The Sun.

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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 Romantic View.

"Doubtless the writer of this letter is one of many sincere and intelligent Rooseveltians who forget or scorn the facts and the mathematics, in the singleness of their faith in the god of their idolatry:

"May I (an untiring reader of THE SUN) venture to express surprise at the editorial comment with which you have chosen to celebrate the appearance of the Hilles post mortem manifesto, and will you pardon me for suggesting that in this comment you have seemed to underestimate the intelligence of the average SUN reader?

"The purpose and purport of this excellent campaign document by Mr. TAFT's apologists are surely sufficiently written across its face: namely, to make respectable a fence for stolen goods. There is, I think, no general misapprehension as to either the aims or the methods which ruled at the recent Chicago convention; and although THE SUN'S pardonable expressions of editorial joy at the result were in consistent sequence with its unswerving opposition to Mr. ROOSEVELT as a candidate, yet no good purpose can now be served by an attempt to prove that the Chicago steam roller was in fact an instrument of justice.

"Many lifelong Republicans, like the writer, are fully alive to the significance of the party's deliberate course at Chicago and of the duty which that course imposes upon them. EDWARD J. HOOSMAN, Jr.

"NEW YORK, August 3."

Where do "the stolen goods" come in? Giving him every one of the unabandoned "contested" cases, every one of the seventy-four delegates on whom he made his stand, he would not have had a majority of the Chicago convention.

TAFT must have "stolen" a lot of his own uncontested delegates.

This same powpow of Satan, the Chicago convention, would have been a council of sages and saints if it had chosen T. R.

New York Through Mr. Cutting's Eyeglasses.

None of the numerous public outgivings that have come from R. FULTON CUTTING during the period of his study of the administration of affairs in this town has been better justified or more appropriately timed than his reflections on the morals and manners of New York city government which were printed yesterday. His citation of some of the improvements that have been made in the conduct of city business is the more interesting and significant because of the unreasonable deductions that have been drawn by the unthinking from the current police scandal and its disgusting details.

Mr. CUTTING shows, with specifications and details, the important progress the community has made within a comparatively short time toward a higher plane of efficiency and honesty in public affairs. He avoids the absurdity of proclaiming that perfection has been attained in any department. He does not assert that subscription to the oath of office in Father KNICKERBOCKER'S service eliminates the original Adam from those whose names are attached to the municipal payroll. He admits without hesitation that necessity yet exists for further amendment. What he does is to put before the citizens generally an intelligible and temperate account of the vital but little understood work for civic betterment that has been accomplished by the cooperation of men in private life and officeholders through various agencies for the correction of abuses since Greater New York became a political entity.

Bad as are the facts so far disclosed in the Rosenthal case, neither they nor the most exaggerated rumors that flow from them should be allowed to obscure the advances that have been made in good government by New York, a city never so wicked as persons of evil dispositions would have it, and in all of its activities to-day more creditable to its people than it has ever before been.

Judge Archbald's Trial.

The decision of the Senate to postpone until next December the trial of Judge ARCHBALD of the Commerce Court removes that judicial proceeding from the national political campaign and will permit an earlier adjournment of Congress than would have been possible had it been begun this week as the managers for the House desired. Representative CLAYTON, chairman of the House managers, expressed the fear that postponement might "accentuate the charge that is often made, that the remedy of impeachment is slow, cumbersome and inefficient." But a delay of three months after impeachment and the earliest possible date of beginning the trial of the accused is not likely to aid materially the campaign in behalf of the recall of Federal Judges.

Against the demand for a speedy trial were urged the unpreparedness of the defence, the exigencies of the political canvass, the discomforts of the national capital in summer, the exhaustion of many Members of Congress resulting from the hard work of a long and trying session, and the inadvisability of undertaking a judicial action at a moment when the methods to be employed in it were immediately under discussion in a manner almost sure to involve at least some of the Judges. A convincing argument based on these considerations caused the Senate to vote by a substantial majority against present consideration of the charges.

Were the delay proposed long, there might be reason for dissatisfaction with the decision of the Senate. As it is to be short, and is supported by sound reasons, it will be generally approved throughout the country.

Clemenceau's New Battle.

After less than half a year of power the Poincaré Ministry, called into existence at the time of the Moroccan crisis, and in its membership one of the most distinguished Governments France has known in recent years, must now fight for its life. No less dangerous an antagonist than M. GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, the famous wrecker of ministries, who sent the Caillaux Government into exile only a few months ago, has declared war upon it, and associated with him is M. COMBES, who as Prime Minister carried the legislation against the Roman Catholic Church in France.

The occasion of this contest is the championship by M. POINCARÉ of the project of proportional representation, upon the success of which he has staked the fortunes of his Ministry. Briefly the project contemplates two sweeping changes in the electoral system of France. To-day members of the Chamber of Deputies are elected, like Representatives in this country, from single districts by majority vote. The Poincaré plan, which has passed the Chamber of Deputies by a decisive majority and is now in the Senate, substitutes for the single district the department, resembling our State, in which several members are to be elected at large, and provides a complicated system of apportionment based upon party vote, which would give the minority representation.

The purpose of this change is twofold. Under the single district or arrondissement system, the Deputy has become almost an immovable fixture. By the manipulation of patronage, the use of his influence in the placing of garrisons, by his success in obtaining special legislation and controlling all the Government employees he has been able to transform his district into a pocket borough. As a result not only have the clever politicians obtained almost a monopoly upon seats in the Chamber, but corruption and manipulation of patronage have become a scandal.

M. BRIAND, a former Premier and a member of the present Ministry, once referred to the present districts as "stagnant pools," and his championship of a similar reform project brought the fall of his Ministry. All over France there has been a growing feeling that the result of the existing system was to keep small men in office and subordinate the national and even international interests of France to the question of patronage and petty personal politics of the Deputies themselves.

On the other hand M. CLEMENCEAU and M. COMBES both proclaim that the portion of the new measure which bestows representation upon the minority opens the way alike to the election of royalists and imperialists and Catholic reactionaries, who will combine to overthrow the republic and to restore to the Church the position the Combistes deprived it of by the disestablishment laws. It is by these issues that the Radical-Socialist "bloc" have hitherto ruled France, and so bitter has been the feeling that campaigns waged upon these issues have hitherto ended in victories for them.

The battle is now transferred to the Senate, in which CLEMENCEAU and COMBES both sit. The unexpected and characteristic fashion in which M. CLEMENCEAU has declared war by writing a letter to M. POINCAIRÉ himself is a first indication of the determination in which this experienced and able parliamentary fighter has entered the struggle, and so long as he remains in it the issue may be fairly regarded as in doubt.

Yet, as recent despatches to American newspapers indicate, there are signs of a growing unrest among the French people themselves at this endless iteration of issues that have become stale, and a dissatisfaction and disgust for the manœuvres of politicians, whose scheming, bargaining and manipulation have availed to keep them in office but have been fatal to all continuity of foreign policy, have subordinated national to local interests, and last summer overthrew a Ministry and left France without a Government at the very moment when Germany sent her warship to Morocco.

The Hard Fate of an Old Friend.

It is not so much the scientific as the personal side of the newly issued report of the State Food Investigating Commission that appeals to us. For this document, supported by the familiar mass of evidence no State commission ever fails to gather, passes sentence on an amiable and honored friend, the proprietor of the corner grocery store.

For half a dozen years we have all been endeavoring to fix finally the responsibility for this high cost of living crime so odious to all. But now we know. It is our old friend of the corner who is guilty, so far as man and not the mysterious laws of supply and demand can be held responsible. Moreover, he is not merely found guilty, but stands sentenced, condemned to disappear, to climb out from behind the counter where fortified he looked down upon a subject world, to lay aside his white apron forever and join the horse car driver, the cabman and all the other old cronies progress has sent to permanent exile.

Not that our old friend is guilty of wilful offence, of malicious or deliberate sinning. Not at all. He is guilty of being small and staying small in a world of big things rapidly growing bigger. His microscopic operations compel innumerable motions, and every motion has its incalculable expense. He buys little and he sells to live, and his profit is a burden upon our shoulders, a very lash upon our backs, a staggering percentage of avoidable expense. Therefore let his right to live be cancelled.

The friend of the corner, so the commission decides, must yield to the food department store. His burdened customers count perhaps a hundred. His successor's will number 50,000. His tiny profits were wrenched from the jobber, the retailer, the middleman, who took dollars and left him only pennies. It will be different when the great department store deals directly with the producer and sends this host of extortioners back to honest and harder labor.

In the good times that are coming the producer will send his garden truck to the city, where, supervised by the municipal market department, it will be sold at fair prices to the department store. The farmer will grow rich, the customer save his pennies and forget the nightmare of the high cost of living. But the corner grocery man, he will have vanished, and with him a philosophy and a philanthropy, mostly unwitting, we shall not cease to regret even as we rejoice at the passing of ancient sorrows.

Representative MONDELL of Wyoming tells the House that "the bull moose is not a wild or predatory animal and only preys on soft mushy things in his native lair"; that is, soft, mushy and bearing the "long green."

President TAFT has shown his sympathy with the father of ten children by finding a better job for him. Thus the President proves his continued devotion to one of his predecessor's policies.

Those unfortunate policemen who have been searching in the Catskills for certain fugitives from New York will have the deepest sympathy of their colleagues. They have been compelled to don the garments and perform the duties of farm hands, gear and employment unfamiliar to most of them and unwelcome to all. And how annoyed the rural bred detective must be to find his service in the police has brought him back to the same labors he left the ancestral home to escape.

With flying taught at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the opportunities for hazers will be greatly increased in number and picturesqueness.

Mirabile Dictu.

The Devil was sick,—the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well,—the devil a mona was he.

There is a sudden and inexplicable desire on the part of the State and city authorities to stop gun carrying entirely, gluttoning, dancing and all other forms of levity in our town after 1 o'clock A. M.

Wonder what it is all about?

The News in "The Sun."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* THE SUN is to be congratulated upon being an unbiassed newspaper.

The way it handles the Roosevelt news indicates its freedom from partisanship in its news columns. The Roosevelt men are much pleased, and so are all careful, discriminating readers.

A BOSTON NEWSPAPER MAN.

BOSTON, August 3.

Roman and Arab.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Was the Roman greater than the Arab? From Arabia came the Mohammedan power which conquered Asia Minor, northern Africa, and parts of Europe.

Arabian influence still prevails over more territory than Rome ever held. Roman culture was beaten by the Græco-Judean in the reign of Constantine.

Rome was stripped and forsaken by the Byzantine.

Who can take the realms of the Arab?

NEW YORK, August 3. T. W.

Ravages of Applejack in the Jerseys.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Many Democrats around here are advocating a new party to be known as the Mule Boozers. Is it your opinion that they will be liable under the copyright law? ANXIOUS.

SPRING LAKE, N. J., August 3.

Bathing House Prices.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I with my family visited the establishment of the Manhattan Beach Bathing Company on Sunday, July 28, and saw posted in plain view notices with prices as set forth in the company's recent letter to THE SUN (only exception, towels, five cents extra). On the way to Manhattan Beach and very near it we passed a bathing place with a somewhat similar name, and in order to see what this hitherto untried place was like decided to try it if the price was not over 50 cents. We had our own suits and towels.

There were no prices posted and here is what took place at the ticket window:

"How much?"

"Seventy-five cents apiece."

"Not on your life," and on to Manhattan Beach we continued.

This was early in the day, before 10:30 A. M., and the heavy crowd had not set in. Cannot say what prices soared to when the crowd came.

NEW YORK, August 3. DATHER.

Optical Illusions.

From the London Standard.

Professor Stirling explained a variety of optical illusions, including the after effects of seen movements and entasis, or convexity in curvature. He demonstrated how the Greek architects had realized the existence of entasis and had constructed their horizontal beams in convex form in order to remove the apparent concave appearance, and had given to the pillars on the Parthenon and other ancient buildings just such a bulge as was necessary to destroy the erratic effect of a series of parallel columns.

In dealing with colored shadows Professor Stirling demonstrated the great difficulties that occasionally beset the designers of dress materials. Recently in Manchester, he stated, a dispute arose between a designer and the weavers upon the appearance of a pink shade in some finished material. The dispute would have ended in a lawsuit had not a scientist demonstrated the fact that the existence of pink was merely an illusion produced by a certain arrangement of other colors, and that no colors had been introduced except those supplied by the designer.

The Position of the Poles.

From the Christian Herald.

Both Peary and Amundsen made allowances in determining the sites of the poles. Their position is not perfectly constant, there being a counter clock wise local movement of some thirty feet and a counter clock circular movement of some twenty six feet in diameter in a period of 428 days at the extreme axis of the earth. This change, however, is so slight as not to be reckoned in practical calculations. Peary and Amundsen made no guesses, but took several observations from various standpoints to determine conclusively that they had reached the poles.

The Guide's Fear.

First Guide—Afraid of being shot in mistake for a deer?

Second—I don't care as long as nobody takes me for a bull moose.

MR. TAFT'S SPEECH.

Some Opinions of the Press on a Notable and Candid Document.

From the Springfield Republican.

Mr. Taft is now what European parliamentarians would call a "centre man." He is not of the conservative right exclusively and he does not belong to the radical left. He takes his position in the centre, if anything more to the right of the centre than to the left of it. He fits the place and the place fits him. He is perfectly comfortable because he can maintain his intellectual honesty and be sincere in the expression of his convictions.

The speech is a centre speech from a centre man, and it faithfully reflects the spirit of the Republican party as that party was directed and controlled for a generation. Since the slavery issue was settled the Republican party has never been a radical party. Even in the Presidency of Roosevelt it was still a fortress of conservative forces and it glories in the fact. Under its ablest leadership, however, it did seek to temper conservatism with progressive legislation without becoming the pliable political instrument of popular discontent. Mr. Taft's speech of acceptance may be interpreted, perhaps, with the deepest insight if we regard it as an effort on his part to keep the Republican party true to that old ideal. He begins his discussion of the party's achievement by reciting its long list of things done for progress and betterment. He shows how the Republican party has changed its conception of government in order to keep modern and satisfy the demands of the age.

The Thesis of a Sane Progressive.

From the Philadelphia Press.

In dignity of tone, in calmness of statement, in absence of flamboyant rhetoric Mr. Taft's review of the issues now before the country and of the sound and long tested principles upon which the Republican party proposes that they shall be met is worthy of him and worthy of his nationwide audience.

His analysis of the present popular unrest and of the attempts of demagogues to feed it and inflame it for their own personal benefit is trenchant and convincing. This unrest rightly claims the chief share of his attention, for it constitutes the most important factor in this year's campaign, just as the attempted exploitation of a widespread discontent with economic conditions and the loud promises on the part of unscrupulous seekers after office to wipe out at one stroke all the pains and penalties of unsuccess and all the consequences of inexorable natural laws constitute the chief danger of the crisis which to-day confronts the nation.

The President's address of acceptance is the thesis of a progressive who believes in progressing sanely along the clearly marked road of good government that is also representative government with least disturbance of established order and established rights—not only rights to property but rights to opportunity and to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness under a constitutionally administered Government of law. And finally, the President bases his appeal for continued confidence in the Republican party on the impressive record of its past achievements and makes no promises that cannot be fulfilled or that will not be fulfilled if his own proved patriotism, ability and high sense of duty can bring about fulfilment.

"Reactionary," Says One Democrat.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The President has boldly struck the keynote of extreme conservatism, let us say, if the word "reactionary" be offensive. He has accepted the straight out issue of conservatism versus progressivism and has deliberately chosen to uphold the standard of the former.

This, from one point of view, was a courageous thing to do. There is always something heroic in dying for a cause even though the cause be not a good one. Moreover, his action absolves the President entirely from any charge of playing petty politics. No man can be so poor a politician as to hope to gain votes by taking that stand. No flavor of opportunism, either good or bad, accompanies it.

His speech is a specimen of Mr. Taft at his best. It is dignified; it is weighty, in parts; it is suitably animated in its references to the man who questions Taft's right to a nomination at all, and it has the great merit of accepting the straight out issue of conservatism against progressivism. But it has also that fatal lack of comprehension of the hopes and ambitions and the spirit of the American people, and that is why the President is leading a forlorn hope to-day.

"Progressive," Says Another.

From the Philadelphia Record.

In accepting his renomination the President made a speech adroitly appealing to the progressive sentiment of the country, and especially to the professions of the third termers. Most of the latter seem to be blind, infatuated devotees of the Roosevelt personality. Those of them who are not such, but are really eager for legislation to improve political methods and to make the struggle for existence less severe, will be a good deal embarrassed to justify their antagonism to the President in the light of the legislative summary recited by him, a summary of legislation in which all, Democrats and Republicans, have taken part and which is not exclusively the work of any person or party.

A Clear and Firm Stand.

From the Washington Star.

Mr. Taft takes a clear and firm stand as to the tariff, the trusts and other questions of large interest and points out the accomplishments of his Administration to date. He has blown his own horn so little, and suffered so much detraction because of his silence, that the public at this time owes him full attention for what he submits as his claims to indorsement in November.

THE VERTICAL FAN.

One Ticket, One Seat, Says a Polo Grounds Standee.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Although the stands at the Polo Grounds probably have the largest seating capacity of any stand on either the American or National League circuit, there are days when the capacity of the stands is taxed to the limit. When teams like the Cubs and the Pirates play here, teams that keep the Giants hustling all the way, crowds of 30,000 people and over jam into the grounds. The people begin to flow through the gates about noon time, and when the game gets under way they are still coming through the turnstiles.

On occasions like these there is not enough room to seat all who pay admissions and are allowed to enter the grounds. No mention is made to these people when they are buying their tickets at the box offices of the lack of seats. As long as they plank down their money they are allowed to enter. Once in they are left to shift for themselves. If they got to the grounds early they would find plenty of seats, so why should the management worry?

That theory may be all right from the management's viewpoint, but not from the public's. Nobody can thoroughly enjoy a ball game or any other amusement while standing up. There are some people who get into the grounds when all the seats are occupied who are fortunate enough to find standing room from which an unimpeded view of the game can be obtained. They are the ones who get into the grounds in time to locate themselves behind the last row of seats, and they are able to look over the heads of those sitting down. Some of the unfortunates walk down the aisles and sit on the cement steps. Just when they are comfortably seated and beginning to get interested in the game a white capped fire official comes along and drives them out of the aisles. The constant shifting of the unfortunates greatly inconveniences people in the seats. Their view of the game is interfered with and outbursts of rowdyism take place.

If the management sold a limited number of tickets there would be less rowdyism and no need of firemen to clear the aisles.

NEW YORK, August 3. P. G.

HOME OF THE SENUSSI.

The Oasis of Kufra One of the Most Inaccessible Regions of the World.

Alexandria correspondence London Post.

Outside the polar regions the most inaccessible spot in the world is the Oasis of Kufra, but since the war in Tripoli it has been frequently mentioned, owing to reports that the Sheikh el-Senussi intends taking an active share in the fighting against the Italians.

As soon as the Italians attempt to penetrate inland the world will hear still more of the head of the great Moslem sect whose base of communications with the rest of the world of Islam has been cut off by the seizure of Tripoli and Cyrenaica.

Some interesting information has just come through from the Oasis of Dakhla, which lies to the west of the Kharga Oasis, now connected with the Nile Valley by a railway, with respect to Kufra. So remote is this oasis and so far is it removed from the ordinary caravan routes used by the traders in the eastern end of the Sahara that it is generally believed in Dakhla that only two men are acquainted with the route from there to Kufra. These are the Sheikh Mahoub and his son.

February is the latter arrived at Dakhla with a caravan from Kufra to fetch his father and at the same time to do a little trading. The men of the caravan were five in number, of whom three were Arabs, speaking the Maghrabi dialect. The others were of negro stock and in a low state of civilization. They wore dresses of sheep skins, and when a white man attempted to talk to them they ran away and hid their faces. They talk a language which the Arabs do not understand and know only a little Arabic.

From inquiries addressed to the young Sheikh Mahoub it was elicited that all the trade in Kufra is carried on by barter. There is no money, and any one wishing to buy a camel has to exchange for it a piece of cloth or a couple of daughters. In Kufra, he told my informant, there is considerable wealth in ivory and feathers, but they had brought none with them, so it is impossible to ascertain how far this is true.

They appeared, however, anxious to trade with Dakhla and Egypt, and a caravan, no doubt, before long will be able to make the journey. The Sheikh promised before leaving to tell the people of the advantages to be gained from trading with Egypt, and said that he would return to Dakhla.

The Rohlfs expedition in 1874 set out from Dakhla with the intention of reching Kufra, but after journeying only 165 kilometers the expedition had to turn, owing to reaching the shore of the great sand sea, which effectually prevented any further progression westward. Rohlfs then went in a direction parallel to the sand dunes and reached the Siwa Oasis after a weary march of many days. Since then no European has ever penetrated west of Dakhla.

NAMING THE MUSE'S BABY.

Out of the Jerseys Comes Bubbling a Rival of the Flatbush Choir.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* After a long period of gestation I am delivered of the following:

The golden pleasures of authorship are not bliss without alloy of baser metal. The taint of commercialism is upon all art. One dreams of an Elysian state wherein he might write with no less sordid motive than the joys of composition and the warming glow of altruistic consciousness. And yet a favorite theme of the poets has ever been the flight of the muse from her wooers when the whirligig of Fortune favors them. As Prosperity enters at the door, she, capricious mistress, flies out at the window. Traditionally she is more at home in the garret than in the drawing room. Adversity is the mother of belles lettres.

The wicked fates having endowed me with that questionable blessing (or, an you will, unquestionable curse), the cacoethes scribendi, and reenforced the aspiration with some slight modicum of inspiration, considerable facility and occasional flashes of felicity, I earn my bread at a copy reader's desk and my butter by the sale of rhymed and metered effusions "on the side." In the precious hours of slippered ease I write; there is the gold. In the hours of shirtsleeved toil I peddle my wares; and there is the alloy. I do not love the tumult of the marketplace.

Here is a poem lately wrought. It is complete, as nearly perfect of its kind as my simple art can make it. And without vaunting pride or hypocritic modesty I venture the assertion that it is—well, rather a neat little thing. It is not grandly epic, like Milton, nor so sweetly lyric as Tennyson; perhaps (should the blue pencil underline the word I shall be found quite amenable to discipline)—*perhaps*, then, it is more like Poe.

There is wisdom in it, yet it is not boresome. It has a little of wit, minus the sting in the tail of wit; and more of hope and happy smiles than of tears and tears. On the whole, as candid analysis leads me to think, a rather "decent" combination of substance and grace, a well compounded mixture of the grave and the gay; a happy blend, a pleasing antinomy.

But, alas! Complete in body, skeletal structure, vestiture of flesh, it lacks a head!

It is a wise author who writes to fit a preselected caption. I was not wise. Now I am in the unenviable position of a young parent choosing a name for the new baby. "What's in a name?" Fate!

Frankly, mine is the materialistic, coldly realistic impulse. The label should tell the story of the goods. Suppose the verses go to *Blank's Monthly*. Ah, then the fitting title would be "The Next Month's Rent," or "The Landlord Forestalled for Thirty Days." If the poem goes into the *Whatyoumaycallem Weekly*, a finer sense of proportion would dictate "A Ton of Coal"; and in the Sunday supplement, "Shoes for the Baby."

But, bethink you, editors are a finical race. What one of them would "send up" "My Wife's Easter Bonnet," or "Owed to the Butcher," or even so fetching a caption as "The Price of My Night Out With the Boys"? Now I know why it is that no volume of verse, however classic, lacks in its list of contents that colorless, unstimulating, unsatisfying old fake of a title, "Song."

Meanwhile, with a (permit me!) perfectly marketable pome on my hands, unsalable so long as it remains headless, and never a head in my head—I, who have always been a healthy, happy, sane and sound sort of a gink, cannot eat, sleep or do justice to my faithful briar. The children whimper, cowering in the corners; my wife makes furtive dabs at her dear eyes; meals are a torment; bedtime a relief, and Towser will not come out from under the kitchen table so long as I am in the house.

The Headless Horseman of Poetry Hollow haunts me. Would it be possible to create a demand for untitled verse? I appeal to my fellow bards and to every reader who has a spark of pity for the jaded Muse to besiege the editorial sanctum with petitions for the Poem Without a Label. Let us number our poems like bank checks and convicts. TEUFELSDRECKH.

ASBURY PARK, August 3.

Use for Chinese Temples.

From the Pekin Daily News.

In Canton and Honan there are a large number of temples to the memory of numerous deities about whom nothing or very little is known, and the only time one ever hears of them is once a year, when the priests are celebrating the birthday of the god or other festival. The new Government is of the opinion that without alienating public opinion or causing ill feeling many of these temples could be put to a much more useful purpose by being given into the hands of the educational commissioner to turn into schools. The matter is receiving attention and the funds hitherto paid to a number of lazy priests and caretakers is to be devoted to education. Also the many celebrations held on the birthdays of the various gods are to be cancelled and the only festivals of this kind to be held are the Confucian celebrations.

"Ringers" in the Weevil Market.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The market for live boll weevils closed at Natchez to-day with a total of 47,600 bought June 29, July 6 and 13, at 50 cents a hundred. These prices were paid at the Natchez cotton oil mill for weevils caught in Adams county. The oil mill, local wholesale merchants and banks contributed the money for the purpose. To-night it was reported that most of the insects purchased were not the genuine article, many of them having been taken from cockleburrs.

Lucky Fathers.

Knicker—Our fathers didn't know beans.

Bocker—They didn't have to; they had beef.

ECHOES FROM THE SUBURBS.

Midsummer Exhibitions of Good Neighborly Feeling.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May I inquire why of late your columns have ceased their witty hoots at our provincial graft and corruption? NONPLUSSED.

PITTSBURG, August 4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* And yours is the journal of enlightenment that has always taken such pleasure in pointing to Chicago as the "bloody city" through the streets of which it was not safe to walk unarmed or without a bodyguard!

Chicago in its palmiest days of crime never could claim such a record as your vaunted and effete (sic) metropolis, and even London, of whose population and prestige you are so jealous, is a Chautauqua settlement compared to your "dark and bloody ground." Jackson, Ky., Dodge City, Kan., Hillsville, Va., and Red Dog, Dak., are all Gardens of Eden alongside of your boasted and stuckup homicide hamlet. To be sung to the tune that Nero fiddled in Rome:

Talk about the Wild West, talk about the Plains,
Talk about your awful, bloody holdup games;
They never were a marker to the Indians to day,
They are quartersecting people up and down Broadway.

(Chicago papers please copy.)

NONAME.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, August 3.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

High Scaffolding From Which He Watched the Battle.

From the London Telegraph.

Considerable discussion has taken place on a reference in the June number of the *Corahill Magazine* to a platform which Napoleon is said to have ascended at Waterloo in order to view the battle. The reference occurs in an article by Dr. W. H. Fitchett, who reproduces several letters written by the distinguished surgeon Sir Charles Bell from Waterloo, where he rendered much assistance to the wounded. Sir Charles thus describes the platform:

"About half a mile of ascent brought us to the position of Bonaparte. This is the highest ground in the Pays Bas. I climbed up one of the pillars of the scaffolding, as I was wont to do after birds' nests, but I found me more heavy. We got a ladder from the farm court; it reached near the first platform. I mounted and climbed with some difficulty; none of the rest would venture, so I feel rather youthful. The view magnificent. I was only one-third up the machine, yet it was a giddy height. Here Bonaparte stood surveying the field.

"This position of Bonaparte is most excellent; the machine had been placed by the side of the road, but he ordered it to be shifted. The shifting of this scaffolding shows sufficiently the power of confidence and the resolution of the man. It is about sixty feet in height. I climbed upon it four times the length of my body, by exact measurement, and this was only the first stage. I was filled with admiration of a man of his habit of life, who could stand perched on a height of sixty-five feet above everything and contemplate, see and manage such a scene."

Further light is thrown on the nature of the "scaffold" by a letter from Sir Harry Poland to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which he recalls that Sir Walter Scott rode over the field of Waterloo in August, 1815, and in the same month, writing to the Duke of Buccleuch, said:

"The story of his (Napoleon's) having an observatory erected for him is a mistake. There is such a thing, and he repaired to it during the action; but it was built or erected some months before for the purpose of trigonometrical survey of the country by the King of the Netherlands."

This letter, he points out, appears in Lockhart's "Life of Scott." Sir Harry also quotes extracts from *Notes and Queries* and Kelly's "History of the French Revolution and Subsequent Wars" to the same effect.

BETTER SO.

Father O'Flanagan Gone. Let Peace Dwell in Celtic Breasts of Fire.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Bull-moosing and Gaelic literature go ill together. If the genealogical "translations" which have reduced Brianborukery to its lowest dimension in Th. Hibernicus are a sample of the translations to be expected from Father O'Flanagan's aggregation of "Gaelic" stars, the "Gaelic Literature Association" will become a laughing stock. 'Tis true that Teddy once had published a fine essay on Gaelic sagas. (Mind you, I don't say that his scholarly friend Professor Maurice Francis Egan wrote it.) And Governor Foss and Governor Lee Cruce, who are Teddy's right and left bower on the fine stationery of the new society, are Gaels who eat sagas for breakfast.

These three pillars of Father O'Flanagan's "non-political" Gaelic glory—this three legged stool, as it were, upon which he was to sit milking the community on behalf of the "Gaelic Literature Association"—should sustain a literary monument as big as the MacGillicuddy's Reeks, and when it labors it will undoubtedly produce a little Gaelic bullmoose worthy of the entire outfit.

Its future—alas! its future is behind it. The Gaelic Literature Association is now a "headless coach," that ghostly vehicle that used to frighten us long ago when we were gossoons in Ireland. The penetrating rays of THE SUN have dried up the nimbus of humbug which surrounded the project while it was a-boiling. Father O'Flanagan has been suddenly called back to Erin, whither he sailed about a week ago to resume, it is to be hoped, the duties of his sacred vocation, freed at last from the intolerable burden of his long mission in America.

The originator of this brilliant but indefinite project being gone, the intensely active, enthusiastic and forceful character of Father O'Flanagan having been withdrawn from it, there is nothing worth mentioning left to work the machinery to a successful issue.

Better so. Had it been a success financially the looseness of its financial provisions, the irresponsible and indefinite character of its central management, its vague purposes and the vague "agencies" which might have come within its financial benefactions would each and all tend to create dissatisfaction and perhaps scandal.

NEW YORK, August 3. GAEL.

Rose Rust.

From the Gardener.

Rose rust, more popularly known as orange or red rust, is a disease attacking both the foliage and the wood of roses, causing considerable disfiguration, to say nothing of harm to the trees.

In its early stage the disease is of a clear yellow, changing later to a reddish hue, and lastly to a dark or black color, this toward the autumn, when its final development is accomplished. During this period three forms of spore are produced, the two former reproducing during the same season, the latter resting. This last passes the winter within the tissues of the wood or among the decaying foliage, by which means the disease becomes perpetuated. Though appearing only as minute specks on the wood or foliage in the first instance, it quickly spreads and becomes difficult to eradicate.

Repression consists in handpicking the affected foliage, coupled with the complete removal of attacked wood, and the application at frequent intervals of a good fungicide, sprayed, not syringed, upon the trees. Bordeaux mixture and sulphide of potassium solution are excellent for the purpose.

Mental Reservations.

From the Washington Star.

The photographic films will show the features of our choice
The phonographs will let us know the music of his voice.
The various publications will set forth from day to day
The various things our leader's friends believe he ought to say.
Oh, never for a moment from the public gaze he shrinks,
And yet we sometimes wonder what he actually thinks.

We know the color of his hair, the contour of his nose;
The pattern of his waistcoats and the color of his hose;
We know the games he likes to play when daily work is through,
But public need must regulate what statesmen are and do.
He sometimes seems to offer us the riddle of a sphinx
As we gaze at him and wonder what he actually thinks.

SAY IT'S MORE LUCK FOR CONGRESSMAN COX

Ohio Political Observers So Regard Dillon's Withdrawal From Race.

REPUBLICANS LOSE HEAD

No One to Run for Governor Against Dayton Man—Third Ticket Blamed.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Aug. 3.—"It's more of 'Cox's luck.'" This was an expression frequently heard about Ohio during the last week, when Republicans of the State were thrown into a near panic by the realization that they had a headless State ticket. The expression referred to the fortuitous circumstances which have marked the career of Congressman James M. Cox, Democratic nominee for Governor. Fifteen years ago he went to Dayton with a few hundred dollars, saved after several years hard work as reporter and private secretary to the late Congressman Paul J. Sorg, wealthy tobacco man of Middletown, and used it to such good advantage, together with his native pluck and brains and the aforesaid luck, that he is now so well off financially as to be in a position to play with politics. Things have broken very nicely for him, it's true, but his success hardly can be attributed to luck.

It must be admitted, however, that when he went to Dayton that city of 70,000 presented a situation with regard to newspapers not paralleled in another city equally large and progressive; for while as newspaper publisher he had rivals he had no real competitors, and when he decided to run for Congress he also had rivals, but these same rivals, representing of course a divided opposition, made his entry into Washington from a district then normally Republican a genuine cinch. He twice has been reelected and both times, of course, has benefited by Republicans being split several ways, factionally speaking.

In June he was nominated for Governor in a walkaway. In two weeks the Chicago convention caused enough turmoil to pave his way toward the State Capitol and a month later, to make assurance of his landing the Governor's office doubly sure, the Republican candidate, Judge E. B. Dillon, suddenly decided to quit the ticket. Another exemplification of the Cox luck, people said.

Ohio Democrats, from present indications, don't have to bestir themselves to any great extent to win the Governorship this fall. This, too, in a State where six years ago a Republican nomination was considered equivalent to an election. With the prestige of three successive victories in the State, the Democrats are laying their plans with every confidence of winning again.

There is an element of doubt, of course for in 1904 Roosevelt carried Ohio by a quarter of a million plurality and last spring, in a primary with Taft as his opponent, he carried the State with a margin of 47,000. Republicans and Roosevelt supporters think the State ticket with Dillon at the head was destined to be a puller of votes. A new Gubernatorial candidate, if his name appears on both tickets, as is proposed by Roosevelt men, may develop some strength if Roosevelt comes into the State to campaign for the ticket, but the chances at this time all are favorable to a Cox victory and this may mean the same thing as the Harmon landslide of two years ago, when a bunch of Democratic candidates for Congress, the judiciary and county offices, limped in.

Ohio Roosevelt men, in suggesting a fusion movement whereby the regular Republican nominees would be put on both the Republican and bull moose party tickets, without being compelled to pledge themselves to Roosevelt support—a plan upon which Taft leaders distinctly frowned—may have made the proposal without authority, for Col. Roosevelt may veto the plan at Chicago Monday, when he is consulted. The President's friends will fight the suggestion and use their influence in the State committee to have selected as the party nominee in place of Judge Dillon an out and out Taft man. The Taft people control the committee, but there is some difference of opinion among them and a few members of the committee counted favorable to the President are said to see a ray of hope for the party in the State if fusion can be arranged. Just now there seems to be slim prospects of the committee selecting a nominee who would join the other candidates or be permitted to join them in accepting a Roosevelt indorsement.

The Taft members of the committee who are disposed to favor the proposed attempt at party harmony are said to include the two Cincinnati members, Senator Fred Bader and Peter W. Durr. Their tentative adhesion to the plan indicates the opinion of leaders of the Cincinnati Republican organization that it would aid in the election of the Hamilton county ticket.

Chairman Brown did not ask the Taft members to act upon the proposal this week, but to give it consideration and be prepared to act August 10, when a nominee is to be selected.

Most of the Taft committeemen and the Taft leaders on the ground, including Harry M. Daugherty, Lewis C. Laylin and William H. Miller of Wilmington, scouted the proposal as impossible of consideration by any Taft adherent. They are in search of a candidate who would be an undisguisable Taft candidate. The Taft men frankly say they wish to do nothing until after the Bull Moose convention. The Roosevelt men say petitions to nominate a Roosevelt State ticket will not be started until after that convention.

Without a single word of comment the committee heard read and then accepted the resignation of Judge Dillon. Judge Dillon did not appear before the committee. He sent a tersely phrased statement. That document did not fully meet the expectations either of the Taft or Roosevelt men.

His declaration, "Mr. Taft, whom I shall support, is now justly entitled