

The Sun

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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have their articles returned they must enclose stamps for that purpose.

Senator Tillman Speaks.

A few weeks ago THE SUN ventured to suggest that there might be one man in the South who could call a halt upon the hopeless Bryanite tendency and secure for a majority of the Southern States at least the opportunity involved in un-instructed delegations. What is more to the purpose, we mentioned the name of the gentleman concerned—the Hon. BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, Senator from South Carolina. Mr. TILLMAN is a member of the national Democratic executive committee, he is everywhere regarded as a bold and honest man touching whose sincerity no one harbors the very smallest doubt, and by common consent he is acute, clear headed and fearless in all things affecting the best and highest interests of his party. It seemed to us, and it seems so still, that if Mr. TILLMAN should say a word of warning and guidance not only the South Carolina delegates but those from other Southern States would go to Denver with open minds and free to make the most of such opportunities as might present themselves.

Now comes the Charleston News and Courier of April 2:

"The South Carolina delegation to the Denver convention ought not to be fettered with instructions. That is what Senator TILLMAN, South Carolina's member of the national Democratic executive committee, said in his interview printed yesterday, though we suspect that some of our friends who are clamoring for instructions will fail to discern that plainest implication of the Senator's remarks."

Our esteemed contemporary proceeds:

"Venturing into the domain of prophecy ourselves, we remark that the Bryan following in South Carolina, which has set so much store hereafter by Senator TILLMAN's aid and this advocacy of the Nebraska, will now quietly drop their strenuous urging for a fettered delegation. They cannot afford to maintain a fight against Senator TILLMAN, the Bryanites must submit to the Tillman programme, they must accept a Bryan delegation of a Bryanism qualified by the Senator's terms, or they will get no Bryan delegation at all."

Clearly, the Senator has spoken so that he may be understood by his own neighbors and constituents. It is evident enough that he is not a "Bryan or the Deluge" man, and that his are counsels of caution and deliberation. That South Carolinians will heed him is more than likely.

The News and Courier concludes:

"The signs are that delegates will be sent to Denver who may be depended upon to incline an ear to instructions from the Senator rather than from the State convention, unless the convention asserts its own authority and dignity and chooses delegates who wear no man's collar and who would go to Denver with no other commission than one to set for the interests of the Democratic party as their own intelligence dictates. That is the sort of delegation the News and Courier believes should represent the people of South Carolina."

South Carolina seems safe. The Democratic convention of that State assembles next month, but its proceedings may be discounted now. The question is whether and to what extent Mr. TILLMAN'S guarded declaration will affect the proceedings in other States. Of some of them, Virginia, Louisiana and Alabama for example, it is already reasonably sure that the Bryan obsession has been broken or at least disturbed. In Arkansas, with the defeat of the preposterous JEFF DAVIS and his long haired gang, it may be expected that sunnier counsels will obtain. Tennessee and Kentucky are not adherents of BRYAN at heart. In Texas JOE BAILEY is on trial, but even he was not a Bryan man in 1904, and his election as a delegate to Denver may terminate his obligations. In Mississippi the Hon. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, having secured his election to the Senate through the Bryan crowd, will now doubtless return to his original hostility. And so it goes.

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN is strong and honest and self-reliant, positive and outspoken. He has declared himself at last, according to the Charleston News and Courier, and in no uncertain terms.

Is Britain Facing a Financial Crisis?

It is well known that the other day a supporter of the present British Government failed by a very large majority to carry the district of Peckham, which showed itself overwhelmingly Liberal at the last general election. There seems to be ample proof that the Liberal defeat was due to a popular protest against the licensing bill which was lately introduced by Mr. ASQUITH and which the Ministers are resolved to push through the House of Commons. The loss of a seat under such circumstances is sufficiently ominous of a sharp change in public sentiment; but the incident is insignificant compared with the depression which, according to the expressed opinion of an eminent financier, capital and business would undergo should the licensing bill become a law.

Lord ROTHSCHILD has not hesitated to declare publicly that the enactment of the measure would inevitably be fol-

lowed by a panic. He pointed out that it would subject 250,000 persons, for the most part small investors, to a double loss of the gravest kind. The holders of brewery bonds or debentures, many of whom are trustees for women and children, would lose a great part of their income and in some cases their capital also. The owners of brewery stocks, which are very widely distributed, would be deprived of both income and capital. The mere proposal of the licensing bill has produced a serious fall in brewery securities. It is feared, moreover, that if the bill becomes law it will speedily be followed by other attacks on property. If the principle of the time limit which the measure applies to licenses to sell beer, wine and spirits is just—\$2,000 licenses are to be extinguished by the end of a period of fourteen years—why should it not be applicable to other industries, to railways, factories, gas works and other things in which the savings of the British people are invested? Obviously the adoption of the bill could hardly fail to produce a feeling of general apprehension and thus tend to drive capital away from Great Britain and other countries. Mr. WALTER LONG, a conspicuous member of the last Unionist Government, predicts that legislation of the kind must ultimately lead to the destruction of Britain's credit and even of her rank among the nations.

The \$2,000 licenses which are to be wiped out in the course of the next fourteen years if this measure is enacted have hitherto constituted property computed at an aggregate value of more than \$50,000,000. Some compensation is to be made to the licensees; but this is to be given not by the Government, or in other words the taxpayers, but by the surviving licensees, from whom contributions are to be exacted for the purpose. That is to say, Peter shall get something, but it must come from his brother Paul. The advocates of the bill assert that Paul can afford to be mulcted for Peter's compensation because he will get the latter's business. The truth seems to be that Paul is by no means sure of getting it. Mr. ASQUITH in the speech introducing the bill admitted that often where a license was extinguished it was replaced immediately by a club. With clubs he did not dare to deal effectively—the provisions suggested for their supervision are glaringly inadequate. In view of this fact it can hardly be pretended that the bill, while acknowledged to be confiscatory with regard to what hitherto has been looked upon as property, has a moral object, namely, the promotion of temperance. Temperance can hardly be promoted by transferring the consumption of alcoholic beverages from public houses, which can be controlled efficiently by magistrates, to clubs where supervision is almost impossible. The statistics for 1907, which have just been issued, do not indicate that a decrease in the number of licensed premises leads immediately or plainly to a decrease in arrests and convictions for drunkenness.

The economic aspect of the situation which would follow the passage of the licensing bill is undoubtedly grave and would affect not only Great Britain but other countries. A crisis in London would be felt acutely in New York. That is why the fate of the measure deserves to be watched with interest on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Foraker Sums Up on Brownsville. As the issues raised by the discharge without honor of a battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry will inevitably figure in the Presidential campaign, a summing up by Senator FORAKER in the North American Review for April of the testimony taken by the Senate committee that investigated the affair at Brownsville cannot fail to excite interest throughout the country. Mr. FORAKER brings out in strong relief some points that have probably escaped the attention of those who desire to form a just conclusion from the body of evidence in the case but have lost the threads of it in the mazes of the long investigation.

Senator FORAKER believes that the "raid" was not the work of any soldiers of the battalion, and in his analysis of the testimony he gives some convincing reasons for the faith that is in him. Between 200 and 300 shots were fired in the streets of Brownsville during the affair, "but all the ammunition of the battalion was accounted for and only about forty exploded shells were found in the town and produced in evidence." Seven shells and six clips (each clip holds five cartridges) were picked up at daybreak by Captain MACLEAN of the Twenty-fifth "on a circular area not more than ten inches in diameter at the mouth of Cowen alley." Mr. FORAKER contends that they must have been "planted" on the contracted spot as evidence against the soldiers, for if the seven shells had been fired by soldiers in hot blood the shells would have been scattered over an area of several feet instead of one ten inches in diameter; moreover it was a suspicious circumstance that twenty-three of the shells belonging to the clips were missing. A microscopic examination by the War Department demonstrated that the shells picked up had been fired from "four certain guns" supplied to Company B and that some of the shells had failed to explode until the second trial. One of the guns, with the tag of the soldier to whom it had been allotted, was in a chest screwed down and under a pile of baggage in a locked room at the barracks on the night of the raid. The gun had last been used at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, when in target practice some of the shells used had failed to explode on the first trial. A box of empty shells had been brought from Fort Niobrara by the battalion and the box had been lying in the open at Fort Brown for some days before the raid, so that any one desiring to manufacture evidence against the negro soldiers could have helped himself from the box. Senator FORAKER says:

"The conclusion seems inevitable that the shells were found in the streets of Brownsville because some, for some purpose, had taken them from the box and scattered them there on the night of the raid. Surely the soldiers would not have done this. Hence even the microscopic investigation by the War Department shows conclusively that the soldiers were guilty but that they were innocent." In the report of Major BLOOMER, who

stated the guilt of the soldiers, it was stated that the course of certain bullets found embedded in the walls of houses in Brownsville indicated that the bullets had been fired from the upper balcony of B barracks. Senator FORAKER points out that BLOOMER was flatly contradicted by Lieutenant H. G. LACKIE, who made a painstaking investigation by order of General W. S. McCASKEY, and testified it was impossible that the bullets could have been fired from B barracks. Moreover, not a shell was found inside the post the morning after the raid. On the question of motive Mr. FORAKER submits that it is impressive that not one of the three soldiers who had been knocked down, thrown into the water or assaulted in town took part in the raid; the evidence of their innocence was conclusive. On the other hand ugly threats had been made against the battalion by townsmen before the soldiers arrived at the post from Nebraska: "the negro troops would not stay long if they did come," and "we will soon get rid of them."

The testimony was very strong that Company C could not have had a hand in the raid, and no soldier of companies B and D had had trouble with anybody in Brownsville. Concerning the alleged recognition of men in uniform from a distance of thirty to 150 feet during the raid, Mr. FORAKER asks how it was, then, that officers of other companies testified that they had tested this evidence by trying to distinguish their own men under similar conditions of darkness at a distance of ten to fifteen feet and had failed absolutely. The evidence of the sentinel on duty and of a Mexican citizen employed about the post that the first shots came from Cowen alley Mr. FORAKER considers of great importance in connection with the exploded shells picked up there by Captain MACLEAN. He points out that until the Senate committee took testimony all the investigations made were ex parte, the guilt of the soldiers being assumed, yet the Grand Jury, after taking all the evidence available, had failed to bring in indictments. Senator FORAKER concludes that "to find men guilty upon the evidence secured is to disregard, to violate and to reverse every recognized rule for weighing evidence."

If good behavior counts in such a case it is most significant that whatever trouble the Twenty-fifth Infantry might have got into during its forty years of service not one of the three companies stationed at Brownsville had "a single blot" upon its record before the night of the raid.

The Obsolescent Tail Hat.

A student of crimes of violence has said that no cold blood murder was ever committed by a man wearing perfectly fresh, clean linen. Without limitation the statement is probably not qualified for listing in a catalogue of proved facts, yet there is no doubt that the state of mind induced by bodily contact with fresh, fine, sun dried linen is far removed from murderous.

We recall, too, the saying that a woman's satisfaction in knowing that she is well dressed is to her less sweet only than the consolation of religion. These things being even relatively so, it is important to consider a little the cause and effect of the disappearance of the silk hat from the sovereign heads of New York. A painstaking observer has recorded that in a walk on Fifth avenue between the Worth monument and Central Park it was disclosed that New York men have practically abandoned, in daylight at least, the top piece cherished, celebrated, elevated by their dads, the plug hat of song, the dicer of quip. Why?

Have we laid the stately tale aside because we have become obsessed by "isms" which have not only heightened our brows but bulged them beyond the limits of the unyieldingly conservative rims of the lids which are on? Cannot even a tea and talk Socialist confine his expanding dome within the enslaving sweatband of a plug hat? Has the decorous silk been uncouped because it is the symbolic antithesis of that world winning, debt defying crest, the sombrero which knows no nap, which is adapted for turbulence the silk hat could not endure with integrity? Has it been retired up stage to give the footlights to a successor ready to be swung high in exultant victory, to aid the whoop, the denunciation, the challenge; to be slapped, banged, twisted and yet ever on the job, improved rather than deranged by its tumultuous offices?

Perchance we confuse cause and effect. It may be that minds are taking wayward whirls through speculative mazes or muddling in fantastic phenomena which distract the fogies with orderly thinking apparatus because the silk hat is laid upon the shelf. We do not undertake to decide what is cause, what effect; but somehow we lament while missing the staid, the hard old buffer. Men's heads never needed it more than now.

Baseball in 1908.

The accounts of the spring practice of the baseball players of the two "big leagues" have been very encouraging. There have been no riots, apparently no offensively rowdy play, and few unpleasant incidents of any kind. The stories from the Southern towns where the men are preparing for the season of 1908 justify the hope that this year baseball is to be cleaner.

While the financial depression is likely to affect the gate receipts, there is no reason to believe that the season will not be prosperous. Thousands of men and women all over the country can still afford to attend the games. The enthusiasm of those who rejoice to be known as "fans" shows no abatement. The public, whose interest in the contests reached so high a mark in the fall of last year, is waiting eagerly the umpire's call of "Play ball."

All that is necessary to maintain the sport in increasing favor is clean ball, and that will be the rule if the managers and owners of the teams want it. The power and interests are with them.

ties that if certain things are done "we'll give you an underground press in this country beside which that of Russia is not to be compared." The future of America promises to be not uninteresting.

The appointment of JOHN B. LEACH as Public Printer appears to give general satisfaction to union labor leaders. From the newspapers of this being the case, it is unimportant to consider further the qualifications of the new man.

In Chicago on Saturday Secretary TAFT once more declared his loyalty to the President, to whom he paid this marbled tribute:

"President ROOSEVELT saw that in the national regard for the slightly dollar there was a time when a halt should be called, and he called that halt."

No one will attempt to deny that Mr. ROOSEVELT called that halt, and the thousands of men now out of work, the deserted markets of the country and the suspended business enterprises testify eloquently to the efficacy of what Mr. TAFT calls his chief's "moral hold" on the nation.

THE BREWERY BUSINESS.

Pure Beer Declared to Offer Good Opportunities for Capital.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: As we well know, there is more or less complaint among people of means who have ample comparative capital regarding the lack of opportunity for a safe and sure investment, without any great risk, which will be certain to bring enormous returns. I have in mind, and if I had the time and youth I would surely go into it, about as sure a money making idea as I believe exists in this country. It is the scattered and unreliable on reliable authority that there are thousands of barrels of imported lager beer sold throughout the country daily because our American brewers, with hardly any exception, will not make the pure article. If there is any other cause I have been unable to detect.

With but three exceptions I know of but one positively I am told, and I believe it to be a fact, that the American brewers all use in the brewing of their beer the ground malt of corn, to which some other deleterious and cheap substances have been added. The corn used has had all the starch and glucose taken out of it, which is used in making corn sirup, cornstarch and glucose, and the remainder, with some other stuff which is carefully kept secret, is ground up, but in nearly every case the product used by them to cheapen the cost of their product, age it quickly and "scientifically" and hurry it along to its market.

The best defense of the use of this worthless remainder of the corn in the making of beer has ever been heard is the fact that it adds to the brilliant amber color of the product and greatly cheapens its cost. Throughout the entire country there is general complaint among persons who drink American beer of stomach and kidney troubles, for the good reason that the product is extremely unwholesome.

I said before, I know of but one brewery in the entire country that restricts itself entirely to malt and hops in the brewing of its product. To show what an intense desire there is all over the land for a good beer it need only be said that the "Young Blockade Runner," which left in my mind a vivid picture of the harbor with a rope of malignant Federal ships across the mouth and the hero tearing through under a palpitating heart and steam, with a landing party of men and a modern advertiser, was as usual accompanied in this graveyard by the mention of humbler or more obvious qualities than we should perhaps regard.

Before going to Charleston I passed a few days at a winter resort a little way up the State, where Northern tourists and native Carolinians combined in decrying that city. In my early days Charleston used to seem to me the most animated place in the world, thanks to a favorite tale with some such title as "The Young Blockade Runner," which left in my mind a vivid picture of the harbor with a rope of malignant Federal ships across the mouth and the hero tearing through under a palpitating heart and steam, with a landing party of men and a modern advertiser, was as usual accompanied in this graveyard by the mention of humbler or more obvious qualities than we should perhaps regard.

Does not all this indicate that there is a firm and growing desire on the part of the American people for a good beer, and that they are rapidly becoming aware of the deception practised on them? It is not a question of price, for the people generally are willing to pay for a good, pure article, as is shown by the enormous quantities of foreign beer being imported, and sold at double the price of the home product.

The American brewers referred to above, who have been in the business about 200 years, more than other brewers for their product and has a sale for all its able producers, besides the fact that it is a good business, and financing half or any of the places where its beverage is sold.

It is a well known fact that whiskeys are sold in this country at an average of 25 cents per gallon, as low as \$1.25 a gallon. What kind of whiskey must it be when the Government, in the case of the Diabolical stuff, is allowed to be sold? Would the distillers and wholesalers not be doing the greatest wrong they could do if they were to sell such a product? It is a well known fact that whiskeys are sold in this country at an average of 25 cents per gallon, as low as \$1.25 a gallon.

Returning again to the beer question, I would say that the man who has voted for the making of a good, pure, wholesome product, and I believe it would soon be made, is the man who has voted for the country to revise their methods and instead of making their beer under the "scientific" method, make it in the old-fashioned way in which it was made and properly aged by our forefathers and only the best of the material.

That as good beer can be made in the United States, I believe, as anywhere on the globe, here. Why, pray, should we not make it here? Instead of taking advantage of price competition, keep on making the objectionable product, and let the market take its course. Let the public to help their beer money abroad in which to support themselves from stomach, liver and kidney troubles. H. K. SUNBURY, Pa., April 3.

Beneficially Healed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: If the old saying "Good wine needs no bush" is true, it is equally true that poor wine needs not only every bush and every tree in sight but even the whole forest of the world. My wife, who has been suffering from the beautiful spots of the city, and following in its trail the "spots of the unsalable" are now calling loudly for attention. Routed from a Park street perch by the ill advised editor of a few magazines, the ever welcome billboard shows its regard for an enlightened public opinion by springing up on Beacon street, as hearty and well grown as ever.

We take it that your business sections are in the same, but we receive them with open arms in our residential sections. Pity the New Yorkers, who know not the pleasure of seeing Riverside drive, and advertisements, which show them how advanced we are, explaining the while that we have only been the good work, so that our visitors, seeing the pretty nooks in our parks as yet untouched, need not wonder at our bills. We know our own opportunities, and we require time to realize the actual from the potential—and there are so many beautiful places yet to be embellished with signs.

Walking in the park of a Boston man who died and went to heaven. St. Peter greeted him at the gate, and upon learning where he had come exclaimed, "Fitter, my dear Sir, but" he added respectfully, "I know you won't like it here. Why, pray, should we not make it here? Instead of taking advantage of price competition, keep on making the objectionable product, and let the market take its course. Let the public to help their beer money abroad in which to support themselves from stomach, liver and kidney troubles. H. K. SUNBURY, Pa., April 3."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S DISCOVERIES.

The American Idea at the South.

CHARLESTON, March 31.—Savannah little more than a garden square or little park in proportion to its size than any other city of the South. Within a mile radius from the centre there are over twenty of these pleasantries shaded by full grown forest trees, and each of them larger than Gramercy Park. Indeed, they are so large and numerous that it seems to be a permanent burning question in the local press whether the streets should be cut through them, so as to save the traffic long detours every few hundred yards. The vandalism would do less harm because the streets themselves have a woodland aspect, most of them possessing a generous lawn along the middle and four rows of high trees, like the parkways which have been introduced more or less recently, I believe, in some Northern and Western cities.

Perhaps a good many committed to beauty in other two ways. It would be hard to find a better model of urban landscape. I was told that the founder, Oglethorpe, who made the plan, was not wholly guided by aesthetic reasons in leaving so many open places, but intended some to be used as camping grounds by the settlers in the country outside when the Indians drove them in. Perhaps so, but one cannot doubt that Oglethorpe had the artist's eye.

There is an old cemetery in the heart of Savannah which the insatiable citizens have turned into yet another park, but they have left the gravestones where they were, and these, I suppose, have now become public monuments. Paths from all directions cross it, going among the old tombstones, and the arrangement seems pleasant and sociable, tending to keep the past in remembrance. An accessible graveyard will at all events supply a stranger with a smattering of the history of a place. Here one could see how entirely British the earlier immigration was. "A native of Sussex, England," "a native of Suffolk, England," "a native of London in the Kingdom of Great Britain," and so on, were common words in the older inscriptions. "Jeremiah Castoff" may have been the artificial name of some melancholy immigrant. "John Moore, obit September 24, 1797, at 127," must have seen a great deal of history. The grandiloquence of eighteenth century tributes, which by skillful artists combine the most opposite virtues of a laudatory and a eulogistic by a modern advertiser, was as usual accompanied in this graveyard by the mention of humbler or more obvious qualities than we should perhaps regard.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: If the old saying "Good wine needs no bush" is true, it is equally true that poor wine needs not only every bush and every tree in sight but even the whole forest of the world. My wife, who has been suffering from the beautiful spots of the city, and following in its trail the "spots of the unsalable" are now calling loudly for attention. Routed from a Park street perch by the ill advised editor of a few magazines, the ever welcome billboard shows its regard for an enlightened public opinion by springing up on Beacon street, as hearty and well grown as ever.

We take it that your business sections are in the same, but we receive them with open arms in our residential sections. Pity the New Yorkers, who know not the pleasure of seeing Riverside drive, and advertisements, which show them how advanced we are, explaining the while that we have only been the good work, so that our visitors, seeing the pretty nooks in our parks as yet untouched, need not wonder at our bills. We know our own opportunities, and we require time to realize the actual from the potential—and there are so many beautiful places yet to be embellished with signs.

Walking in the park of a Boston man who died and went to heaven. St. Peter greeted him at the gate, and upon learning where he had come exclaimed, "Fitter, my dear Sir, but" he added respectfully, "I know you won't like it here. Why, pray, should we not make it here? Instead of taking advantage of price competition, keep on making the objectionable product, and let the market take its course. Let the public to help their beer money abroad in which to support themselves from stomach, liver and kidney troubles. H. K. SUNBURY, Pa., April 3."

they perform well the only role conceivably open to them. But not so in America. Such is the young exuberance of the country that it will not tolerate any resting on one's ears. It holds that Charleston can "catch up," and therefore should do so. The younger business men of the town are strenuously bent on "bringing it into line." It contented reposefulness is anathema to them. It must and shall keep step with the march of progress. It must and shall be rejuvenated at their hands. Apparently there is no room yet in the United States for the mere past. What a difference! And from all I heard the young men are making Charleston "catch up" pretty fast, and when those twenty funerals have occurred, or perhaps sooner, the seaport will be as completely "in line" as any of the upcountry mill towns of Carolina, which are said to be as "rushing" as any far Western city.

All this was an astounding illustration of the vitality of the American Idea—a power which could not only create the new but more wonderfully recreate the old. Nevertheless, I must own that my English prejudices led me to take more pleasure while I was at Charleston in the historic chimneys of St. Michael's bells. I heard them first while I was hunting about for old inscriptions in the churchyard, and their mellow notes fell very agreeably on my ear, though it was still more agreeable when I heard their international story.

Imported from Britain in 1764, they were taken back there in 1782 by Major Traille of the Royal Artillery "on the pretence that they were a military requisite." Next year a Charlestonian bought them in London and they were restored to St. Michael's bellfry. "In 1861," says the local historian, "they were removed to Columbia for safety, and when that city was burned by General Sherman they were so much injured by fire as to be rendered entirely useless. In the spring of 1866 they were again sent to England to be recast. This was done by the successors of the firm that had made them 100 years before, from the same pattern, and on March 21, 1867, the eight bells, as nearly identical as possible with the original ones, were again placed in the steeple and the familiar chiming once more rang out. No sound appeals so touchingly to an old Charlestonian as the old bells, and the return of the course of deep emotion." To me these three journeyed bells seemed to chime across that gulf of separation which an Englishman must always view with a certain melancholy.