

The Sun. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 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 \$5 00. SUNDAY, Per Year \$2 00. DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year \$7 00. DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month \$0 70.

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. P. Laffan, 170 Nassau street. Secretary of the Association, D. W. Quinn, 170 Nassau street.

London office, 21 Abchurch Lane, E. C. 4. The daily and Sunday papers are on sale in London at the American and Colonial Exchange, 10, Abchurch Lane, E. C. 4. The Sunday paper is on sale in London at the American and Colonial Exchange, 10, Abchurch Lane, E. C. 4.

Paris office, 32 Rue de la Harpe. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale in Paris at the Grand Hotel, 10, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opera, and at the Grand Hotel, 10, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opera.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication will send them to the following address: The Sun, 170 Nassau street, New York.

What Shall the Non-Rooseveltian Republicans Do? This candid letter from Mr. ZILVER possibly expresses a doubt that is in other minds than his own.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Here I was more than eager to show my disapprobation of Rooseveltism by voting a straight Democratic ticket on election day, when that defeat seemed to produce such a state and platform declaration for an income tax, popular elections of United States Senators and direct nominations.

You should analyze, you should eliminate the comparatively unimportant factors, and then you should weigh the residue against the menace of Rooseveltism and all that it portends.

Its appearance in the New York Democratic platform is mentioned by Mr. ZILVER as an obstacle to his voting this year in this State against the New Nationalism represented by Mr. Roosevelt.

But the income tax is favored not only by the Democratic platform but also by Mr. Roosevelt. As recently as September 3 he was describing it in the Outlook in this language: "A moderate but progressive income tax, carefully devised to fall genuinely on those who ought to pay, would, I believe, be a good thing, but a heavy and heavily progressive inheritance tax on great fortunes would be a far better thing."

Mr. Roosevelt thinks the progressive income tax would be a good thing. If he is not so enthusiastic about it as about some more heavily repressive and discriminatory instruments of the socialistic or imperialistic movement temporarily styled New Nationalism, it is because he has bigger fish to fry.

He prefers more drastic methods of marking the changed attitude of Government toward property. The very essence of Rooseveltism is in his commendation of a progressive income tax, not a tax to raise revenue, not a tax to fall equitably and proportionally on the taxed, not a square deal tax in the view of Old Nationalism, but a tax "carefully devised to fall on those who ought to pay."

—meaning, as all know who understand the Rooseveltian vocabulary, "carefully devised to fall on those who Mr. Roosevelt thinks ought to pay."

We can conscientiously advise our esteemed correspondent to blink the income tax that mildly reappears in the Democratic State platform from the Democratic national platform of 1908.

In Rooseveltism successful at the polls next month and on the road to reestablishment in power in 1912 there is the potentiality of any number of taxes on "those who ought to pay."

As to the election of United States Senators by popular vote that is likewise inherited by the State platform from the Denver pronouncement.

We don't remember whether Mr. Roosevelt has ever advocated the change or not. We can't tell. There are questions more pressing and evils more imminent than a proposed change in the method of choosing Senators, which can be effected only by an amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

Our courtesies to Mr. ZILVER to scratch the United States Senators from his list of differences in the way of a Republican vote in 1910 against Rooseveltism and the New Nationalism.

Direct primaries. Our impression had been that Mr. Roosevelt was or was pretending to be as earnestly for direct primaries as any Democratic resolution that was ever written.

After this disposing of the non-essentials of this non-essentials campaign, even to the suppression of his dislike of any part of the Democratic ticket if he views any part of it with disfavor, surely he cannot regard with alarm the election of a man like JOHN A. HIX as an alternative to Mr. ZILVER should do is to keep his patriotic eyes steadily fixed upon the main consideration.

The time to defeat Rooseveltism, Rooseveltism and New Nationalism is now. Hitherto his strength has largely lain in the optimism of his enemies. He has won his victories before they began to understand.

Let self-respecting and conservative Republicans take warning. This year of grace and exceptional opportunity is the time and possibly the only time to defeat Theodore Roosevelt in 1910.

A Modern Miracle. From the editorial columns of the Elmira Advertiser we take the following obviously inspired utterance:

Some of the great ones of the republican party of the State of New York have been asked to sign a petition and a letter. It is said that a certain...

shattered. Leadership has been established, a leadership that leads, a leadership that is efficient because it is clean and strong and sound and wholesome. A leadership that is not distorted by personal selfishness, that is not tainted by suspicion of ulterior purposes.

That bossism was abolished at Saratoga is, of course, a fact of common knowledge to all who have taken the trouble to read the public statements of the great abolitioner. Even this achievement, however, pales before the positive triumph incident to the sudden and astounding metamorphosis of the Hon. J. SLOAN FASSETT, who, as his newspaper thus impartially affirms, has now and on the instant become the disciple and the exemplar of the leadership "that is efficient because it is clean and strong and sound and wholesome."

Is it permitted to inquire whether a similar transformation no more astonishing has overtaken the Hon. J. B. H. MONGIN of Seneca, hitherto chiefly known to the payroll of a grateful State and a complaisant nation as the bossing deputy of the boss of the Thirty-third Congress district? If such be the case it must be clear to every one that the age of miracles has far from passed.

A Sincere Disciple. In the excitement attending the actual conflict at Saratoga last week too little time was available to discuss the smaller but no less momentous details. Thus, for example, the fact that it was the Hon. FRED GREINER of Erie who saved THEODORE ROOSEVELT from defeat has as yet attracted surprisingly little attention.

Mr. GREINER for reasons purely patriotic cast his 61 Erie votes for the Vice-President the outcome would thus have been at least a deadlock.

Among all the leaders, as contrasted with the bosses, and among all the "progressives," as opposed to the "old guard," it is therefore clear that the right of line, the place of importance, belongs to GREINER as the man who saved the hero of the second Kettle Hill.

So interesting indeed must be the personality of Mr. GREINER to the enthusiastic Republicans of this State that we make no apology for reprinting from the Buffalo Courier this detail of the day's news:

"The chief McCORMACK was asked for a statement this morning in reference to the sending of a reserve engine to the Greiner farm to pump out a well. Chief McCORMACK said: 'A reserve engine from headquarters was sent to the Greiner farm in Clarence about ten days ago. It returned here yesterday. This is the first time that I know of where an engine was sent out of the city on private property.'"

This apparent use of public property for the private benefit of the Hon. FRED GREINER seems to have aroused much local comment in Erie county. To us it seems but an insignificant detail in the complete fidelity of the Erie county leader to the doctrine and example of the man he has saved. In his own small way Mr. GREINER was emulating in the case of Buffalo fire engines the distinguished example of THEODORE ROOSEVELT in the matter of Pennsylvania Railroad steam engines.

This explanation of Mr. GREINER's course is the more easily credible when reference is made to the following question asked by the reporter of the Buffalo Courier of the fire chief and his illuminating response:

"Will Greiner pay for the use of this engine on his farm, outside of the city?" "I don't know."

To those who have been accustomed to question the sincerity of the devotion of the Hon. FRED GREINER to the principles and purposes of THEODORE ROOSEVELT this incident of the fire engine and the farm should be a final and crushing answer.

Mr. Beveridge Campaigning. A narrative of the Hon. ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE's tour of southern Indiana last week proves how he has profited by his ride-farm life during the summer at Dublin, N. H., whether he went to harden himself for the ordeals of campaigning. At Cross Plains Mr. BEVERIDGE'S automobile broke down, and while the mechanic was tinkering with it the Senator threw off his coat and strode down the road to talk about the tariff and dollar a day pensions to anybody who would listen to him. He had gone four miles before the automobile overtook him. His vitality on all occasions was phenomenal. He passed through villages hung with bunting, addressed throbbing crowds and saw in them as many Democrats as Republicans, who "clapped hands as brothers."

That is the Senator's own expression. With all the old soldiers he shook hands, and to their appeal, "Senator, don't forget that dollar a day pension," he responded with emotion, "I am pledged to you, I will keep the pledge."

At Rising Sun "the business houses and most of the homes were decorated," a band played "snappy refrains," and Mr. BEVERIDGE stood up in the automobile in a posture of sartorial perfection, and made the most moving speech ever heard in Rising Sun. Crowds were collected for him everywhere by using the rural telephone.

About four miles out of Vesay, as the Seneca party passed a vine covered cottage near the roadside, a woman in the doorway called to some one in the house. "MAY BEVERIDGE has just gone by." From that time on at every farm house the people were out and the Senator received a way of the land or the swing of a hat around his neck. Many in the vine covered cottage saw a faintly smiling old woman and each country home was a despatch office to respond to the word.

Proud mothers held up their babies as the Senator was whirled along, and he never failed to stand up and take off his hat. At Napoleon the women were out in force to greet the Adams of Indiana and gave him the Chauntopia salute with their handkerchiefs. At the Batesville tavern, where he took dinner, the landlady was heard protesting that her dishes were spoiled because they had been ready for an hour.

Just then the kitchen door swung open and Senator BEVERIDGE pushed past the big range around the side of the pots, pans and kettles, and a word in his ear from the astonished landlady, she hurriedly stood behind her simple apron and timidly took the extended hand of the Senator.

Madam, he said, "I wish to thank you for as good a meal as I ever sat down to. I'd like to have the recipe for that salad."

Here it was that Mr. BEVERIDGE when the band played "Die Waecht am Rhein" recited a verse in pure German and "the big audience cheered until the building rocked." Love of country, he said, was the basis of all that was good in life. On this day the Senator rode ninety-seven miles in a train, 112 in an automobile, walked four and made so many speeches that no one could keep tally of them.

Mr. BEVERIDGE has promised to speak at least once in every county of Indiana, and there are ninety-three of them, but as no county will be satisfied with one speech and "everybody seems to desire to see and hear the Senator," to see him for his looks and hear him recite patriotic verses in all the tongues of Indiana, the issue is between the Senator and his medical man. What the Hon. JOHN W. KERN is doing to counteract the effects of Mr. BEVERIDGE'S whirlwind canvass, with its streams of bunting and strains of band music, and whether he is going into the homes of the people to solicit salad recipes and have crowing babies held up to him by proud mothers, we don't know; but unless Mr. KERN is up and doing the loveliest man in Congress, in whose mouth a platitudinous sound like the most beautiful trope, will have most of the votes on election day.

The Free Show to be maintained this month by the city for the information and education of taxpayers is one of several means adopted in the effort to arouse in every citizen's mind an intelligent interest in the management of public affairs, to attract attention to the serious business of city housekeeping, its methods and its cost. The mere figures, as printed in every newspaper, almanac and score of official reports, could never compel interest.

Within the last five years much has been accomplished toward putting the business of the city on a reasonable and modern foundation. The budget means something. The bookkeeping methods in the various departments will in time make possible comparisons of expenditures for similar purposes. There is hope of a central purchasing agency, with consequent economies affecting every department. These things, however, depend on the amount of interest the people themselves take in their affairs. If they are careless no progress is to be looked for. If they are alert and watchful they can hold any administration to economy and honesty.

If the city budget exhibition stirs up the persons who go to see what it is all about to curiosity over the way in which their money is spent it will prove an excellent investment.

It is also not to be doubted that an indefinite increase in exports from present levels is easily possible. It is the fault and not the misfortune of our farmers as a group that the home market is not abundantly supplied and a surplus left for export greatly in excess of the shipments of earlier years. That our exports of manufactured goods are not two or three times greater than they are is due to the neglect of the foreign market by our manufacturers and jobbers. The existing price levels may or may not be the best thing for the country, but they are not in themselves a barrier to our progress, nor can they properly be regarded as responsible for the decreased trade balance and the decline in grain shipments.

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The Ledger of this town is seven days old as a daily newspaper. The vigor and intelligence it is manifesting editorially indicate to the observant that it will make and hold its field.

For more than sixty years as usher, submaster and master, CHARLES JAMES CAPEN taught in the Boston Public Latin School, which antedates Harvard College, a very rare, it may be an unsurpassed, record among teachers who are appointed annually. When he retired a year ago he had a pupil, who gave him a dinner, found him at 96 a little shrunken perhaps, but with only a streak of gray in his reddish hair, with the twinkle still in his bright eye and with a memory that retained their pranks and blunders. He was older than the school buildings and had outlived the headmasters from FRANCIS GARDNER to ARTHUR FISKE.

In the early days of the civil war, in the old schoolhouse on Bedford street, Mr. CAPEN'S room was on the first floor overlooking the gloomy schoolyard, and part of his duty was to keep an eye on the boys at recess. Wrongdoers were taken to his room, which was darker than those above, and they applied to it the name of a story then popular, "Dudjo's Cave." The name stuck long after the occasion and the remembrance of BROWNING'S war story were forgotten, and DUDJO he remained to the end, inculcating among all the changes of methods, the Latin school tradition of detention in the law, reverence for the Latin grammar and abomination of the greatest of all sins, the use of the "pony."

The elimination of the Hon. JAMES H. VAREY in Massachusetts in the presence of a great opportunity is likely to prove so difficult that the opportunity may be lost. Mr. VAREY, twice a defeated candidate for Governor and dazed by the great opportunity, will not get out of the way of the Hon. EVANES FOSBERG or the Hon. CHARLES S. HAMILY, either of whom in the opinion of candid Republicans could probably be elected. Mr. VAREY claims more than 200 delegates three days before the State convention meets. "The men who are for me," he says, "will fight as the Spartans at old Thermopylae."

To the objection that he is not eligible his friends have and they are coming forward with full force. His count of dollars is probably an misleading as his tally of delegates. Mr. VAREY talks like a man who fears that the great opportunity is not for him, but he seems determined to hold his manger until he is turned out. The Democrats of Massachusetts are hot in their quarrels and careless of consequences. At the present time they have no leader competent to manage a State convention. They will meet this week without any well defined plans and with no candidate for Governor, nor has enough delegates to nominate him. It will at least be an open convention, but the conservative men of the party have no confidence in the wisdom of its choice.

Mr. VAREY struck the keynote to day. Mr. LIOTTE will the Colonel permit it?

Duty of Real Republicans. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—I thank you for the editorial article "The New Nationalism Issue in New York." Let us hope that there are a sufficient number of voters in the State who will get together on election day and rebuke "this would-be usurper, and above all let us work to convert every Republican we can to the idea that it is his absolute duty to vote the Democratic ticket this year. Let us hope that Mr. Roosevelt will have almost no support of his own county, Knox, and strong help in Lincoln, Washington, Penobscot, Hancock, Piscataquis and Aroostook. In addition he will have scattering support in other counties, and in the first ballot, he is the only one of the Senatorial candidates who was not born in Maine. He first saw the light in Michigan. He is a successful farmer, a good story teller, and in politics what they call a "great smooth talker." He may be depended upon to "sell" the anti-corporation "racket" for all it is worth, and judging from the makeup of the Legislature it will be worth a good deal.

Progressives. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—In answer to the question in to-day's Six by a subscriber as to what is the meaning of the term "Progressive," I would suggest that a "Left Progressive" is one who believes in a constitutional and conservative advance and that a "Right Progressive" is the offspring of misnomenclature and socialism.

Whereas. From the Lynchville Daily Journal. NOTICE. Whereas my wife, Vera Belle Miller, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby forbid all persons harboring or receiving her on my account as I shall pay no bills for her contracting after this date. W. B. MILLER, LYNDONVILLE, VA., September 24, 1910.

Whereas my husband, John Miller, has refused to support me in supporting myself and raising my own bills. W. B. MILLER, LYNDONVILLE, VA., September 24, 1910.

MAINE DEMOCRATS. PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 3.—It was predicted that the upheaval in Maine politics would be followed by a coronation of the loaves and fishes such as the Pine Tree State had never known. Thus far the prediction has not come true. The Hon. Frederick William Plaisted, Governor-elect, is largely responsible for the Portland Post's "mob of hungry pie-bunters" to materialize. The pledges which he made before election he repeats and emphasizes now that the election is over. "I am going to make good," he says, "and expect you Democratic legislators-elect to make good, too. This sort of talk coming from the young and vigorous leader of his party and his hearty and apparently sincere endorsement by his closest friends and political advisers have probably had a sobering influence upon the Democratic rank and file and caused the more ravenous "pie-bunters" to curb their appetites at least for the time being. If the first straight Democratic Administration in Maine were elected the war is really "made good" it will have to cut down the annual State expenditures a round million of dollars, top off a lot of useless offices, abolish the unpopular and ineffectual Bureau of Fish and Game, and wipe out the law which created the most wasteful and costly of all the prohibitory amendments to the Constitution again submitted to the people, redistrict the State both as to Congress and State legislative districts, correct the gross inequalities in city and town representation in the Legislature and make an honest and searching investigation to determine whether recent Republican Administrations have been corrupt and profligate or merely unnecessarily expensive. It is quite a programme, and a matter of great deal more of programme than it looks to be on its face. Mr. Plaisted is going to "make good," even if in so doing he incurs the enmity of some of the old fellows whose boast is that they are "Maine men" from wide and all well. Six to eight thousand Republicans voted for me, and 5,000 more tried to, but lost their votes because of the miserable apology for the Australian ballot that we have in Maine," says Mr. Plaisted. And he adds:

These men are not yet Democrats, the Democratic party in this State has not yet won their complete confidence. They are not yet with us in the larger things we have done, but because of what the other fellows have done and because of our promises and pledges to do better.

Only one contest for office has as yet attracted general attention, and that is the fight for the seat in the United States Senate which has been occupied since 1897 by Eugene Hale. No Democrat in Maine in his wildest dream prior to August saw a Democrat from this State in the United States Senate, and a Democrat Senator from Maine would be a much of a novelty as would be a Republican Senator from Texas. There will be several other warm fights for office before the new Legislature is very old, but the only one which is likely to draw the attention of the people is a split in the party will be this fight to elect a Democratic successor to Mr. Hale. The avowed candidates for the place are Charles Fletcher Johnson of Waterville, Obadiah Gardner of Rockland, George Franklin Haley of Saco and George M. Hildreth of Calais. It has been rumored that a fifth candidate would soon put in an appearance in the person of the Hon. William Maxwell Hildreth of Portland, but his close friends say it is merely rumor and that Mr. Penobscot will under no circumstances stand in the way of his friend Haley, who magnanimously stepped aside to give Mr. Penobscot a clear field in the congressional race in the First district.

Charles Johnson is an able lawyer, a ready and eloquent platform speaker, and a royal good fellow. He was born in Windsor, a small farming town in Kennebec county. He worked his way through Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1879. He has practiced his profession in Waterville since 1886 and is reputed to be among the best lawyers in the Maine bar. He has been Mayor of Waterville, Representative to the Legislature, nominee for Representative in Congress and for Governor, and delegate at large to Democratic national conventions. He will probably start with the solid backing of the Democrats, and will have support from most of the fifteen other counties.

Obadiah Gardner is strong with the farmers, and there is a large number of them in the Legislature elected as Democrats. He was for several years grand master of the Maine Grange, and is liked in every Grange household in Maine. He has kissed all of the Grange babies and has been a member of the Grange for years. He is the man in the rural districts. Senatorial timber? Well, as much so as are several Senators who could be picked for Governor and nominated for Governor. He is a farmer, and by so doing perhaps smash the Republican ring. He did not carry all of the farmer vote, but he got so many of them, besides cutting a wide swath with his great words, that he would cause his declaration for re-nomination, that he gave the G. O. P. a great scare. He expected a re-nomination this year and accordingly to party usage he was entitled to it, but the large vote he carried in 1908, and the fact that he has not forgotten the politics who rudely set him aside, but he proved his friendship for Plaisted and his loyalty to his party throughout the recent campaign. Immediately after Plaisted's nomination there was a unanimous vote to back him on the plantation and at the forks of the creek, and it dawned upon the man who had brought out Plaisted that a vote from Obadiah's farm was worth perhaps as much as several hundred votes from the city. Gardner didn't sink, but after freeing his mind jumped into the thick of the fight and made votes for Plaisted right and left. Now his friends say that in return for his great work on the stump and in the quiet ways among the farmers, artisans and small tradesmen all over the State, he should have a nice large slice of "pie," and they add that there is only one slice that it is worth fighting for, and that is the Senatorial office. They also declare that it would be political suicide for the Democracy of Maine after all its "holier-than-thou" against the trusts and corporations to elect to the Senate the most corrupt lawyer in the State to be its representative in the United States Senate since the day when Hannibal Hamlin threw off his toga, abandoned his party and hurried back to the law. It is a hard thing for a Republican to stand by and let a man who has done so much for his party and his country, and who has been so successful in Lincoln, Washington, Penobscot, Hancock, Piscataquis and Aroostook. In addition he will have scattering support in other counties, and in the first ballot, he is the only one of the Senatorial candidates who was not born in Maine. He first saw the light in Michigan. He is a successful farmer, a good story teller, and in politics what they call a "great smooth talker." He may be depended upon to "sell" the anti-corporation "racket" for all it is worth, and judging from the makeup of the Legislature it will be worth a good deal.

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