

The Sun

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A Certificate.

We are quoting Mr. Roosevelt's own description of Mr. TAFT. "It is one of Mr. TAFT's great gifts of ability that he possesses exactly the quality unobtainable to stand by the right and yet to do it with the minimum of offensiveness toward those who do not see matters as clearly as he does. This was said by Mr. Roosevelt at a time when his head was clearer of the fumes of venom than it is now. It is the certifier who has changed, not the certified. Mr. TAFT has not changed in any particular, except possibly that his 'minimum of offensiveness' in the matter of standing by his rights is perceptibly enlarged.

Debs Again.

In a period of unsettled conditions the Socialists would have put their best foot forward if they had nominated the Hon. VICTOR L. BERGER for President, but the selection of EUGENE DEBS was a foregone conclusion. As a Representative in Congress Mr. BERGER has convinced a great many people who have no sympathy with his cause that Socialists are not necessarily dangerous members of society. As a reformer he is argumentative but tolerant, a philosopher rather than a militant Socialist, does not threaten to pull down the pillars of the structure, and to him it is not the worst of all possible worlds as now organized. Socialist as he is and proud of it, Mr. BERGER is one of the most popular members of Congress and contributes a good deal of the humor that keeps it sweet. In the convention at Indianapolis he had much to do with the adoption of the following resolution:

"Any member of the party who opposes political action or advocates crime, sabotage or other methods of violence as a weapon of the working classes and in their organization shall be expelled from membership in the party."

DEBS, the antipodes of BERGER in almost every respect, will look out of place on a platform so modified or qualified. If speech inciting to violence is to be taken seriously DEBS ought to be expelled from a Socialist organization that condemns it. But three times he has been its candidate for President and once more when a sop is thrown to conservatism. The truth, however, is that the Debs bark is worse than the Debs bite. Days have been set by him for irrepensible revolts, for terrible explosions of proletarian wrath, and no one has risen or stirred or demoralized. DEBS is rhetorically violent, but not physically. He commits no overt act; personally he is as harmless as VICTOR BERGER. In a free country DEBS is at one. It is not to be denied that he is the god of the extremists, and therefore he keeps his followers at his heels and is sure of their votes. Moreover, the Socialist party under his leadership in Presidential campaigns polled well on to 500,000 votes in 1904 and 1908.

DEBS was the logical candidate, but the Hon. VICTOR BERGER might have proved a stronger magnet to non-Socialists inclined to revenge themselves upon the old parties by voting the Socialist ticket.

The Mediterranean Quadrilateral.

The Italian expedition to Rhodes, this prompt and successful landing of a force half as large as the first American army sent to Santiago, has concentrated European attention again upon the changed situation in the Mediterranean which the Italian seizure of Tripoli has produced. To-day it is Italy and not France, England or Austria, her Mediterranean rivals, which holds the nearest naval base to Suez and the Aegean.

The Rhodes expedition did not come from Italy; it was organized at Tobruk, the Tripolitan port, which all naval authorities recognize will hereafter rival Bizerta, Malta and Pola as a naval fortress. From Tobruk to Rhodes is 300 miles, from Malta it is 600, from Bizerta 800, while the Austrian base at Pola is three times as far from the entrance to the Aegean as the Italian port in the new African possession; and practically the same distances separate all four ports from the entrance to the Suez Canal at Port Said.

Nor is Tobruk alone to serve as the base of Italian naval power. At the western shore of the heel of the Italian peninsula, at Taranto, Italy now has a new harbor from which her dreadnoughts can promptly intercept the Austrian fleet attempting to enter the Mediterranean by the straits of Otranto. In Sicily the old town of Augusta is to

be transformed into a war port, the base of Italian communications with Tripoli three hundred miles south.

Thus Taranto, Augusta, Tripoli and Tobruk will constitute a new Quadrilateral, as formidable to fleets as the ancient Quadrilateral of Verona, Peschiera, Legnago and Mantua was to the people who go to a large college don't care a snap or a rap or a tap for those limited socialities. They are magnified by the Philistines outside; they produce an impression upon the Philistine parent; but they are or should be private matters, not to be barked about the world, which, so far as it is a snob, interprets them in terms intelligible to itself.

Our Deadly Ice Water.

Historically it may appear that Italy is merely returning on the path of the Venetians. The Aegean Sea, where her fleet is now making daily seizures and carrying the enthusiastic if empty applause of the patriotic crowds, has been the scene of the greatest naval triumphs of those Venetian sailors, who have given their names to many of the battleships of the newest Italy. Supremacy in these waters, too, was one of the necessities of Roman imperial existence in the Orient.

Italy, then, has deliberately faced east; the Turco-Italian war, which placed Italy within striking distance of Syria and the Aegean, has made her the nearest of the great Powers to the Hellespont by giving her Tobruk; has modified the Mediterranean condition more than any other event since the construction of the Suez Canal.

With her face turned toward the east Italy finds herself confronted by new problems, new international complications. So long as she dreamed of conquering Tunis and reasserting Roman rule in African provinces now dominated by France, her naval power was concentrated at Spezia and her armies faced west along the Alps.

But in the east Austria, with Germany behind her, now becomes the dangerous rival. Austrian influence to-day prevents Italy from striking Turkey through Albania across a narrow strait hardly twice as wide as that at Dover. Austrian advance to Salonica would rob Tobruk of half its value by placing another and rival power at the doors of the Dardanelles. Commercially, as well as politically, Italians will hereafter have to contest the near East with the Austrians, for the Austrians, backed by the Germans, also have dreams of expansion in Asia Minor.

In the same way an alliance with Austria and Germany opens a fresh peril for Italy, with new colonies adjoining French Tunis or British Egypt, with Malta flung exactly in the path from Sicily to Tripoli. As for France and Great Britain, after a century of naval rivalry, of a struggle to maintain equality in these waters, both now confront the possibility of the supremacy of a third Power, while the new Quadrilateral watches alike the sea route to Constantinople and India.

A Solemn and Jovial Day.

MR. RUSKIN speaks somewhere of WILLIAM MORRIS and EDWARD BIRNE-JONES "breakfasting solemnly and jovially together every Sunday morning." We quote JOHN from a too imperfect memory; to be solemn on Sunday until 6 P. M. was an ancient privilege or curse of some of the old among us, to be solemn and jovial too fifty-two times a year is a combination scarcely to be expected save of artists and poets. Yet there is one day in the annual time-table that sheds at once a solemn and a jovial light upon the American philosopher.

It is that awful and joyous anniversary known to the Dalenians as Tap Day. For months we feel the ingenious undergraduates trembling with a sacred hope yet waking in the silent midnight watches in a salutary and moral fear: Shall we be tapped, shall we not be tapped?

Those of us who are familiar with "Less Quarante-Cinq" of Papa DUMAS, and with the less frivolous but doubtless more edifying works of Mr. BOUVERDE of Dale, can appreciate in some degree the mental ecstasy and the moral, social, sociological and political majesty of this great act. The forty-five Select are selected. The college, the university, the nation, the world waits "with bated breath." Who's Who in the town and gown of ELIJAH the festive, of the DWIGHTS, of WOOLSEY, of the PORTERS and HADLEYS? Who's Who in the college of JONATHAN EDWARDS and JOHN C. CALHOUN, of MORSE and WHITNEY, of the EVARTSES and the TATS, of a hundred major stars of American glory? What hero blest with the three select freedoms of Dale will scorn it, longing for another? What curled darling of athletics will be rejected of all, to the ruin of his life and amid the mourning of a nation? Since the battle of the frogs and mice no contest of the intellectual gods has been watched more keenly from the heights of heaven or in the preparatory schools. "Where are our young barbarians all at play," as Mr. ARNOLD quoted, and playing in the happy expectation of four great years of play with a goodly amount of athletic and social glory thrown in.

Well, amid strong boys' tears and broken hearts and reporters trying to work themselves up to the fever pitch, the sublime competition was achieved this year. As usual, the children of what is known in a hieratic American phrase as "wealthy and prominent citizens" were the most fortunate. Why not? It is their lot in this life to be "touched" early and often.

can do something for one's son, who will kick? As a matter of fact, Dale, like every college with a history and traditions, is at once aristocratic and democratic. No doubt some of the democrats are snobs and many of the aristocrats democrats; but what is all the row about? Nine-tenths of the people who go to a large college don't care a snap or a rap or a tap for those limited socialities. They are magnified by the Philistines outside; they produce an impression upon the Philistine parent; but they are or should be private matters, not to be barked about the world, which, so far as it is a snob, interprets them in terms intelligible to itself.

Among those who will be in the august company of Viceroy Munsey are Chief Equerry Van Valkenburg, the Marquis of Finn, Amos, Roper of the Privy Purse, and Lord Harvester of the Earl of Perkins. Viceroy Munsey gave orders for a special Durbar Edition in which he issued this editorial proclamation:

"I can see no other logical deduction from the present situation than that we shall have King Khakhi forever. Of that all Republicans in the country may be assured. Therefore they might profit by my example and submit forthwith to the inevitable. We are not going to Chicago for the purpose of selecting a man whom the average Republican believes in his heart will be satisfied with only four years' term. We are going to select a man who can stick, King Khakhi can stick like fly paper. My statement cannot be gainsaid that the average Republican one meets is convinced that King Khakhi is with us to stay on the job until death do us part. I am speaking now with the greatest care and with due regard for the absurd notions and comment to the effect that he will rule only four or five years more."

"To what do I attribute this feeling on the part of the average Republican? It springs chiefly from the King himself. He is the World's Champion in Heavy Weight Contests with the Finns. He knocked out Quay and Platt in ten rounds. (The Marquis of Finn asked that I state this fact from his personal knowledge.) He is the World's Champion in Nubuncombe Contests. He is the World's Champion against monopoly, stormed at by shot and shell, bravely he stood and well, until Lord Harvester told him he would fight. He is the World's Champion against entrenched capital. Cannon to the right of him, Al-drich to the left of him, Harriman before him, Volney and thundered; there was not a man who would stand up to do and be practical and raise \$250,000 and then don't it on the eve of election. Honor the charge he made, honor the Rough Brigade, Noble St. Theodore!"

As the Viceroy was reading these words aloud to see how they sounded the strain was too great for Seth Bullock, who was a page at the Privy Council, and he let loose in weird word approval. But a certain wise Marquis said that the only thing that worried him was the disturbance to the business world.

"Does any one imagine," said the Viceroy, "that a shrewd business man like myself who is with the King in this fight would for a single instant engage in it were it not for the plain people?"

THE LIFE OF KING KHAKHI.

The Chicago Durbar.

After a meeting of the Privy Council it was decided that King Khakhi should not attend the Chicago Durbar in person. It was gently intimated to his Majesty that his presence might prevent others from being heard, and that some of them had paid for this privilege to hear themselves. The King replied that he had one great advantage over others, and that was that he loathed to speak. So he delegated Viceroy Munsey to ride the elephant, instructing him to make sure that the Usurper returned the same elephant that he had lent him three and a half years ago.

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The Movable Day of Rest.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—A week of universal partial fasting might have the effect of reducing the prices of some commodities to their proper basis, but though I am acquainted with a number of people who would not mind living on six days' food, margarine and tea, and though I very much doubt if they could contain themselves on a Sunday, I would not assume anything but a rosy tint with bread and dripping for dinner on that day. And how comes it that many of us do not work on the recognized day of rest, I do not know. Does going to church make a gourmet? Does religion or a show of it induce a hearty breakfast, means greedily gulping down a portion of the cook's food, and then, unfortunately, what a landlady of mine used to call a dinner fit for the President? I suggested this as a subject for his sermon once on a Sabbath, but he said that he would not say so much as a hypocrite. How many of us after this weekly banquet would not, like the English Alderman, give a dollar or two to the hungry agents, on this day of all days, the great majority of people live wholly to eat.

Nowadays, fortunately, the Sabbath does not fall on the first day of the week for every one, and a good many of us have to work on the recognized day of rest. I do for choice. I like to be more or less individual on a Sunday, to wear my oldest clothes, to work my hardest, and one can work harder on that day for the lack of a better word, than on any other day. But twenty-four hours later, when the majority put on their working clothes and go to business with a jaded, flabby, blue-faced, holiday look, I saunter forth with a cheerful countenance, a light step, a satirical smile, and a Monday morning glow. How few stir out of doors. I would rather meet my multitudinous neighbor at any time than on the day that comes between a Saturday and a Sunday. I do not believe myself as an exhibition, which is rarely true to nature, at least I would rather believe his appearance to be so.

One's individual Sunday should be like the ladies' day at home, with this paradoxical difference, that on that day you should always be out, no matter how the elements behave. On the other hand, fixed holidays are a splendid time to work.

NEW YORK, May 18. TENNENT.

Shakespeare Redivivus.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—"Shakespeare had the habit of addressing his sonnets to certain individuals," as King Khakhi, born Roosevelt, says. And Shakespeare obviously addressed this one to the Kingly Colonel.

But man, proud man, Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he's most assured, His glassy essence, like an angry ape, Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven As make the angels weep.

JAMES D. DEWELL, JR. NEW HAVEN, May 18.

A Prescription.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sic! Instead of "Roosevelt's Ready Relief," now take "Roosevelt's Republican Balm," the real relief for the ready remedy for external, internal and eternal use.

J. P. D. NEW YORK, May 18.

Three Ages.

In boyhood we play, Our arms are made of wood, There is no dream too great To be within control, And so with rags and hopes, The White House is our goal.

In youth will falter plans, Our arms are made of brass, We do not care for fame, A humbler roof may do, So blissfully we scheme, A cottage built for two.

But come in later years, Our arms are made of steel, There is a sterner race, We make a greater need, With ever leaner purse, The portulacae we chase.

MCLARDRUBON WILSON.

THE MYSTERY OF LAKE TCHAD.

The Chicago Durbar.

Was It Once a Source of the Nile? A new publication of the French Government, the report of the Tilho mission, recently returned from a long study of African geography, geology and ethnology at the centre of the French Sudan, has raised the question of the Nile. The Tilho, a famous traveler who has crossed the Sahara in the past century, have been baffled by the riddle of this inland lake as large as Belgium and as shallow as a Long Island fish pond.

The chief puzzle of Tchad has been and remains that of its outlet. Since its waters are fresh, it is fair to assume that it has an outlet. But whether to the north, east or west has not been settled; certainly it is underground. Only native tradition is positive. This recounts the earlier days when the Niger and the Shari, which enter Lake Tchad, were once tributaries of the Nile and flowed across the Libyan Desert.

Such a legend seemed preposterous half a century ago, but recent years have added much to the credibility of native tradition. Thus the Nigerian riverbeds have tales of a day when the Niger, instead of running southward at the great bend, went north and buried itself in the great Sahara. But Chudeau and Gautier, the most recent and careful of explorers in this region, have testified to the conviction that the Niger once emptied its waters into another Caspian Sea, in the great depression of the El Djuf, in the Western Sahara, and that the present course of the river is too new to have even a history.

As to the legend of Lake Tchad and the Nile, the Tilho mission has brought back a partial confirmation. At the northeast corner of the lake there remains the dry bed of an ancient river, which still in the rainy season occasionally contains water. This is the Bah-el-Gazal, for the natives call the outlet to the Nile. But the Tilho expedition found that so far as it followed the bed of this stream it retained a level identical with Lake Tchad, that is, whether a tributary of the Nile or not, it was a tributary of the Nile.

There remains the mystery as to whether in the unexplored interior the Bah-el-Gazal touches the foot of a dried up cataract where a vanished river reached Lake Tchad, thus prolonged, or other dehydrated rapids by which the outlet of Lake Tchad descended to begin its journey toward the Nile across the present Libyan Desert. Not until French rule in Wadai is more firmly established and French, Italian and British explorers reach Borku will the riddle be read.

In the meantime there remains the growing suspicion that when all the measurements, geologic examinations and scientific tests are at last made they will only serve to confirm the Bornu native tradition that in the days before the blight of the perpetual drought came to northern Africa Lake Tchad was like Victoria Nyanza, one of the sources of the Nile River.

LITERARY.

Why Not Require It of Adult Foreigners Coming to This Country.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Must it not be true that one who can read and write is on the average better fitted for the struggle for existence and better prepared for participation in affairs in this enlightening, industrial, political and social democracy of ours?

Annually we spend millions upon millions on our public schools in order to teach our own to read, write and cipher, and as a rule sufficient to be a citizen. Why do we not then require of all those who come here, and especially when 40 to 70 per cent of the annual alien million arrivals return within a few years, taking out every year over \$200,000,000 in money, according to the findings of the Congressional immigration commission, insurrection, accidents, lower standards, longer hours and other industrial conditions and objectionable conditions, that they should be able to read and write? Why do we not require of all those who come here, and especially when 40 to 70 per cent of the annual alien million arrivals return within a few years, taking out every year over \$200,000,000 in money, according to the findings of the Congressional immigration commission, insurrection, accidents, lower standards, longer hours and other industrial conditions and objectionable conditions, that they should be able to read and write? Why do we not require of all those who come here, and especially when 40 to 70 per cent of the annual alien million arrivals return within a few years, taking out every year over \$200,000,000 in money, according to the findings of the Congressional immigration commission, insurrection, accidents, lower standards, longer hours and other industrial conditions and objectionable conditions, that they should be able to read and write?

Note on the Impending Impotency of the Newspaper Press.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—It is interesting as an observation upon the influence of the press to note the failure of the frantic attempts being made by the people to prevent the nomination of the people's choice for President. We readers, as well as the editor, all too often have our own opinion as to the policy of public representations. THE SUN, Times, Herald and Tribune, in solid Unionist phalanx, sought in the nature of things to be the chief support of the nomination of the Republican party at least.

Growth of the "Never Again" Club.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—In your paper of May 16 you published a letter from W. C. Taylor of Boston which I think expresses the sentiment of thousands throughout the country. "Never again," he says, "I will not support any man who has been shown at Lawrence, Mass. San Diego, Cal., and Unionville, Pa. NEW YORK, May 17. P. A.

The Young Street Looter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Parents are frequently chided by court judges for not trying to keep their boys at home. But many parents are unable to furnish homes with things which satisfy the desires of their boys. This is the tendency of the young men is to go to the street for enjoyment.

From the Ashland No.

Editors are not the only folks who get funny requests through the mail. We received the following letter which was sent to County Clerk S. S. Hughes of Catsburg:

"I drop you five lines which you may read where General Tandy and pink Moore got married or not, I don't care any thing about them getting married, I am in need of mine. I just want to know where they got married, and if you please let me know by return mail not to care any thing about them. I just want to know where they got married or not. I want to bother them. Say will you please tell me if they got married, and if you please let me know by return mail my dress. S. S. Hughes, Catsburg, Va."

The Strike Breakers of Old.

Eliah was being led by the reavers. "I don't care if the waters do strike," he boasted.

Hibernian.

Knicker—What is a stickler for? Boeker—A what in the right direction.

In Scribner's Magazine for June Dr. Henry van Dyke expresses his admiration for Charles Dickens. Mr. Charles Sheldon tells of a heart-broken man who had a second wife. Mr. Christian Brinkman appreciates the painter. Mr. A. E. W. Mason's serials are concluded. Mr. J. H. H. Mason's serial is continued, and there are three short stories and as many poems.

ARTHUR WALLACE FRANK.

THE BEAUGENCY TOWN HALL.

Professor Simpson on Architectural Development in France.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—While thanking you for your notice of the third volume of my "History of Architectural Development," which appeared in your paper of March 10, may I be allowed to point out that your reviewer is in error regarding the Hotel de Ville, Beaugency Hall writes. "This charming little edifice and its high style of architecture, transferred from Paris to Orleans who has the good luck to seat himself on the right hand side of the train. The impression which it makes upon the majority of such travellers must be the exact reverse of Professor Simpson's, the impression, that is, however essentially Gothic the building still is."

Beaugency is not between Paris and Orleans; it is beyond Orleans to the southwest. The town stands to the left of the railway. The very heart of it is in a narrow street in the town built two towns, and although there is a small open space in front of it I doubt extremely if even a glimpse of it could be obtained from the train and an absolutely certain to one could determine its location from that position. Your reviewer evidently confused it with some other building, and I suggest therefore that my statement "there is hardly a trace of Gothic feeling left" may be allowed to stand. There is of course Gothic feeling in many of the early sixteenth century buildings in France, and I state this so frequently that it should not have escaped your reviewer's notice. My remark about the expedition of Charles VIII. (not Charles IX.) to Orleans which kept alive the point of view of the development of French architecture is a success. The omission of the three words in italics alters the sense.

One other matter may I refer to? I am obliged to mention some of the intermediate links which connect the building of dome building in Italy during the Middle Ages. The Baptistery of Florence, Pisa Cathedral, Baptistery of Cremona, Siena Cathedral, are among the most important. Another of the most important, mentioned in your review, is the Baptistery of Florence Cathedral, which was designed to have one likewise long before Brunelleschi was born. Many other domes of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as well as some of the sixteenth century, mentioned if I had the conscience to ask to be allowed to trespass further on your space.

F. M. SIMPSON.

ADVICE TO SUFRAGETTES.

Taft and Roosevelt Unsatisfactory, La Follette All Right. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—It is not clear for which candidate Republican women voted at the recent election, but probably they went for Roosevelt. By so doing they missed a fine chance to make good in the suffrage fight and to help the women of the other States.

Between the two leading candidates in the Republican party suffragettes have a choice. Both are not for us. Mr. Taft's attitude is shown in his Toledo speech, when he said: "Woman suffrage is doubtless coming as soon as the electorate can be brought to a certain degree of enlightenment. At Akron May 14 he refused to answer when publicly asked by a suffragette about votes for women. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude is well known. He said: "I believe in woman suffrage, but I am only lukewarm, as my support is not certain. I do not suggest to suffragettes that they treat politicians as they do water. When they like a lukewarm put them on the fire and boil them up."

As far as the suffrage issue is concerned, the only candidate who is not a Republican is La Follette. He is an open suffragette. What the convention brings forth as his will see.

I appeal to suffragettes, especially voters, to support La Follette. He is the only one who is an open suffragette. What the convention brings forth as his will see.

Broadway at Park Place.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—The street railway company operating the surface cars on Broadway at Park Place has arranged to have a poor switching arrangement at Murray Street. During the hours when traffic is heaviest at this point, the switching arrangement not only inconveniences, but actually endangers pedestrians crossing Broadway.

The Murray street switch is not located exactly at the head of the street. It is really between Broadway and Park Place. When a Broadway car starts, it starts at the Murray street switch, and it is at this point that the passengers are supplied with transfers and requested to take the car ahead. If they intend to travel further downtown, they are requested to get on the Murray street car. This is a very dangerous arrangement, and it is a pity that the street railway company does not take more care in the matter.

Just Wants to No.

Editors are not the only folks who get funny requests through the mail. We received the following letter which was sent to County Clerk S. S. Hughes of Catsburg:

"I drop you five lines which you may read where General Tandy and pink Moore got married or not, I don't care any thing about them getting married, I am in need of mine. I just want to know where they got married, and if you please let me know by return mail not to care any thing about them. I just want to know where they got married or not. I want to bother them. Say will you please tell me if they got married, and if you please let me know by return mail my dress. S. S. Hughes, Catsburg, Va."

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"I drop you five lines which you may read where General Tandy and pink Moore got married or not, I don't care any thing about them getting married, I am in need of mine. I just want to know where they got married, and if you please let me know by return mail not to care any thing about them. I just want to know where they got married or not. I want to bother them. Say will you please tell me if they got married, and if you please let me know by return mail my dress. S. S. Hughes, Catsburg, Va."

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