

The Sun

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Employers' Liability for Murder. We are constantly hearing praise of the systems of workmen's compensation...

The City Garden. Those boxes of growing greens and blossoms that are such grateful sights these summer days at the windows of the houses along the heated streets...

Germany's Economic Progress. The April number of the Quarterly Review contains an elaborate examination of the economic position of Germany...

The Rattler's Sting. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: It is true that the death of a citizen of Nanticoke, Pa., on Sunday, was due to the effects of rattlesnake poison...

Two Recipes. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: To get a light for your pipe is a strong wish, now that the summer is here...

The "Slogan" That Fires the Boston Heart. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: It is a consolation to learn that Colonel Abe Shupsky died a natural death...

A Brutal Westerner. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: The letter in Monday's SUN signed "A. Macintosh" is true, and it reminds me of a remark a Western friend of mine made one afternoon while we were walking down Broadway...

Shakespeare a Little Scratched. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: After contemplating THE SUN'S three pages of right report with all its references of good or ill to the battered gladiators of the ring...

Let me not live. After my punch lacks steam, to be the sport of younger brusters. A marvellous post is Shakespeare! Is it any wonder that he lives on in the hearts of his bronze statue boys?

A Good Cigar. From the Somerset Journal. When Fortune frowns and cares oppress, And life is long and time is short, What'er you are, And every time you're tried to win, You'll find a comfort in a good cigar.

Orator. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: I regret the praise of whiskey is another proof of its liquidity of speech, but who was the man who orated as follows at the Republican dinner in New York city on February 12, 1897?

Orator venemans an Curfus, an Matho, iborec, A PHROGOTTIE. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 12.

On the desk at the hotel is an announcement of a concert. It is hopeless to direct a stranger through the winding, twisting, bewildering ways of Venice. The hotel sends a bellboy with you and a bellboy took me to the concert hall...

Life in Venice for a fortnight is a dream. Whatever the people may be saying, the way they say it is music. "I love the language, that soft, bastard Latin, which melts like kisses from a female mouth, and sounds as if it should be written on satin, syllables which breathe like roses, not even taxable."

Who could approach the Eternal City for the first time without a feeling of awe? At the railway station the train was overrun with a swarm of porters who outnumbered the passengers. In front of the station a line of omnibuses reached for nearly a block in either direction. Their drivers and the hotel runners flocked around the exit, making the same vociferous din that was characteristic of the hackmen at Niagara Falls until the Government put a stop to it...

My guide in Florence has the art instinct. There is genuine feeling as he points out the merits of picture and statue. "Were you ever an artist?" I ask. "Oh, no. I used to have a farm here in Italy, then I went to Texas, where for many years I had a bee ranch. But my wife was never well and always homesick, so I sold it and brought her back to her home in Florence. She is a dressmaker and I am a guide, and between us we make a living."

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The Consul is a former fellow townsman and takes me to the opera. They are giving "Die Walkure" in Venice! Think of it! Although the opera house is not thirty years old, its decoration is that of the Venice of centuries ago. The orchestra is very good, the staging and the singing fair. In the audience the Consul points out to me descendants of the old time dukes and doges as well as the present day vendors of marbles and glass and lace. As we are leaving he asks me to look at the interesting addition to the opera house, the "perfect jewel" of five minutes I remark, half in jest. "Do you mean that I am the only man in sight wearing a silk hat?" I had noticed with a trifle of surprise that although in evening dress he wore a derby. "Yes," he replies, "you never see a Venetian wearing a top hat. Everybody here knows that you are a stranger, but they respect your custom. In other respects, as you see, the men are in evening dress. "Why do they omit the hat?" He did not know, but I hazarded a guess. "Is it because a silk hat would certainly be a nuisance in getting in and out of these little gondolas?" He suggested that the guess be allowed to stand.

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country a credit balance. The writer of the article in the Quarterly attributes Germany's commercial success largely to the perfection of the organization of syndicates by which products rather than manufacturing establishments are controlled. The syndicates secure the trade, fix the prices for the merchandise and distribute the orders among the various mills and factories. He does not say that cost of production is materially less in Germany than it is in Great Britain, but emphasizes the fact of important economies effected through commercial cooperation and system. "Every effort," he says, "is made to avoid waste and overlapping and the economies effected are to be very great."

The article suggests a number of highly interesting parallels and contrasts in the economic history of the United States and of Germany in the last quarter of a century, and it is an unavoidable conclusion that the Germans have made much better and more intelligent use of their resources and their opportunities than we have made of ours.

Short Weights and Measures.

MAYOR GATSON'S campaign against cheating tradesmen has resulted in revelations that nobody expected. "Fixed" scales and liquid and dry measures of short capacity are unhappily familiar to all, but what has the general public known of dry goods lacking inches in the yard and barrels falling under the statutory size? These are described under the gentle title "trade customs," and all of them, wherever found, have one conspicuous and illuminating quality in common: the "trade custom" delivers always to the customer less than he thinks he is buying. It never results in his benefit, unless the "baker's dozen" still exists and puts an extra bun on the family breakfast table.

In this fact there is a suggestion that may be worth considering. The opportunity for dishonest tradesmen lies in the multiplicity of forms in which goods are sold. "Quarts" of strawberries, "barrels" of potatoes and the like offer the tricky seller his chance to impose on the hurried or careless shopper. But practically everything may be sold by weight, as is the English custom. There is no reason why fruits, vegetables and liquids should not be measured by the pound. The readjustment of prices would not be difficult, and once accomplished the detection of cheats would be much simplified. Of course it is not necessary to include fluids in the scheme, a quart is a quart, even though it does require the contents of five of what are called "quart bottles" to make a gallon. The "fifth" is generally recognized by the public, however. Advertisements acknowledge it by promising "full quarts" to customers. But the sale of everything by the fewest possible standards would do away with a great deal of actual dishonesty without imposing hardship on anybody.

The use of fewer standards would simplify greatly the task of supervision and regulation, enabling a relatively small number of inspectors to keep in order large numbers of tradesmen. Yet this would prove ineffective if the public refused to protect its own interests, as it has refused in the past. The most surprising aspect of the crusade against short weights and measures is the incontrovertible fact that very many, in fact most, consumers give no sign that they object to being robbed systematically every day in the year.

The City Garden.

Those boxes of growing greens and blossoms that are such grateful sights these summer days at the windows of the houses along the heated streets grow in number and beauty each year. Whether made to satisfy the planter's love of flowers and to decorate the front of his house or with the altruistic design of beautifying the street and giving pleasure to the passerby, the window garden is spreading more and more not only over the East Side, where perhaps it is but an old tin can or a box with a scraggy plant, but throughout the uptown residence district, where it becomes luxurious with rich flowers and festoons of flowing plants.

It was BELINDA of the old English novel that looked out upon the square below from among her window plants, and we feel that it was a trick of the author to increase her attractiveness when he gave her this frame of flowers for her face. And the same effort to draw an enticing picture no doubt prompted the old German novelist to call attention to the party of Viennese women behind a screen of blooming planters at an open window. MARTINA waved her lace kerchief to the departing WILLIAM bent on conquest from her rose embowered window, and many old pictures show the faces of the castle ladies amid a mass of flowers blooming on the deep stone casement. The window garden thus comes of a long and worthy antecedent. It thrives to-day in many European cities and takes so many forms of screens and miniature plots for adding to the beauty of cafe, shop and home that it has become an interesting part of street pictures of many towns. Older New York cared more for ivy walls and trees for its bits of green. But the trees have mostly disappeared from the streets after a hard and difficult struggle for existence. Now and then there remains still an ivy wall, but these are fewer than they were ten or even five years ago. In Irving place, where once they were so numerous, and around Gramercy Park, where they thrived in a less degree, there are but few left. The ivy still clings to the old Washington Irving house and to one or two of the neighborhood houses, but these are the exceptions in a street where once almost every wall was ivy covered. In the place of the ivy have come the window gardens. They are not confined to any part of the city and they are seen in all degrees of beauty and floral luxuriance. One place in Park avenue is such a bower that the wealth of geraniums and greens completely hides the stone walls of the lower stories, and the entrance is through a

SIDEGLIMTS IN EUROPE.

A bit of work contrasts me that will require for a week or two that concentration which is furthered by absolute quiet. Where can this be obtained so well as in Venice? Twenty years ago Edgar L. Wakeman wrote that instead of poetry and romance in Venice he had found only squalor and the smell of bilge water. Not many years ago a Pittsburgh bride wrote home from her wedding trip that Venice was just like Allegheny when the Ohio River was at flood, that the buildings were better looking, but the water smelled worse. So it was in a mood of indeterminate scepticism that I gazed from the windows as the train crossed the long lagoon. There were no omnibuses in waiting. Gondolas! Romance scores one. An entire gondola is wringed out of man with a stick in his hand and holds out as I take my seat. "Beggars already!" Squalor scores one. The old fellow insistently sticks his hat in my face and mutters in Italian. I shake my head and stand pat. The agent of the hotel says the old man wants six centimes before pushing off the gondola. One way to make a living! I have no change. The hotel man pays the ancient mariner for me. He pushes the gondola and we are off. In but a few minutes we pass a gondolier singing in time with the punting of the single oar. Another score for romance. In a narrow canal my gondolier takes the narrow space between a boat laden with garbage and the wall with a swift stroke. The oarsmen spall on either side. That scored for romance, garbage and all. With all due respect to Wakeman's memory and the Pittsburgh bride, I found myself at utter disagreement with both long before the close of that half hour's soothing glide to the hotel. Venice is all that the poets have said. The odor to me was that of salt water saturated with seaweed.

It was in January, out of season. A suite of ducal magnificence was at my disposal at the cost of an ordinary room with the green living room with old Venetian furniture and exquisite Venetian decorations, fronted the Grand Canal. From the balcony on which the long windows opened was the famous view. Quiet? "Oh, yes, absolutely quiet," the host assured me, and there was not a sound. The next morning upon setting down to work I heard the chug of a small engine and the thud of moving stone and timber. Workmen in a sort of a caisson were repairing the foundations of the hotel beneath my windows. As I retired that night there was the banging of iron beams that were being unloaded on the quay on the other side of the canal.

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