The Sun.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1911.

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 daily, including Sunday, 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, 6 Rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre (near Place de l'Opéra). 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.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

More of Herbert Parsons.

In a speech devoted to praising the public services of the Hon. HERBERT PARSONS, his temporary substitute in the New York county committee, the Hon. LLOYD C. GRISCOM, recently said:

"He has raised the New York county Republican organization to the standard where it is not a mere cog in the State machine, directed from outside the county."

The New York county committee passed into the hands of the Hon. HERBERT PARSONS in 1905. The transfer was accomplished by the direct influence of THEODORE ROOSEVELT and the late FRANK W. HIGGINS, then President and Governor respectively. Mr. GRISCOM is perfectly correct in saying that since that time the Republican organization has not been a "mere cog in the State machine." He is less accurate in his declaration that since that time it has not been "directed from outside the county." From that moment to this it has been a political instrument of THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A measure of what has happened to the local organization is supplied by reference to the figures of recent elections. The vote for the Republican candidate for Governor in this county in the three elections of the Parsons régime, together with that for 1904, the last before the change, is shown in the following table:

1904	142,640	1908	152,091
1906	134,325	1910	97,233

Even more illuminating is the showing in the matter of legislators elected. In 1904, the last election in which the Odell machine was dominant, there were elected three Representatives to Congress, three State Senators and fourteen Assemblymen. Last year the Republicans of New York county failed to elect a Representative, chose one State Senator and seven Assemblymen. Here is a fair statement of the genuine service rendered by Mr. PARSONS and his associates in regenerating the local Republican party.

At the present time the machinery of the Republican party in this county is actually in the hands of Mr. PARSONS, despite the purely decorative presence of Mr. GRISCOM. Its chief activity is still serving the political ends of THEODORE ROOSEVELT. At odd times and during African excursions it performs equally valuable services for the political ambitions of the Hon. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. In years of Mayoralty elections it is the third party in strength in New York county, and it is not hard to believe that if the present leadership is retained this third place may be lost.

What Mr. PARSONS was made president of the New York county committee to do he has done, so far as obedience could take the place of ability and subservience supply the lack of leadership. The consequences to the party itself are perfectly apparent. The question raised by this new demonstration of the continued control of the deputy is equally apparent. How much longer are the Republicans of this county to submit to the domination of their party machinery by a defeated and discredited politician, supported in the districts by the place holders who owe their jobs and therefore their allegiance to a previous administration?

Captain Jacob Leisler.

In 1660 came to New York from his native city of Frankfort one JACOB LEISLER. He was the son of the Rev. JACOB VICTORIAN LEISLER, pastor of two Reformed congregations, a man who had been persecuted and exiled because of his religion. The son inherited the father's stalwart Protestantism. He was a soldier of the Dutch West India Company, but soon after landing here he resigned from this service, and within two years he had married ELSIE TYMENS, the widow of a merchant, VANDERVEEN, and a niece of ANNEKE JANS, whose estate is even to-day the bone of contention between a numerous company of optimistic "heirs" and the corporation of Trinity Parish. ELSIE brought to JACOB LEISLER lands that included the site of THE SUN building and a business large and valuable.

Captain LEISLER was a man of sense and valor. In 1667 he was one of a jury that acquitted two persons accused of "murder by witchcraft." Eight years later, as a magistrate, he opposed the efforts of Governor ANDROS to install in the Dutch Church a priest sent over by King JAMES. For this conduct the Governor locked him up, but apparently with no ill will, for three years later Governor ANDROS led a movement to ransom LEISLER from the Turks who had captured him aboard one of his vessels. In 1670 he was a deacon in the Dutch Church, sitting with a BAYARD and a VAN CORTLANDT. He was a generous man. When it was proposed to sell into slavery a Huguenot widow and her son, unable to pay their ship charges, LEISLER bought their freedom. Under Governor DONGAN he was a Commissioner of the Admiralty Court.

In 1688 Governor DONGAN was succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor NICHOLSON. The military training of JACOB LEISLER had brought about his selection as Captain of one of the five companies of militia in the city. He was senior Captain, and this post he held when news came of WILLIAM's landing in England and the overthrow of the Government of JAMES.

Captain LEISLER had on June 3, 1689, a vessel in the harbor, and on her he promptly refused to pay duties to the collector, PLOWMAN, representative of JAMES. Party feeling ran high. The Protestants believed they were to be massacred by the Catholics. The "common people" were arrayed against the "aristocrats." The colonial officers appointed by JAMES were feared. They were charged with planning to hold their places by force of arms. So on June 2 there was an uprising, which resulted in the seizure of the fort by the militia, under LEISLER and its other Captains. These stood watch and watch, one to-day, another to-morrow. They demanded and obtained the keys from the Council. Lieutenant-Governor NICHOLSON departed for England to learn what was to be done. The interests of the aristocratic party, the party of JAMES, were left in the hands of BAYARD, PHILIPSE, VAN CORTLANDT. An early act of theirs was to dismiss PLOWMAN, "to quiet a restless community."

But the power lay in the hands of the Leisler faction, and this, on June 10, under the signatures of the five Captains, called a convention of delegates from the counties. This convention, with Albany and Ulster unrepresented, established a Committee of Safety of ten members. The committee assumed power on June 26, the organ of a popular revolution. JACOB LEISLER was named Captain of the Fort. He had already thrown up a battery beyond its walls, from which the Battery takes its name. Later, and again by authority of the Committee of Safety, he was named Military Captain of the province. Again he was promoted, this time to the Lieutenant-Governorship by his acceptance in December of a letter from WILLIAM, addressed to "Our Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief in our Province of New York, and in his absence, to such as for the time being take care for preserving the peace and administering the laws." This he and the Committee of Safety regarded as recognition by the Crown of his status. On his assuming the office of Lieutenant-Governor the committee disbanded and eight of its members became the Governor's Council.

Captain LEISLER seems to have governed with reasonable mildness, all things considered. There were imprisonments, it is true, but there was no bloodshed. The times were turbulent, but LEISLER, freely condemned as a "tyrant," "insolent," one who "ruled by the sword," appears to have been singularly free from bloodletting. History is written by the "aristocrats." When Schenectady was burned, when Count FRONTENAC opened his campaign on the frontier, Governor LEISLER sent delegates to confer with the other colonies as to means of defence. He raised land and water forces. He called a popular assembly and he called a colonial congress. He was a democrat and deserves well of those who believe in popular government.

WILLIAM's selection for Governor of the Province was HENRY SLOUGHTER. Governor SLOUGHTER on the voyage over became separated from his convoy, and Major RICHARD INGOLDESBY entered the port without him in January, 1691, three months before the Governor arrived. He was visited at once by LEISLER's enemies. He demanded of LEISLER possession of the fort. LEISLER required of him his credentials. INGOLDESBY had none. LEISLER refused to recognize him, but offered "all courtesy and accommodation for his troops." The people were aroused. An encounter took place and two men were killed. LEISLER disclaimed responsibility and promised punishment. Thereafter came a deadlock, broken only when Governor SLOUGHTER sailed into the bay on March 19. He, after hearing Major INGOLDESBY's story, arrested LEISLER's messengers and sent INGOLDESBY to arrest LEISLER and his Council. This was easily accomplished. There was no resistance to Governor SLOUGHTER.

Captain LEISLER, his son-in-law MILBORNE and others of his Councillors were arrested and tried for treason and murder. LEISLER asked at the beginning of the trial for a decision as to whether the King's letter, the address of which is given above, had conferred on him authority to take the government on himself. On this hinged the legality of all his acts. The answer was against him. It sealed his fate. LEISLER and MILBORNE were tried as mutes and with six of the Leisler Council were condemned to death. They asked for a delay until the King could act, but this was refused. The warrants for the execution of LEISLER and MILBORNE were signed by SLOUGHTER, while he was drunk, some historians say, on the evening of Thursday, May 15. On May 16 the two men were hanged and their bodies beheaded. The execution was conducted near what is now the corner of Frankfort and Nassau streets. The bodies were buried in a grave about where the Franklin statue now stands.

But the case did not end here. Their Majesties were petitioned to restore the estates of LEISLER and MILBORNE to their widows, and did so as an act of mercy. In 1695, however, the matter came before Parliament. A committee examined the case. In spite of strong opposition Parliament passed a bill reversing the attainder in full. The other six members of LEISLER's Council, who in the meantime had been kept in imprisonment, were set at liberty. The bodies of LEISLER and MILBORNE were taken from their graves in September, 1698, and escorted to City Hall, where they lay in state for several days. A guard of honor of 100 soldiers was present. Twelve hundred people witnessed the exhumation of the bodies, and they were finally buried in the graveyard back of the Old Dutch Church in Garden street, now Exchange place.

This was the JACOB LEISLER in whose honor an oak tree brought from his native city of Frankfort will be planted by the United German Societies in City Hall Park this afternoon. That he was a sturdy, honest man seems to be beyond question. His contributions to free government appear to have been considerable. He apparently was enlightened, brave and forceful. There is good reason why the memory of JACOB LEISLER should be held in honor in the city that was his home and the State that he governed.

The Seamy Side of Travel.

Because he holds that anything which can be done to facilitate travel and make it pleasant promotes the cause of international peace and good will, Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, an indefatigable globe trotter himself, treats of "the seamy side of travel" in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April and offers some much needed advice to railroads and steamship companies that derive large revenues from tourists but give indifferent attention to their health, comfort and convenience.

It is not always a pleasant subject, but Sir H. H. JOHNSTON calls a spade a spade and spares none of the offenders. However, it is well to begin with a compliment. He declares that "the most comfortable and the cheapest railway travelling in the world is in Germany," and that the most comfortable of the world's steamers fly the German flag. Considering the distances traversed the American railroad "is very well up to date in convenience and consideration for the passenger," but American hotels, while deserving of high praise for their appointments and service, are "terribly expensive." The hotels of France, Germany, Austria and Holland also get the "blue ribbon" for excellence, and they are "the cheapest in the world." This Englishman does not decorate the hotels of his own country:

"The average hotel, in contrast to the inn, supplies a meal that is not always wholesome, and is generally insipid because its components are various preserved foods or things out of tins and bottles, or substances that have lain so long on ice that they have lost all flavor, or are preserved from decay by boracic acid."

English railroads come in for sharp criticism. The cars of the South Eastern Railway between Dover and London are likely to be intolerably cold in winter, and after the luxury of travel on Continental roads the experience is exasperating. The Charing Cross station "is actually without any special accommodation for the work of customs examination," and upon the arrival of a steamer train from Dover there is "an indescribable babel of noise and misery"; luggage from all parts of the Continent and India is "shot out on one of the platforms and left there higgledy-piggledy." Passengers and porters (the porters with ironmounted barrows pushed roughly through the crowd) help themselves, and the tourist may be lucky to get his own property. "Surely," says the writer, "this is unworthy of the principal railway route to and from the Continent, at the principal continental traffic station of the capital of the British Empire in the year 1911." He declares that "the absence of any proper shelter and refreshment room at Dover pier is a disgrace to the British nation." At Calais they do things differently. The Channel boats are advertised to cross in a few minutes over an hour, but the smoothest passage is never made in less than one hour and a half. The boats themselves both in speed and comfort are inferior to the steamships plying between Germany, Denmark and Sweden.

Continental travel, however, is by no means perfect. At the St. Lazare terminus in Paris the customs inspections "are far less pleasant and convenient than they are at the Northern station." St. Lazare is also badly supplied with cabs. Sir H. H. JOHNSTON asks:

"Why cannot all railway companies throughout the civilized world follow the example of Germany and arrange that passengers on arrival shall be handed a metal ticket with the number of a cab or motor, which is unchangeably assigned to them and must wait for them till their luggage is ready to leave the station? Such a convenience in Germany greatly assists nervous and fidgety people. At most of the London railway termini at the present day it is almost due to a personal favor on the part of the porter that one succeeds in getting a motor cab at all."

Marseilles is "a most ill equipped port" as regards motor cabs. The tourist as a rule "can get away from the waterside to the inconveniently placed railway station only in the most tumble down, miserable little victorias to be found anywhere, with dirty, shabby cushions, and no capacity for carrying luggage." The express trains to Paris "should start from a new station on the quays in close touch with the landing of passengers from steamers from all ports of the world." Algeria, "one of the wonderlands of the world and one of the most interesting countries known to us," ought to be within forty-eight hours travel of London, but good connections are not made at Marseilles; in fact, there is "a gap of many hours, and a most disagreeable journey by a ramshackle conveyance between the far away station and the dirty, obstructed quay." Genoa, vastly improved under German enterprise, is much to be preferred as a port of departure.

For the Atlantic liners Sir H. H. JOHNSTON has words of praise rarely qualified. British steamship accommodations on other seas, particularly Orient and African waters, he pronounces less desirable than those the Germans, French, and even the Austrian companies offer. The Indian Ocean boats sometimes swarm with vermin and rats. In Ireland, outside of Ulster railways and hotels, fleas abound, the pest of Irish travel. "If Ireland," says our globe trotter, "wishes to have the annual troop of tourists which she is interesting enough to deserve, there must be a national movement to get rid of the flea." Predatory insect life also mars the comfort of travelling in southern Italy and Russia. The same may be said of southern Spain and Portugal, with the qualification, however, that the infliction is kept out of the hotels. In Algeria the hotels are "remarkably clean." Egypt and India both suffer wofully from the insect plague. The sleeping accommodations on steamships not on the main routes of travel are abominable and unhygienic.

In Italy this old traveller finds the customs inspections unnecessarily rigorous (he says nothing about conditions in New York) and some of the railway station conveniences unspeakable. He urges the French Government to retire the numerous bad two and five franc pieces in circulation. He would have the beggar banditti abated in Naples, and the attendants at Continental museums and picture galleries made to keep their distance and conceal their itching palms.

Sir H. H. JOHNSTON deals with the general subject exhaustively, depending upon his own experience for illustrations. He concludes by saying that he "cannot help thinking that if a congress of tourist agencies (railway and steamship companies being represented) were called, something might be done all over the world to remove the petty and avoidable discomforts—the seamy side—of travel, and bring not only to those who are wealthy, but to those who are not, the chance of finding in travel and change of air a remedy for many ills—of the mind as well as of the body."

Of Colonels.

To the call of sociology no just ear can be deaf, no honest heart unresponsive. To hear is to obey:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Please favor an old time reader by replying to some pertinent queries. Are Colonels born or are they made? Who makes them write? Can a man be an editor and a Colonel at the same time? What does it cost to become a Colonel? INQUIRER.

"ROSWELL, New Mexico, April 17."

Colonels are divided into Colonels military—not here to be considered—Colonels civil or political, and Colonels titular, the latter class including every layman who is not already a Judge, an Honorable, a Professor or a Doctor. Every American born male is born a Colonel, and the title will be his whenever on or after the age of 21 he chooses to assume it. Once a Colonel always a Colonel, especially a Colonel political; the term "civil" used by many authorities as a synonym of "political" is ambiguous, implying a gentleness of manner not always present in Colonels political. Colonels, then, are both born and made. There are Colonels in whom even the temporary assumption of the military title cannot kill the original, essential and unlapsing political Colonelcy.

"Who makes Colonels write?" Our correspondent is correct in ascribing a personal cause to the unfailing productive red right hand of Colonels politico-editorial. The classic instance is WATTERSON, whose Egeria and fount of words for years has been the Star-Eyed Goddess. The New Mexico sociologist is not talking of Colonels Kentuckian, but of Colonels politico-editorial-hurlant-rampant-reboant-ululant. Two gods urge them, ÆOLUS and PLUTUS. Can a man be an editor and a Colonel at the same time? He can be an editor in the philological sense of the word, a putter forth, a giver out; and a Colonel in the sense of the commander of a column, of kind heaven and heartbroken proofreaders alone know how many columns.

What does it cost to become a Colonel? Costs the Colonel nothing; sometimes costs the United States a good deal.

St. George's day this year will be celebrated with unusual fervor in England because it is the King's name day. An impulse to the Georgian cult was given by the proposal for a coronation gift to King GEORGE V. contributed by all his humbler namesakes, a gift which is likely to be overshadowed by the similar tribute to his Queen from the far more numerous Marys of Great Britain.

A week ago the Plattsburg *Republican* celebrated its centenary of existence as a Democratic newspaper. There may be an older Democratic weekly in the State; if so, we should like to know its name and inspect its credentials of fidelity. The first number of the Plattsburg *Republican*, "founded for the advocacy of Democratic principles and unswerving in allegiance to those principles," appeared on April 15, 1811. Its first and most distinguished editor was AZARIAH C. FLAGG, afterward Comptroller of the State and also Comptroller of the city of New York, upon whose contested election Mr. TILDEN's great reputation as a lawyer was founded. At the notable public dinner given in 1877 to JUNIUS S. MORGAN at Delmonico's, Mr. TILDEN, who presided, referred to Mr. FLAGG's part in the development of the canal system of the State, and to his own early education in the economics of transportation by means of the reports of that Comptroller. Mr. FLAGG was a member of the Albany Regency. From 1833, the year THE SUN was started, until 1871, the editor of our Plattsburg contemporary was Colonel ROBY G. STONE, a faithful Democrat and a genial person. We reproduce in another column his characteristic farewell to an old font of type, printed a few months before death ended his thirty-eight years of editorial service. The *Republican* was just half a century old when Sumter was fired upon. Its files report the patriotic meeting held at its call in Plattsburg on April 20, 1861, in which Colonel STONE, Judge LEMUEL STETSON and his son, Captain JOHN L. STETSON, took part. Captain STETSON, afterward killed at Antietam, led one of the two companies first mustered in and sent immediately from Plattsburg and neighboring towns to become part of the Sixteenth or "Northern" Regiment. These are a few of the incidents in the interesting career of a newspaper with a hundred years of life accomplished. To our esteemed and still vigorous and useful contemporary THE SUN extends its compliments and assurances of distinguished consideration.

The Fighting McGees.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In my letter about the Sixty ninth New York Volunteer Infantry which appeared in THE SUN on April 15 I omitted to say that Lieutenant Colonel James E. McGee of that regiment was severely wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., on June 16, 1864. As there were eight soldiers in the Sixty ninth Regiment of Meagher's Irish Brigade by the name of McGee and all of them were either killed or wounded, it seems to me that they might be classed as the "fighting" McGees.

NEW YORK, April 22. JOHN T. NAGLE.

A VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

Opinions about what modest girls and women may or may not read have changed a good deal since the time when I was young. Alas, my granddaughters find no pleasure whatever in reading stories that delighted me when I was as old, or rather as young as they are now. Give them Miss Edgeworth's stories or Sandford and Merton, and you will see how they turn up their pretty noses at the notion that they might find any interest in those dear books, although we used to cry bitterly over the misfortunes of their lackadaisical heroes and heroines.

In reading over what I have just written I find it corresponds exactly to what my dear old grandmother used to tell me when I was young. I did not enjoy the books that she had carefully kept as memories of her childhood. She had been very strict about the books her daughters were allowed to read, and even in the goody-goodiest there were pages that she did not think absolutely proper; these she used to stick together with pins. I recollect a dear old maiden aunt of mine telling me one day about this system, and how she had never dreamed of taking out a single one of these pins. My mother, a saint, laughed heartily at this assertion and called her sister an old humbug, for the pinned up pages were always those they read first and enjoyed most, with the extra relish of forbidden fruit.

We had another still more careful relative, Princess Vassiltchicoff, still remembered in Moscow as the "Tante Vertu" (Aunt Virtue), whose method was somewhat different from my dear grandmother's. She read the books before she gave them to her nieces, and had the patience to put a little "t" and a little "b" before and into the word "amour" (love) every time it occurred in the volume, converting it thereby into "tambour" (drum)!

She edited French classics; and the first Racine I ever possessed belonged to that series. I learned the grand monologue of *Camilla* in Racine's "Les Horaces et les Curiaces" as follows:

Rome, l'unique objet de mon juste courroux,
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon époux

"Saperlipopette, que radotez vous là, Nadinette!" cried my dear old French teacher, for the original text runs:

Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment,
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!

and he explained to me the difference between the two words, that I probably would not have known for many a year more if it had not been for the extreme modesty of the old lady! So much for meddling with classical texts!

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis!" A charming and quite correct young lady lent me some time ago a book bearing the name of a ship. I do not give you the exact title for fear of some youngster getting it from the bookseller's out of his or her unhallowed curiosity, as Mark Twain calls it. The beginning of the story was decidedly captivating; delightful descriptions of the Atlantic, of the ships that had been met, of sunny days and starry nights. My lungs widened as if I were inhaling the bracing air, the breeze of the ocean! The portraits of the captain and of the passengers were witty and humorous; but, after some twenty good pages, the story became too peppery for my taste; a few pages more and I hurled the book at my astonished husband, who was calmly sitting opposite to me on his side of our big, cinquecento table, reading his Homer in the beautiful Oxford edition. He was rather astonished at the unexpected missile, but for once he left Ulysses wandering over the Mediterranean, paying unexpected visits to uncanny ladies, to Circe and to Calypso, depriving the poor old Cyclops of his only eye instead of kindly allowing the giant to eat him as he had already eaten his companions.

For a change he began reading the modern book, and I am not quite sure that the passages that had scandalized me were not just those that he most enjoyed. Another half hour had not elapsed when he began talking about the pleasure of travelling, of seeing new countries, old friends, &c.; and how nice it would be to go together to some place that we had not seen before.

Little by little he convinced me of the pleasure it would be to go together to England, where I had never been, to see the British Museum, the Elgin marbles that I have tenderly loved since my childhood, though I only knew them from the casts.

Still, I shuddered at the idea of leaving our beautiful old villa, our Janiculum, our Roman home and friends. I did not feel any craving for a change in my existence, and pointed out to my lord and master the difficulties and inconveniences of so long a journey. I am old and shaky and want assistance. I could not travel without some one to help me and to take care of me. My maid has grown old and grumpy in our service and would be in despair to have to leave her own personal pets, so it was out of the question to take her.

The thought of having to leave our darling dogs, Tota and Pelliccione, was a still more serious drawback. Who would give them their extra cup of milk after our early dinner with the rites that they have established themselves and to which they cling with a pedantry worthy of their learned and German master?

They come in at the end of our luncheon. Tota always sits to my left, Pelliccione to my right, between me and my husband. I have a bowl of milk in each hand. Tota quickly laps up her portion and goes over to partake of Pelliccione's, who amiably puts his head aside, so as to allow her to put her dear muzzle into the cup beside his, and he enjoys her company. "Divided pleasure is double pleasure," is an old German saying, and Pelliccione seems to be of the same opinion.

I confess that we dislike going out to lunch just because we daily enjoy so much this little scene and think that our dogs at home miss us as much as we miss them.

Still, the idea of our journey was not given up, and after due consideration we decided to take with us not only our nice young housekeeper but both the dogs as well.

As we had plenty of time before us and are both good sailors, we went by sea. The dogs were admired and loved on board as much as they were admired and loved at home. We had no trouble at all with them.

I shall not describe our journey; you may look it up in Baedeker or in Bradshaw. Fine weather, bracing sea air, nice travellers, good people, all went well. As we heard that dogs are not allowed to be brought to England without infinite complications we thought it wise to leave them at Boulogne, the more so as our young housekeeper has an uncle, established there since many years, who gladly took them all in, niece and dogs.

London, the British Museum, the parks. You can again read them up in Bradshaw or in Baedeker. Every day we received a post card from Boulogne, and were happy and quiet, two necessary circumstances for enjoying oneself anywhere.

We had been on a visit at the beautiful castle of Lantenham with the Duke and Duchess of P.; my husband went out hunting with Lord Nimrodman; I had visited all the hospitals of London with Miss N. and Dr. O.

We had just come back to our hotel and were preparing for another trip when the door flew open and our young housekeeper rushed into the room, all tears and sobs, and too agitated to state the reason of her sorrow. When she at last had got quiet enough to speak, she told us a right doleful tale. Our dogs, accustomed to the golden freedom they had enjoyed all their life long at Villa Lante, had escaped from their temporary abode at Boulogne while the signorina was at mass! They had been taken up by the police and barbarously murdered as stray animals suspected of rabies.

Pen and ink cannot describe the scene that followed. The poor girl was weeping bitterly, my husband was tearing out the little hair he still had on his head, I was tearing out mine, we were both crying like big babies, notwithstanding our venerable age.

Our murdered dogs! Oh, had we never left our beloved Janiculum! Let us go home and never more leave Villa Lante! But shall Rome, the Janiculum, Villa Lante ever again be what they had been for us for so many, many years?

In this most tragic moment I suddenly felt a warm caress on my hand. It was Tota. I had had a bad, bad dream. We had never left our Janiculum, and it was only last night that I had been reading that wicked book and had sent it over to my husband.

In the morning Tota had slipped quietly into the house as soon as the gardener had opened the door. She had noiselessly come upstairs to my bedroom. I looked into her beautiful golden eyes and put my arms around her soft, white, fluffy, fleecy neck.

NADINE HELBIG.

VILLA LANTE, Rome, April 7.

THE EDITOR AND HIS OLD FONT.

Colonel Roby G. Stone's Farewell to His Beloved Type.

Reproduced in the centenary number of the Plattsburg Republican from its issue of Jan. 7, 1871.

We have to-day put off our old type—type that has been in this office, some of it, for more than twenty years! It is like parting with an old friend, and we cannot let it go out of our sight without a passing farewell. And so we say farewell, old type! We have summered and wintered with you for many long years. We have sat up nights with you, and beheld your impassive faces at early morning. Unceasingly you have done your duty. A thousand times you have clicked in the compositor's stick, and a thousand varied expressions have you given utterance to. You have been bound to the galley, and visited the sanctum in proof. You have received reproof and been discharged to speak your mind the next day to a public ever anxious for the news, and never done finding fault with the types. You have sounded every note of human passion and uttered every tone of human feeling. You have imparted news from far countries, and hurriedly picked up the events that were within sight of your own cases. You have embodied jests and jokes that have caused the sides to crack with laughter, and you have spoken sentiment that has opened wide the fountain of tears. Into how many weather articles you have entered. What vast eggs, the "last lays" of marvellous hendom, you have announced. How have your eyes been open to the changing evidences of the season, and how have your ears pricked up to catch the first rumor of exclusive intelligence, and how gleefully have you laughed that "no other paper has the news." Ofttimes have you been "gratified to learn," and as often "regretted to announce," that this or that astonishing event has occurred. How many "courteous and gentlemanly" friends have you not met, and how you have glorified matters that have seemed to afford you a few hours or even minutes of pleasure.

But, "old type," your day is past. There you are, heaped up in inglorious confusion, in the type box, waiting for a bid upon your useless bones. We will not write *hic jacet*—"here he lies"—upon your remains, for we can pardon now all your errors and mistakes, and they have not been numerous. Your day is past for the present. Just now, brevier, bourgeoise, minion, leads, cuts and all, heretofore separated by stern column rules of brass, are hustled together in one indistinguishable pi. But you shall go to the type foundry and be melted and shall reappear in new and beautiful form. A resurrection shall come upon you. You shall pass through the fiery furnace and come forth with life renewed and ready for action in another sphere. Perhaps you shall turn upon your old friends, and in the hands of other compositors shall hurl back hate and defiance upon us. You have been in this life conservative. In the next you may be radical.

We cannot hope to follow you through all your future transformations, as wonderful as the metempsychosis of old philosophy. But don't forget the friendly compositors who have kindly picked you from the case and arranged you for the paper, nor the proofreader who has corrected your innocent errors and set right your turned letters with his cabala of mystic signs. Don't forget the old press that has jerked you back and forward in the form and rolled its ink over your unwilling faces and then wiped you dry with its broad white sheet. Good-by, old type!

THE FREDERICKSBURG WALL.

Was the Fifty-seventh New York Regiment Nearest to It?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Thomas Kerr, Sixty-ninth New York, and Mr. John T. Hilton, Twenty-fifth New Jersey, in letters to THE SUN have claimed the distinction that their regiments went closer to the famous stone wall at the base of Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, than any other regiment that went into the fight.

The part taken by the Fifty-seventh New York, Colonel Alfred B. Chapman, in that memorable assault entitled it to some share of the distinction. The brigade of General Zook, consisting of the Fifty-seventh New York, Sixty-sixth New York, Fifty-second New York, Fifty-third Pennsylvania, Second Delaware and the Twenty-seventh Connecticut, charged up the heights after marching along fifteen hundred yards of open plain with interfering ditches, broken bridges and rail fences.

The men of the Fifty-seventh climbed over the fences amid a hail of bullets from lines of rifle pits one above another and from fifty pieces of artillery, and advanced to the knoll within thirty yards of the stone wall. What was left of the regiment held this line and kept up its fire for more than three hours.

Three hours after the first charge there were still six men of the Fifty-seventh on the advance line, and the regimental colors were with them. The problem was to get the colors off the field and thus to prevent the disgrace of their loss. It was planned that the men go off in twos, the first couple to take the colors, and if they fell the couple following perhaps would be spared to carry them off, but if not then the third couple. Through a fierce fire the colors were thus carried off the field, and only one of the number was seriously wounded, and he was carried off by those who followed. Captain R. S. Alcoke of the Fifty-seventh New York claims that "only one man got nearer the stone wall than he did, and that man was dead," showing that the Fifty-seventh New York were as near the stone wall as any other regiment that stormed the heights in that memorable charge.

Captain Alcoke of the Fifty-seventh New York (and formerly of the Seventh New York) lost his arm in the charge. At the commencement of the engagement General Zook's brigade numbered ninety-two commissioned officers and 1,400 enlisted men. Its loss was 38 officers and 491 enlisted men killed and wounded.

The Fifty-seventh New York numbered eleven officers and 181 enlisted men. Its loss was nine officers and seventy-eight enlisted men killed and wounded. D. C. WATTS.

NEW YORK, April 22.

Babbling Brooklyn.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "J. H. B." whose letter on "Official Amenities" is in to-day's SUN, is evidently not a citizen of Brooklyn or he would not wonder at the bickering of Gaynor, Prendergast and others. "J. H. B." must remember both Gaynor and Prendergast are from Brooklyn, where nothing else but fighting has been going on for forty five years—in and out of the newspapers, but always in politics. Brooklyn is renowned for hairsplitting fighting on any and every conceivable subject, political, ecclesiastical and otherwise. C. D. L.

NEW YORK, April 21.

Queensland Bananas.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am informed of the arrival in Melbourne, Australia, of a consignment of bananas from Queensland that for size of the fruit seems to be most wonderful. The plantation where these bananas were raised consists of thirty acres in what is known as the Cardwell district. The thing of greatest interest was that each bunch contained not less than twenty dozen bananas, and the average length of the banana was nine inches. The gross returns an acre were $350 (£70). F. J. ROOT.

NEW YORK, April 22.

CHIPS OF OLD WORLD POLITICS.

Turkey in Dread of Her Neighbors.

There is something like a panic in Turkey over the establishment of cordial relations between Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria. Despite all assurances the Committee of Union and Progress is fearful of treachery. The joint action of the two allies in 1908 is not so soon forgotten and anxious Ministers see danger signals in the immediate present.

Despite the declarations of newspapers in Vienna and Budapest that there has been no strengthening of garrisons in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Turks are convinced that important reenforcements have been sent there. The General commanding the Turkish division of Mitrovitza insists that this is the case. There has been no great movement, he says, but troops have been sent in little by little. The suggestion of stealth naturally enhances the alarm at the Porte.

Then the Sobranje took the significant action recently of authorizing Czar Ferdinand to contract offensive and defensive alliances without any obligation of publicity beyond notifying the President of the Council of Ministers and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This power was conferred by a secret vote, but the news soon leaked out, causing great dismay in Constantinople and Salonica, where there is a conviction that Austria-Hungary and Rumania are the Governments with which the secret treaties are to be made.

But what is the object of such treaties? To this question the Young Turkish leaders can see but one answer: they are to free the hands of Bulgaria so that she may pick a quarrel and at once hurl all her well trained soldiers into Macedonia and Thrace.

To meet this possibility the Turkish Government has taken energetic military measures. Two hundred men of the Iktiyat, or substitute reserve, have been called to join each battalion of the army in European Turkey. The battalions are thus brought up to a strength of 550 men each. In addition forty-nine battalions of Redifs, or reservists of the first line, have been called to the colors to occupy the cantonments vacated by forty-six battalions of regulars sent to Arabia to suppress the revolt in Yemen. This is not all; the mobilization of five divisions of reservists consisting of nine battalions each has been ordered at Angora, Yuzzat, Cesarea, Sivas and Castamonni.

Even with these precautions the Committee of Union and Progress is said to feel nervous. It is deeply impressed by the heavy votes for military purposes accorded to the Austro-Hungarian administration at the recent meeting of the Delegations.

Employment Insurance in England.

As the Government system of labor exchanges brought into existence last year is now in working order, the British Ministry is ready to lay before Parliament its scheme of insurance against unemployment. The two systems are to be complementary. They are to be regarded as parts of a comprehensive plan to end pauperism and distress in the industrial class. The insurance scheme has been elaborated into a bill by the Board of Trade.

The trades to which the benefits are to apply are house building and works of construction, engineering and shipbuilding. Skilled and unskilled men, union and non-union, are to participate alike. The system is not to be allowed to degenerate into one of rewards for idleness. Before money can be drawn the workman must take steps to secure work and must be willing to take it and keep it when offered to him. This is the reason the institution of the insurance was postponed until after the labor exchanges were in operation. It would have been a mere invitation to abuse without the prior existence of machinery for providing employment and registering the offer of it.

Cards will be issued, which employers will be required to sign and stamp. The discharged man will take his card to the nearest labor exchange and sign an "unemployed register." He will then after a short time of waiting be entitled to receive a weekly stipend until he gets work again, up to a maximum number of weeks in each year. The allowances will be based on those made by the unions in the several trades, but will be slightly lower; the union allowances, it is said, average 10 shillings, or about $2.50, a week. If possible the actual payment of the money will be made through the unions, to reduce the demoralizing effect of direct public relief, which has a suggestion of pauperization about it.

The funds are to be provided by contributions from employers and workmen and a large subvention from the State. The system will be organized by trades and will be compulsory upon all, employers and employed alike.

Russia's Fourth Constitutional Budget.

The Duma has under consideration at present the fourth "constitutional budget" of the Russian Empire, that is to say, the fourth that has been framed and imposed on the people by parliamentary enactment. The figures before the chamber illustrate the rapid growth of prosperity through the country. The budget for 1908 showed a deficit of some $90,500,000, and that of 1909 a shortage of $65,000,000 or thereabout. Last year's budget took a sudden leap to a surplus of nearly $60,000,000. The receipts were actually $126,200,000 more in 1910 than in 1909, the great increase being largely due to the enormous wheat crop.

In the present figuring a surplus for the current year of at least $56,000,000 is estimated. Provision is therefore being made for the construction out of ordinary revenue at a cost of $16,000,000 of the Amur Railway and for the double tracking of the Siberian line. Provision is also made for taking up two 5 per cent. Imperial loans, amounting to $21,500,000.

Russian financiers are assuming that barring a great war or some other unexpected calamity the national income and the surplus over expenditures will not be less in any year in the near future than in the present year.

In the Netherlands.

Perhaps to offset the bad feeling stirred up by the Flushing fortification dispute, which by the way is by no means settled, Queen Wilhelmina has lately bethought herself of a State visit that she paid to Paris a few years ago and has invited President Fallières to return it in July. Fallières has notified the French Cabinet of his acceptance. The Dutch papers are busy expressing their pleasure and promising the President a hearty reception. In fact public feeling in the Netherlands is at bottom more cordial to France than to Germany. No fears are entertained of French aggression, whereas the German peril is a very real affair indeed. If Holland's fortification of her coast is really for the benefit of the Kaiser and his empire, it is her weakness and not her will that consents.

The States General are now in session at The Hague and they are considering a yard wide revision of the tariff law. According to the draft submitted by the Government and likely to be adopted in its material parts, coal, ore, yarn and wheat are to remain on the free list as essential to the industry and welfare of the country. Half finished articles are to pay import duties varying from 3 to 6 per cent. ad valorem; nearly finished articles are to pay 10 per cent., and wholly finished articles 12 per cent. Meal to be used as cattle feed goes in free. Flour is to pay 40 cents Dutch a kilogram, or approximately 72 cents American a hundred pounds.

Power is to be conferred on the Government to impose retaliatory duties when it sees good reason.

Bigger Battleships to Come.

The British Society of Naval Architects has been discussing the size of battleships and inclines to the opinion that the limit has by no means been reached. The discussion brought out the ratio of growth in England. Battleships have increased in the last ten years 60 per cent. in displacement, 35 per cent. in length, 17 per cent. in breadth. In speed more than two knots an hour has been gained, and the weight of metal discharged in a broadside has made the amazing growth from 4,000 to 12,500 pounds.

Considering the matter of cost, it was said that two of the newest vessels could be built for about the price of three of the earlier and smaller pre-Dreadnought type. The two modern vessels would, however, take into action a main armament one-third greater than that of the three small vessels combined, and their working cost and expensiveness in maintenance and repairs would be less. From these considerations Professor J. J. Welch thought the policy of building big ships was justified. The unsettled question, one which naval officers could best answer, he said, was whether ships of still greater size would not prove an advantage.

Professor G. H. Biles said the classic dictum used to be that "only numbers could annihilate," but it was now antiquated. One Dreadnought could have annihilated Nelson's entire fleet at Trafalgar, and for the matter of that the French and Spanish ships to boot. He was far from believing that the battleship limit had been reached in vessels of 28,000 or 30,000 tons.

London County Council Budget.

The budget of the London County Council for the next fiscal year, introduced the week before last and now pending, was notable for a decrease in the assessable value of property of £189,505, or $947,000, the first in the history of the Council.

The total estimated income for 1911-12 is £10,953,284, against £10,674,467 in 1910-11. The total estimated expenditure is £11,330,275 in 1911-12, against £10,942,129 in 1910-11.