

The Sun

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Where the Immigrant Problem is.

In his farewell to the public service DANIEL J. KEEFE, late Commissioner-General of Immigration, reiterated his opinion that the present laws are inadequate in that they do not exclude from this country aliens in sufficient numbers.

Mr. KEEFE regards illiterates as undesirable, and upholds the Dillingham-Burnett measure to bar them, which President TAFT vetoed.

The present immigration law has but little effect in reducing or checking the great influx of aliens.

The fact is it scarcely excludes any except those who are afflicted with serious mental or physical defects.

Indeed if it were not for the few debarred on these grounds and the occasional contract laborers, anarchistic, criminal or immoral persons turned back, the effect of the law would be almost negligible.

Why should we seek to reduce or check "the great influx of aliens"? Mr. KEEFE has a reason ready at hand:

"As a matter of fact our immigration is poorly assorted in the industrial sense, and unquestionably is having a disastrous effect on American unskilled labor."

That American unskilled labor is disastrously affected by alien competition is a broad statement. It should be supported by a recitation of the facts on which it is based.

Where and to what extent have native unskilled laborers been displaced or suffered reduction in wages through alien competition? When we learn that the farmers who to-day are clamoring for help have more applicants for jobs than they can accommodate we shall be more inclined to give credit to Mr. KEEFE's theory than we now are.

A surplusage of farm labor will mean that other industries are supplied to saturation. When this condition is reached, and not before, the "great influx of aliens" will be a cause for restrictive action.

Mr. KEEFE shares with some other timid souls the fear that the immigration of to-day will vitiate and weaken the "American stock."

His apprehensions are worded thus:

"It being obvious that the existing law is not sufficient to meet the serious situation from an economic point of view, growing out of the fact that about 80 per cent. of our immigration is composed of aliens belonging to races not of the same stock as the original settlers or the voluntary immigration previous to twenty-five years ago, it would seem to be incumbent upon Congress to adopt an immigration measure that will be sufficient."

The effect of infusing into the American nation the blood of the immigrants of to-day is, in our opinion, scant ground for dread of the future.

What was this sacred American stock of a quarter century ago? We have never been able to make out what pure and superior racial strain then dominated a country peopled in its entirety by immigrants and the sons of immigrants.

Strong arms, good dispositions, industrious habits, these the United States wants now as it always has. Its need is to put them on the land, which calls in vain for them. The great problem lies inside the gate, not beyond it.

A New Opera for New Yorkers.

The success of GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER'S opera "Julien" in Paris will be of interest to New York music lovers, since GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA has secured this new work for the subscribers of the Metropolitan Opera House and there it will be sung next winter.

It is the second operatic work of the composer and an amplification of "La Vie du Poete," which was performed as an oratorio first. Thirteen years ago the same composer's "Louise" was sung at the Opera Comique in Paris.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN produced the work in his second season at the Manhattan Opera House. Its success here was as great as in Paris. It was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House a few times by the singers of the former Hammerstein company which ANDREAS DIPLOID had reassembled for Chicago and Philadelphia.

CHARPENTIER'S work will be of more importance than the usual new opera. It will of course be welcomed as the work of a man who has put one great success after another to his credit.

But perhaps it is as a French novelty that "Julien" will possess its chief interest. There are many complaints that the Metropolitan Opera House is inhospitable to French opera.

Signor GATTI-CASAZZA replies to this charge that there are in all the operatic repertoire of the day only two works of French origin which have made a really deep impression on the public of every civilized country. These are "Faust"

and "Carmen." The operas of the contemporary composers have gained no such support outside France as these works of GOUNOD and BIZET. The managing director of the Metropolitan Opera House is perfectly willing to consider any work which may please the public. His lack of prejudice was shown in the selection of DRKAS'S "Ariane," which may have interested the musical, but must have been a costly experiment for the opera house. The wisdom of mounting "Louise" at the Metropolitan Opera House was never evident to the management, since if a French work was selected it might as well have been one that was altogether new.

Now there will be opportunity for the forces of the opera house to prove their mettle. GATTI-CASAZZA and TOCCANINI to prove what they can do with a work by a famous French composer which seems to have met with success in its own country. Then with "Julien" an established success it may be possible to take its predecessor and practically its first part, "Louise," since the two works have the same leading characters, into the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House. Thus would the list of operas to be sung by the company be enriched by two that would make the success of the season less dependent on WAGNER and PUCCHINI than it is at present.

Much Cry, Little Wool.

Transferred from the mouths of Democrats to those of Republicans, complaints of "rag rule" in the House of Representatives retain their familiar form and substance. The majority, though Democratic and with its own roars of rage against Cannonism echoing in its ears, finds itself compelled to suppress the non-essential and curb obstruction if its public task is ever to be completed.

What work has it now set for itself? The tariff bill has been approved by the House, and now awaits Senatorial revision, conference agreement and adoption in its final form.

Beyond this the caucus binds the committees to report no general or special measures except currency legislation and the appropriation bills. This is not a mean programme. Currency legislation, complicated with the threat of another Money Trust quest, offers a job great enough to absorb all the energy of Representatives and Senators during the whole summer.

Nor is the passage of appropriation bills without possibilities, strikingly exemplified in the general legislation that, for instance, was tacked on the Panama Canal act, the Post Office appropriation bill of two years ago, and the restrictive provisions included in the sundry civil bill now in President Wilson's hands.

There need be no fear of too little law-making. Whatever ordinance of self-denial the legislators may frame, they will not give less than a nation groaning dismally under an ever increasing burden of half understood, half considered enactments, wants.

The Fate of Meagher of the Irish Brigade.

The story told by one DAVID M. BILLINGSLEY, once associated with the Vigilantes of Montana, that THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, the gallant leader of the Irish Brigade of civil war fame, was hanged by Vigilantes in September, 1867, while acting as Governor of the Territory, will have a painful interest for the survivors of the brigade (few they must be in number now), and it will shock those other friends in New York who enjoyed the intimacy of the brilliant Irishman.

The statement that General MEAGHER fell overboard at night from a steamboat in the Missouri while on his way to take command of troops in an Indian campaign appears in all the sketches of his life. He was not seen to fall into the water and his body was never recovered. His widow, who was president of the Cancer Hospital of this city when she died at Rye on July 5, 1906, had the Missouri River dragged for sixty-seven days from the deck of a small steamboat. The news of General MEAGHER's fate, the report of which was never doubted, stirred New York profoundly, and wherever Irishmen assembled there was mourning for the intrepid commander of the Irish Brigade, which was as famous for its heavy casualties at Fredericksburg, Antietam and Chancellorsville as for its services to the Union cause during the four years of conflict.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER was endeared to Irishmen everywhere as a friend of DANIEL O'CONNELL and as a leader of the Young Ireland party, whose object was to obtain independence for Ireland by force of arms. No Irishman of the period of his young manhood had a more romantic career. His escape from penal servitude in Van Dieman's Land, to which he was sentenced after being condemned to death at Dublin for sedition, made him such a hero among Irishmen in New York that there was no opposition to his election as Colonel of the first regiment of the Irish Brigade, which he organized in the latter part of 1861. MEAGHER was a man of education and many accomplishments, an eloquent speaker and writer, warm hearted, generous and brave to a fault. His report of the heroic part his brigade took in the battle of Fredericksburg, where it was literally shot to pieces, only 280 of a complement of 1,200 reporting for duty the next day, thrills one in the reading fifty years and more after that disaster to the Union side; and it shows the manner of soldier and comrade THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER was.

Out of the West comes so much fiction of a sensational kind, that General MEAGHER's friends will not be disposed to believe the new and belated version of his death. BILLINGSLEY's story is taken from the steamboat at Fort Benton and hanged and secretly buried by the Vigilantes because he pardoned a "bad man" named DANIELS, who had been sentenced to ten years imprisonment for murdering ANDY O'CONNELL, "a popular and law abiding saloon keeper of Helena," when in the judgment of the incensed Vigilantes DANIELS deserved lynching. The story as BILLINGSLEY tells it seems too melodramatic to be true, and it is inconceivable that all the actors in such an affair as the hanging of the illustrious soldier who was Governor of Montana Territory could have kept the secret for nearly fifty years.

There must be other survivors of the frontier organization of Vigilantes than BILLINGSLEY, and it ought not to be a difficult matter to corroborate his story or prove him a shameless romancer.

William Ernest Henley.

Probably many Americans still have an interest in WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, a journalist in whose London and National Observer appeared much critical and some strong creative work; whose prose and poetry were often distinguished if at times affected with the affectation of brutality. As the editor of the "Tudor Translations," that charming reprint of worthy Elizabethan and Jacobean "translations" like NORTH and SHELTON, MOTTEUX, URQUHART, HOLLAND, he did in another way a considerable service to English letters.

In his zeal for vigor HENLEY was sometimes unpleasant. His burst of savage bile over ROBERT STEVENSON is still malodorous in the minds of Stevensonists. But after all the man was an artist even in his revenges; he had, like POPE, the good fortune and apology of ill health; he had a burly rudeness of belief, contempt and hatred; he loved literature and worked with pen or bludgeon at a character and an original.

HENLEY was a Gloucester man; he is a part of the traditions of that ancient charming town. He was educated at the school of St. Mary de Crypt, Dame JOAN COOK's foundation in the time of that illustrious moralist HENRY VIII., a person of bluntness and bluntness like HENLEY. A letter in another part of THE SUN describes the plan of the "Old Cryptians" to keep HENLEY's memory green in Gloucester. There are still faithful Henleyans. A monumental edition of the man's works was published a few years ago. Those American educators who wish to honor by an enduring educational monument a curious and sturdy character, honest on the whole even in his poses, will be interested in the scheme of the Old Cryptians.

The Farmer's Products in the Underwood Bill.

The Democratic Senators who want to amend the Wilson-Underwood tariff bill by putting a duty on meats must have been reading the Democratic national platform. That document was almost lachrymose about the discrimination against the farmer in the Payne law. "Under its operations," one reads in the tariff resolution, "the American farmer and the laboring man are the chief sufferers; it raises the cost of necessities of life to them but does not protect their products or wages. The farmer sells largely in free markets and buys almost entirely in the protected markets." So the Democrats in the House put dressed and prepared meats, swine, flour, potatoes, corn, cornmeal, buckwheat, milk, cream and other farm products on the free list.

In the Underwood bill as transmitted to the Senate there was a rate of 10 per cent. on cattle, but the Payne rate ranged from 21 to 27 per cent. The protective duty on sheep was from 14 to 18 per cent., and has been marked down to 10 per cent.; the rate on "all other live animals" was 20 per cent. and is reduced to 10 per cent. The sharp revision downward on farm products is not made with the consent of the farmer, and he was certainly not propitiated by a duty of 10 per cent. ad valorem on cattle. If as a result of revision meat should be cheaper to the consumer the farmer would receive less for his cattle, and all his products that were made free or carried less duty would bring lower prices in the open market. The Democratic platform promised him cheaper necessities of life, but insinuated that in failing to protect his products the Republican tariff makers had deceived and betrayed him.

Consumers who are not farmers would like to see free cattle and free meats in the new tariff law, firmly believing that meat would be cheaper at the butcher's stall, but how could the Democratic revisionists reconcile their clean sweep with the solicitude they showed for the beguiled farmer in the Baltimore resolutions?

The whole problem of many managers with good plays is to hold out financially till the public becomes aware of them—London Saturday Review.

If any of them can hold out that long it is proof positive that the financial strength of the Bank of England is behind the show.

It may be said, without paradox, that the real value of the pragmatic lies not in the pragmatic but in the theoretic field—Atlantic Monthly.

It may be said, with paradox, that the right plough in the wrong field gets dull, often losing even its point. Next we shall be told that the real value of a "voluntaristic metaphysician" is in the field of romance.

Grape Juice dinner off—New York Tribune.

What's this, what's this? Nothing and no one connected with it can possibly be "off." Guess again.

The Ornithologists Union expedition to New Guinea revealed in the Tapiro a new race of pygmies. Captain CECIL G. RAWLING described them recently in a lecture at the Royal Institution. Only men were seen by the explorers, the women and children being hidden from the gaze of the whites.

The average height of the male adult was found to be four feet eight and three-quarters inches, but the Tapiro were well made and agile. Their color was a dark chocolate. Although the natural hue of their hair was black, the beards of many were dyed a bright red. The Tapiro smoked a crude tobacco, rolling it in leaves of which they carried a quantity in a bag around the neck, which also con-

tained tinder. These pygmies were nude except for a long yellow girdle about the waist.

Only the Congo pygmies are smaller. The little people of the Andaman Islands, Malay Peninsula and the Philippines are a size larger than the negroes of New Guinea. Captain RAWLING soon inspired the Tapiro with confidence and they laid aside their weapons.

Mayor GAYNOR is not alone in his surprise over the opposition that has developed to every plan for the control and regulation of moving picture theatres. To find these enterprises mired in politics was a revelation to all. Their conduct should have been brought under an ordinance months if not years ago. Fortunately, the period of possible delay is rapidly passing, and even the Aldermen must soon respond to the public demand for safety in such places of amusement.

Aviator PERROUX with a woman passenger to-day landed in a monoplane to a height of 18,000 feet, setting a new world's record for altitude with a passenger.—Despatch from Versailles.

It seems to be the old story, even in the air: "Whither thou goest, I will go."

As a Field Marshal Sir JOHN FRENCH, who has just been promoted, will not look any more imposing, being a very short man with elliptical cavalry legs, but as England's ablest strategist he has long deserved the honor.

The lobbyist is in my judgment an incident of the past.—Senator BOIES PENROSE. A sort of closed incident.

Miss HYDE made a similar putt for a halve, but missed it, so she shook hands with the caddy and returned to the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association tournament.

As good a sportswoman as any man would want to play with, and a better golfer than most of the topnotchers of the other sex.

The Hon. RICHARD L. METCALFE of Lincoln, Neb., undoubtedly got his Federal job in spite of his association with the Secretary of State, not because of it.

ALBANIANS AND MONTEGRINS

Contrast in Languages, Racial Characteristics and Fighting Abilities.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: "A Student of History" asks (1) "What are the Albanians?" (2) "How do they differ from the Montegrins?"

The Albanians are descendants of the ancient Illyrians mixed with Greeks and Slavs. They are said to be half civilized mountaineers. There are three divisions of Albanians, belonging to the south, the Epirots. Their language, the skipter, derived from the ancient Illyrian, is a distinct and peculiar tongue belonging to the Indo-European group and contains an admixture of Greek, Turkish and other elements.

At one time the Albanians were called Christians, but after the subjugation of their country by the Turks many of them embraced Mohammedanism and became notorious for their barbaric cruelty and ferocity. In their treatment of their race that held to the Christian faith.

The Montegrins, or Zingozes, are Slavs of Servian stock. In 1880 a number of Albanians came under Montegrin domination in the district of Dulcigno, therefore Albanians became known to the south as negro. Noble and chivalrous, pure and affectionate, brave and patriotic, the Montegrin is none the less a passionate fighter, daring to the point of recklessness. Formerly his chief means of support was that of his Mohammedan neighbor, who was characterized by brutality and ruthlessness. It has, however, recently been tempered by civilization.

The Montegrin language is a very pure dialect of the Servian-Slavic group. The faith is that of the orthodox Greek Church, but there are several thousand Roman Catholics in the country and a few Mohammedans.

Your correspondent asks further (1) "Do the Albanians and Montegrins speak the same language?" and (2) "How much is their language like Russian?"

The Servian language belongs to one of the four great divisions of the Slavic family and is more closely allied to Russian than to Polish, and is distinguished from the latter by the preponderance of its vowel sounds, which give it a melodious resonance. The Bulgarian language is an inflected language containing an admixture of foreign terminations in its treatment of the same words. It is distinguished from the other Slavic languages by its inflection, which is more like that of the eastern Slavonic branch of the Indo-European stock and abounds in Russian, Serbian, Turkish, Greek, Albanian, Italian and even Persian terms. Turkish nouns, adjectives and verbs are commonly used. The language of the people and of the folk songs differs so widely from the literary language that the latter is not extensively understood.

The Russian language and the Bulgarian and Servian languages are classified as belonging to the Indo-European group of languages. The Indo-European languages, which include the now dead language known as Old Bulgarian, old Slavic or Church Slavic, Russian and Ruthenian, Bulgarian and Servo-Croatian (Serbian and Croatian), and Slavonic, an Illyrian dialect used by the Slovenes.

The Albanian language belongs to the Thracian-Illyrian sub-family, while the Russian, Bulgarian, Servian and Montegrin belong to the Balto-Slavic sub-family of the Indo-European group.

FRANK H. VERTELLY. NEW YORK, JUNE 3.

A Woman on Bellona's Bridegrooms.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I would like to ask "E. J." who is a great authority on other complications and so on, whether we women are any more ridiculous in beautifying ourselves or are any less efficient in the shading and tints of our complexion or look any more like a chorus to a comedy than the military company that sometimes comes here from Boston, called, I think, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. I think "Faneuil Hall" came here with his eyes full of the Alley. NEW YORK, JUNE 3. SILENOGRAPHER.

A Student of Colors.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Filing a saw or scratching glass with a nail are the only tortures comparable to the juxtaposition of red and magenta. This horror was flaunted on a young woman's eyes in a comedy on the first of June morning. The magenta plumes were garnished with red velvet bands on a foundation of straw. It gave me vertigo. I tried to be calm, but the infernal hat got on my nerves. Nevertheless I believe in votes for women and the triumph of virtue. GLEN RIDGE, N. J., JUNE 3. L. C.

A Grim Insult to Jim Ham Lewis.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Some imp of Satan, some designing devil man with axes inspired by evil, is revealing Colonel Jim Ham Lewis to an admiring people with his flowing artistic literary whiskers unkempt and unkempt and unkempt. I believe in votes for women and the triumph of virtue. NEW HAVEN, CONN., JUNE 3. SWERDLAPPE.

The Bryan Bird.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I never suppose I shall be able to get a better actor of the Bryan Bird. It is not after all our old friend the Rooster? R. L. C. NEW YORK, JUNE 3.

Eyelight Test.

Argue boasted of his hundred eyes. "Can you see the ocean from the summer board-house?" we asked.

DO NOT REMOVE WALDO!

His Efficiency as Seen by a Regular Visitor to New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: As I am not a New Yorker it was interesting to me to observe the difference in the stand taken on the advisability of removing your Police Commissioner in THE SUN and in the Tribune. I am forced to say at once that I am in hearty sympathy with the views expressed in your paper, and in answer to the Tribune's dictum, "Remove Waldo," I would unhesitatingly reply, Do not remove Waldo.

My reasons for this come purely and solely from personal observation. For the past sixteen years I have been a regular visitor to New York, often having to remain here months at a time. What I may say, therefore, is not from the casual or desultory point of view of a sightseeing tourist, but the result of considerable personal experience in those sections of your city where police efficiency comes most prominently to the surface. And may I add that it is not infrequently happens that an outsider can take a far more fair and broad view of the police situation than your native New Yorker who lives and dies in some particular section of the city or suburbs and rides through the other parts on a subway express? These respectable residents of the Brooklyn or Riverside Drive, or for that matter the better parts of the Bronx, come into as little actual contact with New York's so-called vice question as if they lived at Bascom's Corners, wherever it may be.

Which of us strangers, for whom New York's tinelled and crooked underworld has been chiefly operated, had not perceived in the last year that vice, every form of it, is on the run as it never was before? What old runder from the West or South that used to make his annual visit here in order to part in one way or another with his money will not inform you that New York is "deader" than a cemetery?

We all know that that means. He is bored because his old haunts are either closed or not run so that he can buy immunity from scandal at cost price. Of course the town for him and for the various businesses and professions that lived off him and his kind is dead. And above all they are scared; never before have I seen the upper and lower Tenderloins so glum from clouds of pure blue funk, downright funk too. Everybody suspects every one else of having a dictaphone in his waistcoat pocket with direct wire connections to the nearest police blotter. When there is this widespread police fear at the bottom of the barrel there are no secure grafters floating at the top.

Your learned contemporary the Tribune says:

"The Gaynor administration has been grossly and deliberately wrong. It has treated those who were seeking to uncover and punish graft as its enemies."

Piffle! Tell it to the marines and the ducks. Stay down some night until as early as 1 o'clock and try to have some of the old time "fun." Don't pass judgment on "uncovering and punishing graft" from what you see and write in editorial closets. We outsiders imagine that the slip and have us believe that Mayor Gaynor and Mr. Wald made last summer. They went wrong on their first stand about Becker. The Mayor understands human nature inside and outside even if his Police Commissioner does not. Any one who studies graft would have said at first blush that no grafting police officer, unless he had gone mad, as Nero went mad, would have "pulled off" such a raw, crude piece of work as the Rosenthal murder. The Mayor couldn't believe an even semi-intelligent man could do such a thing. And for this slip, followed up by the Sipp mistake, the Tribune would have us believe that "the current case" indicates worse the sentiment of the entire city." Such is the gratitude and appreciation that two honest, hard working and sincere officials receive as their duties come to an end. K. D. W. NEW YORK, JUNE 3.

When Colonel Ellsworth Was Slain.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: What has been said of the Astor House reminds me of my first visit to New York in 1852, when I saw it shrouded in black in memory of Henry Clay, whose death was mourned. In looking over a book to-day I was again reminded of the old hotel when I read of Mr. Stetson giving to Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves a flag in 1861 in the name of the women of the city. Ellsworth's body was being lowered from the Astor House, I am also reminded that it is a little more than fifty years since Colonel Ellsworth, who had been a law student in Lincoln's law office at Springfield, Ill., was slain at Alexandria, Va., in the first of the Civil War. He had been a member of the 11th New York regiment of New York firemen for the civil war. How many of your readers recollect the verses written in regard to his death, beginning, "Down where the patriot army? The chorus was:

Strike freedom for the Union,
Sheathe your swords no more
While enemies in arms a traitor
On Potomac's shore.

Every school boy and girl in the North sang the verses. Ellsworth's body was taken to the White House in Washington in May, 1861, by order of President Lincoln, and was afterward taken to New York, where it lay in state in the City Hall. Do any of your readers recollect the event? Many of the first Zouaves remember it. Colonel Ellsworth was buried at Schuylerville, N. Y., during the prevalence of a terrible shower. For years the Stars and Stripes floated over the rural cemetery. When the first Zouaves were sent to the front, they were ordered to march to Schuylerville, can't tell me? EDWARD K. DRASK. ELIZABETH, N. J., JUNE 3.

Temperance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: "What is Temperance?" asks a headline in THE SUN.

That depends.

It may be the use of alcoholic beverages in such moderation that an effect perceptible to others is never produced.

It may be the doctrine of a kind of man who holds that the doctrine that always is the time for boozers to stand together for mutual protection.

It may be exceptional carrying capacity.

It may be unwillingness of those who know of it to give their compliance to tell publicly what they know.

It may be the successful reactionary effort of a bibulous individual.

It may be a corner of the mantle of charity.

It may be the subconscious blindness of friends. ALBANY, JUNE 3.

A Nemptorial Strike.

'Tis over now—tonorial striking:
No longer need I slash my jaw,
No longer rasp my neck till raw
With blade embroiled like a saw.
Yet for the change I have no liking:
Deeply within I used to curse
At weather lark I had to bear.
And politics, prosaic, drear,
Pounded endlessly into my ear.
But since the strike there's something worse:
Over the strike, not done with Doubt,
The weather lark is lathered there.
And yielded myself up to despair,
And bear, and bear again, about it!

MAVENS MONAS.

HE WOULD GO ABOARD.

Advice and Directions for an American Traveller.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Recently there appeared in THE SUN a letter from one of your readers deploring his inability of taking a trip abroad and asking advice from some of THE SUN's many readers as to where he should go in order that he might utilize his time to the best advantage. I have waited for some one more competent than myself to give this advice, but no one seems inclined to undertake the task I will do the best I can.

Personally, I would charge our friend to carry only light baggage, a small satchel with shaving kit and sufficient traveling apparel to last to the other side, leaving the rest of his baggage at home, and to prefer things in preference to bothering with the poor laundries on the other side of the Atlantic.

From my own experience I should further advise him to start in with Italy, then to go over to the Swiss Alps (and not through the tunnel) into Switzerland. Don't hurry through this enchanting land. See it all, and see it leisurely. Do not fail to visit Chamounix and Mont Blanc. Start right in at Martigny, then over the Ticino to Chamounix, and visit the Pays de Geneve and to the various lake resorts, visiting Vevey, La Tour, Villeneuve and Montreux and the Castle of Chillon, where Byron got his inspiration for his matchless poem "The Prisoner of Chillon." Go up the lake to Lac Leman with the Dent du Midi to the south.

Here let his length the wandering pilgrim lay
And gaze untired the morn, the noon, the eve away.

Then to Bern and to the Lake of Thun and so to Interlaken. The charming Jungfrau here arrests his astonished gaze. That he may see this to better advantage let him go by trolley and afoot from Interlaken to Engelberg and inquire his way to the monastery, where he can get a view of the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau, and of the same time receive entertainment and good cheer from the good brothers at the monastery.

I might go on and accompany our friend all over this exquisite Alpine country, but the time and the value of space in THE SUN are so limited that I should like him not to miss anything in this wondrous land.

Visit Austria, Germany, coming to Frankfurt, then down the Rhine as far as Cologne, and then to Brussels, Antwerp, The Hague, Amsterdam and the island of Texel, and while at Paris visit Fontainebleau and Versailles.

Don't hurry—take plenty of time. Avoid the great caravansaries and patronize the smaller and less pretentious hotels. The service and the cuisine are as good and the charges about half.

There is much of interest in London, antique, historic and artistic. Let these three things be your quest. You will find them all over the British Isles, where there are the most interesting sites of our history. Go to Kerwent on the border of Wales and view the old uncovered Roman villas. While in London have your guide take you through Strand lane and show you the Roman mosaic bath, built by the Romans fifty-five years before Christ.

Go up to Scotland in August and see it all. It is rich in antiquity, history and scenery.

My last and most earnest advice is—go. You will see your own country by the railway. You will see it with an education before you, and my only regret is that I cannot go along. W. S. J. SOUTH NORWALK, CONN., JUNE 3.

A HENLEY MEMORIAL.

A Scholarship in His Old School in Honor of "The Unwound Head."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: At the annual meeting of the recently reconstituted Old Cryptians Club held at Gloucester on April 5 it was unanimously resolved that steps should be taken to found a scholarship to the University of Gloucester in honor of W. E. Henley, the poet and critic, who died in 1903.

Henley was a native of Gloucester and was educated at the Crypt Grammar School from 1861-1865, with the exception of a period during which he was prevented, owing to illness, from attending the school. At that time the headmaster was the Rev. T. E. Brown, the Manx poet, and there is little doubt that Brown did much to kindle in Henley an ardent love for literature and for those literary tendencies which were afterwards to have such a striking development.

Up to the present there has been no attempt in Gloucester to perpetuate Henley's memory, and it is felt that it is high time some manifestation should be made of the pride which should be felt in one of her distinguished sons. The recent development of the Crypt Grammar School and the urgent need for the foundation of additional leaving scholarships to the university have induced the members of the Old Cryptians Club to establish a "W. E. Henley" scholarship in addition to the provision of some permanent memorial in Gloucester, but while appealing in the first place to those who are connected with the