The Sun.

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The Old Nationalism Against the New Nationalism.

From John A. Dix's speech of acceptance.

But above all, I resolutely and aggressively take a position against attacks and assaults upon the courts of the country. They are the very bulwarks of our free institutions. Without tribunals in which all men have confidence and from which all men are certain of justice, civilization would cease and anarchy prevail. Any American who, occupying a position of authority, or having the public ear, assails and attacks our courts—now, as they have always been, the seats of justice and of equity—is to be regarded as a public enemy, and should be so branded by every reasonable man.

Overshadowing all these questions, and of most vital importance to the people, is the menace offered to the various institutions of the country by the New Nationalism fathered and advocated by a new apostle of discord and dissension. We have already had to our cost ample proof of his ability to disturb business, destroy values and create a condition of panic countrywide in its evil effects. But if, with all that, he is to be permitted to succeed in his campaign to weaken or destroy the powers of the Supreme Court of the United States, to take over to the central Government the powers reserved to the States, to substitute the will of the President for the will of the people as expressed through all the regularly chosen officers of the Federal Government, and to set arbitrary bounds to what any man by ability and enterprise may legitimately secure, then all the sacrifices made by the founders of the republic, all the blood shed for its preservation, will have been in vain, and we shall see in a time of profound peace a dangerous disturber bringing about the destruction of a free people against whom all the forces of the world in arms might have been hurled in vain.

No question so vital in its consequences has ever been submitted to the people of this State. We have before us now what may be our only opportunity to stay the march of this agent of destruction and to restore to the country at large the business tranquillity and peace under which we have grown as has no other country in the history of the world; and to have again the chance to work out without discord or turmoil the other pressing problems presented by our complicated condition of society in such manner as to keep us in the vanguard of the army of progress and to adhere to the fundamental Democratic principle of "Equality for all and special privileges for none."

We glory in the wisdom and champion the action of the fathers in securing to the people of this State the home rule we have so long enjoyed. We challenge the claim that we are incompetent to control our own affairs. We put no faith in those who are in part responsible for any temporary failure and for official neglect of duty in those whom the people have trusted. But the people of this State understand that a remedy which lies at hand in a government by the people is to turn out the unjust stewards, and to continue the process until the will of the people is respected and their rights protected.

Is This Candid, Colonel; Is It Truthful; Is It Manly?

We don't know what the tariff-badged Colonel ROOSEVELT was thinking about at St. Louis when he suddenly fell back on the Republican platform of 1908 as the true doctrine of protection, and proceeded to misstate the official doctrine in this shameless manner:

> The Republican party is united on the doctrine officially set forth in its national platform two years ago, that the tariff shall be such as substantially to equalize the cost of production here and abroad. As the cost of production is mainly labor cost, this means primarily that the duty should be great enough to continue to give to our laboring men that higher standard of wage without which there cannot be that higher standard of living which primarily distinguishes the American wage worker from the wage workers of all other countries. Now not only is this the doctrine of the Republican party, but I believe it is the doctrine of the overwhelming majority of the American people.

The Republican national convention of 1908 dominated and manipulated by Colonel ROOSEVELT about as effectually as was the recent State convention at Saratoga, propounded the "true principle of protection" as follows:

> In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries.

The italicized part of the official doctrine of protection, which Colonel ROOSEVELT is suppressing in his remarks to the Westerners, seems to be a very important feature of the doctrine. The true purpose of the customs tariff, according to the creed promulgated by Colonel ROOSEVELT's convention at Chicago two years ago, is not only to equalize the cost of production for the benefit of the American workingman, but also to insure to the manufacturer a "reasonable profit" "together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

The suppression of this feature of the official doctrine by Colonel ROOSEVELT while in the insurgent zone is all the more remarkable from the fact that his Chicago convention of 1908 was the first in the history of the Republican party, if we are not mistaken, to formulate the idea that one of the constitutional purposes of a tariff on imports is to guarantee dividends to manufacturing enterprises.

Is the Colonel reserving this moiety of the official truth about protection until he shall be addressing audiences in the standpatter zone?

The French Railroad Strike.

The general strike on the French railroads will not meet with much outside sympathy. Even if the men win their point for the moment, public opinion will turn against the tyranny of labor unionism. The sudden demand for an increase in wages that is nearly double what has heretofore been paid will seem preposterous to ordinary Frenchmen; when followed immediately by a cessation of traffic that cuts every town off from its supplies of food, the sufferers, whatever their theories may be, will hardly retain friendly feelings for unionism or labor agitators.

That salaried men and wage earners are hard pressed is obvious. The general rise in the price of food throughout the world is aggravated in France this year by poor crops. Wine, which in France is a necessity, has risen owing to a wretched vintage, and grain, potatoes and other products have also failed. Reasonable demands from organized labor if not acceded to would have had the support of other workers who were in the same predicament. This is now not to be expected from the inhabitants of Paris and other large towns, which will be reduced to starvation unless the strike is broken very soon. The railroad strikers will receive even less sympathy, because the recent series of accidents with loss of life on the West lines is attributed to the criminal negligence of dissatisfied employees.

The Ministry may be expected to make a firm stand against the strike of the railroad men. In spite of the radical and socialistic views they hold, M. CLEMENCEAU and after him M. BRIAND have maintained order against labor agitation. M. BRIAND has shown himself to be no mere politician, and has been outspoken in his criticism of disorder. He may be counted upon to do his best in putting an end to this outbreak. A matter that is more serious to France than the discomfort and danger that the strike involves is the test of her military efficiency it calls for. If in this crisis the power of the labor leaders keeps men from obeying the Government's call on them for military service, or if the army shows itself incompetent to handle the railroad lines in time of peace, France, which is already doubtful about the efficiency of her navy, may despair of her army too in case of a war of defence.

M. BRIAND has a difficult problem on his hands, but he can solve it if any man in France can.

A Speech That Means Something.

Even the weariest hardened reader of public documents must be satisfied with JOHN A. DIX's speech of acceptance. It is short, clear, businesslike. It brings out the salient issues, the New Nationalism, with all its perilous corollaries and consequences; its patron, the slanderer of the courts, the wrecker of business, now seeking to wreck government according to the Constitution. That is the inescapable main instant question of the campaign. The other is the restoration of "efficiency, honesty and economy" in the State Government. The extravagance and the corruption bred of long tenure of power require a change. Mr. DIX, a business man, promises a businesslike administration. His speech shows him to be much more than what he modestly calls himself. It gives an impression of thought, of intellectual force, of quiet resolution, of a statesmanlike comprehension of public affairs. JOHN A. DIX is all right.

The Massachusetts Democrats.

As the candidate of the Boston machine the Hon. EUGENE N. FOSS was the strongest aspirant to the nomination for Governor in the recent Democratic convention in Massachusetts. The Boston machine seems to be odious to the rural Democrats, and there is a belligerent minority of Democrats in Boston who like it even less. It was this minority which with the aid of the lungs and fists of rural delegates also fond of a row prevented the nomination of Mr. FOSS when it was imminent. On the second ballot, taken under the cumbersome Australian plan, he was only four votes short of success. On the third ballot he would have picked up the necessary votes in all probability, but before the procession of delegates could be started past the ballot box the tempest broke that engulfed the Boston police on duty in the hall. Could the Hon. JOHN A. KELIHER have winked his starboard eye? The prize—we mean the nomination of the Hon. EUGENE N. FOSS—was torn from the grasp of the Hon. MARTIN LOMASNEY, the Napoleon of the machine, when victory was spreading its talons to perch on his banner.

Whatever were the influences behind Mr. FOSS's candidacy, he was reasonably sure of the nomination just before the rioting began. We should suppose from a proposal Mr. FOSS has made to the deadlocked committee appointed by the convention to select a candidate for Governor that he still wants the nomination. In a communication to Chairman MACKOFF of the Democratic State committee Mr. FOSS says that he has "reflected seriously upon some method of rescuing the party from the position in which it was placed" by the adjournment of the convention, and he suggests that the delegates meet again to nominate a ticket. He feels that "such a reconvening of the delegates would constitute not only a convention but a rousing ratification meeting and the beginning of a campaign which I fully believe in this manner could be led to a triumphant success." Meanwhile we see the Hon. MARTIN LOMASNEY doubled up with glee in the background, for it would be impossible to lure the delegates from the western part of the State back to Boston and the machine could proceed at its leisure to name the Hon. EUGENE N. FOSS for Governor.

Perhaps Mr. FOSS was jockeyed out of the dubious honor at the regular convention, but a nomination by as many delegates as could be hustled together to take out of the hands of the nominating committee the power to select the candidate would be as worthless as a Confederate shinplaster. That committee was appointed by a full convention and there was no qualification of the power vested in it. We venture to say that if that commission were taken away from it and Mr. FOSS were nominated for Governor by the Lomasney Boston braves the legality of the nomination would be assailed and the last condition of the Massachusetts Democracy would be a sight for gods and men.

Its present condition is sorry enough. The committee of four with authority to select a fifth member cannot agree upon any one, while two members are for FOSS and two for HAMLIN. As a recent recruit to the party it would seem to be the proper thing for Mr. FOSS to retire in favor of Mr. HAMLIN, whom the rank and file of the party apparently prefer; but Mr. FOSS cannot make the sacrifice, because he believes that the nomination belongs to him. Election day is little more than three weeks away.

Two Angels.

"Oh, Colonel, this is so sudden," sobbed the Outlook Baby. "Please, Colonel, don't go up, think of the office," expostulated KARLY. "Colonel, dear Colonel, come down," cried BILLY BAILEY. "You will break my heart and probably the contract. Think how precious your health is to millions and the subscription list. In the name of the New Nationalism, in the name of the rest of the advertising department, I implore."

In vain. On earth only the snap of the cameras, and toward heaven the snap of the Colonel's well known full set. The aviation field was nearly afloat. KARLY wept. The Babe wept. BILLY BAILEY wept. "Ah, he will never come down, or he will come down too suddenly," said the eldest mourner. "Why should anybody want to go to heaven when he has a snap on the *Outlook*?" wailed the second mourner. "Who will talk to Father now?" keened the third. "HAROLD," said Father solemnly, "talk was never higher than now." "Money talks, Father," said the Baby modestly. "Yes, my son, and my money is up in the air." "This is awful, Father. How shall we break it to Dr. ABBOTT?" "Send him this despatch at once:

> DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, Outlook Office, New York:
>
> "He has ascended. SCRIBNER."

The Colonel, deciding not to explore the ether of his universe any further until the end of the New York campaign, returned to his earth, more radiant than ever, lighter than air, exuding enthusiasm and expurgated moral Rollonian expletives. Tears of happiness dropped fast from his three worshippers. "Oh, Mr. ROOSEVELT, why did you do it?" "Ah, HOWLAND, it's hard to keep a good man down."

Meanwhile the answer came:

> 48 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, October 11.
>
> "To W. B. HOWLAND, St. Louis Aviation Field:
>
> "I have long feared it. Should he consent to come down, put ballast on him and get him to write on his ascension for next week's number. Where is FITZGERALD? L. A."

Now occasions bring new duties, as appears from the following rough draft drawn up by Governor HADLEY yesterday at Brother HOWLAND's request:

> This supplementary indenture between THEODORE ROOSEVELT of all parts and WILLIAM BAILEY HOWLAND, manager of the second part, witnesseth: That in consideration of a certain contract between the said A. & B. and in consideration of additional valuable consideration in the sum of dollars, it is hereby agreed between the said A. & B. that the said (and constantly saying) ROOSEVELT shall not hereafter fly, enter into or ascend in any monoplane, biplane, aeroplane, dirigible, airship or other vehicle now in use or hereafter to be in use, of whatever style, name, description, variety or brand whatever for transportation in, through or by the air.
>
> Nothing in this instrument shall bind or oblige the party of the first and all parts from going off at a tangent, from flying into a passion, or in the face of the truth, from sending up lies or from yielding to the inevitable impulsion and force majeure of his own wings, and making as censions, said ascensions to be at the sole risk and expense of the said HOWLAND, and said party of all the parts solemnly obliging and binding himself to write full descriptions thereof for the sole use of the *Outlook*, &c."

Our astute, enterprising and prosperous friend of Fourth Avenue and Breeze Hill is widely known as the Colonel's "Angel." Fortunate indeed is the establishment which can boast, as his now can, of two sets of wings.

German Temperance.

There is a temperance society in Germany which has been holding its seventh annual convention in the Bavarian beer land, not of course at springs where temptation would be irresistible, like Munchen, Nurnberg, Wurzburg or Erlangen, but in the staid old town of Augsburg, once the greatest of the Free Cities, whose fame in beer is, at any rate, not international. The origin of the society coincided very nearly in time with the increased taxation of beer, which shocked all established habits of the Fatherland by bringing home to every honest German the painful choice between paying more for each seidel he drank down or getting a smaller draught of beer in it. From fewer seidels and smaller seidels, from less beer daily to no beer at all, is a progression which might easily develop in the logical Teutonic mind. Some, doubtless, unable financially to meet the calls of thirst in their wonted beer, turned to the cheaper and more effective schnapps; others pondered over the scientific demonstrations of the injurious effects of alcohol; all must have been impressed by the Allhighest imperial and royal counsel of moderation. Whatever the reason, the temperance society exists and has kept alive for seven years.

The title shows the remarkable difference between European and American reformers, where politics or woman suffrage is not involved. The members call themselves "German abstainers," not "total abstainers" nor "prohibitionists." They have no intention of interfering forcibly with the personal habits or tastes of others. They are associated in order to encourage each other to hold to the degree of abstinence each has attained and to induce others to imitate them. In the papers read at their convention the devotees of alcohol are treated as patients and not as malefactors. The special feature of the convention was the glorification of the Pollard system and of Judge W. J. POLLARD of St. Louis, who was present. His plan is to let off on suspended sentences persons convicted of offences which are plainly attributable to drunkenness, provided they take the pledge. If they break their word the sentence is enforced.

The German abstainers, it will be seen, are not content with being good themselves. They cast no stones at their erring brothers, but try to make the path easier for them when they stumble.

Some of the Massachusetts Democrats express the opinion that the Boston convention offers a potent argument against the convention system. The argument against the character of the party leaders seems, however, to be more direct. *Providence Journal.*

The party leaders the Providence *Journal* has in mind would be much more formidable with a primary system in operation.

The weather continues to be fine for WALTER WELLMAN not to fly. *Baltimore Sun.*

Tut, tut! He may be waiting for the Indian summer when all the winds are laid.

The spread of aviation will soon create a new branch of law. In France, where most of the real flying is done, the custom house has already taken a hand. A German naval officer, Captain ENGELHARDT, undertook to make an aeroplane trip recently from Trier to Metz. He overshot his mark and landed in a French village near Nancy, where the people treated him courteously. Before he started back, however, a customs officer appeared and demanded a duty of 171 francs 14 centimes on the aeroplane, which the Captain paid. As is not uncommon on return journeys he came to grief almost immediately, smashing the machine. The customs officer comforted him by telling him that the duty would be refunded at the frontier "if you present the aeroplane—or the pieces." Aviators will now know what to expect in France.

WOMAN STENOGRAPHERS.

They Have to Be Well Dressed in Order to Keep Their Jobs.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: Regarding the question of stenographers and their working apparel, it has been difficult for me to take your original correspondent "Deficient" seriously, for he seemed to be indulging in forceful understatement. However, since then none of your correspondents has given the real reason why stenographers press anything. The girls hold their jobs to get and keep their jobs.

I know many stenographers who regret bitterly having to spend much of their scant wages on clothes, but they say they can't do otherwise. All of them have known too well what it was to be miserably scrutinized from head to foot when applying for positions, and they have felt the humiliation that comes from being turned away because that section of their clothes did not meet the fastidious demands of the men who scrutinized them. In other words stenographers are expected to be in style, to look swell, to be gowned daintily, even elaborately, or they have short shrift in holding their jobs. The men who hire them expect the girls to dress as smartly as their own women folks at home, even though the wages paid hardly suffice to buy food, without considering clothes. This is the cold, brutal truth, and the majority of girls will attest to it.

As for nobility and self sacrifice well, stenographers, like other working girls, can provide many examples. I know one girl, attractive, intelligent, who supports her mother and paralytic father and young sister and brother, educating these two, the sister at high school, and all on her weekly wage, cheerfully and without complaint. This is only one instance.

Those who sneer at working girls and write cheap witticisms about them are deficient in knowledge of them and lack the imagination to appreciate their character and the struggle they are making for and respecting independence and for those they love. HOPE.

NEW YORK, October 11.

Woodrow Wilson at Princeton.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: Mr. Wilson's remarks to the Princeton students last night are not reported verbatim this morning, and the reporters in reproducing that extemporaneous address have made one little slip. Mr. Wilson drew very clearly the distinction between the "standpatter" and the "insurgent," using the terms generically, not in a political partisan sense. When the reporters put in his mouth the trite phrase "courage of his convictions" Mr. Wilson actually confessed his respect for the man, as opposed to the unreasoning standpatter, who is "a conservative by conviction." He despises the man who lets others dictate his course, whether in insurgency or standpatism, and he respects the man who chooses for himself, whether or not his conclusions are the same as Mr. Wilson's.

Incidentally I have never except on one occasion heard so much said in words so few and simple. The exception was Grover Cleveland's address at the McKinley memorial meeting in Alexander Hall on the Princeton campus. Making due allowance for the relative importance of the two speeches I rank them together as the finest examples of public speaking I have ever heard.

PRINCETON, N. J., October 11. MADISON.

The Portuguese Revolution.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: I have read the article in THE SUN to-day on the revolution in Portugal with much sorrow. You write in ignorance of what my countrymen have suffered from the people they are expelling. Perhaps you are afraid a real republic may be established here in this country and that the American people may do the same with the deceivers and robbers here.

You best attend to your own country affairs and let my people, who are a good and generous people, do their business the way they find best.

A PORTUGUESE AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, October 12.

How to Sell Goods to a Conceited Customer.

From the Shoe Retailer.

Meet such a person by being conciliatory and use the interrogative method of selling. Ask his or her opinion of every shoe, get the customer to decide that it is a fine shoe in every way and then show him or her it suits a person of their standing.

THE DEBRYANIZING OF NEBRASKA.

OMAHA, Oct. 11.—For the Easterner there is precisely one question which outweighs all others when he confronts the Nebraska political situation. This is the hackneyed interrogation: Can Mr. Bryan "come back"? If you will credit the testimony of the Nebraska Democrats, if you will accept the bitter, passionate, resentful declaration of three-quarters of the Democrats you meet, the answer is a negative, an emphatic, unequivocal, even profane negative. Believe these Democrats and you will accept their own phrase, "Mr. Bryan has paramounted his last paramount."

It is all a refreshing little study in human nature, this Democratic revolt against Mr. Bryan in his own State. He is not rejected because he has been a prophet of disaster and a commander of defeat. He is not rejected because something of the weariness of the Democrats of the East has at last penetrated to his home State; nothing of the sort. The Democrats of Nebraska, if you believe their own testimony, are done with him because he has held himself above the operation of the Golden Rule. They are not shaking their fists and aiming their invective at him because of his national programme; the trouble is all domestic, concerns the Nebraska neighborhood alone.

Spread all over the surface of Democratic politics in Nebraska is this anti-Bryan sentiment. If you talk with the Dahlman Democrats you can increase your vocabulary of objurgation by gently suggesting that Mr. Bryan has a future, a non-sulphurous future, in Nebraska. If you talk with the Hitchcock-Shallenberger Democrats the verdict will be delivered in language more calm and restrained, but it will be the same verdict. When you have sounded these camps you have covered the influences which to-day control the machinery of the Democratic party in Nebraska.

The case of the Democrats of Nebraska against Mr. Bryan is simple enough. A few months ago these Democrats found themselves on the edge of a State campaign, united, prosperous and in the presence of assured victory. Governor Shallenberger's renomination and reelection were apparently certain. Gilbert M. Hitchcock seemed equally certain to succeed Senator Burkett at Washington. As for the Hon. James C. Dahlman, he was Mayor of Omaha, with a prospect of remaining contentedly a Mayor. The liquor menace, moreover, was quietly slumbering with a tacit understanding abroad that the Democratic convention would adopt an initiative and referendum plank and leave this puzzle for the people to solve directly.

Then into this peaceful Democratic camp Mr. Bryan burst suddenly on his return from a South American excursion. Once home he issued an order to Governor Shallenberger to summon an extra session of the Legislature and enact an initiative and referendum law without delay. It was precisely the same performance that Mr. Roosevelt indulged in when he returned from Africa. Mr. Bryan's orders, moreover, were as lightly treated at Lincoln as Mr. Roosevelt's at Albany.

Mr. Bryan's next step was precisely like that of Mr. Roosevelt. He went to the Democratic State convention to fight for his own way. Presumably he had only to stamp his foot and the loyal and obedient Democracy would spring to his call. He did stamp his foot. He also made a speech, and then by a vote of 4 to 1 the Democratic delegates rejected the speech and the local option plank. It should be clear that there was sterner stuff among the delegates at Grand Island than there was among those at Saratoga.

The concession Mr. Bryan did obtain. He succeeded in securing Governor Shallenberger into making a pledge to sign a local option bill if one reached him. This pledge cost Shallenberger a renomination, for all the "wet" Democrats left him for Mayor Dahlman and all the "wet" Republicans took the same course. By means of a direct primary a minority of Republicans and a small minority of Democrats, both "wet," thus named Dahlman as the Democratic candidate for Governor.

Thereupon Mr. Bryan, with the moral impulse still hot upon him, bolted the Dahlman nomination, turned his back upon his lieutenant of a lifetime, turned his back upon Gilbert M. Hitchcock, who had supported him for years politically and pecuniarily, turned his back upon the party which had obeyed his call and served his interests for years and years. Having done all this Mr. Bryan left the State and went over into Indiana to urge the local Democrats there to vote for a Democratic ticket committed to a "wet" platform. Then it was that the wrath of the Nebraska Democrats began to find expression in language that does not print well.

To-day in Nebraska, thanks to Mr. Bryan's "paramount," there is a State campaign unprecedented in local history. Party lines are "shot to pieces." "Wets" and "drys" are rallying outside of all party lines. Three Democrats who together control all the party machinery in the State are suffering the consequences of the Bryan attack. These men are Governor Shallenberger, ex-Representative Hitchcock and Mayor Dahlman. Shallenberger has already lost his renomination, Hitchcock may lose the Senatorship, although this seems fairly unlikely, and Dahlman is carrying the burden of a moral issue thrown at him by the man he has served for a generation.

If Dahlman, Shallenberger and Hitchcock are angry, their anger does not differ from that of the rank and file of the Democratic party of Nebraska. For twelve years these Democrats have regularly turned their party over to Mr. Bryan to use in his national game. For twelve years they have served him; twice they have carried the State for him. Now when he is not a candidate, when he has nothing but vanity at stake, for reasons purely personal and patently selfish, he has disrupted the party. It is not a cause for much wonder, therefore, that a majority of Democrats who are moved to comment say grimly:

"We are done with Mr. Bryan forever."

Out of many comments this is perhaps typical: "Out here in the West we believe in fair play. We don't shoot a man in the back, throw the boots into him when he is down, or refuse him a show for his white alley all the time. But that's what Bryan is doing to Dahlman. If Dahlman's been good enough for him for twenty years, why isn't he now?" Somewhere, way down deep, it would seem, resentment against ingratitude, contempt for selfishness rather than any broad sweep of national political policy, is operating in Nebraska, and if you accept the Democratic testimony, operating fatally for Mr. Bryan.

If Mayor Dahlman is beaten for Governor he will blame Mr. Bryan and retain control of the Omaha Democratic machine. If Mr. Hitchcock is beaten he will charge his defeat to Mr. Bryan, and with Governor Shallenberger, who has already lost his stake, he will control the machinery of the party outside of Omaha. In the same way the rank and file of the Democratic party will blame Bryan. If Dahlman and Hitchcock are elected, as seems probable, they will owe Bryan nothing. On this state of facts the Democrats rest their assertion that Mr. Bryan will go to the next national convention, if he does go, solely by the grace of these three men, and he will go as a delegate, not as a leader of the Democratic party of Nebraska. Here in brief is the evidence and the conclusion of all the Democrats with whom I have talked in Omaha.

Why did Mr. Bryan precipitate this situation? First of all, it is explained, because of his irradicable fondness for "paramounting." In the liquor issue he saw precisely the same opening when he returned from South America that he recognized in the Federal ownership of railroads when he landed in New York after his trip around the world. There was a second reason, however. In 1908 Governor Harmon of Ohio and Governor Marshall of Indiana were elected and Bryan lost both States. Mr. Bryan has ever since believed that the "liquor trust," whatever that may be, sold him out in both States; hence his hatred for Harmon and his determination to have revenge.

Always the Roosevelt parallel is astonishingly clear. Mr. Roosevelt disrupted the Republican party at Saratoga because the State committee rejected him for temporary chairman. Mr. Bryan has disrupted the Democratic party of Nebraska because he desired to punish an imaginary "liquor trust." Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan have moral issues, but the motive of both is transparently the same, revenge and a desire to control. In Nebraska, however, the process of punishing Mr. Bryan began in the State convention. Apparently in New York it must begin at the polls.

All this detail, all this reiteration of local conditions is necessarily tedious. There is nothing grand or national in the circumstances of the anti-Bryan operation in Nebraska. It is no less real and no less genuine, however. It is neighborhood gossip, but it is refreshing to hear Mr. Bryan's neighbor Democrats talk about him. You get the vivid impression of human nature magnificently "riled." You have the happy sensations incident to beholding a moral issue become an admirable boomerang, of discovering a moral issue that actually works both ways.

All the conditions that make political prophecy unpropitious and unsafe alike combine to discourage forecast. Yet the simple truth is that the Democrats of Nebraska to-day agree in overwhelming majority that Mr. Bryan's day in Nebraska is over, that any future commensurate with his past is for him impossible. Nor is there any reason to doubt their sincerity in this statement, for to-day at least Mr. Bryan, it would appear, could not carry Nebraska as a candidate for keeper of the dog pound. Nor do the Democrats believe to-morrow will be different. So far, indeed, has one misplaced moral issue dejected the peerless leader who two years ago was popular as never before in Nebraska. The verdict on Mr. Bryan's decline is unmistakably "Rum done it."

PORTUGAL AND THE CHURCH.

Acts of Her Revolutionists Contrasted With Mexico's Procedure.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: They managed the thing much better in Mexico forty years ago. After the execution of Maximilian at Queretaro, Benito Juarez and his advisers concluded that they must rid the country of Church influences in business and politics. They did not go about it in the fashion the Portuguese rabble has adopted, however. They proceeded slowly, deliberately and in order, and were seven years in the doing. But in the end it was done well.

The monasteries and nunneries were depopulated and obliterated. Clericals were forbidden to appear outside the churches in their garb of office. Images of all kinds on the exteriors of buildings were effaced, and finally the Juarez Government recruited its first treasury by despoiling the churches of their ornaments of silver and gold and precious stones—of everything, in fact, not indispensable to the conduct of public worship. The rules laid down in 1859 still prevail. Mexico is a Catholic country, so far as religion is concerned, but its religion is indoors and not "on the streets, and we know what Mexico has become under the regime founded by Juarez, Escobedo, Baranda, Mexia and the men of that day. It was not done, though, as the Portuguese mob is trying to do it. On the contrary, it was done without violence and under a sense of solemn if unwelcome duty as they saw it.

So the Mexican republic has endured. But does this Portuguese rabble imagine that anything but anarchy will come of its present brutal intemperance? They are not building up liberal institutions. They are trying to overthrow the last remaining barrier between society and barbarism.

WASHINGTON, October 12. OBSERVER.

Ostriches in the Sudan.

American Vice Consul General of Cairo, in Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

An inquiry comes to this office from Pennsylvania on the subject of obtaining permission to hunt wild ostriches in the Sudan. I am informed by the office of the Sudan agent in Cairo that under the wild animals ordinance of 1908 ostriches may be hunted and captured, but not killed, for purposes of ostrich farming in the country only. This does not include export for commercial purposes. The eggs may not be removed.

Living specimens for zoological purposes, collections, &c., are subject to an export tax of £2 (about $10) a head. The ordinance does not contemplate the export of ostriches for commercial purposes other than for collections, and special authority for such could only be granted by the Governor General.

Ostriches are pretty generally distributed over the Sudan, but are principally found in Kordofan and the White Nile provinces. The chief market for feathers is at El Nahud, West Kordofan. The Hamar Arabs in West Kordofan keep a few birds in pens, but their feathers are not so valuable as those from wild birds.

In other provinces, such as Kassala, Berber and Dongola, the birds are too widely distributed and difficult of approach to render their pursuit remunerative.

The Société Anonyme du Parc de Matarieh, controlled mostly by Belgian capital, has an ostrich farm at Matarieh, a suburb of Cairo. The manager informs me that they have about 150 birds of ages varying from 3 to 10 years, the entire lot being valued at $35,000.

The New Code of Legal Ethics.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: In THE SUN of to-day I find the following:

> The new code of legal ethics, as submitted to the New York County Lawyers Association, does not permit a lawyer to accept as a client a man whom he knows to be guilty. Adoption of the new code, the association should realize, will deprive local debating societies of one of their most cherished subjects.

In the language of Davy Crockett: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." The provision of the code of ethics is as follows:

> He should counsel and maintain only such actions, proceedings and defences as appear to him to be just and legal or legally debatable for the security and preservation of individual rights secured by the Constitution or laws he may defend on a prosecution for crime one whom he believes to be guilty of the offence charged. Even though apprised of the guilt of the accused the lawyer is bound by his duty to insure a fair trial and to prevent conviction, save pursuant to the law in that case made and provided.

You will see that your statement of the provision of the code is diametrically opposed to the provision of the code itself. I would add the code has not yet been adopted by the New York County Lawyers Association.

NEW YORK, October 11. CHARLES A. BOSTON.

MOTOR HOGS.

A Woman's Experience in Trying to Avoid Automobiles in the Streets.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: I see in the papers that a woman is lying at a hospital with broken ribs, internal injuries and probably a fractured skull, because she stepped in front of a street car while she and her sister were trying to avoid an automobile which was bearing down on them. It is a mystery why such accidents do not occur every day.

The men who drive automobiles through the streets are constantly bearing down upon women who are obliged to stand in the streets to enter or leave the car, and who look with nervousness often amounting to panic at the approaching vehicles. I am myself a woman between 60 and 70, and one would suppose that men would have some little forbearance toward women of my age, but it is the very rarest experience for me to see an automobile turn a single foot to one side or slacken its speed in the slightest degree, though the driver must notice the agonized expression of my face as I regard an automobile and a car both approaching me at full speed, the chauffeur apparently scanning my anatomy and closely calculating whether I am slim enough for him and the car to pass on each side of me without grazing or knocking me down. In such a position it is a most natural thing for a woman, young or old, to lose her presence of mind and step in the way of one of the dangers in her effort to escape the other.

It was only a few days ago that I stepped off a Broadway car with five or six automobiles running between me and the sidewalk and all going very fast. My first impulse was to step behind the receding car for safety, but I quickly saw that an automobile had turned onto the track. If I were not a woman of some self-control who never loses her head in fright I should have probably made a frantic rush to one side or the other, and pretty certainly have been killed. As it was, I stood perfectly still, with every nerve strung on in terror.

Another thing that ought to be remembered in these cases is that a woman with a weak heart might easily drop in a dead faint directly in front of the murderous wheels when people frighten her in this way. The automobile has come to stay, as we often hear, but for that very reason it should be more strictly controlled.

The mystery is how most drivers of these dangerous machines dare to take the risk not only of imprisonment as if they were criminals but also of a lifelong remembrance that they have killed a fellow creature by their carelessness.

I have been speaking from the women's standpoint because I happen to be one of them, but every word of mine applies equally to men, and of course even more forcibly to children. Eternal vigilance is the price of life since the automobile has come, and who can expect it of ball grown children? As to the men, their nerves are generally less sensitive than women's, so they do not suffer so much as we do from street frights, but their danger is of course just the same as ours, and we women can only try to keep that unpleasant fact out of our minds in regard to those special men who are dear to us. ANXIETY.

NEW YORK, October 11.

CHILDHOOD RUNES.

Immortal Poetry and the Only Kind Most of Us Can Remember.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: The counting out rhyme in New York in the '70s was:

> Una, mana, mona, mite,
> Bassalona, bona strike,
> Hare, ware, from whack,
> Hallico, hallico, wee, wo, wy, wack,
> One, two, three, out goes she.

In Windham county, Connecticut, in the '20s the rhyme was:

> Intry, mintry, cutry, corn,
> Apple seed and apple thorn,
> Wire, briar, limber lock,
> Six geese in a flock,
> One flew east, one flew west,
> One flew over the cuckoo's nest,
> Over yonder hill, where my father lives.
> He hath jewels, he hath rings,
> He hath many pretty things.
> Strike Jack, Rick Tom, blow the bellows, old man,
> Black finger, out the game.

The old lady, a clergyman's daughter, who taught me the above rhyme, said that in her childhood it belonged more to the boys than to the girls, the lines about "striking Jack" having rather a "raffish" sound, as she expressed it. There seems to be a reminiscence of something more serious than a child's game in the "Black finger, out the game." It smacks to me of pirates and "walking the plank." I was surprised to find part of the rhyme among the letters in THE SUN the other day, as I have never come across it before. CONNECTICUT.

NEPAUG, Conn., October 11.

New York of the '40s.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: Here is one of old New York in the late '40s:

> Ana, mana, dickery dick,
> Della, dolla, dominick,
> Hicha, picha, domt, nicha,
> Hi, pon, tush.

This is mouth filling even now.

NEW YORK, October 10. LXXIII.

An Irish Formula.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: The specimens of counting out rhymes furnished by Mr. W. P. Adams and Mr. A. F. Baker make me recall one that my mother, an Irish woman and a contemporary of Mr. Baker, taught me, and which because so unlike the prevailing local jingles gave me the distinction of presiding over most of the games requiring the choice of "Who's it":

> One ery, two ery, dickery, dairy,
> Alabo, crackabo, stickabo, lary,
> Dinatum, danatum, very good time,
> Dummlety, dommlety, twenty nine.

JOHN A. MITCHELL.

BETHEL, Vt., October 11.

Orchard Street.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: This is how we counted 'em out down in Orchard street in the middle '90s:

> Ana, mana, dipry Dick,
> Della, dolla, Dominick,
> Hichi, picha,
> Domi, nicha,
> Hi, pon, tusk.

Here is another:

> Ana, mana, mona, Mike,
> Bassa, lona, bona strike,
> Hare, ware, frouse snack,
> Allico, halliob, we, wo, wy, whack,
> One, two, three, out goes she.

NEWARK, N. J., October 9. J. C. A.

Treasures of a Collector.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: Here is a counting out rhyme in use in Canada some forty years ago:

> Ena, meena, mona, mike,
> Bassa, lona, bona, strike,
> Hallico, halliico, wee, wo, whack,
> One, two, three,
> Out goes she.

The following specimen is in use in Kansas to-day:

> Ena, meena, dipsey dee,
> Olga, bolga, doolinee,
> Ola, pola, dominola,
> Ess, poss, poob,
> Olga, bolga, boo
> Out goes you.

Another that I heard many years ago is composed of these mysterious words:

> Eeeny, meeny, miney, mo,
> Catch a nigger by the toe,
> If he squeals, why let him go,
> Eeny, meeny, miney, mo.

The following jingles were often sung by the youngsters when they played the ring game "A rosy" games in my old home:

> Shule, shule, shule Iule,
> Shule I shagarak syllabub cool,
> First time I met her shilly lily ee,
> Just cum biberum a bous cum ree.

And:

> Shule, shule, shuly mit der rule,
> Shule, shule, shule, shule, shuley mit der rule,
> Mit der dingsfoot faddle daddle, hi boy,
> Cry snicken in der barnyard shule.

NEW YORK, October 12. N.

In the Genesee Valley.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Sir: In the Genesee Valley when I was a boy we counted thus:

> Ogney, ogney, ickory, Ann,
> Phillisey, phollisey, Nicholas John,
> Quebble, quabble, Virgin Mary,
> Sticklum, stacklum, buck.

BUFFALO, October 11.