The Sun.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 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 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	75

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, Bingham House, 1 Arundel street, Strand.

Paris office, 6 Rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.

Washington office, Hibbs Building.

Brooklyn office, 105 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 75 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.

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Standard Oil and the Standard of Virtue.

With the quarrel between Senator PENROSE and his former Republican associates in the State of Pennsylvania THE SUN has no concern. It prints this morning an extensive report of his speech yesterday in the Senate. It would be interesting to know the innermost thoughts of THEODORE ROOSEVELT when he reads it. The subject is not new; Mr. ROOSEVELT has several times solemnly denied that he had any knowledge that a part of the vast sum raised in 1904 to elect him to the Presidency came from the Standard Oil Company. That it did there can be no doubt; the doubt is, "Did he know it?"

He swears no.

Can it be possible that his position is based on the fact that there was only one man who could clear up the mystery? There was one, but he is dead. He was too honorable to betray the confidence of a private conversation. He suffered in silence and only complained that he had been deceived. By a curious irony of fate that man if he had consented would have succeeded WILLIAM MCKINLEY, but he declined the nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1900 and THEODORE ROOSEVELT took it. His name was CORNELIUS N. BLISS.

The Cost of Meat.

This letter comes home to the business and stomach of everybody:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUNDAY SUN of August 18 was an extract from the *National Provisioner* explaining the high cost of meat. The cause is, of course, a supply inadequate to the demand, with the inevitable result, high prices.

"Now, I am a simple minded man in the street with more or less profound ignorance as to political economy. HORACE GREELEY used to say, 'The way to resume is to resume,' and I should say, the way to overcome the deficiency in meat is to increase the supply, instead of which, do we not prevent that increase by practically forbidding foreign importations? I am not writing this for the purpose of airing my crude views, but, like thousands of others who would like to know the truth, I seek information.

"Why don't we increase our supplies by putting cattle and meat on the free list? What caused the repeal of the Corn Laws in England some eighty or so years ago was the actual starvation of the people. Must we wait for such a calamity before repealing the tariff on foodstuffs? The workingman has to buy food, whatever else he goes without, and if he has to spend about all his wages on provisions he has nothing left to buy other things, and that makes it bad for business in general. Cheap food is the very essence of national prosperity.

"I shall be very glad if THE SUN will enlighten, not only me, but its vast circle of readers who look to it for accurate information on matters that affect their daily lives. FRANCIS GREY.

"PHALANX, N. J., August 21."

THE SUN believes that the tariff duty of 27½ per cent. on live stock and 22 per cent. on meats should be abolished. As to what extent the American price of meat would be lessened thereby, to what extent meat from Argentina, Australia and other cattle raising and exporting countries would be stimulated thereby, we have no idea. The problem of the price of food of any kind is too complicated, various and obscure for any cocksure expressions about it or the remedies for it. But this prohibitory tariff should be knocked off. It is at best a needless obstruction and irritation.

It would be premature, however, and might lead to eventual disappointment to expect too much from these or any proposed reductions of the tariff, should they be made. The price of meat may or may not be artificially raised in the United States. The general, we might almost say universal, increase in the cost of living can have no local causes, though it may have local and relievable aggravations.

The Primary Ballot.

The suggestion of the Hon. RAYMOND B. FOSDICK, ex-Commissioner of Accounts, in his report to the Mayor that the election district be made the unit for primary voting and the voter thus required to vote for but two instead of thirty or more members of the county committee is manifestly sensible, but it only corrects in detail a law which is in totality absurd and unsatisfactory and reveals in other directions than in the twenty foot ballot its essential weakness.

As it stands to-day New York has the semblance of direct primaries without the fact. Instead of a simple and consistent application of direct primary principles the law which the Democratic Legislature of 1911 passed and Governor DIX signed alike offends those who honestly believe in the direct primary as a proper method to reform existing political evils and those who with equal honesty believe it is a flight from a known evil to a whole host of dangerous experiments.

Since it satisfies no one the existing subterfuge should be repealed. It should be repealed because as a law it cannot be applied and contributes to render all election laws ridiculous, but it should also be repealed because it is a sham, an effort to dodge an issue and deceive a public which is not to be taken in by so sorry a device.

Forty-nine Blind "Pork" Butchers

The Democratic National Committee ought to have the Democratic national platform of 1912 printed in raised letters for the blind "pork" butchers of the House. For example, this passage of the Baltimore creed:

"The party that proclaimed and has always enforced the Monroe Doctrine, and was sponsor for the new navy, will continue faithfully to observe the constitutional requirements to provide and maintain an adequate and well proportioned navy sufficient to defend American policies, protect our citizens and uphold the honor and dignity of the nation."

On Tuesday forty-nine Democrats voted against the conference report on the naval appropriations bill; forty-nine Democrats kicked against the construction of even one battleship.

More long promise and short performance; millions for "pork" and not a cent to "uphold the honor and dignity of the nation."

Forty-nine Democrats that will do their party and their country all the good in their power by being left at home next fall.

Mr. Strauss and the Ballet.

Across the western ocean comes the portentous news that RICHARD STRAUSS is going to compose the music of a ballet. Many things have happened to the dance in recent years. It has gone on, but joy has not always been unconfined. LOIE FULLER illuminated it with changing lights and waved her gauzy draperies in imitation of the butterfly, so that an entirely new species of dance spectacle was brought before the enraptured public gaze and even Paris was enthralled.

ISADORA DUNCAN, however, found another method of investing the dance with new charms. She abolished the antiquated tights, the satin slippers, the rigid toe, the umbrella skirts and almost everything else except herself. A little flimsy drapery interposed itself in a diaphanous pretence of modesty between the new dancer and the astonished public. Miss DUNCAN, eager to give to her airy nothings a local habitation and a name, proceeded to dance nocturnes and ballades of CHOPIN and other compositions not designed for terpsichorean uses, and finally with the aid of WALTER DAMROSCH she undulated and leaped through the whole of BEETHOVEN'S seventh symphony.

Fortunately for the dance, PAVLOWA and MORDKINE came to these hospitable shores and restored such classics as "Coppélia" to their pristine place in the public esteem. But one element of delight in such ballets is the old fashioned dance music, which such a composer as DELIBES filled with irresistible grace and charm. All this will now undoubtedly be changed, for the arch realist of Germany is going to take up the ballet and reform it as he has already reformed the music drama and the operetta.

As yet the subject to be treated by Mr. STRAUSS is not announced, but it is certain that no such trifle as "Sylvia" or "Coppélia" will attract his attention. Possibly the pursuit of *Orestes* by the *Furies* will interest him and we may expect a score calling for at least 125 instruments, including all varieties of phones and horns. Or the story of the Cyclops may be chosen and fifty kettledrums tuned in different keys may accompany the dance.

But what would appear to be the most suitable ballet subject for Mr. STRAUSS is the ancient dance of death. Into a ballet of this type the distinguished composer of "Salome" and "Elektra" could introduce all the horrors of orchestral music and all the tragedy of pantomime. LOIE FULLER'S dance of fire, ISADORA DUNCAN'S "interpretation" of the seventh symphony, the *Swannhilde* of PAVLOWA and the statuesque bowman of MORDKINE would all shrink to the dimensions of theatrical quibbles compared with the ponderous and appalling spectacle and the stunning music of the new ballet of RICHARD STRAUSS. Let us hope that there is still enough money in the possession of some theatrical syndicate to bring this new thing to America. Mr. STRAUSS'S prices are now unfortunately so high that no single manager, not even OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, can afford him.

The Salt Air Fallacy.

Among current medical notions, the belief in some peculiar virtue of salt air has long held sway, even among people of intelligence. They insist that salt air is superior as a vacation resort to the air of the fields, of forests or mountains, and that a change from one to the other is of the utmost potency in the maintenance of health and vigor. That the air in the vicinity of the seashore is laden with salt is a fallacy that would probably be insisted upon by ninety-five out of one hundred otherwise well informed people; and yet the slightest reflection would reveal the fact that salt, being heavier than air, cannot remain suspended in the latter.

It is true that the air is intermittently impregnated with salt on shores upon which the sea is driven with so much force that the spray is dashed high into the air. In this instance even the individual who regards salt air as possessing remedial properties, of a more or less undefinable character usually, would receive the moisture of the spray combined with the salt which is dissolved in it. These may reach the mucous lining of the mouth, so as to impart a salt taste. The latter is often cited as unerring proof that the air contains salt. The error is obvious. There is no evidence in the writings or teachings of physicians to demonstrate any remedial or prophylactic virtue from contact of the mucous lining of the mouth or throat with salt dissolved in sea water. The action must be entirely local. Many intelligent persons regard the inhalation of salt air as of value, without having any definite idea of the latter. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that in institutions in which inhalations are a specialty salt applications do not reach far beyond the external parts of the windpipe and that even the most skilfully applied inhalations do not reach the smaller bronchial tubes. This fact may convince believers in the possibility of inhaling "salt air" that even if "the cottage by the sea" were surrounded by it the normal act of respiration would prevent its entrance into the lungs.

There is, nevertheless, great potency in this air, and a change from the city, town or farm brings comfort, joy, refreshment, vigor, as does a change to mountain or any air other than that we inspire wherever we earn our daily bread. The air over the sea is probably most free from impurities, because there is absence of contamination with products of animal or vegetable decomposition, which is possible even on a mountain summit.

The practical lesson to be deduced from the above would be that not the change of air but the change of environment involved is responsible for the beneficent results. Emancipation from the noise and turmoil of the busy mart and crowded streets, in which the eye and ear are constantly offended; freedom from family, business or professional worries; new faces or contact with persons on pleasure bent who imbue one with the holiday spirit, mingling with people of one's choice only, absence of dissipations and amusements involving late hours, change of food for the worse usually which is not partaken in unwholesome abundance, these and other influences conspire to bring to the town and city toiler health or recuperation. Many sensible people, however, fail to obtain the latter because regarding the air as the chief agency they continue to brood over their worries; they do not change their habits of thought and action or their amusements or recreations; salt air does not avail, neither does mountain or other air.

A Philippine admirer has just presented the Hon. CHAMP CLARK with a 212 pound clam shell, but, as usual, some one else got the meat.

If the Frenchman who has invented an apparatus which enables him to walk on the bottom of the Seine for twenty minutes were an American he could organize a middle of the river party.

I never conceded any States to the Republicans.—*The Hon. JOSEPHUS DANIELS of N. C., chairman of the D. C. C. P. B.*

A Daniels come to judgment. What wag accused JOSEPHUS of concessions? He never concedes or recedes; and he hasn't seceded since he gave up in despair in 1908, after Mr. BRYAN'S third trial, and retired to his lodge in the Dismal Swamp.

Mrs. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN may find solace in the fact that the Hon. SAMUEL J. TILDEN once had his pockets picked in a similar public service.

The Indianapolis accident suggests that the Democratic platform is the first to give way under the strain of the campaign.

The Hon. ANGELO GEORGE WASHINGTON PERKINS of Bullmoosia will be greatly interested in the conditions of woman labor in the Auburn plant of the Osborne Twine Company, a branch of the International Harvester Company, whereof the Hon. GEORGE WALBRIDGE PERKINS is a director.

CHEAPER FOOD.

Are Americans Eating Up to Near the Limit of Farm Production?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The rate of increase in American farm products is only one-tenth as great as the rate of increase in the country's population. Since the mouths to feed are multiplying ten times as rapidly as the wherewithal to appease them, who can check the growing cost of living?

Only a little while ago out of every five bushels of wheat raised in the United States one bushel was sold to Europe. Now we are lucky to spare one bushel out of every seven.

An Illinois farmer can drive a thousand pound steer into Chicago and receive $105 in good money for him. The same farmer can easily recall the day when $50 was a snug price for a similar animal.

Year by year farm products cut a smaller figure in this country's huge foreign trade. We used what our farmers produce right at home.

Can tariff laws or any other laws that our stump speakers bellow about alter these facts? The tariff has precious little to do with what comes upon the table, and what comes upon the table is responsible for a large part of every man's outlay.

To sell steel and iron in Europe during Lincoln's time would have been as profitable as carrying coals to Newcastle, but now we are exporting at the rate of $300,000,000 annually. To the manufacturer and not the farmer is due the truly magnificent foreign trade balance which this country enjoys.

We are eating up nearer and nearer to the total output of the farms. As the average amount of food grown for each person becomes less and less the price of it naturally becomes greater.

The apostle of discontent may scatter as he will the promises of putting more in the pay envelope. What the worker really wants is not a prettier spoon with which to eat, but cheaper food.

The only way to get cheaper food is to produce more food, and even a Presidential candidate cannot change that fact as he might change his opinion about a third cup of coffee. H. L. C.

PHILADELPHIA, August 21.

Frolic Bostonians.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Under the above heading are communications from rollickers, one 104 years of age from Washington, another past 62 from Lowell, Mass., the "young" man advising the "antediluvian" to read Barrie's "Better Dead," &c.

It's just like you. Why not leave us here alone? Remember, few of us belong to the Ancient and Honorable, your mortal enemies.

Please give staid Bostonians half a chance, and allow the ribald crowd from other cities to fight it out between themselves.

BOSTON, August 21. JAY I. SEE.

The Ancients are the mortal enemies not of THE SUN but of Thirst.

A Kentuckian's Ride.

From the Hazard Herald.

Robert L. Brashears, who lives on Suddy, a tributary of Carr's Fork, was riding down the branch Wednesday when his horse took fright at a girth dangling from a saddle that he was carrying behind him and of a sudden swept down the branch at lightning speed, overtaking a yoke of cattle standing in the narrow path on the hillside, and there being no way around them the horse went between them, clearing the yoke, while the rider still held his position in the saddle, but the strain burst the girth and Mr. Brashears fell off near an embankment twenty feet high and narrowly escaped with his life. Strange to say, neither horse nor rider was hurt.

"CURMUDGEON."

Some Records of the History of an Excellent Expressive Word.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A reader of THE SUN recently asked for the original meaning of "curmudgeon." The first use of the word recorded by Murray is found in Richard Stanyhurst's "Description of Ireland," which appeared in Holinshed's "Chronicles" in 1577. For brevity the extract has the soul of wit: "Such a clownish curmudgeon!" No more, no less.

According to the unfortunate Thomas Wright, who from 1577 to 1585 was "tossed about from prison to prison till shipped to Hull and sent into banishment," cormogions, as he spelled the term, were a source of trouble to him, for in his "Passions" (1604) he asks: "Why do covetous cormogions distil the best substance of their brains to get riches?" Other records show that the species, besides being clownish and covetous, were greedy (1558), rich (1705) and penurious (1824), as well as thankless (1880). Washington Irving in "The Tales of a Traveller" says he "had a rich uncle, a penurious, accumulating curmudgeon," for which he doesn't seem to have had much respect. Here, then, we have the curmudgeon characterized, and from Irving's reference learn that he is of the male species. But what is he, and whence came he? The first lexicographer to attempt a definition that I have been able to find is John Kersey, who in his "Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum, or General English Dictionary," published in 1708, tells us that the curmudgeon is "a covetous Hunks, or niggardly fellow." A "Hunks," he states, is, "as a mere Hunks, a base, covetous Wretch." Nathan Bailey tried his hand a few years later (1721) and described the curmudgeon not merely as "a covetous Hunks" but "a pitiful, niggardly, close fisted fellow," which goes to show that within the space of a few years the curmudgeon was raised from the ignominy of a "wretch" to the dignity of a "fellow." It was left, however, to Dr. Samuel Johnson to give the world a variety of entertaining information on the subject. Said he at the outset, taking pains to credit "an unknown correspondent":

Curmudgeon, n. s. (It is a vitious manner of pronouncing cœur méchant, Fr.) an avaritious, churlish fellow; a miser; a niggard; a churl; a griper.

Swift wailed that the "curmudgeon lubberds" locked their wine and their victuals from his sight in cellars and cupboards. Walker in his dictionary (1791) retained all but the "churl" of Johnson's definition. But Dr. Ash was not so fortunate, for the second edition of his dictionary is best known for the blunder made in transcribing anonymous etymology supplied to Johnson. Ash gave it "from the French 'cœur,' unknown, and 'méchant,' a correspondent."

Dr. Skeat, who in his new Etymological Dictionary (1910) defines the word as "a covetous, stingy fellow," says that its etymology is wholly unknown, yet places on record while dissenting from the etymology preferred by Dr. March a corruption of "cornmudgin" from "corn," grain, plus Old French "muchier," hide. Dr. Skeat thinks that the spelling is forced and that the first syllable is not really a derivative of "corn." Dr. Murray commenting thereon says that "the occurrence in Holland's 'Livy' of 'cornmudgin' had led to the suggestion that this was the original form, with the meaning 'concealer or hoarder of corn.'" He adds that the fact that the first syllable is "cur," the dog, is worthy of note. Following this up we have "cur," a mean, ill disposed person, and "mudgeon" (or Scottish "murgeon"), bodily antic, grimace; and then it is not a long step to the original use, "a clownish, covetous person." Booth derived the term from the Anglo-Saxon "ceorl," churl, and "modigan," minded, that is "churl minded."

FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

NEW YORK, August 21.

"TRIAL BY HEADLINE."

A Word for the Police From One Who Believes in Justice Slow but Sure.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit an old reader of THE SUN to offer a word of congratulation on your position on the subject which monopolizes public attention at the present moment. Two separate investigations of the police graft scandal are now in progress, either of which is competent to bring out the facts; and the cooler heads in the community are willing to await the result without attempting to prejudge the case. Your dignified protest against "trial by headlines" was both timely and to the point. Such a procedure is not only manifestly unjust but fraught with danger to the common weal. Especially is this true when those in authority are the objects of attack. The man who would wantonly excite the minds of the populace against their rulers is a criminal. His inflammatory harangues are in the nature of an incitement to riot and murder.

What a torrent of righteous indignation has deluged the unfortunate Police Department! What a fine field for the virtuous Pharisee who gives thanks to God that he is not like other men, especially those rascally police! And yet recent developments would indicate that the clamor is raised by some of the accusers, like the cry of "Stop thief!" to divert suspicion from their own doors. If the graft probe could be made universal it would be found that "there are others" almost without number. Of course there are corrupt men on the police force. There always was and there always will be a certain percentage of crooked men in the department. It would be strange indeed were it otherwise. We are not living in Utopia. The man who expects to find perfection in any organized body of men should be committed to an institution for the care of the feeble minded.

It is a safe guess that for honesty and integrity the members of our police force will compare favorably with any other class of our citizens. Indeed there is reason to believe that the other classes would suffer in comparison, for policemen before appointment undergo an examination which gives some assurance that they are reputable citizens, and this is more than can be said for their defamers. H. F. L.

NEW YORK, August 21.

Origin of a Highly Idealized Portrait.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Both THE SUN and "E. T." seem to be ignorant of the facts with respect to Governor Wilson's campaign picture. Governor Wilson did not sit for this portrait. It was painted from his speech of acceptance.

E. W. GRAY.

NEWARK, N. J., August 21.

A Glen Ridge Humorist Rebuked.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I'll wager my month's salary that the brakeman on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western whom that "simp" from Glen Ridge refers to in his so-called funny letter in to-day's issue of your paper as "George" earns more salary than he does.

And perhaps if he did not use "George" so much he might have more light.

ANOTHER TRAINMAN.

HARRISBURG, Pa., August 20.

A Japanese Merchant's Sympathetic View.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. "Hiram Holdfast" fails to appreciate such virtues as the road he speaks of possesses. Under the management of the ordinary cold blooded corporation the rolling stock in question would be retired to the scrap heap, but under the careful supervision of "Black Hannah," cars that would ordinarily be termed aged and infirm are operated daily and are as lively and skittish as much younger stock. Surely such consideration for material things is worthy of comment; and furthermore, at the Hoboken Terminal they maintain a "Waiting Room for Boats," as he who runs may read. F.

NEW YORK, August 21.

Another Glory of the Hoosier Muse—Ode to Tanner's Creek.

From the Lawrenceburg Press.

O Tanner's Creek! O Tanner's Creek!
Thou art so green and likewise thick,
There's something in thee makes me sick,
O Tanner's Creek! O Tanner's Creek!

A moving mixture—sluggish, slow—
Thou wert not always thusly so;
For in the years of long ago
There was in thee more H_2O.

But now from thee and from each bank,
Where weeds grow riotous and lank,
Ariseth oders loud and rank
Worse than a desiccating tank.

O Tanner's Creek! I long to see
A wholesome change soon wrought in thee
Which shall restore thy purity,
O Tanner's Creek! When shall it be?

EDWARD S. SMASHEY.

THE NUTMEG CAMPAIGN.

A Veteran of Last Week's War Shoulders His Crutch.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In answer to the criticism of the recent manœuvres contained in "W. W.'s" letter published in THE SUN of August 19, I should like to present the following facts:

I am a noncommissioned officer in a regiment which served throughout the entire period of the Connecticut manœuvres just concluded. Commencing Saturday night, when the rain nearly floated our camp away after we had turned in on an empty stomach, it was hike and hike and then some more hike all the week, often on cold rations and always in heavy marching order.

Our command had little or nothing to eat from Saturday noon, August 10, till Sunday, 4 P. M., August 11, except such rations as we had taken with us or had purchased en route. That this condition prevailed is no commentary upon our quartermaster's department, but upon the bad roads and torrential rains.

Our brigade fought a delaying action early in the week, and though somewhat tired from a hot engagement fought under a blazing sun and in heavy marching order, made a six mile hike which ended in a drenching rain, and made camp on a typical rockbound New England hilltop, drenched to the skin.

From then and up to the final engagement we hiked and hiked, always with a minimum of sickness, in fact almost none. Though there was a little grumbling, we do not anticipate any desertions, and from what I have heard from the men they would do the same stunt next year and also the next, to be thoroughly prepared for an emergency which may demand actual sacrifice in the future.

Now in regard to the complaints in the above from my limited point of view; and first as to the food.

In the purchasing of large quantities of provisions there always has been and no doubt always will be some small portion which may be unfit for consumption, and no doubt "W. W." has a cure for this evil. I know of only one instance where a portion of beef was questioned and was condemned.

As to the water supply. We at all times had a very bountiful supply of good fresh water for drinking, as well as bathing, and if "W. W.'s" command did not have a good supply they must have been too lazy to look for it, as we could always find plenty everywhere.

So far as clothing was concerned the general order from the military authorities provided for every contingency which would probably face us, and if "W. W.'s" command did not obey that order they have no one to blame but themselves.

Finally so far as the question of exposure is concerned. I do not believe any officer would place his men in a position where they would be unnecessarily exposed, though I do not deny that there might have been isolated instances. No doubt "W. W.'s" friends who did so suffer had their own ideas about camp sanitation and hygiene and disobeyed orders which were given and which are based upon many years of experience by competent authorities.

Speaking for myself, I had a bully time, and though I sprained my ankle in the final assault on the Reds and was carried home on a stretcher in consequence, I repeat I had a bully week and would do so again if ordered to go next year. A. R. DOUGLAS.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J., August 20.

DRINK RITUAL.

The Order of Precedence Between Wine and Beer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Oskar Walther's letter in reply to that of "A. L. P." has started in my mind a chain of thought, finally ending with memories of our old time German Thanksgiving dinners, where goose was substituted for turkey, "strapaze knodel" for mashed potatoes, sauerkraut for squash and "strudel" for pie.

When the accessories were produced and before the corks were drawn a discussion arose annually as to the correct translation of that old German classic:

Bier auf wein, das lasse sein, aber wein auf bier, das rath ich dir.

One faction would translate it:

Beer after wine, leave that alone, but wine after beer, that I advise.

The opposition would quote:

Beer after wine, that I permit, but wine after beer that I forbid.

After twenty years of argument the matter is still unsettled. Can any SUN reader assist us? EDMOND PAUL.

NEWARK, N. J., August 21.

VOYAGE OF THE SELANDIA.

Is the Time of Oil Driven Battleships Near at Hand?

From the London Express.

A long step toward the age of the oil driven battleship was taken yesterday when Rear Admiral Moore, Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy, and Engineer in Chief of the Fleet Sir Henry J. Oram went down to West India Dock on behalf of the Admiralty and were told the tale of the first voyage of the oil motor ship Selandia, belonging to the East Asiatic Company, which returned from Siam a few days ago.

The Selandia, the cleanest liner that ever sailed the seas, won the admiration of the Admiralty investigators, and her coalless record deeply impressed them.

"The Selandia has done her voyage of 21,000 miles without the smallest defect in her machinery being detected," the manager of the company said, "and she has consumed nine and a half tons of oil every twenty-four hours, instead of forty or forty-five tons of coal which she would have required if driven by steam engines.

"Her engines, which are Diesel engines improved by Messrs. Burmeister and Wain, Limited, of Copenhagen, burn crude oil, which is cheaper than coal. The ship can carry in her bottom tanks, which otherwise would be used for ballast, enough oil to take her to Siam and back, or further.

"If she were a steamship she would have to coal eight times on the round voyage instead of oiling once. Thus the Selandia saves on her fuel bill, saves all her bunker space, saves the time taken in coaling, saves wages of stokers, who are not required; saves dirt.

"We are so satisfied with the Selandia that we are having some more motor ships built, and Messrs. Burmeister and Wain, Limited, have enough orders on hand to last them for ten years. They will probably set up works in this country.

"We can carry enough oil for a six months voyage," said the captain, "and at the same time save the space that boilers and coal bunkers would occupy. That means we can carry 2,700 tons more cargo.

"We have saved about 35 per cent. in working cost, and with improvements it will be possible to save 50 per cent. We have a few more engine room men, but do without eight or nine stokers."

The only trace of smoke from the Selandia is a thin wisp which escapes from a small vent in one of the masts.

A few hours after the Admiralty officials visited the Selandia another motor ship, the Jutlandia, of 5,000 tons, came up the Thames. She is the second "oil liner" in the world, and also belongs to the East Asiatic Company.

The Campaigns in Tripoli and Morocco.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Allow a constant reader to congratulate you for that beautifully sensible editorial of to-day, "The Fighting in Morocco." When I read "the main idea is to permit the natives to wear out their energies in attacking strongly fortified French posts" and "the battles which follow these counter attacks are in reality slaughters," and, in fact, all that is written there, I cannot help drawing comparisons between what the French are doing in Morocco with what the Italians did and do in Tripoli, both strategies being so strikingly similar. Then, naturally, I come to ask why the Italians have been so misunderstood misinterpreted, slandered and belittled for doing what the French are praised about. I do not mean that your paper did that; but others did, and I would like that they learned from you how to write about things. RINO VENTURINI.

NEW YORK, August 21.

The Right of Way.

Florence J. Bouce in Lippincott's.

When father drove old Dobbin he sat upon his load
And frowned on every chauffeur who wanted half the road.
When father got an auto his feelings seemed to switch;
He glared at every horse he met unless it took the ditch.

THE SAVING MAN.

Let Him Consider the Virtues of the Savings Bank.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For the sake of the 200,000 young men of Greater New York who were given an advice by R. A. Dix through the medium of your editorial page, and in order to correct a common fallacy concerning the benefit a life insurance policy offers, I beg your permission to state a few facts succinctly and draw from them a logical if not obvious inference.

There is a savings bank in the vicinity of THE SUN office which pays 4 per cent. on all deposits. Deposit annually in that Gibraltar bank $28.50, reckon compound interest payable quarterly, and see if at the end of twenty years your accumulated savings will not amount to better by $100 than $711.32.

Both bank and insurance company purchase the use of your money, but the bank gives you the better bargain. The insurance man will likely claim, on the other hand, that withdrawal from a bargain with him being somewhat difficult because disadvantageous, the unstable young fellow is guaranteed in a measure against his own possible, nay probable, impulsive folly. Let such a one promptly take out an insurance policy, for of two evils one ought to always choose the less. It is better for him who has but small self-control to save even a lesser sum than to squander all. The thrifty, self-contained young man will find it more profitable to regularly deposit his savings in the bank.

Moreover, his money is more readily available, and no one knows what is going to happen. As for the steady man of fairly liberal means, let him liberally and rationally spend a becoming part of his income upon himself rather than furnish insurance people with means for their comfort and diversion. In the truncated language of laconic R. A. Dix, "needn't give up the cigars."

CHESTER, August 21. J. A. M.

AN INANIMATE THIEF.

A Complaint Against That Old Deceiver the Auto Scale.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* There are many devices for cheating the public, but the most irritating ones are the little ones—one, for example, which leaves the poor public staring, chagrined and stupefied with no means of redress against the instrument which has first invited it then betrayed it.

The betrayer which brings forth this protest is that little silvered over machine known as the "auto scale," which invites the fat, the lean and the middleweights to mount its platform.

The last time it deceived me it was particularly alluring. It had just received a fresh coat of silver, and it proclaimed that the weight given would be exact. Now, behold what happened. I mounted, dropped my penny in the slot and the indicator moved not a hair's breadth. Oh, how I hated that little auto scale! I couldn't get my penny back and I couldn't find out my weight. I wanted to punch it, to beat it. It was not an auto scale. It lied on its face. But who could help me? Not the ticket seller, not the guard. A frozen stare they would have given me if I had told them of my loss!

Now, why do not the owners of these little machines keep them in honest condition? And if it is impossible always to do that, why do they not have some method of making restitution? The pennies which have given no return, if piled up, would make a large sum.

There are many who have cause for complaint against them. AUTO-SUGGESTION.

NEW YORK, August 21.

A MODEST INQUIRY.

Which Must Be Respectfully Referred to the Colonel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am quite aware that Colonel Roosevelt is an infallible authority on all subjects on which he gives his judgment, but I am often unable to understand him.

He now says: "The more suits against trusts that are brought to a conclusion the way Mr. Wickersham brought to a conclusion the Standard Oil and Tobacco trust cases the better it will be for the trusts. If Mr. Wickersham will conduct to a similar conclusion a few more suits of the same kind he will confer benefits upon the trusts such as all of them put together cannot confer on themselves."

From this we can see that the Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts must be "delighted" with what has happened to them, but I wish you would explain to me why the Steel trust and the Harvester trust do not take advantage of the opportunity to dissolve offered by Mr. Wickersham, and reap the benefits that Colonel Roosevelt says will accrue, instead of fighting to prevent it. L. GOERIG.

NEW YORK, August 21.

Money and Poverty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When shall we have common sense enough to see that our trouble is exactly what William J. Bryan said, namely, a money poverty that hinders us from exchanging our products? Thousands of commission men all over the country can certify that produce is quite often so cheap that it will no more than pay freight charges, while the cry is heard all over the land that we must have relief from high prices. One would think that even statesmen would realize that the impotence of the daily wage, less than $2 a day, is such that it cannot buy the products that our inventive genius and improved machinery have so greatly produced.

What we so foolishly call a fault of our distribution system is only the condition that Mr. Bryan said would come to pass in his former campaigns, and we are only beginning to realize it.

With the production of many commodities so increased by improved methods that we export hundreds of millions of such goods to Europe, still millions do without a sufficiency of such goods. With improved methods of agriculture we are capable of producing much more than we do, but we cannot sell it. As I write this letter I am thinking of to-morrow and the task before us who sell produce.

How can any of our present issues or a lower tariff help us? Our wage system, after the necessities are paid for out of it, does not allow the wage earner to buy much else. Vegetables, fruit, household articles and hundreds of commodities that this great country is depending on for its prosperity have to be supported on the meagre sum left out of the average man's wages, and it is so little that produce and other commodities have to be sold to him in very limited quantities, and when the supply gets above a certain amount he cannot absorb it because his twenty-five or fifty cents left from necessities to buy such produce is insufficient to move the greater amount of produce or commodities in a way to pay the producer and distributer. We have the facilities in this country to furnish at present prices what a five dollar wage system would exchange. We are only poor in a money sense. B. LODGE.

PAULSBORO, N. J., August 21.

From an Old New Yorker in Tarheelia.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My grandfather published the *Gazette* in New York. In those days there were two newspapers in New York, the *Gazette* and a rival paper the name of which I can't recollect. Each paper had a number of racehorses. I was told by my mother that the reporters would board the vessels and run the horses after getting the foreign papers across Long Island, and the papers first reaching the office had the freshest news. Twenty to thirty days by clipper ships from Liverpool. That was enterprise.

My father, John T. West, was a book publisher of the firm of West & Trow, University Press, University place, New York. John F. Trow was his partner. They, I think, published the first New York directory. My grandfather, John Shaw, was for a number of years High Sheriff of the city of New York. N. W. WEST.

RALEIGH, N. C., August 19.

The Candidate.

From the Washington Star.

Talk to him tenderly. Treat him with care,
Pack up his suit case and hand him his fare.
Give him a book full of speeches to quote,
Put in some flannel to bind up his throat.

Bring forth the liniment. Heal up the twist
Voters will leave in his hand shaking wrist.
Listen politely and don't let him see
Your're wondering what your appointment will be.

Many are watching his march in the fray
Who look for advantage if things go his way.
He must toil and stand guard o'er your hopes and your fears,
And you think you've done well if you give him three cheers!

GEOGRAPHERS SEE SIGHTS OF THE CITY

Dr. George F. Kunz Spends an Active Day Showing Them All Around.

TAKEN TO WALL STREET

J. P. Morgan, Jr., Greets Sixty Foreign Scientists Who Start West To-day.

Dr. George F. Kunz of Tiffany & Co. was by far the busiest man in New York yesterday. For he had the guidance of some sixty distinguished foreign geographers, guests of the American Geographical Society, and they wanted to see the whole town in one day. Dr. Kunz came pretty near showing them too.

The scientists, who came from the universities of the principal cities of Europe, met their guide at Columbia University and first went around the university. Then they were put in a special subway car and started on their visit to the Mayor.

The Mayor hadn't arrived yet, so they all had their pictures taken on the City Hall steps, finished up the post office, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building and St. Paul and Trinity churchyards and then turned down Wall street to pay their respects to J. P. Morgan, Jr., who received them in his offices, introduced them to the other members of the firm and chatted with them of things geographical for a while.

Uptown again they shot to see the workings of the apparatus around Fire Headquarters, where an alarm was turned in for their benefit. Then back they went into the subway to get out at Bowling Green and have lunch where the cool breezes blow about the lofty home of the Whitehall Club.

At 3 o'clock Dr. Kunz hauled out his watch, gave the signal and off started the party again on a trip around the harbor and the rivers in a specially chartered boat. The Harvard Club gave them a dinner last night.

On Tuesday they had gone on a special train over the Delaware and Lackawanna for a trip through northern New Jersey, Pennsylvania and eastern New York and to-day their sightseeing starts in earnest, for they leave for an extended tour through the West.

Ask one of the elderly kind faced gentlemen with his camera and opera glass slung over his shoulders for his impressions of New York and he throws up apologetic hands.

"Ask me a month from now," says he, "and perhaps I can tell you, but now everything is unformed and chaotic."

Dr. Carl Uhlig professor of geography at the University of Tuebingen, said that the observations that he had made at the Scranton anthracite coal fields and at the Delaware Water Gap would be of great value as lecture material next winter. Dr. Edward Brueckner of the University of Vienna thought that the country he had been through in Pennsylvania was like part of the Jura Mountains in Switzerland, and every one in the party was enthusiastic over the observations made at the coal fields.

Among those who took the trip were Dr. Fritz Machatscheck, lecturer on geography at the University of Vienna; Henri Baulig, instructor in geography, University of Paris; Emmanuel de Margerie, vice-president of the committee on historical and scientific works, Paris; Edouard Alfred Martel of the central commission of the Geographical Society of Paris; Lucien Gallois, professor of geography, University of Paris; Antoine Vacher, professor of geography, University of Lille; Pierre Bastian, student, University of Paris; François Herbette, assistant in geography, University of Paris; Dr. Erich von Drygalski, professor of geography, University of Munich; Dr. Fritz Jaeger, professor of colonial geography, University of Berlin; Dr. Joseph Partsch, professor of geography, University of Leipsic; Dr. Alfred Ruhl, ch