The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 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, 6 Rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.

Washington office, Hibbs Building.

Brooklyn office, 108 Livingston street.

Regular readers of THE SUN, daily and Sunday editions, may subscribe for the paper to be sent by mail to them in any part of the country at the rate of 70 cents a month; daily edition, 50 cents a month; additional postage to foreign countries. Addresses changed at option of subscriber. Order may be sent through any newsdealer or to this office.

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

The Two Greatest Mistakes Man Ever Made.

To hold by the people's suffrage the office of President of the United States is, with a single exception here worth noting, the highest honor that this earth has to offer to ambition. The one superior glory and honor conceivable is to be an ex-President of the United States possessing the admiration and affection of the American people and passing with dignity into history carrying the respect of the whole world.

We had thought that when THEODORE ROOSEVELT rejected this higher honor for no other real reason than to feed an insatiable personal craving he made the greatest mistake possible to a man of his discernment.

But he seems bent on proving his capacity for worse mischief to his own fame and future. His first purpose was to gain for himself a third term—a fourth term, perhaps, and a fifth—by means of the Republican organization. Failing in that he devoted himself to the destruction of Mr. TAFT by means of an independent political organization, running separate tickets for Electors wherever he does not think he can steal the votes of the regular Republican Electors. Now in the mania of his progressive recklessness he has undertaken to destroy the Republican organization in detail; in all the States, in all the Congress districts, in the field of lesser politics down to the minutest division. He is plotting the death of the Republican party, to which he owes everything that he has gained in the course of his remarkable career.

How far is this folly of wanton disruption to go? Is the Republican vote to be split with regard to every candidate who runs for minor office this fall? Himself self-ended by one stupendous blunder, has he now made up his mind to go into history as the man who wrecked the party of ABRAHAM LINCOLN? It looks as if that were Mr. ROOSEVELT'S intention. It looks decidedly as if he meant in his blindness and madness to put his arms around the columns and pull the structure down around him, burying BILL FLINN and all the rest.

The Union Party.

Even in these heats the generous and perhaps slightly whimsical heart of this letter has charm:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In the humble estimation of the undersigned, the underlying foundation of a political party is the expression of the views of the individuals of which it is composed.

"Under the heading, 'The Third Party Precedent' THE SUN says: '* * * would have the millions believe he is like ABRAHAM LINCOLN and his party like that which saved the life of the Union.'

"Taking it that you refer to the Republican party, the writer wishes to state that he, an intermittently constant reader for twenty years, is the son, the grandson and the cousin of a Union private, all Democrats—always—as he is himself.

"Leaving the soldiers of the ranks, incidentally the family, permit me to refer you to Dr. HARRY THURSTON PECK'S 'Twenty Years of the Republic' for a scholarly, analytical, carefully stated appreciation of the work of the late General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, together with a defence of his career, which that great man, soldier and Democrat did not need. Many Southerners and many from the North believe ROBERT E. LEE should have been the greatest General in the world's greatest struggle, and it has been said that General LEE upon being asked, 'Who in your opinion was the greatest Northern General?' replied, 'MCCLELLAN—by all odds.'

"What is the foundation for the belief that the Republican party—which was suckled by if not born to, and has thriven upon and possibly now is approaching its demise through, the sinister agency of the Favor Seeking Influence—saved the life of the Union?

"This is not a timely topic, your statement is wearisome to me and possibly to other Democrats, and from the high source of THE SUN it is offensive. I submit that we who are Democrats and SUN readers are not the latter because you generally bore us. WALTER J. SEELY, S. of V.

"BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 15."

Surely our friend is too magnanimous to drive us into those Peckian pages now; nor is it for other than professed military critics to give an opinion on the military genius or achievements or limitations of General MCCLELLAN. He and hundreds of thousands of other Democrats fought gallantly, just as hundreds of thousands of other Democrats in civil life held up ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S hands in the long struggle. It was a Union movement, a combination of loyal men of all parties, that carried on the war and saved the Union. It was as a Union party that it appealed to the country in 1864. The word "Republican" is not found in the Union platform of that year. This is the spirit of that platform and it is only just to the Union Democracy of that time and of this to record it:

"Resolved, That it is the highest duty of every American citizen to maintain against all their enemies the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that, *laying aside all differences of political opinion, we pledge ourselves as Union men*, animated by a common sentiment and aiming at a common object, to do everything in our power to aid the Government in quelling by force of arms the rebellion now raging against its authority. * * *"

It was not a Republican party but a Union party that saved the Union; and yet the Republican party has, and for years has lived, on the credit of saving the Union; and whose fault? We won't hurt our correspondent's feelings by quoting more than we can help of the Democratic platform of 1864: "After four years of failure to restore the Union * * * demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities." Let these futilities slumber, though the nomination of General MCCLELLAN on that "four years of failure" platform must always look comical. We have done, we hope, justice to the patriotism and the valor of Democrats in the civil war; but since the Administration was Republican, since the Democrats joined the Republicans and not the Republicans the Democrats, is not the Republican party as a party, and no matter with what indispensable Democratic help, justified technically in boasting, as it has boasted for so many years, that it saved the Union? Suppose that DOUGLAS had been elected in 1860 and that the course of events had been the same except that the Republican minority had cooperated with the Union Democrats. Would not the saving of the Union have been set down as a Democratic achievement? But we will be absolutely fair. The party "which saved the life of the Union" was the Union party.

The Murder at the Metropole.

Even in the way of murder it seems to be the Manhattan fashion to be expensive and snobbish. The "slate colored touring car" wherein the assassins of HERMAN ROSENTHAL came and went insures them a certain respect from an enlightened public. Manhattan must be as modern as possible even in these little eccentricities, private vengeances, cases of gambler's law or whatever you choose to call this notably cowardly six-to-one assassination.

And those of us who were brought up on BRET HARTE'S gamblers, on JOHN OAKHURST and JACK HAMLIN, must be especially sick of the Manhattan race of "gamblers" in recent years. Their houses, their games and their methods are reported crooked. They skin the public when they get a chance, and each other all the time. Where would a person aleatory in his habits find a straight roulette wheel in this town of sin? We hear mighty little good of gamblers in their professional hours nowadays, and altogether too much of their public affrays.

It has sometimes seemed to the cynical looker on that more time and fury were usually given by the police to gambling houses and poolrooms and such enormities than to any other enemy. Here perhaps has been a custom of advertising; in the case of some members of the police in the past the suspicion of collusion, of the warning "shakedown" has not been wanting.

Into these nooks and corners of surmise it skills not to enter. It is certain that under RHINELANDER WALDO everything will be done that can be done to keep the police straight, prevent blackmail and detect crime of all sorts. But neither the morals of the public nor of the police are more than subsidiary questions for the moment. The main thing is to catch and punish the authors of the butchery in front of the Hotel Metropole. The character of HERMAN ROSENTHAL doesn't matter. What matters infinitely is that a pack of cutthroats has executed a man in a public street.

New Record for Ocean Depths.

The German survey ship Planet sends word from the Pacific that she has made the deepest sounding thus far taken. About forty sea miles off the north coast of Mindanao, the largest and the most southerly of the important islands of the Philippines, the Planet found a depth of 32,078 feet. In other words, the Pacific where the sounding was taken has a depth of 6.07 miles, exceeding by 482 feet the greatest depth hitherto known.

In 1901 the United States survey ship Nero, while studying out a route for a cable line to the Philippines, made a sounding some distance to the southeast of the island of Guam of 31,596 feet, which beat the world's record for sea depths up to that time. This is a depth of 5.98 miles and now known as the Nero Deep. The surpassing sea depth now discovered may appropriately be named the Planet Deep.

This is the second surprise that the Planet has given in the neighborhood of the Philippines. A few years ago she traced a deep trough extending more than two hundred miles along the east coast of Luzon and only twenty-five to thirty miles from it. She found that the ocean floor descends quite steeply from the island to the trough. This fact and the present discovery indicate that the submarine platform on which the archipelago stands ends rather abruptly on the Pacific front of the islands.

The Challenger expedition originated the practice of designating all areas with a depth exceeding 18,000 feet as "deeps" and giving a distinctive name to each of them. Some fifty of these deeps are now known.

Hubert Latham's Fate.

No French aviator was better known or more admired by Americans than HUBERT LATHAM, who was trampled to death by a buffalo in the Chari River region, French Sudan, early in June. The story that M. LATHAM took with him to Africa an aeroplane to be used in hunting big game was fantastic, but it is a fact that he shot a duck from a monoplane in the marshes near Los Angeles during the "meet" there in 1910, but only to prove his perfect control of the machine. The ducks were denizens of a preserve owned by the Bolsa Chica Gun Club, and as a flock rose into the air M. LATHAM, using one hand, discharged his gun at them, and by good luck winged a bird. After that achievement he was always associated with hunting game from his Antoinette, which was really a dream ship of the higher altitudes and not a handy vehicle for the destruction of wild life.

No man knew better the limitations of the aeroplane. M. LATHAM risked his life in it with sangfroid. At Blackpool, England, in 1910, he went up in a tempestuous wind because he had promised the Grand Duke MICHEL and his wife that they should see him fly, rain or shine, calm or storm. He gave a remarkable exhibition of manœuvring the birdlike Antoinette at a fearful rate of speed. "Come down, you splendid fool!" cried one enthusiast, ecstatic at the spectacle, and terrified, too, by the aviator's peril. To keep his word he also navigated his great machine in high winds at Baltimore, confessing afterward that it was a foolhardy business. Falling into the water in an attempt to pass the English Channel in 1909, HUBERT LATHAM was calmly smoking a cigarette on top of the wreck when the torpedo boat destroyer Harpon darted to his rescue. He was the first aviator to fly over the roofs of Paris; to look down on cities seemed to have a fascination for him. In this country he flew around some of the highest buildings in the city of Baltimore, and by special request hovered over the garden of Mr. ROSS WINANS to let the invalid see an aeroplane in flight. But in December, 1910, M. LATHAM bade farewell to the sport, for such aviation was to him, although he had won many prizes in the "divine Antoinette." He was a stranger to fear. It was the growing commercialism of flying that decided him. "Aviators at meets," he said, "are now showmen. I am not a showman."

Young, handsome, high spirited, and noted for a genial temper that no mishap could ruffle, HUBERT LATHAM was a general favorite and the most popular of aviators. He was not a showman, as he said, but an amateur; hardly, perhaps, under the rules, but in the best sense. He loved his beautiful monoplane not only for the hours of undisturbed meditation that it afforded him as it glided through the upper spaces, but for the exhilarating perils that it had carried him through. To fall in the excitement of the chase in a tropical wilderness was perhaps the kind of end that a Frenchman of his adventurous spirit might be expected to come to if he had not been a knight of the air; but HUBERT LATHAM was so much at home in the fathomless blue that destiny seems to have played him a scurvy trick. It is easier to imagine him sailing off over a tranquil sea and never being heard of again.

"Come Down, Fair Love, From Yonder Mountain Height."

Suppose yesterday some philosophic Paracelsian Rosicrucian spirit of the air, some sylph from a bank of cloud, fanned and sprayed by mists, squeezing a handful of rain at need, and through all those vapors gazing subtly upon this living coal, this burning marl, this heart of Sheol, this incandescent and intolerable town. He, for some sylphs of the air are permitted not to be of the sex supreme below, he sees a thermometer on top of the Whitehall Building, he reads on Brother SCARR'S instrument, say, 93. Does the sylph get an accurate record of the temperature in Sylphland and Cloudland?

So the tribes of New York, roasted in steepdown gulfs of liquid fire, look to see the measure of this immeasurable flame. They can bear the worst with heroic, with stoic pride; they have a certain pleasure in their torment, as men fond of "records." And when they consult Mercury, their god, where is he? Up among the sylphs (masculine) and the stars; cold, equable, raised beyond the needs and sufferings of men. They know that on the surface of this part of the planet it must be 3,000 in the shade; and in the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat and with a first class ammonia plant, 1,777 in the shade. But in the heaven of Mercury it is 83 or 93 or 95 or some such disappointing, delusive, dishonest, maddening and damnable false return.

Bring down the temperature to the people, Sky gods and Scarr gods; have pity on the humble race of the streets and squares! If we must suffer, let us get proper credit and "marks" for that suffering.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS had a long talk with the Governor.—*Everyday despatch.*

"Long" is tautological.

If it be true, and true we can't believe it, that the Hon. SHELBY MOORE CULLOM, beaten some weeks ago in the primary contest for the succession to his own seat in the Senate, is now to be a candidate for that of WILLIAM LORIMER, against whom he voted last week, swallowing his earlier opinion—if it be true, then has Mr. CULLOM after more than fifty years in politics fallen on evil days, nor can Illinois sing or be sung to any longer in the strains of "Hail, Columbia."

Who more than we has hailed and hymned and venerated the Hon. ARTHUR CAPPER, boss of the Topeka *Capital*, candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Kansas, "receptive and fit candidate" for second place on the Squeal ticket? Yet not even to the seductive CAPPER shall it be forgiven to boviate about "Bottom Facts on Schedule K" amid these debauches of the mercury. May a hundred ropes of yarn encompass the neck, may a thousand thicknesses of wool envelop the body of the enemy of his race who dares to speak of Schedule K before October!

Do not be astonished because Governor Foss, who has twice declared that he would not be a candidate for a third term, is seriously considering the question of running again.—*Springfield Union.*

Nor shall we be astonished if he is elected again.

The cooperative cow.—*Boston Globe.*

The public knows nothing about that mother of herds, but it has a sore sense of being cooperatively and perpetually milked itself.

The Canadian reciprocity agreement turned many Republican farmers from TAFT to ROOSEVELT. To whom will they turn now? Bolting is not in the farmers' line. They were for ROOSEVELT as a Republican who promised to approve "under no circumstances"—a comic formula now—that reciprocity which he had previously warmly and publicly approved more than once, ROOSEVELT being a bolter, their choice now must be between TAFT and WILSON. Since they showed the unabating ardor of their protectionism in kicking against reciprocity, are they likely to vote for a tariff for revenue candidate?

The waning popularity of pie.—*Columbus Despatch.*

There speaks a reactionary or a weakling. And blueberry pie, one of heaven's best gifts to man, just at high noon of its divine completeness!

The California Naval Militia made fifty-five consecutive hits with the 4 inch guns and forty-five consecutive hits with the 3 pounder guns at target practice, breaking the world's record, according to a wireless message to-day from the United States ship Marblehead in the Strait of Juan de Fuca.—*Despatch from San Francisco.*

This is a tall story, but a very familiar one. Unhappily, like its predecessors, it will never be confirmed. One is astonished at the moderation of the chronicler. Only fifty-five consecutive hits with the 4 inch guns! Naval militiamen who shoot better with such a weapon than Lieutenant PETERSON does with a revolver should be drafted into the navy at once.

A FORTUNATE ALBANIAN.

Has Always Been Treated Courteously by the Express Companies.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Referring to the leading article in to-day's SUN, "Reforming the Express Companies," I beg to quote in part from it as follows:

Everybody knows the overcharges, double charges, delays, confusions of the companies, the miscellaneous sour unreasonableness of too many of their employees, how difficult it has been to get any satisfaction out of them, what a haughty, swaggering, take it or leave, go to the devil air, accompanied frequently with an impenetrable, intellectual density, has pervaded the administration.

I have lived in Albany some sixteen years and previously lived in New York city for a long period. I have had no experience in the matter of constant or frequent shipments through the express companies, nor have I been frequently in receipt of merchandise or other matter coming to me in that way. Your criticism as applying to rates I know nothing about, but my experience and that of my family in respect of courtesy, the taking of trouble where it was not required, the politeness and apparent desire to do much more than could be expected, has been shown by every employee of the express companies here, no matter whether his position was a high one or otherwise, and it is my belief that the above statement will be concurred in by a very large majority of the citizens of this city.

Again you say, "their exactions, their stupidities and their brutalities knock at every door." My own experience with them is directly the contrary, and there is no reason under the sun why they should treat me differently from any other ordinary citizen. HENRY W. DUN.

ALBANY, July 16.

A Bitter Ironist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I've seen so many references to Lincoln in the papers these six months past. My father told us children years ago about Abraham Lincoln and his times; the conditions then and that terrible war which seems to have been necessary to set things running again in the right direction.

Tell me, please, are conditions now the same? And do any, could any of our candidates, present or prospective, resemble Mr. Lincoln? READER.

NEW YORK, July 16.

Would There Be a Fourth Party?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If by any chance the Bull Moose convention which is called for August 5 at Chicago should "tie the bull outside," wouldn't his Majesty once more put his ear to the ground and hear the call of "the plain people" for a fourth party of the special extra robber proof "progressive" type? L. K. V.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 16.

Another Singular Plural.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What's all this pother about the plural of "moose"? Anybody who reads THE SUN knows that the plural of "moose" is "me's."

T. D. GIBSON.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 16.

The Rhyming Grammarian.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

While seeking a plural of moose
I felt
'Twould be singular as plural of Roosevelt.

NEW YORK, July 16. F. P. D.

The Call of the Bull Moose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The call of the Bull Moose sounds something like this: "I-Me-My, I-I-I, Bwana Tumbo!"

GEORGE FENTRICK.

NEW YORK, July 15.

Soul Longing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A new poem by the author of "Bullets of Truth" and "Brickbats and Bouquets":

Under the soaring and spreading beech
My soul is resting to-day
Far away in that bluegrass land
Where the boys and girls at play
Are laughing aloud as waters run
And the grain tops flash and flow
Where life was young and beautiful
More than sixty years ago!

I feel the breath of the new mown hay
Across the meadows afar,
And hear the song of forest birds
Sound over the sunset bar
With shouts of the toiling reapers
And plash of the rushing rills
Resounding in halls of memory
That circle the vales and hills!

But now in the noise of the city
And the glare of its streets and walls
I gaze on the poor and pity
Where charity cries and calls
And heartless malice and mammon
Are deaf to her constant wail
With glittering gold the demon
That rules on the torrid gale!

JOHN A. JOYCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.

THE PERFECT BROWNINGITE.

His God Stands "in Content" With Shakespeare, Leonardo, Beethoven.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mrs. Browning was not three years older than her husband, as is stated in the leading article in THE SUN to-day, but six years older. Elizabeth Moulton, or Elizabeth Barrett as she eventually called herself, was born in March, 1806; Robert Browning, in May, 1812.

Your appreciation of Browning's poetry should be allowed to pass without comment were it not your appreciation, upon literary matters, if not upon political, THE SUN is wont to speak with authority. It is therefore depressing to find THE SUN giving important place to the old and familiar criticisms of Browning. No one denies that there are rough lines in Browning or that at times he worked too rapidly. But these facts are of minor importance; the main fact is that there is more poetry in him than in—well, I will say, than in any of his contemporaries. Persons whose sense of poetry is very uncertain beyond the Maud Muller and May Queen stage are tireless in telling of Browning's unmelodious lines, of Browning's "obscurities." There is no use trying to disabuse them of these notions, because to some extent the notions are true and because the real thing in Browning these persons couldn't understand—couldn't understand any more than the young lady who in the next apartment has been playing for half an hour "Everybody's Doin' It Now" could understand or enjoy the "Pathetic Symphony" or the "Eroica."

Browning's "obscurities" are greatly exaggerated and are usually due (allow me to except the case of "Sordello") to the same cause as are the "obscurities" of Meredith and Henry James—not obscurity in the writer, but lack of vision, of penetration, of poetic consciousness in the reader. But why should THE SUN adopt the common, Philistine, distorted estimate of Browning and back it up with Tennyson's "thyme and marjoram are not yet honey"?

Don't cite Tennyson in criticism of his contemporaries. He called his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" (truly a noble poem) "the greatest ode in the English language," forgetting, though we do not forget, Wordsworth's "Intimations." There isn't much of Tennyson that we really must keep; there are parts of "In Memoriam," parts of those school pieces the Idylls, the Shalott lady, "Break, break, break"; and besides a few others what? On the one hand he was too professional a poet, on the other too girlish, hardly, in any wise, a man to pass fair, discerning, well rounded judgment on Browning.

In content through an art informed with human passion and purpose Browning stands with Shakespeare, with Beethoven, with Leonardo. Why not accept gratefully what he has for us, or let him alone? L. E.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 14.

NEITHER ARMY NOR LOAN.

The Mexican Ambassador Denies Certain Reports About Madero.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* THE SUN of July 12 under the title "Madero Raises Loan of $10,000,000 Here" publishes a report given by a person purporting to be interested in Mexican affairs. This report is confined to the following statement: That Mr. Francisco Madero, father of President Madero, is on his way back to Mexico after having spent several days working out a scheme for the organization of a standing army of 70,000 men for which Mr. Madero, Sr., had negotiated a loan of $10,000,000. THE SUN'S informant adds that Mr. Madero journeyed to Washington for the purpose of giving guarantees to the United States Government that the Mexican Government is about "to take effective means to prevent further revolutionary disturbances."

In my capacity of Ambassador of Mexico accredited to the Government of the United States I beg to inform you that the reports given to THE SUN to which I have referred are a mass of inaccuracies. President Madero's father came to New York to settle certain matters of a purely personal nature; while his stay in Washington, limited to a very few hours, was the result of an invitation from me to be my guest. Mr. Madero, Sr., has no connection whatever with the Mexican army, nor does he intervene in any form in matters relating thereto, which are under the immediate and sole control of the War Department.

The story of the $10,000,000 loan is equally false, since Mexico neither needs at present new loans nor has the Government been authorized by Congress to contract such; nor again would the President have to resort to his father for the arranging of matters depending on the Treasury Department of my country. MANUEL CALERO.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.

Senator Bailey on the State of the Country.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Senator Bailey of Texas at a parting meeting in Washington expressed grave solicitude over the condition of our public affairs, remarking that cowardice was largely responsible for the situation.

Just at the close of the last Administration Senator Bailey remarked on the floor of the Senate that the individual then President, now our ex-President, was "the greatest blessing or the greatest curse the country has ever experienced." As he has now been proved the latter, has not Senator Bailey been derelict in not more thoroughly exposing him, and has he not failed in courage in not warning his countrymen of the danger to be feared from that source?

Parties aside, it is for men who love their country not to be backward in denouncing unworthiness.

There is no question that, as the Senator says, the lack of backbone has been responsible for many if not most of our troubles.

NEW YORK, July 16. E. T. W.

Some Old Typographical Customs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been reading a book printed in the eighteenth century, being the account of some travels by one Brydone, F. R. S., in the island of Sicily; a very interesting work but confusing to read on account of the peculiar method of substituting "f" for "s" in many of the words.

I write to ask if you can give some reason why this was done. The letter "s" is used wherever necessary to form the plural, so they must have had the type. Imagine running across a word like this: fotfeft.

Another peculiarity of this work is that under the right hand end of the last line on each page is printed the word that will appear again at the beginning of the first line on the next page. Perhaps some of your readers can give some explanation of this. JOHN GRAHAM.

GERMANTOWN, Pa., July 16.

Parthenon in Danger of Collapse.

From the Westminster Gazette.

A shock will be given to lovers of antiquity by the suggestion made in the *Revue des Beaux Arts* that the Parthenon is in serious danger of collapse. Within the last twenty years the columns seem to have lost their rigidity, and unless the work of strengthening the foundations is taken in hand disaster may follow. The cause of the threatened collapse is the removal by archæologists of sculptured ruins of an earlier temple on the Acropolis which served as foundations for the Parthenon, and which have been taken to various museums for display and preservation. No effective precautions were taken to replace these relics by fresh masonry. Modern Greece has no money to spare for the necessary work of restoration, but it should not be difficult for those countries which have benefited from the spoliation of the treasures of Athens to raise funds to prevent the destruction of one of the wonders of the world.

Don'ts.

From the Washington Star.

Don't eat; don't drink;
Don't talk; don't think;
Don't work; don't play
And don't get gay
And yet don't fret;
Don't make a bet;
Don't weep; don't cheer;
Don't hope; don't fear;
Don't sing; don't dance;
Don't take a chance
On grief or glee;
Don't hear; don't see;
If you observe
With martyr nerve
Each simple rule
You may keep cool.

STEPPING BACKWARD.

Even if They Do It Automatically, Women Can Afford to Do It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Although woman leads in the æsthetic branches of physical motion she is still behind man in economic agility. His active part through the centuries has been teaching him the advantages of safe and sane modes of movement. She, having to play the passive side, has missed the practice which makes perfect.

Even before the advent of mechanical locomotion the man had his plough, his horse, his wagon, and was an adept in the art of mounting and dismounting. The woman's experience in independent travel was little. Therefore she still is hampered in public by the instinctive awkwardness which marks her slower physical evolution along practical lines. And why doesn't she overcome this instinct more quickly by voluntary attention to signs and suggestion? Because she denies the matter the strength of attention necessary to convert a rooted instinct into a safer habit. She attends subconsciously. The sign is scarcely more than an ordinary advertisement. And she can afford to do this because the number of accidents resulting is infinitely less than her general carelessness seems to deserve. In ninety-seven cases out of a hundred they step off backward and "get away with it." A newspaper account of an accident to two or three is scarcely a practical enough lesson for a million women. And a child is usually burned before it learns to shun fire.

Now, Mr. Conway, don't confuse the question of suffragism with imperfect gymnastics. Woman has advanced more rapidly mentally because she has been enabled to take her brain exercise indoors. Is it fair to question her right to do something she can do well, just because she fails to do another thing perfectly? And, after all, the street car route isn't the main line into the heart of the ideal national development. CONSERVATIVE SUFFRAGIST.

NEW YORK, July 16.

One Woman's Accomplished Good Left Hand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Not every woman gets off a car according to the gospel of Jimmy Conway. If he watched and waited long enough he would see me jump the way the car was going. My husband has never shaken hands with me over my accumulated gray matter, but his clothes and the children's have been kept in order by my good left hand. The housework has been done the same way, and as for the cooking, just ask daddy. He seems perfectly happy. Mme. S. PAUGH.

SECAUCUS, N. J., July 16.

Let the Public Schools Teach the Art of Alighting.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* No discussion of the reasons of the faulty method of descending from a car is in vogue among women, but suggestion for its correction seems in order. It is nerve racking and positively dangerous; and our hospitals have enough now to care for. I suggest that a public school demonstration teach a child the proper method; and the parent can learn. A CITIZEN.

NEW YORK, July 16.

BELT WITH SUSPENDERS.

Nice Questions of Looks and Comfort in These Days of Flame.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* THE SUN'S correspondent who was curious to know why a man wears both a belt and suspenders at the same time might ask this question also: "Why does a man if he finds that a belt will not hold his trousers up and is obliged to resort to suspenders still persistently continue to wear a belt?" A man under such circumstances wears a belt to satisfy his own personal vanity and pride, if trying to look neat and respectable denotes vanity and pride. If a man has no belt or waistcoat on and he allows his outer coat to become unbuttoned, the crude, oftentimes fringed, buttonholes are revealed and the protuberance of the waistline is accentuated, especially if the trousers were cut prior to the expansion of the twilight zone. In fact the general appearance is undressed and unkempt.

The man who considers that suspenders are the proper things to wear at all times of the year should always have at least the lowest button of his outer coat buttoned, if he has any appreciation of neatness of attire. I suppose during the extreme heated term one is to be excused if he ceases to worship at the shrine of immaculateness and attends entirely to his own personal comfort. Heated humidity abhors a fashion plate.

HOLYOKE, Mass., July 16. J. R. LEWIS.

Rue Ouilbeur Raett.

From the London Globe.

The municipal councillors of Le Mans recently decided to name one of the streets in that town after Wilbur Wright. This decision appears to have been very popular, but many of the inhabitants, according to a French contemporary, are experiencing great difficulties in regard to the correct pronunciation of this "immortal and terrible name." A few years ago, when the Manceaux were familiar with the exploits of the famous aviator, his name enjoyed a local currency that resulted in a reasonably accurate pronunciation; but the name is now being horribly mangled, especially by the younger generation, and "Vilbure Vright" appears to be about the nearest popular approach to the real thing. Our contemporary, by the way, informs its readers that "Ouilbeur Raett" is the correct rendering. We are not sure whether "Raett" is right.

Railroad Station Gardening.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is very gratifying to persons living in the suburbs of New York to notice the increased interest being manifested by the railroad authorities in beautifying the grounds around the stations. Particularly has this been observed in the flower beds at Pelham and in the planting of roses along the banks near the Mount Vernon station.

I understand that the New York, Westchester and Boston Railroad is going to plant roses around the stations on its new road, and it seems only fitting that the companies should know that the people appreciate their efforts, which will no doubt increase the value of the adjacent property. MAI E. PRYER,

Corresponding Secretary of the Garden Club of New Rochelle.

LARCHMONT, July 16.

Vow of the Bard.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

"A wandering minstrel I,
A thing of shreds and patches,"

A vile versifier, a remediless rhymer, a perfect poetaster, one of the genus irritable vatum, but I have prosaically made up my mind that the very next man shall die
Who bothers me for matches!

NEW YORK, July 15. L. T. H.

At Clifton's.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The reminiscences of "Chop Houses of Yore" now appearing in THE SUN are delightful. But I do not think that Mr. Curtis ever saw "doings at Clifton's that might have angered Major Pendennis."

What Colonel Newcome would have thought is another matter. W. F. WARD.

NEW YORK, July 16.

Moths Broke Up the Concert.

Freeport correspondence Portland Press.

The browntail moths were responsible for the postponement of the band concert that was to have taken place in the square Saturday evening. The moths clustered about the electric lights in such large numbers that it was impossible for the band men to read their music.

Chinese President's Uniform.

From the Pekin Daily News.

The President will wear military uniform on formal occasions. In order to distinguish his from those uniforms worn by military and naval officers the epaulets and sleeve insignia of the President's uniform will be different.

Home Study.

Knicker—Your girls going to travel this summer?

Bocker—No, they will stay at home and make a porch campaign.

Head Work.

Sunday School Teacher—Yes, Johnny, Absalom was caught by his hair.

Tommy—Same way ma finds when I've been in swimming.

ROADS STATE CASE AGAINST ENGINEERS

Straus Arbitration Board Hears That Weak Railroads Would Suffer.

MIGHT COST $63,000,000

Alton Head Resents Statement That Men Are Worked Overtime Purposely.

The commission of arbitrators sitting at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, heard President B. A. Worthington of the Chicago and Alton tell yesterday how it would undoubtedly force many of the weaker roads to the wall if the demands of the locomotive engineers were granted. The great burden of the $7,000,000 increase would fall upon these smaller lines, he explained, and not upon the richer ones that are more able to afford it.

The strongest arguments of the railroads appear not to be levelled at the increase as much as against the standardization on all lines, which is one of the things that the engineers are seeking. Mr. Worthington frankly admitted that if the commission granted the increase to the engineers the roads would be forced without a fight to make similar concessions to all their other employees, and he estimated that this would mean $63,000,000 annually.

"There has never been any disposition on the part of the railroads to make the conditions of service of the engineers or any other of its employees unduly burdensome," said the Chicago and Alton president in beginning the argument for the railroads. "They all realize the benefit of the service from the engineers. They are mostly good men, and in fact they have to be, for it is one of the rules of their brotherhood that a man must be of good moral character. We respect them and hope that it is understood that only an honest difference of opinion exists between us.

"I think the charges that engineers are often kept out on the road on overtime purposely is unjust. No railroad man ever did that if he could help it. It would be to our disadvantage to do so for the reason that all our interests demand that we get the trains in on time."

To show the magnitude of the interests involved in the question Mr. Worthington stated that in 1911 the fifty-two roads operated 266,185 miles of main track, 120,532,004,595 ton miles of freight and 13,846,216,743 passenger miles. The operating revenues were $1,088,967,087 and the net operating revenues $361,973,429. In 1900 they employed 19,543 engineers at an average salary of $1,130 and in 1910 they had 27,775 engineers at an average of $1,360. An increase amounting to a total of $4,044,230 was granted to the engineers in 1910.

"The standardization of pay is a new proposition and I think that it is radically wrong," continued Mr. Worthington. "The present rates are adjusted to local conditions and weak roads and the burden of this change would fall entirely upon the latter."

The witness told Commissioner Shaw in answer to a question, that the standardization of the conductors' wages was not so general as has been intimated and that the weak roads don't all pay as much as the richer ones.

"And then you must understand," he said, "that conditions vary on different parts of the same system. Where there is a mountainous run we have been accustomed to make an allowance for this to the engineer, but the system proposed does not. Would you expect a clerk in a small country store to receive as much as one on Fifth avenue?"

"Why did you accept the standard wage for conductors on your road if you didn't believe it was right?" asked Commissioner Judson.

"I had to," replied Mr. Worthington after a pause. "I was facing a strike."

"Do you think that the standard wage would work an injustice on the road that unfortunately was overcapitalized?" continued Mr. Judson.

"There should be no excuse for such a road," retorted the witness, "but it is the poor road that can't afford the heaviest rails and the block system of signals that should not be burdened."

"Shouldn't the public safety be protected, even on a poor road?" he was asked.

"The smaller road can get along without such an elaborate equipment," he answered. "And let me say that the fact that there is a standardization on the Western and Southern roads is no argument that it should be adopted here. Those companies accepted it because they could not afford a strike at that time and not because they believed in it."

"How could the other employees demand an increase on the strength of the award of this board?" asked Mr. Judson.

"There is a certain differential between the wages of the various men," explained Mr. Worthington, "and it has been so long established that it is expected. The firemen already have made their claims and they amount to $20,000,000. The others are waiting."

Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, finished his general presentation of the case at the morning session yesterday. He went over the rest of the demands which the engineers have made. For men on freight engines with cylinders twenty inches in diameter they ask $5.25 a day, and for the men on the larger engines $5.50 and $5.75, according to the size of the engine. Engineers on the mallet engines, which are two locomotives combined in one want $7 a day. They ask that engineers held more than fifteen hours away from their home terminal be paid at overtime rate. The rate asked for switching service is $4.50 a day and for belt line service $5 a day.

"Long hours are an evil that we have tried to do away with by legislation," said Mr. Stone, "and I was one of the prime movers for the sixteen hour law. I say frankly that it hasn't worked and that contrary to our expectation the road have been inclined to make that the minimum day instead of the maximum. The only solution seems to be to penalize the roads and then I believe that 70 per cent of the overtime will be done away with.

"Most of the roads pay a man only from the time when he takes his engine from the roundhouse and make no compensation for the fact that he may have to spend an hour and a half getting his engine ready. We want this paid for as overtime. Then again many a time a man is made to wait in sight of his own home five hours before he can take his engine into the round house. That sort of thing should be penalized.

"In conclusion we wish it to be understood that in case this award is made in our favor no conditions now existing which are more favorable than those asked shall be made void."

The engineers offered a number of exhibits to show what was required of them. One showed that a candidate at his first examination on the New York Central lines had to answer sixty-nine questions, the second year seventy-nine questions, and the third year 231 questions. He had to be familiar with 597 rules and 216 additional rules on signals. In addition to this he submit to a strict physical examination.