * * Gen. Jackson's Visit to the City, &c. By Simon Sarcasm. 16mo, sewed, pp. 16. N. Y., n. d. [*ca.* 1820]."

NEW YORK, June 19. GEORGE H. RICHMOND.

A Pittsburg Concert.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As to whistling oysters: I have heard them sing. In a hospital a dozen were served in the shell on a stand at my bedside. Scarce had the attendant left them when they began to chant as if to catch a key, and when in chorus they were singing: "They have given him up for gone; he's lying in the lane," a hundred eels flew in from somewhere and commenced to dance to the music of the oysters.

I was inviting my fellow patients to come and see the show when a doctor and nurse, in a horse play act, gave me a hypodermic and a sleeping potion that I did not get over for a week. Too, they forced me into a straitjacket and imposed every other possible indignity save the accusation of being a nature faker. G. WASH. JAGGERS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 18.

The Birds of Watervliet.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My little girl runs a graphophone which stands immediately before an open window. She possesses only one record, an excellent imitation known as "The Birds and the Brook," which she plays continually.

On our recent return from a few weeks vacation we were much astonished to find that a couple of kingfishers and a pair of waterouzels had taken possession of the horn of the graphophone and were busily engaged constructing therein their respective nests.

I am afraid that the intelligence and reasoning faculties of our feathered friends are generally underestimated.

I have mailed you under separate cover affidavits in proof of above, signed by one gas inspector and two local Sunday school superintendents.

WATERVLIET, N. Y., June 18. VERITAS.

Question in French Literature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Was Balzac a nature faker when he wrote "Une Passion dans le Désert"? FRANK P. DAVIS.

FLORENCE, Mass., June 18.

Why He Led His Class.

Abou Ben Adhem had just asked to be put down as one who loved his fellow men.

"I never throw orange peel on the sidewalk," he explained.

Herewith the angel saw that his name led all the rest.

AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S CHARGES.

Superintendent Maxwell's Expected Decision.

From School.

As the school children of all New York, reaching near to an army of three-quarters of a million, are being taught natural history, City Superintendent Maxwell feels called upon to look into the "impossible absurdities" which President Roosevelt has announced, with his accustomed emphasis, as being presented in the books of some would-be "nature students," who are called "nature fakers"—a term somewhat savoring of current slang in itself.

Dr. William J. Long is alleged to be the most blameful of these, and several of his books are on the public school list. He has been pointed out also by John Burroughs and other sober students, and even *School* has objected; but Dr. Long has started out on a hunt—without a gun—for the President, but with the avowed purpose of pursuing him to a standstill or making him retreat. He has already achieved one important victory, for the President has suddenly become silent and Dr. Long has the last word. This is something of which not many of President Roosevelt's opponents can boast, and which Dr. Long is bound to make the most of, as it can do him no harm to spread far and wide and get more people to read his books and listen to him.

Dr. Maxwell is satisfied that it is all right if Dr. Long and writers like him will confine themselves to "fairy stories" and fables, and not assume that they are telling scientific facts for school children to believe; but it is objected that Dr. Long, in the prefaces of his books, insists on the truth of all he writes, as based on his own sight and observation, and it may be that he has an extra sight or a sixth sense to see and feel what others cannot of the wild animal creation. He says that he has evidence for everything, but it may be his evidence would be ruled out of any regular court. It is objected by plain, matter of fact persons that his cock partridges who assemble their kin in the woods at the sound of their drum and then call a roll to verify their number are much like the fishes and birds of "Arabian Nights" tales. The woodcock surgeon who sets the broken legs and makes mud plaster casts for other woodcocks is regarded as a rare variety of the same species; while that bullfrog he tells about that chewed tobacco and then vomited it out, and with it his stomach, which he washed in the lake, is of almost certain relation to those distinguished jumping frogs of Mark Twain, one of which had his stomach filled with bird shot, making him too heavy to jump at all.

It seems to *School* that the President and some others take these "wood naturalists" too seriously. When Dr. Long goes into the woods the birds all fly out and flutter before him as they do before no other persons. The animals get upon their hind feet and courtesy. The big gray wolves will sometimes follow after him, not mistaking him for Red Riding Hood, but just to thrust their noses under his arm and have their heads rubbed, while even wild beasts in a cage will grin and welcome his company without an unfriendly demonstration. Dr. Long reports all this himself; but he should beware. He may be too confident and confiding, like the man who trusted his head in the lion's mouth once too often. There is no certainty of the playful, primitive pranks of wild life until it is too late and of no use to be sorry. Even the President may be too serious in not allowing for sufficient play of humor and imagination in his estimate. It is going to a great deal of labor to take out a cannon to train on a bumble bee, and he may have heard of that old Spanish proverb which tells of the man who opened his mouth least and who swallowed the fewest flies.

Dr. Maxwell, though not professing to be a nature student himself, can certainly carry a big stick, and should be an important reenforcement; but he is an experienced student of men, who can take all these probabilities into consideration and give to each its due weight.

The "Century's" Victor Hugo Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is due to the Countess Rozwadowska, from whom the *Century* received the letter of Victor Hugo printed in the June number, that we should state the circumstances under which it was published. The lady herself, the widow of the late Consul-General of Italy in Chicago, has recently sailed for her own country.

The facts are these: The Countess discovered this letter in the correspondence of her father, Count Pepe, and naturally presumed that it was written to him. An expert having pronounced the signature genuine, we caused careful search to be made in the Astor Library through the published correspondence of Hugo, where one would naturally expect to find such a letter, but without success. Nevertheless, in our introductory note we took care to suggest that it might have appeared, which proves to be the case, as it has been printed as an appendix to certain editions of the romance, where it is given as having been addressed to Signor Daelli of Milan, publisher of the Italian edition of "Les Misérables," though no name is given on the original letter. None of these editions is in the library.

There is no question of the good faith of the lady, and the elaborate compilation of parallel columns by your somewhat ungallant correspondent "Gavroche" is a sheer waste of moral and intellectual effort.

EDITOR OF "THE CENTURY."

NEW YORK, June 18.

There is, of course, no question of the good faith of the Countess Rozwadowska, as there can be none of the good faith of our carefully edited contemporary. We venture to suggest, however, that the *Century* itself may be responsible for what its editor considers excessive zeal on the part of our correspondent "Gavroche" in the matter of comparing the text of the Count Pepe and the Signor Daelli versions, which are identical except as they diverge in the two different English translations. "Gavroche" could not have known what is now stated for the first time in the foregoing communication, that the document in the *Century's* possession bears no address. He was perhaps misled by the distinct statement in the *Century* for June that the letter "was written in response to an inquiry from Count Victor A. Pepe of Italy as to Hugo's purpose in writing his great romance"; and, again, that the Countess Rozwadowska was "daughter of the gentleman to whom it [the letter] was addressed."

Beauties of the Postal Service.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* This morning, June 17, at 8:20 o'clock I received a letter stamped at Station K at 10 o'clock A. M. June 14. A short time ago I received a postal card stamped at Poughkeepsie at 6:30 o'clock P. M., at 8:30 o'clock A. M. the following day. At 11 o'clock A. M. the same day I received a postal dated at the same time as the first at Station J, Eighth avenue and 124th street.

This means that it takes two and a half hours longer for a postal to reach Seventh street from 124th street than it does from Poughkeepsie. Another letter from Buffalo I received six hours ahead of one from Jersey City, both having been mailed the same time.

Then they talk to us about "municipal ownership" and "Government ownership of the railroads." Why, a private concern would handle the mails for one-half what it costs the Government, and we would be served much better.

One other case: Five years ago I sent a letter (special delivery, 10 cents extra) at 2 o'clock P. M. and it got to its destination, Guttenberg, N. J., the next day at 11 o'clock A. M., and the people lived right across the street from the post office.

Oh, by the way, who made this country a success but those despised railroad companies? Their officers could manage them all right until they had them to perfection. Now they are not able to run them any more alone. Mr. Roosevelt has to show them how. J. MILLER.

NEW YORK, June 18.

On the Burning Marl.

Imp—The preachers are off on their vacations.

Satan—Yes, but the business men will stay in town.

"MEXICANIZED."

Its Legitimate Meaning and Its Common Application.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Now that the word "mexicanized" has become a regular bugaboo with which to frighten away the third termer in the United States it would be in line for us Mexicans to resent its conventional and relative meaning as applied to a possible condition that would arise here were the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt willing to be the next candidate of his party. As aliens we are deterred from indulging in academic speculations on the propriety of infringing a precedent which has been respected by all his predecessors; but as unwilling providers of the parallelism which is serving here at present as an object of terror we abide by its merits and beg leave to submit its reasons and genesis.

Mexico is being rapidly "mexicanized" by a patriotic ruler who has wrested from the domain of personal politics—the curse of Latin America—all internal questions and has placed them under the heading of "economic problems," which are being solved now with fairness and cautious judgment. In doing so our President has acted with the utmost prudence and circumspection and with a profound regard for private property and the vested rights of his fellow citizens.

Mexico is being rapidly "mexicanized" by a patriotic ruler who does not have any "galleries" to play to while affecting a deep concern for the welfare of the nation, as our people are unanimously agreed as to his usefulness and intentions; by a ruler who respects legal interests, cherishes traditions, perceives righteousness and accords justice to all those who gather the fruit of their labors under his enlightened government.

Mexico is being rapidly "mexicanized" by a patriotic ruler who never utters a word without weighing it on the scale of his discretion and conscience, knowing that by refraining from tirades and diatribes "his policy" will merit the approval and stand the scrutiny of citizens and outsiders. He knows very well that consistency is a jewel not to be tampered with constantly, as the more you endeavor to attract the admiration of others toward its brilliancy of color the duller it will appear to their comprehension and vision.

Mexico is being rapidly "mexicanized" by a patriotic ruler who has lifted our nation from the penury and demoralization of bygone days to its actual position of settledness and solvency. He has not injected the spirit of restlessness into a legacy of security and placidity. He has given new life to an emaciated body, and will not, through an overact of his, bring it back to its old enfeebled condition.

Mexico is being rapidly "mexicanized" by a patriotic ruler to whom education is a paramount necessity, and who is accordingly establishing public schools throughout the republic as fast as time and available funds for that purpose will permit. He has abstained from instilling into the mind of our youth the queer notion that muscles and biceps are better than intellectual stamina.

In enriching the lexicon of the American vernacular with the recently coined regular verb "to mexicanize," care should be taken that it be not confounded with the irregular one "to rooseveltize." Considering the racial disparity, peculiar characteristics, geographical position and historical development, Mexico, the offspring of the adjudged wanting Spanish civilization in this continent, enjoying to-day guaranteed wealth and steadfastness of purpose under the guide of a levelheaded statesman, is far more confident of her present and future than her northern sister under the spell of a feverish President and his new "policies." And this is not a transitory state that will vanish with the superior man who has created and defended it. It has grown roots into the innermost part of our heart and soul and will be continued and upheld by his friends and successors. A whole generation has been initiated into the charms of an orderly life and imbued with the spirit of work and healthful citizenship. If there is opprobrium in being "mexicanized" that way, then we are "mexicanized" for a long time to come.

FELIPE G. CANTON F.

NEW YORK, June 19.

FREE SHIPS VS. SUBSIDIES.

Home Construction Advocated as the Only Profitable Plan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* James McGuffog Brown in his letter to THE SUN urges "free ships" as a sure way to build up American shipping, and he cites the example of Germany and France. But Mr. Brown is wrong as to his facts. A foreign built ship can get a French subsidy, and Germany, in her contract with the North German Lloyd, requires that the subsidized imperial liners shall be built in German shipyards, as far as possible of German material. Both nations have had an illuminating experience with the free ship policy when they tried free ships alone.

Under this policy the French merchant tonnage actually fell off from 1,072,000 tons in 1870 to 914,000 tons in 1881. Then the French Government in desperation adopted the subsidy system, under which its tonnage has grown to 1,760,000 tons. Germany, under free ships alone, saw her tonnage gain only from 1,098,000 in 1873 to 1,243,000 in 1881. Then Bismarck advocated the present elaborate system of imperial aid to German shipping by mail subsidies, rebates, discriminating rates, &c., with the result that Germany's merchant marine is now upward of 3,400,000 tons. German shipowners occasionally purchase craft abroad, but it is well known that the whole influence of the imperial Government is exerted to honor and reward those who build at home, this being now the invariable practice of the North German Lloyd Company and the general practice of the Hamburg-American.

The Merchant Marine Commission asked the practical shipowners of the United States two years ago whether they desired free ships. In a ratio of about twenty to one they said that they did not believe that this was the wise and efficient method of building up the merchant marine. All the principal American investors in foreign ships, including the Morgan combination, replied that they would not bring their foreign built ships under the American flag if a free ship law were passed, unless these foreign craft were generously subsidized.

In view of these facts the free ship idea has virtually sunk out of sight in Congress. Its few surviving advocates in this country are (1) academic free traders of inadequate information, who rely chiefly on statements of hostile foreign steamship managers, and (2) these hostile foreign steamship managers themselves. The lower part of the city of New York is full of representatives of British, French, German and other European maritime interests who will tell you frankly that they would like to see Congress adopt free ships because it would absolutely kill American shipbuilding and clinch the foreign monopoly of our carrying trade.

But this is a very good reason why Americans should not and do not favor such an expedient. The more ships we build in this country the cheaper those ships will be, as our experience on the Great Lakes has demonstrated. If we had imported all our locomotives from Europe instead of building them at home, does anybody believe that we should now be exporting locomotives to foreign countries? Sixty or seventy years ago men like James McGuffog Brown were telling the American people that they ought to have free trade in locomotives—that they ought to buy their railroad equipment from English workshops. But the American people did not look at the matter in that way.

JOHN A. PENTON,
Secretary, Merchant Marine League.

CLEVELAND, June 17.

The Biggest Fish.

Yew never heerd me tell
Abaout thet monster? Well!
He wuz the biggest one
I ever seen, I swun!
When I describe his size
I can't believe my eyes;
An' I don't 'spect thet yew
Kin skurcely b'lieve it tew.

Down Lizzard Crick one day
I fished an' fished away,
An' here I wanter state
I had the proper bait,
An' ev'rything wuz clear,
My head an' hands an' gear,
When I felt, nigh the bank,
A mos' tremenjus yank.

My cork went aout o' sight,
My pole bent double quite;
The crick she b'iled an' b'iled,
An' got all rough an' r'iled,
I straightened like a bull,
An' fetched a mighty pull,
An' would yew b'lieve it? Say,
He—well, he got away!

JOE CONE.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE REPLIES.

History Asked to Tell What Medicine Has Done, Anyway.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Dr. Samuel Kohn has recently published several letters criticising Christian Scientists because they have more faith in Christian Science than in drugs, and now Dr. Claude Lamont Wheeler writes a letter in which he criticises Dr. Kohn for treating the Christian Scientists with too much courtesy. From what source, it may be inquired, do these doctors derive the right to abuse and denounce a class of citizens who merely do not wish to employ them? What would be thought of a lawyer if he went to a business man and said: "You do not know enough to manage your business. The lawyer you employ is incompetent, because he did not graduate from my school. You should permit me to designate a lawyer to manage your affairs." Would such gratuitous advice not be tainted with the suspicion that the man himself was looking for a job?

Why are some doctors so solicitous about the welfare of Christian Scientists even to the point of being willing to compel them to employ doctors of their own particular school? Is their solicitude altogether altruistic? Christian Scientists are not asking these doctors to advise them. They do not feel in any particular need of such advice. Most of them turned to Christian Science after failing to get benefit from the doctors. Having thus tried both, if they are better satisfied with the results of Christian Science treatment it would seem indelicate at least for the doctors to try by persecution or abuse to compel them to return to the drugging system.

Dr. Kohn says that "modern medicine requires no publication committee to trumpet its praises to suffering humanity." That may be true of "modern medicine," but it is not altogether true of modern medicine doctors. Some of them go into print on their own account and not only "trumpet the praises" of their own particular method of treating "suffering humanity" but at the same time abuse people who wish to try some other method. In all such cases it is usually observed that they sign their full names plus their medical title, so that all who read may be advised as to just who it is that is able to administer this superior treatment. By this means they obtain valuable personal advertisement that otherwise might not be permitted by the ethics of their profession. Far be it from me to suggest that such is their purpose, yet the fact remains that the result is accomplished just the same.

Christian Scientists never go into print except to reply to some unjust attack. If these doctors and others would refrain from hostile criticism there would be far less in the papers upon the subject. In any event, after these doctors have taken the initiative in attacking Christian Scientists it seems like the last degree of arrogance for them to accuse Christian Scientists of advertising merely because they reply to such attacks.

All Christian Science asks is to be judged by its results. After four thousand years under the drugging system and two thousand years under so-called Christian preaching, the adherents of these systems cannot point to one disease or one sin that has been permanently eradicated from human experience. The sum of human woe has not been lessened. There is as much suffering and there are as many tears as ever before. Histories of the practice of medicine show that the number of diseases has greatly increased in the last five hundred years, in spite of boasted improvement in the healing art.

It is also apparent that in every country there is a growing spirit of opposition to dogma and creed. Under these circumstances is it not time to seek for a religion that will both regenerate the sinner and heal the sick as Jesus commanded? If Christain Science is able to illumine the Scriptures so that these results may be accomplished, why should any one oppose it?

If Christian Science proves its right to be called Christian by doing the things practised and commanded by Jesus, why not leave it alone and let it work out its destiny in the life and character of its adherents?

V. O. STRICKLER.

NEW YORK, June 19.

Burlington Magazine for June.

Percy Moore Turner in the June number of the *Burlington Magazine* now turns his attention to the English school of portraits found in the Louvre, and declares that certain attributions to artists like Gainsborough, Lawrence, Raeburn, Hoppner and others which have been accepted in good faith by the directors of the great French gallery are no more trustworthy than were those among the landscapes which he lately exposed. Mr. Turner's views are indorsed by the writer of a long critical notice of the Sedelmeyer sale, recently concluded in Paris. The illustrations in photogravure are of a genuine Gainsborough and two Lawrence portraits. There is a discussion by "A Modern Painter" of the English school of water color painting as an art that is typically English and that no other country has so well excelled in. Roger E. Fry also has a note on water color technique.

The interest in the revival of plans and methods for the excavating of Herculaneum, which the Italian Government has under serious consideration, is met by an article from Miss Ethel Ross, who explains how the excavations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were carried out. Some of the most beautiful works of art in the world have been found at Herculaneum, among them the famous small bronzes now in the Naples Museum. There are fine full page reproductions of several of these bronzes.

The frontispiece is a photogravure of a painting by Harry Wyatt, who worked in Sir Thomas Lawrence's studio, known as "A Man With a Hawk." Dr. Wilhelm Bode of Berlin [illegible] an authoritative note on the [illegible] two other notes by C. J. H. are contributions [illegible] is by Jacopo Palma the Elder, and a [illegible] model of a recumbent figure in the British Museum, which the author believes is an original work by the great Michelangelo. Clement Heaton discusses the origin of the early stained glass in Canterbury Cathedral, R. S. Clouston, Dutch and Flemish furniture, and C. H. Wylde the history of tapestry, all illustrated.

"Art in America" in this number deals with the two annual spring exhibitions held in New York.

Don Canseco Goes.

From the Washington Herald.

Washington is all broken up over the prospective departure of Señor Don Crisóforo Canseco, second secretary of the Mexican Embassy who has been transferred to Brazil. Connecticut avenue will never be itself again after Señor Don Crisóforo goes. To that à la mode thoroughfare, and to the downtown hotel at which he has lived during the considerable period that he has been a part of Cousin Diaz's diplomatic establishment here, he has lent a grace and a distinction which well informed persons say could not possibly have been otherwise obtained.

No day was too stormy for Señor Don Crisóforo to favor Connecticut avenue pedestrians with a sight of his faultlessly attired form and his stern, strong, interesting face. Sometimes he rode, but more often he walked, slowly, and with the dignity befitting a diplomat, his walking stick describing exact geometric designs in the air meanwhile. So often was he seen on the avenue, indeed, that among the coarse, unfeeling *hoi polloi* there grew up a belief, amounting almost to a conviction, that Señor Don Crisóforo did comparatively little work at the embassy. But, whether he worked at the embassy or not, he certainly worked. No man could change his clothes as often as Señor Don Crisóforo changed—and changes—his, even with the aid of a battery of valets, without the expenditure of much physical energy. His family is one of the wealthiest in Mexico, and Señor Don Crisóforo probably has spent more money in his apparel than any man in Washington.

He has been a prominent figure in that section of "Washington society" which affects the diplomatists, and his intimates are deeply regretful over his prospective departure. While the Mexican Embassy has given out nothing in the premises it is known that Ambassador Creel and his staff realize that it will be quite impossible to get another man like Señor Don Crisóforo Canseco to take the post of second secretary when that valued member of the diplomatic family departs Rioward.

Looks Like Uncle Joe.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Hello, Uncle Joe; how is the Presidential timber?"

"Is this Mr. Cannon? Thought I recognized you. Look so much like your newspaper cartoons."

"I'm from Illinois, and I'm glad to shake hands with you, Mr. Speaker."

Of course all these remarks sounded very pleasant to H. S. Kellogg, a retired merchant of Chicago who sat in the lobby of the Planters' yesterday and held a sort of an informal reception in honor of Speaker Joe Cannon.

Mr. Kellogg is not Mr. Cannon, although he is a ringer for the Speaker of the House. He has his height, his gray whiskers, his nose, and even the celebrated Cannon twinkle in the eyes. He estimates that he has been mistaken for one Joe Cannon no less than 10,000 times.

Willie's Mission.

From School.

The following excuses were recently brought by two pupils of P. S. 74: "Dear Teacher—Kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

The other read: "Dear Teacher—Please excuse Willie's absence last Friday, as he had to go to the hospital after his sore nose."