The Sun.

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The Two Horns of the Bull Moose Dilemma.

In the full candor of truth, what has been troubling Oyster Bay far more than the uncertainties of Baltimore is the question of cash. The attempt of Colonel ROOSEVELT to make himself President for a third term has already cost his angels—not only the visible but also the invisible host—a sum of money probably approaching if not exceeding two millions of dollars. We have heard much higher estimates, but few of the cognoscenti would venture to put the total under $2,000,000.

Colonel ROOSEVELT has an unsurpassed genius for inducing other citizens to pay for his corking good times. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company discovered it, the late Mr. HARRIMAN discovered it, various gentlemen interested in the fauna of the African continent discovered it; it has even been rumored that the venerable Sorbonne itself discovered the circumstance. Purses in the pockets of friendship, of sinister interest, of romantic admiration and of genuine devotion to ideals alike groan and lose weight as the Colonel marches on to glory.

In the present enterprise the money seems to have come in easily up to the time of the Chicago convention. The sources of the funds contributed and expended during the preliminary campaign for the regular Republican nomination are known in part to the public. Colonel ROOSEVELT benefited by the pecuniary tributes of loyal personal friendship. He profited by the liberal application of spite money. He profited by the high admiration in which certain corporations hold his statesmanship. He profited by the investments of bosses desirous of becoming more powerful in bossdom. The cash was forthcoming, and right lavishly was it expended for the third term.

Our intelligent readers will now note a distinct change in the situation. We are not speaking of any possible indisposition on the part of the angelic group of Perkinses, Pinchots, Munseys, McCormicks and the rest to send good money after bad. It is human nature to send good money after bad in a great game of speculation; and we haven't the remotest idea that any of these contributors are quitters. The present difficulty is of another sort.

Heretofore the question of enforced publicity as to receipts and expenditures has affected the financiers of the movement only very little; practically not at all. The requirements of the various laws as to publicity touched the preliminary campaign for the nomination only here and there, and lightly at that. An occasional formal admission that Mr. PERKINS had contributed so many thousand dollars and Mr. MUNSEY so many thousands in the primary contest in a particular State, and vague rumors of this or that contribution by some other benefactor, failed to disclose comprehensively the scope of Oyster Bay's financial operations. But hereafter, if the Roosevelt movement is to proceed with all the machinery of an organized party in a campaign for election, the searching eyes of the publicity laws so highly approved by the Colonel as a moralist and reformer will be not only on every dollar expended but also on every dollar received and the exact source from which it came; and dire will be the penalty of concealment or subterfuge, if suspected and detected afterward by rigid and unsympathetic investigation.

No longer the comfortable days of affluence not too closely scrutinized by the Law. The dilemma of the Bull Moose in the next stage of the Oyster Bay enterprise must be more or less disturbing to a reformer of Colonel ROOSEVELT'S well known sensitiveness about the use of money in politics. It must alarm even some of his remaining contributing angels:

To go without the cash that might be had for the asking, for the uplift of humanity through Colonel ROOSEVELT'S election for a third term; or to risk the moral and possibly the material inconveniences of investigation and publicity?

Light on the Presidential Primary Needed.

The Hon. JOHN D. WORKS of California, a Progressive Republican and a leader of the American bar, has rendered a public service by introducing in the Senate a resolution providing for an investigation of the so-called Presidential primary system of several of the States. There will certainly be a demand by the radicals of both parties for the extension of the method to all of the States without regard to whether it is desirable or not. Hitherto the Presidential primary has been neglected by a majority of the Democratic voters—in Rhode Island and South Dakota, for instance, considerably less than 20 per cent. went to the polls; and even in States supposed to be aroused by the bitter contest between President TAFT and Colonel ROOSEVELT a large element in the Republican party refused to vote. It seems to be the case that the electorate is not ready for Presidential primaries, does not want them, or believes that the statutes creating them are defective, perhaps incurably so.

The Works resolution in its preamble takes notice of the charge made on the floor of the Senate that "large sums of money" were spent in behalf of candidates for the nomination for President in the primary campaigns and that Government officers from the President down, including members of the Cabinet, Senators and Representatives, "have been using the time for which they were paid by the Government in campaigning for themselves and others." The investigating committee is to learn what money was employed in the primary campaigns, by whom given and by whom and how spent; what persons active in the interests of candidates were in the pay of the Government and how much time they were absent from their duties; the percentage of qualified voters who went to the polls; the amounts of money paid to newspapers and other periodicals for aid in any form in promoting candidacies; the expenses of delegates to the national conventions and whether they were met by others; and "in what States corrupt practice acts have been enacted applicable to primary elections."

These inquiries are relevant and timely. In operation the primaries have been farcical where they have not tempted demagogues to obtain a hasty and inadequate expression of opinion with the lavish use of money. In hardly one instance could the result be defended as representative of party sentiment. Nomination by the "soapbox" primary in every State of the Union would be one of the most intolerable of humbugs. The information obtained under the Works resolution should afford a groundwork for corrective and uniform legislation, if it does not demonstrate to the satisfaction of intelligent voters that the Presidential primary system should be abandoned as destructive of the principle of true representative government.

The Paramount Issue in Nantucket.

Shall the automobile honk in Nantucket? The island was excepted from the operation of the general State law, and during the summer season, beginning June 15, automobiles have been excluded. Whether they can be kept out next year now appears doubtful. At the town meeting in the spring of 1913 the reactionaries may be overpowered. On Nantucket a reactionary is a man who wants the ancient calm and languor of the island retained; who is opposed to newfangled notions affecting its traditions; who prefers a "one hoss shay" to an automobile; who regards the macadamized road to 'Sconset as a dangerous innovation, and advocates a low tax rate as a sure defence against continental improvements.

Just before June 15 a motor chemical truck was run ashore from the Sankaty. Old timers nervously stroked their beards. Nantucket had acquired a devil wagon. It was true that its mission was to prevent a great fire like that of 1846; moreover, it had been bought with untainted town money; but if a motor fire engine, why not runabouts and touring cars for natives and off-islanders? The question would be asked, and logically there could be only one answer. The motor chemical truck looked like the beginning of the end.

It was not long before the editor of the *Inquirer and Mirror*, who is half progressive and half reactionary and always for Nantucket and the summer boarders, found his mailbag bursting with letters upon the irrepressible question of admitting automobiles to Nantucket. He was surprised to see the reactionaries being pushed to the wall. Progressive sentiment was aroused and insistent. The demand for automobiles was growing out of all reason. It turned out that everybody, or almost everybody except the ancient sea captains, cod fishers, clam diggers, sheep herders and potato growers of the island, was taking "joy rides" on the motor chemical engine at the invitation of the official chauffeur. Subtly and rapidly the morals of the younger generation were being undermined. Joy riding is usually a stealthy and secret amusement, but the diversion in Nantucket was flagrant and demonstrative. After a dash of ten miles an hour on the 'Sconset pike invited guests ceased to be reactionaries and came out boldly for an open Nantucket. "Joy rides" were given at least once a day on the pretence that the motor chemical engine had to be "exercised," since fires were so rare on the island. Reactionaries rejoined: "Jack up the machine in the engine house and let the wheels go round"; but it had to be explained to them that this would give the chauffeur no practice in driving and the horses of Nantucket no experience in encountering the monster and listening to the roar of the exhaust. A compromise was effected by an understanding that the motor chemical engine should be "exercised" daily between 7:30 and 8:30 A. M., but "joy rides" still went on and the progressives multiplied. A favorite argument with them is that if the town of Nantucket had owned a motor chemical engine in 1846 there would have been no great fire in that year. They point to the success of the new acquisition in putting out chimney and chicken house fires without drawing the entire population of the town to the scene. Nantucketers no longer run to a fire, because it is out before they can get there. The official chauffeur has put them under an additional obligation by rigging a "wireless" on the top of the engine house and intercepting the "Government time" on its way to the station at 'Sconset.

Thus progressive ideas are all the rage on Nantucket, and nothing can keep the automobiles out but the sordid fear that summer boarders who love Nantucket for its quiet and quaintness will flee the island if the bars are let down. Its greatest distinction is that it is so different from Martha's Vineyard, where the honk of automobiles vies with the boom of the surf on the long summer days and the natives are developing an abnormal instep muscle by darting into the brush to escape annihilation.

It is a nice question whether the Nantucketers would not derive a larger revenue from off-islanders if the example of Martha's Vineyard were to be followed. It now takes a whole afternoon to drive over the sandy trails from the county seat to Maddeket, and it requires less time to sail by catboat to Wauwinet than to go there by carriage. With good roads an automobile party could "do" the whole island in a day, but they would have to stay over until the morning boat to the acceptable profit of the hotel keepers. No one who knows the charm of Nantucket would urge the innovation. It is pleasant to think of the "sea girt isle" without the honk and the smell and the dust, but if the automobile must come there remain Tuckanuck and Muskeget, those briny and blowy retreats that forever will bid defiance to the people whose talk is incessant of models and tires and horse-power.

The Anniversary of Agadir.

Exactly one year ago yesterday the official announcement was made at Berlin of the despatch of the Panther to Agadir. This marked the beginning of the acute phase of the Moroccan dispute of last summer which brought Europe nearer to a general conflict than any similar disagreement in a generation. If this grave peril was fortunately avoided, there remain sufficient evidences of the consequences of the Agadir incident to give to the anniversary a considerable interest.

Between England and Germany the distrust and dislike which grew out of the statements of British officials during the "conversations" are only slightly modified. Naval programmes and naval rivalry remain undisguised and neither the expeditions of Lord HALDANE to Berlin nor the sending of a new German Ambassador to London have done more than open a possible way to future improvement of relations between the two great nations.

In France the passing of the menace of war has left the French nation more united and perhaps more determined to defend itself than at any time since the coming of the Third Republic. The Anglo-French friendship has materially expanded as a consequence of Agadir, but with a struggle in Morocco, growing unrest in Tunis, and a whole series of financial and political anxieties incident to the Turko-Italian war to deal with, together with a frank recognition that the treaty of last November was a truce rather than a liquidation, Frenchmen may find in the Agadir anniversary reason for sober reflection.

The Turko-Italian war as a logical consequence of French advance in Morocco continues a cause of worriment for all the great European nations. Unrest in the Ægean Islands following Italian naval activities, revolts in Albania, a new presentation of the Cretan question, all these circumstances remain to be faced, while in Tripoli a great Italian army is confined to the coast.

As for Morocco itself, the conditions of anarchy and disorder then prevailing have hardly improved. Every day brings new reports of riots, massacres and conflicts. In the words of General LYAUTEY, the new French Governor of Morocco, his troops are camping "in the enemy's country," and those who a year ago spoke cheerfully of an easy "Tunisification" of Morocco now demand 80,000 troops and ten years for the task. The long standing dispute between France and Spain over their respective shares of the Shereefian Empire also remains unsettled.

Is the Progressive party of this State "tapering down to TIM"?

What is the probable future under Cuban independence but a continuation of risings, each more murderous than the other, each more destructive and more deplorable? Non-intervention looks magnanimous; is it wise?—*Shanghai Mercury*.

It isn't a question of magnanimity, and it is a question of wisdom. In Shanghai they can't be expected to understand.

The Weather Bureau announces that a warm wave is on the way. Cool and agreeable Fourths are so rare that the official forecaster takes little risk in preparing the American people for sweltering heat on Independence Day.

The mane of WALTER ROSCOE STUBBS lost its scarlet pigment at Chicago. Saddening private reports from Baltimore say that the gleam, the glory, is fading from the Pink Aurora Borealis of Colonel JIM HAM LEWIS. Why must beauty and the wild charm of vivid coloration be exposed to the hot winds of politics?

Gaels.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When writing you some days ago regarding the alleged election of Theodore Roosevelt as president of a new Gaelic association which was to supersede the Gaelic League and the Gaelic Alliance and be a direct rival of the Irish Texts Society I was really under the impression that the whole thing was a joke emanating from a Fulton street house where a great many Irish humorists congregate.

The letter of "Gael" published in to-day's SUN, however, throws a serious light on the subject, as he says that if I address the Rev. Michael O'Flanagan personally he can give me some information. "Gael" seems to speak with authority, and if he furnishes me the rectory address of the reverend gentleman or of the church where he celebrates mass I will write to him.

"Gael," speaking evidently for Father O'Flanagan, says that the reverend gentleman holds the entire Gaelic League in the hollow of his hand. Doubtless "Gael" takes his information from the Dublin *Independent*, which speaks of "Father O'Flanagan and his colleagues" without naming the others. Any New York Gaelic Leaguer, however, can inform "Gael" that Father O'Flanagan has been retained here for some time simply as manager of Shane Leslie's lecture tour. The president of the Gaelic League, Dr. Douglas Hyde, consented by request of New York Gaelic Leaguers to allow Father O'Flanagan to remain here for that purpose, and not to take the Gaelic League "in the hollow of his hand."

"Gael" thinks Theodore Roosevelt knew nothing about his selection by Shane Leslie's manager to take Shane Leslie's place at the head of the Gaelic movement here, and I am equally confident that Douglas Hyde or any real Gaelic Leaguer knew nothing of it. PHILO-CELT.

NEW YORK, June 27.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

The Myth of His Illiteracy, With Some Details of His Life.

A correspondent asks in THE SUN of June 28, "Could Andrew Johnson handle a pen?" and cites Dr. Andrew D. White and Congressman Hitt as two authorities on Johnson's illiteracy.

When Andrew Johnson died, in August, 1875, he was a United States Senator. For ten years from 1843 he was a member of Congress from Tennessee, and while in Congress he wrote many letters to his friend Mr. McDaniel of Greenville and to his sons, Charles and Robert. Some of these letters are in the hands of well known collectors, others are possessed by friends and admirers, and not a few are, or were, preserved among the papers owned by the grandson, Andrew Johnson Patterson. Lying beside me is an envelope addressed in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln to "His Excellency Gov. Johnson, or whoever may be left in charge of his official business." Across the large envelope in the handwriting of Andrew Johnson is this indorsement:

From President Lincoln in reference to Pardons and amnesties January 15, 1864.

A document of convincing evidence that Andrew Johnson could write is a check for $14,600 payable to the Hon. Andrew Johnson, President United States, at the First National Bank of Washington City and dated Nashville, October 31, 1866. On the back of this document in the handwriting of President Johnson is the following indorsement:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Nov. 5th, 1866.
Please pay First National Bank.
ANDREW JOHNSON.

Cancelled checks covering all the years of his public life are, or were, in the possession of his family, for Mr. Johnson, the most methodical and careful of men in business matters, preserved evidences of every transaction he ever had with banks or individuals.

In the summer of 1865 the people of Raleigh, N. C., dedicated a monument to the memory of Jacob Johnson, father of President Johnson. At the earnest solicitation of the committee in charge the President went to Raleigh and made a brief address. On a large envelope, in which he preserved the articles that appeared in a Raleigh paper, the *Daily Standard*, of August 28, is the following, written by Andrew Johnson:

Jacob Johnson. Containing an obituary notice of Jacob Johnson of Raleigh, N. C. Died 10th of Decr., 1812.

I have the galley proofs of Johnson's reply to the committee of the National Union committee, of which the Hon. William Dennison was chairman.

This document is dated Nashville, Tenn., July 2, 1864, and acknowledges the receipt of the committee's letter informing him of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency of the United States by the National Union convention held at Baltimore. These galley proofs have various corrections made in the handwriting of Andrew Johnson, who was then the Military Governor of Tennessee. His interlineations are in pencil, but are as perfectly legible as when made forty-eight years ago.

In the old burying ground at Greenville, Tenn., is the grave of Mrs. Mary Dougherty, the mother of Andrew Johnson. In that same cemetery was buried Mr. Dougherty, who had married Mrs. Jacob Johnson in Raleigh, N. C., and emigrated with her and her son Andrew, in 1824, at the completion of the latter's apprenticeship. The biographies have a deal to say of the widowed mother of Andrew Johnson and of his having to support her from his earliest boyhood. The majority of the statements therein made are as far from the truth as is the story that Andrew Johnson was taught the alphabet by his wife. The mother of Andrew Johnson was Mary McDonough, the daughter of Irish parents, who emigrated to this country and settled in North Carolina among a large circle of other North of Ireland people. She had a sister who went with her to Greenville and who married and lived and died there. Also she had a brother, Andrew, for whom her son was called. The children of Andrew Johnson, of whom his daughter Martha was the eldest, put up headstones over the graves of their father's mother, Mrs. Dougherty, and Mrs. Sârah Whitesides, their mother's mother, the former of whom died in 1856 and the latter in 1854.

Near by in this village graveyard is buried Blackston McDaniel, who worked with Mr. Johnson on the tailor's bench and who, according to the testimony of his daughter Martha, was the most intimate friend Andrew Johnson ever had. It was to "Mack," as they styled Mr. McDaniel, that he wrote constantly from Nashville while he was a member of the Tennessee Legislature, and later when Governor, and from Washington during all the years he spent in Congress. And in these old letters he discussed public men and measures in a way that is instructive, even to this day. During the lifetime of the ex-President all his papers were in his office in Greenville, and at his death they were left in charge of his secretary, Mr. Maloney, who had married his granddaughter, Miss Stover. Mrs. Patterson ultimately became their possessor, and she gave many of her father's letters to people who were his friends and admirers and to writers who made biographies of him or of other public men.

Mrs. Patterson was the only confidant of her father's later years. Upon her he relied, and to her he entrusted all his social and much of his business affairs.

Asked on one occasion if her mother taught her father the alphabet and to read she promptly replied: "No. Father could read and write when he came to Greenville, but he was always learning, and mother read to him and helped him with all the school knowledge she had. Father had the greatest ambition to learn—and he never lost an opportunity to gain knowledge. When I started to school I was 6 years old, and I had been taught by father and mother to read. But every day he would come to meet me, and always said, 'Well, daughter, what have you learned to-day?' and I would tell him, and he would go over all the lessons with me. After supper he would study my lessons with me, and this he did as long as I went to school in Greenville. Then when he went to Washington he put me to school in the convent at Georgetown, and I could not see him every day. But on Saturdays I often helped him address documents to people, and I copied for him."

If the real history of Andrew Johnson's life is ever written it will be by some one who has received it from this woman, who was her father's favorite child and he was her one earthly idol. Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor in Raleigh, N. C., at the age of 14 years, and he served his time, seven years. This fact has led to the wholly incorrect idea that Johnson was a mere "sweatshop" slave in his youth. Such was not the case, as all who know the history of the craft in this country will affirm. Johnson was of Irish-Scotch ancestry, and by inheritance had a wonderfully active, normal, mental and physical makeup. His master in the business was a well educated man, who was well acquainted with a large class of people, and young Johnson was fortunate to be apprenticed to such a man. As a matter of interest a copy of the indenture papers that bound out the youth is here given. It reads:

[COPY OF INDENTURE.]

State of North Carolina,
Wake County.

At a Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions begun and held for the County of Wake at the court house in Raleigh, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1822, being the 46 of the year of American Independence and the 18th day of February, present, the worshipful

CHARLES L. HINTON,
NATHANIEL G. RAND,
MERRITT DILLARD.

It is "Ordered

That Andrew Johnson, an orphan boy, the son of Jacob Johnson, dec'd, 14 years of age, be bound to James P. Selby until he arrive to lawful age, to learn the trade of a tailor."

A copy from the minutes of Febry Term, 1822, Wake County Court.

I. I. FERRELL, Clk.

Mr. Selby was always the warm friend of Andrew Johnson, and he made many other and strong friends, for his thirst for knowledge attracted to him many men, and the facts of his young life were known to all the people of his native town.

In Greenville, Tenn., where Andrew Johnson, lived from the autumn of 1824 until his death, July 31, 1875, he was esteemed as a truly reliable and excellent man, ambitious and aspiring, dignified and friendly, willing to serve and ready to learn from those whom he considered more fortunate than himself. It speaks well for his mental equipment to say that the first friend he made in Greenville was a talented young lawyer, Augustus Russell, who remained his friend through life. Johnson rented the first house he lived in from Mr. Russell's mother, and young Russell was encouraged by his mother to be helpful to the young tailor. And so he was, sharing his college and law books with Johnson, helping him in the preparation of the debates that took place weekly between the college students of the nearby university and the young men in Greenville. This debating club was one of the many schools in which Johnson studied, and he studied everything and learned from everybody who came in his way.

Even as late as the time he was President of the United States he studied his Bible, Bacon's Essays and his school grammar. The latter book, with his autograph in several places and containing two pages of examples of pronouns written by Mr. Johnson, attests his habits of application. Could Andrew Johnson write? Always he could write, and his letters, particularly those to his two sons, are eloquent of his deep affection for his family. His handwriting is old fashioned now, but there is no misspelled word in any of his letters and there is a wide and varied quantity of information in them.

Before he was injured in a railroad accident while travelling between his home and Washington he wrote with a pen, but ever after his arm was broken he used a pencil. As he grew older, and particularly after the deaths of both of his older sons, he wrote fewer letters; but he never ceased to write letters to his friends. A pencilled note written shortly before his death contains sentiments of the noblest character and concludes with a "God bless you" that warms the heart of the person who received it as though it were penned yesterday. Yes, Andrew Johnson could write, and if his letters could be gathered together and published his countrymen would find much to admire in the character of this much misunderstood man.

LAURA C. LANGFORD.

BROOKLYN, July 1.

GLORIES OF THE OLDER NAVY.

Letter From an Apprentice on the Constitution Discharged in 1843.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read in to-day's SUN that on July 18 will be celebrated the centennial anniversary of the escape of Old Ironsides from the British fleet off this coast.

The day is also another anniversary of a memorable event, the launching from the Philadelphia navy yard "ways" of the United States line of battleship Pennsylvania, at that time the largest seagoing ship in the world. I saw her launched. The Russians had a man-o'-war in the Black Sea at that time said to be larger than the Pennsylvania, but not carrying so many guns, and not allowed by the Turks to pass the Dardanelles, so not to be classed as a seagoing ship.

I hold a discharge (my own) from the United States ship Constitution dated February, 1843, as first class apprentice, and believe I am the oldest survivor of service on her decks. I was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, November 6, 1825.

NEW YORK, June 30. E. J. RAUCH.

SUMMER BOARDING PLACES.

This Man Says He Guesses Right Every Time Without Sight.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Perhaps I ought not to blow my own horn, but I can tell from the advertisements where I want to go in summer; just from its advertisement, no matter how brief, I can guess accurately the character, quality and even the natural attractions of the place advertised without seeing it.

The theory on which I work is that no man can open his mouth or write a letter without revealing what is in him or what he lacks; and the same is true of advertisements. So I find among these country board advertisements many that are commonplace, hackneyed, humdrum, dull, uninforming, uninviting, and then some that are clear and convincing. An advertiser of this last described sort may not go about it elaborately, in fact his keynote may be contained in a phrase or even in a single word; but if he is in earnest it is sure somehow to appear; and it is our experience that the man who thinks he has something to offer and who has, if not the skill, the straightforwardness and the patience and the painstaking ability to set it forth clearly, has really a good offering to make and is prepared to make good on it. We have gone on this theory many times and have never made a mistake.

I have sometimes thought I would set up as an interpreter of country board advertisements, but on reflection I thought I wouldn't, because our tastes differ and what would suit me might not just suit somebody else; I might not be able to hit everybody; but anybody can pick out the right place, the place to suit him, if he will only take the trouble to read the advertisements painstakingly. SUMMER BOARDER.

BROOKLYN, July 1.

Dollar Bill.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The analysis of the character and motives of William Jennings Bryan in Sunday's SUN was masterly. It is regrettable that there was not in the New York delegation one man to take the platform and "flay alive" that insolent disturber of Democratic harmony when he insulted New York and its ninety delegates, men who were selected from all over the great State of New York, and of whom it cannot be truly said that they are subservient to the rule of Tammany Hall. Why did not some one appear who had the courage to ask Bryan in what capacity he appeared in the convention: whether he was there as a delegate from the land of sandstorms and brainstorms, the paid hireling of a newspaper syndicate or the mountebank mouthpiece of that other blatherskite, Theodore Roosevelt? There seems to have been no such man in the delegation.

Self-respect demanded that this Democratic convention after the cowardly and uncalled for insult should proceed unanimously to expel this Mr. William Jennings Bryan and send him howling back to his political affinity at Oyster Bay. It is significant that the attack made upon Speaker Clark came from the correspondent of the newspaper that has in season and out of season been engaged in stupid abuse of Mr. Clark. J. C. H.

NEW YORK, July 1.

Fees at the Church Door.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The correspondent who wrote over the signature "A Coward" June 29 regarding "Fees at the Church Door," stating that he had not the moral courage to rise in his wrath on Sunday to criticise the remarks of his pastor on the almighty dollar, is either ignorant of the fact that there are many people attending church who pass through the door without giving the customary ten cents (not the almighty dollar) or else he needs more accurate eyeglasses.

If "A Coward" would please observe in future the number who display diamonds and silks entering the church doors and have not the moral courage to place on the little table the small fee of ten cents he would probably have reason to rise in his wrath and declare the pastor has important cause to refer us to the subject of fees at the church door. J. P. ROGAN.

BROOKLYN, July 1.

Preparations.

Stella—Are their summer preparations made?

Bella—Yes; she has all her letters asking for more money written and he has all his letters telling how lonely he is written.

"Oh, Woman, Woman, What a Sex You Are."

Knicker—Women are queer.

Bocker—Yes; as soon as a man can keep a whole roof over his head they want a pergola.

QUESTION OF TASTE.

Is the Public, Incapable of Appreciating Satire, to Be Fed With Slang?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The elegant phraseology of "Benighted's" letter seems to prove the truth of "Free Lance's" assertion that these particular editors fell into the delusion that slang was the food the public wanted. The young idea is shooting and being taught to shoot with slang, but most of us hope that the style will be gradually and brilliantly destroyed like a Roman candle on the Fourth of July. Slang has taken the place of satire, which is too deep for this age that rarely stops to think. During the last half century there has been only one supreme satirist. What Huxley did for the crayfish Thackeray did for the snob, but what did it amount to? Did society get any nobler? Was there any improvement in manners? Was any one wiser or more honest for all the satirist's trouble? Do we not rather glory a little more in the imperfections of our neighbors?

Is ridicule, as we were taught, a tremendous destructive? The satirist may make a fad, a mode in hats and gowns retire a little faster, but it only makes room for another and probably worse fashion. Sunflowers, long necks and impossible poses certainly passed away, but the craze was killed by its inventor, London *Punch*. Those things which the ridicule of ages cannot destroy deserve immortality, and Vanity Fair must have its fun. You'll never get rid of, for instance, the Silly Season.

A gooseberry, that groweth green and great,
A serpent round the world serenely curled,
A lonely soul that fails to find a mate,
A boy redundant in a teeming world.

A phantasmagoria of absurdities springs up every year over which humorists make merry, and they will never be demolished by the most potent satire.

The world is divided into those who take it seriously and those who treat it as a farce. A simple maiden in her flower may be worth a hundred epigrams, but the humorist will have his day. There has come to be a heartier greeting in "What cheer, 'Ria?" than in "How do you do, Maria? I hope you're feeling well to-day." The only way to gauge the public taste is to run literature on a principle of duality. Let the same story serve for the serious or seriously humorous and the slangist, each tale being its own burlesque. What more entertaining than a melodrama in the serious followed by a burlesque of the same in the droll, a clever story followed by a slangy travesty? Then let the public decide by an honest vote, if that is possible, which they prefer. If the poll goes neologic, then let us make a new literary world and glory in a season of dialect, brogue, patois, pidgin English and a perfect Babel of superior slang. ANTIPHRASIS.

NEW YORK, July 1.

Writer and "Reader."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The diction of the letters in THE SUN written by "Free Lance" and "Benighted" does not leave much doubt as to the experience of the author and the shortcomings of the "reader," but it is of course impossible to decide who is probably right without knowing the identity of the two correspondents.

I myself have suffered at the hands of a "reader," who rejected a manuscript which was immediately accepted by the editor of the same publication when I sent it up marked "personal." If "Free Lance" was accepted by "Benighted's" superiors, and he must have been well recommended, there is little doubt that he was somewhat of a writer, and it is scarcely likely that he submitted absolute "rot," though it may have taken on that appearance in the eyes of "Benighted."

Truth to tell, some inexperienced "readers," and there are many of them, rely absolutely on their own opinion of the value of a story without in any way taking into account the varied taste of the public. From the wording of his letter "Benighted" evidently thinks that slang is the form of literature the majority of the public delight in, whereas on the other hand "Free Lance" thinks that scholarship, humor and sense are more likely to please the populace.

Until the identity of both the one and the other is known, and it is scarcely likely to be, though "Free Lance," it seems to me, very slightly veils himself, the momentous question between these two will not be settled, and "Benighted" will have to continue his unenlightened rejoicing. A. W.

NEW YORK, July 1.

Cooperative Trading.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The editorial in THE SUN of June 29, "Cooperative Trading," comments on the possible benefits to be derived from cooperative buying and selling. Without knowing your reasons for supporting and giving these absurd and partial statements such prominence, I desire not only as a student of cooperative principles but also as a reader of THE SUN to call your attention to what seems to me to be a deviation from the general treatment of all subjects in your editorial columns, viz., fairness.

You have here quoted from an article published in a trade paper, which, for very evident reasons, unconditionally defends its readers as business men from their rapidly growing competitor. You have given support to their argument that it would be impossible for a number of men acting as a cooperative society to create a store as accessible as the present form of grocery store. You have misled some who read your editorial into believing that for some unclear reason it is "hard for any cooperative experiment to draw sufficient trade to make it worth while." In attempting to substantiate this statement, as you did, you should have through fairness stated that 1,133 stores of this type during the year 1909 in England drew trade amounting to $278,000,000, and were able to show a net profit of $41,800,000 after giving full weight and selling their not misrepresented goods at the same price charged by the independent retailers.

It is not my purpose to attempt to refute each statement, although it could be done. I desire only to point out these misleading statements and ask if, after careful reconsideration you do not believe you have exaggerated the authenticity of the article quoted? H. C. STRINGFIELD.

NEW YORK, June 30.

Two of a Kind.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Bryan and Roosevelt in politics suggest the story of the two oysters in the oyster soup at the church fair, when one said to the other: "What's the use of both of us being here?"

NEW YORK, July 1. G. D.

Still Fighting the War of 1812.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having had my say I most respectfully beg leave to refer "J. R." to the attention of "R. J.," who, I believe, is a historian, and who will no doubt be glad to enlighten him on the actual and ultimate gains of the United States during and after the War of 1812. As to "magnanimity to a defeated foe," possibly this was a phrase that had better been left unsaid. I had quite forgotten that there are some people who when they get their man down enjoy kicking him. K. E.

NEW YORK, July 1.

A New Yorker.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I may be narrow, I may be provincial, but when I have been away, even for a day or two, I am glad to get back to New York. I love to travel; it is a profound and satisfying delight to me just to sit in a car all day, and day after day, and look out of the window and see the trees go by; I like all people and I like all places; but best of all I like New York, with its great human dynamo always humming, and I'm always glad to get back.

NEW YORK, July 1. BROADWAY.

Self-Sacrificing Adiposity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have noticed that in public places, especially in the tram car and in church, the stiffly upright posture which scorns any restfulness that may be derived from the back of the seat is assumed more frequently by fat women than by others. Why is this? L. E.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 1.

SIX THOUSAND VOICES SING FOR PRESIDENT

Mr. and Mrs. Taft Entertained and Cheered at Big German Saengerfest.

LAUDS LOVE OF MUSIC

Says Germans Have Advantage Over Those Who Take Their Pleasures Sadly.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.—President and Mrs. Taft were honor guests to-night at a festival concert of the Northeastern Saengerbund at Convention Hall in this city. As they entered the Presidential box the large audience cheered, a choir of 6,000 voices sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and the President and Mrs. Taft stood while the national anthem was sung.

The Presidential party included Mayor Blankenburg, Henry Detreux, president of the festival association; Major Carl Lentz, president of the Northeastern Saengerbund; Representatives Richard Bartholdt of Missouri and J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia, and the leaders of the different societies participating in the festival

Just before the singing began Mayor Blankenburg presented to the President a porcelain plate with inlaid work made by the German societies of this city. The audience cheered as the Mayor handed this token to Mr. Taft. In accepting the gift the President said:

On behalf of Mrs. Taft and myself I beg to assure you of our grateful appreciation of this social welcome. We are here because we recognize the truly national character of this association and this meeting. We thank you for your beautiful rendition of our noble patriotic anthem, The Star Spangled Banner," and we rejoice in the loyalty and love of country that manifest themselves in this beautiful volume of song as it comes from the thousands of practised and cultivated throats of those who pride themselves on German descent or origin but who are equally proud of their American citizenship.

This meeting is for the promotion of that art which perhaps contributes more to the happiness and enjoyment of life than any other, that is, the art of music. The public taste which you have cultivated in such associations as this and in your presentation of the compositions and songs of the great masters has educated the public at large and, what is even more important, has widened the means of making happiness. But while educational and artistic influences of such musical feasts are of the highest importance, there is another fact in respect to such a national society and such gatherings as this that forces itself on the intelligent observer. The great number of people that first settled in this country were English and many of the popular characteristics to that original settlement have continued. Among them is one which the American people are fast losing, but which remains still true of our English cousins, that of taking their pleasures sadly.

The German people have for centuries had an advantage over the English people in this regard, and in no way have they shown it so much as through the instrumentality of their singing societies.

The spirit and motive of those societies constitute that which it is difficult to translate into English, "Gemuthlichkeit." The pursuit of art by many, with the unit of the family, under conditions in which good comradeship is made the chief incident, is a custom that we have borrowed, and this liberalizing and broadening of our family and social pleasure is due to the influence of those of our citizens who continue and maintain in this country the delightful customs of their fatherland.

Their are many Philistines who hold lightly the practice of many arts with which they are not familiar, but they are blind and do not realize that the cultivation of each branch of art only widens the opportunities for the enjoyment of life and adds an additional resource for the promotion of individual happiness.

I therefore thank our fellow citizens who have labored hard and successfully to preserve those valuable German customs, and I wish to express our gratitude as Americans for the debt on this account due to German civilization.

The President and Mrs. Taft arrived at Broad Street Station over the Pennsylvania at 6 o'clock. Representative Bartholdt accompanied them from Washington. They were escorted to the Union League Club by the First City Troop, where informal tea was served. They were the guests of William T. Tilden, president of the club. The other guests were:

Mayor Blankenburg, Mrs. S. W. Holton, Congressman Moore, Howard B. French, a vice-president of the club and Taft delegate to the Chicago convention; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Jeffries, James E. Mitchell, State Senator William C. Sproul and Mrs. Sproul, E. Eldridge Pennock, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harmey, Judge William H. Staake, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Hope, Henry Detreux, Major Carl D. Lentz, Dr. J. C. Hexamer, Fridolin Stopper and J. B. Mayer.

The President and Mrs. Taft left for Washington shortly after midnight.

NAVAL OFFICERS TO RETIRE.

President Taft Approves List of Voluntary Applications.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—President Taft to-day approved the voluntary applications for retirement from active service of the following naval officers: Captains James P. Parkers, on general court martial duty at New York Navy Yard; Richard M. Hughes, commanding officer of the armored cruiser Washington and now ill in New York; John E. Craven, attending the Naval War College at Newport, R. I.; Wilson W. Buchanan, commanding the battleship Ohio; Guy W. Brown, commanding the station ship at the navy yard, Mare Island, Cal.; Albert L. Kay, on leave, and Commander William G. Miller, ill in the Naval Hospital at Philadelphia. The captains will retire with rank of commodore and the commander with rank of captain.

These voluntary retirements, during the last twelve months, make a total of twenty-eight vacancies which have occurred in the grades of commander and captain since June 30, 1911. This number is twelve less than that required by law. Consequently, the committee of admirals, known as the "Plucking Board," at its meeting to-morrow will select twelve officers to be placed on the retired list.

The board has held several preliminary meetings and examined the records of all officers in the grades of captain and commander, with the view to determining what men have made the least advance in their profession. The twelve to be retired will be selected on the basis of their general efficiency and conduct records.

Turn Sod for New Railroad.

VANCOUVER, B. C., July 1.—The first sod of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway was turned at North Vancouver to-day by Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia. The new line is to connect this city with Fort George and eventually is to be used as the Vancouver connection of the Grand Trunk Pacific.