The Sun.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 1909.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70

Postage to foreign countries added.

All checks, money orders, &c., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Published by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President of the Association, William M. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Treasurer of the Association, M. F. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Secretary of the Association, D. W. Quinn, 170 Nassau street.

London office, Effingham House, 1 Arundel street, Strand. The daily and Sunday SUN are on sale in London at the American and Colonial Exchange, Carlton street, Regent street, and Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green street, Leicester Square.

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Kiosque 12, near the Grand Hotel; Kiosque 77, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opéra, and Kiosque 19, Boulevard des Italiens, corner Rue Louis le Grand.

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.

Flying Machines for the Navy?

It may be that the Hon. BEEKMAN WINTHROP, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has been impressed by Mr. WALTER WELLMAN'S failure to fly from Spitzbergen. This failure is of several years standing and has been kept well before the world's mind by a course of sympathetic and systematic advertising. His balloon won't make that dash to the pole because of winds, so countless thousands mourn; and if the Wellman bag refuses the storms of Spitzbergen year after year and sulks in its tent at great cost to somebody, why should the Hon. BEEKMAN WINTHROP pay out good Government dollars for a heavier than air machine which nine times out of ten won't fly even in Washington winds, and which, used in connection with our warships, would only add to the top hamper we are trying to get rid of?

We commend Mr. WINTHROP'S common sense. Nowhere in the world today is there a flying machine which the navy could use save in the most academic, not to say ladylike way. The kind we want may be coming, we do not doubt it; but it hasn't come. Even on the utmost purple rim of the approaching future we do not discern a shape even faintly resembling the thing we want and may easily need. It is all very well, perhaps, for the army to have a pretty little plaything with which the Signal Corps officers can amuse themselves on dull days. The machine they have now has flown to Alexandria and back, under exceptional atmospheric conditions. Some time, with not an element in sight and with the very skies tuned to the occasion, it may fly to Mount Vernon or to Marshall Hall. But it always has a dear little house to get into during unpleasant weather, and it is never in anybody's way. We have nothing to say in criticism of the deal whereby this most excellent and delightful toy was acquired by the army. We give it our benediction and hope it will be too polite to hurt anybody. But what the navy wants with a replica of the Wright machine or of any other now in reach of a subdued imagination we cannot see at all. It seems to us that Mr. WINTHROP has been very wise in refusing to purchase a conundrum, however artistic, delicate and interesting. The navy has problems of its own on hand and no spare time for guesswork.

We do not know what officers have been urging this investment upon the Navy Department. Apparently they take little interest in their legitimate occupation or have scant ability for mastering its intricacies.

Britain's Share of the World's Shipping.

There has just been issued from the offices of Lloyd's in Fenchurch street, London, a new register, destined no doubt like its predecessors to be an indispensable desk companion of every one associated with the shipping industry. The appendices to the present volume will be found more than usually serviceable, especially that in which are collected from the most authoritative sources the facts showing Britain's place among the ship owning nations of the world.

From the returns made to *Lloyd's Register* it appears that of the 30,540 steamers and sailing ships now in existence Great Britain must be credited with 11,565, or more than a third. Inasmuch, moreover, as many of the foreign owned vessels are small coasters and lake or river steamers, Britain's proportion of the total tonnage is considerably greater. From the point of view of capacity the figures for the world's tonnage are 41,449,767 tons, of which aggregate 18,826,442 tons, or over 45 per cent., are owned by the British Empire. The fact reminds us that when determining the relative strength of defensive forces we must consider the shipping as well as the territory to be defended.

The two to one keel standard may seem not far amiss if we keep in view the fact that Britain owns four and a half times as much tonnage as does Germany and three and a half times as much tonnage as belongs to the United States—including the lake tonnage—the aggregate tonnage under the Stars and Stripes being 4,953,812 tons. In respect of her merchant fleet's capacity Norway comes next to Germany, but has only a little more than a tenth of the British total. France is fifth, with scarcely more than a tenth. Italy takes the sixth position, Japan the seventh, Russia, Holland, Sweden, Austria, Hungary, Denmark and Spain following in the order named. Considered as a common carrier, Britain's superiority is still more marked, because in her case the proportion of steam tonnage to the total is very high. British steamers, for instance, contribute 12,702,000 tons, whereas Germany's aggregate is only 3,889,000 tons, or about a fifth. In this respect the United States takes the third place, our total being 3,662,332 tons.

The British trade journal *Engineering*, by which the above data are reproduced from *Lloyd's Register*, has found it possible by an analysis of the figures given to arrive at some indication of the increase in the number of high speed vessels. It appears that if all countries are taken into account there are now 101 steamers capable of exceeding twenty knots an hour, as compared with fifty-eight in 1901 and eight in 1891. Of the 101 steamers thirty-four are propelled by Parsons turbines and one by the Curtis turbine, so that evidently the new system of propulsion has had a very direct influence on the development of speed. Of the twenty knotters no fewer than sixty-one are British owned, as compared with thirty-two in 1901 and eight in 1891. With the exception of the United States, the addition to the number of fast ships belonging to foreign Powers is very slight. Even of steamers of between nineteen and twenty knots there has not been a great increase. There were seventeen of these in the world in 1891. The number was exactly doubled in 1901, but since then only eight vessels of the speed named have been added, making the total now forty-two, of which the United Kingdom owns twenty-seven. Of the vessels making between eighteen and nineteen knots the aggregate number is at present eighty-five, as compared with forty-seven at the beginning of the century. Of the total fifty-nine are British owned. If, indeed, we take into view all vessels making or exceeding seventeen knots in speed—these number 353—we find that Great Britain owns 206.

When we turn lastly to the increase in the number of vessels of great size we learn that there are now 133 ships each exceeding 10,000 gross tons, of which seventy-two are owned by companies practically belonging to the United Kingdom. Germany comes next in the list with thirty-three, and the United States follows with nine. Only the Mauretania and Lusitania are over 30,000 tons, but of ships between 20,000 and 25,000 tons Britain has four, Germany two, and America and Holland one each.

How the Smithsonian Institution Spends Its Money.

"I bequeath the whole of my property to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Thus wrote JAMES SMITHSON at London on October 23, 1826.

Twenty years later the bequest, amounting to £100,000 sterling, became practically available to the uses and purposes contemplated by the broad minded testator.

The Smithsonian Institution was established by Congress in 1846, and has prosecuted a noteworthy work in the ascertainment, record and dissemination of scientific knowledge.

Much of that work has been valuable and well done. Some of it is worthless and absurd.

It is preposterous to suppose that the services to science now being rendered by Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT in east Africa have any legitimate or plausible relation to what JAMES SMITHSON had in mind when he wrote the words which we have quoted. To put his money to such a purpose comes very near being a breach of trust.

There are other activities of the Smithsonian Institution which seem hardly in accordance with the spirit of the bequest.

Before us lies a handsomely printed octavo volume of 519 pages constituting Bulletin 63 of the United States National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, entitled: "A Monographic Revision of the Coleoptera belonging to the Tenebrionide Tribe Eleodini Inhabiting the United States, Lower California and Adjacent Islands," by FRANK E. BLAISDELL, Sr., of San Francisco, Cal. This publication may register an increase of Mr. BLAISDELL'S knowledge concerning the beetles of which it treats, but as an instrument or agency for the diffusion among men of any knowledge whatever it is a monstrous failure. It seems as though the author had endeavored with set purpose to make his work utterly incomprehensible except to the score of entomologists in the world who may possibly understand the subject of the monograph as well as he does.

The style is technical to the last degree. Of course we recognize the fact that a scientific catalogue of insects must be more or less technical; but in a treatise designed to diffuse knowledge among men—and that is what JAMES SMITHSON wanted—some effort ought to be made to render the statements intelligible to educated persons generally, even though they lack expert training. Nothing of the kind is attempted here. On the contrary, the author appears to prefer obscurity to light. In his 519 pages we doubt whether there are five pages of matter which CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, president emeritus of Harvard University, could understand.

Here is the preliminary account of the characteristics of the eleodes:

"The body is oblong to ovate, rarely oval, apterous; head prominent, slightly narrowed behind the eyes; epistoma covering the base of the mandibles at the sides; labrum prominent; mentum small, inserted upon a gular peduncle; maxillæ exposed; ligula partly concealed; maxillary palpi with the last joint securiform, not very large; eyes transverse, reniform, tolerably finely granulated; antennæ eleven jointed; elytra embracing widely the planks of the abdomen, epipleuræ narrow to moderately wide, middle coxæ with large trochantine, side pieces attaining the coxal cavities; metasternum very short, episterna narrow, epimera quite distinct; hind coxæ widely separated; intercoxal process of abdomen rectangular; third and fourth ventral segments not prolonged behind at the margin."

We confess that we are quite at a loss to form a mental picture of the creature thus described. The mind totters after a few hundred pages of this sort of thing; and there is hardly anything else. If the reader is in doubt as to whether Mr. BLAISDELL has adopted the proper classification of his particular tribe of beetles, this argument will resolve his doubts:

"It is logical to suppose that accompanying the differentiation of the subalæ as distinct exoskeletal elements that there has been a corresponding muscular differentiation; for when the continuity of the alæ underwent solution, they in all probability were no longer capable to functionate by their own inherent resiliency—of course, it is possible for the continuity of the elements to be restored by becoming connate at a sutural line; but this would evidently still be a weak point and correspondingly diminish the functional activity of the part."

Black appears to be the prevailing color among the eleodine beetles, but:

"Dead specimens from long exposure to climatic inclemency become fuscous and even castaneous. In a limited number of species the legs are dark brown throughout, as in *brunnipes* Casey."

We are afraid that this Smithsonian bulletin will not be taken down from the library shelf often enough to prevent its pages from becoming "fuscous or even castaneous."

After devoting a long time to its perusal to find out what it was all about, we came upon the following illuminating passage, which tells the whole story. In describing the habits of the tribe Mr. BLAISDELL says:

"When alarmed they run off with their bodies elevated. Probably it is this habit which has suggested the name 'circus bugs,' often applied to them in the West (Wickham). In California they are often spoken of as 'stink bugs,' 'beetle bugs' and 'tumble bugs.' The latter term is applied no doubt on account of their frequently tumbling over when excited; also, pinacate bugs (V. Kellogg). They are a characteristic feature of the arid regions west of the Mississippi River."

The income of JAMES SMITHSON'S money is thus being applied by the Government of the United States to the publication of a 500 page treatise on the California Stink Bug! Our authority for this inference is the foregoing statement taken from the work itself. Further comment is unnecessary.

The Centennial of City Hall.

Two years hence the centennial of the completion of City Hall will occur, and there is no doubt that the public will expect a suitable celebration of the interesting anniversary. It would seem that some student might find in this an opportunity to confer on the public a great benefit by preparing a history of the building and the century of municipal progress it has witnessed.

The story would be as interesting as a romance. It should describe not only the political development of New York but the military, commercial, literary and artistic record of the community. It should deal impartially with the dark periods of municipal corruption and the cheering tale of steady improvement in general conditions. It need not be made heavy with statistics or useless with meaningless generalities.

Such a work might be undertaken by the city itself at public expense, but the possibility of political or social influence affecting the mind of an official historian is very great. Rather some lover of New York, equipped with the judicial temperament and literary skill, should volunteer.

Newest New England.

It is only a few days ago that Hadley—the Old Hadley of Massachusetts, venerable and tradition haunted—celebrated its quarter millennial with all the proper pageants which are the rightful inheritance of any town of such comparative antiquity. Indians, regicides and Fighting JOE HOOKER contributed to the joy of the celebration, and the local legends of Pilgrims and Puritans were duly extolled. After it was all over, however, with the grim pleasure killing industry which characterizes him, there came the statistician and the glory of Old Hadley departed.

The discovery of the statistician—we quote from the Boston *Transcript*—concerned the birth rate of Old Hadley:

"In five years from 1882 to 1886 the births in the town were distributed as follows: Out of a total of 181 births for this period 97, or 53 per cent., were of American born parents; 38, or 21 per cent., of Irish parents, and 28, or 15 per cent., of French-Canadian stock. Only one child was of Polish descent."

The next statement is the significant one, the period being from 1903 to 1907:

"The total is 242, an increase of 61 over the first period, but the percentage of births in American families has fallen from 53 per cent. to 28 per cent., with an absolute loss of 30. Meanwhile the Polish people have given to the community 160 children, or almost exactly two-thirds of the total. It is clear that Hadley in thirty years will be dominated by a stock far removed in race traditions, customs and usages from the English strain of blood which has been the mainstay of the town during its existence of 250 years and which has guided its education, religion and political life."

Here is something beyond the ordinary in the discovery line. This is not mere invasion, if we understand it rightly. Here, under the very shadow of the Springfield *Republican*, is "pacific penetration." In a vague fashion the rest of the country has grown used to the notion of New England as an outpost of Quebec, a region where the designs of the enemy in the French and Indian war were gradually being accomplished by a birth rate superior to all generalship and triumphant over all culture. But the notion of Poland revived in Massachusetts, of Springfield transformed into Warsaw, this will, we believe, create general surprise.

This is the day of decadent races. Every twenty-four hours this vigorous nation of ours gazes sympathetically at some ruined civilization and dying race. It is a little disturbing, therefore, to be compelled to interrupt such profitable study to consider a province within our own frontiers, to behold the foundation and Hub of our own universe given over to the conquest of the French-Canadian, the Portuguese, and now the ever multiplying Pole.

It is, however, for the statistician to reveal and the sociologist to explain this phenomenon of our neighbor State. At present we content ourselves with recalling the lucid and luminous dissertations upon French decadence based upon diminished birth rate, and then look gloomily at those ninety-seven births of American parentage from 1882 to 1886, as compared with sixty-seven in the period from 1903 to 1907. Does it mean ruin? Is New England decadent too? Is the Pole to triumph where the Puritan flourished? Or will "benevolent assimilation," so loathed and hated by our New England contemporaries, finally avail to save culture and civilization? We recall gloomily the Polish song, the song of so many sad centuries, "Not Yet Is Poland Lost." But how about Old Hadley and Massachusetts?

It speaks well for his ardor for public service that no sooner was he rolling away in his comfortable Pullman chair from the extra session at Washington than the Hon. FREDERICK H. GILLETT of the Second Massachusetts Congress district almost consecrated himself to a great reform in which he felt a passionate interest—if Mr. GILLETT did not make the plunge it was because the Sherman act haunted him, as he confesses. There is no more law abiding citizen than Mr. GILLETT, and no more conscientious legislator.

In a letter to the Springfield *Republican* Representative GILLETT tells the story. As the train pulled out of Washington he congratulated himself that he would have no committee meetings to attend and no speeches to make in dumb show on the floor of the House for at least three months. The strain and the hurly-burly were over and he was at peace with all the world until a succession of gaudy billboards with their irritating solicitations ran swiftly by the train like the figures in a kaleidoscope. At once a spirit of destructiveness swept over Springfield's favorite son—he longed to hack and to burn, but was there not a better way?

"I saw myself with satisfaction an active director in a vast society who would pledge themselves not to patronize any of these obtrusively advertised wares and soon drive them into more modest and appropriate methods."

Here the training of the legislator asserted itself. Mr. GILLETT concluded that he could not afford to be the organizer of a combination in restraint of trade, and he would on no account defy the Supreme Court. So his protest is to be purely individual, and there the matter stands.

THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Rolling on a Barrel an Obsolete Method of Resuscitation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In eight out of ten cases when there has been a drowning or near drowning the reporters tell us that "the patient was rolled on a barrel," with varied effects. Whether the patient lives or dies the rolling on the barrel fits into the story.

The good old barrel ceased to figure prominently as a successful resuscitation factor a number of years ago, except in stories, and the constant repetition of it serves to induce longshoremen and others to use the barrel and waste valuable time that might save the patient's life. As far as it went the barrel scheme was not so bad, as it did get out the water in a crude sort of way and performed some of the motions of artificial breathing. The delay in finding a barrel (apparently nothing else will do in the minds of the rescuers) and the rough scraping up and down usually more than offset the good features of the treatment.

No barrel or roller is needed for resuscitation. The patient can be laid face downward over a box or log or across a person's body so as to force water out of the stomach and throat, and there is usually very little water to come out. Then the patient should be turned over, and, with the tongue drawn forward to keep the air passage open, the arms should be drawn above the head and compressed over the short ribs to imitate breathing, at the rate of sixteen times a minute. With the exception of the Schaefer method—in which the patient lies face downward all the time, pressure being applied to the short ribs from the back—the resuscitation methods are mostly as described.

My point in speaking of this matter is not so much to describe the methods of resuscitation in vogue as to point out the way the press may do a real service to humanity by reporting the methods used in cases of complete recovery. It will not take up much additional space and it will afford interesting data to thousands of readers. Whether desk men know it or not, the general public is deeply interested in matters pertaining to restoration of the apparently drowned. That is why they swallow the "barrel rolling" so easily.

One other point: I want to pay my respects to the sporting writers who describe our long swims, and add from their own heads details about a bottle of whiskey in each boat for the purpose of keeping up the courage of the swimmers. None of the successful swimmers in the ten, twelve or fourteen mile swims we have held trained on whiskey or used it for nourishment on the trip. We do not recognize it as a helpful stimulant. The after effects are very bad. Fresh water, coffee, beef tea, malted milk are all used as nourishment (and even cheese sandwiches by one swimmer); but out of justice to them, and to help others who may try for long distance honors, I want to register my protest against the whiskey fabrication right now.

WILBERT E. LONGFELLOW,
General Superintendent, U. S. Vol. Life Saving Corps.
NEW YORK, August 20.

DIRECT PRIMARIES A FAILURE.

The Obvious Again Explained for the Benefit of the Obstinate.

From the Indianapolis News.

Before the primary we said that the result was not better than the one often reached under the old convention system; that conventions frequently had given us better candidates than those to be voted on at the primary; that we had been forced to go through a campaign and to spend thousands of dollars, all to no purpose; that no more good men offered themselves than of old; that the system rather operated to deter good men from coming out, and that, judged by our experience, the law was a failure. To these opinions we still adhere.

After the primary election was over we said that of the men offered the best were chosen, and that is all. The candidates favored by the people, rather than those favored by the ring, were nominated. In that result we found much satisfaction; but we do not see how this conflicts in any way with our preelection statements. It is certain that we have not changed our opinion. We went through weeks of turmoil, spent thousands of dollars, aroused bitter partisan feelings and subjected the community to a considerable degree of demoralization, and as a consequence we got results that were no better than we often got under the old system. When the people came to vote they chose the best out of the material offered.

That is our position. We repeat that, judged by our recent experience, our present primary system is a failure.

Gratitude to Parents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have read "Discontent's" letter in THE SUN. I have also read the story to which he refers. Now I am a woman and shall doubtless be accused of sentimentality; but I wish to disagree heartily not only with "Discontent" but with the author, in regard to the mooted point, the relative importance of the duties of children and parents toward one another. To me it seems that children owe everything to their parents, and their debt of gratitude for care, education, for life itself, is too great ever to be wiped out. When I think of the sacrifices the parents are making every day for their children, I confess I am astonished that the question of duty should be considered debatable. It lies with the children every time.

The young woman in the story I consider an undutiful minx. As for "Discontent," small wonder that he is discontented, if he really holds the views he puts into print.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.
ENGLEWOOD, N. J., August 18.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As an effective answer to the query by "Discontent," "Why in the name of progress should we feel the dead hand of the past?" may I suggest an application of the live hand of the parent?

NEW YORK, August 20. PARENT.

MARIENBAD.

In 1900 official figures reported by Herr Baedeker allowed to Marienbad 20,000 visitors during the season. Perhaps a mild exaggeration; at least, that is what they said over at Carlsbad. But behold the magic worked by the presence of royalty. About six or seven years ago King Edward deserted his favorite spas, Homburg included, and appeared one August morning on the terrace of the Kreuzbrunnen. It was *dies iræ* in the annals of Carlsbad, which town had always sniffed at its minor neighbor. To-day it would be a fair computation if you said that 40,000 humans annually drank the waters of Marienbad. And it is a joy to see the number of loyal Americans flock there when the King arrives for his *kur*. They follow the exalted personage as near as etiquette and police rules permit, and the first morning salutation of our democratic fellow countrymen is the invariable "Have you seen his Majesty this morning?"

Yet Marienbad and its curative waters are no new things. In search of famous names you discover that the aged Goethe sojourned in this pretty Bohemian hamlet in 1821, and you may if you are an idol worshipper, see the very glade where he wrote "The Wanderer's Night Song." Richard Wagner took the cure in 1845, and Chopin played and fell in love with a Polish girl earlier in the century. A brilliant array of kings, queens, statesmen, society folk, have since almost effaced these artistic memories. This week King Edward is drinking from the Kreuzbrunnen, dipping in the mud baths, climbing the hills and dining at the Hotel Weimar with his little court. The same valet meets him at 7 o'clock precisely with a glass of the waters, a glass tube and a red napkin. Memory now calls the first season the King went for his morning walk. The broad and shaded esplanade was jammed by the most motley crowd on the globe. Curious Galician Jews in gaberdines, wearing the orthodox side curls, Austrians, enormous Germans, Poles, Russians, spry English, a sprinkling of Americans, and a flock of nondescripts, Orientals in baggy garments and with fez, stared the modest monarch out of countenance. A lane had to be made for him by the municipal police, and the next day the Carlsbad papers published envious headlines: "King of England Mobbed at Marienbad." The King was not discouraged because of his popularity, but the burgomaster took a hand in the proceedings and placards were nailed to trees which begged in half a dozen languages that the distinguished guest, "The Duke of Lancaster," be allowed to drink his waters in peace. Furthermore, this request was enforced by the Scotland Yard men who had hitherto followed royalty at a respectful distance. After a few days the King was no longer pestered by the ill bred crowd.

One reason why Edward Rex goes to Marienbad is because of the comparative mildness of the waters. They don't bubble up hot or strong from the soil as at Carlsbad, for they are not indigenous to Marienbad, being pumped through pipes from the Abbey of Tepl, seven miles to the east. These waters contain Glauber salts and are for reduction cure. But, as at Saratoga, you drink them reenforced by a powder, which simply means that they are artificially fortified. What's the difference? You don't go to Marienbad to pour down water when the Pilsner is a liquid enchantment. This does not mean that the cure is not efficacious. On the contrary, faithfully pursued, a course of twenty-eight days will pull off from twelve to thirty pounds. Nor are the doctors there, intelligent and active men, inclined to allow their patients to go to extremes They forbid too rigorous banting. Many of them are well acquainted with the nervous type of American, say the Wall Street man who has been driving his human machine at top notch speed for years. He has put on fat, is a nervous dyspeptic, sleeps in syncopated fashion, and utters irritable words in the heart of his household. Some one tells him he has the liver eye—not to be confounded with the kidney eye on view at Carlsbad—and he books on a fast steamer, leaves Hamburg for Berlin on the afternoon express, is at the Anhalterbanhof promptly at 9 A. M. the following day, and five or six hours later the *luxuszug* lands him in Marienbad. He gallops over to a doctor; and in twenty-four hours he is filling and chilling his stomach, essaying absurdly long walking tours, and—like the King—he sports one of those cunning, dinky Tyrolean deer stalkers with a shaving brush bristling at the back. He is on the job, and at intervals not exceeding two hours weighs himself.

Now this is exactly the sort of patient wise physicians endeavor to restrain. What shall it profit a man who loses his surplus fat in a month by such violent means if in another month he gets it back? And Pilsen with its amber blandishments only sixty-six miles away! The truth is that all this water absorption amounts to little without the accompanying dietetics and the exercise. Get up any brave morning in the spring or early summer, walk once around Central Park, drink the imported Carlsbad or Marienbad waters at the Spring house, go home, eat a phantom breakfast, fighting down the clamors of a starved stomach, don't drink any liquid at meals, either two hours before or after. You will reduce yourself without further suffering at the rate of a pound per diem. But being a New Yorker, you won't follow this regimen, so there is always Marienbad, a faith cure if ever there was one.

However, it is only fair to state that the beautiful landscape, the many well kept walks, the shrewd, stimulating, pine saturated air and the general gayety of the town make it easier to take the *kur*. When American spas can show such roads, such paths through forests, then, perhaps, we shall patronize them more than we do Carlsbad and Marienbad. Apart from the fact that at the former place you don't go to get rid of fat, the scenery there is more imposing, though not so varied. Marienbad has no such walk as the Alte Wiese or Neue Wiese in its centre; and its hills are not so rugged or romantic. Romantic, withal, is the spectacle at Marienbad from the Café Panorama, or the Café Egerlaender—where the King often lunches—or from the Rübezahl, the latter a fantastic structure which in the moonlight looks like a frozen fairy castle. Such walks through meadows, over pine needle paths, to far away farmhouses, where the cheer is better than the coffee! It is *de rigueur* to nap before the midday dinner of ham and spinach (with *zwieback* as an entrée), for sleeping after meals is deadly. Unsatisfied, you rise and wander through the few quiet streets, wondering why the municipal administration permits such a tempting display of cold food in the shop windows. It is a painful Barmecide's feast to flatten one's nose against the glass and stare greedily at mountains of rich Prague hams, tons of glistening potato salad, yards of succulent sausages, miles of crisp bread, and the joyous cake called *oblaten*, not to speak of the fat geese, ducks, chickens, roast beef, all these prepared in a style that maddens the fasting human outside.

Another thing that brings dismay and weakens your iron resolutions is the ridiculous amount of food and drink that is stowed away afternoon and evening by the multitude. You ask yourself if these are the people you saw at 6 A. M. promenading the terraces listening to the orchestra (not as good a *kapelle* as at Carlsbad), sipping from pharmaceutical appearing glasses; in a word, earnestly going through the motions of the *kur*. At noon apparently the majority of them are sitting in gardens gobbling huge platterfuls of meat, swilling beer by the foot (liquid measure), and topping off with dreamy Marienbad pastry. Are there many fat folk there? Solemnly we reply in the affirmative. In no place on God's footstool are so many waddling monsters to be met and with difficulty avoided. They move with all the massive imperturbability of a steam lawn mower. We recall the champion of a certain season, a human megatherium of nearly 600 pounds, a former chef at the Potsdam palace. He wore a crimson necktie, a sad smile wreathed his blubber lips, and behind him trailed a small Austrian citizen of about 10 years, who pushed a large chair. Every few minutes the big chef would sit down and sigh, and his sigh was like the roar of a hungry lion. No doubt he was always hungry, though he confessed in the hotroom of the Turkish bath (a marble palace, by the way) that champagne had been his downfall, rather his upraise. Golf would have done him no good.

If you wish to go further afield there is Eger, with its memories (manufactured and genuine) of Wallenstein; and on the road you can stop at the home of the Metternichs, Königswart by name, a castle crowded with pictures, books, and also souvenirs of the celebrated diplomat. Better fun is the trip to the Podhorn, three or four hours distant, from the top of which the Bavarian mountains may be discerned if the day is clear. The veteran who points out landmarks is an old soldier who served under Marshal Radetsky, and one very proud of the medal King Edward pinned on his coat some years ago. Then there is the Alm, where native girls, good looking, sometimes, serve coffee and conversation at a low price to bloated pilgrims. Or, that certain malodorously named spring, in a wood miles away, is worth passing for the sake of the nasal experience—a symphony of venerable eggs and fresh sulphur. Yes, taking it by and large, and forgetting the respective merits of the waters, Marienbad is a much more attractive place than Carlsbad. And then there are not such processions of suffering humanity. We are told that fat is fatal; yet, externally, it is not so depressing as the weary, haggard pilgrims over at Carlsbad. There you see the hopelessly ill man and woman, and while the stout party who grudges you space on the Marienbad streets is as sick, he seems more jolly. Is it necessary to add that for the æsthetic person it is best to avoid both resorts, notwithstanding the occasional presence of royalty? But if you won't bant in New York, try Bohemia. Go before the King arrives. Between royalty and extravagant Americans, Marienbad will soon be as expensive as Carlsbad.

SKETCHES FROM TRASTEVERE.

San Cosimato.

ROME, Aug. 7.—Long, long ago I had a friend. He was one of the few men of genius whom I have had the happiness to know. He was surrounded by youth and beauty, by fortune and by glory; friendship and love wove roses around his too short life. He passed like a brilliant meteor. He died young, of consumption, taking with him treasures of genius and of erudition. He had many friends, but he is forgotten! He had many friends, but I am the only one who has not forgotten the lofty charm of his conversation, the infinite purity of his thoughts, the light he spread around him! It was joy to visit Rome with him, and long after he had had to give up work and society, churches and museums, he still loved Rome and would come and fetch me for a drive in the sunny hours of a Roman autumn—of his last autumn.

One of our favorite haunts was the old convent of San Cosimato. After having crossed the Tiber and worked our way through dingy streets, we loved the sight of the venerable building standing unheeded and alone on the Prati di San Cosimato, then a wide expanse of green lawn with wild flowers and here and there a bunch of trees; high above, the sunny Janiculum crowning the view with its lovely gardens and its lofty villas.

My friend was mercifully spared the sight of the desecration that invaded Rome after the '70s. The Prati di San Cosimato have disappeared, leaving in their place a big, ugly, irregular Piazza di San Cosimato, surrounded with ugly new houses, already tumbling to nasty modern ruins, crammed full of "life," of the sort that all too well rhymes with "strife."

Happily Rome is Roma æterna, and the type of the women selling more or less damaged fruit and vegetables still varies from Michelangelo's glorious old Sibyls to Raphael's beauteous Madonnas, and their unkempt and unwashed babes and urchins have the angelic look of those two darlings at the feet of the Madonna of St. Sixtus.

Long, long ago we used to swing the old knocker at the door of the cloister of San Cosimato for a good while and then sit under the picturesque old porch, with its two grim old marble lions carrying on their backs the irregular marble columns crowned by uncouth beasts on the capitals that sustain the shaky roof, until some old monk had finished his rosary or his nap and condescended to open the door to the quiet courtyard, with its fine antique fountain and the severely beautiful façade of the church. Fourteen seventy-five! The golden date of the golden Renaissance! Sixtus IV. is Pope; he loves art, he delights in building churches, he builds the bridge that still bears his name. He invites the best artists to Rome. Melozzo da Forli paints that wonderful fresco with the portraits of the Pope surrounded by his relatives, the Dalla Rovere, and the Riarii, his nephews. Platina is kneeling before the Pope in the new library founded by them both in the Vatican. Sixtus loved San Cosimato as we loved it.

We stood in the solitary cortile and our mind's eye followed every chaste line of the simple façade, high and narrow, with only two flat pilasters, their simple capitals and the door in the middle, the lintels bearing chaste sculptured ornaments of wonderful simplicity. What is the secret of this beauty that elevates the soul, satisfies the mind and delights the eye?—1475! the spring of the Renaissance! The interior of the church is bare and cold, but to the left of the high altar a fresco of Pinturicchio's school, if not of Pinturicchio's hand, is pleasant enough to look at. The Madonna, holding the Child on her lap, is sitting on a cloud touching the earth. (It was a quaint idea to paint a black carpet with delicate golden ornaments behind her back!) Delicious cherubs are at her feet and look as if, all and each, they would like to be put to loving use as footstools, instead of the damp, cold clouds. St. Francis of Assisi and his spiritual sister, Santa Chiara, stand at the sides of the Madonna on their good Umbrian soil, delightfully cool, gray and monastic.

A little side door ajar! You looked out, you stepped out and paradise opened its arms to receive you. You entered a marvellous cloister of the same epoch of Sixtus IV.! It is very like that of the Genovesi, though it is larger. The same purity of style, the same endless variety of detail. A favorite sister of Sixtus IV. is buried there side by side with an aunt of the too famous Pope Alexander VI., Borgia. Four other cloisters follow this, or rather precede it, for they are of earlier dates. Each is beautiful in its own style, every one of them a sample of its own time, of the patient and clever handiwork of the monks of old, who divided their life between prayer and work, decorating their own future and mostly nameless resting places, ad majorem Dei gloriam.

The walls are literally covered with fragments of sculptures of all times and of all sorts—some Pagan, some Christian—and endless legs and arms and heads belonging to statues, these perhaps gone to museums north, south, east and west. Some of the heads are beautiful, but all their noses are gone. Where do all the noses of all the statues go to? I have often wondered over this question. Sarcophagi and cippi stand about in picturesque promiscuity of form and age.

The inner flowery garden in each of the cloisters is surrounded by pillars, here sturdy and defying time by their plump solidity, slender and delicate in the next cloister, others of costly multicolored marbles, porphyry and alabaster. One cloister is surrounded by deep narrow arches resting on couples of curiously wound pillars, inlaid with precious multicolored mosaics of the Cosmati—all memories of different times and moods, but rendered harmonious by the patina of age, by the glory of the southern sun, by the unity in faith and thought of their constructors.

Here and there a solitary monk sitting on the low wall with his breviary and sometimes peeping over his book just to have a glimpse at forbidden Eve, added to the local color of the place. In those times the central space was a tangled maze of roses, hollyhocks, aloes, cactus, weeds, creepers, geraniums, thistles—all the beauty that nature so plentifully lavishes over our blessed southern ground. Years have passed, revolutions have changed many things. Mutantur tempora et nos mutamur in illis! Forty years is a long time! Years are longer than they were before, for so many more things are stuffed into them; everybody is dashing everywhere; everybody is in a hurry; go 'round the world and come back coolly for 5 o'clock tea!

Years are shorter than they were before, for one never has time for anything, for home, for family, for friends.

In these forty years Rome has changed even more than other places. Even religion has gone on new lines.

San Cosimato is now very different from what it was in those times. The dear old mediæval porch is tumbling to pieces. If you wish to visit the place you must ring at a modern door near the brand new street of Emilio Morosini (not a saint, but a soldier)—an ugly bronze hand of a lady with a bracelet around its wrist represents the knocker, but will not knock if you try ever so hard. Your ring is answered immediately by a tidy porter in uniform, but you are not quite sure of being let in (but I am). Everything is brand new, beautifully clean and varnished. The monks are gone—charity has succeeded to faith. San Cosimato has become an asylum for old men and women. The old men have tidied up the cloisters, no tangle of plants is allowed, no weeds, everything is in perfect order, tiptop, as clean as clean can be.

I have many friends among the poor old creatures. I have placed many of them there myself. They have begged me to do so. Dear old grandmothers! After having worked all their life for their children and their grandchildren (and little reward they ever saw for it) they have all thought that their last duty was to deliver their families of their own dear selves and hoped that their last few years would be easy in that fine place, with the good sisters of charity to take care of them; they would be well fed, well dressed. Unhappily old maidens are old maidens, be they nuns or sisters of charity, and as a rule old maidens are hard. They do their work in hope of the future joys of paradise, not for the love of their dear old sisters and brothers. The food they give them is of good quality, well cooked, but love is wanting in it. It is always the same, every day the same; there is no love in the soup, none in the potatoes. "Manca il condimento!" as one of them said to me. A little variety extra does not cost more money, it only costs just a little effort of loving thought, and this is exactly what is wanting. Then if they are taken ill little care is taken of them; the sisters prepare them for their journey to heaven and do not hide that they wish them heavenly bliss, and that as soon as possible! That is very hard on the poor old darlings, just when they are out of that state of misery where death is looked upon as the only happy release. Still, be it as it may, whether it is the regular life or the very absence of drugs and medicines, many of the old people live to the age of Methuselah. One old man died lately 107 years old, and to his very last day he went every morning to mass.

These poor people are happily as easy to amuse and to please as children are. I always take little parcels of snuff, a few cigars for the old men, cotton and knitting needles for the old women. These enjoy knitting stockings for their grandchildren and having something to give to their beloved ones. Egoistic man smokes his cigar, impests the air around him, and is content even if he is an old beggar and not "the lord of all he surveys." For both old men and old women sweets go a long way. Little comforts become big joys. Give what you have to give directly, without the intermission of any one. If possible hide the act of giving under a hasty caress. If possible bring news of grandchildren, how they look, how tall they have grown, what fine fellows and women they are going to be, and the joy you give will return to you thousandfold.

New England Pronunciation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I admire "Student's" defence of the New Englander (if the latter needs a champion), but I take exception to his statement that New Englanders do not say "Philadelphiar." That is one word to which they are sure to tack an r.

Has "Student" never heard a Yankee girl ask for "vanillar sodar"? Probably not, for her "idear" of soda water perfection is invariably chocolate—or "chawcolate," as she calls it. If she be young she will probably have a "dawl" with her.

Another peculiarity, foreign to the discussion—many good people of Massachusetts and New Hampshire call our harmless and useful meat dealer a "bootcha," the "oot" rhyming with "suit." Again, a funnel (the common utensil for filling bottles) becomes a "tunnel."

Truly the pronunciation of the New Englander is in a class by itself, and his r is as elusive as the Britisher's h. It may creep in anywhere or else lose itself altogether.

This, be it noted, is not a petty condemnation of a good people; it is merely an observation by

A NEW ENGLANDER.
PHILADELPHIA, August 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If a New Englander were at leisure and in a fluent mood he would say "Philadelphiar," otherwise "Philadelphy." Euphony and ease of articulation are his guides in disposing of the final a, but it is eliminated in one way or the other by every true New Englander. Thus Maria becomes "Mariar" and Sophia "Sophiar," while Clara is "Clary" and Ira "Iry," and the front porch may be either the "piazzer" or the "piazzy," as you choose. No final a, though, under any circumstances.

I think "Student" of Chester, Pennsylvania, whose letter on this topic you print in yesterday's SUN, must have studied his subject from points no nearer New England than his present residence. His theories are not only incorrect but hardly intelligible to a

VERMONTER.
NEW YORK, August 19.

Beechnut Year in Maine.

From the Springfield Republican.

This is a "beechnut year" in Maine. The deer like to feast on beechnuts, and hence the prediction that there will be plenty of big game on the beech ridges after the first frosts come. Ditto, bears like beechnuts.

Chief of the Pedestrian Division.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* E. Z. Walker, boots and shoes, of Osceola, Ia., seems to possess the necessary qualifications.

A. C. S.
NEW YORK, August 21.