The Sun.

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The Way Open for a Truly Virtuous Campaign.

What a pretty little comedy this is, now enacting, with Mr. TAFT and Mr. BRYAN as the principal performers! Mr. BRYAN taunts Mr. TAFT with the "publicity bill" and dares him to a showdown. Mr. TAFT responds at once by proving that he has already expressed approval of the bill in question. He is in favor of loosing all the bonds of secrecy.

So we reach this pregnant and prodigious consummation: Mr. BRYAN banters Mr. TAFT and Mr. TAFT comes back with force, while the poor "publicity bill," neglected by its pretended champions and saddled with a condition that kills it for all time, retires to the limbo of lost caprices and melts into a cloud of ignorance. Mr. BRYAN parades his willingness, nay his anxiety, to speed the cause of notoriety for campaign subscriptions, and Mr. TAFT, badgered beyond endurance by his self-appointed competitor, authorizes the exposure of a reluctant though previously concealed indorsement. Mr. BRYAN makes light of the tribute of the silver mine owners in a past campaign. Mr. TAFT is of course innocent of the fat largess of 1904, when HARRIMAN, called in to choke a yawning leak in loyalty, assembled that belated $260,000, and was subsequently basted on the griddle for his pains. These two reformers meet upon a common ground of comedy and call heaven and earth and all the population of the latter to witness their competitive affection for the cause of campaign publicity.

Of course it has never occurred to the Republicans that they can achieve all the publicity they want by the simple expedient of ordering it. Naturally the Democrats are profoundly ignorant of their ability to do the same thing in the same way. Each party has a committee in charge of its affairs and each can issue its own orders to cover every imaginable campaign emergency. Both can be virtuous and honest without the authority of an act of Congress. Either can go upon record in default of the sanction of the other. If Mr. TAFT's sensibilities touching the perfect cleanliness of his contest are as alert and as uncompromising as his recently published letter indicates, there is no reason why he should not keep his own skirts clear. If Mr. BRYAN's bowels really yearn for honor and high conduct, who is holding him, we should like to know?

Are we to suppose that Mr. TAFT and Mr. BRYAN cannot possibly conduct a virtuous campaign without explicit authority from Congress?

Rearrangement of the Hall of the House of Representatives.

The force of habit and the force of the Speaker were against Mr. MCCALL's resolution for the removal of the desks from the hall of the House of Representatives. No doubt at first a deskless member would be as unhappy as if his breeches were pocketless. Moreover, benches were supposed to be the sole alternative; and benches smack of St. Stephen's, aristocracy and what not. On Wednesday Mr. MCCALL, after consultation with various members, asked unanimous consent for the passage of this resolution:

"That the superintendent of the Capitol building and grounds be authorized and directed, under the supervision of the Speaker, to consult with architects of repute and expert upon ventilation and acoustics with a view to a rearrangement and reconstruction of the hall of the House of Representatives, and to place it in direct contact with the outer wall or walls of the building, and to improve its ventilation and acoustical properties, and to reduce its size, and to report with plans to the Speaker on the first Monday of December, 1908. The expenses hereunder, not to exceed the sum of $5,000, shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House."

This seems harmless, if Speaker CANNON can suspend his feelings in regard to experts. But the temper of the House was suspicious. Mr. WILLIAMS, who made remarks "so that the remarks might explain why I do not object to unanimous consent," was willing to consider this "a matter going to the comfort and health of the members." The Hon. OLLIE JAMES of Kentucky, whose size is likely to frustrate all efforts to reduce the size of the hall, inquired if the resolution sought such reduction and meant benches. Mr. MCCALL reassured him. The Hon. CHAMP CLARK, the Pike county Stentor, admitted that he had "a vast advantage over nearly everybody here in point of voice," but was merciful to members of less vocal wealth:

"This matter is well worth discussing. The average member cannot be heard at all unless the Speaker keeps good order, and the Speaker does the best he can—for a Republican—but he does not succeed very well. [Applause.] My own notion about it is—and I have studied more about it since the other confabulation that we had before—I think the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. WILLIAMS] is entirely right about it, that this hall ought to be in some way run to the outside wall so that we could have light and air in here. [Applause.] Now, if the Speaker and his committee can accomplish that proposition and reduce the size of the hall and still leave us a comfortable place to sit, then I will have no objection to it; but I am eternally opposed to sitting on a straight back bench anyway. I did enough of that when I was a boy at school, and some of the benches did not have any backs at all."

Mr. THOMAS of North Carolina, while clinging passionately to his desk, was willing that the hall should be remodelled "so we will be nearer to the air on the south side of the Capitol." The Hon. THETUS WILLRETTE SIMS of Tennessee blazed into the heart of the matter with unexpected common sense:

"Mr. Speaker, there seems to be a prejudice against any action by this House toward removing these desks if they are to be replaced by benches. But if gentlemen will go over to their offices occasionally and see those large, roomy, comfortable chairs over there, I want to know why they would conclude that chairs could not take the place of these desks, and not cost the country any more or not as much. And if this resolution does not contemplate getting rid of this nuisance, I do not see any use in wasting time in making an attempt to do anything."

Possibly it will occur to the members, at least new members, free from traditions, that, with the exception of the Hon. OLLIE JAMES, whom nothing less than Arthur's Seat or the Giant's Causeway can accommodate, they can be at ease without desks. Meanwhile, anything that will give them better air, quiet their nerves, uncloud their intellectuals and let them hear each other talk, will be for the public benefit. So Mr. MCCALL's resolution deserved to pass and really did pass.

The Ridiculous Ballot.

Examination of the ballots cast in this city in the election of 1905 reveals once more the pitfalls and traps the present election law presents for the illiterate or the careless voter. Justice LAMBERT, following the election law, precedent and common sense, has ruled that whenever it is possible the markings shall be held to be valid. Yet there are numerous cases in which, while the intent of the voter is plain, the law decrees that his vote shall be cast out.

It is again made plain that for the illiterate, the nervous, the careless, the infirm and for those to whom the pick handle and the shovel are more accustomed implements than the pencil the task of marking the New York ballot is difficult. It is also evident that when lawyers find it impossible to agree as to the meaning of marks no one should be surprised if election officers blunder and err. It would be highly satisfactory if men of the qualifications of Mr. SHEARN, Mr. RICHARDS and Justice LAMBERT could be got to man all the polling places. That is not practicable, and yet a ballot which in its completed form taxes their intellectuals is furnished for the bewilderment of honest men and the confusion of all voters.

It is true that in 1905 the voters of this county proved that they knew how to split their tickets. How many disfranchised themselves in attempting this feat no one will ever know. But that does not prove the merit of this form of ballot, which remains ridiculously complicated and troublesome, of benefit mainly to party autocracy, and a thing of terror and mystery to a considerable part of the population.

Citizens of Porto Rico.

Among the numerous sins of omission to be charged against the present session of Congress there appears the failure to respond to the reasonable desire of the Porto Ricans to become American citizens. They do not ask for Statehood for the island. They do not ask the privilege of voting in national elections. They merely ask the right to become American citizens, a right now denied them although granted to the people of nearly all other countries in the world.

Any Spanish subject resident in the island on April 11, 1899, who then elected to preserve his allegiance to the Crown of Spain may now come to the United States and by conforming to the naturalization laws of this country become a citizen. Those who did not so elect are debarred under present conditions from acquiring American citizenship. They are "citizens of Porto Rico," constituting "a body politic under the name of the People of Porto Rico." It is declared that they are "entitled to the protection of the United States," but they are not and cannot become citizens thereof, although they live under the American flag on American territory and under American laws. They are residents in Porto Rico and citizens of no country. Nor can they become citizens of any other country unless they shall first be recognized as American citizens.

The matter is largely one of sentiment, no doubt, but sentiment is not altogether unimportant even in a practical world. The people of the island resent the position into which they are forced, and it is to their credit that they feel and show dissatisfaction. An illiterate Italian track hand, an ignorant Slav in a Pennsylvania coal mine, a French cook or a Mexican peon may become an American citizen, but a "citizen of Porto Rico" cannot, whether he be a planter of education, culture and wealth or a poor and ignorant day laborer. It is not merely that we do not make these people citizens by some general act, it is that under the law they cannot even become citizens by naturalization. Porto Rico is ours and will remain ours unless some nation stronger than we are takes it from us. There is neither right nor reason in denying to its people a privilege which they earnestly desire and which we grant in somewhat helterskelter fashion to millions who are less worthy and who have no such claim upon us as have these good people of our "forgotten island."

Is Mr. Loeb to Be Secretary of War?

Finding something to do for WILLIAM LOEB, Jr., the White House factotum, who, it is well known, has nothing to do but please the President, is a favorite diversion of Washington correspondents. If he is not the manager of a street railway company with a stock bonus at his banker's it is not their fault. They have done their best for him; long ago Mr. LOEB would have been a railway "magnate" or a captain of industry if there had been any truce in the war on the Ananias Club or any lull in the explanations which the private secretary had to make to save his principal's face. The fact is, no infinitesimal interim has occurred to permit the faithful fellow to be sworn in as manager of the inconsolable street railway company.

It seems that the correspondents have a new berth for Mr. LOEB; he may succeed the Hon. WILLIAM H. TAFT as Secretary of War. LUKE WRIGHT of Manila and CHARLES E. MAGOON of Havana have been on the list, but their chances wait upon the President's selection of a reward for his long suffering secretary. According to a despatch from Washington:

"If the President does not place Mr. LOEB in the Cabinet it is understood that he intends making some substantial provision for him if he wishes to remain in official life. Mr. LOEB still has under consideration the place of president of the local street railroad syndicate, and it is not improbable that he will accept it if he leaves the public service."

If this announcement is inspired it will be the Cabinet of course, because the President must be haunted by a fear that if Mr. LOEB allied himself with a trust or a syndicate it might be Mr. ROOSEVELT's unpleasant duty to set CHARLES J. BONAPARTE or MILTON D. PURDY upon him, and that would be embarrassing. If the Cabinet, why not the War portfolio—in the event of Mr. TAFT's promotion to be the Republican candidate for President? With Mr. LOEB at the head of the Department Mr. ROOSEVELT's duties as Commander in Chief of the army would be further simplified. He could discharge whole regiments without honor and exile the General Staff to Deaf Smith county, Texas, and Secretary LOEB would take the blame and look pleasant. The new Secretary would not be able to draw up briefs to sustain the course of the Commander in Chief, but that would never be necessary. If the President were "cornered" on a violation of the Constitution or an infraction of the regulations, or if he infringed the Articles of War, the new Secretary would immediately absolve him and put the matter in such a light that the country would say: "Of course, LOEB did it; we might have known it."

Mr. TAFT has never been a complete buffer, and besides he has incurred some criticism by closing his desk and going away for months on state business connected with "My Policies." This sort of thing is not in Mr. LOEB's line, but he could be depended upon to sit in his place at the War Department, come at call and bare his head to the storm when it burst. It would not be necessary for Mr. LOEB to know anything about the army or the art of war—the Commander in Chief is well informed about both. It has sometimes been said that the relation of Cabinet officers to the President is that of secretaries. This has been denied by some Cabinet officers under other Administrations, but assuming it to be true, Mr. LOEB would make a model Secretary of War. No doubt the report that he might succeed the Hon. WILLIAM H. TAFT was authorized.

Two of a Kind.

Now, when the quadrennial farce of The Candidate is being rehearsed again, that inexhaustible Palmetto claqueur the Columbia *State* puts itself in the conditional mode:

"If enough voters have brought home to them the real differences between Democracy as represented by BRYAN and Republicanism as represented by TAFT, BRYAN will be elected. For he represents the vast majority of the people of this country and it is only necessary for them to understand the nature of the opposing principles of the two great parties."

If the sky falls to-night we shall have larks for breakfast to-morrow. What casuist, what thrice subtle child of air and fire can find for himself or hope to make clear to others the real differences between Bryanism and Rooseveltism? As to non-essentials, such as the disposal of the Philippines, a difference exists. As to the great salient questions, no appreciable difference exists. Personally BRYAN will go further than even ROOSEVELT; and then, having thrown away substantially every rag of genuine Democratic doctrine, the Nebraska contortionist will prate about centralization and State rights.

It won't do. To nominate BRYAN is to make the two parties one, to prevent any vital joining of issue between them. The Columbia *State* is not more eager than Mr. ROOSEVELT is himself to have this brought about.

Ships that pass in the night—or day—recently carried GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA eastward and the only OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN westward on the salt highway of commerce. Mr. HAMMERSTEIN is due here to-day. It is safe to wager that no condition of mind or weather has effected a change in his head covering. Straw hats may come and straw hats may go, but the glittering flat brimmed tile, the helmet of Manhattan, sits firmly upon the head that never wearies. Of a truth indeed OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN's office is in his hat. Under its glossy roof he plans campaigns of MARY GARDEN, TETRAZZINI, "Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande" and many other wonders. A great and portentous silence has brooded over the deep of late. When Mr. HAMMERSTEIN enters the Manhattan he will keep his hat on as usual, but the lid will be off the news and the Metropolitan cohorts may tremble.

Signs of returning, growing, booming prosperity may be seen in most unexpected and winsome places. Here comes an official of the New York Playgoers Club explaining how he booms plays. He supplies "certain newspapers" with a ripping good notice a column long of the play to be boomed. Are these first aids to injurious plays printed free? No. The official of the Playgoers Club explains that he is required by these "certain newspapers" to buy 150 copies of the issue containing his notice. Could such prodigal extravagance mark other than days of prosperity? The wholesale rate of the newspapers the boomer recklessly traffics with is 60 cents a hundred. Ninety cents for only one column of praise! This is more than a sign of prosperity; it is the blessed thing itself.

Longstreet, Salvator, Domino and Sysonby—others might be added to the list—were hailed in turn as the greatest racehorse the American turf had known. Then Colin was crowned, and if ease of achievement be any criterion, Colin, who broke down in a practice trial on Thursday, was surely entitled to the laurel. There have been more shapely and imposing champions, but this son of Commando and Pastorella could play with his field and win literally in a walk. After seeing him come in alone with his chest scarcely heaving it was difficult to believe that the time hung out could be correct. One felt like Americanizing the old saw and saying "Colin first and the rest nowhere."

Turfmen and all those who love the strife of the thoroughbred will grieve over the departure of Colin, but it is some satisfaction to believe that he will become the sire of sons more glorious still. It is a wonderful strain, that of Domino and Commando, and the triumphs of their progeny seem to prove that worse things may happen to a stable than the enforced retirement of a young champion to the stud.

The fiddle-faddle of the comparison of BRYAN with HENRY CLAY is peremptorily treated by the *Every Evening* of Wilmington:

"Only one point of close resemblance between HENRY CLAY and WILLIAM J. BRYAN, which is this: HENRY CLAY was thrice defeated for the Presidency; Mr. BRYAN has been twice defeated and will no doubt equal CLAY's record if given another opportunity by the Democratic party this year."

After directing attention to BRYAN's ruinous defeats for the Democratic party and CLAY's three near victories the *Every Evening* ruthlessly and truthfully adds:

"Further, Mr. CLAY was a statesman of large experience—Speaker of the House of Representatives, United States Senator, Secretary of State—and his public record is one of arduous labor and high achievement. As an orator his reputation was of the highest. His utterances are read and quoted to this day, while as to the speeches of BRYAN it has with truth been said that most of them 'are already forgotten except some which are likely to plague him the rest of his days.'"

Mayor WILLIAM P. CLARKE of Newport, R. I., elected chairman of the Democratic city committee without being consulted, vows that he will not serve if he is expected to indorse the candidacy of WILLIAM J. BRYAN for President. Is Mr. CLARKE a creature of the corporations? No, he is called the "newsboy Mayor"; that is to say, he knows news when he sees it, and he realizes that BRYAN would be a sure loser, and deservedly so. Strange as it may seem to Bryan fanatics, there are many thousands of Democrats in the East who have no connection with corporations and yet regard Mr. BRYAN as a thoroughpaced demagogue, don't want to vote for him, never have voted for him and never will vote for him.

The Governor of Kentucky.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your editorial on our new Governor, Willson, is correct in all important respects. It was telegraphed to the *Courier-Journal* of this city the day it appeared in New York and reproduced next day. Then Dick Knott of the *Evening Post* came out in an explosive denunciation of THE SUN's remarks, culminating with the sentiment that only the ignorance of the writer could excuse an article so fantastic.

I want to say, however, that the argument that Caleb Powers is "not under sentence" is the most transparent evasion. He is in prison under conviction, and the sentence itself has merely been postponed pending the rehearing. THE SUN's article was all right. Powers is in jail, and the whole State of Kentucky is disgusted with Governor Willson for keeping him there while he trots out his threadbare doubts for gentle exercise. L. H.

LOUISVILLE, May 27.

The Ethics of Fortune.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If it was so wrong for Jerome to shake dice for drinks, why was it right for the President to toss a coin for all the Federal offices of a State?

NEW YORK, May 29. PURITAN.

An Associate Immortal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is there any good and legitimate reason why Mr. Z. Roux, ice dealer of Cohoes, N. Y., should not be admitted to the college of immortals for the period of sweltering weather? OXALENE CARR.

ALBANY, May 28.

MAY THIRTIETH.

The Veterans.

Every year they're marching slower,
Every year they're stooping lower,
Every year the liliting music stirs the hearts of older men;
Every year the flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them
As if grieving for the future when they'll never march again!

Every year that day draws nearer—
Every year the truth is clearer
That the men who saved the nation from the severing Southern sword
Soon must pass away forever
From the scene of their endeavor,
Soon must answer to the roll call of the angel of the Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,
Loyal still to those that slumber,
Forth they march to where already many have found peace at last,
And they place the fairest blossoms
O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,
Tattered flag and faded color;
Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task to do,
And the eyes that only brightened
When the blaze of battle lightened,
Like the tattered flags they follow are grown dim and faded too.

Every year we see them massing,
Every year we watch them passing,
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain,
But the battle flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them
And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone of pain!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

The Graves

Here they lie, who sowed for the reaping
Of a nation and people yet to be;
Here they lie, who died for the keeping
A pledge that the land should be ever free.
These are the men who did not falter
When the country called her sons to arms;
Who laid themselves on the fiery altar,
That their blood might cure her deadly harms.

Nothing can we add to their glory,
No new lustre have we for their fame;
The world has weighed and judged their story,
Awarded the honor, and placed the blame.
This is the last, best gift to tender—
In the path they made their own, to tread;
To love as they loved, the same reverence render—
So shall they live, though men call them dead.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

The Flag.

The roses may bloom as they blossomed of yore,
But the clay in the tomb can behold them no more.
The sad ivies creep o'er each mouldering spot
Where the brave lie asleep, but they notice it not;
Red sabres may clash or the battle cry cease—
It is nothing to them. Theirs is permanent peace.
But what of the mystery lying beyond—
The question unanswered since human hope dawned?
Perchance death has rended asunder the pall
That shrouds the mysterious future of all.
How sadly we gaze down the vista of time,
Recalling the days of their youth and their prime,
When they offered their lives on the field that was red
With the blood of the army of veterans dead!

The flag that they bore! Oh, the deeds it recalls
Of the cannon's death roar, the patter of balls,
The blood chilling whir of the murderous shell,
The heart thrilling terror of men as they fell,
The terrible moan and the victor's wild yell,
Till the horror of war matched the horror of hell!
The flag! How it tells of the sacrifice made!
The flag! How it tells of the price that was paid!
The flag! How it tells of the wars of the past!
The flag! How it tells, as it floats from its mast,
Of the lives that were lost and the blood that was shed
By the valorous army of veterans dead!

WILL SCOTT.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE DEMOCRATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It was quite natural for a voter in a distant State, interested in current political events and happening to be in the vicinity with hours of unoccupied time on his hands, to look in on a Democratic convention assembled here and try to mingle with its delegates.

The convention was exceptional in recent years in New Hampshire, both by reason of the quality as well as number of the delegates. The majority was fired by that kind of Democracy which controlled Democratic conventions a dozen or twenty years ago and before the early populism and later socialism of Bryan had infected so many of the rank and file of the organization.

The leaders of the majority in attendance had "caught on," I was surprised to find, to the fact lately discerned elsewhere nearer Washington that the Democratic candidacy of Bryan as well as that of Roosevelt-Taft are both manipulated in the White House. The doings of the Executive Mansion press agents, who fill newspapers with the news that there are only two probable or even possible candidates, were thoroughly understood at Concord. The laughable telegrams between Taft and Bryan in regard to publicity of campaign expenditures opened the eyes of delegates who had not taken in the full significance of the situation.

The platform by its vigorous demand for rehabilitation of the Constitution as the first and greatest need of the hour indicates what a majority of the convention felt in regard to nationalism, the forerunner of socialism, Roosevelt and Bryan all moving together and animated by a similar purpose. Among the leaders of the majority the conviction is fixed that little difference in doctrine and policy can be recognized between Roosevelt and Bryan. Therefore if they were to be the only Republican and Democratic candidates, or if Taft were placed in nomination at Chicago representing "my policies," there would be no use of a choice between them by conservative voters, whether Republicans or Democrats.

When to elect there is but one,
'Tis Hobson's choice—take that or none.

There is now discernible in New Hampshire and generally in New England a growing cessation of party passion as between Republican and Democrat. The classification is more and more between conservatism and radicalism, preservation and destruction. The question is this: "Are you in favor of the Constitution as it is and as it has been interpreted by the Supreme Court, or are you against it?"

Roosevelt and Bryan have been discovered in the same bed, because they are, as Burke said more than a century and a third ago, united "upon some particular principle on which they are agreed." Each is promoting nationalism and socialism. Each is bringing on eventually the nationalizing of railroads as an entering wedge. Each is moving toward a graduated income tax, when membership of the Supreme Court has been changed, exempting incomes below $5,000 or $8,000 a year, making unearned incomes bear the chief burden of taxation and inflicting a hundred cents on the dollar as a tax for great savings and accumulations.

A preference was noticeable to-day among the leaders of the majority for nominations at Chicago and Denver which will leave the Roosevelt-Bryan nationalists and socialists "outside the breastworks" and compel them either to choose between the two conservative candidates or go under the umbrella of Debs.

There was a strong Democratic tendency toward George Gray of Delaware, who is spoken of as a companion and friend of Bayard, his successor in the Senate, the stanch supporter of Cleveland and selected by McKinley and Roosevelt for important public services on account of his ability, probity and popularity. Gray at Denver and Knox at Chicago would suit! So would Gray and Foraker! But Johnson for Denver has enormously grown in Democratic favor within the last few weeks. His vigorous speeches for the Constitution and home rule have really stirred the Democratic heart. They are contrasted with Bryan's fawning on Roosevelt, nationalism and socialism. Many thoughtful men, whom Roosevelt would stigmatize as Bourbon reactionaries, speak of Aldrich for Chicago and Johnson for Denver as bringing back the old contest between Whig and Democrat, when the country flourished and there were not empty dinner pails, but work enough and bread enough for all.

Bryan was to-day in Concord more of a terror than a hope, because of a pervading fear that he will "knife" any ticket made at Denver that has not his name at its head and a Roosevelt-Bryan platform at its tail.

Resentment against him for his slaughtering speech at Chicago on April 23, 1904, against Parker was deep and pervading.

CONCORD, N. H., May 27. H.

A Little Anthology on Shams.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit an old Columbia man who is not indulging merely in "carping criticism" to remark that this is an age of specifications and not of generalities, and that President Butler of Columbia, when he advised the graduates to "shun the sham, the tawdry, the pretentious and the second rate," was not as precise as Mr. Chamberlain, who on another occasion said: "I am inclined to think that Jack Cade was an ill used and much misunderstood gentleman, who happened to have sympathized with the poor and oppressed, and who therefore was made the mark for the malignant hatred of the aristocratic and land owning classes, who combined to burlesque his opinions and put him out of the way." Perhaps this only shows that Mr. Chamberlain's praise is eclectic, for he has spoken of Mr. Roosevelt as "that great man."

But when Dr. Butler dwells on Gladstone's "deep, strong and broad nature" it is well to note what Lecky wrote of Gladstone: "There is such a thing as an honest man with a dishonest mind. There are men who are wholly incapable of wilful and deliberate untruthfulness, but who have the habit of quibbling with their convictions and by skilful casuistry persuading themselves that what they wish is right." And Goldwin Smith also wrote of Gladstone: "He was morally insane; he was essentially a demagogue, who was swayed far more by the passion for popular applause than by fixed and well considered theories of public policy or of duty. He loved power and sought it by every means, sometimes with great advantage, but as often with disastrous results to his country."

However, President Butler is true to college tradition. Professor Anthon warned the young men of an earlier generation against the "tergiversator"; and both teachers have emphasized Shakespeare's apostrophe of "the scurvy politician," or still later, La Fontaine's idea, Ne ment pas qui veut.

ATLANTIC CITY, May 28. '62.

Mr. Pickwick's Tree.

From the London Globe.

Owing to its having become very decayed and dangerous the old sycamore standing near Dulwich College, known as "Mr. Pickwick's Tree," has had to be cut down, much to the regret of the residents of Dulwich village, among whom the tradition prevails that Dickens's hero was in the habit of a fine evening of resting on the seat beneath its branches toward the close of his career.

In the *North American Review* for June the merits of ten possible candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency are set forth by as many supporters. Secretary Taft discusses the delays of the law, Mr. W. D. Howells criticises Sir George Trevelyan, and an anonymous writer takes issue with Baron Speck von Sternburg's views about German expansion. There are articles on American waterways, on the Government and the railroads, on the movement against the House of Lords, and on the work of the astronomer, with another instalment of the papers on Ireland.

PAN-ANGLICAN CONFERENCE.

The Questions It Will Consider Are of Human as Well as Academic Interest.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is a pleasure to read in THE SUN the genial and sympathetic editorial on the "Programme of the Pan-Anglican Conference." These conferences are held every decade, and "Canterbury bells" are a great lure to the Bishops of the great Anglican communion throughout the world. As Rome is the great heart of the Church of Rome and Moscow the great heart of the Greek Church, so is Canterbury the heart and centre of the great Anglo-Catholic communion. While the actual conferences will be held in London, Canterbury will be the great shrine of the pilgrims.

The Anglican Church strikes its roots mainly in Anglo-Saxon soil. Its mission is mainly to the English speaking nations, English colonies and spheres of English speaking influence. Probably it is the one church in Christendom which if it could would refuse to absorb all the other churches. It does not believe that catholicity is dependent upon deglutition.

But its influence in the religious world to-day, especially in the United States, where its self-governing American section is known as "the Protestant Episcopal Church," is away beyond its numerical strength. The source of this influence is unquestionably due to its strict adherence to the Nicene Symbol and its openmindedness in facing bravely every scholarly criticism, whether of its creed or its sacred Scriptures. The Church is not afraid of the strong light of research or of the guiding lamp of truth, for truth is of God. It is the fool with the inflammable rushlight, the *enfant terrible* of sound scholarship, from whom the Church shrinks. So far the Church has seen nothing strong enough in reason or research to deflect her mind from the saneness of her creed or the sanctity of her Scriptures.

Scholarly men who are interested in the Christian religion, and who are willing to look beyond the near hills of prejudice, will watch the outcome of the Pan-Anglican conference with deep and prayerful interest. A body strictly deliberative, free to express itself in terms of its own choosing, approaching the grave questions of social unrest and human responsibility no less than the problems of higher criticism and spiritual guidance, must necessarily attract the attention of Christian believers. The issues facing these men are not merely academic, they are throbbing with vital interest.

The Bishops of the Anglo-Catholic communion are leaders in their respective spheres of influence, in their various dioceses and jurisdictions scattered throughout the world. They are ripe scholars and men of affairs. It is probable that for breadth of vision, wideness of interest and devotion to Christ's Church no such body of Christian men could be got together excepting through an ecumenical council which would include not only them but representatives of the Roman and Greek communions as well as the recognized scholars of the various Protestant churches. Possibly the Pan-Anglican conference may lead to this. B. W. R. TAYLER.

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY, Schenectady, N. Y., Ascension Day, 1908.

WHEAT PROSPECTS.

A Dealer Who Yearns for Fair and Truthful Reports.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is there any possible way to obtain an honest and reasonable estimate of the wheat situation? I ask not as a speculator. I want an impartial, unbiased report of the conditions prevailing. I am in a business that depends entirely on the manufactured product of wheat, and am naturally interested.

A drought is reported in Kansas or Nebraska if rain has not fallen in four days; or, if there is a good shower, it becomes a flood and the grain is being washed out of the ground. In either case up goes the price of wheat, ditto flour.

Then there is a bug—it must be a dandy, for we see him reported all the way from Texas up through the Northwest as the crop planting progresses—reported to be eating up fields of grain daily. Then comes rust, and worms and flies, and one thing or another till you don't know where you're at.

If Europe buys a cargo of grain it is made an excuse to boost the price still further, and if the sale doesn't go through, off she goes again.

Argentina is reported to ship less than some grain dope had figured, and up goes the price again.

France is said to have such a favorable outlook for a large crop that she won't import a bushel of wheat. Other foreign countries are reported to have from fair to good crop prospects, but yet we can't seem to get a fair, unbiased report of the conditions at home.

In face of the bad reports and allowing for the effects of the calamity howlers, we see that Kansas and Oklahoma are already looking for more men and teams than ever before; that further north and in Canada an average of 20 per cent. more acreage has been sown, we are supposed to take it and swallow the dose whole—that we are to have a short crop because the men on the bull side of the market wish it so.

We can't even find any reliable information in the Government report. As for the reports in the papers published in the sections where the wheat is grown, and where one would naturally look for a fair report of conditions, they are as much mixed as the rest.

Why not give us reliable reports? Let us have the facts as they are, let it hurt or benefit whom it may.

Let us have the facts; irrespective of any change, bull or bear. W. H. S.

MOUNT VERNON, May 28.

DOGS.

A Challenge to Those Who Believe Their Barking Harmful.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Does "Progress," any of his friends or any one anywhere, know of any one, living or dead, who has ever been made sick by the barking of dogs, whose life has been shortened by it? Has he or any of his friends ever seen a dog with hydrophobia? The hysterical women, excited boys and ignorant men who frantically chase the hapless curs are far more crazy than the dogs they chase.

If instead of laws against dogs there were laws against the abuse of dogs, laws compelling the establishment of water basins along the streets for panting, thirsty animals, it would be far more in tune with our boasted humanity, intelligence and Christianity. E. E. WELLS.

GLENMORE, N. J., May 27.

Misdirected Affection.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Not only are dogs often a source of danger and discomfort to humanity, but generally their owners lavish upon them an affection which should naturally be given to children and others of the human species. I have frequently heard lovers of dogs declare that their pets were superior in intelligence and worth to most of mankind. Such talk as this is little short of disgusting. As Aytoun sings, it is

"A sin to go
And prostitute affection so."

BROOKLYN, May 28. T. K.

Distraction From Life's Serious Duties.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My home neighborhood is a hospital street, and barring necessary noises, such as those of children, automobiles, pianos, phonographs, &c., it would be quiet but for the pestiferous canines.

The other night after a long and arduous session at bridge, that extended into the small hours, my much needed rest was broken by a vile pup in a nearby yard, evidently aroused by the milkman's matutinal rounds.

It is high time that the authorities should act for the relief of our overwrought citizens.

NEW YORK, May 29. NERVOUS.

A Dog That Understands Electricity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have a very intelligent dog of the St. Bernard breed, who suffers intensely in this north intemperate zone of ours with our torrid heat, as does also his master. To offset this he (the master) called to his aid the forces of modern science and had an electric fan installed in his room, which is also the favorite sleeping place of the St. Bernard.

The evening following the placing of this fan was hot, and as the dog watched his master "touch the button" and felt the generous breeze "do the rest," he lay down and heaving a monumental sigh of content sank into a profound all night slumber.

To-day when it was the time of his accustomed siesta the dog repaired to the same place, raised his right paw to the electric button and then stretched himself out to enjoy a long, comfortable nap in the young gale which he had produced.

NEW YORK, May 28. VERITAS.

The Lament of a Sage.

Solomon was bewailing his lot.
"There are always some of my wives in town," he cried.
Herewith he wept for summer joys foregone.

New Version.

Regarding cake, I'd have you know
Of every kind and sort
I want but little here below,
But want that little short.

NEW BOOKS.

Miss Alice Brown's Latest Story.

We found ourselves charmed as we read the opening part of Alice Brown's story of "Rose MacLeod" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company). It might have been the case, of course, that we were in an unusual and perhaps too generous mood of acquiescence and receptivity, but we think not. Our belief is that what we read established for us our mood—compelled us to entertain the pleasure that we felt. It was the good writing that was achieving its warrantable effect, and not our enfeebled condition that was betraying us. The language was plainly admirable. It was wholly easy and graceful, and at the same time possessed of all the nice accuracy that is called for in Prof. A. S. Hill's book of rhetoric. Here was somebody at this day as careful with her shalls and wills as George Eliot or the novelist Richardson, and making evident a fine understanding of the business of using words.

How effective in her humor and how competent in all her ways of entertainment was Madam Fulton, the very serious Electra's grandmother. "I suppose you'll marry him. You'll be famous by brevet. That's what you'll like." So said this admirable and thoroughly amusing grandmother, referring to the already distinguished young artist Peter Grant, to whom Electra was engaged. We are told that Electra laughed a little in a tolerant way. "You are always thinking I want to become a celebrity, grandmother," she said. "Think!" cried the old lady, ready and interesting as always with her retort. "I know it. I know your kind. They're thick as spatter now. Everybody wants to do something, or say he's done it. You want to 'express' yourselves. That's what you say—'express' yourselves. I never saw such a race."

That was it. There was a text in that. It is a hint of a good deal that is in the story. The chilly Electra, terrifyingly austere, embosoming a New England conscience as big as a church and as active as sin, was waiting to express herself and presently did express herself in a surprising manner. The Chief, the Master, the head of the Brotherhood, the great Markham MacLeod, presented himself in the pleasant New England scene that frames this tale. Electra's grandmother had warned her. "Electra," she had said, "you've got to be awfully careful of yourself. You've trained so hard, child. You've trained down to a point where it's dangerous for you to try to live. I don't mean your body. I mean you've thought of yourself and your virtues and your tendencies, and tested yourself with tubes and examined yourself under a glass until you're nothing but a bundle of self-conscious virtues. Why, it would be better for you if you were a care free spontaneous murderess."

This was the suggestive preliminary; the explicit warning followed. "You mark my words, Electra," said this comprehending grandmother, "as sure as you sit there you've trained so hard that there's got to be a reaction. Some day you'll fly all to pieces and make an idiot of yourself." Precisely this was the thing that happened. MacLeod came and Electra adored that large and preposterous person at sight. "Electra's heart was beating as she had never felt it beat before. Greatness was coming to her threshold and it looked its majesty. MacLeod had a tremendous dignity of bearing added to the gifts nature had endowed him with at the start. He was a giant with the suppleness of the dancer and the athlete. His strong profile had beauty, his florid skin was tanned by the sea, his blue eyes were smiling at Electra, and in spite of the whiteness of his thick hair he did not seem to her old." He was the head of the great international alliance of the common people. A word from him could set that whole vast body in concerted and tremendous action. It was his business to shake thrones and other objectionable repositories of power and to crystallize into substantial and overwhelming fact the idea of the brotherhood of man. That he was watched in France and proscribed in Russia is proof of his importance. At the same time he was a rather obvious humbug, and the reader will be pleased that his own daughter Rose and Electra's grandmother and Peter's brother Osmond saw through him and apprehended perfectly that he was pinchbeck and objectionable.

We need not be sorry for Electra. She was glad of the ability and the opportunity to adore at close range Rose's ponderous and heavily attitudinizing father. There may have been a spring in his muscles, he may have walked on his toes, but we are sure that we should have been oppressed by the weight of his social manner and his conversation. Still he was sheer wonder and delight for Electra. She told him that she had dismissed Peter. He asked her if she was glad to be free. "MacLeod had a way of asking women persuasive questions. Though they were interrogative they had the force of suggestion, of the clinching protest he might make in answer when confession came. And they only noted long after that he never did answer. Electra did not know that form of communion, and it struck her as something holy. Her grandmother's prophecy was coming true. "She looked him in the eyes with a clear and beautiful gaze. 'Yes,' she said, 'I am very glad. Now I am free to devote myself to the most wonderful things, to worship them if I like.' There was passionate sincerity in her tone. It would have made a smaller thing of her vow if she could have said she was free to worship him." The prophecy of her grandmother was fulfilled. She had made of herself exactly the thing that that keen old lady had said she would.

MacLeod confided to her that he was going back to France. With confident suggestion, as we have learned his habit was when he was making inquiries of ladies, he asked her when she was coming to France. The story says, after reporting this question: "Electra had now no more doubt of the unbroken pact between them than if it had been sealed by all the most blessed vows. It would have cheapened it rather if he had delegated her to the classified courts of sympathy. Instead it left them a universe to breathe in. It pointed to undiscovered cities beyond the marge of time. It made her his in a way transcending mutual promises." In answer to his question she replied that she was going to France immediately, or at least when he wanted her. He intimated that he would be at pains to want her as soon as possible. He scribbled an address on a card and gave it to her. She was "indescribably uplifted," supremely happy.

And Peter, the superseded, the no longer needed; how was it with Peter? Well, he was happy too. Perhaps not curiously he began to be happy the moment Electra released him from his engagement. Peter, it may be read, having been dismissed, "got himself hastily out of the room and into the summer road. And there, before he had walked three paces, Peter began to sing. He sang softly, not at all because melody was unfitted to the day, but as if what inspired it were too intimate a thing to be revealed. He looked above him, straight ahead and on every side. The world was beautiful to him at this moment." Truth is, Peter was possessed of a very