The Sun.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1910.

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, Edward P. Mitchell, 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, Charing Cross Road.

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.

On leaving the city for the summer you may have THE SUN sent to you by mail at the regular subscription rates, addresses being changed as often as desired.

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The Dwindling Pension Staff.

Our neighbor the *Tribune* discusses with intelligence the moribund condition of the Interior Department and the possibility that before many years it may be submerged as a mere bureau in some new department, say of Public Works. In cataloguing the narrowing functions of the Interior Department as at present organized the *Tribune* remarks of the pension bureau:

"The staff of the pension bureau is dwindling every year. In five or ten years the supply of claims growing out of the civil war will be practically exhausted."

How truly encouraging it would be if the expenditures of the pension bureau were dwindling every year with its staff! Here are the figures for the last ten years:

	Pensioners.	*Expenditures.*
1900	993,529	$142,303,337
1901	997,735	147,400,279
1902	999,446	141,336,646
1903	998,545	141,732,970
1904	994,762	144,942,937
1905	998,441	144,884,694
1906	995,971	142,523,357
1907	967,371	141,484,522
1908	951,687	155,804,049
1909	945,194	164,836,287

The figures are from the "Tribune Almanac." From that trusted repository of statistical information we learn further that for the last recorded year the total expenditure on account of pensions and pension expenses was more than three millions greater than the total of any previous year in the history of the establishment; that the amount actually paid in pensions was more than five millions greater than in any previous year since the civil war; and that the administrative cost of the pension bureau for 1909 was $2,852,583, or $50,000 more than it was the year before and a little more than it was in 1884, twenty-five years before.

The facts do not affect the general argument of the *Tribune* concerning the Interior Department as a vanishing institution, but they strike us as incidentally interesting.

A Forgotten Duel.

The issue of the Baltimore *Sun* of May 2, 1849, contained an account of a desperate duel fought at Old Point Comfort between JAMES BARRON HOPE, a young civilian, and JOHN PEMBROKE JONES, an officer of the United States navy. Both fell, mortally wounded apparently, but both survived, HOPE to become a poet and man of letters, and JONES to reflect distinction on Virginia as a brave naval officer in the Mexican and civil wars. HOPE died years ago, and JONES on Wednesday at Pasadena.

The duel in which the hot headed youngsters engaged was one of the most celebrated in a day when resort to the code for satisfaction, no matter how trivial the quarrel, was an honored custom. Especially were naval officers addicted to duelling, but not to such a degree as in the early part of the century, when men could boast of having been out a score of times. The Jones-Hope meeting was purely an affair of honor. Midshipman JONES resented invidious remarks about his absent brother by HOPE, a grandson of Commodore JAMES BARRON, who killed Commodore STEPHEN DECATUR in a famous duel, and JONES challenged HOPE; the latter protested that he had no quarrel with Midshipman JONES, whom he very much respected, but an indiscreet friend of the young naval officer made an encounter inevitable by suspicions of HOPE'S courage. In the duel that followed JAMES BARRON HOPE used the pistol with which his grandfather at Bladensburg killed the intrepid DECATUR, to his lasting sorrow during a career that carried him to the head of the navy.

Civilian HOPE and Midshipman JONES, scions of "the first families of Virginia," stood at ten paces when they exchanged shots at Old Point Comfort with such accurate aim, and as HOPE lay on the ground he gallantly sent his compliments to the prostrate midshipman and hoped that he was not seriously hurt. They were sworn friends afterward, attending the same church and attracting the envy and admiration of their friends and neighbors in Tidewater Virginia. HOPE, although believing in the efficacy and need of the code duello to the last (he died in 1887), was a gentle soul greatly esteemed for his intellectual qualities; and PEMBROKE JONES, as his intimates called him, was a modest and amiable gentleman.

In an anthology of Virginia poetry JAMES BARRON HOPE'S verses would find a place, and as an accomplished editor he is still remembered. The fame of PEMBROKE JONES is part of the history of the civil war. He was executive officer of the Merrimac in her memorable battle with the Monitor, and all through the four years conflict he served with great distinction. There is now another oldest graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, for the distinction belonged to Captain JONES before he drew his last breath. In sketches of his life that appeared in yesterday's newspapers mention was made of his career in the old navy and of his exploits in the Confederate service, but the duel at Old Point Comfort sixty-one years ago, one of the last affairs of the kind in which an American naval officer engaged, had been forgotten. We may be sure it will long be treasured in the archives of the HOPES and the JONESES as a heroic example of the chivalry of feudal ancestors, however false some of their standards appear to later generations.

Amid the Ruins.

The foundation of the republic, or that portion of the substructure of representative government situated in Albany, slipped downward and outward on Wednesday. From the splendidly adequate description of this world shaking event supplied by the Albany correspondent of the *Evening Post* we take this all too brief extract:

"Never have the forces of reaction and graft, hand in hand, rushed so ruthlessly to the carrying out of a deal—in this case a deal which will stamp the Republican party of New York State with a stigma as indelible as time itself."

Even in the presence of a calamity indubitably colossal we pause to do homage to prose so passionate. Could the poet laureate himself surpass that "rushed so ruthlessly" or Mr. KIPLING in his latest style approximate that "stamp with a stigma as indelible as time itself"? We think not. Indeed we tremblingly yearn for the transports of language to come when this historian beholds his first "three alarm" fire.

Yet such digression is hardly pardonable at the present hour. To tell in our own crude and unpolished style the actual occurrence is a task hardly pleasurable. Still, boldly put, what occurred seems to have been this: Twenty-eight members of a Senate composed at present of fifty outvoted twenty-one. By sheer weight of numbers, by a resort to the most criminal of all possible methods, that of strength alone, twenty-eight men overwhelmed twenty-one. Here is unmistakable evidence of a fallen republic.

Had this violent abuse of power not taken place, how different would have been the result. In a Republican caucus twenty-two men would have overborne thirteen, bound them to accept the will of the twenty-two. Then the combined force of thirty-five would have utterly routed fifteen Democrats. In this way twenty-two men would have triumphed over twenty-eight. Then the republic would still be extant, liberty still invincible, and posterity poorer by at least one perfect paragraph.

The Open Door in Persia.

The schemes of Germany for the commercial penetration of Persia have so completely obscured other recent issues in that country that the question of a joint loan by Russia and England and the practical control of the country by those two Powers has been pushed aside in the discussion of the more comprehensive plan of an open door and a German economic development.

It was no doubt a disappointment to the two Powers that the loan was rejected, for its acceptance would have made more secure their hold upon Persian affairs, and the money, if administered as they had insisted that it should be, would have brought a degree of tranquillity to the disturbed border lands of their possessions. The proposal was at first indorsed by the Shah and his principal Ministers, but was rejected by the Parliament. For some time it has been evident that this body would not consent to any arrangement that might be considered an encroachment on the rights of a sovereign State. It finally refused assent to the only terms upon which Russia and Great Britain would make the loan, giving as a reason that certain conditions of the proposal were of a political nature "not concerned directly with the question of security or repayment."

While this reason was accepted for what it was worth there remained in both England and Russia a feeling that the plan had been defeated by German influence. Germany as far back as 1906 had appeared in Persia. In the spring of that year a German steamship line began plying to Basra, German agents began to promote schemes for the irrigation of the Kuran Valley and there was talk of the establishment of branches of a German bank. About the time of the failure of the joint loan despatches were sent out from Teheran that representatives of German interests had been engaged in "studies and negotiations" in Persia, and the inference was made that the Government might secure its loan from Germany if "adequate guarantees were offered and favorable concessions" made. It was also noted that a German official had gone over most of the line from Bagdad to Khanikin and Teheran, the route that would be the most natural prolongation into Persia of the Bagdad railroad.

It has just become known that the German Ambassadors at London and at St. Petersburg have been instructed to enter the most vigorous protests against the economic and financial monopoly that England and Russia are endeavoring to exercise in Persia. From what can be learned of the German plan it is evidently the intention to have representatives at all the chief centres of trade and industry. An attempt will be made to improve the traditional methods of carpet weaving by introducing modern machinery, and chemical manufacturers expect to find a profitable market for their dyes in this same trade. The German Orient Bank proposes to open branches at Shiraz, Ispahan and Kermanshah. A German syndicate hopes to obtain concessions for a motor car service in northern Persia between Khanikin and the capital and along the Persian Gulf; another syndicate is arranging for a steamer service on Lake Urumia. All of these plans are reported to be the results of thorough and painstaking investigations by Germans who have studied Persian conditions.

The Anglo-Russian understanding has not succeeded in improving internal conditions in Persia. While there is a paper Constitution and an elected Parliament no real reform of administration has been carried out and the country is still torn by internal dissensions. By what means the Government expects to tide over the financial crisis is not apparent. The crown jewels, which were sent to Paris to be appraised, have proved to be more valuable than was expected; but if they were put up at forced sale it is very doubtful if sufficient would be realized to meet obligations, while a loan within the country in the present disturbed condition seems impossible. It has been maintained, however, by Germans that the German Orient Bank is committed to a policy of assisting the economic development of the country wherever possible, and that under such a policy extended to all their undertakings the development of the country would be safer and healthier than under conditions imposed by a regular loan.

The effect of the energetic German financial conquest will be felt more perhaps by England than by Russia. The London *Standard* states the position as follows:

"What is only too apparent is that English influence in Persia is inoperative, that the Government is more or less disorganized, that the country is in a state of chaos and that Germany is on the lookout for an opening to prosecute schemes which are not likely to promote British interests and will probably conflict with them."

England maintains that her policy in Persia is the policy of the open door, but, as was laid down by Lord LANSDOWNE in 1903 and confirmed by Sir EDWARD GREY in 1907, it is also "the policy dictated to us by the duty of protecting those special interests in southern Persia and the Persian Gulf which the possession of our Indian Empire makes as vital to us as the special interest of Russia in north Persia is vital to her."

The Secret of the Uplifter.

The Hon. ZACH MCGEE, Washington correspondent of the Columbia *State*, bestows upon that journal a philosophic observation which we take the liberty of borrowing and extending:

"WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, * * * one of our most distinguished uplifters, * * * writes like he is about 125 years old, giving us all always such great, grand, fatherly advice; he looks like he is less than 30."

Dr. CHARLES SEDGWICK MINOT of Boston will have to revise his theory of old age. For the case of the Emporia sage is not different from that of all the other moral Baedekers and great national political guides. They are born older than the oldest changeling and wiser than MERLIN. Even physically their peculiarities are extraordinary. It is a well known fact that Mr. WHITE, for instance, had to be shaved on the day of his birth, and that he has had a constant struggle since with heavy white side whiskers. He has conquered them. His venerability is not apparent in his bland and juvenile lineaments. There is no physical hint of the dateless æons from which he comes to us. Mr. MCGEE is a good fellow, but no mathematician. Mr. WHITE is nearer 125,000 than 125. He has lectured the Cave Man on the duties of citizenship. He has taught vegetarianism to the Thunder Lizard. He has given grandfatherly advice to the first arboreal climber.

And most of the uplifters of humanity and their voices have the same happy gifts. Their knowledge, which seems instinctive, is certainly not acquired. Who ever heard of an uplifter that took the trouble to know anything? Without study, without preparation, without effort, they pour forth millions of words. A grateful nation sits at their feet and listens. They don't need to take in new knowledge. They live on their old stock. This often leads them into what would be ludicrous errors if committed by common men, but who shall distrust antiquity emitted from youthful lips?

The art of being a great, great, greater than great grandfather at birth, the art of giving advice, these fortunate teachers, these national schoolmasters, possess it. They don't need to know anything, because they talk and write as though they knew everything; and a docile population reveres and pampers and enriches them.

The Hon. ZACH MCGEE has discovered the secret of one of the fattest professions of this time.

The Led Mule Lode.

At the back of San Bernardino in Southern California (Barnardino is the local pronunciation) lies the desert. It is a land of aridity and inveracity. Those who dangle the bait of wealth say that over the hot and painful waste lies the trail to the lost lode, the Pegleg, the Gunsight, the Lost Cabin, the Spanish mine. Maybe not all of these are exactly in this one desert, but they are all equally lost and equally calling to the adventurous prospector. A fine prospect when the season is right for folk to pluck up their courage to go on pilgrimages.

Into San Bernardino have just come two prospectors, Colonel CLYDE DURHAM and Lieutenant-Colonel JAMES DESMOND, footsore and empty handed. Five months they have been pursuing a course in practical mineralogy, a liberal education in pure science, for it has brought them no practical result. With them has returned the faithful but ever melancholy companion of their wanderings, to wit, their pack mule; unfortunately the record in our news omits his name, and the omission is regrettable because the mule shows himself superior, better man, better prospector. Footsore and empty handed the wandering men, even more deservedly footsore our fellow citizen this mule, but not empty hoofed. In safe though inconvenient lodgment between coronet and pastern he has brought back from the gold trail the proof of wealth.

He developed a limp, the chroniclers of San Bernardino tell us, and thus it was discovered that in his hoof he had concealed a nugget "estimated to be worth $500." Let us estimate also; with gold at $20 the ounce troy, that nugget must weigh two pounds and one ounce of value, without allowing a pennyweight to the quartz gangue which must hold it. Considerable of a dornick that; no wonder the mule limped. If only he had done as well with the other hoofs! Fancy the pride of ownership in a mule that assays $2,000.

How like a mule this is. If it had been a pebble of barren country rock no bigger than a pea, that mule, any mule, would have trumpeted his woe and have taken no step until the intrusive geology had been extracted. But when he stepped on float and kicked up gold at the grass roots he says never a word until he reaches such civilization as San Bernardino affords. Then he reveals his auriferous deposit and sets the bipeds mad in the sacred famish of gold. Somewhere there is gold like pebbles, but it may be any part of five months back track on the trail of this mule who concealed his limp.

The wisdom of this mule has given the desert one more lure of gold. We hasten to claim the Led Mule Lode wherever it may lie—and a whole lot lies at the back of San Bernardino; we lose no time in staking 600 feet along the lode, with all its dips, spurs and angles.

The people of Wilson, N. C., and the inhabitants of the whole neighborhood should be defended against brutal and disingenuous attacks on the rabbit of their region. Impious persons are now asserting that the North Carolina mountain rabbit is not a carnivorous beast, that he does not assault unprotected wayfarers or defy bulldogs or court mortal combat in any form. It is false. Everybody knows that it is false.

For the moment the harp of poesy has passed from North Carolina into other hands. A Northern troubadour has seized it and is now whacking all its strings with might. Let that pass. Maybe some minstrel will yet arise and snatch the lyre back, but we shall not sit silent while the North Carolina rabbit is disparaged.

If I were trying to frighten you, Senator NEWCOMB, I should put you in a corner with a jumping-jack.—*The Hon.* THOMAS F. GRADY.

Why not an ear trumpet?

By the narrowest margin in the world the new French Chamber of Deputies has retained its youngest member, M. PYTHON, who barely owns to 25 years. Excused from finishing his military service because he had entered an institution for higher education, he found himself on the day after his election under the necessity of successfully passing an examination or going back to the caserne. Fortunately his thesis was accepted, and his future service will be in the Palais Bourbon and not the barracks.

TUCSON, Ariz., May 25.—That the head or nucleus of Halley's comet has divided in two parts is the discovery of Dr. A. E. DOUGLASS of the University of Arizona, made last night.—*The news of yesterday.*

Probably this gay deceiver is laughng at the plight in which he has left the learned astronomers of Earth.

When I was a young man the Fourth of July celebration was a thing always looked forward to by men, women and children. There was usually a large military parade and often the uniformed fraternal organizations took part. Everybody seemed to enjoy the parade, and the spectacle of the soldiers marching recalled the days when brave men fought for the life of the country. After the parade patriotic exercises were usually held in one of the parks.—*General* LEARY, *president of the Society of the War of 1812 of Baltimore.*

When General LEARY was young there were no Giants and Yanks, no prizefights for the world's championship to make the Fourth more glorious, no automobiles, no aeroplanes, no golf links, no track and aquatic sports, no moving pictures, no Coney Island, no cannon crackers and other devilish inventions to stun creation—nothing in short that makes the Fourth of July the red letter day in the calendar it is to-day.

The truth is you Republicans are afraid to go home. You want to stay here, in the hope that things will blow over. You are simply killing time.—*The Hon.* ROBERT B. MACON *of Arkansas.*

Afraid to go home! What a cruel and baseless insinuation! If Mr. MACON can bring about the adjournment of Congress in thirty days the grateful Republicans will never make a butt of him again. Never have they yearned for home so much. Fences are down in every direction. There is insurging going on everywhere. Precious time is being lost in legislation. Leave of absence is hard to get. When the gavel falls at last every man will rush for the Union Station without packing his bag. Some of them hope, but do not expect, to come back. Afraid to go home? Oh, Lord!

UP-STATE BOYS.

Large District Where the Real American Youth Is Not Extinct.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If "E. H. J." will take a trip up State he will have no difficulty in finding many "real open faced, light haired" boys, Americans through and through.

There are still little red schoolhouses in each country district with flag poles and flags on them, in every yard around which thousands of future statesmen of the right kind are shouting and running between lessons.

Let "E. H. J." also stop off at the smaller cities and examine the large modern schools, with the myriads of "shining morning faces," before he becomes too sure that the streets of New York are the best places in which to estimate the worth of "the real American boy."

GENEVA, N. Y., May 25. ANDRE B. HERENDEEN.

The Unspoiled Child.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I would go further, a good deal further, than "Britisher" in to-day's SUN. When a boy I was at a college where corporal punishment was inflicted by the head master, the masters and the prefects—or the monitors, if you like it—but before a boy was caned he was always allowed an appeal to the head master.

At this college there were about thirty prefects, youths of sixteen years of age or over, and I never once saw this caning privilege abused. The advantage of giving the prefects this power was that if they caught a boy in a venial offence they could punish him themselves, and so keep the knowledge of his dereliction from the masters. For instance, when a prefect I often caught a boy smoking, a very trivial offence, for which I would punish him by giving him so many lines of Latin to write, and on a second offence by canting him. In this way he didn't suffer in reputation as he would have done had he been reported to his "tutor."

No, the case is a very wholesome punishment at school and should only be used there. Besides, it doesn't hurt much, but the birch—well, that's another matter. COLLEGE.

NEW YORK, May 25.

The Damning of the Quitter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit me to correct a slight error in "H. C. P.'s" correction in regard to the quotation from "Macbeth." It should be "damn'd be him *that* first cries, Hold, enough," not "who." JOHN DE JOHN JONES.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 25.

The June number of *Country Life in America* is a vacation number. Mrs. E. H. Brainerd hunts for farms, Mr. Julian Burroughs describes a motor boat cruise with his father, Mr. W. L. Underwood chases big game with the camera. There are articles on camping in the Sierras and in the woods, on rowboats, houseboats, horseback trips, with suggestions on the way to spend the vacation, and the usual practical information in the various departments of outdoor exercise.

"THE COST OF PRODUCTION."

WASHINGTON, May 26.—The House yesterday voted to appropriate $250,000 "to enable the President to secure information to assist him in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by the tariff board, including such investigations of the cost of production of commodities as are authorized by said law and for the employment of such persons as may be necessary for these purposes."

Admitting that a competent board intelligently directed could obtain much information of value in the adjustment of rates, much of what could be learned in the process would be utterly worthless when the time came to make use of it. The advocates of the scheme desire that there be obtained an official report and a record of the producing cost of thousands of commodities, both in this country and in all other countries in which they are produced and from which they are exported to the United States. In the case of some of the most important articles on the list this is out of the question. Take wool as an illustration. What is the cost of producing wool? Is it the same on the Montana ranch and on the Ohio farm? Is the cost of corresponding grades the same in Indiana, in Colorado and in California? Is there correspondence of cost in New Mexico and Wyoming? Take wheat, cattle, rice, sugar, tobacco, and scores of other articles of daily use and consumption. Local conditions of production, and consequently the unit cost of production, change from year to year. There is no price fixity whatever on a long list of commodities, and yet it is proposed to spend a large sum of money to ascertain costs of production as a basis of comparison and of regulation of tariff rates.

The variation of costs in different localities and from year to year is doubtless greater in such commodities as those referred to above than it is in manufactured articles and in some raw materials employed in manufacturing processes. Yet even in these lines grave difficulties almost if not quite insurmountable are encountered. We have the statement of the Bureau of Corporations that the ascertainment of the cost of producing steel rails in this country "required the work of a considerable force of men for over a year in the examination of thousands of accounts under the direction of an expert steel man." We have the result of that investigation showing the cost in different mills as ranging from $19.33 a ton to $31.27. On what basis is cost to be figured? Shall it be the average of all for a period of years? A tariff on that basis would protect some who do not need protection and would drive others out of business. If this difficulty is encountered here at home, how shall we ascertain the cost of steel rails, structural steel, bars, sheets, rods, nails, wire and other articles in England, Germany, Belgium or France, where we have no authority to demand an inspection of books, and where factory costs vary even as they do here? There are of course many articles whose cost of production can be learned accurately in some cases and approximately in other cases, but a large percentage of them is either relatively or actually unimportant.

In spite of all this, such a board, even at an annual cost of $250,000, might be made a very profitable investment for the country. There can be no question of the need of better general information regarding the influence of the tariff on prices. A tariff board might do much that would be worth doing, but its primary purpose should not be the achievement of the impossible.

The Cobb Compromise.

From the Brooklyn Standard Union.

If it is the purpose of the compromise to catch Republican votes by this deal it will fail ignobly.

In vain the net of the hunter is set in view of the bird.

Not a Republican vote would be won by such a measure.

The party voters, like the people generally, are divided on this question of direct nominations so sharply compromise is impossible.

No one knows on which side is the majority.

"Graft."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The word "graft" seems to be a very poor slang. Can any one tell where it originated?

A good "grafter" is the most valuable possession a fruit farmer can have, almost invaluable, worth from $3 to $5 a day. To "graft" trees is a most honorable employment.

Then why make "graft" synonymous with dishonor? So is "lemon," about the most valuable fruit for health, also made a misnomer in slang.

NEW YORK, May 26. C. D. L.

Postals as Blotters.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I don't wonder at the complaint of "A. A." in to-day's SUN about the non-adhesive nature of our postage stamps. The postal on which I am writing this I bought only to-day. The Government ought to be able to make better cards. If it were not for the expense I would use postal cards as blotters.

NEW YORK, May 25. VICTIM.

Among the Rural Gods.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The enclosed card of Farm Corn, attorney-at-law, Honolulu, which I found in the *California Magazine*, suggests a likely candidate for the Hall of Fame.

NEW YORK, May 26. GEORGE D. VAIL.

The Other Tartarin.

From Le Petit Journal.

Messieurs et mesdames, salut!
La Providence est bienfaisante:
Me voici. Il est superflu,
N'est-ce pas, que je me présente!
L'univers entier sait mon nom
Depuis le fin fond du Mexique
Jusqu'aux abords du Parthénon.
Allons! En avant la musique!
Zim! Badaboum!
Badaboum! Badaboum!

Ne craignez rien, vils étrangers,
Vous comprendrez cette harangue,
Car, ainsi qu'en me jouant, j'ai
Jadis appris toutes les langues,
Le javanais, l'esperanto,
Et le français des Batignolles,
Et l'idiome des Hottentots
Comme des vaches espagnoles.
Zim, &c.

Tous les hommes sont idiots,
A part moi. La chose est certaine,
J'étais savant dès le maillot
Génial avant la trentaine.
Aussi que Maurice Rostand
Je connais tout, mais à tout prendre
Je suis beaucoup plus épatant
Ayant tout su sans rien apprendre.
Zim, &c.

Il est vrai que j'ai voyagé,
Ça forme, dit-on, la jeunesse,
J'ai vu Pékin, Madrid, Alger,
J'ai vu l'Italie et la Grèce
Et l'empire des Pharaons,
Et le pôle antarctique et même
Le Théâtre de l'Odéon;
Ce fut mon point le plus extrême.
Zim, &c.

Plus fort que Nemrod et plus fort
Que Tartarin j'ai en Afrique
Chassé partout du sud au nord,
Mes triomphes sont historiques.
J'ai tué lions et zébus,
Hippopotames et girafes,
Pendant qu'ils me prenaient pour but,
J'ai même occis des photographes.
Zim, &c.

Ensorcelé de tant d'exploits
L'univers tout entier m'acclame,
A mes pieds se traînent les rois,
Les peuples jaloux me réclament;
Parlant, discourant, sautant,
Je vais aux quatre coins du monde.
Je suis la rose . . . veit des vents
Qui tourne sans cesse à la ronde.
Zim, &c.

Je sais juger, blâmer, prévoir,
Et dis toujours ce que je pense.
Peut-être veules vous savoir
Quel est mon avis sur la France?
La France? Ah, oui! la France—peuh!
Ah! parlez moi de l'Amérique!
Mais je suis très pressé. Adieu!
Allons! En avant la musique!
Zim, &c.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

How the Codfish Met and Overcame the Pelican.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Louisiana delegation has come to Washington, and young fellows are seeing visions of cocktails, juleps, gin fizzes and straight red liquor as though these Southern pilgrims were about to show Washington Homeric and Gargantuan things about provender dry and wet. A more radical error can hardly be imagined. Louisiana men are mere tyros at the game, as their elders of a quarter of a century ago could tell them.

Some thirty years ago the so-called roysterers of New Orleans came in contact with real trenchermen. A whole company of former Union troopers from Boston went down there to receive some captured battle flags from the ex-Confederates who were ready to deliver them. The latter were tired of war stories. They were closing their armories. They had something better to do than nurse unhappy memories. So they sent for the former owners of the battle flags, expecting only a committee, and they encountered an avalanche. One time Boston warriors invaded the town in large and thirsty force. They populated the hotels, the restaurants, the clubs and the *chambres garnies à louer*, and they showed those complacent, misguided, inexperienced men of New Orleans what really able persons could do with the platter and the cup. Placid Pontchartrain broke out in rainbow ripples to the sounds of revelry from Spanish Fort and Milneburg, and when the Bostonians finally went away, as rosy and complacent as ever, and their New Orleans hosts emerged from novel qualms and headaches, and business resumed its long interrupted course, New Orleans realized that it knew nothing about hard drinking and had never risen above the amateur class. The Rouffignacs at Kountz's and at Lopez's; the gin fizzes and the cocktails at Sazerac's, the "absinthe and anisette" at the old corner of Bourbon and Conti—these now seemed to them mere angel's food and marshmallows compared with the Brobdingnagian absorptions of the Boston men. At last they understood that they were not real drinkers, but mere flutterers on the outer rim of things.

A new generation has come. Washington will find Louisiana comparatively abstemious. TEETOTALER.

WASHINGTON, May 26.

GOLF CLUBS.

Attitude of the St. Andrews Committee Defended for the Game's Sake.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "R. F. F." has taken no trouble whatever to understand what he writes about. If he had he would have recognized that the St. Andrews committee in its desire to suppress the use of freak clubs had only the science and the best interests of the game at heart; but his handicap is 13, and one must not expect too much!

The idea in every game is to make it more difficult, not easier, and so the whole point of "R. F. F.'s" letter disappears.

I am willing to pass by the blustering abuse of the English to which "R. F. F." treats your readers, but it may be well to point out to him and others that since Mr. Travis, the finest golfer on the Sandwich course in those days of 1904, won the amateur golf championship in England, there have been nine opportunities for him and other Americans to emphasize their superiority and to win the highest honors of the game with any weapons they might desire to use.

"R. F. F." generalizes from particulars. He says that because of one win with a variety of clubs the hierarchy of golf would legislate against Americans so that their chance of again capturing the championship may disappear. In this he speaks badly for his own people.

May I add that his reference to our yachting conservatism is as ridiculous and childish as the other parts of his letter? The action of the yachting authorities here directly they won the America's cup is admittedly a blot upon their sportsmanship. By imposing new conditions, upon which it was impossible for us to compete upon equal terms, they eliminated forever the idea of the trophy being international. Only by accident will it be possible for England to regain the cup under the new conditions.

Bearing in mind the very bad tone and spirit of "R. F. F.'s" letter, let me assure him that in any event the letter from the St. Andrews committee to the United States Golfing Association will contain what is so lamentably lacking in his ungentlemanly effusion, that is, courtesy.

BOSTON, May 25. ALAN BARBER.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR BEEF.

Providing Also as a Sufficient Cause for the Banishment of Dogs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The general opinion of physiologists and hygienists is that in order to be strong and healthy human beings must have meat; but meat is high and constantly getting higher. Perhaps the most delicious of all meat is venison. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, says that deer are very easy to raise, that they breed faster than cattle and require less attention and will live on weeds and other things that cattle won't eat. If people were properly protected in the raising of deer, Dr. Merriam says, meat would be selling in a very few years at a third of what it is bringing now.

One of the chief difficulties of raising deer, Dr. Merriam says, is that they are so likely to be killed by dogs. A fence that will keep deer in can be constructed at comparatively small expense, but a fence that will keep dogs out is very expensive.

Dogs are no longer necessary, if they ever were. There is nothing that can be done by dogs that cannot be done better by other means. Dogs cause great injury to health by the noise they make, and that itself is reason enough for getting rid of them. Any dog is likely to cause injury to health, and anything not necessary to the public convenience which is likely to cause injury to health is a public nuisance, which it is the duty of the authorities to suppress. Dogs cause hydrophobia, the most terrible of all diseases; they destroy sheep to such an extent as materially to increase the cost of clothing and meat; they worry and injure cows, horses and other useful animals; they injure gardens and lawns, they drive away and destroy game, they carry disease germs, they bite people, they destroy various kinds of property, they cause fear and annoyance in a multiplicity of ways.

Except possibly bloodhounds, carefully kept St. Bernards in mountain regions and dogs in the Arctics, dogs are a necessity to no one and a nuisance to every one. There is just one way to settle the dog problem, and that is to get rid of the whole outfit except those clearly proved to be a public necessity. HYGIENE.

NEW YORK, May 26.

Reflections of a Practical Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am continually surprised by the lack of ingenuity displayed by people in the ordinary affairs of life. If any little thing goes wrong they have to send for somebody to fix it. They cannot refit the kitchen stove (range), they cannot paint the dining room woodwork, they cannot lay a brick walk or make a table or a seat. They cannot apparently stamp a letter.

Here is "A. A." in to-day's SUN, who evidently licks all the gum off the stamp, together with the microbes from the fingers of ten or twenty people who have handled the sheet of stamps, and then expects it to stick. What I do and have done for twenty years is to lick the corner of the envelope, which is comparatively clean, then put the stamp on the damp place. The stamp has all its glue and all its microbes to hold it to the paper. I've seen a woman talk with a stamp on her tongue. PRACTICAL.

NEW YORK, May 25.

Two controversial questions are touched on in the *Burlington Magazine* for the middle of May, the Bode war bust and the Rokeby Venus. Prof. C. J. Holmes describes the French and English pictures in the Salting collection, Mr. A. K. Coomaraswamy writes on Indian bronzes, Mr. Roger Fry on Japanese art. There are articles on the painter Gertsch Flicke, on Irish Chippendale, and on the "Fountain of Life" in painting, with the usual interesting notes. One of these deals with the Montagna picture in the Metropolitan Museum.

In the *North American Review* for June King Edward VII. is criticised. Senator Borah discusses the income tax, Mr. A. S. Bolles the rise in prices, and Mr. W. Macomber patents. There is a symposium on the return of Mr. Roosevelt, and a reply to his remarks on Egypt by an Egyptian Shaikh. Other papers deal with manual training, art criticism, vivisection, and Jean Moréas. A dozen well known persons testify to their esteem for Mark Twain.

THE TWO NEW BATTLESHIPS.

Plans for Their Construction Approved by Secretary Meyer.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—Plans for the two new battleships authorized by Congress in the naval appropriation bill which has just been enacted have been approved by Secretary of the Navy Meyer. The two war vessels will be of 27,000 tons displacement and will carry a main battery of ten 14 inch guns. They will be the first battleships having a battery of 14 inch guns and they will also be the largest vessels ever built for the American navy. They will be smaller, however, by 1,000 tons than the two Dreadnoughts building in this country for the Argentine navy.

The battery of 14 inch guns will be placed in five turrets, all of which will be on the median line of the vessels. Two turrets will be placed forward and three on the after part of the ships. This turret arrangement will enable all ten 14 inch guns to fire on both broadsides. Their forward fire will consists of four 14 inch guns and these will be able to fire six 14 inch guns astern.

Secretary Meyer instructed the General Board several months ago to prepare plans for the two battleships to be authorized by Congress. Heretofore the plans were not prepared until after the appropriation bill had been signed, which caused a delay of several months in the issuance of advertisements for bids. The General Board has completed the plans for the vessels before the appropriation bill has been signed. Mr. Meyer hopes that the bids for the construction of the two vessels will be opened within the next few months or shortly after the money becomes available on July 1. By this method it is expected that the actual work on the vessels will be begun early next fall.

LOUISIANA INVADES CONGRESS.

Wants New Orleans Selected for Celebrating the Opening of Panama Canal.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—Gov. Sanders and the entire Legislature of Louisiana, the Mayor of New Orleans, the chief executives of several other cities and Southern colonels galore arrived here this morning on a special train of fourteen cars ready to march on Congress and force it to select New Orleans as the place for the celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal. Everything would be smooth sailing for the Louisiana rooters if it were not for San Francisco. The Pacific Coast city also has an eye on the exposition, and has already raised a barrel of money.

The Louisiana delegation was met at the station by Senators McEnery and Foster, the Louisiana Congress delegation and a dozen or so other boomers.

The invasion of Congress came about noon. Gov. Sanders made the principal speech for the delegation. He pointed out that New Orleans is only 1,800 miles from the Isthmus of Panama, while San Francisco is 3,500 miles distant. There was a moment of embarrassment for the Louisianans when Representative Bennet of New York asked if it wasn't true that New Orleans borrowed $1,050,000 from the Federal Government in 1886 for the World's Cotton Exposition held in that city and that this loan had never been repaid.

Gov. Sanders admitted this, but said that the sum was not a loan, as it was conditional on its being paid back before any dividends to stockholders were declared. No such dividends, he said, had been declared. Furthermore, he insisted that the great benefit accruing to the South from this exposition had more than made up this loss of money to the Federal Government.

PALISADES PARK ASSURED.

Gov. Hughes Signs the Six Bills Providing for the Project.

ALBANY, May 26.—Gov. Hughes to-day signed the six bills passed by the Legislature relative to the creation of the highlands park along the Hudson River. The bills were introduced by Assemblyman Odell and Leader Merritt.

The first of the Odell measures, which becomes chapter 360, provides for repealing chapter 463 of the Laws of 1909 creating the forest reservation in the highlands of the Hudson, and then follow: Chapter 361, which amends the act of 1900 so as to provide for a further extension of the interstate park along the Palisades of the Hudson River; chapter 362, accepting Mrs. E. H. Harriman's gift of 10,000 acres of land in Orange and Rockland counties for a State park; chapter 363, providing for the issuance of $2,500,000 State 4 per cent. bonds for developing the Palisades Interstate Park; chapter 364, authorizing the abandonment for State prison purposes of the Bear Mountain site on the west side of the Hudson River in Orange and Rockland counties, which lies within the highlands park boundaries as decided upon, and finally chapter 365, Mr. Merritt's bill, directing the commission on new prisons to select a new site for a State prison to take the place of Sing Sing instead of the Bear Mountain site ordered abandoned because it lay within the new State park boundaries.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE BEATEN.

Proposed Amendment Is Held Up in Senate Judiciary Committee.

ALBANY, May 26.—Senator Josiah T. Newcomb was unsuccessful to-day in his effort to discharge the Senate Judiciary Committee from the woman suffrage amendment. Such a motion required twenty-six votes. The vote was ayes, 16; noes, 30, as follows:

Ayes—Allen, Bayne, Brough, Burlingame, Emerson, Gardner, Harte, Heacock, Holden, Hubbs, McManus, Newcomb, Rose, Schlosser, Stilwell, Sullivan, C. D.—16.

Noes—Agnew, Alt, Brackett, Gaffney, Coats, Cobb, Cordts, Cron