The Sun.

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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

"The Final Say So."

A document which contains an extraordinary confession and self-revelation is published for the first time, we believe, in *Pearson's Magazine* for June. It is a letter from THEODORE ROOSEVELT to MELVILLE DAVISSON POST. Mr. POST had published a story turning on the legal question whether Confederate notes were or were not counterfeit money. Mr. ROOSEVELT writes on January 17, 1908:

"You may be amused to know my experience in connection with the decision of the United States Supreme Court that Confederate notes were not counterfeit.

"While KNOX was Attorney-General there came before me the case of two criminals who had passed these notes. The lower court held that the notes were counterfeit, and both men were imprisoned. One of the men took an appeal and the other did not.

"After some time the Superior Court declared that the Confederate notes were not counterfeit, and therefore the man was released.

"KNOX thereupon brought around to me a personal order for the release of the other. This I promptly refused to issue, and KNOX and I then had an argument, he standing for the law and I for rude and primitive justice.

"The argument reminded me a little of the famous discussion between the King, Queen and Headsman in 'Alice in Wonderland.' KNOX's position was that as the act committed by the man had been declared by the court not to be criminal, I could not keep him in prison. My position was that as he was undoubtedly a scoundrel, and morally a criminal, I certainly could not let him out of prison; and that as for saying that I could not keep him in, why, he *was* in, and that was all there was about it.

"I think KNOX had the best of the argument as regards the law, but I had the final say so as to the facts, and the man stayed in for nearly a year longer. I was sorry I could not punish both scoundrels, but at least I was able to punish one."

The man who signed this narrative was a President of the United States, sworn to execute faithfully the duties of his office. The confession supplements what THE SUN has already had to say about Mr. ROOSEVELT's congenital incapacities and habitual contempts in his view of the law and his attitude toward the courts.

How creditable to KNOX is the incident as related by the President who overruled KNOX! How disgraceful to the President who boasts of having stood for lynch law—rude and primitive justice, he flippantly calls it—as against the law which he had sworn to execute and obey!

It is better that he should be in Africa shooting innocent monkeys than here holding the scales in an ultimate tribunal of purely personal opinion.

The Cost of Reform Again.

Despite the onerous efforts of the organs, the discussion of the increased expense of State government during the past year will not down. On the contrary, there is now to be heard on various sides the pessimistic prediction that a return to a direct tax is inevitable. Two such opposing authorities as the Hon. E. A. MERRITT, Jr., and the Hon. DANIEL D. FRISBIE, respectively majority and minority leaders in the Assembly, have recently given the weight of their judgment to this conclusion. We commend to our readers the admirably clear and impressively significant statement of the latter in reviewing the financial follies of the past year. The fact that a Democratic Assemblyman should take the trouble to make such a statement suggests the shrewd suspicion on his part that we are to return to an old fashioned order of politics when the tax rate and not the moral issue is to decide State campaigns.

One of the most interesting phases of the statement made by Mr. FRISBIE is his analysis of the items cut out of the appropriations by Governor HUGHES. The Governor has been widely praised for reducing by $4,488,866 the State budget as passed by the Legislature. On this subject Mr. FRISBIE says:

"Seeing the consternation with which the tremendous increase was greeted by the people, the Governor lays about him with his veto axe, lopping off over four millions. In doing so, however, he cut out an item of $1,000,000 for construction of the new educational building and $475,000 for the new Capitol power house and $636,000 for the new training school for boys, the erection of both of which the State is committed to, having already purchased both sites. These items, which must be provided for early in the next session of the Legislature, total $2,097,000. The Governor is simply postponing the day of settlement and is actually making a reduction of but little more than half the amount given out as saved."

Apparently there has been a wide misunderstanding of the real situation of the State finances, a misunderstanding based entirely, we are bound to say, upon the facts and figures furnished from the Executive Chamber. We have already pointed out that the increase in the State budget was actually $4,658,622 and not the paltry $450,000 the Governor announced after his remarkable sinking fund operations, and now Mr. FRISBIE points out with unmistakable accuracy that of the $4,488,866 cut out by the Governor almost half must be promptly appropriated when the Legislature reassembles. It amounts to a frank charge that the Governor has sought to make apparent reduction in a budget that might provoke criticism by postponing for a few months the time for making certain appropriations which were inevitable. From such a charge we cannot now see how the Governor can escape. Taken with the sinking fund performance, we think, the whole budget operation is plainly the least creditable of any during his entire term and savors unmistakably of methods which are the resource of machine Governors.

There is one other question that seems to be pertinent. If the State budget increased this year by $4,658,622, and if this increase stands after a cutting out of $2,097,000 of appropriations actually needed to continue operations, a cutting out which must be made good by emergency appropriations long before the regular financial bills of next year are passed, where has the money gone? Why has it cost almost $7,000,000 more to run the State Government this year than last? For we think it is patent that the elimination of the $2,097,000 is a mere transparent trick, since the money must be appropriated again within the present fiscal year. On the estimated revenue of the State this means a deficit of above $5,000,000. We think the people of this State are entitled to know the reason for this sudden and enormous increase. Pending the explanation, moreover, we are bound to repeat our declaration that it represents the cost of reform.

The Car Rowdy.

Magistrate CORNELL sentenced to the workhouse eleven rowdies who were arrested on subway trains on Sunday. Hitherto the Magistrates have imposed fines, usually of small sums, on these highly objectionable creatures. The fines have had little effect in restraining the roughs. Mr. CORNELL rather pathetically remarked that he knew he would be pestered by friends of the men he sent to the workhouse who would try to get him to remit the sentences, but he declared he would do nothing for them. We hope his endurance may equal his good intention.

Not only do these hoodlums annoy decent passengers and subject them to minor indignities, but they actually imperil the lives of every person who uses the subway, for they disarrange the safety appliances, stop trains with the emergency signals and appliances and perpetrate a dozen other "pranks" that may lead to accidents. It is unfortunate that they cannot be prosecuted on graver charges than those which are brought against them. They are more than nuisances, being authors of serious public danger.

We hope Magistrate CORNELL's example will be followed by other Judges. The transportation companies are making a respectable effort to preserve order on their lines, and they deserve the active and intelligent support of the municipal bench.

College Drummers.

If we may compare the things of this world with the things of the learned world a university president of these days has to be a good "drummer" and "publicity agent." Dr. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN of Cornell finds Dr. WOODROW WILSON deploring, as many thoughtful educationists do, the comparative neglect of study in the universities and the devotion of too many of the students to athletics, amusements and so on. Dr. WILSON comically or tragically described his powerful and honorable post as that of a "ringmaster." Dr. SCHURMAN from the green seclusion of Ithaca sends forth a voice of protest with a delicious incidental piece of advertising "on the side."

In the "older universities" there are drawbacks which don't exist at the younger and better, such as Cornell and the Western State universities, so prosperous and still so rising. These, it seems, were "created to be people's universities." What other kind of a university is there? Here is one of the amusing characteristics of the colleges, old and young. "No snobbism here," say the men of the younger institutions, pointing an accusing finger at the old ones. "No snobbism at old Jones!" cry the old Jonesites, pointing an accusing finger at old Smith, a supposed nurse of aristocracy. "Here we have the democratic spirit, the true Jones spirit."

The truth is that every college is democratic; and the bigger, the more national and cosmopolitan it is, the more democratic it is. The cloistered little patrician college community, inbred and self-satisfied, such as was possible to some extent in Columbia and Princeton, Yale and Harvard up to a generation or so ago—we should have to go far to find it now. Wealth is a positive disqualification in a college student. He may hide it modestly. It may be forgiven him for his skill, his strength, his manliness and his good manners. "Blood," that is, descent, from graduates, counts everywhere, not for itself but because agreeable characteristics may have been transmitted. At the same time some nobody's son from the woolliest West may caper off triumphantly with all the social and class prizes and honors. Distinction is personal even when it may seem to be imputed from ancestors. Collectively as against the non-college world and all other colleges the college commonwealth is absurdly vain and innocently snobbish, and yet in itself it is a democracy ruled by the fittest, except that no vulgar worship is paid to mere intellectual talent, said to be highly regarded by the outside barbarians.

Cornell is celebrated thus ingenuously by Dr. SCHURMAN:

"Finally, there is another difference between the older New England and New Jersey universities and Cornell and the State universities. They are venerable institutions, and consequently enjoy the prestige of age. They possess a social attractiveness which secures for them the sons of parents who desire for their children not so much intellectual training and the acquisition of knowledge as the adventitious social advantages which come from having pursued these objects, whether they gain them or not, in these old, popular, and fashionable institutions of learning."

If you want intellect go to Mr. SCHURMAN'S university or the State universities. If you want social attractiveness go to older colleges. Exactly; and yet where is there more social attractiveness than at Cornell? Where is athletics more vigorously and successfully pursued? Where are there more clubs and societies and other diversions of undergraduate activity? This we say with all respect and admiration for Cornell. Every college president must praise his own shop. Here is where you get the real thing. Don't patronize the rival establishment unless you distinctly understand the kind of goods it keeps. We doubt if there's anything in the "barker's" line at Coney Island that is more amusing than the competitive "barking" of the American colleges.

Deep Water Humbug.

It is easy to understand the Mississippi valley politician who in one breath paints radiant pictures of the great river swarming with recreated fleets and in the next breath demands that Congress shall appropriate untold millions for deep waterways so as to make those commercial navies possible. He is in his business for what it will produce in available cash. He wants "boards" everywhere, countless myriads of paid agents and a refreshing shower of Government money through fifteen anxious and receptive States. Then he can point with pride to his work as a rainmaker, and whether as a Congressman or a local legislator or in the still more lucrative position of a "boss" he will grow fat with influence and take a new lease on his job.

But just why the merchants, the shippers, the producers and the traders of the valley, if they believe their interests will be promoted by a restoration of the old steamboat lines, do not get together and revive the ancient conditions is not so clear. The Mississippi is as deep and as navigable as it ever was. We have just had evidence that the largest vessels can go as high up as Natchez—about four hundred miles from the Gulf of Mexico. All well informed persons were aware of that, as indeed they are aware of the further fact that the river is entirely practicable for hundreds of miles above Natchez and throughout the system of its confluents and tributaries—the Ohio, the Missouri, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Arkansas, the Red, even the Yazoo and the innumerable accessories that drain a domain larger than France with Spain and Portugal thrown in for lagnappe. As we say, all of these streams are as susceptible as they were forty years ago. Business can be transacted as satisfactorily now as it was then. It would not be necessary perhaps to rebuild the old tinder box, half crazy craft of the vanished period, but vessels with the same draught could be constructed and their details adapted to modern needs and expectations. Travel and traffic seem to have deserted the steamboat establishment and betaken themselves to the railways; but is the reason of all this fundamental and inevitable or is it because the railroads keep pace with modern emergencies and the steamboat people fail to read aright their destinies?

One thing is certain in our mind, and that is the entire feasibility of reproducing the former river traffic if there are practical demands for its reproduction. Possibly there may be no call for a restoration of such sumptuous vehicles of travel as the old J. M. White, the most palatial and luxurious boat that ever thridded the devious pathway of the Mississippi—from New Orleans to Greenville, Miss., to be statistical. On that splendid boat the passengers dwelt opulently and sat down to banquets that would have made the best of our hotels look anxious. It may be they were in no hurry and that the rollicking haste of the railroads in these times has dulled their appetite for deliberate and dainty progress. Of this we pretend to know nothing. We content ourselves with the assertion that the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri and all the rest of the Southern and Western rivers are still navigable, that those really concerned can easily throw off the alleged yoke of the railroads if they so desire and that all this hurrah about "deep water navigation" is born of an organized assault upon the Treasury that would if successful stagger the imagination of the most reckless rainbow chaser in the world.

The rivers are still there. Politics has not elevated their beds or contracted their channels. If commerce needs their rehabilitation, well and good! The fleets will follow.

Society and the New Theatre.

Ever since the Italian Opera House at the corner of Church and Leonard streets was dedicated to the public of that day the opening of a new opera house has always been synonymous with the organization of a new set in what is said to compose New York society. In former days the creation of a new opera house may be said to have made over society itself, although the city is too large now for any such complete transformations in a social way. It was in September, 1833, that the drawing for boxes at New York's first real opera house took place, and PHILIP HONE has recorded that some of the stockholders in the first theatre in the United States supplied with a whole tier of boxes were GERALD H. COSTER, G. G. HOWLAND, RUFUS PRIME, Mr. PANON, ROBERT RAY, J. F. MOULTON, JAMES J. JONES, D. LYNCH, E. TOWNSEND, JOHN C. CRUGER, O. MAURAN, CHARLES H. HALL, J. G. PIERSON and S. B. RUGGLES. These gentlemen held their boxes in the elaborate new house, which was opened to the public on November 8, 1833, on practically the same arrangement that exists to-day at the Metropolitan. Mr. HONE records further that he shared his box with PETER SCHERMERHORN, JAMES J. JONES and WILLIAM MOORE, as the stockholders at the Metropolitan now hold their boxes in partnership with their friends.

When the Metropolitan Opera House was built, in the summer of 1883, its object was to provide room for those patrons of the older operatic theatre downtown who felt that their social importance required the recognition of a box. One exception to the simultaneous birth of a new set and a new opera house was found in the case of the Manhattan, from which Mr. HAMMERSTEIN has now removed most of his boxes. Whether there must be stockholders and directors to impart the social tone to an opera house, or whether the architectural and topographical peculiarities of the Manhattan kept the people of society from giving the new house its support, is a question that has not been decided.

Now the New Theatre, which is to be devoted to the production of operatic as well as theatrical performances and already promises to acquire its greatest brilliancy from the representations of what its directors choose to call *opéra lyrique*, has published its list of boxholders who are to stand toward the new institution in the same relation as the holders of the parterre boxes do toward the Metropolitan. There seems no reason to doubt that the list may be regarded as constituting a new set of society in this city. A considerable part of the names is new to any list that might be supposed to represent persons conspicuous in social affairs, but that has been characteristic of every such catalogue. It is to these new names that New York has always been indebted for its new opera houses, and without them the history of opera here might have been very different.

The Way the Democrats Shout.

Not from the Caldwell poetry plant at Charlotte but from the Rockingham *Post*, an establishment never suspected of anything Chattertonian and sophisticated, comes a song which is an honor to North Carolina and a helpful commentary upon its politics:

"'Tis strange how things have changed,
Especially in the South,
Looks like they've been rearranged,
The way the Democrats shout.

"Six months ago they were for BRYAN,
And Republicans shoughting TAFT,
But now the way things are gwine,
'Twould make a 'possum laugh."

The marriage of "gwine" to "Bryan" is a rare and exquisite choral consonancy even in Tar Heel poetry, but to our mind the strong assonance of "South" and "shout" is even fuller of knowledge of the ancient songs and promise of the new. But listen to the possum's laugh:

"Democrats shake each other's hand,
And you ought to hear them laugh,
As loyal as any in the land,
To His majesty, BILLIE TAFT.

"Republicans they march around,
As if they'd lost their grasp,
And fret, and fume, and frown,
And curse, old big BILL TAFT.

"What wrought this change on his honor?
Listen, and you hear them quote,
That he appointed Mr. CONNOR,
Judge of the Federal Court.

"Republicans say that he admitted,
In appointing a Democrat, Judge,
That they had no material fitted
Of which to make a Judge."

Strong, simple, plain; there is a distinctness in this man's style that reminds us of the blows of an axe and makes the metaphor in the second line of the final stanza almost surprisingly happy:

"Now, to His Excellency, Mr. W. H. TAFT,
Though Democrats we still stand,
Homage to you in every craft,
As long as you are for the man.

"As long as you remain thus true,
And faithful at the helve,
We Democrats will stand by you,
Anyway, till nineteen and twelve."

They can't stand by him too long or too loyally, but we wish they would be faithful enough to the helve to cut out His Excellency, which fits the Hon. EBEN SUMNER DRAPER, Governor of Massachusetts, perfectly and constitutionally, but cannot be worn by Mr. TAFT.

"Stand Pat" may be an admirable Tammany slogan, but the really important question seems to be whether PATRICK HENRY will stand.

Mr. HENRY W. COFFIN, a son of LEVI COFFIN, the Quaker abolitionist who was known before the civil war as "the president of the underground railroad," has written a letter to the Indianapolis *News* to correct some errors that appeared in an article about LEVI COFFIN in its columns. According to his son, the Quaker agitator spent $50,000, a large sum in those days, in the abolition cause. Three thousand slaves passed through his hands in Indiana and Ohio to safety in Canada. COFFIN, who was a native of North Carolina, never concealed his identity when he visited the South to work against slavery. His son says:

"On the contrary, he always proclaimed his principles and was always treated with extreme courtesy and consideration, and in several cases during visits to the far South before the war on business he converted slaveholders to abolitionism, who afterward freed their slaves. No such incident ever occurred as stated in the article that LEVI COFFIN overheard while in a hotel in a Southern State an offer of $5,000 for his capture dead or alive. Had he ever overheard any such remark he would have stepped forward and quietly made known his identity and without the shadow of a doubt would have preached his audience a sermon on the evils of slavery. He was never aggressive or offensive, but quiet and sympathetic. He and my mother wore the distinctive Quaker garb to the day of their death, and on his trips to the South before the war in connection with his large business as a merchant his broad brimmed Quaker hat, straight collared cutaway coat and white choker were conspicuous evidences of his abolition principles."

The president of the underground railroad did not encourage his abolition friends to tamper with slaves in bondage, nor in the Southern States did he have any relations with the slaves, confining his exhortations to their masters. But once a negro crossed the line of a Northern State LEVI COFFIN helped him on to Canada with food and money. He concealed the fugitives at his homes in Newport, Ind., or Cincinnati until the coast was clear.

A Scorner of Coast Defence Balloons.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I see by THE SUN, my old standby, that the Government is to protect our coasts by balloons. Of all the damphoolism of the present day this is the limit. Waste the money and talk of an income tax to pay for the jackasses experimenting with dirigibles. I suppose we can't keep them from making fools of themselves and ourselves also.

NEW YORK, June 5. W. E. TAYLOR.

DISCIPLINE OF GOVERNMENT SERVANTS IN FRANCE.

The French Government is trying to prevent by legislation such embarrassing strikes among its employees as occurred not long ago in the postal and telegraph departments. It has framed a new law, laid before the Cabinet on May 25, concerning the promotions, emoluments, pensions and discipline of "functionaries," whom it defines as "all occupying a permanent position in a public State service at a regular salary and with prospect of a pension." The disciplinary part of this law places every such public servant, in principle at least, on the same footing with regard to striking as soldiers and sailors occupy; that is to say, it practically denies them the right to strike, though milder punishment is proposed in the case of rebellious civilians than the military code exacts.

The law has two principal sanctions. "In the case of a collective or concerted cessation of work all disciplinary penalties may be inflicted without the intervention of the 'councils of discipline' or the observance of the various formalities designed for the protection of employees." M. Briand, the responsible Minister, sets forth in the preamble that this provision is meant to enable "the Government when the public interest is threatened by a coalition of private interests to adopt without a moment's delay the measures required by the situation and to proceed at once to replace the truants with a view to reestablishing the service." The places of the strikers may thus be offered unprovisionally to others as soon as the strike begins instead of being held open until the council of discipline has passed upon the dispute and other formalities have been complied with.

Even so, there must still be considerable delay after a strike in restoring a satisfactory service, so far at least as special training and skill are involved, unless the Government intends to maintain a company of understudies; but doubtless the provision will have a strong deterrent effect. Many employees, and particularly those performing the more specialized functions, must be reluctant to risk instant and irrevocable expulsion from their acquired means of livelihood with no similar pursuit open to them elsewhere in the country.

The other sanction concerns "associations or unions" among the employees. The civil servants are still permitted to combine and even to federate, but a strike producing decision of any union among them will henceforth be illegal. Article XXXIII. declares that "associations or unions are forbidden to incite functionaries to a simultaneous cessation of work." Infringements on this regulation will be visited upon the "directors or administrators of the union." These will be liable to "a fine of from 100 to 300 francs, and if the offence is repeated to a doubled fine and imprisonment for a period of not less than six days or more than one year. Moreover, the courts may order the dissolution of any union at the request of the Minister." Considerable penalties are provided for any attempt to reconstitute a union thus suppressed.

The framer of this law, M. Aristide Briand, has been an "advanced" radical, and some Frenchmen are apparently surprised at him for permitting so much interference with the will and pleasure of citizens merely because they happen to be drawing salaries from the State. That is a pregnant "merely," however. Moreover, M. Briand has now passed from the radicals to the socialists, and he may if he pleases, and no doubt he does, justify this law as a socialist measure.

THE SINKING FUND JUGGLERY.

Statement of the Hon. Daniel D. Frisbie on This Subject.

From the Albany Argus.

The budget as it passed the Legislature was $9,147,508.68 in excess of last year. As cut by the Governor it is still $4,658,622.62 in excess of last year.

The provision made for sinking funds for the extinguishment of the State bonded indebtedness is $4,194,600 less than last year. A special law was passed with the approval of the Governor, and in fact by his special recommendation, permitting this change; and the Governor seems disposed to congratulate the State on a four million dollar saving. The money, however, has not been saved, but has all been used for ordinary running expenses, as will be seen by a glance at the figures for the budget. If there had been an actual reduction instead of an actual increase in expenditures one might see the force of the Governor's reasoning; but as it is we are simply using $4,000,000 a year which formerly went to pay the bonded debt to meet increased running expenses.

Was There Ever a Real Seth Lo?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I remember as a boy having seen a large figure stuffed with bran suspended at the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue bearing the legend:

SETH LO IS NOT GOING TO VOTE FOR A THIEF, GAMBLER OR DIVEKEEPER. WHO ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE FOR?

I have always supposed that a purely fictitious personage like "John Bull," "Uncle Sam," &c., was intended—a personification of the Pretensions of Reform and Conjecture.

I think I once heard that an Indian sachem had something to do with some municipal campaign in this city. Could there be any connection between "Seth Lo" and "Lo the poor Indian"? HISTORICUS.

NEW YORK, June 7.

The Despot's Progress.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Readers of THE SUN must have felt like forming a vigilante committee to handle Magistrate Cornell, who sent those innocent young men to Blackwell's Island for five days just because they had indulged themselves in a little amusement in the trains of the subway.

Whence comes the power of Judge Cornell, Commissioner Bingham, Mayor McClellan, that they disregard the rights of the "peepul" in this outrageous manner?

Let us stand up for our rights. What are subway trains for anyway if not for the use of the "peepul"? Are we to sit down and quietly permit these innocent young men to have a stigma put upon their names without one voice of protest? PETER MOST.

NEW YORK, June 7.

"Foreigners."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When the average New Yorker refers to "foreigners" he does not mean Irishmen or Germans, but the hordes and swarms of nondescript people from other parts of Europe than Germany or the British Isles who have come here during the last twenty years.

Everybody knows what the Irish did during the war and the Germans too, especially in the army. I saw comparatively few in the navy, but still of course they were there too. E. H. J.

NEW YORK, June 7.

Unlucky Day for Nich Diede.

From the Menno Herold.

Nich Diede had a bad luck last Saturday while he want to hitch a pulverizer on and hitched two horses on and wanted to tie the others on them while he had tied one on and wanted to tie the other on that side turned over to the hind side and came under the pulverizer and cut his hind legs till in the bones so the animal had to been killed as soon as possible while the others cut themselves barely.

THE SARATOGA SALVATION ACT.

Also a Partial List of Anxiously Available State Springs.

From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.

It seems to be plain that if the Cayuga Canal measure is to go before the people at the next election on the question of the issue of the bonds necessary for financing that proposed improvement the Saratoga salvation act, which also calls for a bond issue, cannot also be submitted to the people at that election. As Governor Hughes in the memorandum accompanying his veto of the veterans' bill dwelt on the fact that its provision for a bond issue made it impossible to submit it to the people in the same year the Cayuga Canal bill is submitted, it seems strange that he should have overlooked the fact that this Saratoga salvation bill has the same drawback. It is not often Governor Hughes fails to know what he is about, but he and Senator Brackett appear in this instance to have been caught napping.

From the Buffalo News.

In looking over the Saratoga springs scheme to put the State into the business of selling mineral waters several things occur to the impartial mind and some conundrums arise. For instance, some ask, with the appearance of wanting to know, why Senator Brackett put $1,000,000 into the bill originally and then dropped the investment sum to $600,000 later in the session. Others ask with equal resemblance to candor what would have been the fate of the bill if it had not been fathered by the head of the State Hughes League; and still others are puzzled that the money is directed to be raised by bond sales instead of being a direct charge on the Treasury by way of current appropriation.

From the Albany Press-Knickerbocker.

Far be it from us to presume to fathom the depths of Governor Hughes's mind. It may be, on the other hand, that Governor Hughes really thinks the Saratoga springs are worth $600,000 cash down and an annual expense for policing, &c., that cannot yet be estimated; but if the Governor is to play the part of a Benevolent Rambacillus all the little hamlets that have springs or town wells will soon get busy sending in bills to the Legislature to create State reservations. * * *

Right here we should like to ask the Executive if he knows of any good reason why the seven town pumps in the South End should not be made into State reservations? Some of the old residents of that section of the city who have not tasted water in eighty-odd years stand ready to make affidavit that the water in the seven city wells is just as health giving as the water of the Saratoga springs.

From the Oswego Palladium.

Among the bills which the Legislature passed was one authorizing the issuance of $600,000 in bonds for the purchase by the State of the mineral springs at Saratoga. Of course the State of New York has no more use for these springs than a cat has for two tails. We don't need them this year, next year or the year after, and when the Governor announced his policy of economy and began to wield the axe everyone believed that this Saratoga springs deal would get its quietus.

We wonder if Oswego could work off on the State at the same figure the mineral springs here?

From the Buffalo News.

That Saratoga sale is the biggest gamble ever pulled off in this State. If Alden neglects to put in the next claim to be bought for the sake of its incomparable healing springs it will be due to the modesty of that Erie county village. The Alden proposition is a live one and is hence much unlike the Saratoga notion, which is a dead one.

BACK TO BROADWAY.

Studies in Slang by a Returned New Yorker.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Nearly four years ago I returned to Broadway after an absence in the faraway of about three years. I came by way of Canada through Albany to New York city. I had been away from here before and knew what to expect in the line of new slang and got right on the job. "Everybody works but father" I overheard on the train between Albany and Weehawken. It sounded good to me. "Soused," by far the best of all, I heard up on Broadway. "Soused" is richer by a long shot than Melbourne's "shickered" or "inked," though "inked" appears to be the result of another's design: "I had him well 'inked' by this time and got what I wanted to know."

To return to the return, however. Everybody was "scrapping" over the origin of "23." Some went back as far as Dickens, but most folks seemed to be satisfied with "George Washington, Jr." I was too late to join in. Then there were a lot of people lately from Missouri who had to be "shown." They weren't here when I left.

"Cluck!" Ah! yes; a friend of mine—that is, he has since become a friend—had been out the night before with a chop suey expeditionary force, among the members of which there were "goils."

My friend had "looked good" to one of the ladies, inasmuch as she had given over her diamond ring for him to take care of for her. He was weighing up the "draw down" in event of hocking it when I came upon him. Thereupon he sighed and said: "I guess I'll give it back. I think it's a 'cluck' at that."

I asked him if he would call a man a "cluck." He said: "Sure, if he was a 'dead one' or a 'four flusher.'"

"Grouch" I heard from a Yale graduate here in 1901. "Rousse" (rhymes with "grouse"), "roussing" and "roussed" are pure Australians, though they might have a slight German smell. "Rousse" is hardly a synonym of "grouch." ("The boss 'roussed' like blazes at me." "Did he 'rousse' when you told him?" "Did he 'rousse'? He's 'groussing' yet.")

I crossed the Atlantic from Glasgow to St. Johns with a lot of the "new class emigrants" we hear so much about from the Canadians, and the good old stock from the midland counties and Scotland. One of the table groups was made up of four or five young fellows, "regular cutups," from the Staffordshire potteries, and an old man just getting cranky. The youngsters said the old 'un was a "grousse," that he was always "groussing." They got so worked up that they wrote a song about it. After finishing their meal—the youths were always through first—they would stand together at the end of the table and sing:

Groussing, groussing, groussing,
Always bally well groussing;
Groussing in the morning
And groussing all the day.

The old fellow was highly pleased at this attention, and his rugged old features would light up with so much pleasure that I suspect his "grousse" was a stall to have the boys sing.

But "souse"—why, it's delicious. When the Porgie Club went out to the fishing banks THE SUN man said the course was "sou'-west by souse." Can you beat it?

NEW YORK, June 6. POREPUNKAH.

By Any Name.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May the writer be permitted to offer a suggestion to the perplexed young grandmother and thus help her to solve a seeming difficulty? My deceased wife became a grandmother at 38. The nearest to pronouncing the name grandmother or grandma by the first grandchild when he commenced to prattle was "Nannie," and as the others came along they all called her "Nannie." In fact, we all called her "Nannie." Were she alive to-day it would still be "Nannie" here and "Nannie" there. "Nannie" was a blessed name and the name of a blessed woman.

She was never so happy as when they were all gathered around her table, where she could look into their bright faces and listen to their animated prattle.

Indeed they would run away from home to come to "Nannie's house." "Around to Nannie's house" seemed a sacred place, and when sickness or trouble came "Nannie" was quick to go, and by tender ministries of love and kindness soften the blow. Though the busy hands and willing feet are long since still, we all revere the name of "Nannie."

Teach your grandchildren to call you Nannie, my dear young grandmother, and may they be a blessing to you. J.

SOUTH NORWALK, June 6.

A Navigator's Complaint.

The Flying Dutchman sighed.
"My distinction is gone since John Bull has been seeing scareships!" he cried.
Herewith he luffed to port.

THE CALL OF THE NORTHWEST.

To the Unemployed It Offers Good Wages, a Fine Country, Health and Content.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We constantly read strange accounts of the army of the unemployed in the large cities; of the vast throngs who daily tramp the streets, seeking in vain for work of any kind for a mere pittance to satisfy the pangs of hunger; of how men sell themselves as slaves to the highest bidder and families are thrust out on the street homeless, penniless and in distress because the husband or father can find nothing to do.

If such men are willing to work why don't they come to the Northwest, especially Minnesota, where the farmers are in dire need of help? Farm hands are scarce and wages high. It is the most serious problem the farmer has to contend with. Wouldn't it be more sensible and humane to furnish free transportation for the hungry idle to the big meadows and wheat fields of the Northwest than to encourage shiftlessness by free bread and charity soup? I am a widow, and with only the help of an old maid cousin I am operating a 200 acre dairy farm. During the rush of seed time, haying and harvest I employ from one to four men with teams, but the balance of the year my cousin and I have done much of the farm and dairy work alone, caring for stock during the winter because there is not even a chore boy to be found. I have one good hand now, but I had to import him from another State.

We have one of the finest farming countries in the West. The prairie is gently rolling, with here and there patches of timber or groves around the buildings for shelter. There are many small lakes containing a great variety of fish. Osakis where I live, is a village of 2,000 inhabitants, in Douglas county, 135 miles northwest of the Twin Cities. Situated on the banks of Osakis Lake it is not only a commercial centre for the surrounding farming section but with the natural beauty of the woods and parks and the pebbly beach of the lake it has an attraction for pleasure seekers. Visitors come here from New York, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis and Omaha for the season. The lake is five miles wide and twelve miles long and is dotted by every conceivable craft from a gas launch to a steam, row or sail boat.

The soil is a heavy black loam requiring no fertilizer. This is the park wheat belt of the Northwest. Small grain is looking fine now and the prospects are for a bumper crop. With modern improved machinery one man can work from four to six horses on a gang plough, turning several furrows at once, or a twelve foot disc drill will seed a field double quick, for there is neither rock nor stump to hinder. The grain matures so quickly it can almost be seen to grow. Barley matures in two months and ten days from time of seeding. When the haying time comes the work is rushed through at a dizzy pace. The mowers are followed in twenty-four hours after cutting by twelve foot hay rakes, followed by hay buckers that bring the long windrows to the stack, and a hay stacker operated by a man, boy and one horse will stack twelve or fifteen tons in a day. The climate is fine and the vigorous, hearty looking people attest its merits. One of the greatest sources of profit is the dairy business. The farmers separate the cream and sell it to the cream stations or they run cooperative creameries where the product is turned into butter and shipped East. Many farms lie idle for the want of renters. Wealthy retired farmers who have moved to town will frequently stock a farm with cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, furnish farm machinery and seed grain to secure a reliable renter. Many of the farmers have gasolene engines for grinding their own feed, sawing wood, &c., to save hiring extra help. We have rural telephones connecting us with the surrounding towns and villages; also rural free delivery and good schools and churches. We are a very independent, happy people. The Northwest country and its Commonwealths are particularly prosperous, with plenty of home comforts, money plentiful, good credit, and we do not feel the financial depression that has so crippled the laboring classes of the Eastern, Southern and middle States.

Our rural homes contain books, magazine literature of best kind; organs, pianos, phonographs, and we enjoy occasional lectures or concerts at the farmers' institutes. Best of all, we are blessed with good healthy bodies and clear brains. We have pure air, pure food, pure water, fresh eggs and unadulterated milk. The lakes give us fish and the woods with their flowers and birds are our springtime delight. If any people are in quest of homes or work for good wages let them come out to the Northwest. A FARMER WOMAN.

OSAKIS, Minn., June 3.

MARVELS OF SCIENCE.

So Great That No New Achievement Seems Impossible.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter of Professor Goldwin Smith in THE SUN recently on the proposed attempt to communicate with the planet Mars might easily be construed as a reflection upon the intelligence of certain of our men of science. It is true, as he says, that we at one time believed that the earth was the centre of the universe around which the whole galaxy of heavenly bodies revolved. It was also just as generally and still more firmly believed that a Supreme Being had selected this planet, and this planet only, on which to place the human race and on which alone He chose to display the greatness of His wisdom and power.

This latter belief, strange to say, largely prevails at the present day, notwithstanding the immense progress the race has made in every department of knowledge, and notwithstanding the discovery that our earth is little more than a mere point in space, one of the smallest bodies in the whole celestial group, absolutely invisible and unknown to most of them.

Professor Smith, of course, does not mean it, but his words would imply that when the truth regarding our relation to other worlds became known we made no further advance in the science of astronomy. As a matter of fact, as every reader of astronomical books knows, our knowledge of the sidereal universe is now so vast it seems almost impossible that there could be anything more to learn. To the lay mind our astronomers appear to have actually traversed in their own persons the mysterious pathways of that awe inspiring world and brought down to us its long hidden secrets. They have told us the distance, the course, the dimensions, the weight and the very constituent elements of suns so remote as to be forever invisible to the unaided eye. So perfect are our instruments of observation that they show us in the planet Mars a body very closely resembling our own globe, and it is this discovery that suggests the possibility of our neighbor being inhabited by living organisms similar to those of earth.

This supposition has some ground of reason when it is remembered that man is a product of conditions, an effect of a long series of causes going back into infinity, and not the creation of a supernatural fiat. If this law of cause and effect prevails throughout the physical universe, as it undoubtedly does, then if Mars possesses conditions similar to our own, and if its history is the same as that of this globe, it must have a race of beings identical with man, who have probably reached a like stage of civilization and material progress.

A consideration of these possibilities removes every appearance of absurdity from the proposed attempt to get into communication with that far off world.

An early realization of such a desire is, of course, very improbable, but in the presence of the marvellous achievements of the past he is a bold man who dares to say that anything is impossible. J. JULIAN MCINTYRE.

NEW YORK, June 7.

Outrages at Annapolis.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The article on "The Brutality of Bingham" revives in my memory matters I strive to forget. Down at the Naval Academy in my day they had "extra drills" for various offences against the rules and regulations, among them for allowing a "section" to fall into disorder. Now, an "extra drill" at Annapolis, like an extra tour at West Point, is calculated to make an impression on your memory, for it begins promptly at 2 P. M. on the Saturday half holiday and it goes on, not merrily, until 4 o'clock without a single intermission or stop to the action of legs, arms and brain, with a Remington rifle with bayonet fixed as a toy for the hands to play with, and at the end of that long, long two hours, that bayonet weighs little less than a ton.

Now, to get to the point. As a section leader I got an extra drill, and when it was over I warned the class that I would "spot" every man John who talked, laughed or demeaned himself otherwise than in a strictly military fashion while I was section leader, which of course would save me the drill. NAVAL ACADEMY.

P. S.—It has just occurred to me that I also got a few demerits as well as the extra drill, how many I have long since forgotten; but I never got a second extra drill. N. A.

NEW YORK, June 5.