The Sun.

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The Minnesota Rate Decision.

Even to those reasonably familiar with the lingering and chronic controversy known as the Minnesota rate cases it is still difficult to attain from the published reports of yesterday's decision a precise conclusion as to who wins and who loses and what was won and lost. Excellent phrases of certain parts of the Constitution; reminders that confiscation is unpermitted; specifically we are told that two State fixed railroad rates are not confiscatory and stand, while one State fixed rate is confiscatory.

"The States have won a partial victory against the railroads?" Is it a tenth marvel of the world that they did not win an absolute one?

"To the extent that it does not substantially burden or regulate interstate commerce," said Judge SANBORN of the United States Circuit Court of Minnesota two years ago, "a State may regulate interstate commerce and the fares and rates therein within its border, but no further."

A fair rate in Judge SANBORN'S opinion was 7 per cent. on the cost of reproduction. Well, many excellent railways pay 7 per cent. on their present value, if stocks have any value save as a warning to the good. Through the mist of this decision can be seen no intention to raise the price of those foes of the public good. The question still is what is "confiscation." As for the unearned increment, which Judge SANBORN weakly held the railroads entitled to, "the people" get that.

But the decision, scrutinized by lawyers in its exact full text, may carry consolations now not evident.

A Republican Ironist.

The Hon. H. ROY WAUGH, Federal District Attorney for northern West Virginia, is an exquisite official ironist whose term expires next January. By getting indicted on his own hook nineteen officials of the United Mine Workers of America for violation of the Sherman act he may have surprised the Attorney-General, but he has amused the country. What? Laborers no more sacred than anybody else? No sundry civil service appropriation bill drawing around their forms the sacred circle of law breaking law? Equality in the very midst and madness of exemption and privilege! These mocking Republican devils of the law will be doing something to farmers yet!

The State Note Sale.

Perhaps no particular point is given to recent lessons by the failure of the city of Baltimore to obtain offers around 90 for more than 10 per cent. of the $5,500,000 of 4 per cent. bonds which it tried to sell last week. When the Empire State has to resort to the short money market to raise $27,000,000 and has to pay almost 5 per cent. for nine months accommodation on its notes, public borrowers everywhere have no reason for mistaking conditions.

Government, backed by the taxing power, is a favored debtor, but when New York cannot sell bonds except at prohibitive prices it is time for politicians to realize that there has been extravagant public consumption of capital.

An Eight Year Term for Anybody Except Waldo.

The police investigating Aldermen, who are not responsible for the conduct of the police, have demanded from Mayor GAYNOR, who is responsible for the conduct of the police, the removal of Commissioner WALDO, who has been in office two years. Following this demand the Aldermen have recommended that the Police Commissioner be appointed for a term of eight years and be removable only after a hearing at which the causes of his downfall are to be explained to him. In support of this the Aldermen demanding Commissioner WALDO'S decapitation say:

"Former Commissioners have testified before us that it takes from one to two years for a Commissioner to become familiar with the complex problems of his office. If a Commissioner is to be successful he must know intimately the personal history and character of his commanding officers. He must also become thoroughly familiar with the spirit and the ethical standards of the entire force."

That the testimony of former Commissioners is buttressed in good sense is obvious. The case against Commissioner WALDO, then, is that the irresponsible Aldermen do not think him temperamentally fit for his job. But the responsible Mayor considers Commissioner WALDO to be well qualified for his task. May not the Aldermen be too precipitate in their judgment? Is not their opinion based on observations covering a period in which, according to the testimony taken by them, a Commissioner is merely learning his work? Or are they so wise and far sighted that they know better than the Mayor, who must bear the credit or the blame for police administration, whether Commissioner WALDO will ever be competent for the office he holds?

A Hoosier Stratford de Redcliffe.

It is likely enough that the Hon. JOHN E. LAMB of Terre Haute, a sheep of Brother BRYAN'S for a generation, will be just as good an Ambassador to Mexico, if his nomination is confirmed, as anybody else. Some might aver that to these countries to the south, in trade vital to us, most fertile in opportunities of trouble, should be sent the flower of long trained diplomacy, the men of experience, tact, international accomplishment. There are such men in the diplomatic service and they sometimes get a small job.

Why look on these matters so coarsely? There has been distinct improvement in the American diplomatic and consular service. Certain posts in it are always reserved for amateurs who as politicians have accomplished many words. The telegraph does the business anyway, and our own feeling is friendly for Mr. LAMB, who wanted to be sent somewhere else.

Yet we dare say that the American system works as well as any other; there is a devil of a deal of poppycock and prunella about some professionals; business is transacted among principals; and to the good it is a real and rare pleasure to see Brother BRYAN get something from the administration.

Polo at Meadow Brook.

As admirers of polo in this country have a stalwart faith in the "Big Four" that defeated Captain HARDRESS LLOYD'S visiting team at Meadow Brook two years ago, the final selection of HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, the WATERBURY brothers and DEVEREUX MILBURN to defend the challenge cup in the international contest that begins to-day has revived hope, in fact has inspired an optimistic feeling, that the emblem will now stay on this side of the water.

It must be admitted that the order of the Polo Committee last week supplanting three members of the famous team came like a bolt out of the blue, although it was known that the defenders of 1911 had not been playing in their best form. In comparison with the visitors, whose practice was growing better all the time, they did not show to advantage. It was felt nevertheless by lookers on, who, the adage says, "see most of the game," that if the champions could not keep the cup in America no sweeping change in the team would save it.

At Meadow Brook this week there is going to be one of the finest exhibitions of the ancient game of polo ever seen, and it is 2,000 years old. Golf is sometimes called the royal and ancient game, but it is an infant compared with polo, and so are hurling, hockey, cricket, baseball and all the other ball games. Polo, by the way, is a Tibetan word that means ball.

Interest in the Meadow Brook tournament is not confined to England and America. Wherever polo is played, in the East as well as in the West, the cable "flash" of each day's playing will be the great news of the twenty-four hours, awaited with intense concern. There is not a cantonment in India, not a rajah's palace in the Himalayan foothills where the score at Meadow Brook in remote Long Island is not a chief topic of discussion. England's interest in the result is indicated by the despatch of well known journalists to the scene of conflict, one of whom, a veteran war correspondent, was in Thrace with the Turks a few short weeks ago.

As a spectacle with thrills there is no other game to compare with polo. Americans are just beginning to find it out. There was a fine attendance at Meadow Brook two years ago, but all the world will want to see the British raid on the cup this week. It is a mistake to suppose that polo is an aristocratic and exclusive game. Polo is now played in all parts of the country from California to New York, and it is difficult to keep track of the new clubs. Polo has become as much an American as an English game. Those who can't afford to indulge in the sport are nevertheless fascinated by it. Such an exhibition as the challengers and defenders will give at Meadow Brook cannot be seen anywhere else: the pick of British polo players against the best of America, and all mounted on the choicest of horseflesh.

May the better team win and may there be no lucky accidents to give the victors an unearned advantage.

The Putumayo Findings.

The report of the House of Commons committee which has been investigating the Putumayo atrocities vindicates Sir ROGER CASEMENT, who can no longer be disparaged as a sensationalist by parties in interest. In fact, it is doubtful if he did not understate the conditions in the Putumayo district. Most significant is the committee's intimation that slavery and inhuman treatment of rubber workers have not been confined to the scene of Sir ROGER CASEMENT'S labors, but are evils extending over a wide area in South America. The inference is that two, and probably three, Governments are responsible for existing conditions. Even in the case of Putumayo the jurisdiction of Peru is in dispute. There must be an overhauling of the laws relating to slavery and peonage, but this will not be enough. Each State concerned must keep a constabulary in the rubber districts to prevent a repetition of the atrocities, for they have occurred where there is no law but the will of the "rubber king."

The British Committee seems to have had no difficulty in fixing personal responsibility upon JULIUS CÆSAR ARANA, the promoter, who has been a sinister figure in the inquiry; but what is really more to the point, the investigators draw an indictment against the British directors of the Peruvian Amazon Company, the men of standing and approved responsibility who ought to have made it their business to know what was going on in the wilderness where the rubber king ruled and from which they derived their dividends. "Directors who merely attend board meetings and sign checks cannot escape from their share of moral responsibility when gross abuses are revealed," says the committee in its report. And Sir JOHN LISTER-KAYE and his associates are severely censured. There would be no Putumayos if directors of such companies had as much thought for humanity as for the stock list.

When Should the Press Be Free?

According to the report in THE SUN, the Rev. JAMES A. FAIRLEY, pastor of the Unitarian church at Hackensack, said in his Sunday sermon these remarkable words:

"We believe in free speech and we are interested in the strikers beause they are poor and needy."

With sincere respect may we say that we have called these words remarkable because they are so utterly obvious. What American does not believe in free speech, and what American worthy of the name is not interested in the poor and needy? The very fact that the Rev. Mr. FAIRLEY felt called upon to make such a remark would indicate he wished to impress his auditors with the fact that Americans are on the high road to an oligarchy.

We dwell at length upon this seemingly harmless remark because it is typical of much that is being said and written about this Paterson strike, and more especially about the recent conviction of ALEXANDER SCOTT, the Socialist editor.

Indeed, the Rev. Mr. FAIRLEY went on to say:

"What would happen in this country if that sort of thing became general? Can you imagine the party not in power being forbidden to criticise the party in power. When the freedom of the press ends then our popular government ceases."

May we reply with absolute weighing of our words that one of the most serious dangers to popular government or to any other kind of government is the unbridled anarchism of a free press when such freedom is permitted to be translated into insolence, defiance of law, authority and social order?

Never before has there been such an astonishing amount of loose and hasty talk over the conviction of an agitator merely because his views happen to be those of an agitator whose profession is also that of an editor. For our part we believe that the very fact that the utter licentiousness of thought which may crop out in the brain of any enemy of order who has the position that enables him to spread it abroad in type makes him more dangerous, not more sacred.

What did ALEXANDER SCOTT do the moment he was released on bail? He "hurled defiance" at every exponent of law and order from a policeman up to the President of the United States. Does the Rev. Mr. FAIRLEY believe that this sort of thing helps the stability of popular government?

The trouble and chief danger of men who have intelligence enough to lead and sway great masses of men is that what they say is mostly founded on apparent truth; it sounds to their unthinking audience as being irrefutable. Yet was it not one of the HARES who said that "the most dangerous liars are those who keep sliding on the verge of truth"? Give them unbridled liberty of speech and lynch law comes in through the window and assassination lurks at the door.

The intelligence that a sixteen-year-old high school student has invented an uncanny machine that is said to be the first device known to mathematicians that will divide a dihedral, trihedral or polyhedral angle prompts us to suggest the formation of a society for the preservation of the integrity of geometrical expressions.

The unfortunate crazed creature who conceived that the need for woman suffrage might fitly be demonstrated by throwing herself beneath the hoofs of galloping horses is dead, and for her can be felt nothing but the pity that one accords to the insane. Outside the ranks of the Women's Social and Political Union few will be found to call her martyr, and if the coroner's jury that will inquire into the cause of her death should return its customary verdict in cases of self-destruction, "suicide while temporarily insane," such a verdict would only reflect the general tone of public opinion. So far as advancing the cause is concerned, or impressing the public at large with the earnestness of women in demanding the vote, the act of this poor woman has been utterly futile. Even as a spectacular means of attracting public attention it was a failure, for in that respect it was eclipsed by the sensational disqualification of the favorite and winner of the Derby.

The crown of martyrdom is not to be won by mere self-destruction, and the lesson taught by the tragedy of this unhappy woman's life and death is far different from that which the militants would have us believe. In mercifully acquitting her from blame for her crime public sentiment will only indict the more forcibly those who were responsible for creating the distracted condition of mind that prompted her to the deed, the present leaders of the militant movement, who have wrought upon ill balanced minds to produce a state of mental exaltation in which reason loses control. We have prophesied before that the day was likely to come when murder would be added to the category of militant crimes, and in the death of EMILY WILDING DAVISON we see the fulfilment of the prophecy.

A scholar, a soldier, a man of fashion, a man of business, an engaging and able politician, a character of various accomplishments and charm, is lost in the regretted and premature death of GEORGE WYNDHAM.

It may not be generally known, but is a fact reported to THE SUN, that each member of the Yale nine is the seventh son of a seventh son, and was born with a caul.

The blow of the defeat suffered by the Australians in the tennis tournament on the West Side courts was softened by appreciation of their clever work in the doubles. They won by sheer merit when the odds were against them and when it seemed almost hopeless to overcome the lead of the Americans. McLOUGHLIN and HACKETT were formidable opponents, but it must be admitted that the Australians, JONES and DOUST, prove to be their superiors in strategy.

In the singles there was another story to tell. MAURICE McLOUGHLIN, with his tremendous service and savage killing of lobs, was invincible. To him the honors of the tournament must go. NORRIS WILLIAMS played an irresistible game with DOUST, confounding those who had been dubious about his championship form.

NIETZSCHE was never sure of what he meant by the superman.—*Evening Post.*

Neither was SHAKESPEARE. For was not *Macbeth* the potential superman when he said:

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

Did June bring us nothing but the flowers, what a priceless boon it would be?—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It depends upon the flowers. Some of those morning glories that shoot up in the Congressional hotbeds, dainty specimens of rhetorical botany, they are unquestionably always "a priceless boon." Yes, even in June.

If war [with Japan] was to come there would be no invasion of the United States. There is no comparison between the army and navy of this country and that of Japan. Japan has been very much overestimated on account of its victory over Russia, and is in no sense a dangerous rival to the United States.—*General* NELSON A. MILES.

The judgment of General MILES would be more valuable if he had not predicted the triumph of the Russian armies in Manchuria in the conflict with Japan.

Gazing up at the double background of mysterious pillars—before them the sun blazed plaza and steps, a-flutter with rose and iris and pale gold—one sank, under the spell of music, into a day dream of old Athens, only to start thrillingly awake at the thought: "No, this is to-day, 1913, America—our own living age and festival! This is Washington—the Athens of to-morrow."—PERCY MACKAYE *in The Forum.*

This sounds nicely, only why "to-morrow"? Has not Waco HENRY of Texas chanted his deep chested wisdom sufficiently to make it the Athens of to-day and yesterday, in fine, the Athens of last year? And are those "mysterious pillars" symbolical of our sturdy forehanded sons of the toil? If so, there is nothing of "pale gold" about them. They jingle with the real article.

More weather men ousted.—*Headline in yesterday's* EVENING SUN.

They deserve it, but what most needs ousting is the weather.

It is a small straw in a great wind, but the decision of the Supreme Court yesterday annulling the Interstate Commerce Commission's order to reduce the fare on the street line from Omaha to Council Bluffs seems to indicate that at least an interstate car line may be allowed to make a living.

Professor EDWARD TYSON REICHERT of the University of Pennsylvania has discovered that it is possible to determine the father of a child by comparing the blood crystals of the infant with those of the parent. And now we suppose it will take a child as wise as Dr. REICHERT to know its own father.

In view of the fact that eight of the ten contestants for the five jobs in the commission which hereafter is to run Jersey City are Democrats, the election to-day may fairly be called non-partisan. The former Republican Mayor, MARK FAGAN, one of the most accomplished of hand shakers, who received the highest vote cast at the primary, ought to be reasonably sure of election. Can the Republicans also elect their lonely fellow among the other nine? If the struggle is non-partisan, it is not non-factional, for Mayor WITTPENN'S campaign for Governor will be seriously affected by the fate of his adherents among the candidates. So far the only thing that has been proved by the canvass is the difficulty of excising politics from political affairs.

A Republican Precedent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Before denouncing with overmuch heat and vituperation as "novel," "astounding" and "absurd" the plan of progressive taxation aimed by our new Attorney-General at the great tobacco companies would it not be well to inquire into the parentage of the scheme?

If the editorial and financial writers will examine the acts of Congress passed by a Republican majority under the late and generally esteemed President McKinley they will find that by section 27 of the war revenue act of 1898 a tax was imposed of one-quarter of 1 per cent. on all gross receipts over $250,000 of all persons, firms and corporations refining petroleum, or sugar, or controlling pipe lines for transporting oil or other products, "whose gross annual receipts exceed $250,000."

Is not this, perhaps, the inspiration and immediate forebear of the Attorney-General's scheme? And must not our Republican friends of the days before Progressive Republicanism was heard of share the odium, if any, attaching to what THE SUN characterized as a "notion in line with all the absurd conceptions of economic conditions and economic evolution which the [present] Administration has been exemplifying in so many ways"?

NEW YORK, June 6. X. Y. Z.

Nerve.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Men lose their temper more quickly than women do. Women are far more wary, circumspect and far seeing than men, and they keep themselves always under far better control.

Compared with woman for endurance, man is a mere whimperer. A WONDERING ADMIRER.

NEW YORK, June 9.

Heating the Berries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I once heard of a person who put a dose of pepper on strawberries before putting on the sugar. A.

NEW YORK, June 9.

SONGS THE SIRENS SANG.

Perplexity on the Subject Promptly Dissipated by a Music Critic.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Quite a number of persons have their heads examined by phrenologists; a considerably larger number enrich the palmists; astrology has its devotees; so also have crystal gazing and fortune telling by cards and tea leaves. The handwriting expert is permitted his day in court and is paid handsomely for it. So I have no apologies to make for a juvenile curiosity that led me many years ago to consult a tall, dark, hollow eyed expert on the human head.

Among other things he told me that my bump of veneration was largely developed. This statement made a deep impression upon me, for I thought he meant that I was going to be a very godly man. Until I came to understand that this was not necessarily implied life seemed almost a burden, for in those days I was an ardent admirer of bandits, cowboys, Indians and train robbers, and godliness seemed an effeminate virtue, like cleanliness.

But that gaunt and mysterious looking phrenologist was right about my bump of veneration. I've always stood in awe of one thing or another. When I was a boy it was the principal of the high school; later on it was my fiancée's father; still later it was the president of the bank where I kept my shifting account, and during these latter years it has been that gifted and artistic individual known as the music critic. I can lay my hand on my heart and truthfully say that I now feel that, next to a lion tamer, the most awe inspiring mortal in the world is a music critic.

One can study law, or medicine, or architecture, or ornithology for years and years and still have something to learn. But it's different with a music critic; he masters his subject completely.

Now, it's funny, perhaps, but I've noticed that many people have some pet thing that they like to speculate about; you might almost call it a mental fad. For instance, I know a fellow who often indulges in the whim of wondering what was the last animal to succumb to the deluge. I know a woman who finds delight in speculating upon the colors of the fabrics that Helen of Troy wore, and another who finds amusement in classifying Solomon's wives. I used to have a fad of this kind. I used to wonder what songs the sirens sang. A novice can wonder a great deal about it; there is amazing latitude here. I derived much pleasure from it. It was an innocent, harmless amusement. It must have been unearthly music, terribly weird and wild and seductive. In all my speculations I could never quite shadow forth a complete cadence of it.

And then one day I happened to speak to a music critic about it. He regarded me with a smile. "Why, those songs are quite well known to us," he replied, condescendingly.

"What!" I cried; "you mean to tell me"——

I paused, for he held me with his glittering eye.

"Oh," he said, "I—I didn't know it."

My rejoinder was weak and apologetic; I realized that; but what else could I say? I confess I felt hurt, for here I had been speculating for years about those siren songs, and he'd known all about them right along. It simply shows what lack of education will do for a man. I'd spent hours trying to guess what kind of music it was that hypnotized Ulysses when he passed by the home of the sirens; time after time I'd cudgelled my brains about it, when all I needed to do was to go out on the street and step up to the first music critic I happened to meet and find out just what there was to it.

He was very decent in explaining it to me. He used such words as "color," "breadth," "depth," "tonal shades," "nuance" and many others. It seemed wonderful; it was wonderful when I came to realize that a knowledge of such terms had enabled him to fathom the musical yearnings of Ulysses and his nondescript crew of bloodthirsty old pirates, not one of whom, probably, had ever taken a music lesson in his life. I could see what a barbarian I was; but what can you expect when a man has been fed on ragtime and syncopated music for years and years?

But I have learned a lesson and I am profoundly grateful to the music critic who instructed me, for by paying strict attention to what he said I have been able to acquire a reputation as a music critic myself. Take grand opera, for instance. Whenever I attend a performance I affect an austere manner. If the lady with me calls my attention to the Van Ostrands, who are occupying their box, and especially to Mrs. V., who is wearing her famous tiara, I pretend not to hear. I stare straight ahead and murmur at becoming intervals, "What depths of shade!" "What rhythmic colors!"

If Mr. Jones, who is seated at my right, observes thoughtfully that he has read about the "prima donna's high note" and is very anxious to hear it, and that he understands "she's paid $5,000 every time she hits it," I continue, notwithstanding, to stare straight ahead and exclaim feelingly and with increasing fervor: "What romanticism!" "What tonal shades!" "What embonpoint!"

It gets 'em every time; there's no mistake about it. I have not only gained a sort of standing in the community but I have actually commenced to enjoy grand opera. I am beginning to pity the man whose musical preferences run to martial airs and plantation melodies. I expect soon to feel a sort of contempt for him, and eventually I hope to enter into that little coterie of souls elect who are able to pronounce the names of the Russian composers without skipping a syllable. SIMON CEGLI.

ALBANY, June 9.

Priscian a Little Scratched.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Some ingenious young gentlemen at the university on Morningside Heights recently surprised the medical world by the discovery of a formidable disease, to which they gave an even more formidable name—carcanserinusabmetu. As to the value of the discovery there can be only one opinion; but as to that of the particle "ab" in the antepenult, as meaning "from" in the sense of "because of," there is to say the least room for disagreement. Is it Ciceronian or ante or post classical? Non omnia possumus omnes, and eminent scientists may be pardoned a slip that in the heroic days of Busby would have earned an application of the birch, had it been made by a boy in one of the lower forms at Westminster. And when did "caro" become masculine?

Perhaps some later Busby will furnish an inquirer with an authority, if any exists, for assuming that "ab" may thus be made to do the duty of "ex." F. J. DUNDON.

NEW YORK, June 8.

Convict Labor in Factories.

From the Baltimore American.

"Those who have studied the subject say that factories that are operated with convict labor have really never proved a success," said R. J. Keiler of San Antonio, Tex., yesterday at the Hotel Rennert. "Down in my State the Legislature investigated the State prisons. It was found that private individuals had made money farming convicts, but that persons who had worked the convicts in the sugar cane fields had as a rule made very little money. The committee that investigated the leasing out of convicts reported that certain industries should be maintained in the State especially for convicts, as they were suited for a class of labor that was unfit for other men."

When Betty Hulls the Berries.

For maids in graceful poses
Some bards attune their lyres,
Their classic occupations
Arouse poetic fires.
My muse is more domestic,
No highfaluting thing;
When Betty hulls the berries
Is what I want to sing.
With swift and skilful fingers
She plucks the green away,
Stains from their crimson heart blood
Upon her white hands stay.
So in the way she treats me
The self same game I see;
When Betty hulls the berries
She gets the hull of me.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

THE KEYSTONE TANGLE.

Republican Expectations of a Return to the Protective Tariff Allegiance.

PHILADELPHIA, June 9.—Many people outside of Pennsylvania have been upset because that rock ribbed protective tariff Commonwealth broke loose and drifted so far from her protection moorings. It will interest them to know that while the clamor of Roosevelt and the proposals of Wilson carried so many Republicans away from their protective tariff principles of a lifetime over to the witchery of a revision of the tariff "for the benefit of the farmer, the workingman and the consumer, the men and women of the whole country," excepting the manufacturer, Pennsylvania is preparing again to take her place at the head of the column in behalf of American labor and industries.

It was not alone the glamour of Roosevelt and the declarations of Wilson for greater prosperity under a Wilson Administration that led Pennsylvania from her Republicanism of half a century to the indeterminate policies of the tripartite party labelled the "Bull Moose," the "Keystone" and the "Washington" party of Pennsylvania, but Pennsylvania welcomed any change except to Democracy. Accordingly the voters drifted to Roosevelt, Flinn and Young.

Now the political leaders of Pennsylvania are taking counsel with such business men as the Hon. John Wanamaker, Thomas Dolan, Ellis A. Gimbel, Nathan T. Folwell, William T. Tilden, Thomas S. Harrison, Alfred E. Burk and others of Philadelphia and Gen. James M. Schoonmaker of Pittsburg, and Pennsylvania will again be found on the firing line as resolutely for protective tariff principles as she will be irrevocably opposed to the vagaries and whims she mistakenly followed in the campaign of 1912.

Robert K. Young, a Roosevelt leader, elected last year as State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, has just made this declaration:

"I shall never vote the Republican ticket again. I am not a Republican and do not belong to that party. I am a Progressive."

I asked the most astute and conservative Republican leader of the Republican party in Philadelphia what effect State Treasurer Young's promulgation would have. His reply was:

"The drift from Roosevelt to Republicanism is so manifest and so strong that for every such declaration ten thousand Republicans who voted for Roosevelt or Wilson in 1912 will vote the Republican ticket at the next election for Governor, and two things mainly will contribute to this result.

"These are that political leaders from the highest to the humblest are being guided by the counsel of the foremost business men of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, and Senator Penrose by an unusual degree of pluck and an exhibition of good judgment in opposing President Wilson's free trade tariff policy is creating a support among the manufacturing industries, and especially among the more thoughtful workingmen of those industries, the extent and strength of which, while great and irresistible, cannot now be estimated, but enough to cause Pennsylvania again to head the column of Republican States."

THE STRANGERS OF TO-DAY.

A First Hand Report on Their Knowledge of Our Institutions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having lived long abroad I speak Italian, French, German and understand Yiddish, a species of German. I thus can converse in these languages with those undesirables from the other side who, according to "H. W. S.," are ignorant of the basic principles of our form of government and incapable of forming intelligent opinions on difficult public questions.

How did "H. W. S." get his knowledge of their ignorance? Has he a large personal acquaintance among them? Does his business bring him in frequent contact with them as mine does me? If so it is but another proof of how strongly the mental attitude of the observer influences his views.

For my experience goes to show me that these newcomers are, as far as appreciation of America is concerned, in a state of comical beatitude, attributing all good things of all time in some way with the United States. The acquisition of citizenship endows them with a species of self-exaltation and with vast authority among their fellows. This civic pride of the naturalized foreigner is quite unknown to us natives who have become so used to the political champagne of liberty that we cannot tell it from common water.

I have merited the odium of "H. W. S." by vouching for and assisting a Russian Jew to become a citizen. A couple of weeks later he had organized a club, which, though nominally commercial, spent most of its time and all its money in chattering about those difficult questions, and disagreeing largely, which "H. W. S." and you and I, owing to our native citizenship, solve so easily, so harmoniously and, of necessity, intelligently.

In business I have learned never to broach politics with a naturalized customer or I cannot get away from him with any regard for that politeness which furthers sales. He will buttonhole me for hours and cite the history of my native land until my head swims.

As regards intelligence I do not know, not having met more than five or six really intelligent people in my life who fully agree with all my views.

NEW YORK, June 9. G. W. L.

Should the Noses, Tails and Ears of Dogs Be Slit and Clipped?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Passing along yesterday on Fifth avenue I noticed that never yet has Alcibiades had such a number of disciples.

If the Athenian General became silly enough to have had cut the tail of his dog, costing 7,000 drachmas, it is not a reason for so many men and women of our day to imitate him by having their animals clipped just because it is a la mode to have such or such species minus part of their tails or ears. Curiously enough I remarked also that often the owners of dogs thus clipped got the noses and the ears that do not match at all with the animals.

To finish, I would be very pleased to know the reasons, if any, why the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is permitting such fashions?

HENRI DE LAFITOLE.

NEW YORK, June 9.

He Never Will Be Missed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If the end seat hog is to be legislated out of existence, and I have already placed "H. O. G." after my name, in the name of all that is reasonable abolish the individual who will insist on your "moving up a little" in an overcrowded closed car. If this man sees a minimum space on which he can balance himself he will push in regardless of the discomfort of his fellow passengers.

The other day a man tried this trick on me when there was scarcely room at my side for a bird to perch. I immediately got up, saying loudly, "If you really are so weary as all that, here is my seat." As all the passengers laughed, he demurred, and I sat down again.

NEW YORK, June 9. POLITESSE.

Past Performances.

From the Washington Star.

Conditions were surpassing strange
And not like these at all.
At will through home runs he would range,
When father played baseball.
There was no pitcher who could charm
The leather sphere past reach of harm.
He filled them all with deep alarm.
When father played baseball.

And he himself could toss a curve
Whose speed was far from small.
He took the stoutest batter's nerve,
When father played baseball.
Admiring crowds would loudly roar
And when they quit the winning score
Was always seventeen or more,
When father played baseball.

Our players are but slight compared
To those he can recall
Who kept each umpire good and scared,
When father played baseball.
Out to the park we go with glee,
And though we cheer, we both agree
The game's not what it used to be
When father played baseball.

MILLION AT STAKE ON WATERMARK IN WILL

Expert Thinks Paper Was Not Made Till Two Years After Recluse's Death.

WILL EXAMINE IT TO-DAY

Tennessee Attorney Will Show Document to Typewriter Man Here.

Some time to-morrow a man in a broad brimmed soft felt hat with a way of soothing the letter "r" when he speaks will walk into the office of the Remington Typewriter Company, 327 Broadway, ask for Archie Butler, take out from his inner breast pocket a worn fold of paper and say:

"Here is the original of Mrs. Caroline Cloth's will. Just look at the watermark, and tell me if the will is a forgery. The disposition of $1,000,000 depends on your answer."

Mr. Butler, who has handled typewriter paper and supplies for years, will be ready for the stranger. He expects to be able to make affidavit that the paper on which the will is written was not put on the market until two years after the date of the will. If he does so, there may be an indictment or two for forgery down in Shelby county, Tennessee.

"W. S. & B. Regent Linen, made in U. S. A." is given as the mark wrought in the sheets on which Mrs. Cloth's will—known as the Clarendon will—is written. The will is dated in 1898. But Mr. Butler says the Remington Typewriter Company, formerly Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, "W. S. & B." did not market paper so stamped until 1900. Prior to 1900 the watermark read "Regent Linen W. S. & B.," and sometimes "Regent Linen W. S. & B. made in U. S. A." Not only did the words "Regent Linen" come first, but the character of the lettering used in the watermark was slightly different.

Thought to Be Valid.

The Clarendon will had been thought to be valid until the question of watermark was looked into. It had even been admitted to probate. Mrs. Cloth's only heirs, Dr. John M. Shaller and his sister of Denver and half a dozen cousins in Rhenish Bavaria, had conceded the validity of the will and withdrawn a contest they had filed.

Everything pointed to clear sailing for F. Bruce Garrett of Memphis, who would inherit $250,000 under the document, but Miles S. Buckingham, business agent of the strange woman who starved to make a million, wasn't satisfied. He wrote to the Remington company about the watermark, got the answer that the paper used must have been got later than 1898, and sent Caruthers Ewing, his lawyer, North with the will in his pocket.

It all goes back to the woman of 66, who lived in a splendid, old fashioned mansion at 479 South Front street, Memphis, and who died a year ago yesterday after shutting herself up for thirty years, shunning every friend she had in the world, and existing on a dollar a day—never more—that she might increase the $200,000 her husband, Herman Cloth, had willed to her. When they opened the windows and let light into her house last summer they found stacks of high grade bonds in the clothes presses.

Will Comes to Light.

At first there seemed to be no kin and the State of Tennessee sought to escheat the $1,000,000 she left. Under the law, it would have gone to the public schools. Then Dr. Shaller and his sister were found in Denver and a search in Europe discovered the half dozen cousins there. But before steps could be taken to divide the fortune, the Clarendon will came to light.

Nobody knows just why it should be called that. It was first found on August 6 in an old trunk in an attic on a farm on the outskirts of the city. The man who found the will after three searches for it was F. Bruce Garrett, son of J. A. Garrett, one of the most honored and respected men in Shelby county. His farm had been sold when young Garrett went there to hunt for the will.

This will made Bruce Garrett heir to $250,000, a quarter of Mrs. Cloth's estate. After its finding, Bruce Garrett said he remembered that Mrs. Cloth had taken a great liking to him in his boyhood and had wanted to adopt him, but he had refused to live in her home. His father afterward told him that Mrs. Cloth had provided for him in her will.

One Witness Dead.

One of the witnesses to this will was the man who had bought the Garrett farm. The other was a dentist in Memphis. He was dead. His son made affidavit that the signature was his father's.

The Second Presbyterian Church, which had been contending for a legacy indicated on scraps of paper in Mrs. Cloth's house, decided that it would get nothing. The heirs, including Dr. Shaller, who had started to fight, backed down. Then Buckingham, Mrs. Cloth's oldtime adviser, picked up the will and held it to the light.

Then the son of the dentist walked into the office of Garrett's lawyer, and while they chatted the lawyer wrote over and over again the name of his visitor's father. Then he wrote the son's name and the son went out of the office declaring he was no longer sure of his father's signature on the Clarendon will.

That's how the matter stands, except that Archie Butler has made affidavit as to the facts regarding the paper on which the will was written and is to settle the fate of it with his own sharp eyes to-morrow.

N. Y. DEATH RATE INCREASES.

109 More Fatalities Last Week Than in Same Time in 1912.

There were 1,447 deaths here last week, against 1,338 in the corresponding week of 1912, an increase of 109.

Deaths from measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria and croup, whooping cough, lobar and broncho pneumonia showed an increase over the corresponding week of last year, while the deaths from typhoid fever, organic heart diseases and pulmonary tuberculosis showed considerable decreases. There were 19 more deaths under 1 year of age, 42 more deaths of children under 5, and 56 more deaths between 5 and 65 and 11 fewer deaths over 65.