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The Course of Trade.

The official tabulation of exports from the United States for the first nine months of the current fiscal year in comparison with exports for the corresponding term a year ago shows increases of $38,500,000 in sales to Canada, $5,000,000 in sales to Argentina, $7,000,000 in sales to Cuba, and $5,500,000 in sales to Mexico.

Sales to China show a decrease of $2,000,000, and sales to Japan a decrease of $4,000,000.

The gain in sales to Canada far exceeds the total sales to China and Japan. The shipments to China and Japan combined show a value of $27,127,000. Shipments to Argentina show a value of $99,356,000; to Cuba, $39,900,000; to Mexico $43,450,000, and to Canada $152,500,000.

It will pay to contemplate these figures. It is not necessary to be able to see through a grindstone in order to perceive their significance.

Four Years.

In October, when the Hon. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES closes his political career, he will have been leader of his party in this State for nearly four years. The temptation to overestimate the value of contemporary history is inevitable; yet in their present perspective these years seem more filled with important events, and Governor HUGHES appears a more important figure, than any in the purely local public life of the State since the days of TILDEN.

In company with a majority of his fellow citizens THE SUN recognizes and admires much in the accomplishing and all of the purpose of the Hon. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES. Above most of the men who have surrounded him and all who have opposed him Governor HUGHES towers like a pine tree in a forest of scrub oak. Yet if there is everywhere to-day a feeling of gratitude for the honest attempt now about to end, there is no less certainly an equally widespread regret at the work left undone, the work which with all his admirable qualities Governor HUGHES has not been able to perform.

It requires but a single glance at the future of Republican politics in this State to-day to understand the reason for the regret at what must after all be frankly described as Governor HUGHES's failure. For four years now Mr. HUGHES has been the leader of the Republican party in this State. Behind him there has been at all times a substantial majority of the voters of the party, indeed of the voters of the State as a whole. Yet at the close of his term of leadership in the Executive chair, not equalled in length since the days of DAVID B. HILL, there is behind him only a wreck, a shattered, unseaworthy and badly damaged craft, answering no helm and the creature of every wind.

That Governor HUGHES should have been a reformer was inevitable. The man elected Governor of New York State in 1906 was bound to be a reformer. So thorough an organization man as the late FRANK W. HIGGINS had already undertaken the work of reform in the last year of his administration. Following the shock of the insurance investigation there remained a visible amount of wreckage to be cleared away. The ship was foul and the task at hand was clear to the eyes of every one.

When the Hon. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES was chosen to fill his present office there was in the minds of the citizens of this State complete indifference as to his future course toward the Republican leaders. Indeed in many quarters there was a genuine hope that he would send not a few of them after ODELL into that permanent exile which their stupidity as well as their venality and pretty arrogance had long earned for them. No proscription of bosses, however general, could have injured or angered the electors who chose Mr. HUGHES in 1906.

There was only one condition imposed upon the Governor at that time. He was elected by the votes of thousands and thousands of Republicans who still desired to remain Republicans and sought in Mr. HUGHES a leader who should make this possible. The hope that out of the ranks he would draw to himself the decent, the able and the clean, and through these men, honest like himself, who would work under his guidance, restore a shaken party and rebuild a damaged party edifice, was one of the most general and appealing sentiments in the early days of the Hughes regime.

Yet, however much of praise the personal integrity and the personal ability of the Hon. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES may justly command now and hereafter, the fact remains that in the great task imposed upon him he has failed. The Republican party as he leaves it is not less shattered, impaired, weakened than when he took it. The little bosses who now control its machinery are not less unpopular, incapable, venal than those who controlled it on January 1, 1907, and Governor HUGHES will leave behind him no single follower or group of followers able to take up and carry on the work outlined and begun by him.

In a word Governor HUGHES has destroyed much, and the destruction was in many instances inevitable and a necessary preliminary to any effective restoration of his party to public confidence. His personal reputation rests safely and solidly upon the successful championship of a number of legislative and administrative reforms that are inseparably connected with his name, but his party remains not as he found it, but even poorer, weaker as a result of his destructive efforts unattended with any concomitant constructive achievements.

Who to-day can think of a single man in this State who could justly be regarded as the heir to Mr. HUGHES? What group of party leaders in this State, what number of Republicans of reasonable size is there that might form the nucleus of a new and hopeful party reorganization? A few astute bosses, a number of ambitious and vociferous aspirants for free advertising and cheap publicity have, to be sure, adopted the color of an honest and justly admired man. But their purposes have never been misunderstood, and an intelligent public holds them in even less regard than the enemies whom the Governor has so successfully fought.

The swelling tone of sea borne tidings tell the people of this State what they now have to expect in the immediate future of their political life. An organization now without head or brains, without body or strength, is not likely long to resist the onslaught which offers an opportunity to obtain a cheap label of morality at the mere cost of temporary vassalage to a politician who is after all practical in all that concerns his own political advancement.

Full justice, we believe, has been done to the public service of the Hon. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES. As an honest man who sought loyally to improve public and party life he will continue to receive that applause he has earned. Yet at the close of his political career, and in the imminent presence of what is to follow, we believe the regret at his failure must be felt by the great majority of the people of this State who have followed him loyally and hopefully.

The Present Democratic Horoscope.

Democratic dreamers who figure their quadrennial triumphs upon a darkened sky, only to find them invisible after the ruthless swab of fact, are now indulging in roseate calculations against another background. They are painting ecstatic horoscopes for 1912 and assuming that the Hon. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN will not be there to bewilder and betray their adumbrations. They see with a man of proved prowess in conservatism to carry their oft defeated and humiliated banner the promise of the long sought victory, and upon this halcyon postulate they are erecting structures so brilliant and inviting as to daze the ordinary eye.

For example, they count the 150 votes of the Southern States as sure. That is a base to build upon, with only 242 votes in the electoral system needed to elect according to the present apportionment. Of course with BRYAN holding aloft the party banner they cannot be sure of Maryland and Missouri, an assumption with which we quite agree; but they claim that BRYAN's elimination will not only make them sure of the solid South but under existing political circumstances will pave the way to other accessions. The table they have arranged is as follows:

Alabama	11	Missouri	18
Arkansas	9	North Carolina	12
Florida	5	South Carolina	9
Georgia	13	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	18
Louisiana	9	Virginia	12
Maryland	8		
Mississippi	10	Total	159

They claim that with BRYAN dismissed from the calculation they can approach at least three other States, New York, Ohio and Indiana, with more than a fighting chance to prevail. The electoral votes of these three States amount now to 77. Having BRYAN at their head they would lose all of them. The independent voters would scurry like frightened rabbits, and the Republican party come into its own as it has so often done under that or similar menace. They are founding this particular horoscope upon the absolute removal of the Nebraska blight, as they rightly consider it. Given a leader representing the ancient traditions of the Democratic party and known far and wide as a clean, able, determined man, they would surely carry the 159 votes of the South, and in their belief the votes of New York, Ohio and Indiana. Thus assured of 238 electoral votes and with only six more to look for elsewhere, always speaking of the present apportionment, they could afford to neglect the "hooraya and the hurraha" of Populistic communities and concentrate their energies and their fine work within very narrow confines. In Colorado, Nevada, Delaware, Oklahoma and one or two outlying Territories they might find the much desired six, and so victory would perch upon their banners. They could abandon Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, &c., as hopeless, and make their campaign within limits at once promising and arable.

That at least is the Democratic outlook at present. For simplicity and for all purposes of easy concentration it is worth attention.

The French Elections.

The French parliamentary election has been devoid of general interest and has turned out as every one expected and like all the elections for a score of years past. The combined interests that have controlled the Chamber of Deputies, the bloc, as it is called, retains its large majority in the new House. The rule that a candidate must have a majority over all at the first ballot has had the usual result of making second ballots, in which only the leading candidates shall be voted for, necessary in many districts, but as the difference of shades of opinion is hardly distinguishable in most cases, the result of the supplementary elections will be identical with that of last Sunday so far as support of the Government is concerned.

Though Ministries change in France with a rapidity that to us seems absurd, the change does not mean that one party gives way to another, but merely that there is a new deal of officers and a new shuffling of the factions that constitute the majority. The French people at each election show that they are satisfied with the republic by electing an overwhelming majority of Republican members and apparently care little for the numberless adjectives with which the candidates qualify their republicanism. A small number of opponents of the republic, monarchists, bonapartists, nationalists, conservatives, as they may choose to call themselves, is chosen to every Chamber; a larger body of old time republicans, who held the power and were looked on as radicals in their day, but are shelved nowadays, and a certain number of extremists in the opposite direction, ultra socialists and so on, are elected also each time. The body of the House, the large majority, which is returned regularly, consists of adherents of the various groups that support the Government as a rule, whether they call themselves progressive republicans or social radicals or whatever the popular name for the moment may be. It may be broken up temporarily over single measures or because of individual ambitions or blunders, but when one Ministry falls another representing practically the same principles takes its place.

This is due to the lack of the traditions of party in French politics and to the absence of the historical grounds for difference of opinion on which parties are based. There was a great issue on which Frenchmen might have divided a few years ago in M. COMBES's attack on the Catholic Church. It left France wholly indifferent so far as the elections showed. A possible public question arose in the late Chamber of Deputies, the revision of the system according to which representatives are elected, but the Ministry withdrew the measure, avowedly in order that it might not interfere with this election. The only issue that could call for an expression of opinion was the old age pension bill recently passed, which was objectionable to extreme socialists in the House and led to violence in some districts during the election; it has elicited no answer from the voters.

The outcome of the election, therefore, is that France is perfectly satisfied with the republic and with the politicians who have organized the working majority in Parliament; for the time being she seems equally well pleased with M. BRIAND and his Ministry.

Helping Mr. Beveridge.

The Grand Young Man should feel highly encouraged. The Democrats of Indiana are helping him all they can. His enemies in the Republican party thought that they could defeat him. They believed that they would be able to send to the Senate a Democrat. They plotted and planned to that end. The machinery they provided for the purpose worked with admirable smoothness. The dissatisfaction of the voters with conditions political and economic was in their favor. The outlook for the Hon. ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE was most discouraging.

But the Democrats have been true to tradition. They have lived up to the highest standards of their party. Having at hand scores of competent men the selection of any of whom as candidate for the Senate would have meant the permanent defeat of Mr. BEVERIDGE, they have pitched on the one man whose selection must result in a Beveridge Legislature this year or else in complete discredit for the Democrats. Indiana may not be able between now and election day sufficiently to overcome its disgust with the Republican party to elect a Republican Legislature, but the spectacle of TAGGART in the Senate will unquestionably render Democratic success impossible after this fall.

Whenever it seems beyond the powers of the Republicans to prevent the creation of a decent, strong and respectable opposition the Democrats undertake the task themselves. A wonderful party, that of JEFFERSON, BRYAN and TOM TAGGART!

The Kaiser's Air Squadron.

Again ROTUA has blown a Zeppelin to ruin as if in derision of an earthly monarch's review of his squadron of the air. Nevertheless the arrival on the plain of Homburg of three dirigible balloons under their own power outward bound from Cologne, and the decoration of Lieutenant-General Baron MORITZ VON LYNCKER, inspector-general of transportation, and two staff officers who alighted in the presence of WILLIAM II., make a historic scene worthy of the commemoration in stone or bronze decreed by the Emperor.

There is perhaps a touch of comedy in the return of the Gross cruiser by train to Cologne and in the escape of the Zeppelin creation from two whole companies of infantry straining to hold it back from disaster; but there was compensation in the triumph of Major PARSEVAL's non-rigid airship, which, although buffeted and blown about by cross winds, reached Cologne in safety.

No matter what invention may do to strengthen and balance these great dirigibles, the storm will always be their master. But they will still have their uses in war. In the old days of three deckers armadas were scattered, and battles won or lost in the sequel, when winds rose in their fury and swept the seas. The achievements of ships of the air—so far of record only in peaceful times, it is true—must be set off against the mishaps that have befallen them. The Patrie alias the gale cast her into the surges of the Atlantic; was navigated 140 miles from Paris to Verdun before she was snatched from a proud nation, and not to mention a number of preliminary but glorious essays of the Zeppelin type, there was the marvellous cruise of the Count from Friedrichshafen to Bitterfeld and back to Göppingen, 440 miles in all. On that celebrated voyage the Alps were crossed in strong winds.

No one may doubt the future of the dirigibles in war, making due allowance for their vulnerability in untoward emergencies. They cannot live in the open in tempests, or even in squalls that come down from the unexplored domain of the sky. Between voyages they are as dependent upon containing and protecting sheds as the ship of the sea on a rockbound coast is dependent upon a harbor for refuge. In their natural haste to improve the dirigible balloon the Germans have not found time to build a chain of station sheds for housing the great fabrics, and until this is done the tale of disaster will be often repeated.

The Parseval airship, which distinguished herself in the late cruise from Cologne to Homburg and back—a matter of 200 miles only in all—was designed to live in stiff winds. Two main cables depending in a vertical position from the envelope hold the car, and a double set of cables extends obliquely below from one end of the envelope to the other, passing over rollers at the bottom of the car, the object being to permit oscillation when the airship is blown about. She could not ride out a gale of course, but in ordinary winds she is under control, which would mean a great deal to the General Staff when intelligence of the position and strength of the enemy had to be obtained. The Parseval could go up when an aeroplane would turn turtle if it could rise at all in safety.

The Hon. WILLIAM J. BRYAN does not approve of Governor HUGHES as a member of the Supreme Court. Those who remember the speech in which Governor HUGHES paid his respects to Mr. BRYAN and Bryanism in 1908, a speech that Mr. BRYAN did not even attempt to answer, will perceive good reasons for the Nebraskan's personal dissatisfaction.

A SERVANT OF UNCLE SAM.

Political Opinion of a Thoughtful Census Enumerator.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I have filled out the blank left at my house by the census man. He called for it last night. His domestic economy kept him from parting with the remnant of a cigar he was smoking. Civil rights were not at enmity with his remaining covered.

Seated in my dining room after some little preliminary conversation and an introduction to my wife, he inquired if I spoke English, was married and white. The essentials of the incident were soon finished, and he submitted to an interview.

He was a few of Eastern parentage, about five feet (I cannot say height, say echo), one five and twenty years of age, a rolling talker. I asked him how he secured his appointment.

"Through civil service examination," he said, adding that there was no politics in it. He said he belonged to the People's party and voted the Democratic ticket. It was the poor man's party. Republican the rich man's party. He said our Government was nominally Republican and nominal. but that the Constitution was mere paper and gave no rights to the poor, that the poor man could get nothing from the courts, where all favors went to the rich.

He contended that the United States Supreme Court was a political machine appointed by the President and did his bidding, and very naturally the Justices were his creatures. I asked him the people had it in their power to vote bad men out of office, he said it could not be done that way. I asked his remedy. He said "You have read of the French Revolution, that is the only way."

I sought a bill of particulars from him of the alleged wrongs suffered by the poor for which the rich were responsible, and he handed me the threadbare and shopworn accusations constituting the stock in trade of all the anarchistic gatherings.

It was not difficult to detect the warmth of the fires that were burning under his disembiings.

When he was gone I pondered over the kindly paternalism of the Government that opens its arms and the shelter of its laws to these oppressed peoples.

E. G.

NEW YORK, April 20.

The Maiden Speech of Neil Primrose.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Never within living memory had a Queen of England visited the House of Commons until Queen Alexandra, accompanied by the Princess Victoria, sat behind the grille on Monday night, April 11, to hear Neil Primrose, second son of Lord Rosebery, deliver his maiden speech. Mr. Primrose is a clean shaven young man with somewhat Jewish features, which he inherits from the Rothschilds, and with reflective eyes like his father's. Standing in the midst of a full house, with the Queen of England as a listener, the young speaker was naturally nervous, but at once he plunged into the thick of the fight. Mr. Lloyd George, who had been listless, swung around at right angles and was all attention. Mr. Balfour had come in specially to hear the young member's first address.

Mr. Primrose said he was for the reform of the Lords "out and out," but he could not understand the phrase of the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, about "death, disaster and damnation."

It might be necessary for a Government leader to lead his party to death. It might be necessary for some great principle to face overwhelming disaster, but there could be no reason or cause why a parliamentary leader should drive his party to damnation, and he said that any attempt at a single chamber policy would certainly lead the Liberals to that end.

When the young nobleman resumed his seat there were cheers from both sides of the House, and it was felt that this maiden speech must go down in history with those of Gladstone and Disraeli. Before the cheers had subsided Mr. Stephen Gwynne, the Irish Nationalist, rose and said: "The speech to which we have just listened in its distinctive and charm would lead us to the conclusion that there is indeed something in heredity."

NEW YORK, April 20. BARRISTER.

Trees New York Should Not Lose.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It has been announced that the former residence of Mr. Henry Poor at Lexington avenue and Gramercy Park North, is to be demolished to make room for a twelve story apartment house. In the garden of this house are three beautiful magnolia trees too beautiful to be destroyed by the operations of building.

May not these charming trees be transferred to Gramercy Park or some other breathing space? Should the Park Commissioners be appealed to? or most we who have welcomed their fragrant blossoms as the heralds of spring see them bruised by careless workmen, stifled by the dust of demolition?

It would seem that New York is too lacking in beautiful things to suffer calmly such a wanton waste. Perhaps some private gentleman may be glad to interfere. The cost of transplanting would be but slight, and the risk to the present state of horticultural science would be practically nothing. A FLOWER LOVER.

NEW YORK, April 20.

Pupils in the Parochial Schools.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I have read the interesting figures given in the report to the Chamber of Commerce. There are in the Roman Catholic schools of this great city at least 100,000 pupils. No mention is made of this vast army educated without expense to the city. Expressed in dollars it means a saving of $1,000,000. Are our non-Catholic brethren unaware of the figures involved, or is it mere oversight that these facts are not made clear in the various reports on the greatness of our city? THOMAS F. FINDIGAN.

NEW YORK, April 25.

Call for the Tree Warden.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Presumably there is some city official whose consent is necessary before trees may be cut down in the public streets. If there is it would interest some of your readers to know who he is and why he has allowed two fine trees to be cut down at 126th street and Broadway. To the uninitiated it looks like stupid, wanton destruction. P. J. H.

NEW YORK, April 26.

"THE GENERAL STRIKE."

J. H. Rosny, Sr., has published a work on Pluralism, that is to say Pragmatism, and recently a novel dealing with the rise of syndicalism and anti-militarism in France. Its title is "La Vague Rouge" ("The Red Wave"), and it is more searching, broader and less partisan than his earlier works on social subjects such as "L'Impérieuse Bonté" and "Sous le Faisceau," these latter written in company with the elder author's brother. Nor is the theme of Rosny's latest novel singular in Continental literature, devoted as it is in these days to discussions in fiction of socialistic problems. Paul Adam, the dynamic and imaginative, has written his "Le Trust." Paul Bourget in his much criticised play "La Barricade" has developed a thesis that he admits he discovered in a study of Georges Sorel, "Réflexions sur la Violence." And in Germany there has just appeared Alexander Ular's "Die Zwergenschlacht" ("The Battle of the Dwarfs"), in which an American multimillionaire, a peace apostle (is it necessary to name him?), corners the entire productions of the globe and threatens a general strike if the nations do not immediately begin a disarmament. That the story ends in somewhat grotesque melodrama does not minimize either its interest or its significance.

But we are chiefly concerned with the novel of Rosny, which epitomizes, so it seems to us, the question of the general strike (la grève générale), that Utopian and fascinating dream of so many workmen, non-socialist as well as worshippers of the glittering behemoth. That an economic monopoly in the hands of an individual might become a marvellous instrument of progress for the organization of the State, of society, may be admitted; but the problem is purely abstract, as academic as the lever of Archimedes. Find your fulcrum and the lever of socialism will accomplish the rest! Alas! Where is that fulcrum? Rosny has for years endeavored to ferret it out, and in the "Red Wave" (far from being a sensational tale, despite its title) he studies the general strike as the possible fulcrum. His dispassionate conclusions are as chilling as the results of the recent strike in Philadelphia; and it should not be forgotten that he is a sympathetic disciple of socialism and could quote Marx, who so truthfully said: "The social revolution should not end in the substitution of a minority government by another government," thereby putting his finger on a sore spot of sociological science, so called (though it is neither social nor scientific). He might have added that the fundamental defect of the problem is shown by sociology having a name before it has a substance. The Comtian system or the Marxian, or any system, all possess alike this weakness—they are superb systems on paper, but bear no relation to organic life. Society, like life, is a growth, not a throwing of double sixes from the dice box of destiny. Laws and systems are made for man, not man for any such mechanical adjustment as socialism. Besides, the main body of the Marx doctrine, not to be confounded with his socialistic teachings, is based upon the "ruthless appropriation of the surplus values created by labor," but a social aristocracy would be the logical outcome of Marx's discovery rather than a social democracy.

Rosny's hero, appropriately named Francois Rougemont, has the rhetorical gift abundantly developed. A soft hearted sentimentalist, he would nevertheless, like Nero, see a city burn and fiddle as it burned, that is, spout sonorous phrases in which "brotherhood of man," "unearned increment," "the crime of capital," "strike for your hearth and family" and more of the same stilted stuff would figure. He is a sort of ideal walking delegate, and though a skilled artisan delights in stirring up strife. Proprietors fear him; he hath a golden tongue and a well stored brain. He does not believe in bloodshed, passive resistance is his trump card, nor is he a wastrel. He does not accept wages from the workmen, as he earns enough in six months to capture leisure for the other half of the year in which he may make mischief. An agreeable, lifelike character, and only when his theories conflict with his temperament does his house of cards tumble flat. He loves a beautiful working woman who despises strikers, and it is borne heavily upon the hero that he must cease his sinister occupation if he hopes to marry the sensible Christine. He refuses. He is consistent enough for that, and at the end he dies a martyr's death, as his companions call it. It is really an accidental taking off, and the irony of the author never shines with lustre so sardonic as in this operatic finale.

The interest of the book lies not in its romantic episodes, but in the varied and valid pictures of Parisian workmen, from rough, unskilled laborers to Parisian working ateliers where specialists earn large salaries. The characterization is that of a master, of a French Dickens, quick to note and record the humor as well as the pathos in the lives of French workmen. Zola never created anything so real as the description of the strike that fizzled out in a famous Sunday afternoon when a handful of police scattered a mob without firing a shot. The darker side of the story relates the murder of an innocent military officer by a young fanatic whose brain has been turned by pernicious literature, and the length, depth and breadth of this literature are cleverly brought out by the author, who while he is not a propagandist knows of the evil that may come from inflammable pamphlets.

The general strike fails, as it always does, as it always will. Socialism, which does not allow space for the play of individual oscillations, which would ring curfew for the world at every eve, cannot compel this same old world to lay down its tools of life when a whistle blows and then threaten "Unless!—or else we work no more!" In many pages Rosny subjects the question to a hundred different lights. Georges Sorel is the prophet of the present, and Daniel Halévy, now serving a term of imprisonment for his radical denunciations of militarism, may be the hero of the Rosny novel. There are many points of resemblance. Idealism of the most extravagant sort is the keynote of Halévy's character, as it is of Francois Rougemont's. Sorel encourages in his writings a belief in a general strike, not because he thinks the thing possible, but because with Marx and Engels he realizes the utility of the idea, the utility of such "travesties idéologiques." The myth as productive of insurrection is invaluable, and when this myth wears a semi-religious guise, all the better for its motive power. The people (they will persist in calling them "proletarians" on the Continent) must be aroused by catchwords, by promises of a paradise on earth where labor will be transformed into a few hours daily dalliance with machinery (in the meantime sabotage means the wanton destruction of the employer's machinery), and the millennium will not be far away. Hatred as a factor is not to be overlooked. It stimulates productive energy. In a word, violence is the living water of life. The army—there is the enemy! Yet in speaking of Sorel and his ideas Halévy wrote both temperately and critically in "Les Nouveaux Aspects de Socialisme" (*Pages libres*, October 2, 1909). Evidently in action he is a propagandist of the hottest order.

George Eliot has suggested the idea of "the suppressed transitions that unite all contrasts"—she must have been reading Hegel—and we need not lose sight of the great fact that all this attempted and theoretical topsyturvying of the social order has not only its value but also many reasons for its being. The socialistic Samsons who are trying to shake down the pillars of society substantially agree with James Hinton that the social pyramid is inverted; that the workers (inevitably pronounced the producers, though this is a fallacy) should be at the apex and not form the foundation of the pyramid. This naturally presupposes the top to be better than the bottom, a confusion of idea with image. We are all slaves to certain verbal mirages, to abstract words, such as Happiness, Goodness, Beauty, Liberty, not realizing that Justice, Liberty, Happiness are relative, not absolute terms. Nature abhors an absolute. This is not pessimism; experience tempers the hot pulse of expectant youth, and the fair world is none the less fair because it is also a world of work, a world of duties. As for Happiness (always capitalized), it is the impossible concept of some intoxicated prehistoric poet.

If such a condition could prevail even for a minute the human brain would crumble the next from the ecstatic strain. Remember Mohammed and his water jar. He was in paradise for aons, yet the jar was just emptied when he awoke from his epileptic vision. Even in the case of relative happiness ennui is the usual result. It takes a hero to face the conflicts and sorrows of existence, but a demigod to endure ecstasy prolonged. The seamy side of success may yet be written. Many an idol would then sag and totter. Therefore why shake your fist at a mountain, accuse a bog of treachery or sneer at a falling star? The socialists who explain everything have never explained away human nature. After listening to their honey and vinegar you recall with pleasure the memory of Charles Lamb, who, enduring for a time the rhodomontade of Godwin, the philosopher father-in-law of Shelley, lisped in his gentle way: "Give me Man as he is not to be." So give us man as he is and not as the dealers in futurities would make him—an amount monster of perfection. But your socialist rushes in where a fool fears to tread.

Every new theory for the betterment of our kind is only a new monocle or pair of spectacles through which to peer at life. Some magnify, some minify, all distort. Description, be it never so compelling, does not construct, and world builders have ever been men of few words and many deeds. Not that the theorist is an obscurist. Not that new ideas are to be shunned. America was once only an idea. But while there is no lack of doctrinal richness in the tenets of socialism (or socialisms, the variety is tumult breeding), the mechanical logic is disheartening. Why not, as Tolstoy preaches, go back—as if it were possible—to the first Christian Socialist? A good war for social rhythms at this hour will report that even if we must traverse the bogs of socialism we will come out on the other side something quite different from what is expected by its high priests. Nature has a discomfiting trick of reversing theories, revalsing values and unhorsing world heroes. Paradoxical as the assertion may sound, socialism will no longer be socialism if it should succeed; it may be the hoojum that was once a snark. However, let us drop socialism in general for the general strike in particular.

Professor Albert Schinz in his "Anti-Pragmatism," a brilliant refutation of pragmatism, that theory of a non-theory, makes a strong plea for an intellectual aristocracy in America as a bulwark against the encroaching tide of materialism, a secular safeguard that would not conflict with the spiritual weapons of religion. The idea is worth weighing and is mentioned at this juncture because in the study of Professor Schinz social unrest is considered at length. Like Rosny, we hold no brief against the confederation of labor, believing as he does that syndicalism, or trade unionism, has its utility. He has investigated its history down to the strikes under Clemenceau and the viticultural riots in the French provinces; but he does not favor the closed shop, the system that tells a man he dare not work unless he bows the knee to the cap on the pole. Why, it's a tyranny worse than was Gessler's over William Tell, accepting that play at least as a symbol. The labor unions have summoned members from the vasty deep, and they have unhappily come on being summoned. One is the monstrous belief in the general strike, the other the monster that bars the door of the open shop. Both will perish; one has already given up the ghost in Philadelphia.

The recent strike in that city is now history. It failed, if not in causing discomfort, misery, crime, in its chief purpose, which was to lay low all commerce labor by the aid of the general strike. An anecdote, true, is told of an employee at the Baldwin Locomotive Works who joined in that parody of brotherhood called the "sympathetic strike," and when he returned, hungry, disheartened, to regain his "job" he found his place occupied by a "striking" car driver. Thrift, Horatio! We hope to see slain some day that silliest of superstitions, the general strike. H.

Long Pastorates in a New York Church.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In THE SUN of to-day the interesting fact is given from the Philadelphia Record that the Charters United Presbyterian Church in Washington county, Pa., has had only eight pastors in a period covering 135 years since its organization in 1775, the longest pastorate being forty four years and the next longest a little over twenty seven years.

The First Baptist Church of New York has a record as remarkable, if not more so. It has had only nine pastors in a period of 148 years since its organization in 1762. The Rev. William Parmelee ministered to it for thirty five years, the Rev. John Gano, the first pastor, and the Rev. Isaac M. Haldeman, the present pastor, each preached twenty five years. The Rev. Thomas D. Anderson was there nearly seventeen years, the Rev. Spencer H. Cone fourteen years, and the Rev. Benjamin Foster nearly ten years. Few churches can boast of so many long ministries in a long pastor. CHARLES HILLMAN FORSYTH.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 26.

Corrupt Americans.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The plain clothes men looking for evidence for Sunday violations of the strict law have the opportunity of their lives to gather in the saloon keeper's coin. They call on the saloon man in plain clothes and look for a violation. They see it but do not report, but inform the saloon man quietly of their identity and give their address and make it easier for the publican to fix it with them than if the men were in uniform, as under the old system.

Better revise the law and make Sunday selling legal, as 90 per cent. of all Americans are susceptible to the long green, principally because they need the money. Policemen are no exception to this estimate. This dry Sunday business is ridiculous in our cosmopolitan town.

NEW YORK, April 26. ABOUT O. RAPPIN.

IN MARK TWAIN'S MEMORY.

Suggestion for a Monument to the Beloved Humorist.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The majority of your readers are doubtless familiar with the statue of Dumas père, in the Place Dumas, in Paris, at the back of the marble base of which is the life size bronze figure of D'Artagnan, "on whose loyal, open and intelligent countenance, furrowed with tears," we read with Richelieu "all the sufferings its possessor had endured within a month; his activity, courage and shrewdness."

Very soon now throughout America will arise statues to our friend who has just left us, Mark Twain.

How grateful would it be to all who might see it, and how suitably suggestive of that delicate inner and matchless mixture of humor and pathos of whose expression he was such a master, if a statue similar in idea to that of Dumas might grace New York city—the picturesque figure of Mark Twain above, and at its base the immortal Tom and Huck with his dead cat in his hand, surely one of the most memorable meetings in fiction. M. V. PENNINGTON.

New York, April 26.

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM.

Coincidences That Interested an Author-Reader of Two Famous Novelists.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: As a commentary on the phrase "unconscious plagiarism" used by some of your correspondents, I submit the following extracts from private letters of Alexander Somerville, a London newspaper writer and pamphleteer in the days of Reform and Corn Law agitation and author of several stories published anonymously in the first half of the last century. Writing from Toronto under date of January 19, 1877, he said:

"Eliza Grimwood, or a Legend of Waterloo Road," one volume, published 1847, has also been received. He had sent to London for copies of some of his books. I had not read a page of it since passing the proofs in Mr. Cousins's office. B. D. Cousins, publisher, Helmet Court, Strand, and was startled to find how like some portions of its sensational story are to parts of novels published three and five years later by authors of celebrity. Thackeray seems to have made free use of the anonymously issued "Eliza Grimwood" in his "Vanity Fair." I had not read his "Vanity Fair" until one or three years ago, and then I was impressed with the idea that several of its scenes, characters and parts of the plot were familiar to me, though no reflection, no inquiry of memory could satisfy me as to where, when or how I became acquainted with his Becky Sharp, Marquis of Steyne and the girls' boarding school at Fareham Green, London.

"The chancery suit of my 'Eliza Grimwood' and the lawyer's death, of the lawyer, given simultaneously in the world in 1848, are very much like the celebrated chancery suit in a novel by Dickens published five or six or seven years later. Now mark this, my son. I do not insinuate that either Dickens or Thackeray knowingly appropriated ideas or incidents from me, or had leaned to so from anybody; but they had read an unfathered story written by your father, and some of its strangely romantic dramatic situations may have remained in their minds without either being aware of it when or how the events got a lodgment in their heads."

On January 30, 1877, he supplemented the above as follows:

"In regard to the trial scene in 'Pickwick,' which you were reading, it is not what I referred to as a 'chancery suit.' I forget in which of the Dickens novels the chancery suit is described, with the small old woman who daily haunted the court in Chancery lane. It was in the fourth or fifth of his novels. That does not matter. I don't allege that Thackeray took anything from my anonymous novels knowingly, but in the 'Vanity Fair' of Thackeray some of the events and persons are very like my creations, written in previous years. The Marquis of Steyne and Becky Sharp are exceedingly like Lord Rainsford and Kate Clarendon in 'Eliza Grimwood.' But Kate Rimmer was a pure, young, good girl. She defended her chastity by a knife, became insane, wandered from Yorkshire to London, and sang in the lucid intervals of ballads of the "other life," she thinking herself in another state of being from that she had lived when in the world. Thackeray introduces the 'battle of Waterloo' 1815, to mine the characters became dramatic at the naval battle of Navarino, 1827.

This suggestion of unconscious plagiarism" reminds also the curious fact that a man may forget the children of his own brain. HENRY D. SOMERVILLE.

BROOKLYN, April 26.

BLESSINGS IN THE FROST.

A Consoling Thought Extracted From the Western Bad Weather.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: If it is a fact that the early fruits are gobbled up by commission and cold storage men and the unsound and unhealthy must first be disposed of or got out of the way, the price being as high as if sound and healthy, then it is not less a fact that we are better off for not having such fruit to eat. It is hard of course to be without fruit, and the system is injuriously affected by its absence, but it may not be as bad for us as to have the system poisoned by fruit unfit to eat.

If it was difficult and provoking last fall to buy an apple or pear at the stands, paying just the same for the bad as for the good, we shall be spared that feeling the coming fall.

In one sense or from one point of view the laugh or loss is now on the cold storage robbers and withholders, and it looks very much as though the hand of Providence was in it to expose and bring to naught the schemes of those who would deprive the people of nature's best gifts.

Joseph, Pharaoh's right hand man, in anticipation of a grievous predicted famine had laid up all the fruits in the land and the food of the fields and put them in storehouses to preserve the lives of men and beasts. Nowadays to bring on a famine the fruits and vegetables that ought to make the markets, stores and stands more beautiful than flowers are stored away and hidden from sight by our would-be modern Josephs, and the poorest and the worst so dealt out as to cause disease and death.

May not tuberculosis in a large measure be due to this monstrous and high handed imposition and the studied and persistent withholding of the first fruits of the gardens and the orchards? E. P.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., April 26.

Public School Football.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The board of education in Rochester has shown commendable courage in putting the stamp of official approval on the vote of the high school principals against the playing of American college football by high school students. The report is that the game will be "abolished" for a year at least and unless thoroughly remodelled permanently.

The Rochester people have done well. They might have done better by voting for a genuine abolition instead of suspension, a bigger instead of a threat. The idea of "fair play" was surely never carried to so ridiculous an extreme as it has been in the public treatment of the football rule makers. The game lives on "just one more chance."

Contests between the rival high schools of Rochester have been popular and prominent in the city's amusements. If the educators, the players, the students and the public will be patient and give association football a fair trial they will never regret the sacrifice of the college game.

Granting the fitness of the game for college "men," it can hardly be disputed that it is not the best for boys in the public schools. In soccer they have a fine fast game with the best elements of football, an excellent preparatory course, if they choose to regard it so, for the more rugged curriculum of the varsity field.

Try soccer, schoolboys of Rochester!

NEW YORK, April 26. T. N. E.

Oklahoma Society Note.

From the Kiowa City Star.

Charley Summers, a full blood Kaw Indian, was in to see the editor of this metropolitan weekly the first of the week and asked us to insert in our society columns that he was going to Ponca Wednesday to get married to a Ponca squaw. Charley says he doesn't know much about her, but he heard indirectly that she was looking for a man, and he was satisfied that he would fill the bill.

Alpine Monument to Professor Tyndall.

From the London Standard.

In memory of Professor Tyndall