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"As Firmly Pledged."

From a review of the results of the first half of the campaign tour of the United States on which President TAFT is now engaged this illuminating paragraph is taken: "The President has acknowledged that he accepted a tariff bill that fell short in some of its details of the pledges of the party. He did what he said, for the sake of party solidarity. He did it to save the rest of his programme of legislation, to which, in his opinion, he and the Republican party are as firmly pledged as they were to the downward revision of the tariff."

The innocent bystander will recall the perverted declarations made by numerous members of Mr. TAFT's party to the effect that the Republican party was never for an instant pledged to "downward revision" of the tariff. He will search the present tariff law in vain for any evidence that the customs schedules have been generally lowered. And then he will wonder what the outcome of future recommendations of the President will be if he, in days to come, accepts on other subjects statutes as little to his liking and as foreign to his pledges as is the tariff bill he approved "for the sake of party solidarity."

British Imperial Scholars.

Under the heading "A New Scheme for Imperial Scholarships," the Fortnightly Review for October publishes a criticism of the Rhodes Scholarships from the standpoint of those British fusionists who think of nothing but turning the eggs of the empire into an omelet. The writer dismisses the American and German scholars with the remark that "the inclusion of foreign nations in the Rhodes scheme is a defect." All that he is concerned with are the colonialists, and their "imperializing influence," and he charges the Rhodes scheme with impotence in that respect. The colonial scholars, he says, do not go back to their colonies; they stay in London or get official posts in other parts of the empire—for instance, in the Indian Civil Service. By the sojourner at Oxford the individual is benefited; his earning power is increased; but the general cause of intermixture is not advanced. Nothing happens but "a bleeding of the intellect" of the colonies, whose most promising youths are snatched away from them. The writer thinks that one reason of their not going back is that they are elected "too young, before their minds and characters are formed, and being placed suddenly at the most impressionable age in a position of luxury and refinement to which they are, generally speaking, unaccustomed, they become unsettled by the change," and shrink from returning to the "crude restricted areas" of their homes.

The scheme which the writer proposes and which he calls "the converse of Cecil Rhodes's," is to send Britons overseas as "imperial scholars" to study and report on conditions in Canada, New Zealand—wherever there is anything worth learning; the scholars to be picked from among "formed" young men, presumably between 25 and 35, who have the gift of investigating and a talent either for writing or for speaking, so that what they learn they may be able to impart. Their election would give them prestige and "the right to be heard." Moreover, they would be obliged to exercise that right, or as it is here put with some simplicity perhaps, to "send back a message to assist in rejuvenating the thought of the motherland" each month or quarter; and at the expiration of the scholarship "to write or lecture for six months or a year throughout the United Kingdom." It appears that Lord MILNER thinks this proposal "at least as important as the Rhodes scheme," and that the Premier of New Zealand is considering the suggestion that his colony should contribute £25,000 toward it, provided the Australian States do the same. One ground for the contribution would doubtless be that the proposed student interpreters, with their "right to be heard" at home, might be useful advertisers.

We should have thought this scheme was to all practical purposes already in operation to a large extent through the extraordinary attention the London reviews and newspapers have been paying to colonial affairs during the last few years. The number of "special correspondents" they send through Canada every summer is really considerable, and so is the space they devote to their reports; and the same is true about Australia. It might be argued that the reviews and newspapers are willing to supply the British public with quite as much information on these subjects as that public is likely to care to read, and that the prestige of the "imperial scholars" would hardly be so great as that of an important journal. How-

ever, the plan would multiply the agencies of intermixture. Where the writer seems a little short sighted is in his view of the influence of the Rhodes scholars. His assertion that the Rhodes scheme is "bleeding the intellect" of the colonies is interesting, but it implies a transfusion of intellectual blood which surely cannot be quite indifferent to the recipient. So far as it is true that the colonial scholars do not go back, and that they represent the intellect of the colonies, England should presumably be the gainer, and the heart of the organism be somewhat enriched; and centripetal action is by itself one means of fusion, as Rome found.

Happy Families.

Happy political families at this stage in campaigns are well recognized as the most interesting of all the circumstances of election. Nevertheless we feel confident that there have been few occasions where universal satisfaction of all persons, parties and interests concerned was so generally apparent on every side as at the present moment. Is it not a spectacle incomparably entertaining to every citizen of New Jersey, Connecticut and even of Westchester who does business in the metropolis, but lives, votes and pays taxes elsewhere?

Taking the case of Tammany as the shining example. Whenever one meets a Manhattan Democrat, either in the street, the restaurant or some more congenial gathering place, how impressive is the enthusiasm, the spontaneous and sincere joy with which he applauds the nomination of the Hon. WILLIAM J. GAYNOR. How appealing is the whole-hearted and happy fashion in which he dedicates his time, his purse and his entire effort to the triumph of the chosen leader of his fortunate party.

Equally pleasing is an excursion into the camp of those gallant non-partisans who have made possible the present irresistible coalition of moral forces. With what rapture do they acclaim the selection of the treasurer of the local Republican machine to head a non-partisan revolt. How enthusiastically they applaud the inspired genius which dictated the selection of the Hon. WILLIAM S. BENNET, the sub-boss of the Republican organization, as manager of Mr. BARNARD's campaign, with the patient purpose of removing the last semblance of partisan suggestion from the present popular uprising.

The Republicans themselves, the average, loyal, enrolled and consistent party workers, are even more completely satisfied than all other participants. In Brooklyn the enthusiasm at the selection of a Democrat to head the borough ticket in a Republican ballwick is the most popular and universally applauded single act in the entire history of the leadership of the Hon. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF. In Manhattan the selection of the Hon. GEORGE MCANENY, former president of the City Club, has fairly lifted the regular Republicans off their feet. In a campaign to save the finances of the city the wisdom of choosing a candidate whose experience and triumph in the matter of City Club finances are notorious is generally felt. Republican zeal for self-sacrificing non-partisans of the McAneny type is always attractive in campaigns for public office.

There are other evidences of jubilation too numerous to tell, save in a catalogue. The friends of the Hon. CHARLES S. WHITMAN, for example, can hardly be restrained from proclaiming aloud their gratitude to the Hon. HERBERT PARSONS for selecting the Hon. WILLIAM H. WADSWORTH to nominate Mr. WHITMAN, and incidentally to assure him the support of the friends of District Attorney JEROME by a fearless and tactful assault upon Mr. JEROME himself. Nor should one overlook the unanimous applause in all anti-Tammany circles for the sublime skill with which the Hon. HERBERT PARSONS has transformed the issues of the campaign from mere local and civic character to the grander and wider national area filled by his own private and personal political interests.

It is indeed a happy political family that is now entering into the great municipal campaign. The smile on the face of the partisan, the non-partisan, even the innocent and quasi-intelligent voter, is so universal as to almost suggest monotony in bliss. We trust this may continue. We even venture to hope that it may become accentuated. But if it only survives in its present satisfying state it is clear that the coming campaign is going to be one of the most enjoyable spectacles ever witnessed by an impartial and appreciative onlooker. It will be a pageant beside which the recent ridiculous manifestations of the Hudson-Fulton celebration were as unconvincing as a cigar store Indian when a Wild West show is in town.

Horses for the Army.

Brigadier-General J. B. ALESHIRE, Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, is doing a work in respect of supplying remounts for the cavalry that has escaped attention in the general hurly-burly of smaller things. This work covers also the artillery and draught animals. We mention the cavalry especially, since that is, numerically at least, the most important.

The history of this branch of the service began in 1818 when the department was first organized, and through a succession of changes and variations of policy it has come down to the present day. After faithful trials of all sorts of measures and expedients and after infinite investigation by the present Quartermaster-General the Government has adopted a system which so far has worked well and promises the most satisfactory results. Of course the establishment of a remount depot anywhere leads to an enhancement of the value of horses in the neighborhood—in the eyes of their owners—and that is the touch of human nature which makes the whole world kin. Moreover, in the estimation of the initiated a horse seven years old is worth much more than one four or even three years younger; and as regards this latter proposition there is truth and fact and reason to support it. So it happens that General ALESHIRE, seeking to avoid the com-

binations of predatory salesmen and at the same time provide for the proper training of the army horses, has begun a scheme which promises to secure both the desired results.

The army now has, established on a permanent basis, three stations; a remount station at Fort Reno, Oklahoma, with 10,000 acres of land; another just started at Fort Keogh, Montana, and a purchasing station near Front Royal, in Virginia, in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley. As regards the plan of all of these General ALESHIRE has broached the idea of buying horses only three or four years old—always cheap, but under competent inspection always superior—and so avoiding the solicitudes of the traders and contractors. The arrangement operates usefully in every direction. The army is getting a high grade horse at reasonable prices, and the result of the Quartermaster-General's system is that the animal receives a far better training for army purposes than if he were acquired in maturity. It has been shown that the cost of this maintenance and preliminary training is distinctly less than would be the increased purchase price at seven or eight years. Nothing is left but the discovery and application of a better system.

Already at Fort Reno there are about a thousand horses, all young, all well trained, docile and amenable. Fort Keogh will soon take its proper place in the general scheme. At Front Royal there is a farm for feeding and agencies for purchase, but the horses there acquired will be forwarded to Reno or Keogh for training.

It has become known, moreover, that only a few miles west of Front Royal and well into the mountains, thirty or forty miles beyond Strasburg, there is a fine and as yet untouched field of supply for horses of the desired kind. The mountaineers have been breeding these animals for many years, and the result is an almost ideal cavalry charger between fifteen and sixteen hands in height, hardy, sure footed, long winded, a veritable wonder of endurance. The hills west of Strasburg for more than sixty miles are crowded with clean limbed, active and swift horses that ought to be exactly suitable to the service. The attention of the Quartermaster-General has been called to this as yet unexploited region and it will receive due attention.

General ALESHIRE seems to have met all the requirements of the situation. If he has not, further developments will reveal the imperfections.

General d'Amade's Heroism.

Evidently French officers are not expected by the War Department to deny embarrassing interviews by the simple method of saying that they have been misquoted, so that all may be forgiven and the offenders warned to be more careful in future. General A. G. L. D'AMADE, a distinguished officer, has been placed upon the retired list in France as a punishment for allowing himself to be interviewed about the Spanish operations in Morocco and saying among other things, possibly true, that France cannot without compromising her prestige leave Taza in the hands of the Spaniards. It would become a Moroccan fashoda. General D'AMADE was reported to have said. He commanded the French troops during a part of the fierce campaign in Morocco in 1908. He was superseded, but not until he had routed with great slaughter the tribesmen in an all day battle. It was the first vigorous stroke of the campaign.

Doubtless after his experiences in Morocco the General believed he was competent to express an opinion upon an international phase of the present operations, but it was indiscreet, because France has had enough trouble in delimiting her own sphere and must constantly allay the suspicions of Germany and be at pains to defend her own interests when challenged. France had been humbled in the Morocco business and had asserted herself only at the peril of being involved in a great war. General D'AMADE had to be called to account, and only an explicit denial would have saved him, although the object of his fears or criticisms was Spain, not Germany. With a heroism surpassing any intrepidity he had displayed upon the field of battle the General affirmed, and scorned to equivocate; the interview was substantially correct; he qualified nothing; he declared that he had performed a service to his country in speaking out. Unanimously the Cabinet decided to make an example of him. He will now go upon retired pay, which is but a paltry sum for a French Brigadier-General according to our standards, and unless France should find herself in straits for brave officers his sword will not be in demand again. It seems harsh to us who are familiar with a President's frequent acts of equivocation when his confidence had been "betrayed" or he had said something casually rash and offensive, but discipline must be preserved in a European army if not in the American service. Besides, a French Minister of Foreign Affairs not long ago lost his official head because a powerful neighbor demanded it.

Dreams of Tipless Restaurants.

The discussion begun by Mr. HOWELLS's approving words on the "tipless hotel" in London suggests the inquiry whether he knew the New Orleans of forty or even thirty years ago. Of course it is a beatific experience to go to a restaurant and imbibe the most celestial fare; naturally the diner feels expansive afterward and wishes to reward the waiter who has been the intermediary between the inspired grills and braziers of the kitchen and the ravenous guest awaiting happiness at the table. This is the universal tendency, which no law can check and no artificial custom stifle. But there is reason in all things, and the predaceous waiters who of late years have occupied our eating places furnish at least a shadowy excuse for the animadversions of Mr. HOWELLS and bolster his demand for their extinction.

In respect of the old time New Orleans restaurants, however, it remains to be said that there the tipping was reduced

to its most agreeable manifestations and robbed of all suggestion of brutality.

Take MORRAU'S, for example, though the same would be true of JOHN STRENNA'S, VICTOR BENO'S, ANTOINE'S or Madame EUGENE'S. In any of these places, with sanded floors and ruder crockery, you could sit down to a feast for gods. River shrimps, Bayou Cook oysters, Spanish mackerel, poulet de grain aux oepes bordelaise, fonds d'artichaut, biscuit glacé, and the usual "trimmings," including coffee, and then repose, sweet digestion and general ecstasy. It is here that the tipping comes in. The waiters bring boxes of cigars—good cigars, purchased usually from old JOSE DOMINGO near by—and you purchase those cigars and so discharge every obligation the waiter has conceived or your conscience can adumbrate. They cost in Havana six or five cents; their price in New Orleans with all duties paid is 15 cents, and you pay 25. That is or was the extent of the New Orleans "tip." Adventurous persons would occasionally buy three or four or more of these cigars. But the matter ended there. The account was closed. Waiters expected nothing more and the incident was terminated. Was it a tip? We cannot say. Certainly it satisfied the local conditions. But the world moves and all deplorable and loathsome things move with it. New Orleans is provincial and therefore negligible. We must be looted under the latter day régime by swart and predatory Germans—there are no longer any French waiters even in Paris—and we may as well submit to the inevitable devastation. Will Mr. HOWELLS, with all his skill and all his authority, achieve a reconstruction? We doubt it. We doubt whether even in New Orleans the old restraints survive. It is quite conceivable that the diner nowadays at GALATOIRE'S or ANTOINE'S will be confronted by the black avised pirate with a smile of expectation and a whole armory of slaughter awaiting his dis-appointment. We rather think in fact that Mr. HOWELLS's statement is a pleasant dream, and that we shall have to bear the burden of its futility.

LITTLE CITIES.

Leyden.

The happy disposition on the map of Holland of The Hague makes it a pivotal point for many excursions to such little cities as Delft, Haarlem, Leyden and Utrecht. The express trains stop at almost every station, and move slowly; if they went at a rapid rate they would soon run into the sea or into Belgium, and the roadbed will not permit high speed. We recall with a sinking feeling a damp Sunday of September 13, 1908, when the Amsterdam-Berlin express jumped the rails somewhere between Barneveld and Apeldoorn, and the results thereof. Luckily a train can't run far astray in this land of sand and canals, and our Pullman landed in a sandbank; but several of the other coaches were not so fortunate and there were casualties. This tale has always been received with polite incredulity by Dutchmen, for accidents are rare. Nevertheless, an American enjoyed his first railroad accident out among the dykes and ditches of Holland.

Leyden, a few weeks ago, when we reached it after an easy jaunt of thirty minutes was sunny and comfortably warm. The pictures of this grave and venerable university town did not attract. We were at the station, and after that there was the inevitable trip on the Carjens line of steamers out on the narrow canals past the polders, over the lakes and far away; so around Leyden we went, hobbling and analyzing the odors of its various canals, hoping to discover their differences from those of Delft, Rotterdam and The Hague; but they were plain, old fashioned bilge water smells, not necessarily unhealthy, though never pleasant. The atmosphere of the place suggests hoary wisdom. The dogs are dignified, men walk slow, and the women lower their voices when calling the children. The miserable four wheelers, with oast iron wheels (seemingly), alone break the Sabbath peace. Nevertheless, Leyden is far from being a cheerless spot, and it is picturesque. The whole of the flat market from the canal, with the steeply rising tower of St. Pancras Church, is a very striking sight. The old city hall on the Galgasteren boasts an early seventeenth century stepped gable, and in the Lakenhall (cloth hall) there are pictures by Lucas van Leyden, van Goyen, Engelbrechts, Rembrandt, a study of a head; some Jan Steen and others, all in various stages of decay. The Steens is the freshest. This place was the birthplace of Rembrandt van Rhyen (they pretend to show you out somewhere on the Old Rhine, so called, the windmill of the painter's father); of Lucas, Jan van Goyen, Gerrit Dou, Gabriel Metsu, Frans van Mieris, Jan Steen—surely honor enough for one town. At the municipal museum there are several fine altar pieces by another son of Leyden, Cornelis Engelbrechts, and there is a chimney decoration at the town hall by Ferdinand Bol. The university, the buildings of which are scattered about, was founded in 1575, and harbored many lights of learning.

The cloth weaving industry did not interest us, and after a hurried visit to the Peter's Church we returned by way of an old canal to the cattle market (Veemarkt) more determined than ever to avoid the National Museum of Antiquities (Indian, Roman, Egyptian, Dutch, of the Carolingian period) and to adhere to our original programme—see Holland out of doors and Holland painted. Like the late Dr. Syntax, we were in search of the picturesque, not of prosaic historical details. We even forgot to visit the grave of Spinoza at The Hague.

The Carjens excursion is the most charming in Holland. If it were not for fear of abusing the overworked word intimate, we should apply it definitely to this steam around the country. Amsterdam affords various trips, but they do not seem to be in the heart of little Holland. The Zuider Zee is large, the North Sea is not far away, the canals are broader than in the territory where move a small, comfortable craft with an enclosed saloon through the windows of which you may study the country if the wind is too raw on deck. Through a canal we move as far as the Old Rhine, sadly shrunk from its noble proportions in Germany. Farmhouses, always in the shade of trees; brick and tile yards, meadows with cows, horses, sheep, pigs, chickens, windmills, "Stuyvers" like fish razor blades, a low swinging line, water everywhere; clouds that roll together and separate as sharp shafts of sunshine emerge and touch the earth. Van Goyen, Cuyp, Hobbema, Ruysdael painted these views many times. It all seems so familiar, so homelike, with the church spire emerging from a clump of trees, and the kitchen windows of a brick house wide open as we pass. We can smell what is cooking. The dogs bark at our one sailor, and the stewards throw bread crumbs to the myriad ducks that haunt these waters. Their outcry recalls the scream of the gulls as the ocean steamship enters Rotterdam—or Hamburg, Plymouth, Cherbourg or New York. You grow hungry yourself. The air is delicately inviting in its soft "Stuyvers" and "Wine." The price is 60 cents American money. But hang the cost! As you eat you stare across a flat, beautiful land, and recall Sir Seymour Haden's remark that some French landscapes are immoral. If this is so, then the Dutch landscape is eminently moral. The lines are formal; there is no suggestion of the exotic. Every meadow has been a battlefield where man fought the water by miles. Every dyke is a lesson. Holland is not lyric, as is Venice; hers is a sober prose; colored, yet never lush. The only lush thing in the walking in the country. What fat globetrotter! What black loam! Is it any wonder that the salads are so green, the vegetables so abundant, the flowers so blooming, the cattle so beefy, the sheep so autunty, the women so fat, and the men so tall?

The Rembrandt windmill is passed, passed to the miller's bridge; and then the steamer has reached the Heijmanswatering. Wouburgen, with its tiny brick houses on either side of the wake, is in view. A few children regard with lazy eyes our noble ship. Grown up folk give us no attention. As we stop nowhere there is nothing to be gained by looking at it. The Dutch are time saving, and we are a thrice told tale, signifying no profit. The stream widens and we have the sensation of going out to sea. It is the Brassemeer, broad and calm, with its placid bosom. Steam yachts are no novelty. The miller then narrows as we enter the Old Weald; we arrive at the circular canal around the Heijmansmeerpolder, one of the great polders of Holland. A polder is land reared from the sea, and under cultivation. It is dyked in by high walls over which the sea cannot pour—though it may if high winds and tides prevail. The old Heijmans Lake is larger than the Brassemeer, having an area of 130 square kilo-

meters. Farms, tilled land, roads, store-

houses and pumping stations may be seen. The windmill is more ornamental nowadays, steam superseding it in the serious task of keeping the plains from flooding. You wisely understand after looking at this polder the history of the brave people who were capable of cutting away the dykes when invaded by the enemy.

Presently the Kaager Lake is attained; the village of Kaag is in the middle distance, then the Zeil, and soon the Leyden looms before you. It is 4:30, and you feel as if your voyage of discovery had just begun. Only the hymn singing of a pack of geese who come on board in native costume marred an almost perfect seclusion. It is really more characteristic than the Markens, Volendam and Zaanendam trips. Best of all, you never leave the boat; you are not persecuted by guides or children crying "Penny, lady! Penny, gentleman!" yet you are so near land that you can step ashore, and there are no annoying, time wasting locks.

But in the end, so feeble and infirm of purpose is man, you tire of the eternal flatland; tire of innumerable views of somewhere by God knows whom; become excited at the sight of the distant dunes, which seem like hills on the sky line. At the mere thought of the Palisades a vision of Himalayas is evoked. The softness of the atmosphere is marked, the light is pervasive; just as set forth by any Holland master. The modern men have been particularly happy in recording this atmosphere. Jakobus, W. Willem van Meedag, Weissenbruch, De Boer, give in their narratives the effect of mist, of fogs, perspectives, of churches that stand out from their foundation stones to their spire with startling clearness, yet are miles distant.

Auguste Rodin loves Holland for its slowness. It is in his sense a "slow" country. The landscapes are slow, to an admiring tempo; slow, but thorough. Outside of Rotterdam and Amsterdam no one is in a hurry. A land of long nights, big, deep beds, heavy feeding, heavy drinking, every movement calculated, every penny accounted for—and remember that the Dutch two and a half penny piece is worth our American cent; they think here in cents and forins. The forin can't be divided into pennies. It is the Dutchman's dollar.

GLASS WALLS.

Fruit Trees on Both Sides Have Warmth of Sun's Rays.

When vines and trees are trained in espalier on the south side of a wall, the north face of the wall is usually wasted. It can be used for the cultivation of varieties of apples, pears and cherries which are hardy and not subject to rot. If a transparent wall could be used plants growing on the north side of it would receive the benefit of the sun's rays. Some experiments have been made with glass walls. Count de Choleux recently published the results of such an experiment, with photographs showing heavily fruited pear trees on both sides of a transparent wall. The wall, which is about six feet long and six and a half feet high, was erected in 1901. Each side of it was planted with fifteen pear trees of the variety Doyenne d'Aliver (Winter Doyenne), giving a wall area of 232 square feet to each tree. In 1907 the trees on the south side bore 134 bushels of fruit, weighing 100 pounds and the trees on the north side bore 100 pears weighing seventy-seven pounds. All the pears were of very fine appearance and without blemish, and the pears from the north side were sweeter than the others.

In the nursery of Crox at Flix in a glass wall which is surmounted by horizontal glass sashes and planted with the same varieties of peaches, apples and pears on each side. These espaliers also began bearing in 1907, and both sides have produced equally fine fruit. The difference in temperature between the sides of the wall is not very great, as the southern face reflects less heat and is therefore cooler than that of a masonry wall, while the northern side is warmed by the rays which pass through the glass, making it a transparent, theoretically, one advantage of a glass wall, as it absorbs during the day a greater quantity of heat and consequently exerts a greater heating effect at night. Longer experience will be required to determine how early the fruit will ripen on the whole. The cost of construction is practically the same for both.

Hudson-Fulton Spellings.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—In the carnival parade last Saturday night I was pleased to note an advance toward simple spelling in the singing of the "Hudson and Fulton of the Poets." Was Dr. Funk or Professor Lounsbury or the great T. R. Martin himself responsible for this? C. J. W. WILMINGTON, Del., October 8.

Progress of the Pipe.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—A paragraph in the "Live Topics About Town" asserts that the pipe smoker has disappeared. It may be the pipe, but the pipe smoker has disappeared from the restaurant, not because pipe smokers have learned by experience that their pipes are objects of suspicion to the managers of eating places. Yet you will observe closely who are smoking, and despite the persecution against the pipe it is more generally used now than in past years.

It was not so long ago that pipe smoking in a club was a thing unknown. To-day in two out of three clubs to which I belong, pipe smoking is not only allowed but practiced to a greater extent than any other method of consuming tobacco. When first I ventured into the wild and uncharted waters of the "South Edwards" was not so long ago—to try to earn a few honest other kinds of dollars; my friends and companions, fresh from college as myself, had discarded the pipe for the cigarettes or the cigar, and the expensive cigar; but to-day at a restaurant and meet perchance a friend of my youth the chances are I find him puffing contentedly on an old and pungent pipe, his happy face showing his enjoyment of the direct and proper method of worshipping "My Lady Nicotina."

Permit me to suggest that the pipe smoker has not yet quite disappeared. J. C. L. New York, October 9.

The University Problem.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—University graduates should feel thankful to you for printing the letter signed "South Edwards" in your issue of the 2nd inst. Our colleges are getting such hard knocks in these days that it is well worth refreshing to learn that there are men who so richly deserve a university education and so richly enjoy it. Much abused and misrepresented is the name of "Old Nassau" and the institution "Old Nassau" and the name of the man who was such a man as "South Edwards" is welcomed.

There are unfortunately a great many people who have wrong ideas of college life, and of the Prisoner's life in particular; the publication of the letter I refer to may open their eyes.

Would that we had more men like "South Edwards." He belongs to the kind that will not be kept down. He has already learned the value of time and opportunity, and that is what a young fellow should learn before he goes to college.

The problem that confronts such educators as "South Edwards" is to teach in college what "South Edwards" evidently knew before he passed his entrance exams. All praise to a young fellow who does such sterling stuff. G. E. S. New York, October 9.

"Ovy City."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—The poor fellow who says "Ovy City" in a hurry out of bed has been writing down an excellent round her. Her curriculum must have been stretched and somewhat twisted by an uncomfortable posture in her sleep. And how close the look! The words "Ovy City" are a fine example of New York, October 9.

MR. TAFT ON HIS TRAVELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Can it be that the far sighted men who made the Constitution of the United States contemplated or intended that the President be required or expected to encounter that which Mr. Taft has encountered, including perils of health, since he left Boston? It may be answered to him as President, but as the chief of a party on a fence, repairing tour of inspection. Assuming that to be true, did or can or should the Republican party exact such service of its successful candidate for the Presidency? Certainly no President and no party chief have ever before attempted what Mr. Taft has done.

A word or two that the President left fall while he was in California implied that he felt constrained after Congress had offered to him the \$25,000 appropriation to make the journey and expend the money, but surely Congress should not have put the President in such a dilemma. There is nothing in our laws or customs that exacts or even justifies putting our President in any definition or description of his duties, but he is taken upon him. All executive power given by the Constitution is vested in him, but it does not include eating, drinking and speaking from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Nor does his oath to "execute the office of President" embrace it; nor do any of the powers conferred, either veto or treaty making, appointing or pardoning power; nor does his duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" compel him to go out of the city of Washington on the Potomac River to the State of Washington on the Pacific sea in the execution.

The origin and motive of the "information" clause in the Constitution are not clear. Many commentators have written that it refers only to sending to Congress by the President of reports from heads of departments and bureaus, supplemented by recommendations thereon by him. Washington and John Adams gave information in person and Congress replied. At any rate, the stereotyped form for more than a century was for the President to give information in an annual message concerning foreign affairs, because the State Department made no report, and then to add his comments on reports of other departments. When Roosevelt came that even changed. He not only gave "information" to Congress but expounded of policies and a bountiful provider of new laws. He treated Congress as his executive agent. Two or three years ago he was preaching and lecturing in that sense around Plymouth Rock and elsewhere. An industrial crisis arrived shortly thereafter. It will be deplorable if Congress or the Republican party has constrained his information to be an immission. The people should intervene for their own and his safety.

There is a sound reason in the theory of the Constitution which is responsible for bringing to the seat of Government "information" from the people of the "state of the Union." He is not so near the people in theory as are members of the House, who, since 1842, must by law represent their districts. The voters vote for them directly. They bring "information" fresh from the localities. They only can originate money bills. But whom, in the theory of our fundamental law, does the President represent if not Congress? He is made its executive. In what place? Clearly as the seat of Government, where subordinates in any capacity will be always by the seat of Government "information" from the people of the "state of the Union." He is not so near the people in theory as are members of the House, who, since 1842, must by law represent their districts. The voters vote for them directly. They bring "information" fresh from the localities. They only can originate money bills. 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