The Sun.

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Airships of War.

The British War Department airship Nulli Secundus must be credited with a very impressive performance in travelling against a ten mile breeze from Farnborough to the War Office in London, thirty-two miles away. As the Nulli Secundus hovered over St. Paul's and turned to recross the Thames the thought must have occurred to the upgazing multitudes of people observing her wonderful evolutions that an enemy equipped with a fleet of dirigible ships capable of keeping the air for twenty-four hours would be able to drop enough dynamite in the streets of London to destroy the city.

But aerial navigation, whether for peace or war purposes, is still an unsolved problem. Practical aeronautics depends upon the ability to contend with winds that take rude liberties with seagoing craft, so incomparably more stanch, manageable and safe than any airship that has yet been invented. It is no great matter if an airship operated for pleasure meets with a mishap and must descend, but the airship designed for war will be of doubtful effectiveness unless she can continue on her course at the will of her navigators and maintain an altitude beyond the reach of field artillery.

The Continental War Departments are also experimenting with airships, but do not make a public holiday of their ascents. In the Parseval Germany possesses an airship that has sailed against a wind of seventeen miles an hour and proved herself dirigible. She turns, mounts and descends with ease. Experiments with the Parseval are still being made, so that it may be assumed there is plenty of room for improvement. The Parseval is only one of several airships that are competing for the approval of the War Department at Berlin. In Belgium and Austria the ability of field artillery to riddle balloons—not airships, it should be understood—has been tested. The Belgian War Department has permitted the publication of its experiments. It was of course necessary to anchor the balloons, and as the question to be settled was the altitude of effective fire it was of no great consequence whether the target was swinging at the end of a tether or holding a course. Shrapnel was used by the field guns, and the distances of the balloon from the earth varied from 1,300 to 4,800 yards. The guns were 4 inch and 5.9 inch. One balloon was hit 149 times, and another forty-six times. The gondola as well as the bag was pierced, and even the anchoring rope was severed.

It was thus established that an airship must keep out of the range of modern field pieces to navigate over the enemy's country with impunity. But the danger from artillery gives war offices the least concern; airships carry small crews and the loss of their complement is not worth considering. If a ship can be designed to move in any direction desired, up and down and against any wind not a gale, and if her voyages can be extended to days instead of hours and minutes, war will become more like hell than 12 inch guns and lyddite make it to-day, and there may some time be a Hague conference which will declare for universal and eternal peace.

The Cost of Living.

The average citizen is but little enlightened by the acres of matter printed in newspapers, magazines and special reports with reference to the cost of living. Index numbers and averages of selected groups and all other twists and turns of economic statistics have their value to students and doubtless make some impression on general readers, but the question for most of us resolves itself into the results of an individual experience.

The people may be divided into profit makers, salary drawers and wage earners. There are no statistics which show with certainty the financial condition of the members of these classes to-day as compared with their condition in times of lower prices and lower wages. General investigation and personal inquiry lead to a definite opinion that the profit makers and the wage earners are better off to-day than in earlier days, and that the conditions of the salaried section are more burdensome. While each group will furnish its exceptions to this view, the general proposition will probably hold.

In a recently published article the assertion is made that "in thirteen years the increase in the cost of living has not been more than 3½ per cent. of a workingman's income. The basis for the percentage is an annual income of $835." The notably weak point in this argument is that $835 is an utterly absurd estimate of the "workingman's income." The census of 1900 reports 5,306,143 wage earners with an average income of a little less than $440. A selected list of twenty-three industries employing 3,137,000 hands shows for 1905 an average of $512. The workingman's account book, if he keeps one, is not likely to show his income as $835, nor to confirm the estimate of a mere 3½ per cent. increase in cost of living in thirteen years. Dun's index of commodity prices gives the figures 94.15 for 1893 and 104.48 for 1906, an advance of more than 10 per cent. The writer of the article referred to limits "cost of living" to the bills of grocer, butcher and baker, and in these he shows an advance of about 9 per cent. As only a part of the income is spent in those departments he figures that the increase represents only 3½ per cent. of the total $835 income. There is little consolation in that argument for the man who knows that he can pay more than he did some years ago for his house rent and his clothing.

Growing expenses, however, are offset by better pay, and there is no question that our wage earners live better, dress better and save more money than they did twenty or even ten years ago. It is undeniable that wage earners as a class have derived benefit from the higher price levels. In fact, it is to their increased income that the increase in cost of living is largely attributable.

The profit makers, the merchants, manufacturers and traders, as a class have profited rather by general trade activity than by the change in prices. Their income may be affected in some measure by price conditions, but it is not entirely or even largely dependent upon them. Profit margins are based on cost whether the cost be high or low. The victims of prosperity, of increased cost of living, are salary drawers who have no power to effect an increase in income by union, strike or other weapon. Upon this class, with a membership of several millions, the burden of higher prices falls with greatest weight.

Near and Far.

The voice of the Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE to Massachusetts Republicans:

"Nothing we can do or say or vote for in this election will affect in the slightest degree the action of Congress in regard to the tariff next winter. The election of a Massachusetts Governor, or of a Governor of any State, will have no effect one way or the other upon the action of Congress at the coming session in relation to the tariff."

Scarcely two years have passed since Mr. LODGE told these same Republicans that the eyes of the whole world were on their campaign and that the defeat of the Hon. CURTIS GUILD, Jr., would be accepted in the chancelleries of Europe and Asia as a rebuke to the President and a disavowal of the policies of the Federal Government. Mr. LODGE appealed to his fellow citizens to support and sustain the Administration at Washington and not to so conduct themselves as to arm every enemy of the republic with the deadly argument that the Republicans had been beaten in the old Bay State.

This year the result of the election will have no influence on Congress. Two years ago a similar election was all important in world politics. The faithful adherents of the Nahant statesman must get dizzy in the efforts to maintain their alignment.

An Old Fashioned Novelist.

Somehow or other MARY JANE HOLMES had always seemed to us a venerable monument of literature. In the dark backward and abysm of uncritical childish memory she stands or shines, vague and wonderful, an author, a maker of palaces of dreams, with the "Arabian Nights," "Keeper's Travels," "Queechy," the "Lamplighter," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Dred" in solemn black—JEWETT or PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.—"Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the long Rolliad of JACOB ABBOTT. We can see just how "The Lofty and the Lowly" looked and smell the brown books of GOULD and LINCOLN, REED, TICKNOR and FIELDS, REDFIELD and DERBY and JACKSON.

Then we can hear the flopping of great clumsy "novelettes" published by ELIOT, THOMES and TALBOT and feel on rainy Saturdays and any Sundays the joy of the New York *Weekly*, wherein many of Mrs. HOLMES's many stories appeared. The *Weekly* was not a model of typography, but we will maintain against all comers that a more improving and virtuous publication never was; yet there was a guilty joy in reading it.

Some 2,000,000 of Mrs. HOLMES's works have been sold; and they are selling still, and public libraries have to keep them in stock. We are glad of this even if we don't remember the name of one of her books. To us she will always be a fount of literature; and we will bet a copy of "Henry Esmond" against the complete works of BRANDER MATTHEWS and HARRY THURSTON PECK—say a centillion to one—that Mrs. HOLMES's works, if too simple and virtuous for this age, are as valuable and will last as long as most of the productions of the novel trusts of to-day.

Forestry.

The twelfth annual report of the Minnesota Forestry Commissioner contains, besides a report of the work being done by that State, an outline review of the forestry policy of seventeen countries in Europe, and incidental references to the work of other States in this country.

Minnesota has received more than $5,000,000 for its permanent fund from stumpage from timber lands given to it by Congress, and more than $200,000,000 worth of forest products have been taken from its soil. Its pine forests are being rapidly exhausted. The people seem content to permit the full extinction of the lumber industry. Northern Minnesota once had 18,000,000 acres of pine forest. For sixty years the axe and the saw have been eating into it. In a few years all will be gone. The State owns 2,500,000 acres of land which, under the State Constitution, must be sold and are not available for forestation. Its only possessions which could be so utilized are a patch of 20,000 acres and another of 1,000 acres. Proposals for land purchase by the State, after the system of New York and Pennsylvania, have been rejected or ignored. This region of pine supply, valuable to the nation as well as to the State, seems likely to be lost to both.

The attitude of Minnesota is the attitude of most of the States. The increase in the price of lumber seems not to disturb the public. Predictions of higher prices and exhaustion of timber resources do not frighten it. Those are evils of a to-morrow that must bear its own troubles. The possibility of revenue from timber, State or national lands, of preserving the forests and protecting the water supply at the same time, esculps only a moment's interest. Yet each of 15,000,000 acres of German State, municipal and private forest lands yields an average net revenue of $2.40 a year; and France gets $9.60 an acre a year, net, from 2,000,000 acres.

Russia's forest system dates from 1803. A school at St. Petersburg for scientific instruction in forestry has between 500 and 600 pupils. Other forestry schools in the empire have nearly as many students. The merchantable timber of Russia's State forests is sold under sealed bids. Her revenues from this source in 1904 were nearly $15,000,000, from which about $6,500,000 is to be deducted for expense of administration. This leaves a net revenue of nearly $20,000,000 a year.

The argument for generous appropriation by States for State forests and by the nation for national forests is unanswerable. American indifference to the matter is highly reprehensible.

An Elusive Issue in New Jersey.

In his speech opening the Republican campaign in Newark on Friday night Judge FORT rushed in where Mr. KATZENBACH fears to tread, which is not saying that the Republican candidate is a fool by any means or that his opponent is an angel. In dealing with the delicate excise problem Judge FORT was brave, but not brave to rashness. The plank in the Republican platform he had to stand on as firmly and with as much grace as he could. It reads:

"The Republican party has accomplished needed reform in excise legislation and pledges itself to the maintenance of it."

To maintain what? Not necessarily the "Bishops' bill," or the genius who wrote the resolution would have mentioned it. Maintaining "needed reform" in excise legislation is not precisely the same thing as keeping the "Bishops' bill" on the statute book in its present form. As a piece of legislation it seems incohate, for no one calls it the "Bishops' law." Judge FORT was, of course, equal to the occasion. The bill had been passed "in response to the moral and religious demands of the people of the State" by the Republicans and, as he had to admit, by [illegible] Democrats. He [illegible] excellent reform features. Who wanted to restore the "back room" to saloons or sell liquor to children? The morality of the law was conspicuous and immutable. If elected Governor he would obey the mandate of Article VI., paragraph 5, of the Constitution, which enjoined the Governor faithfully to execute the laws. So far, so good. But Judge FORT had something else to read from his manuscript:

"Under our form of Government the will of the people as expressed at the ballot box is the supreme law of the land. It is for them to say whether they desire any modification in existing law. If they do, their remedy is to elect a Legislature that will make it. I do not mean to commit myself irrevocably, at this or at any other time, as to what I will do in a given case if elected Governor of the State. Conditions at the time that action may be required as well as public sentiment may be entirely changed, and the nature and character of the legislation upon which I may be asked to pass may have much to do with my official decision."

Mr. KATZENBACH also opened his campaign on Friday night, speaking in Jersey City. He had nothing to say about the elusive paramount issue. But his position is a little different from that of Judge FORT, in that the Democratic platform contains no tangible reference to the excise question. It is the Republican party that must stand by the "Bishops' bill," at least during the life of the campaign. Nevertheless we violate no confidence when we state that Mr. KATZENBACH is ready to pledge himself to obey the mandate of Article VI., paragraph 5. It is not the custom of candidates to flout or deny the Constitution. And Mr. KATZENBACH might be induced to say that if the people of New Jersey want the "Bishops' bill" amended by their representatives in the Legislature he is not so fixed in his ideas but he would bow to their decree.

So far as the rival candidates are concerned there is nothing to prevent the maintenance of "needed reform in excise legislation." And this will be so, whether Mr. KATZENBACH breaks his silence or not. So far excise reform has not been made an issue in the campaign, although the deeps are murmuring audibly.

The Old Guard.

Millions who read these brutal words of the *Army and Navy Journal* will share our pain and indignation:

"We are informed that a formal application has been sent to the Mayor of New York city from the 'Old Guard' to provide an armory for it at the expense of the city. It is hoped that such a proposition may never seriously be considered, and it would certainly be an outrage to spend public money upon an organization that is no part of the National Guard and is neither useful nor ornamental. It gives a ball once a year, which affords guests ample opportunity to pay extravagant prices for drinks and seats, and gives a clambake and other social functions. It also manages to ring in as escort to high functionaries, occasionally in military parades, and usurps a function that rightfully belongs to the Regulars or National Guard. The Old Guard has absolutely no claim on the city and is simply an organization for social purposes. When compared with a military organization it is a burlesque. If the Old Guard has a right to apply to the city to build an armory for it, so have all the target companies that parade around election and Thanksgiving days. It is absurd to consider the Old Guard as in any true sense a military organization."

The Old Guard needs no defence from us. It is a cherished institution of this town. Its history and its uniform are alike splendid. Its contributions to military science and especially to the problems of the commissary and the canteen are appreciated in the war colleges and among the experts of Europe. It is an elementary maxim that an army marches on its stomach. Therefore is the Old Guard the most accomplished marcher, countermarcher and grandmarcher in the ranks of war.

What despicable petty professional jealousy prompted this attack upon these minions of MARS? As an honored member of this renowned phalanx wrote us some years ago:

"Bard,
Bring out your choicest chants
For the blue coats and white 'pants'
Of the Guard!"

New York will rally around these, among the most beloved of her heroes, while there is a bearskin left or leather enough to make a chinstrap for a fatigue cap.

Another automobiliste has done his best to encourage the hostility of the public by running away from the victim of his speed madness. Unfortunately the respectable and law abiding motorists will be the greatest sufferers when such outrages result in retaliatory and restricting legislation.

The strongest circumstantial evidence supports the assertion of a Brooklyn policeman that he did not shoot to kill. The bullet found the man who was escaping from him.

Mr. BARRY DOWNER LOUGHREAN has told HARRY STILLWELL, EDWARDS that the second and third class postmasters of Georgia wanted none of his advice, and that he takes himself too seriously. It is most ungallant for a lady to speak thus to Mr. EDWARDS, and useless, too. Mr. EDWARDS cannot be taken too seriously, by himself or by any one else, and his advice will be given whether it is wanted or not.

The police have a marvellous faculty of catching all the minor car drivers who exceed the speed limits, except those who kill pedestrians.

Mr. S. N. D. NORTH, the director of the Census Bureau, told the cotton manufacturers a few days ago that he looked forward "with confidence to the time when the United States, instead of exporting practically two-thirds of its cotton crop, will manufacture by far the greater part of it at home." Believing that Mr. NORTH has for the moment overlooked a vastly important factor, we cannot accept his opinion. We look forward with confidence to a time when the United States will use in domestic mills as much cotton as it now produces and at the same time export twice the present quantity.

The cotton crop is about 12,000,000 bales. Of this, as Mr. NORTH says, about two-thirds is exported. To produce the crop nearly 30,000,000 acres are planted. Their average yield is some 200 pounds an acre. All the evidence goes to show that with proper cultivation the same area would yield double its present quantity. This should be done without material increase, and probably with no increase whatever, in cost of production. Twenty-five years ago the home demand took 2,000,000 bales a year. It is now only a little short of 5,000,000 bales. In less than fifty years, perhaps in less than forty, the home demand [illegible] Meanwhile there will also be an enormous increase in the foreign demand. The American share of that increase will depend mainly upon the intelligence displayed by American planters.

GENERAL WOTHERSPOON.

His Promotion Justified by His Record and Length of Service.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In today's SUN appears an editorial paragraph on the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Wotherspoon, Nineteenth Infantry, to a Brigadier-Generalship, in which several statements are made as to his record and advancement which are unjust and which convey an impression unwarranted by the facts of the case.

While his promotion may carry him "over the heads of 117 Colonels and thirty Lieutenant-Colonels" as the army list now stands, this, in the case of an officer of forty years service, may mean very little. As an instance it may be noted that an officer who entered the service on the same day as General Wotherspoon and who has passed his army life with him in the infantry now stands third on the list of infantry Colonels. Owing to the inequalities of regimental promotion as it existed up to 1890, seniority in length of service did not always bring promotion, and General Wotherspoon was one of the victims of a system which advanced many over his head. As a matter of fact, out of the thirty infantry Colonels now in service twelve have had less service than or equal to that of General Wotherspoon, and of the seven Lieutenant-Colonels he "jumps" but three have served longer. If his service in the navy is counted, as it should be, these figures will be still more in his favor.

The statement in the editorial that General Wotherspoon "is not regarded as an accomplished field officer" will bring a smile to the faces of all who know him. His services in Indian campaigns, in the Philippine insurrection, as a staff officer in the field and in Cuba and particularly in organizing and carrying on the work of the Army War College are so well known and appreciated in the army that it is not an exaggeration to say that no appointment of a general officer for years back has received more widespread satisfaction, on the score of professional fitness as well as length of service and personal characteristics.

The writer is in a position to know that the association of General Wotherspoon with the President is not intimate, as asserted in the editorial, but is confined to official relations; that he made no personal effort to obtain the appointment, has absolutely no political influence and owes his advancement to merit alone. Every one in and out of the service who knows his modest and kindly nature, his lack of personal assertiveness and his sterling qualities will congratulate the army on his promotion.

AN ARMY OFFICER OF THIRTY-ONE YEARS SERVICE.
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 5.

WHAT IS PAR?

Query Suggested by Scores Handed in by Chin Golfers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My home course consists of eighteen holes, six down Right Cheek Hill, played with right hand; six down Left Cheek Hill, played with left hand, and six up Left Cheek Hill, played with right hand. The most difficult hazards are three bunkers at holes 2, 4 and 6. These demand accurate approaching and a slice here means trouble. The turf in the fair greens is fairly smooth, although the grass is wiry.

My present record is 81—26 for the first six holes, 24 for the second six and 31 for the last six. Owing to the nature of the course and the conditions of play long drives are impossible on the third six holes, accounting for the high scores there.

I cannot understand how THE SUN, with its unflinching standards of veracity, could publish an account of a record of 24 or thereabouts, such as appeared recently. Such a story can be characterized only by the "shorter and uglier" word. Its falsity is obvious on the face of it.

It would also appear that those who are unable to get under 100 are hopeless duffers, whose scores are of no interest except to themselves. They ought to use clippers once a month instead of trying to shave. Would it not be a good idea to confine your published correspondence to scores around par? ENTHUSIAST.
ROME, October 5.

Unworthy Suspicion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Chin Golf tournament has aroused a great deal of interest here, but when your correspondent who signs himself "Champion of New Jersey" asserts he has done his "sporty course" in 10, it is hardly right to doubt the word of the gentleman, but did he do it with the back or front of the blade? LOW SCORE OF 38.
PATERSON, N. J., October 5.

Points of Chin Golf.

For interest absorbing,
For skill that it claims,
To Chin Golf we kowtow
As peer of all games.

It has its big cousin,
Of one terror shorn;
There isn't a caddy
For critical scorn.

And then when we foozle
We can't streak the air:
The state of the golf links
Forbids us to swear.

And, crowning advantage,
Since time first began,
It is by its nature
Reserved for Mere Man.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

CINCINNATUS.

He Wants to Hear the Roaring of the Messenger of the People.

From the Providence Journal.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 5.—I reached Lincoln at 9 o'clock, and taking a double rig, a rig peculiar to this part of the country, arrived at the Bryan homestead shortly before noon. The great leader was not in the house at the time, but Mr. G. Winfield Allen, Associated Press War Correspondent at the Coronado, received me with great cordiality, and after inviting me to take a drink of new sweet milk, set out to help me find the peerless leader.

We had walking with one arm on a stile and the other resting affectionately on the head of a young calf as we approached, his appearance still the same as ever—the same familiar smile, the same Pedro hat, the same negligée hair. But, somehow, there seemed to me to be a difference in the expression—a farawayness in the eye, as though, regardless of his personal feelings, he was expecting every moment to have his peaceful life broken up by the intrusion of some bad political messenger with the demand that he again lead the interrupted Democracy to victory.

"So here you are," said William, "fresh from the great cities and from the busy marts of men. How is Providence and dear old New England, too, with her mills and her factories, her manufactories and her fills? When I think of the tens of thousands of sturdy workers pouring out of their homes all through your noble State every morning I feel—"

"W. J.," interrupted Mr. Blinn, "you're a-forgettin' of yourself."

"That is true," said Mr. Bryan with a sigh, "but once in a while the old dream comes o'er me and I hear again the clashing battle of the shorting hoofs and the bitter blackguardism of the political platform."

"We want to know, Mr. Bryan," I said, "whether you are a candidate for the Presidential nomination or not."

"My boy," replied Mr. Bryan, "I am not. Look about you. Here to my left, extending all the way to the top of yonder hill, is my goat farm, and just beyond the crest of the hill, where you see the chimneys peeping over the Nebraskan deodars, my buttery. Here to the right are 90,000 acres of corn, the corn, the yellow corn within whose golden heart there is health and strength for all the nations. I have only to look across the way and see my comfortable homestead, where the clattering of the presses that produce the *Commoner* mingles at eventide with the clamor of the hens for their roost and the yodels and chanties of my brave farm lads coming home after a hard day's work.

"Within this broad acreage are rest and peace. I have fought the good fight twice. I have written books about it. I have lectured about it. I have dreamed about it and I have been interviewed about it by the Kings and Emperors, Czars, Potentates, Chamberlains and Chambermaids of Europe. No. I have stifled my ambitions and desire nothing now so much as that, when I finally [illegible] the *Commoner*, they will place on my monument the simple words, 'Here lies William Jennings Bryan. He was a fairly good farmer, and at raising onions there wasn't his beat in the whole State of Nebraska.'"

"But," I said, "this will be a terrible shock to your friends who have made up their minds that you will take them once more up the heights."

"Surely," said Mr. Bryan, interrupting me, "I heard a horse's hoof galloping just now?"

We all listened intently, but no further sound came.

"Ah!" said the ex-candidate, "'twas a hallucination. Sometimes, even in my sleep, I seem to see, coming down the roadway, a breathless messenger to drag once more the Cincinnatus from his plough."

"And," said I, "if such a messenger were to come, bearing in one hand a new sword and in the other an invitation from the national committee to be up and at 'em, what would you do?"

Mr. Bryan paused, and his lips quivered. Then slowly, and with a sob of self-sacrifice, he murmured:

"I'd resist to the end—and then I'd go. Can a doctor stand supine among the cabbages when his sick child calls to him for help? Can a man linger in the glow of sunset and watch his sodden cows pass in their solemn cud procession when off there in the stress are millions of my fellow citizens whose very eyes glitter when my name is mentioned, whose hearts join in one united prayer for——"

"Willum," said Mr. Blinn, "you're forgettin' of yourself once more."

"Aye, Winkdoddy," replied W. J., "you're right, always right. Hush, lads! Wasn't that a hoofbeat?"

Mr. Blinn dragged me away. We left the great leader standing by the rail, his ears strained to catch the first sound from the long dusty highway.

A CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

Conditions in the West Twenty-third Street Palace of Literature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The public library building on West Twenty-third street, which was given to the city by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, has been seized by some city officials, who have coolly moved in and ordered out the books and readers for whose benefit it was donated.

The basement is occupied by a book order affair, the second floor by a chief of something and his aids, also by a business office. On the third floor are a training class, a secretary of school work, and a supervisor of a children's room. This leaves about two-thirds of the first floor for the books and reading room. There is a children's room about the size of an old hat box on the second floor. There are extensive lavatories, which are not open to the public.

In the reading room are some small tables, closely surrounded by reduced literati. No woman dares crowd her way in.

The books in the library comprise Thackeray's novels, some volumes by Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, and an encyclopædia of the vintage of 1827. The shelves are admirably adapted for the convenience of the book seeker, who can easily read the titles by lying on the floor on his stomach.

The remedy? Give me the wild ass of Assyria from Central Park menagerie, or if he cannot be spared by the Park Department give me any fairly intelligent specimen of the tribe of Asinus americanus and I will agree to train him to replace the men who now run the city libraries, and to do much better work than is now being accomplished.
NEW YORK, October 7. SILAS AMES.

"Contratation."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What does "contratation" mean? I found it twice in a seventeenth century book. It is not in the Century or the Standard. F. B. C.
WORCESTER, Mass., October 6.

An Early Resolution.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

For twenty years I've studied hard
On how to lay a little by,
But every time I saved a bit
It somehow vanished on the sly.
It's best, you know, to have some coin
Laid up when things don't come your way—
I think I now know how to save
And think I'll start on New Year's Day.

Economy's the road to wealth,
Of that there's not a single doubt;
Your millionaire will testify
To this, and do it with a shout!
I've got the matter nicely planned
To save a little from my pay—
Let's see: I think I'll start the thing
Along about on New Year's Day.

It doesn't pay to reckless be
When you must work to earn your bread;
A man should save each week or month
To leave a little when he's dead.
That's just exactly what I'll do
So I'll have wealth when I am gray,
And I'll begin to save—let's see,
I guess about on New Year's Day.

Not a Bit Like It.

From the Washington Star.

We're not a bit like ancient Rome,
So let us all be gay—
They had no "via Wall," instead
They trod the Appian way;
They had no ragtime melodies,
They wore no trousers creased;
Their gladiators used no guns
To slay a savage beast.
A measure of Falernian wine
Was handed thirsty men;
The cocktail with its dangers grave
Was not invented then.
No buzzing trolley car sped past,
No railway strove for speed.
The chariot, ventilated well,
For traffic met each need.
No strange Australian ballot made
It difficult to tell
Just how to vote; in balloting
They used an oyster shell.
And many other points might serve
To bring the lesson home.
Whatever they may say of it,
The country's not like Rome.

THE COST OF LIVING.

Is That What the Public Is Thinking About, and Will That Be the Issue?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is now the season when politicians, professional and amateur, are holding their ears close to the ground for the first sounds expressive of the people's Presidential predilections.

What I would like to know is what the public is thinking.

Not an easy thing to find out for various reasons. It's very hard to interpret the public because it is not organized and has no official spokesman. Besides, it is certainly obvious that the public is not a particularly clear headed thinker, though it often seems to get very excited, as though it had done a whole lot of thinking.

Now I never in my life, this phrase is usually intended to cover the historical era, saw or heard as much written and spoken about economic matters. In spite of the traditional literary diversions a great many people, whether it is the public or not is too soon to decide, seem to be thinking about the cost of living. They used to be content to live, without counting the cost. The reason for the protective tariff used to be that 35 per cent. of the cost of an article is labor, and if cheap goods from abroad were imported they would reduce wages here. Now that sort of doctrine seems to be taking effect. It is labor, according to Republican doctrine, that gives value to any article.

Now I have a presentiment that the public is thinking over the relation of labor and cost, and wondering how it is that the value of so much of their labor should elude them, for in spite of the continuity and uniformity of their labor the cost of living goes up.

When the public gets through figuring on this little problem will it be content with patriotism, or imperialism, or prosperity as a political issue, or will it demand a thoroughly economic platform?

Can there be a ground swell toward socialism? F. J. LLOYD.
BLOOMINGTON, October 6.

LIVING IN FRANCE.

Temptations That Beset the Housekeeper of Economical Ambitions.

From the Travel Magazine.

When it began to dawn upon us that we could not that winter tear ourselves from Mentone we decided we would establish ourselves in one of the bric-a-brac villas and really enjoy life. So we set forth, and from one of several good agencies secured a house. This was in February, and we got it until the end of May for 800 francs—$160. It took some little skill to reduce things to that basis, but we did it eventually.

Our villa was about ten minutes walk from the centre of the town, situated away from the sea because the beach is so very pebbly that the song of the wild waves at times degenerates into something like a nagging repetition to tired nerves. There were four excellent bedrooms, with a sitting room and dining room. For the servants there were two good bedrooms and a dining room. The kitchen was well equipped and there was a dumbwaiter running (or more accurately, creeping) upstairs to the pantry. Our furniture was not artistic, but it was well made and well kept, and our crockery and alleged silverware was most plentiful. We had no stationary bath, but we had no prejudice against English tubs, which can be bought or hired for the season in the town, and there was running water on every floor.

Then we had a garden, a sunken garden because we were on the side of a hill, like all self-respecting villas on the Riviera. And in the garden were many delights, such as date palms and oranges and a heliotrope vine covering one entire wall, and of course roses and hyacinths and other flowers that bloom all winter long in the south of France. We loved our garden and insisted on lunching in it, regardless of the warning about the chill wind between 12 and 2.

In the local paper our names were written large as having established ourselves at this abode of bliss "with suite." "Suite" was middle aged and had lost her front teeth in some sad accident, but she was hard working and good natured and did very well. We paid her $8 a month, and we could have secured for proportionate prices servants up to any degree of efficiency. Our washing—an enormous quantity—was very well done for about $1 a week.

It is useless to say that living is cheap in France, although it would be a perfectly true statement in a way. Many things are very cheap and good, but alas, it is a country of specialization and temptation dogs one's footsteps. One could eat the food piously if it were not that the better and the superlatively best crop up before one at every turn. Supplying food in France is such an art that it arouses enthusiasm in the marketer's soul, and if once the fatal step is taken and a work of art is purchased for dinner it is very hard to go back to the fare of ordinary mortals. However, barring certain lapses into awful gastronomic debauches, we lived on from $2 to $2.20 a day. Fuel we found comparatively cheap and gas enormously expensive, compared with other countries.

Our actual living cost us about $150 a month, including the rent, but one has to allow a goodly margin for extras. It is little fun to be in the Riviera and not of it, and this means a constant expenditure.

Mr. Stedman's Birthday.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* October 8 is the birthday of Edmund Clarence Stedman. At the risk of invading his privacy, it is my desire to express through THE SUN the affectionate remembrance of thousands of his readers.

These are busy, matter of fact days; and yet there are many who find time for reading—and even for reading the poets. Not yet has the rattle and roar of machinery, the chinking of coin, silenced the voice of song.

To those whose ears are yet open to the sweet notes of the singer, dear are the still echoing songs of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the man of affairs who has found time, through his work as editor, critic and poet, to enrich our literature with his splendid contributions in many manners. To his four and seventy years of happy usefulness may many more be added. It is the wish of all who know him through his written works; still more of the comparatively few who through personal contact have had knowledge of his warm and sympathetic nature. T.
NEW YORK, October 7.

Canadian Cotton Mills.

From the Washington Post.

"Few people know that there are thriving cotton mills in Canada," remarked A. O. Dawson, a manufacturer of cotton goods. "In both Ontario and Quebec we have several large spinning establishments. These get their raw material entirely from the Southern part of the United States, paying no more for it than do the New England mills. The rate on the long haul to Montreal is not a cent more than that from Southern points to Boston. We have an advantage in the cheapness of our labor, which is as efficient in this line as is to be found anywhere. Cotton labor at the best is not thoroughly reliable. We train mill hands in our factories, only to see them go to some other point. It is the same elsewhere. The cheapness of the labor is caused by the lower cost of living. Most of our product is sold in Australia and New Zealand, and there again we get an advantage, because we can get through shipments quicker than the New England mills—thirty days from Montreal to Sydney—and have the preference when we get there, because one British colony will always buy from another if the price is not higher."

Excitement at the Capital.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I think you should be compelled to repeat every day for at least a week the penitential Psalms as penance for having mentioned the name of Edgar Allan Poe in connection with Professor Hugo Münsterberg. Poe was a man and he had brains. FRANÇOIS THANK.
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 5.

The New Dispensation.

No more shall experience save us
The trouble of learning each rope;
We all shall be happy and carefree
And live by the Wisdom of Hope.

When Bridget builds fires in the morning
'Tis needless to coax them and grope;
Just let her use kerosene freely
And lean on the Wisdom of Hope.

Then if with a swift moving buzzsaw
You feel yourself able to cope,
Don't yield to misgivings, but monkey
And trust to the Wisdom of Hope.

And when you are offered a gold brick
Don't eye with suspicion the "dope,"
Invest in the beautiful bargain
And call on the Wisdom of Hope.

Last, if you would marry a widow,
No longer a bachelor mope;
Ignore the advices of Weller,
Rely on the Wisdom of Hope.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

Facts about the Common Carriers in 1906.

From Poor's.

On June 30, 1906, the total mileage of railways in the United States was 227,287 miles, or 6,081.33 miles more than at the end of the previous year. The aggregate length of railway mileage, including tracks of all grades, was 317,085 miles. This mileage was classified: Single track, 199,196 miles; double track, 17,668 miles; third track, 1,296 miles; fourth track, 1,279.66 miles; yard track and sidings, 93,646.01 miles. These figures indicate an increase of 10,568.41 miles in the aggregate length of all tracks, of which 6,081 miles, or 57.5 per cent., represented the extension of main track and sidings.

There were in the service of the railways of this jurisdiction an increase of 1,115 locomotives. These locomotives, according to their service, were classified as: Passenger, 12,485; freight, 38,848, and switching, 8,481.

The total number of cars of all classes was 1,958,013, or 148,081 more than for the year 1905. This rolling stock was thus assigned: Passenger service, 47,365 cars; freight service, 1,817,914 cars, and company service, 92,734 cars. These figures exclude cars owned by private commercial firms or corporations.

The number of locomotives and cars in the service of the railways aggregated 1,906,427, of which 1,402,198 were fitted with train brakes, or an increase for the year of 108,384, and 1,089,798 were fitted with automatic couplers, or an increase of 118,308. Nearly all the locomotives and cars in the passenger service had train brakes, and all but about 1,000 locomotives in the same service were fitted with automatic couplers.

The reported number of persons on the payrolls of the railways was 1,687,837, which is equivalent to an average of 488 employees to 100 miles of line. These figures show an increase in the number of employees as compared with the year 1905, of 139,159, or forty-seven to 100 miles of line.

The total amount of wages and salaries reported as paid to employees during the year was $1,000,901,853, but this amount is deficient by more than $27,000,000, because of the loss of railway records in the San Francisco calamity.

The par value of the railway capital outstanding was $14,570,621,478, which is equivalent to a capitalization of $67,936 a mile for the railways in the United States. Of this capital there existed as stock $8,803,760,000, of which $5,805,001,962 was common and $1,400,758,131 preferred, the remaining part, $7,766,861,365, represented funded debt, consisting of mortgage bonds, $6,388,720,962; miscellaneous obligations, $973,847,924; income bonds, $301,529,400, and equipment trust obligations, $224,719,099.

Of the total capital stock outstanding, $2,276,901,333, or 33.46 per cent., paid no dividends. The amount of dividends declared during the year was $272,795,974, being equivalent to 6.03 per cent. on dividend paying stock. For the year ended June 30, 1905, the amount of dividends declared was $237,964,482. Of the total amount of stock outstanding, $6,800,760,093, or 12.60 per cent., paid from 1 to 4 per cent.; 11.34 per cent. from 4 to 5 per cent., 7.60 per cent. from 5 to 6 per cent., 9.54 per cent. from 6 to 7 per cent., and 14.94 per cent. from 7 to 8 per cent.

The number of passengers carried by the railways in the year ended June 30, 1906, was 799,567,858, this item being 60,673,171 more than for the year ended June 30, 1905.

The number of tons of freight shown as carried (including freight received from connections) was 1,831,574,219, which exceeds the tonnage of the year 1905 by 293,842,314 tons.

The average revenue one passenger one mile for the year ended June 30, 1906, was 2.002 cents. For the preceding year the average was 1.962 cents. The average revenue one ton one mile was 0.748 cent, the like average for the year 1905 was 0.766 cent.

The gross earnings of the railways in the United States were $2,325,765,167, being $243,282,781 greater than for the year 1905. Their operating expenses were $1,536,877,271, or $146,275,119 more than in 1905.

The operating expenses assigned to the four general classes were: For maintenance of way and structures, $311,720,820; maintenance of equipment, $328,554,658; conducting transportation, $838,202,707; general expenses, $59,752,290; undistributed, $646,856. Operating expenses averaged $6,912 a mile of line, this average showing an increase of $503 a mile in comparison with the year 1905.

The income from operation, or the net earnings of the railways, amounted to $788,887,896. This amount exceeds the corresponding one for the previous year by $97,007,642.

The amount of dividends declared during the year under review (including $55,593 representing other earnings to stockholders) was $272,851,567, leaving as the surplus from the operations of the year ended June 30, 1906, $112,334,761. The surplus from operations as shown for the preceding year was $89,043,490.

OCEAN LINERS.

Can They Not Be Built to Advantage in This Country?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why does not America undertake shipbuilding on the large scale now being conducted by her esteemed contemporaries, England and Scandinavia? I refer to the building of large ocean liners such as the new Lusitania, built on bonds fur