The Sun.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1912.

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 and Treasurer, William C. Reick, 170 Nassau street. Vice-President, Edward P. Mitchell, 170 Nassau street. Secretary, Chester S. Lord, 170 Nassau street.

London office, Effingham House, 1 Arundel street, Strand.

Paris office, 4 Rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.

Washington office, Hibbs Building.

Brooklyn office, 103 Livingston street.

To our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication: We wish to serve you, and if rejected they must be returned, we think, if you provide envelopes and stamps for that purpose.

Something Doing.

How shall the new telegraph "policy" of his Excellentissimo the Postmaster-General proceed to consummation?

Shall he communicate his "recommendations" to the Congress in the form of a special message, marked "urgent," meanwhile suspending postal service between his department and the White House?

Or shall he begin operations immediately by instructing his colleague and great and good friend the Attorney-General to close up all private ownership under the act of July 24, 1866, he, the Postmaster-General, ordering at once an appraisal of the telegraph properties, and drawing at sight upon his other colleague and great and good friend the Secretary of the Treasury for four or five hundred millions of dollars to complete the transaction?

Which is the simpler way?

The Spanish Crisis.

The action of King ALFONSO in sparing the only one of the Valencia murderers whose execution was demanded by the Spanish Ministry does not mean that the King, who permitted FRANCISCO FERRER to go to death without a protest, has changed his mind concerning the insurgent elements among his subjects. It may perhaps indicate that he has, despite the infirmities of his race, learned something, but its real significance is that he has subordinated Spain's internal to her international difficulties at the moment.

The Valencia murderers were guilty of brutal and deliberate murder. Even the most enthusiastic Liberals and Republicans could find no palliation for the crime and sought to bedoul the issue by charging that the prisoners had been subjected to torture to obtain a confession and then tried by a military court.

These flimsy pretexts would have had little weight had not Spain been at the moment confronted by two serious external problems, both in Morocco. With France she is carrying on a protracted and not too friendly discussion over the division of Morocco, and in the Riff she has an army but little smaller than the Italian forces in Tripoli, and within the month there have been fought several battles which have cost not a few lives.

If the execution of the Valencia criminals was to be followed by a new uprising such as that which took place in Barcelona in 1909, it is clear that Spain's claim to a share of Morocco would be fatally weakened by the demonstration of her inability to preserve order at home. To assist in the pacification of Morocco while her home provinces were in revolt would be an ambition that would find little sympathy, particularly with the French, who are seeking every pretext for diminishing the Spanish sphere in North Africa.

Again, if, as seems inevitable, Spain must continue over many months, if not years, to maintain at least a hundred thousand soldiers in North Africa, she is deprived of at least half the force on which must rest the duty of preserving peace in the Peninsula and sustaining the dynasty upon its none too secure throne. It was the departure of troops for Melilla in 1909 which provoked the Barcelona revolt; it was the absence of nearly half the regular army from Spain which made the restoration of order difficult at that time.

In view of these conditions the resignation of Señor CANALEJAS and his Ministry after a formal protest against the King's clemency, followed by a prompt consent to retain office, has no real importance. It was rather a political manœuvre, of purely domestic moment. When the Morocco case is settled, particularly if it is settled in such a fashion as to earn national approval, CANALEJAS or MAURA, his inevitable successor, will be able to deal with the Republican insurgent elements as he chooses, and the intervention of the King is unlikely, as the Ferrer incident demonstrated.

The Struggle for Good Smoke.

We did not enter upon the struggle for bandless cigars with eyes shut, and such vicious assaults on us as the attack in the Duluth *Herald*, an organ of the cigar band printers, which we reprint to-day, shall not divert us from our course. Great as are the resources of the spoilers of cigars, powerful as are their numerous secret allies, crafty as are their methods, THE SUN does not shrink from the contest. A great moral principle is at stake. We shall burn tobacco for it if that be necessary.

How unsuccessful is the effort of this particular agent of the wrapper tearers to degrade this moral revolt to the level of a mere political issue! The Duluth *Herald*, itself better informed as to the contents of the Constitution of the United States than are most of the insurgents, is obliged to confess that no section of that immortal document prescribes cigar bands. It accuses THE SUN of wavering in its allegiance to the principles of the Fathers when THE SUN devotes itself to combating an innovation those venerated experts in good living would have repelled with horror. Because THE SUN demands a return to the high standards they established this agent of wood pulp seeks to hold us up as rash tamperers with the foundations of society.

It remains only to point out one characteristic error in this insurgent defence of the cigar band. That poisoner of smokers is called by the Duluth *Herald* an "institution." It is no such thing. It is a mere excrescence.

Will the Aeroplane Ever Come Into General Use?

A speed loving world wants to believe that the aeroplane can be made practicable for general use. What could be more exhilarating than travelling safely at high altitudes over the firm set earth and above the face of the waters, flying from city to city, crossing continents, passing over seas? Will the time come when man can go around the world in a ship of the air? Surely, if Mr. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE is a prophet. In an article in the *National Review* he says:

"Paris to London by a swift, reliable aircar! London to New York by an air liner! Wild, impossible dreams, did anybody say? The remark would be a very unwise one to make. Already on his small, wind tossed monoplane PIERRE PRIER, the airman, has flown without stopping from London to Paris, and has made the journey between lunch time and dinner. Already it is considered possible to build a machine, with an existing type of motor, which would remain in the air, carrying two pilots to take turns in steering, for a period of twenty-four hours. If such wonders can be accomplished with such crude structures of wood, canvas and wire, what will not be possible with the large passenger carrying machine that will be the next development of airmanship?

Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE is a manufacturer of aeroplanes, but he has also been a successful operator of them in more or less spectacular competitions. The combination entitles him to a hearing which would be denied a mere maker of airships for others to risk their necks in. Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE says he is firm in the belief that "air travel will be the means of transport of the future." The reasons for his faith may be briefly given. Motors are no longer "freaky" and unreliable; the well made aeroplane motor does its work just as reliably as the engine installed in an automobile. Two motors have been already fitted to an aeroplane, one to be used when the other begins to stop. The fabric itself is no longer in the wood, wire and canvas stage. For military work a steel framework has been tested satisfactorily. The airships of the future will be constructed of metal, but to keep them in motion a speed of 100 miles an hour will be necessary. The speed condition is feasible; already aeroplanes have been driven at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The metal ship fitted with a high power motor would weather "any wind short of the fiercest gale." But to raise this heavy, strongly built and fast flying machine into the air a high speed along the ground would be necessary, as the planes are now made and manipulated, almost eighty miles an hour; moreover, to effect a safe landing the speed would also have to be very great. Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE says:

"What is wanted, and what all makers of aeroplanes are striving to devise, is an aircraft with variable speeds, like those of a motor car. What is desired is an aeroplane which will rise into the air at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and then increase its rate of travel up to 100 miles, again reducing its speed to twenty-five miles an hour when making a landing. 'If we can attain this,' a very famous constructor told me, when we were discussing the matter, 'we shall be far on the way toward the perfect aeroplane.'"

Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE suggests that the variable speed might be attained "by using a plane with a surface capable of being reduced, or reefed, when high speed is required." How reduced or reefed? By telescopic action he answers. The plan is simple enough in the telling, but we fancy it will give the inventors brain fever.

To sum up, the aeroplane cannot be made practicable for general use unless it is constructed of light but strong metal, uses a high power motor, and can be run at moderate as well as great speed, like an automobile, the last being the dominating problem. Of course the aeroplane must move much faster than the express train, and be equally safe, to attract as a means of transportation.

Sleds That Were Sleds.

Is it the wiser, better regulation of modern childhood that has banished the ancient sled, that has destroyed, broken up, burned the craft on which half the dignity and all the worth of the previous generation once flung itself, "belly bumpers," "belly whoppers," so the polite phrases had it, and challenged destiny and distanced the Montreal Express in one wild, glorious, successful dash for the unflagged crossing at the foot of the hill?

Nowadays the town council solemnly proscribes the steep hill. The village constable, but he has a new title commensurate with his buttons, gives over the pursuit of burglars and the arrest of automobilists to supervise the coast. Worse still, or better, youth itself finds, dangling under the Christmas tree, that kind of a contraption whereon the rider sits upright, his coat concealing the hand-painted roses of the top board, his feet before him on the rail, a guide rope firmly grasped in his hands, and with the graceful dignity of a tugboat and the exhilarating speed of a continental "lift" descends the brief slope with admirable deliberation.

It was a different thing, the sled we knew in that remote time we disguise under the reserve "when I was a boy." Beauty it had none, of paint the last vestige had fled. It was an heirloom handed down to an insistent son by a reluctant father, and the clumsy steering of three generations had written indelibly on its surface, while its runners, like its former owners, still bore marks of collision with the immutable stone wall behind the barnyard.

But it could go, and speed alone the elder sledman sought. Face down in the swirling snow, feet flung out to steer or not to steer, hands firmly grasping the steel points of the runners, he took it down the town hill, between the bumpers of the local "freight" if it lingered at the crossing, under the hoofs of the grocer's horse if it shied and ran at the flashing lightning of the passage. To stop before the hill was passed, before the summit of the stone wall at the end was reached; to pause before the rider stood in snow unmarked as yet by other trespass, at the head of the line, this was disgrace, defeat, dishonor.

If by chance, even in those remote days, there appeared upon the slide some ill advised youth with such a sled as now prevails, high seated, brave with paint and lattice runners, first the sturdy village boys fell upon the sledman and beat him roundly, then upon the sled and scattered its splintered fragments in the trodden snow. Youth was conservative then and regulation still a remote evil.

Perhaps the modern sled suits the modern boy; perhaps he can't help it; perhaps he is still looking for the lost chariot of fire that anciently illuminated childhood and carried his parents within an age of ultimate glory. If he is, here's hoping he finds it. As for his present abomination, remote age, infirmity, even that rheumatism which spares not, could not bring us to it while there remained a barn loft in all the world which concealed a sled of elder days, a sled that was a sled.

A Significant Opera.

The success which has attended the production of "Le Donne Curiose" at the Metropolitan Opera House is somewhat more significant than the public recognition of a work of great merit in a school of musical drama which few contemporary composers have regarded. In the midst of the storm and stress which seems to inspire the composers of young Italy, ERMANNO WOLF-FERRARI has dared to write a musical comedy. When other Italian composers seek their subjects in the melodramas of any language, he looks to a classic of Italian dramatic literature for the material to illustrate with his characteristic music. So the success of the opera does not only prove the correctness of his judgment in turning away from the subjects that have recently inspired his compatriots but it compels admiration for his courage.

The local lesson of the triumph of the new work is not to be overlooked. There is only one theatre to-day to satisfy the craving of this public for operatic entertainment. It has always been a tradition of the Metropolitan Opera House that comic opera in any style was impossible there. It took the finest available singers to attract the public to "Don Pasquale," "La Fille du Regiment" or "L'Elisir d'Amore." The same artists could draw much larger audiences in serious or tragic operas. The Metropolitan Opera House was not suited to any but grandiose operatic compositions, and the public did not enjoy comic opera in any form when it went to hear more ambitious specimens.

But the public has flocked to hear the new work and exhibited every sign of delight when it has got there. So one tradition in reference to the genre of the works that may be successfully acted there has been shaken.

The success of "Le Donne Curiose" has another eloquence which cannot be without its influence in the field of musical politics. It has demonstrated that no single music publishing firm has a monopoly of all the meritorious operas written by Italian composers. The Metropolitan was cordial enough to receive ERMANNO WOLF-FERRARI after Mr. DIPPEL had last year made it clear that he was a composer whose work was not to be ignored. Its wisdom was proved by the fate of "Le Donne Curiose." It is worth while to remember that in order to get the right to perform this admirable opera it was not necessary to accept some artistic equivalent of "Germania" or "Le Villi" or any other work that needed advertising.

A bright Westerner like Governor HADLEY of Missouri for Vice-President would sweep the country like a prairie fire. *The Hon. WALTER ROSCOE STUBBS, Governor of Kansas.*

The brightest Westerner, the sweepingest prairie fire, is STUBBS the Red.

It is pleasant to know that Nantucket is no longer short of rations and sundered by the ice from "America," as the Nantucketese say of the mainland. The steamer Sankaty has arrived and there is joy and banqueting among the Yankee brethren. It would be no bad fortune to be marooned in Nantucket, say in Sconsett, in the winter. If fresh meat is sometimes rare there in the cold spell, so is the wild barbarian yawp and outer darkness of the world.

To request Big BILL EDWARDS of Princeton and the Street Cleaning Department to order a search for a gold football bearing the inscription "Yale 19, Princeton 0," is a fair demonstration of traditional Yale "sand."

A Fearsome Warning From Mexico.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Again and again it has been stated that the Government at Washington is consulting the great Powers as to the establishment of a suzerainty in Mexico, for the "protection" of foreign interests. As German military critics have repeatedly pointed out, it will prove a risky adventure, for it will unite all parties against the common enemy and arouse the suspicions of the sister republics from the Rio Grande del Norte to the Straits of Magellan. Making war in their own country, seasoned to the tropical climate so destructive to the races of the north, and using those guerrilla tactics to which their topography adapts itself admirably, the Mexicans will prove themselves wary and desperate foes.

Let Wilhelm II. and his Janizaries beware!

CORDOBA, Vera Cruz, January 7. J. DOBAN.

The Friends of Mont Saint Michel.

From the Athenæum.

A Société Des Amis du Mont Saint Michel has been formed with the following objects: (1) To watch over the safety of the Mount; (2) to prevent the demolition of the ancient houses thereon; (3) to put into execution the decisions of the Ministry of Fine Arts for the preservation of the rock in its "primitive insularity"; and (4) to study all questions of interest to tourists in the neighborhood.

SOME WIDENER PICTURES.

Notes on an Extraordinary Collection in Philadelphia.

A collection of art that can count such treasures as ten Rembrandts, half a dozen canvases from the brush of Frans Hals, the same number of Vandycks, several Titians, three El Grecos, a Murillo, a pair of unusual Velasquezes, three Turners, a marvellously fine Vermeer, examples of Veronese, Rubens, Constable, Hobbema, Ruysdael, Corot, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, Gainsborough; little masters of the Dutch school, Flemish and Italian primitives, the French decorative painters, Watteau and others—in a word, one of the most glorious assemblages of pictures in the world, cannot be disposed of in a column or two. Merely to enumerate the naked list would fill that space. As for the sculpture, tapestries, jewels, porcelains and furniture, they would easily fill a volume if which praise of a superlative sort could not fail to be the triumphant note. Volumes would be required to describe the various art collections of Mr. P. A. B. Widener in his stately home at Elkins Park, Philadelphia. Bernard Berenson is cataloguing the Italian division, and no doubt there will appear some day the monumental work which Professor Jaccaci is editing. Let us hope that it will be accessible to the art loving public. Dr. Wilhelm Bode in his recent visit here was unrestrainedly enthusiastic concerning Mr. Widener's art gathering. Again and again he returned to the gallery where the Rembrandts are hung, and for "The Mill" he displayed such affectionate interest that he had to be reminded that he would miss his train if he lingered before it any longer. No wonder. It ranks among the greater Rembrandts and could keep company with the "Night Watch," "The Syndics," "Elizabeth Bas," the "Saskia" of Cassel and the unrivalled portraits in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

The canvas has been cleaned, though not drastically. It shines with a luminous majesty that reveals the soul of its creator. Perhaps in no other picture in the world is there such a soft, pervasive, radiant sky. Not precisely focussed as if in the glowing core of a Turner sunset, this Rembrandt light suffuses the scene like a benison. It is supreme art, neither tragic nor declamatory, with a calmness in the insertion of details; a Rembrandt purified of his sometimes fuliginous rhetoric and burning with a gentle interior flame. One glance at its magical surface drives from your mind all the critical or uncritical gabble of Teutonic paint pundits who pretend to see a Seeghers or some other second rate artist as its author. To be frank, this attempt to belie the work of such a genius as Rembrandt is getting to be an alarming nuisance. As well say that Franz Liszt could have composed "Tristan and Isolde." The best answer to those who ascribe to Ferdinand Bol, Hercules Seeghers, Aert de Gelder certain Rembrandt heads and landscapes is to challenge them to show a single original picture by any one of the three that will match the Rembrandt. If these artists, and they are strong men, though not of the greatest, could paint such canvases as "The Mill," "Elizabeth Bas" and the "Jacob Blessing His Grandchildren"—the latter in Cassel—why didn't they produce more of the same order? This argument is irrefragable. "The Mill" is truly a masterpiece among masterpieces, the acme of romantic landscape art.

The other Rembrandts are the "St. Paul" and the portrait of a "Man with a Letter in his Hand," from the Lord Wimbourne collection; a "Young Saskia," a splendid self-portrait, a "Philosopher" and some smaller pieces, one the head of the artist's mother. The Van Dycks are from the Cattaneo family of Genoa, and were first shown here at the old Knoedler galleries. They represent Marchesa Eleanor Grimaldi, Marchesa Nicola Cattaneo—with the Moorish boy and the sunshade—two little patrician daughters, the large picture of Marchesa Brignole-Sala and her son (to our taste the clou of the group) and several other portraits. Two Titians, the portraits of twin sisters, Emilia and Irene de Spalinberg, are in the same vast salle, which with its marbles and hangings also contains a priceless example of the jewelled art of Benvenuto Cellini. The ensemble is magnificent. You rub your eyes, wondering if you are waking or really dreaming in the Florence of the Renaissance days. The Vermeer is a celebrated one. It is called "The Weigher of Pearls," and depicts a Dutch lady engaged in the delicate task of sorting and weighing pearls. She is standing before a table, facing the light from a window high in the wall. Her expression is rather wistful, as if the thought of the coming event cast a shadow upon her feminine interest in her jewels. The key is lower than in the Morgan Vermeer at the Metropolitan Museum and in the "Mill Girl" of the Rijks Museum. It is a more intense Vermeer, who despite his extraordinary handling was hardly a painter of moods, spiritual or otherwise. Yet there is in this canvas something more than the heroic earthliness of the Dutch masters. To some who are not Rembrandt smitten it may be considered the bright particular treasure of this collection.

The El Grecos are characteristic in manner, though dating from different periods, and are imposing in size and composition. One is the "San Martin" and is from Toledo. It was an altar piece at the Church of San Jose. The "Virgin With Saints" comes from the same place. The third is of an earlier period and is a group of four women and a child. It is amazingly fine. The two works of Velasquez are in his early style. One is a study for his "Topers," in the Prado, and was executed about 1629; the other is a "Satyr and Traveller," rather hot and heavy in the handling but of rich paste. These canvases are of the earlier and thoroughly human Velasquez; akin to his kitchen pieces, and midway between his later more noble and silvery compositions. Both are of much significance. The Gherard David is a huge trypich, a "Madonna With Saint Anne," a very important example, and charged with the tender piety of this pupil of Dirk Bouts. There are three Turners, and the chief Sir Joshua Reynolds is a head of "Nellie O'Brien," the full length of which adorns the Wallace collection. Needless to go into the English school represented; the specimens are of prime quality. Diaz, Troyon, Corot, Millet, a noble specimen, and Rousseau and Daubigny represent the Barbizons, but modern pictures are in the minority. Mr. Widener has been gradually eliminating them for several years. It would be a pity, however, if these Frenchmen were banished from the long gallery. An uncommon Ruysdael, dramatic in feeling, hangs in the vicinity of a Hobbema. There are two remarkable Pieter de Hooghes, a Jan Steen, a beautiful Cuyp, Van de Velde, Jan Van der Capelle, a strong Ostade, and a little picture by Jan Maler, the head of a woman in white, which with its stark severity of design might easily masquerade as a Holbein. The heads by Frans Hals are of his best, men and women with children, including the wonderful "Isabelle Coeymans." The Veronese and Rubens are studies, and Paulus Potter is not absent. In the Murillo two women gossip in a window, a very human anecdote; the Cuyp represents a departure for the chase, serene in spirit and warm in tune. One of the De Hooghes is a Dutch courtyard, a splendid example of this painter's painstaking brush and precise vision. Of the Italian primitives, of the gorgeous Gubbio ware, of the thousand and one objects of art, ceramics, Japanese and Chinese, and a hundred other paintings, we dare not write. That way prolixity and superlatives lie.

Edouard Manet did not visit Spain till 1865, and after, as his admirer and biographer Theodore Duret said, his taste had been fully formed. Despite this assertion the French artist was enormously influenced by Velasquez and Goya. Mr. Widener possesses a Manet that is become a classic. It is the magisterial canvas now known as "The Dead Toreador," of which Camille Mauclair wrote that there is probably no Goya more powerful. He might have added that Goya never in the matter of sheer quality of paint excelled this picture. When it was first exhibited at Paris in 1867 it was called "The Dead Man." It was shown again in 1884. It is life sized, the dead toreador in bullfighter's costume is stretched out on the ground, the head foreshortened toward the foreground. This picture, Duret tells us, is the principal fragments of the one exhibited at the Salon of 1864 under the title "Episode of a Bullfight," which was cut and divided into two. The massive bulk of the corpse, the sombre potency of the composition, together with its masterly science, not only place the work among the best of Manet but also rank it as one of the great paintings of modern art.

HIS EMINENCE.

The Style and Title of Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Would it not be well to begin the new era of that most charming of men and distinguished of prelates, the homeward bound Cardinal by naming him correctly?

I have seen an elaborately engraved invitation with which "The Catholic Club of the City of New York request the honour of Mr. John Doe's company on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-fifth of January, One thousand nine hundred and twelve, at nine o'clock, at a reception to be given to his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, in honour of his elevation to the Sacred College of Cardinals by his Holiness Pope Pius X."

There is nothing in which the Church is more exact than the details and niceties of the rubrics and ritual, and it seems to an undistinguished outsider that the distinguished Catholic Club ought to know that there is no such personage as "the Cardinal Archbishop of New York," and never was such a title as "Cardinal Archbishop."

There are cardinal deacons, cardinal priests and six cardinal bishops, but not a single cardinal archbishop. So if THE SUN will now intimate that the only correct way to designate the Metropolitan of whom all New York is so justly proud is his Eminence Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, and never as "Cardinal Archbishop" (he is a cardinal priest), perhaps the mistake will not occur again, or at least only infrequently.

WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

NEW YORK, January 15.

Cigar Bands.

From the Duluth Herald.

Cigar bands are. Therefore they are right.

Cigar bands have been. Therefore they must always be.

Shall the wisdom of the Fathers be thus scorned and rejected by its stanchest champion and defender? Cigar bands are an Institution. We don't recollect that they are touched upon by the Constitution, but we are quite clear that the proposal to do away with them is unconstitutional. Unless the manufacturers of cigar bands have been overlooked in the appointment of Judges, we have the utmost confidence that if THE SUN'S wicked and destructive and socialistic crusade is subjected to the test of the courts it will be declared abhorrent to the sacred principles of the Constitution, in which the wisdom and foresight of the fathers are embalmed forevermore.

What though the cigar band is a nuisance? It is, and therefore it must be right, and the right must and shall be maintained.

What though the cigar band is located at the exact point on the cigar where the pleasure of smoking it is greatest? It is, and therefore it must be right, and the right shall ever be guarded and preserved.

What though, when the eager smoker seeks to prolong his pleasure by removing the band, it throws the wrapper with it and spoils his smoke? The cigar band is, and therefore it must always be.

What though, when the baffled smoker has his pleasure thus interrupted, he is exceeding wroth, and his wrathness tempts to profanity, and the profanity destroys his soul? Those who cigar band is, and therefore it always must prevail.

Whatever is, is right. THE SUN must never forget that. Whatever is, must always be. THE SUN must not neglect its own teachings. Those who proclaim the existence of evil are muckrakers, and therefore all those who propose reforms are disturbers and destroyers, and therefore wicked and fit only for utter destruction.

Long live the cigar band, the institution which sacred custom makes inviolable and eternal!

Too Much Andy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I wish to pay my respects to the city of Racine, Wis. Thank heaven, there is one community in the United States that is able to pay its own way and paddle its own canoe, and is too proud to pick up the crumbs from Andrew Carnegie's table.

May we have a great deal more civic self-reliance and a lot less of this everlasting, self-intoxicated, tiresome little Pittsburg Dives.

FREDERICK M. DANIELS.

NEW YORK, January 15.

Fire Prevention in Tenement Houses.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On what theory of effective public service is the tenement house, all dwelling houses having more than two families, exempted from the operations of the Fire Prevention Bureau, which is to be manned by trained fire fighters? What qualifications have the Tenement House Department inspectors for such specialized service? Besides, these inspectors are not sufficient in number to attend to the multiplicity of details that already come under their charge.

Commissioner of Police Waldo recently criticised as absurd and perilous the landing on his department of boiler inspection. Equally preposterous it seems to me is turning fire prevention over to the Tenement House Department.

I speak from personal observation and experience when I affirm that fire hazards in some of the uptown apartment house cellars are appalling.

Are factories, commercial buildings and amusement places more important than the tenements that house millions of human beings in the most perilous hours for fire, the night?

X.

NEW YORK, January 15.

When the Hoey law was passed the tenement houses in the city, 110,000 in number, were under the supervision of the Fire Department as to certain details and subject to the stringent provisions of the Tenement House Department. The authors of the law felt, apparently, that a duplication of inspections was not necessary, and if a change was desirable it might be postponed until the new bureau was in operation. Complaint of dangerous conditions made to the Fire Department or the Tenement House Department would unquestionably receive immediate attention.

An "Appreciation" of Official Architecture.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The prospect of cleaning the architectural junk out of City Hall Park reminds me of a song which I heard at the Pangyras Club, I think, a good many years ago. I recall this much of it:

"Where'er you wander, where'er you roam,
You'll never see nothin' as ugly
As Mullet's Dome."

We have a Mulletesque P. O. too.

F. C. M.

BOSTON, January 15.

OLD FITZ.

A Letter, Found Three Months Ago, To the Late Thomas Constable.

From the Athenæum.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,
May 13 [1874].

DEAR SIR: I must thank you for your polite & speedy answer to my Letter. I am glad that my little Picture does really represent a Spot which so many memorable men have haunted.

Yes, I have been deeply interested in your Book, and really felt uncomfortable as the Catastrophe drew on. Letter by Letter. The early *Murray* Letters had great Character & Humour, reminding one also of the more convivial Living in those days. Some of the Correspondence as of Playfair, Mackenzie, &c., I was not so interested in as doubtless many of your Northern Readers would be. The only disagreeable speck in the whole work is—Sir Walter's grudge against Jeffrey for the Review on Marmion. I thought he was too brave, generous, and utterly careless of what he wrote, to resent such a Review, which also (as I remember) is not altogether unjust. Perhaps Scott thought himself attacked as Story rather than as Poet. I cannot bear to acknowledge a speck on his Chivalrous Character, the noble, dear, Fellow!

I always knew that Lockhart had a vein of Malice in him, but I scarce thought it would have extended to a misrepresentation of the Dead. However, one has no Worship of him to keep sacred as one has of Sir Walter. One wonders that two men so different should have become so closely united, indeed we Southrons heard that Sir W. never liked him. Be that as it may, Lockhart was a terrible Hypocrite indeed if he did not love Scott, whose Biography must be one of the most interesting Books in our language.

Permit me to say sincerely that your Book appears to me excellent in its unaffected simplicity of style, and Candour to all Parties. One is rejoiced to get hold of a Book nowadays that is naturally and easily written, without all that Epigrammatic & Graphic slang which has been the fashion since Dickens's days perhaps. I love Dickens too; but if I had to write books, should return to dip myself in Sir Walter.

You are very hospitable in offering to let me call on you if I ever go to Edinburgh. Ah! let me get there!

Yours much obliged

E. FITZ GERALD.

ONLY TWO HORNS.

"Old Smiles" a Weakling and Mollycoddle Compared With the Ancients.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I remember reading in Homer, with the kind assistance of the "pony," how the heroes hurled "rocks" such as two or three or a baker's dozen of degenerate men such as now are couldn't lift with a derrick, or words to that effect.

I thought of that contrast between ancient and modern prowess when I read in this morning's SUN that "Old Smiles, the two horned rhinoceros in the Central Park menagerie, got crazy drunk on two quarts of whiskey and quinine. It was the quinine did the business of course, always is the quinine, and more especially in the case of policemen."

But what kind of a weakling a rhinoceros must be who gets orrey-eyed on only his two horns of the stuff. In my "Hey, Rube" days a rhinoceros was nearly as tough as a circus man. Have the boys who used to be handy with tent stakes and such little things got weak too?

I could have got away with a couple of quarts and quinine to suit and ridden an untamed steed "bareback" after it and gored the rhino besides when I was 21.

PERRY AND FOURTH.

NEW YORK, January 15.

The Veteran Defended.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is Snyder a teetotaler or is he ignorant of animal psychology? What is two quarts to a healthy rhinoceros? "Old Smiles" wanted at least a gallon and a half. If he got full he was like the chap in "Charley's Aunt," drunk "for the want of it."

A FRIEND OF "TODY."

YONKERS, January 15.

Protecting Noschorns.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Where is the Society for the Prevention of Intemperance among Pachydermatous Perrisodactyl Mammals?

JAMES GREENE, JR.

NEW YORK, January 15.

An Ironical Soldier.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The rhinoceros canteen must be abolished.

BEENLISTED.

FORT HAMILTON, January 15.

POISONOUS SNAKES.

There Are Not Many Species of Them in the United States.

Mary Cynthia Dickinson in the American Museum Journal.

It would be fortunate if there were some certain rule for distinguishing a poisonous from a non-poisonous snake. That the non-poisonous has large scales on the head is not an infallible guide, since the cobras and their allies are quite as innocent looking; that the poisonous has usually a triangular head distinct from the neck is again untrustworthy, as many harmless species, like the water snakes, when under the influence of fear inflate the sides of the head to a semblance of concealed poison glands. Neither does an antagonistic manner tell much, because certain harmless forms, like the hog nosed snakes, so-called "spreading adders," are aggressive in a higher degree than many deadly species.

This lack of distinction is not, for North America at least, the grave misfortune it would seem, however, for there has been exaggeration in the popular mind as to the number of poisonous species. In India, to be sure, where people go with bare feet and legs through the jungle, the time has been when mortality from snake bite reached twenty thousand annually. This was before the discovery of antivenin, a serum prepared in the same way as germ disease antitoxins and now for sale in India, as in other countries where branches of the Pasteur Institute have been established. As early as 1887 experiments proved that repeated inoculations of snake venom put an animal into a condition resistant to the venom, but not until 1894 was a serum dispensed for practical use.

In North America accident from snake bite has always been a rare happening, the dangerous species being few, namely, two moccasins, the copperhead and the cottonmouth; two coral snakes, small brilliantly colored allies of the cobras, and thirteen rattlesnakes. With the exception of the coral snakes these are all "pit vipers," and can be recognized when seen near at hand by a peculiar deep depression, of questioned function, between the eye and the nostril and also by a vertical pupil. But for snakes in general the venomous species is marked by no peculiar structure except the poison apparatus itself, and many non-poisonous snakes even possess the poison glands in a primitive stage of development, lacking only the poison conducting fang. Therefore in North America, where out of about one hundred and ten species only seventeen are dangerous to man, and of these not often more than two occur in a given district, the problem of safety even for extended expeditions into the wilderness demands merely a knowledge of the appearance of the few given forms.

The Grand Old Ballad of Old Dan Tucker.

From the Journal of American Folk-Lore.

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk,
He fell in the fire, and he kicked up a chunk,
The red hot coals got in his shoe,
And whew-wee! how the ashes flew!

CHORUS.

Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper,
Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper.

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He washed his face in the frying pan,
He combed his head with a wagon wheel,
And he died with the toothache in his heel.

Daniel Tucker, he's a Quaker,
He drinks butternilk by the acre,
Supper's over, dishes washed,
Nothing left but a little bit of squash.

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
He used to ride the Derby rain,
He sent him a-whizzin' down the hill,
And if he hasn't got up he's a-lyin' there still.

SITE READY FOR NEW FEDERAL BUILDING

McAneny Suggests One in the Projected Civic Centre Layout.

A CIVIC PLANNING BOARD

Borough President's Idea to Have One With Charge of the Whole City.

Whether or not the United States Government decides to take the old Federal Building out of City Hall Park and put a new Federal building somewhere else there is a site already suggested for it in the proposed new civic centre north of the Municipal Building. The suggestion, which comes from Borough President McAneny, provides for placing the Federal building to the southeast of the site chosen for the new county court house.

Mr. McAneny has been the city official most interested in getting a place for the new court house, and when he and the architects and representatives of various societies which fought the project of putting the new court house in City Hall Park were looking for a site they kept their eyes open for one which should allow room for a new Federal building. The one which Mr. McAneny suggested yesterday is in the block bounded by Park street, City Hall place and Pearl street, or in the next block north, which is bounded by Park street, Pearl street and a proposed street running northward at an angle from the line of City Hall place and in effect continuing it. A third possibility is to utilize both of these blocks with an archway across Pearl street.

Mr. McAneny expects to see Senator O'Gorman within a day or so and work out the details of the bill which Mr. O'Gorman will introduce in the Senate providing for a new Federal building. The Borough President said yesterday that he expects the Board of Estimate and Apportionment at its meeting on Thursday to agree to its committee's recommendation on the court house site and to accept also the civic centre scheme.

Bert Hanson, president of the Municipal Art Society, one of the organizations which spent time last fall looking for a site for the court house, said yesterday that he hoped the Board of Estimate wouldn't go ahead too fast in providing for the civic centre idea. He remarked that he had not been able to find in the report to the Board of Estimate any recommendation putting the work of developing the civic centre in the hands of any special official or body.

"While we approve the principle embodied in the report," he said, "yet we hope that the adoption of the committee report will be deferred until this serious question has been discussed fully. Unless the Board of Estimate and Apportionment itself should control the development of the civic centre or the matter should be placed in the hands of equally representative and responsible men there would be danger in further developing the idea."

The objection was met by a statement from Mr. McAneny that he intends to propose at the meeting of the Board of Estimate on Thursday the creation of a Civic Planning Commission. This body would have advisory and executive powers over all future construction and alterations in this city's buildings, parks and streets. The probabilities are that if this proposal should be agreed to the Court House Board, which at present has the oversight of building the new court house, would be set aside and Mr. McAneny's own Fifth Avenue commission also.

WICKERSHAM TALKS TO WOMEN

Tells Them of His Department's Work Outside of Trust Busting.

Attorney-General Wickersham came to New York yesterday to tell the women's welfare department of the National Civic Federation about the Department of Justice. His address embodied no reference to trust problems or politics, and some of the 200 women who heard him showed they were a bit disappointed in questions asked of him afterward. He reminded them that he came for a different purpose.

Mr. Wickersham in giving the details of the complex machinery of his department and the duties of each division did speak of what he considered a great danger at Washington. He described how the records of the Department of Justice were stored in boxes in the cellars of old dwellings in Jackson Square. The hazard of their loss by fire was great, he said, and their loss would be a catastrophe for the nation as well as the department.

The Attorney-General did not think much of what he called "popular justice," and for which, he said, there was such a clamor nowadays. A good exposition of "popular justice," he thought, was the way the populace demanded the freedom of the robber Barabbas instead of the King of the Jews.

Experiments which Mr. Wickersham had recently tried in the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta were mentioned. He thought his idea of rewarding convicts by allowing them every Saturday to play in or witness a ball game was productive of excellent results. Then he told of seeing a hundred convicts there who were incapable of assisting in the construction of the new prison engaging in setting up exercises.

Mr. Wickersham spoke at the Waldorf. Some of those who heard him were Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Miss Morgan, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Francis McNeil Riggs, who introduced Mr. Wickersham; Mrs. Oliver Montague, Mrs. John Corbin, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Evelyn Sanford, Miss Maude Borland, Miss Elizabeth Marbury and Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith.

CLEVELAND'S PICTURE HUNG.

City Hall Hanging Committee Hasn't Put It in a Good Light.

The portrait of Grover Cleveland by Eastman Johnson, which was bought for the city by private contributions to a fund started by Mayor Gaynor, was hung yesterday in the City Hall. The picture depicts Mr. Cleveland as he was when he was Governor, and the assumption had been that it would be hung in the Governors' room. Instead of that it has been put in the public corridor on the lower floor of the City Hall, and directly over a steam radiator.

Space was made for the painting by removing to another part of the same corridor the portrait of Mayor Gaynor. It was explained yesterday that the work had been selected by the Municipal Art Commission. It is in a b