The Sun.

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Now the Bill.

The cruise of the United States fleet of battleships around the world, an achievement without precedent or parallel, and spectacularly splendid, ends at Hampton Roads to-day to the joy of the complement of 600 officers and 14,000 men and to the relief of the American people. It is highly creditable to the service that the venture was marred by no mishap and that in every port where the armada was welcomed it made an impression that redounded to the prestige of the American navy.

Primed for a conflict hysterically imagined, the fleet encountered armies of children with flowers in their hands who chanted American national airs. In this display of tender and tuneful noncombatants was the retort gentle of one of the proudest of military Powers. There remained only the return to Hampton Roads.

The bill is now to be computed. Mr. ROOSEVELT decided that the expense should be incurred; the people will pay. They have to. The cost of coal, owing largely to the unavoidable employment of foreign colliers, will be a heavy item. Other expenses are not so easily calculated, and the total cannot be determined until the ships go into dry dock and the hands of the artificers. The known cost is in the millions; the supplemental cost may add millions.

Whatever the total shall be, the line of battle of the American navy is not likely to circumnavigate the world again. The waste is too much, and once is enough for the spectacle.

The Queer Case of Captain Qualtrough.

There cannot be two opinions as to the impropriety of intoxication in a naval officer, even when off duty and in attendance upon a social function. Unless characterized by flagrant misbehavior, however, it may perhaps be doubted whether a stern reprimand administered privately by the Admiral would not have served all the purposes of discipline for the present and prevention for the future without creating a painful and conspicuous incident in a memorable cruise otherwise free from any reproach to the service.

The summary of evidence given before the court-martial in Captain QUALTROUGH'S case, which was published in THE SUN on Thursday, shows that Admiral WAINWRIGHT first found fault with him for smoking in the reception room at the entertainment given by the United States Minister at Tangier because there were ladies in the room. This may have been a violation of good manners, but we were not previously aware that the officers of the navy were subjected to this sort of minute criticism by their superiors when not on duty.

As to the principal issue presented to the court-martial for decision, namely, the effect of such alcoholic spirits as had been consumed on the evening in question by Captain QUALTROUGH, the testimony given by Commander GEORGE W. KLINE is worthy of special note. "Would you have been willing," Commander KLINE was asked, "for Captain QUALTROUGH to have taken the bridge of the Georgia for fleet evolutions?" "Yes," responded the witness.

And the Admiral had so much confidence in the judgment and capacity of Commander KLINE that he entrusted that officer with the command of the Georgia when Captain QUALTROUGH was suspended!

We wonder whether there is anything in the climate of the southwestern corner of the Mediterranean that makes it conducive to alcoholic excess on the part of mariners?

Just about a hundred years ago Mr. PETER SIMPLE, a midshipman on H. M. S. Diomede, was waiting one night at the sally port at Gibraltar for a boat to go off to his ship. He was anxious to get aboard, fearing he should be blamed for remaining ashore too late, but the boat was not ordered to shove off, as it was waiting for commissioned officers. An hour elapsed, while PETER was waiting there, when suddenly an object loomed up in the darkness and the sentry, raising his musket, challenged: "Who comes there?" Out of the shadows came the prompt response: "Naval officer, drunk on a wheelbarrow!" Instantly the sentry replied: "Pass naval officer, drunk on a wheelbarrow—and all's well!"

The Third Lieutenant of H. M. S. Diomede was then wheeled into the boat in a condition too painful for description. No sooner was he on board than the sentry challenged again: "Who comes there?" Again the answer was: "Naval officer, drunk on a wheelbarrow"; and again came the reply: "Pass naval officer, drunk on a wheelbarrow—and all's well!" And so they continued to come, the narrative tells us, challenging and passing for ten minutes, until they had wheeled down the entire party of commissioned officers who had dined on shore, with the single exception of the Second Lieutenant of the frigate.

Times have changed since PETER SIMPLE'S day, but some trace of old manners evidently lingers about the seas around Gibraltar.

Proposed Military Organization of the British Empire.

The sudden and complete awakening of the British people from their fool's paradise of security has emboldened the Secretary of War to reveal the full extent of his plans for the organization of the defensive forces of the British Empire. This he did at Newcastle on February 20, and if his plans are carried out in their entirety as regards not only the number of soldiers available in time of need but also equipment, training and the habit of cooperation the British Empire will have at its disposal one of the strongest armies on earth.

The scheme contemplates in the first place sixteen divisions of regulars continually employed in or ready for oversea service, the term "division" being here used to mean one-half of an army corps. In addition the project calls for no fewer than thirty divisions intended primarily for home defence, of which fourteen will be contributed by the United Kingdom, five or six by British North America, five by Australia, four or five by South Africa, and one by New Zealand. The whole force when organized will thus constitute an imperial army of forty-six divisions, equivalent to twenty-three army corps. The total force is exactly equal to that possessed by the German Empire and would have no other rival in the world.

Given the existence of a strong wave of popular feeling in its favor, there is no reason why such a tremendous military force should not be created in the British Empire. There is reason to believe that such a feeling has at last been aroused in the United Kingdom. It has existed for upward of a year in the Australian Commonwealth. It would need no stimulating in South Africa. As for Canada, the Ottawa Government on February 20 notified the Imperial War Office that it approved the scheme proposed by Secretary HALDANE for an imperial general staff, and it is reported that the details of the proposed military organization have been worked out and accepted by Canada. We may take for granted that New Zealand would join heartily in any movement which promised her, in her isolated and exposed position, additional protection.

It is beyond question that when WELLINGTON, having driven NAPOLEON'S marshals one after the other out of the Iberian peninsula, crossed the Pyrenees and advanced to Toulouse, England was not only the first naval but the first military Power in Europe. Her claim to that distinction she made good later at Waterloo. For many a decade afterward she lived in the world's esteem on the prestige of that tradition. What she long possessed she can now regain, unless, what seems incredible, she has lost the breed of fighting men. The mere existence of a territorial force of the magnitude advocated by Secretary HALDANE would infuse confidence at home and impose profound respect abroad. It would not make the British Empire quarrelsome, but would inspire it with tranquillity and dignity.

The "Four Mile Course."

The anxiety which a tender hearted public periodically displays about the exacting nature of the rowing contests on the Thames and at Poughkeepsie—an anxiety periodically paralleled in England about the Oxford and Cambridge race from Putney to Mortlake—might puzzle an abstract reasoner who should consider merely the infinitesimal proportion of the youth of the nation concerned in these contests and the many no less exacting athletic competitions which the public quite unconcernedly passes by. But then, these aquatic struggles together with the preparations for them occupy a good deal more space in the newspapers than any other individual sporting "events," and university youths are everywhere regarded as a sort of synopsis of the rath flower of the nation.

The English attack on the four mile course had one culminating manifestation in the early '70s, and another about ten years ago; though a light fire on the subject is perpetual. Both these climaxes were due to the astonishing fact that some of the oarsmen dared to die—or rather that their deaths happened to be particularly noticed—just as the late stroke of Yale's was this winter. The public apparently expects the rowing of a four mile course to confer immortality, and whenever it is observed failing to do so, a demand arises to have the distance reduced to three. The earlier English fussification prompted an Oxford physician, Dr. MORGAN, to inquire into the fates of all who had ever taken part in the Oxford-Cambridge race since its beginning in 1829. He published the results in a book from which we gather that 85 per cent. of these bold adventurers were still alive in 1872, and that nearly 95 per cent. were considered to have been either unharmed or benefited by the experience, while about 5 per cent. were suspected of having been injured by it. Dr. MORGAN'S investigation however was entirely unscientific; his data were pure hearsay, and neither from this nor from the subsequent English debate in the '90s—after the death of three recent Oxford oarsmen—is anything else definite to be learned than that nearly all of the contestants have surpassed the average in continuing to be hale and hearty.

The nearest approach to a scientific examination of the question occurred in this country when under the auspices of the Harvard Athletic Committee Dr. DARLING kept a careful watch upon the hearts, kidneys, weights, &c., of the Harvard crews in 1899 and 1900, both during training and for some while after the Yale race. He found nothing to object to in the preparatory period, and he reported that "no ill effects which could reasonably be attributed to training were to be discovered nine months after stopping it."

The training in this country is both longer and severer than in England, as the Harvard men noted who raced in London in 1907. The English preparation seldom lasts more than six weeks, and such phenomena as "a considerable loss of weight on the eve of the race owing to nervousness, sleeplessness and indigestion," which Dr. DARLING mentions as usual here, are unknown on the other side. Coach RICE of Columbia, protesting against the recent public condemnation of the four mile course, speaks of a six months training as a guarantee of fitness for the task. The training itself, however, unless properly conducted, may be more dangerous than the race. Possibly our preparation is somewhat too long and rigorous; but provided that reasonable precautions are taken, such as requiring a physician's certificate before a candidate is accepted for the crew, there can be no possible danger to the body. If there is any risk it is to the mind. A long course requires a longer preparation than a short race, and the mental absorption during training is scarcely compatible with any very ardent attention to study.

Child Saving.

In the abstract of the report of the State Commission of Prisons published to-day these sentences are worthy of particular attention:

"The time to save boys is at the very beginning of their offending. At present for these lighter offences they are sentenced to prisons where every influence tends to strengthen and make permanent their evil inclinations, and later when the propensity to crime has become more fixed and a felony has been committed we send them to Elmira and attempt their education and reformation."

The obvious good sense of this needs no reenforcement. It serves to throw into strong relief another statement in the report:

"The Code of Criminal Procedure classifies truant children between the ages of 5 and 14 as vagrants, and authorizes the arrest as a vagrant of any such child found wandering in the streets of any city or village, a truant without any lawful occupation. It is certainly absurd to expect a child 5 years old to have a lawful occupation."

The commission would have this ridiculous provision repealed, and recommends also that the Legislature make provision for a reformatory to which children should be committed instead of being sent to prisons. The treatment of delinquent children offers many discouragements and perplexities, but any suggestion that will end the farce of calling on children of 5 to have "lawful occupations" and the tragedy of incarcerating infants in prisons deserves the support of the entire community.

The Old Dram Tree.

The laurels of Elder CALDWELL, the Bishop Percy of Charlotte, will not let Colonel PORSON MCCLAMMY of Wilmington get even forty winks of sleep. Which shepherd of the canorous flock can show the choicer golden fleece? Hitherto the scales have inclined toward Elder CALDWELL'S *News and Observer*. Now the balance of poetry is redressed by Colonel MCCLAMMY'S *Dispatch*. The triumph of the Drys has laid the axe to the root of the dram tree. The Hon. B. F. PENNY stands on the banks of the old Cape Fear River and weeps Pierian drops:

"On the banks of the old Cape Fear River
I spent the days of my childhood;
Old age are now on you and me,
But, oh, the memory of the old dram tree.

"The old dram tree is almost forgotten
To many who go up and down;
Oh, what a change has come over it,
But it's history is very renown.

"The old rice fields look forsaken,
Their foliage are nothing but grass.
Oh, the good old days on the old Cape Fear
Are almost a thing of the past.

"The good old people of bygone days,
Who travel this grand old Cape Fear,
The most of them have crossed on the other side
And not many are left over here.

"The good old Cape Fear, it's traditions are known
By all who it's history have read,
And its fields and banks are all grown up,
And nearly all its old servants are dead."

Tender with old, forgotten, far off things, and wild with all regret, this elegy on old Cape Fear clutches the heart and dims the eye. There is a mellow moistness about it, a ripe perfection and preterperfection. On the face of the returns Colonel PORSON MCCLAMMY seems to win by an unparalleled majority.

It may be judged from the experience of the three Cuban Colonels who invaded a Havana newspaper office for the purpose of chastising an editor and were put to such shameful flight by him that the status of Colonels is not yet satisfactory in Cuba.

WASHINGTON, Pa., Feb. 20.—Banker W. L. LENHART will join the bankers' colony at the Western Penitentiary, which already has eighteen members—*Yesterday's SUN.*

We recall this little piece of news in the fond hope that it will break into the minds of some of the lofty occasional thinkers who delight to talk about the impunity of "the rich" and the condign punishment of "the poor man who steals a loaf of bread."

The conferees of the Senate and House on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill are reported to be struggling with the momentous question of the name "Under Secretary of State." While willing to oblige Mr. KNOX by the creation of the office, the House conferees cannot stomach the term "Under" Secretary. It smacks too much of English nomenclature, and they wish to fall back upon the familiar American "Vice." "Vice-Secretary" has in fact a rounder, more sonorous and more imposing sound. It suggests "Vice-President" and "Viceroy," if the latter word of monarchical or submonarchical connotation may be permitted to show itself. Names are seldom more important than the things they stand for, and there is no reason why delicate ears should be offended with this word "Under Secretary." Perhaps a sounder objection to it would be not that it is "English," but that it is humble and implies subjection. Compare the word "underling." Still, if the House is inclined to be a purist and to insist upon American names for American officials, why not withdraw the title "Speaker"?

The "hypothetical woes" of the objectors to direct primaries "affect them grievously," says Governor HUGHES, "but the spectacle of a scandalous perversion of a representative system seems to give them slight qualms." Does Governor HUGHES think that the election of a Democratic Senator for the Republican State of Oregon is not a scandalous perversion of our representative system?

I am not an out and out candidate, but if the people of this country, if my own party, should demand that I make the race again, standing for my well known principles and ideas, why, I do not very well see how I could refuse.—WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Quite so; and the Democratic party as at present constituted is capable of making the "demand" for which Mr. BRYAN is so coyly waiting.

By consenting to a "calendar Tuesday" does Uncle JOE CANNON hope to break the solid front of the "insurgents"? We had hoped that at least the Hon. PETE HEPBURN and the Hon. VICTOR MURDOCK were made of sterner stuff.

PEERLESS NEW YORK.

Why Defame the Fine City and Its Creditable Institutions?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is there no power in this city or State to curb the daily attacks on our police which hold up New York as the worst place to live in? The entire force should not be damned if one patrolman should make a mistake. Magistrate Moss pitches into the traffic men. Let any one take up a stand on some corner, such as Fourth avenue and Fourteenth street or Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, Broadway and Twenty-second street, or any of those busy crossings, and stay there an hour or so, as I often do. He will be astonished at the perseverance and patience these crossing men show. Many a man from out of town has stopped and talked to me about those hard worked traffic men; they surely earn their money, and the patience they show is wonderful.

They are denounced for arresting an obstructor of traffic once in a while, where they would have occasion, if they were as arbitrary as described, to arrest one every few minutes. Some of those truck drivers are very mulish. Their horses will stop when they hear the whistle, but the drivers want them to go on, but horse sense rules and they wait until the whistle blows again and then they start off.

One Magistrate says he has to have a revolver under his pillow nights for fear of burglars. What a libel on this city! There is not a city anywhere, half the size of New York, that is so free from crime; and yet what a mixture of humanity we have here.

Murders are committed and the murderers not found, we are told. The civil service rules should prescribe before a man can be appointed a policeman that he must give an exhibition of mind reading to satisfy all that he is able at a glance to know the intentions of any one he meets.

He should also be a clairvoyant of repute, able to put his hand on any one who commits a robbery, burglary or murder on one end of his post while he is at the other end of the beat.

But better still would be to do as did the burgomaster of a small town in Württemberg when a fire broke out. One wheel of the fire engine was on the shepherd cart on a farm. They carried the engine to the farm, attached the wheel, then went to town where the fire was—all burned down. The burgomaster gave orders afterward that every fire hereafter must be reported twelve hours before it breaks out. Compel all robbers, murderers and burglars to report their plans to the police twelve hours before they are to be committed, and all will be well.

I have gone home at all hours of the night, with a load and without a load, and never had a thing happen to me yet, except once when I had my watch stolen by a good friend of mine.

Something should be done to stop this blackening of the name of New York city. New York is the best city in the world.

NEW YORK, February 20. J. MILLER.

Magic of a Word.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In the hives the bees are stirring, in the sun the cats are purring, in the yard the hens are scratching for the luscious early worm; in the school the boys are wishing they were up the brook a-fishing, hating books and slates and study the remainder of the term. In the streams the stock is wading, for the ice and snow are fading, and the grass is shooting upward where the sun shines warm and bright; and the noisy marshland chorus starts to play again and bore us with its shrill and piping music through the long and dreary night.

In the trees the birds are hieing, safe retreats for homes espying, pigeons 'neath the eaves are cooing to their meek and trusting mates; in the house the lads and lasses take the sulphur mother passes, and the gloom of yearly cleaning haunts the high and low estates. In the papers ads are telling of their bitters all excelling, and the grocer with his seed box wears a broad and welcome smile, while that strange uneasy feeling comes upon a fellow stealing, while he wishes he could journey to some far and restful isle.

Why this note of joy and gladness, why this undertone of sadness, why this weary, tired feeling that is everywhere in sight? Why this lag and why this hustle, why this sag and why this bustle, why this regular upheaval that has smote us with its might? Oh, the answer is a tame one, it is every year the same one, it is just a little word, sir, but it makes the poets sing; it has "s-p-r-" you see, sir, and with "i" and "n" and "g," sir, makes the world sit up and listen, for it's greenie grassie Spring! JOE CONE.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., February 20.

The Orphan Subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If the sentence in my letter entitled "Ad Marcum" had been perfect in its form it would have carried itself with an air of greater propriety and decorum, particularly when thrown in the company of so many grammarians.

It was written in haste, and I really cannot presume to hunt up that missing predicate. I would suggest that Mr. John Q. Bartlett and the gentleman who signs the name of "Ambrose Ikin" be appointed a committee of two by the editor of THE SUN to make a thorough search for that grammatical foundling, and at all events it will contribute to the general merriment of THE SUN'S readers to have these two genial gentlemen burnish up the facets of their wit upon this eleusinian problem. JOHN F. FARLEY.

NEW YORK, February 20.

Reppearance of Mr. Schmitz.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The critics of John F. Farley's style have missed the obvious solution. He began to cultivate style, he tells us, fifteen years ago, and the statement is a transparent truth. At that time John was learning to talk, and he can now boast of fully sixteen or seventeen summers. The style, it's the boy! His language, his boastfulness, and his delight in display and in shocking folk, all manifest him a bright, promising youngster who may some day amount to something if his dad will give him—what, alas! the schoolmaster may not—the one thing needful, an occasional spanking.

VALENTINE SCHMITZ.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 20.

Is the Perfect Mabieite a Griggsite Too?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I rise to ask if the Perfect Mabieite is not also a disciple of Griggs—Professor Edward Howard Griggs, M. A., L. H. D., E. T. C., Lecturer Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Parlement of Fayre Women. Mr. Farley, I am sure, is a poet. I should therefore like to hear from him on the much mooted question: The Prevalence of the Pterodactyl in Pliocene Poetry. J. F. D.

BROOKLYN, February 20.

Demanding a Hearing.

The embattled farmers had just fired the shot heard round the world.

"None of your noiseless guns for us!" they cried.

Herewith they deprecated modern inventions.

THE NEW IRISHMAN.

Young Men Anxious for the Preservation of the British Empire.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In connection with all this foolish talk about a conflict between Great Britain and Germany the question has been raised recently: In the event of such a contingency, on which side will Ireland fight?

To the intelligent observer of the progress of affairs in Ireland to-day and to any one who can analyze the feelings of young Irishmen who have left the old country since the close of the South African war there can be but one answer apparent: Irishmen will fight for the integrity and preservation of the great empire of which their country is a part and which Irish soldiers have had a large share in building.

The day of the political agitator is gone forever. The young Irishman of to-day is beginning to know himself, so to speak. He is beginning to realize that he is a part of the British Empire, the greatness, dignity and splendor of which have aroused the childish jealousy of lesser nations. When he goes abroad and learns something of the politics, institutions and laws of other countries he feels a thrill of pride in the thought that he is a British subject, and he asks himself the question: "What is to become of Ireland if anything should happen to England?"

It is incomprehensible how there could be the slightest shadow of doubt as to Ireland's attitude in any contingency which might jeopardize her own safety.

It is an old saying that if England went to war with the devil his Satanic Majesty might safely reckon upon the loyal support of the Irish. The young Irishman of to-day is not only ashamed but angry at such an insinuation. He is no longer afraid, no matter where he goes, to hold up his head and say that he is a British subject, and proclaim his loyalty to his sovereign and the flag he was born under without feeling a traitor to his own dear Island.

What interest have Irishmen got in Germany, in the name of common sense? Here in America it is amusing to witness the manner in which broken English speaking Dutchmen seem to regard the Irish as an inferior race. I know very well that an attempt is now being made in certain quarters in this country to enlist the sympathy of the Irish with the German nation in this talk of war with Great Britain. I do not attach any blame to the Germans in America on this account. To do them justice, they do not seek any such alliance. The prime movers in the affair are certain so-called Irish American societies that seem to delight in making the Irish pose before the world as a nation of fools blind to their own interests and ready to take sides against their own flesh and blood with any enemy that comes along, whether white, black, brown or yellow.

Ireland owes nothing to Germany. Any student of history is aware of the brutality of the German troops under William at Limerick during that memorable siege; how the English officers refused to be a party to such outrages, and that only when they threatened to abandon the Germans and return to England and leave the matter before the King did the Germans who were in command desist. If the cry "Remember Limerick!" is to be shouted into Irish ears in the future they will remember some things which will not reflect much credit on the Germans who participated in that memorable struggle in which our forefathers were fighting not for Ireland alone but for the purpose of regaining the throne of England for a king whom history shows to have been unworthy of the Irish blood shed in the cause.

Irishmen to-day are also rather sensitive of the attempts of the same so-called Irish American journals to represent their land as being a country "held down by force" and "groaning under foreign oppression." If we are held down by force it must seem to a foreigner visiting Ireland that we cheerfully furnish the force ourselves and are proud of it. We are proud of the admiration expressed by foreigners of our incomparable Royal Irish Constabulary—that service by means of which the "tyrannical British Government" gives to the sons of the Irish farmers a means of adopting an honorable calling and earning a respectable livelihood on their own soil. It is really amusing to hear them sometimes denounced by the ignorant as "traitors," &c. Well, if ten or twelve thousand of the finest young men in the world are "traitors" for being fortunate enough to obtain positions in the Irish Constabulary, then what is the use of howling any longer about our "independence"? There is not a young man in Ireland to-day who would not be proud to wear the harp and crown; and furthermore, every shilling paid to the Irish Constabulary is paid to Irishmen and spent in Ireland.

The British civil service, the finest in the world, is open to every Irish schoolboy, and hundreds of them every year are winning splendid places in every department of the Government without requiring the aid of that "pull" of which we are heartily sick of hearing when we go abroad. In the British army a young Irishman can push himself into the foremost ranks. In the United States army, for comparison, he sees himself thrust aside to make room for Germans, Russians, Polaks, &c., who can barely speak, read or write the English language and whose intelligence and ability as soldiers are to say the least very questionable.

Enough has been said on the matter. Irishmen can no longer be fooled by prating political agitators who have their own axes to grind or by idiotic articles in journals which are going to "smash" the empire of which they apparently forget that Ireland is a part. For that matter the same class of journals have been "smashing" the empire for over fifty years, but she seems to have withstood the shock in a wonderful manner. Of course we know that newspaper attacks upon England are the safest to make. I do not believe that we need fear any other form of attack just at present. England's Dreadnoughts and Indomitables, manned principally by Irish sailors, are a sufficient guarantee for peace. However, when England's beautiful Queen hands a sprig of shamrock to each of her Irish Guards on this coming St. Patrick's day she may rest assured that the descendants of the men who made Corunna, Waterloo, Balaklava and Inkermann famous are prepared to follow Roberts and Kitchener to-morrow to preserve the safety and integrity of the empire for which many a good Irish soldier laid down his life.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

INDIANAPOLIS, February 19.

A Plea for Esperanto.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* There were one or two features in "W. J. P.'s" letter in THE SUN the other day that tempt me to reply. Even granting that the number of Esperanto periodicals should have been given as sixty-eight instead of seventy and that there are puns which cannot be translated in that language, the main issue remains untouched.

The Esperantists are idealists, enthusiasts. They want to see a universal language accepted because they believe that it will bring the millennium definitely nearer. They do not look on the language of their adoption as a perfect thing, but they do think that it has, as matters now stand, a much better chance of worldwide recognition than any later substitute with another name. They consider that the possible gain resulting from the few changes which differentiate Ilo from its parent tongue would be insufficient to justify the repetition of the labor already undergone in building up the great body of Esperanto literature now in existence.

For these reasons, which could be considerably expanded if necessary, while sympathizing in so far as it is disinterested with the zeal of the Iloites, they regret the economic waste of so much misdirected energy.

WILLIAM PARKER BONBRIGHT.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., February 20.

Appeal for a Substitute.

From the Russ Enterprise.

The editor of this paper had hard luck last week when without any apparent cause his big fat hog that he was depending on for about half his next year's living died, but if delinquent subscribers will treat us well possibly we can buy another.

An Old Fashioned Poet.

In simpler verse than triolets,
Rondeau, or deft quatrain,
With breath of morning violets
In every dewy strain—
He sang from overflowing heart
Those sweet old songs unspoiled by art.

Progressive years have passed since then—
The Muse has changed her ways;
No more through flowery mead and glen
A rustic maid she strays;
Amid the traffic of the town
We catch the flutter of her gown.

But one who knows her virgin grace
Gives back the songs she sung.
And brings with glimpses of her face
The days when love was young.
O Muse immortal, singer true,
What harmonies unite the two!

ADA FOSTER MURRAY.

THE SALOON.

An Institution Not Entirely Destitute of Virtues.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Between the church and the saloon in a certain suburban town there seems to be no mean. I have tried to establish one in practice, but at present I frequent only the latter resort. Both physically and morally I seem to get better refreshment there, and in spite of some stupid and vicious conditions which are enough to doom the secular institution if not corrected, I find the social tone more elevating than in some churches. Distinctly without the moral restraints of good manners and an influence for moderation in the indulgence in stimulants or narcotics which I have observed among the hostlers and stablemen in a typical public house in the mews of London, and now quite impossible for ladies or children, the ordinary American barroom has still its merits and virtues to me.

One of these is the obliteration in what may be, to my conscience, innocent pleasure of the artificial caste feeling which for no reason in the Christian faith at least one too often feels in church. The drinker, at least if a decent person and not drunken—and to serve a drunkard or a drunken man is a common crime for which the saloons are paying the penalty already—can unbend socially and meet his fellows upon common human ground, and there are few social institutions among us where this seems so possible. I am a professional brain worker, resorting almost every afternoon to a barroom for a moderate glass or two, and as a recent inhabitant without friends in the town this is the only place where an entirely free, disinterested and unconventional intercourse with my fellow citizens is at all likely to occur. I belong to no societies or clubs and have none but family ties. I have been to church and found people friendly and cordial to the stranger, but they know that I go also to the rum shop and evidently disapprove of it; although they do not rebuke me. I am to them in another caste and they politely ignore me.

Is there another form of pleasure in such a place that has a social potential of the same kind?

The saloon again seems to symbolize in a way as nothing else in town quite does the joy and cheer of mere living. It is a place where many sow the seeds of an inevitable degradation and death, no doubt, yet in the deplorable lack of an organized or traditionalized art of living in a suburb I think the geniality and warmth of social atmosphere prevailing among drinkers must make for good as well as evil. For a moment we touch together an ideal of vegetative existence too seldom realized by the more abstemious or ascetic mortals around us. We have indeed the family, but it does not represent the community. The narcotical kinship is a broader thing. Not to be able to take one's family out to this joy is of course a scandal.

The saloon will never be a factor in civilization with us as long as it excludes women and children. Without the family its life will not outlast another generation in most parts of our country, and the reform it needs, if reform be possible, must come in this way. In a suburb there is no escape from the household and nursery cares for most working women with the cheer of drinking and eating in free public society. In a city there is, and this is one reason why a reasonable woman will prefer the city if she has tasted its life, in spite of its inconveniences.

I seek light rather than mean to argue what to many will seem the devil's brief. For those to whom drinking is sin or shame no reasons will be valid for my position. Some others may perhaps support me in the contention that the church, in which I believe, often seems to fail in a realization of such needs as those I have outlined.

NEW YORK, February 20. R.

LARGE FAMILIES.

Said to Be an Efficient Cause of Suffering and Poverty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I feel that I must tell you what pleasure it gave me to read the two letters recently published in THE SUN regarding large families of children. It looks hopeful for the betterment of humanity when even men are beginning to think that babies have some rights. I am the youngest of a large family, and my mother's health and strength were all gone when I arrived—she was all used up bearing children and doing the heavy housework that falls to the lot of a poor man's wife. As soon as I grew old enough to think I made up my mind that I would not pass on to another generation my legacy of low vitality and poverty. I felt it would be a crime.

What the world wants is better people, not more people! as witness the great army of the unemployed. It isn't so much the employers' fault, for if they have no work they cannot employ people. I recently read in one of our monthly magazines that instead of offering mothers inducements to bring sixteen children into the world it would be far better to offer them inducements to bring not more than one child into the world—one child that would be healthier, more wholesome and brighter than the sixteen other children would or could possibly be. And right here is the point—no mother can properly care for a large number of children, and least of all a mother living in poverty, as the majority of them are doing. All the philanthropies in the world will never reduce one little bit the suffering and crime and degradation that are all around about us; but if every poor man and his wife would have but one child, and give it good, nourishing food, proper care and education during its childhood, we would see a very great change for the better everywhere. We would need less prisons, poorhouses and places of that sort.

This world will never change for the better until parents see that it is the large number of children they have that keeps them in poverty and disgrace. Then, and not till then, shall we be relieved of the terrible sight of little children, almost babies, working in mills, mines, factories and department stores. I don't put the blame on the employers in these places—each and every time it is the parents, and the parents alone, who are to blame, for no married people should bring into the world babies that they know they cannot take care of, babies whose little tender bodies are broken down with heavy tasks almost as soon as they can walk, babies who never have enough to eat, enough to wear, or one bit of happiness, but must live a life of toil and pain and suffering of all kinds. Oh, that such cruelty should be in civilized countries! AN OLD MAID.

NEW YORK, February 20.

Two Orators.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In his address at Hodgensville on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, referring to both Washington and Lincoln, President Roosevelt said: "There have been other men as great and other men as good, but in all history of mankind there are no two other great men as good as these, no other two good men as great."

In his life of Washington published in 1860 Edward Everett said of Washington: "In the final contemplation of his character we shall not hesitate to pronounce Washington, of all men that have ever lived, the greatest of good men and the best of great men."

It is somewhat impressive to note how clearly Mr. Roosevelt's estimate of Washington was expressed nearly half a century before by the great orator of Massachusetts. B. FRANK DAKE.

BUFFALO, February 20.

The Chinkapin Ritual.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is not surprising to me that the chinkapin ritual did degenerate into the backwoods gibberish handed out by Colonel Joseph M. Rogers after it reached the wilds of Kentucky from the academic shades of T. Jefferson's "little mountain." In that locality we used the official version, and assume no responsibility for the translation into the Kentucky patois.

Under the shadow of Monticello I have often heard "Jack in the Bush" given out in this classic investiture:

"Jacobus in dumo
Idem cædabo
Quot icti?"

Colonel Rogers is hebetating this issue. The apology is due to THE SUN and to me.

F. N. BARKSDALE.

PHILADELPHIA, February 20.

Inspiration for Tar Heel Senators.

From the Raleigh News and Observer.

The war of the roses is agitating the Senate. Morning after morning the president of the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor Newland, appears with a lovely rose, either red or white. Occasionally the entire chamber is decorated with flowers, red and white, every Senator wearing a beautiful carnation. It is not known—or is not supposed to be known—who the guardian angel of the Senate is, but that the ministrations are appreciated is evidenced from the lofty and superior sentiment that finds expression on the Senate floor. The flowers give the members inspiration, for their words are fragrant and their speeches highly ornamental.

COST OF RAISING WHEAT.

Results of Bookkeeping on a Red River Valley Farm.

Senate Document 699.

It is perhaps a fact that many grain growers do not really know what it costs to raise a bushel of wheat. Every successful business man knows to a fraction of a cent what his goods cost, how much it costs to sell them; he figures his insurance and taxes, the interest on his investment and also a fair salary for his own services; all these items are properly figured as a part of the cost of his goods; to this he adds anywhere from 20 to 100 per cent. as a profit to compensate him for his business risk and as a just return on his capital invested.

The following figures as to the cost of production of wheat on a farm of 640 acres in the Red River Valley were compiled from the books of a successful farmer, who has kept track of his farm expenses much the same as a man engaged in selling goods:

Cost of farm	$25,600.00
Cost of implements	1,616.00
Cost of horses	2,400.00
Cost of seed, fodder and labor	4,780.00
Cost of harvesting	1,051.00
Interest and taxes	1,876.93
Repairs and allowance for depreciation	208.48
Wear and loss of farm animals	150.00
Total expense	8,067.00
20 per cent. of $8,067.40, for profit	1,613.48
Cost of production on farm yielding 8,100 bushels	9,680.88

Showing that the producer should receive $1.195 a bushel in order to receive fair compensation on his investment, business trials and risks. These figures have been carefully compared by the best wheat experts of the American Society of Equity and have been approved by them. One of the most expert accountants of the Northwest has gone over all of the figures and certifies that they are correct. The Society of Equity, by its board of directors, hereby officially declares that the farmer is entitled to as much profit on his business as the manufacturer or the merchant, and that the minimum price for wheat on the farm should be $1.25 a bushel.

THE ASIATICS IN CALIFORNIA.

Separate Schools for Them Declared to Be Proper and Constitutional.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May I point out some items in danger of being overlooked in the present discussion of the treatment of the Japanese in California? I have lived among colonies of both the Japanese and Chinese and I prefer the Chinese every time; but I am not lying awake nights in my anxiety to cultivate either of them.

California is not trying to put the Japanese out of the public schools. Just as the South segregates black people because the best interests of the two races are subserved by it, so we intend to segregate the yellow people. They are to have the same course of study and just as good teachers, but as in the South the schools are separate, so it is to be in California.

I understand the Japanese are victims of "race prejudice" also. They do not wish to be classed with the Chinese, whom they regard as an inferior people.

The Japanese at present are victims of national "big head," and the matter is made worse by many Eastern people treating them as a set of spoiled children who must be indulged at all hazards.

Who gave the President of the United States or any other officer of the national Government the right to meddle with a matter which the national Constitution reserves to the individual States? Can the Constitution be repealed or amended by a treaty with a foreign Power? Then Mr. Taft might make a treaty with Great Britain and insist that shiploads of Jamaica negroes could be jammed into Louisiana schools and made to sit cheek by jowl with white children.

Why not make a treaty with Venezuela, for instance, and agree to abolish all jury trials in the United States because the treaty calls for it? Neither the President nor any other officer can promise more in a treaty than he has a right to deliver, and no national officer acting constitutionally, whatever his personal wishes may be, can deliver a State to the caprice of a foreign Power.

The South and the West should stand together on this matter. We are not going to have our beautiful valleys in California filled with Asiatic coolies, intensely and perpetually barbarians, with only a thin varnish of civilization.

The dapper little Japanese we see here are no more like the coarse, bestialized coolies than certain negroes in the North are like the Southern negro field hands. We will protect the Japanese from violence and injustice, but the millennium is not near enough yet to permit the jamming of Japanese or other Asiatics into schools with white children. Until their civilization is much higher and more like our own, say in 150 years from now, we do not want any of them on the Coast at all. Though you fill California with soldiers, we will nevertheless find out some way to protect our white children from paganized and debasing associations. CALIFORNIAN.

NEW YORK, February 20.

Towns Famous for Their Cakes.

From the Bakers' Weekly.

There are several places in Germany which are almost chiefly famous for producing some variety of cakes which are "christened" after them. Liegnitz itself is one, and another is Waldbockelheim. It stands near Kreuznach and has a population of between 600 and 700, a large percentage of which are engaged in making what are known as "Waldbockelheim or honey cakes," a very tasty form of bakery ware which in spite of the smallness and out of the way character of the place in which it is manufactured enjoys a sale among Teutons in all parts of the globe. I may mention also Eberswalde, Thorn in East Prussia, Aix-la-Chapelle, Kottbus and Freiburg, all towns except the third which are well nigh principally celebrated to-day for providing some kind of festival "geback," the first yielding us "Spritzkuchen," a kind of doughnut (but finer); Aix-la-Chapelle "Printen," a sort of spiced biscuit; Kottbus a rich cake called, from its resemblance to a tree trunk, "tree cake," and Freiburg biscuit twists of the class known here as "Brezel."

Office Hours in South America.

From the Washington Herald.

"So many folks who visit South American countries," said Fernando Canisarez of Bogota, who is at the Shoreham, "will talk to you about the laziness of the Spanish American. I have been doing business in Latin American countries for many years now, and also I have had some experience in the United States.

"For instance, a man in business in the United States gets to his office about 9 o'clock, and goes out to lunch about noon or so. Then after he comes back, after spending a fair amount of time at his meal, he is prepared to quit work at 5 o'clock.

"Now, down in Bogota, for instance, folks get to work in their offices at 8 o'clock and stay there until 6 o'clock or later. They don't take so very much time for lunch either. No man in Bogota thinks of making an engagement for dinner until well along toward 7:30 o'clock. They do a lot of real hustling."

Church in the Open Air.

From the Westminster Gazette.

The experiment of holding services in the open air instead of inside the church is being attempted by one of the Congregational Church ministers at Bendigo. The parson in question, according to an Australian paper just to hand, having in mind the badly ventilated condition of many churches and the fact that the congregations are not always composed of those who are in the best of health, has decided that if his people are agreeable the Sunday evening services shall be conducted for the remainder of the warm weather in the open air. There are, no doubt, many people in this country who would like to see this experiment tried over here on hot Sunday evenings.

"Water Sheep."

From the Manchester Guardian.

A business communication in Arabic recently reached a Manchester firm, and when translated by a Syrian interpreter proved to contain a request for the price of coppering two "water sheep" of certain given dimensions. The translator was confident of his version, but admitted that he did not know what "water sheep" could be. For the moment even the heads of the firm were puzzled, until it struck some one that this was the nearest synonym in the vocabulary of a pastoral people for "hydraulic rams."

American Lecturers at Copenhagen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Kindly allow me to correct a statement in THE SUN'S reference to the banquet of the American Scandinavian Society at the Hotel Astor Monday. Dr. Butler was not the first American college professor to lecture at the Copenhagen University. Dr. MacCracken held the first three lectures in the university hall on and after March 20, 1908.

METTHEA K. MATHIASEN.

KEYPORT, N. J., February 20.