The Sun.

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For Governor of the Old North State.

It is none of our business particularly, but the man we should like to see nominated for Governor by the Tar Heel Democrats is the Hon. JOSEPHUS DANIELS of Raleigh. But Mr. DANIELS expects to be Mr. BRYAN'S Secretary of War, and it is useless to try to induce him to reconsider. For "that intrepid leader and matchless orator" the Hon. LOCKE CRAIG, "the uncrowned King of Western North Carolina," we have the deepest veneration, and the Hon. ASHLEY HORAN of Wake county has our best wishes; but in the regretted absence of JOSEPHUS we agree with the Hon. JOHN ANDERSON NOELL of the Roxboro *Courier* that the Hon. WILLIAM WALTON KITCHIN, Representative in Congress of the Fifth North Carolina district and sometime editor of the Scotland Neck *Democrat*, is the man of men for the hour and the job. He lives in Roxboro. Mr. NOELL knows him well and saw him get off the cars the other day:

"I watched him closely. He was about six feet high, graceful in his bearing, handsome figure and with features as delicate and refined as a lady and yet he has the dash, the daring chivalry and romantic gallantry of a knight of the Middle Age. As he strode down the platform greeting everybody with a cordial grasp of the hand he captivated them by his cultured manners and he had the air of a conquering hero."

Mr. KITCHIN is "an orator of the first class," and speaks as well as he looks:

"I heard him last May at Kinston deliver a Masonic address. His voice is sweet and melodious, and is as silvery in its tones as a bell. He has a pleasant smile on his face and his gesticulation is graceful and easy. I have never seen but two men who could make a gesture gracefully by bringing both arms on a level with their bodies, and they were BRYAN and KITCHIN. It is noticed that all the machine politicians in the State are against KITCHIN for Governor. Is it that they fear him as a lion in their pathway? Do they see in this young Cæsar a Marius?"

In KITCHIN are many Mariuses, and at least a dozen Bob Glenns. Watch the young lion and wait till he begins to get hungry.

Possible Consequences of the Attempt to Kill Dreyfus.

There is some reason to apprehend that the attempt to assassinate Major ALFRED DREYFUS at the close of the ceremonies which attended the placing of the remains of his chief champion, EMILE ZOLA, in the Panthéon may cause a renewed outbreak of the species of civil war which for years divided France into two camps. This is almost certain to be the case if official investigation should prove the dastardly crime to have been the act not of an isolated fanatic but of a tool of the reactionists.

We call the deed of the would-be assassin dastardly because the first shot was fired at DREYFUS'S back, while the fact that the second shot was aimed directly at the heart bears witness to a murderous determination. An abject fear of immediate violence was betrayed by the scoundrel's lying assertions, first, that he had only fired blank cartridges; secondly, that he only meant to graze Major DREYFUS, and thirdly, that he merely wanted to protest against Dreyfusism, which had compelled the army to participate in the glorification of ZOLA.

There is more than one ground for doubting the truth of the prisoner's averment that he was solely responsible for the deed and that no one else knew of his homicidal intention. The result of careful inquiries is that never in his life had he been suspected of a fanatical spirit. He is not even a Frenchman by birth, although he has lived in France for many years, earning a livelihood by writing on military subjects, a vocation which naturally brought him into close relations with many high officers. There seems to be no doubt, however, that in his contributions to military journals he has always held aloof from the trouble over DREYFUS, and that as long ago as 1894, when he frequently met the Major's brother, he always maintained a prudent reserve. In view of these circumstances and of the fact that he is 64 years old it is hard to conceive of him as swept away suddenly by fanatical passion.

The alternative supposition that the murder of ZOLA was deliberately instigated by a reactionary clique is supported by some odd, not to say sinister, coincidences. On the morning of Thursday, June 4, there appeared in *L'Action Française*, an organ of the military party, two articles by reactionary writers who seemingly had a foreknowledge of the crime that was to be committed later in the day. One of the writers declared that "there might be a rumbling before the revolution," while the other invited DREYFUS to ask himself whether the nocturnal glorification of the French army's traducer might not conjure up a terrible dawn. He added that DREYFUS had "already heard the stroke of midnight." On the same morning *Le Soleil*, a Royalist organ, printed an entire page eulogizing the Duc D'ORLÉANS, accompanied by his picture. We add that a special edition of *La Libre Parole*, published on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 3, was a direct incitement to violence. As for *La Patrie*, the editor, HENRI ROCHEFORT, disgraced himself in an issue published after the perpetration of the crime by insulting the man who narrowly escaped assassination. "It would have been," said this sham patriot, "a glorious death for DREYFUS, for it would have been his first and only time under fire."

This is not the first time that DREYFUS'S enemies have had recourse to assassination. It will be recalled that during the military trial at Rennes an effort was made to kill DREYFUS'S counsel, Maître LABORI. Now the blows are levelled at DREYFUS himself, and it is much to be feared that they will not always be dealt in vain. We do not, of course, mean to assert that all of DREYFUS'S opponents are lying rascals and forgers like ESTERHAZY, HENRY and PATY DU CLAM, or abettors and paymasters of assassins. What happened in the case of DREYFUS is strictly analogous to what had occurred in the case of CALAS. The rehabilitation of the Protestant victim of a judicial murder taxed all the powers of VOLTAIRE at the height of his prestige and influence, because thousands of honest but devout Catholics, though convinced at heart that CALAS was innocent, believed that an exposure of the dreadful mistake that had been made would fatally discredit their Church, already undermined by the Encyclopædists, who, before the eighteenth century was over, were to dash it to the ground. A like perverted instinct of self-preservation, a like feeling of blind attachment to the professional defenders of the country, impelled thousands of Frenchmen, normally upright, to cry: What is the crucifixion of a Jew to the salvation of the nation? Let one man suffer that the republic may survive! Long live the army, whether right or wrong!

The Hunger Problem.

In a letter to the New York *Times* Mr. R. FULTON CUTTING, whose activity in charitable enterprises is known to all, described the method adopted by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor to discover and care for destitute school children, and said:

"The association has in this way relieved the necessities of a large number who upon investigation were found to be in actual need of adequate food, and whose exigencies were not due to misconduct or to chronic dependence upon charitable relief."

The unpleasant but obvious conclusion from this statement is that those children whose hunger was due to misconduct or to "chronic dependence on charitable relief"—a phrase hardly intelligible when used with reference to children of school age—have not had their "necessities" relieved. If such is the case Mr. CUTTING'S objection to "the organization of a new relief agency, unless such an agency expects to work through the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Charity Organization Society, the United Hebrew Charities or the St. Vincent de Paul Society," will have little weight. Scientific giving has made great progress in recent years, but it has not yet changed the attitude of the public toward the starving of children, whether it is caused by misfortune or by misconduct or by "chronic dependence on charitable relief."

Bryan at Denver.

In order to understand Mr. BRYAN'S hold upon the masses in such States as Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Kentucky and Tennessee we must consider that in most if not all of them there have been or now are intestine conflicts within the Democratic party in the course of which both sides have invoked the Bryan superstition. In many cases this has not been done with any serious idea of reviving the Bryan spook for any permanent purpose. It seemed an obvious and simple campaign expedient, however, to appeal to an idea already existent and in full force; and the expedient once resorted to, it followed that the masses soon became convinced that the struggle was for BRYAN'S approval while the real issues remained effectually veiled. In this way BRYAN has been set up in judgment over the destinies of various Southern States and kept there by the clashing ambitions of men who really care nothing about him.

In Mississippi last year, for instance, VARDAMAN was sincerely a Bryan man, JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS was not; but in order to make his fight successful WILLIAMS had to use the Bryan cry and excel VARDAMAN in making BRYAN a prophet and a hero and so reinstating him in the imagination and the reverence of the populace. It was so in Texas again, where JOE BAILEY, driven to the wall by his enemies and having no other shibboleth to conjure with, dragged BRYAN from his sepulchre and brandished him with might and main. BAILEY is not a Bryan man, has never believed in him, and used that parrot cry as a desperate resource to save his unimportant fortunes. The same was true of BECKHAM in Kentucky, who resuscitated BRYAN as the easiest method for reaching the superstitions of the multitude, and BRYAN rewarded him by a visit to the State which, since he came in contact only with the enlightened, resulted most disastrously. There again is Tennessee, with CARMACK fighting the battle of his life for a return to the public crib. CARMACK has never been—until this moment—a follower and admirer of the Peerless One. In the days of his power and prestige he looked askance at the Nebraska Prophet. To-day, cast out of the United States Senate and anxious to get back by almost any roundabout way, he is fighting Governor PATTERSON'S renomination, hoping thereby to regain control of the party machine and so return to Washington.

Thus it is nearly all along the line. In most instances BRYAN has been summoned from the shades to bolster up some private cause or speed some sordid quarrel. Here and there he had a following substantial and sincere. In a majority of cases, however, he has been invoked by ambitious gentlemen who had their own purposes to serve and found him cheap and easy material ready to their hand. The result is that he holds over as the idol of a much exploited people who have never recognized the trumped up mechanism of their rapture, and that he will be surrounded at Denver, so far at least as the Southern States are concerned, by a reluctant horde who have now done with him and would be glad of an hour's simple freedom.

This is BRYAN'S unhappy predicament up to date. Join the Southern delegations with Illinois, under ROGER SULLIVAN'S leadership, and make the most of it!

The Progress of Cremation.

The modern agitation in favor of cremation as a method of disposing of the bodies of the dead began in 1874 with the foundation of the Cremation Society of England. That society has just held an extraordinary general meeting to adopt a new system of rules by which the cost of membership, entitling the member to cremation without further fee, was reduced from ten pounds sterling to the sum of five pounds if paid at once, or six pounds if paid in annual instalments of one pound each year. The first cremation under the direction of the society took place in 1885, and only 100 bodies were cremated up to 1890. In 1907, however, the number of crematory furnaces in England had increased to thirteen and there were 705 cremations.

The legal status of cremation in New York is peculiar. Burial is prescribed by law as the ordinary method for the disposal of the dead. Any one is permitted, however, to direct what shall be done with his dead body, provided that the direction is consistent with decency and propriety. Our statutes make no reference to cremation except in regard to those who die at Quarantine in this port of some infectious malady. Their bodies must be burned in the furnace on Swinburne Island, in the lower bay, unless their relatives have religious scruples against this method of disposing of their mortal remains.

With this exception it may fairly be said that cremation is tolerated although not expressly approved by the law of the State of New York. A resident may direct that his body shall be cremated, and in that event his relatives who would otherwise be charged with the duty of burial are authorized if not required to have his body reduced to ashes. The statute does not prescribe the manner in which the direction must be given. It most frequently is found in the will of the deceased, but it may be expressed in a less formal writing, and perhaps only orally. It must be by virtue of the exercise of this power that most of the cremations in this State take place.

Apart from religious considerations, the most formidable objection to cremation is the facility which it affords for the concealment of murder and other crimes. Its ablest advocates, while they recognize the validity and serious nature of this objection, insist that it is exaggerated. The recent Druce case in England has been referred to with great satisfaction by the opponents of cremation on this ground, and they say, and say truly, that if the body had been burned the fraudulent claim therein asserted could not have been so readily falsified. On the other hand the late Sir HENRY THOMPSON insisted that adequate safeguards could readily be established by law if they did not already exist. In every suspicious case the Coroner can require an autopsy, and the removal of the stomach and a portion of some internal organ and their preservation would protect the public against the destruction by cremation of the proofs of poisoning.

Notwithstanding the progress of cremation, as evidenced by the statistics of the Cremation Society of England presented at the recent meeting, it remains true, as stated by Sir CHARLES CAMERON, the president, that it finds favor chiefly with the professional and well to do classes, and that the poor condemn it in spite of the fact that a cremation need cost them no more than they habitually spend on a decent burial.

The Peril of the Tailor.

The commonest interest in an old friend would make one curious to know if the custom tailor is really in the precarious situation that some of his associates describe. There is every reason for the ordinary observer to suppose that he is just as flourishing now as he ever has been. Acres of plate glass and countless alphabets of gilt letters glittering in the sun of Fifth avenue seem to the uninitiated the outward and visible sign of every kind of material success. Yet a professional student of the question declares in *Men's Wear* that the custom tailor has seen his brightest day and will soon follow the family doctor, the bootmaker and the old style mine host into the retirement appropriate to such commercial derelicts.

Specialism, which wrought the ruin of his predecessors, is declared to be the modern tendency which will also eliminate the custom tailor. The expert who somewhat sorrowfully pronounces his doom blames the victim for not keeping pace with the march of progress. Manufacturers on a large scale have in his opinion been more active in making themselves indispensable to the public. They have scrambled to get control of designers who appeal to the taste of the day; their methods of production enable them to turn out clothing in large amounts with scientific certainty as to appearance and fit. Men who have made themselves specialists in certain distinct branches of tailoring are supposed to be more skilful than those to whom a whole garment is entrusted. Then the custom tailor must content himself with a staff that seems small in comparison with the forces of the wholesale manufacturers. Thus the patrons of the custom tailors are not supposed to be able to get the services of the best specialists in their "line," for the wholesale tailor can reward them more liberally.

The future may be as dark for the tailor in retail as this pessimistic authority paints it. Yet we prefer to think there may be some hope for him. Individual skill and personal efficiency must still retain more value than such a conclusion would suggest. It is doubtful if all mankind is willing to become so ready made at once. Yet it must be said that men's modes are nowadays more the creations of these wholesale makers than they ever were in the past. They invent fashions for men as they never did before, and it is possibly the best proof of their good taste and judgment that some of these styles are afterward adopted and made standard, as it were, by the custom tailors who are now threatened with extinction. So long as the aristocrat of the business, the custom tailor, has shown that he is willing to take advantage of the triumphs of his rivals and welcome them into his own class, it would be generous not to bring about his final extinction too soon.

The *Daily Princetonian* has discovered a way of reviving interest in Clio and Whig halls, Princeton's time honored literary and debating societies. It says:

"There have been many complaints to the effect that there is not as much interest taken in Clio and Whig halls as formerly. Perhaps we can suggest a partial remedy which is not an innovation but merely a return to an old custom. Why do not these halls renew the practice of holding about this time of year an annual inter-hall baseball game? It would be sure to afford considerable interest and amusement and would be following out the present forward movement in intracollege athletics."

In other words, if the opponents of college baseball would have more debating, let them consent to more baseball. If they would improve intellectual conditions, let them increase the evil of which they complain. How happy Dr. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER'S young men would be if he could only be brought to such a philosophic conception of the merits of football!

The latest triumph of the Anti-Noise Society is the success of JOSEPH M. BROWN, who did not make a speech in his campaign against Governor HOKE SMITH.

How can Pennsylvania be carried by the Republican party if its idealists in Philadelphia all insist in putting each other in jail?

General STEWART L. WOODFORD, carrying with him the Hughes boom for President, departed for Chicago yesterday. He was not called on to pay for excess baggage.

A negro acquitted by a Shreveport, La., jury of the charge of killing a woman was lynched, while his alleged accomplice, a white man, who was charged with inciting the crime, was not harmed. Thus the even handed justice of the mob is vindicated.

We were among the first to appreciate the color scheme of the Hon. ED CARMACK, now a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Tennessee, but in the name of artistic moderation we protest against the description telegraphed to the Nashville *American*:

"RIPLEY, Tenn., June 2.—Ripley was a riot of red to-day. Senator CARMACK came into his own. Here and there white badges fluttered timidly on the streets, but the colors of the red wolf were at last triumphant and predominated in the street, in the parade and during the debate. DANTE'S description of the fires of Inferno could not equal the warmth of crimson color so conspicuously displayed."

Mr. CARMACK is rufous, but really he is not the man to set Ripley or any other place on fire.

A couple of years ago the Hon. JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER of Iowa was nominated for President by a once eminent Republican statesman, the Hon. BILLY MASON of Illinois. Three years earlier Mr. DOLLIVER, speaking in this town, took a hopeful view of the trust question:

"Within twenty years every trust magnate of to-day will be dead or in a sanitarium for nervous diseases."

DOLLIVER is beautiful and good, and a maker of speeches and jests, but he has no money and he comes from the wrong State. Still, he has some modern popular ideas. For example:

"I believe that the time is at hand when those who desire to defend the law of property had better consult together to bring back the old institution of society to a situation where it can be defended."

A great and quick assimilator.

Vice-President FAIRBANKS'S "Nothing, thank you," has become so habitual with him since the cocktail incident that he now uses it even when asked what he will take if not first place. He should not, upon such occasions, overlook the aptness of a widely esteemed Americanism, a classic embalmed in pleasant memories and well established, we fancy, in the vernacular of Indiana: "The same, thank you."

Evidently Mr. BRYAN has not made a careful investigation of the question of reducing wages, because, as I have already indicated, several important roads which have reduced wages first reduced the salaries of high paid men.—*President RIPLEY of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé.*

Mr. BRYAN never handicaps himself by a careful investigation of any question.

The La Follette filibuster seemed to be the most senseless and impudent thing of the kind ever attempted, but there was method in Pompadour BOB'S madness: he is going on the Chautauqua circuit to line his purse by lecturing about the filibuster.

Soon there will be a college bred girl for every college bred man.—*President M. CAREY THOMAS of Bryn Mawr.*

How soon?

Pedigree.

Said the automobile to the horse—
"Of co'rse
You feel like a has been,
And then,
Agen,
You think, no doubt,
You're down and out—
A lout—
Up the spout—
Or about.
But see here, old man,
On my gasolene can,
Or tank—
I'm no crank,
Although I own one—
And a dozen other things
I've known one
Old nag in my time
That could climb
All over me!
Gee!
He had wings,
And springs,
And speed;
Yes, indeed!
Never a cop
Had the drop
On that beast!
He was yeast!
Rose right up and flew—
A thing autos can't do;
So cheer up and be gay;
It's my day,
But say,
Pegasus was a bird!
Ever heard
Of that steed?
We need,
We autos, I mean,
A pedigree.
We come from nothing
And go to nothing,
While you are immortal. See,
You beat us—
You have Pegasus.

L. S. WATERBOURY.

COMMISSIONER LANE ON RAILWAY CAPITAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Unless there shall come a now seemingly improbable change in the attitude of the public toward the railways of the country the grant of more power to the Federal authorities may be expected. The craze for laws so drastic as to be little short of destructive has somewhat subsided, but the demand for additional Federal authority in certain directions is persistent and will probably continue until it has been satisfied by legislation or quieted by action on the part of the railways themselves.

In the June number of the *Review of Reviews* Mr. Franklin K. Lane of the Interstate Commerce Commission submits an outline of a fairly reasonable and conservative policy. The basis of his argument is that whatever the cause of the situation, "no one can deny that railroad securities are not now regarded as favorably as they formerly were." Upon the efficiency of our railway system depends the prosperity of the country, of producers and consumers, of farmers, merchants, manufacturers and workingmen alike. "Therefore," declares Mr. Lane, "if we are to have new railroads, more laterals, adequate equipment and larger terminals we must have a market for railroad securities." If the railways need or want money for the upkeep and extension of their enterprises the investing public must be convinced of the reasonable soundness of the investment. This is an elementary proposition; and control of the situation without Federal legislation would seem to be quite in the hands of the railways themselves. The railways can voluntarily do for their own advantage and benefit much of what it is proposed to compel them to do for the benefit of the public.

There was a time when the public was eager to put its money into railway securities. To-day the eagerness is on the side of the railroads and the investing public lacks confidence and hesitates. Mr. Lane admits that the recapitalization of present railroads is an utterly impracticable task. He would deal only with future issues of securities. He would "require the directors of the railroad companies to make public announcement of their security issues, to publish the objects for which such issues are to be made, and be responsible for the use of the proceeds in the precise and limited manner announced." This is one of the least offensive of the many schemes urged in connection with Federal control of railways, but it does not seem to us a necessity. The investing public is as competent to regulate such a matter as is the Congress. It need not invest unless and until it knows what it is buying.

It is now generally known and admitted that with few exceptions the physical value of the railway lines of this country equals their capitalization, but there is a widespread belief that railway managers are for some mysterious reason tireless in their efforts to water their stocks. This has bred distrust, and the market for new securities drags. This fact stands in spite of the recent placing of millions of dollars worth of new issues. That more money would come and that it would come at lower interest rates if investors were better acquainted with the purpose for which the money is wanted and better assured of the soundness of the investment seems quite beyond question. Mr. Lane would reach this end by legislation. He would make compulsory a statement of the specific purpose for which the money is wanted and would "subject the directors personally to such term of imprisonment as the law may prescribe" for any deviation from the stated purpose.

"There is," said the late Samuel Spencer, "no legal obligation on any one to invest his money in railways or in any other properties. The action of the investor must be voluntary, and inducements of a safe and businesslike nature must be presented in order to render the investment attractive." Mr. Lane and others, including the President, would compel the railroads to offer "safe and businesslike inducements" to the investing public. Would they then compel investors to take advantage of the opportunities so offered? That would seem to be the next and logical step in Federal regulation of the railways. A.

WASHINGTON, June 5.

The President's Escape—Some Remarks on His Horsemanship.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The truth is out at last, and we now know that President Roosevelt made a narrow escape of his life the other day while riding a green horse in Rock Creek Park. The incident was voluminously denied at first, but since it became known that hundreds of persons had witnessed it, and that—most important of all—the President was not seriously injured, the public has been put in possession of the details.

This seems to be the proper time to inquire whether there may not be some way of restraining Mr. Roosevelt in the matter of equestrian performance. He is really one of the most incompetent horsemen in the whole country. The best evidence of this is to be found in the fact that his saddle animals are nearly always out of commission, and besides there are those deadly photographs. Imagine, if you please, a gentleman on a horse in the act of leaping a hurdle, and then contemplate Mr. Roosevelt leaning back in his saddle and tugging stoutly at the reins! The poor beast's head is pulled to one side. Everything possible has been done to throw him down. The frightful farce goes on, but how long can it last? Nine men out of ten riding as Mr. Roosevelt notoriously does would have been permanently crippled if not killed outright long ago.

This is no figment of tender apprehension. It is a flagrant fact. Everybody in a position to observe knows it. The President cannot ride, and every time he goes out on horseback he takes his life in his hand. If he would be content to amble about on the backs of the forlorn and sedate old plugs that have survived his activities all would be well, but to put him astride a spirited and powerful young horse is almost to slap fortune in the face.

NEWPORT, June 5. PIAFFEUR.

An Exercise in Polysyllables.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Europe has long recognized that Americans are the most intelligent people "on the face of the earth," and impartial introspection shows that great as is our intelligence it is even surpassed by our courtesy; and here is proof: Winston Churchill in the House of Commons described a misstatement as a "terminological inexactitude," or, as Mr. Chamberlain observed, twenty-six letters for a word that could be spelled in three. When "contradictions" first came from "Washington" some one coined the phrase that "he was the direct descendant of Mr. Ananias and heir to his historic qualities"; then a New York journal of Utopian tendencies referred to "lapses of memory"; but history, in order to transcribe the spirit of our times, will undoubtedly say: He possessed that adaptive elasticity required to overtake the ever changing conditions of modern tergiversation. A PHAGOCYTE.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., June 4.

Woman Suffrage and Insanity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The latest argument against equal suffrage is that it tends to increase insanity. This claim is brought forward by a doctor, who founds his theory on the growth of lunacy in Finland between the years 1900 and 1906. But it was not till 1906 that woman suffrage in Finland was granted.

Some time ago a non-medical person in Massachusetts declared that the ballot would greatly increase insanity among women, their constitutions being too frail to bear the strain. We thereupon looked up the statistics of insanity in Wyoming. These showed that after many years of equal suffrage there were in all Wyoming only three lunatics, and those three were men.

"An ounce of experiment is worth a ton of theory."

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

DORCHESTER, Mass., June 3.

PROTECTING LIFE AT SEA.

New Federal Statutes and Executive Activity in the Sailor's Behalf.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The law approved by President Roosevelt on May 28 provides among other things that all scows and barges used in the harbor of New York shall have life lines attached to the coamings all around the deck, a life preserver and a life buoy for each member of the crew, and an anchor to weigh not less than 275 pounds with 100 feet of chain, and a register of the name and address of each man employed thereon which shall be open to inspection, and that all seagoing barges of 100 tons and upward shall after January 1, 1909, be inspected at least once in each year as to their hull and equipment by the local inspectors of steamboats, who shall satisfy themselves that every such barge is of a structure suitable for the service in which she is to be employed, has suitable accommodations for the crew and is in a condition to warrant the belief that she may be used in navigation with safety to life, and (section 11) "that every such barge shall be equipped with at least one lifeboat and at least one life preserver for each person on board and at least one anchor with suitable chain or cable."

Provision is also made for the appointment of a committee to regulate length of tow lines and length of hawser between barges in all the inland waters of the United States. Penalties are imposed for all infractions of these new statutes.

The act approved April 2, 1908, "relating to the complement of crews of vessels and for the better protection of life," provides for the adequate inspection of all vessels as to the required complement of licensed officers and crews necessary for their safe navigation. This statute should prevent the recurrence of such terrible catastrophes as befell the General Slocum and the Larchmont because of untrained and incompetent crews.

In addition to the foregoing humane enactments the President issued an executive order on May 12 creating a commission "to examine the laws of the United States for the better security of the lives of passengers and crews on board vessels of the United States, with a view to their revision, and to recommend such changes as in their judgment the public interests seem to require." The members of said commission are: Captain Adolf Marix, U. S. N., chairman of the Lighthouse Board; Charles Earl, Solicitor of the Department of Commerce and Labor; E. T. Chamberlain, Commissioner of Navigation; George Uhler, Supervising Inspector-General of the Steamboat Inspection Service, and Commander William S. Smith, U. S. N.

This board had its first meeting on June 2 and a circular is about to be issued outlining its programme, which will be of great interest to the public travelling on water and to the vast interests connected with shipping and water transportation. J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON.

NEW YORK, June 5.

The Call for Murray Crane.

From the Springfield Republican.

It is not to be wondered at that President Roosevelt and the friends of Secretary Taft, who is booked to receive the Republican nomination at Chicago, are desirous that Senator Crane should take the chairmanship of the Republican national committee. The executive capacity, the tact and the sound sense of the Massachusetts man would be a desirable asset, to say nothing about the confidence the public would have that a campaign conducted by Mr. Crane would be honorable in all its phases. All factions would welcome this choice as entirely desirable from the party point of view.

On the side of Mr. Crane, however, there is less to be said. He was sought for this place four years ago and declined it. The duties of this chairmanship would add enormously to the burdens which a very busy man is carrying, and the sacrifice demanded could only be insisted on in a case of supreme party need. It is scarcely to be expected that Senator Crane will recognize that any crisis of the character indicated has arisen. His counsel and helpful oversight could be exercised through his membership in the national committee, leaving some one to take the chairmanship who is better situated to give to that office the continuous time and strength the coming Presidential fight is to call for.

But there is one consideration involved in this matter that is calculated to please a good many Massachusetts people. There were those among our Republicans who considered that in standing stanchly for the freedom of the Massachusetts delegation in the national convention Senator Crane was imperilling his influence in national affairs—inviting the bolts of Jove, as it were. There are party men so constituted as to be terrified by an exhibition of personal independence. It is profitable for instruction when events prove that the man who holds to his convictions thereby invites more respect and not less.

From Harper's Weekly.

Respectfully suggested: Winthrop Murray Crane of Massachusetts, a good man and able, a capable director, a vote getter, strong where strength will be required.

Widow and Orphan Asylums.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The starvation recently rediscovered among the East Side school children shows us once more that our present philanthropic system touches the surface only of the problem of human misery. The very fact that the administration of the United Hebrew Charities displays upon the cover page of its annual reports, both, as it seems, as their own guiding principle and as incentive to the altruistic instincts of prospective donors and members, this stale, antisociological Biblical maxim: "For the poor shall not cease out of the land: therefore I command thee saying, thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy," proves that in certain charitable circles one still has more faith in hospitals and dispensaries than in bacteriological institutes. Fortunately some philanthropists and philanthropic institutions, John D. Rockefeller for example, and above all the Russell Sage Foundation, a kind of Pasteur Institute of charity, adhere to the scientific principles of philanthropy, the first of which reads, with all due respect to the wisdom of the Palestinian legislator of a diminutive nomadic tribe of the first millennium B. C.: "The poor shall and will cease out of the land."

May I now be permitted to submit to Mrs. Sage and her advisers a suggestion which might lead them on to fruitful activity if not "in magnis voluisse sat est."

We feel in our pharisaic cowardice to a certain extent justified in referring the millions of starving men to the Darwinian theory, offering them instead of work and bread the cheap phraseology of the "struggle for life" philosophy. But the meanest of the meanest of misers would blush to offer this medicine to poverty stricken widows and their hapless, innocent orphans.

Our present institutional method of caring for orphans gives gradually away to the cottage system, with foreign matrons as heads of little groups of twenty to twenty-five fatherless and motherless kids. Would it not be worth while, as a *via media* between these two methods, to try a combination of widows' homes and orphan asylums? If I were Mrs. Russell Sage I would build somewhere in the country a big institution with one, two and three room apartments for widows and their children. From the superintendent to the last scrubwoman and kitchenmaid all functionaries could be chosen from among the inmates. But more than this: through the establishment of several workrooms and the proper connections with the industrial markets our widows could not only themselves give their children, with the fruit of their own labor, that care, education and inspiration which only mothers can impart, but also pay their own board and even lay a few dollars aside for the time when, the children grown up, they will have to start in life again on their own hook, this time, however, with no starving babies clinging to their aprons and moreover in possession of some practical métier. ISIDOR SINGER.

NEW YORK, June 5.

A Wholesale Initiation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit me to urge the admittance of Tennant & Tennant, real estate agents of Westfield, N. J.; James Ash, dealer in hard and soft coal, of Buffalo, and Dr. Lucid, Cortland, N. Y. EDWARD DRISCOLL.

CORTLAND, N. Y., June 4.

The Garcias.

From the Boston Herald.

THE SUN, speaking of Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, the famous singer, the friend of Turgenieff, says she "has been an orphan for two years only, her father, Manuel Garcia, having died in 1906 at the age of 101."

This Manuel Garcia was Pauline's brother, not father. The two, with their sister, Maria Felicita Malibran, were children of Manuel del Popolo Vicente Garcia, who came with them to New York in 1825 and died at Paris in 1832.

The Campaign.

Knicker—Roosevelt is the whole thing.

Bocker—Yes, he orders the babies and the candidates who are to kiss them.

NEW BOOKS.

He Had Heart Breaking Beauty.

Young Donovan O'Hara, a breaker and trainer of horses in the Shinnecock Hills, is the hero of Mr. Emory Pottle's story of "Handicapped" (John Lane Company). It may be read how Donovan quarrelled with his father. "Maybe it's my mother's blood in me—gentleman's blood—that keeps me from killing you sometimes." Donovan's mother had been a lady. She had run away with the handsome Dennis O'Hara and had died, after a period of great unhappiness, when Donovan was a child. Said the callous Dennis O'Hara now, in answer to his son's observation: "On me soul I believe you'd like to do it." The trouble was about the great horse Madrigal. Donovan had refused to ride that splendid animal in Madison Square Garden. He had intended to ride her, but had changed his mind on hearing that she had been bought by Bruce MacClellan. Donovan hated Bruce MacClellan. He hated him because of his fine manners and because Cecilia Wrenn appeared to like him. Papa Dennis understood something of this. He now said maliciously, while backing away with reasonable caution from his angry son: "Faith, Don, I'd not ride meself for the man who was taking my gurl away from me. You're me own son, a chip of the old block. We both loved gentlemen's daughters. But I got mine! An' you—well, I'm hearing the little Wrenn bird has an eye on the MacClellan nest." Donovan did not kill his father, but he slammed the door capably as he went out.

Cecilia Wrenn did not mean to fall in love with the young horse trainer. She was aware of what may be called his social limitations. But he was very handsome, as Cecilia's friend Lucy, the impressive young woman from the West, pointed out. "He's the handsomest thing I ever saw," said Lucy. Donovan himself was aware that he looked very well. Before he knew of MacClellan's purchase of Madrigal he had prepared himself for a splendid appearance on the back of that fine animal in Madison Square Garden. "He had gone into New York especially to get himself of the best tailor the perfection of white riding breeches and to buy new patent leather boots." Now in the season of his disappointment, believing that these beautiful matters were not to be displayed for the joy of the multitude, he found some solace in allowing his own eyes to behold them. It may be read that in the secrecy of the night he "stood on a chair, clad in his new riding dress, before the inadequate mirror in his room—with locked door—and admired, as frankly as a child," not only the breeches and the boots, but as well "the fine outlines of his narrow, muscular hips, the slimness of his tightly encased knees and the elegance of his well turned legs." We find him presently taking some fugitive advantage of the too appreciative Lucy.

Lucy had divined that Donovan, though his mother was a lady, had a good many of the qualities of his father. She warned Cecelia that she had better look out. "My dear child," she said, "no man born as he is, with such looks, such heart breaking handsomeness, is an immaculate saint, and he's more likely to be a 'deevil among the weemen.' Personally I don't mind. But you can take my word for it, he's larky. They have to be—it's human nature." So little did she mind personally that she thought she would adventure a little with the bewildering Donovan. She gave him her hand as she was going into the golf club to a reception. "Good night," she said; and then in a whisper: "Meet me outside this club about half past 10. I'll get out somehow. Can you?" Donovan stared at her. His eyes were bold and eager. "Yes, Lucy," he said. He had no right to call her Lucy. He had known her only a few days.

At 10:30 Lucy flung over her dazzling shoulders her great white coat with its lining of sable and stole forth from the clubhouse by a side entrance. Donovan was waiting in the darkness. She ran to him through the wet grass. It is to be said of Donovan that he had impudence as well as heart breaking beauty. "He regarded her with amusement as he took her outstretched hand. 'Well, what do you want of me?' he asked. She laughed. 'You're an ungracious creature, I must say. I don't know what I want of you. It was just an impulse, my asking you to come. I wanted to see if you would come. And you did.' Her voice had a note of triumph." Presently she observed that it was mad of her to be out there. Perfectly mad. She must go back at once. They would miss her. Dio! but it was dull inside. She loosened her wrap about her neck and let it fall apart. A rift of light illuminated her white throat.

We find it impossible to believe that Lucy was greatly surprised by the instant behavior of Donovan on this strong provocation. He caught her and kissed her. We shall not venture to repeat all of the considerable and very interesting detail, but "she felt his kisses rain down" and she "hung in his arms" and "she seemed bereft of protest or the desire of protest" and "her mind was weak and vague and happy as from some potent drug," until finally she was able to push him away and ask him to "pity a fool," whereupon he lighted a cigarette and so did she, and she told him that Cecilia would never marry him but would marry MacClellan. With that she kissed him lightly once more and fled, full of the knowledge that she loved him and for that reason had better get away. Very late that night Cecilia heard her sobbing. She went to her and found her huddled over a dying fire, "her hair tumbling about her shoulders, her face pale and caverned in the candle light and about her feet a litter of half burned cigarettes." The next day Lucy said good-by to the Shinnecock Hills. The compelling Donovan never saw her again.

Cecilia had plenty of intelligent doubt and unwillingness, but her turn was bound to come. "Donovan took her hands. 'Sissy, Sissy, is there any chance?' He was forcing her eyes to his. She saw him at the moment transfigured with the purity of his passion, his face ennobled, his eyes suffused with hungry tenderness. He ceased to be to her the old Donovan O'Hara. Her whole being swirled. * * * She forgot her other life, she forget the position she occupied in that life. She forgot her mother—MacClellan—everything. Slowly, wearily, her brain ceased to give out its impulses of warning. Her eyes closed. The tenseness of resistance left her body. She was conscious of an absolute relief that the struggle had ceased—a relief she interpreted as a great gladness. She drooped toward him. His lips found hers in such a kiss as she had not dreamed was in the kingdom of love." Poor girl, she was abundantly embarrassed when she was able to understand that she and Donovan were engaged. She did not tell her mother. She did not explain to Mr. MacClellan. The happy Donovan at her request consented to ride Madrigal in Madison Square Garden. That gifted animal was at her best when the trial came off. Her last jump beat the record. But her heart was wrong, and as she cleared the bar she pitched dead upon the earth. Donovan was underneath. It was the end of him as well as of the horse. If he had lived and Cecilia had married him