The Sun.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1913.

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
THE EVENING SUN, Per Month	25
THE EVENING SUN, Per Year	2 50

Postage to foreign countries added.

All checks, money orders, &c., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Readers of THE SUN leaving town for the summer months can have the morning and Sunday editions delivered to them in any part of this country or Europe on the terms stated above. Addresses changed as often as desired. Order through newsdealer or directly of Publication Office, telephone 2200 Beekman.

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, C. E. Luxton, 170 Nassau street.

London office, Effingham House, 1 Arundel street, Strand.
Paris office, 6 Rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.
Washington office, Hobbs Building.
Brooklyn office, 506 Livingston street.

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

The Wrath of a Goddess.

Our beautiful airy golden goddess friend Civic Fame, overseer of the Municipal Building, is to be pictured with her dome and tower on the certificates of the $45,000,000 corporate stock issued on May 20.

A lovely vignette, no doubt, and the principle of representing and encouraging municipal rather than unmeaning traditionary art is welcome.

Yet that aureate She is getting nervous. At 2:15 yesterday morning a watchman, his fell of hair erect like quills upon the fretful porpentine, heard a soliloquy reported thus:

"Humph, what do they think I am? The city owes more than eleven hundred million dollars already and keeps on tossing money away with both hands like a drunken sailor. What sort of Civic Fame does it expect to have?

"The city's debts have swollen 227 per cent. in fourteen years, and yet these New Yorkers expect me to be good and goden and virtuous. Their budget has climbed 156 per cent. in fifteen years. Those people ought to build a Tower of Babel for me, only they should make it of papier mâché! Am I a symbol or a humbug?

"Will these scatterbrained scattergoods ever learn that they've got to save more and spend less? If they don't do it pretty soon I'll break away from this perch and take a header into Centre street. Civic Fame, indeed! What these bankerers for bankruptcy should put up here is a brass statue of Civic Idiocy."

She drew herself up till she was at least twenty-three feet high; she strained, she tugged, she tried to throw away the laurel branch and shield; the watchman's gooseflesh was of gooseberry size; finally she relented. "It's nice and cool up here. I'll stay for the present. Perhaps there will be a little hard sense in the next municipal campaign." Her voice died away into a susurrus which the strong breeze overcrowed.

The watchman, half out of his head, rushed down forty-odd flights of stairs and cried for four fingers of Plymouth gin.

An Experiment, Not a Religion.

When the proposed Statewide direct primary system wakes up from a needed aestivation, we hope that some of its more impassioned friends will sprinkle cool patience on their ardor.

There is nothing sacred and beyond criticism either in direct primaries or any champion of them. If Mr. HUGHES were Governor THE SUN would still be unconvinced of the desirability of wiping out the State convention or of a popular demand for the abolition of that body.

THE SUN believes itself to be acting in the interest of the citizens of New York in objecting to a detail of direct primaries. The idea and the general plan it approves. If it has the temporary misfortune to be at one on this detail with BARNES and MURPHY, it thinks them blind to their own prosperity as bosses in opposing what might well turn out new power to them and a check on the people.

It is an error of many honest men to assume that anything called direct primaries must be to the discomfiture of the bosses and must strengthen the political power of the people, and that anybody who opposes it is necessarily wicked, corrupt and an ally of the bosses.

A direct primary system is not a table of the law, a religion or an axiomatic moral doctrine. It is an expedient and an experiment. Why, then, can it not be discussed and amended calmly like the duty on spiegeleisen or toothpicks?

Two Senators on Mexico.

Why does Senator FALL of New Mexico want the joint resolution forbidding the shipment of war materials into Mexico repealed? Surely if the insurgents could lay their hands upon all the rifles, field guns and ammunition they lack, the outrages that appall him would increase, unless gratitude restrained them.

It appears to be the Senator's complaint that the prohibition works to the disadvantage of the insurgents. He should bear in mind that the joint resolution affects the de facto Government very little, since it can import munitions of war through Vera Cruz from Europe. Governor CARRANZA, the leader of the present revolt, is now in possession of Matamoras, a port of entry, but it is a far cry from Matamoras to London, or Antwerp, or Hamburg; obviously the insurgents could acquire rifles and cartridges at once if the obstructive joint resolution were repealed.

The State Department in the Taft administration excited Senator FALL'S displeasure, and he is as little pleased with the policy of President WILSON. What does the Senator want? Intervention? No, he disclaims it. The Madero administration did not suit him any more than the Huerta administration does now. At any rate, the insurgents touch his sympathies. Senator SMITH of Michigan, his colleague on the committee which has never made its report upon the use of American money in the Mexican revolts, is more candid and infinitely bolder.

Mr. SMITH has declared for the cession by Mexico of that part of her territory "which lies north of a line drawn due west from the southernmost point of Arizona and including all of Lower California" to liquidate American claims for outrages. Does he think that any de facto or de jure Mexican Government would oblige him? The American people will accept neither of these investigating and clamoring Senators as safe guides in regard to Mexico.

The Prevention of Economic Loss From Fatigue.

Many investigations of railroad and industrial accidents have demonstrated that fatigue or exhaustion from nerve and muscular strain not rarely has contributed to the inefficiency of workmen. While such incidents are not frequent they serve to illustrate more constantly noted results of fatigue in deprecinting the working capacity of the individual. This valuable point is clearly brought out in an address by one of our foremost sanitarians, Dr. THOMAS F. HARRINGTON of Boston, published in a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Dr. HARRINGTON asserts with good reason that the factor of unnecessary fatigue has not received sufficient attention from the public. Professor IRVING FISHER has told us that 5 per cent. of all persons in this country are fatigued to a degree sufficient to impair totally their working powers. This statement would indicate a serious economic loss and is therefore a subject of great concern not only to the toilers but to every individual, because needless fatigue may be prevented or counteracted.

Physicians who are familiar with industrial conditions have noticed that accidents in mills and other places occur with a clocklike regularity at certain hours of the day, and at a time when the workman is most apt to be tired. In the German insurance tables this generally unknown fact is demonstrated mathematically, as follows:

	Accident Time. Per Cent.		Accident Time. Per Cent.
6- 7 A. M.	2.82	12- 1 P. M.	3.81
7- 8 A. M.	5.16	1- 2 P. M.	4.84
8- 9 A. M.	5.29	2- 3 P. M.	6.73
9-10 A. M.	6.04	3- 4 P. M.	8.07
10-11 A. M.	10.37	4- 5 P. M.	7.65
11-12 A. M.	10.31	5- 6 P. M.	8.48

Aside from this indisputable fact the resistance to disease is positively reduced by recurring fatigue, the products of which are well understood by physicians as handicapping all the functions of the body. That the muscular system is especially reduced in efficiency is self-evident to the workman himself, who, however, regards himself as so inured to exercise demanded by his vocation that neither he nor others realize the importance of counteracting its unfelt depreciating effects by simple measures at the disposal of all.

Instead of lounging in the shops or badly ventilated rooms of factories during the dinner hour the toiler would more wisely eat his frugal midday meal in the open air and spend his remaining minutes in gentle walking or any other mild exercise that differs from that of his occupation. The employer would gain in efficiency of his workmen if he would furnish rooms in which they could divest themselves of their clothing and take a shower bath with warm water, followed by a cold dash, before returning home. High authorities have proved by laboratory experiments that there is no better method of restoring fatigued muscular tissue to its highest efficiency than a bath under strong pressure. Personal experience of refreshment is in accord with this finding, and the time thus spent after work may become the most profitable and perhaps the most pleasurable of the day. The city toilers are fortunate in opportunities for such refreshment in the splendid public baths of New York; they err in not availing themselves of these facilities in winter as well as summer. The increased efficiency thus gained may produce far more in financial result than the cost of maintenance of such baths. Every factory in town and country should be provided with them to counteract the economic loss from fatigue.

The Stage Negro.

The death of an old time negro minstrel the other day brought to mind again the disappearance of this form of stage entertainment. There are but few of the survivors. The most famous of that old school, with their abysmal mouths, their spacious feet and their globular white eyes, are a memory only. The three great BILLYS, WEST, EMERSON and RICE, have passed on. Are BACKUS and BIRCH, NELSE SEYMOUR and WAMBOLD, NEIL BRYANT, LUKE SCHOOLCRAFT more than names lingering from an age that laughed easily and without analysis, but wanted its humor genuine and with the tang of the soil? The negro minstrel is a rare bird to-day.

Yet there never was a time when the public would respond more eagerly to the fun of the blackfaced comedian. The estimable AL JOLSON may be lacking in the naturalness that made the sufferings of JOHNNY WILD so irresistibly comic. He is about as successful in imparting to his audience some of the genuine negro humor, even if he always has to do it in the extravagant atmosphere of musical farce. FRANK TINNEY, who has perhaps a more personal method of fun making than any of his rivals, seems to find it easy to keep his admirers in constant laughter, though there is less of the real negro characteristic in his performance. Just how this quality disappears it is easier to observe than to explain. In the case of BERT WILLIAMS there has been a definite progress toward the acquisition of a finished method of acting, but it seems to have been gained at the cost of spontaneity and the racial traits that impart to impersonation of the negro character its keenest fun.

Gone may be the interlocutor and "Mr. BONES," the end man and the banjo, but the stage negro will always be with us. There is place for him in our drama. He need not be expelled to the variety stage nor to the extravaganzas. He may be as realistic as he pleases, and will possibly be most appreciated. Otherwise GEORGE THATCHER, latest of the famous blackfaced comedians to leave the stage of this life, would never have been able to paint such truthful pictures of negro character as he did in GEORGE ADE'S play "The County Chairman" and in the other dramas to which he had in recent years dedicated his talents.

Literary Signals.

For some time it has been vaguely apparent that readers of popular and semi-serious magazines were paying more attention to the advertising sections than to the reading matter. Well written advertisements came to compete with the love stories and special articles to such a degree that it is said the advertisements have conquered, that they hold the eyes if not the attention of the readers to the more or less absolute neglect of the intuitive productions of the muckrakers and parlor romancers.

Before he sailed for England Ambassador PAGE expressed the fond hope that some of the magazines now in the fulness of life would die. While we hold no such outspoken and deadly sentiments, still it is unquestionably true that DARWIN'S theory of evolution applies to the magazine world and that only the fit can survive.

But which are the fit? And what makes a magazine a misfit or an unfit? With all due respect we should say that the trouble with many of our monthly and weekly periodicals is that they have tried too hard and too fatiguingly "to give the people what they want."

What miners call "pay dirt" has been washed and rewashed until there was nothing left to pan out, but the rewashing has gone along just as persistently. There are signals in the literary world just as truly as there are signals in the financial world, signals which show green, meaning proceed with caution; signals which show red, saying danger ahead to circulation, look out for wrecks from sheer stupidity. But certain magazines have seen only white signals, meaning clear track ahead "for what the public wants," we care only for poetry, short stories and "features" that are "magazineable."

Oh, that word "magazineable" that smug and complacent gentlemen have been wont to fling for a decade at every contributor trying in his natural though crude way to say something. Originality, naturalness, truth, satire, have been sacrificed for years on the altar of hidebound mechanical conventions. And the worm, the public, turned and turned and turned, and how few saw the signals. And slowly but surely circulation, the life blood, ebbed away. Some tried to revive subscriptions by gift of books and pianos and tin pans, but there is an inexorable law in publishing that can be phrased in the same words over and over again: Circulation comes from within, not from without.

And manufactured "love interest," and ready made "human interest," and made to order historical series, and poetry of the "fill in" size, and stock muckraking canned and ready to serve, have one and all seen their day. After all, the American people do not want to stop thinking altogether.

The Vice-President is understood to be firm in his refusal to pay more than $2,000 a year rent.—*Despatch from Washington.*

The old New England adage about plain living and high thinking must now be transformed into small rooming and advanced reasoning.

United States Senators with their coats off!—*Evening Post.*

There are even United States Senators whom it would be vain to ask, in the good old homespun phrase, to "keep their shirts on."

Boston prisoner uses teeth to cut lead pipe.—*Headline.*

This shows the advantage of an early training in pie crust, doughnuts and biscuit.

One hears so much about the hunger strikers and the apparent failure of the British Government in dealing with them that it is salutary to note from a despatch published in yesterday's SUN that the Government is said to be completely satisfied with the results of the working of the "cat and mouse" act, by which hunger strikers who become ill in prison are released until they are convalescent and are then rearrested to serve out the remainder of their term. The number of hunger strikers, it is said, has appreciably decreased since the act came into operation, and, what is even more significant, some of those who have been released on account of ill health have fled the country. By doing so they may have escaped paying the penalty for their crimes, but their voluntary exile is in itself an admission of defeat, and the Government is doubtless entirely satisfied with this way out of the difficulty. If the fugitives return of course they will be rearrested, but if they keep away the purpose of the Government is served equally well.

The exclusion of Corean laborers from the Californian town of Hemet is not helpful to the negotiations with Japan about the alien land tenure bill, but the importance of the incident can easily be exaggerated. There seems to have been no violence or ill treatment.

Mr. PAGE reads Italian, and is now learning to speak it fluently.—*Washington despatch.*

The amiable author's progress seems to be rapid. May he soon speak Italian as correctly and copiously as the other Ambassadorial PAGE converses in English.

The country would be shocked if it were true, as Mr. MANN of Illinois and Mr. HUMPHREY of Washington asserted in the House on Friday, that poor boys are barred from Annapolis and West Point because they cannot attend the preparatory schools. No doubt the standard of the physical and mental examinations is nigh, as it ought to be; and it may often be the case that candidates appointed by members of Congress fail to satisfy the test. But we undertake to say that the "poor boy" who can pass the examinations will not find his way to either institution barred by any influence. There are more "poor boys" in the army and navy than Mr. MANN or Mr. HUMPHREY would care to count.

Reformers apparently ignore the necessity of economy in the administration of public affairs.—*Ex-President* TAFT.

What is a little thing like economy to a full fledged reformer with office in his eye?

A "pistol pocket" is said to be the latest thing in the smart woman's skirt. Well, why not? She should have a place for her purse and her samples, even for her cobweb of a handkerchief. Woman's deprivation of pockets has always been a cruel injustice in the opinion of many-pocketed man.

In modern literature satire seems to be a decaying form.—*Evening Post.*

Satire in modern literature has taken the muckraking form, which is far from decadent. Indeed it looks "huskier" and healthier than ever. The beautiful thing about the muckraker's satire is that it is unconscious. Were he not consciously debonair he would not be nearly so subtle.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

Proposal That the City Acquire Forts Washington, Tryon and George.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Up in the 181st street section are the sites of three forts which figured in our war of the Revolution—Fort Washington, Fort Tryon and Fort George.

From the time of Washington up to within a very few years the earthworks and bastions of these relics remained untouched by the hand of vandal or improver. Within the past decade, however, a number of slight scratchings and scrapings of the surface have been made, not enough, however, to harm them irretrievably.

Fort George is by far the largest of the three. It lies on a rocky knoll much above the grade of the adjoining streets, and is eminently adapted for a small park site. To attempt to bring the land to grade for "improvement" would be ruinous, to say nothing of the desecration involved in thus obliterating a feature of great historic value.

The Fort Tryon site is also on a rocky eminence just to the west of Fort George and high above the grade of Fort Washington avenue at about 198th street.

The site of old Fort Washington is on the same avenue at about 183d street. It is on interior land, much above the grade of the avenue.

It seems that the city should, if possible, secure each of these sites; all of them of special historic interest and none of them as respects topography or relation to grade of the streets especially available for commercial use.

The acquisition should thus involve no great expense, and it would redound to the honor of the city and the memory of its heroic defenders of early days.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, June 28.

Colonel Redl Not a Jew.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am sure your many Jewish readers, not knowing Austrian conditions, felt some pangs when they read in your Vienna cable report of last week about the peculiarly venomous attacks by the anti-Semitic press upon the Austrian traitor, representing him as being of Jewish descent.

They will be relieved of their anxiety by learning that according to authentic documents produced by the *Oesterreichische Wochenschrift* of June 13 the chief of the intelligence department of the Austrian General Staff was an Aryan of the purest stock. His father, Franz Redl, in later years a high railroad employee, was born in 1820 in Vienna, and his mother, born Chitil, was of Czech origin.

The anti-Jewish press of the Austrian capital intended to create a new edition of the Dreyfus affair, but one peep into the municipal archives of Vienna sufficed this time to lay the ghost.

NEW YORK, June 28. ISIDOR SINGER.

Rights of Smokers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Although an inveterate smoker I am with Dr. Pease to some extent. There might at any rate be open cars for smokers only, female as well, for the ladies seem to prefer the four rear seats.

Yesterday in Brooklyn at the risk of my life I boarded an open car with a cigar in my mouth. The car was crowded, and on the last seat were two women and four children. The mother of the children very kindly took one of her offspring on her lap and offered me the seat. Not wishing to vitiate the air around the ladies or poison the children's minds I had, perforce, to throw away my cigar or be looked on as a brute. Still, I would have been entirely within my rights had I continued smoking.

It took New York about a score of years to get a subway and maybe in another twenty years we shall have this smoking question settled. In the meantime let us smokers have some peace. No, not Pease! FUMEUR.

NEW YORK, June 28.

Advice to a Bridge Widower.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is always easy to suggest remedies for other people's troubles, so no doubt the "Bridge Widower" will receive plenty of advice, but I don't see how it can be better than that which Thomas Jones gives John Smith in his letter to THE SUN.

Let Brother Smith be thankful that his wife has got a hobby; that's just what ails the poor devil; he hasn't any hobby. Let him acquire one by all means, and above all things not be self-centred, but forget John Smith.

GLEN RIDGE, N. J., June 28. L. C.

The One Cinch.

From the Denver Republican.

The certainties of life are few,
There are few truths a man can clinch,
And we can only hallyhoo
For this one mortal lead pipe cinch:
That in each Monday morning's papers
There'll be news based on auto capers.

The other things looked on as sure
Are always proving otherwise;
No prophet's rated simon pure.
He's subject to reverse, surprise;
But Monday morn, believe me, Myrtle,
You'll always read: "Machine Turns Turtle."

Just why it is we cannot say,
Why autos that are staid on Sat.
Should act so lawless like next day,
And whirl, like any acrobat,
But there it is, first page, each Monday,
The auto death list of last Sunday.

FREE ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

College Graduates Are Told How to Earn $6 a Week.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In these days when college graduates through luck or other circumstances are compelled to become scrubbers, window washers and polishers of silverware, or because they lack the energy and incentive walk from store to store and office to office in search of work finally to return ome weary and footsore, if they were content to offer their services at the factory or mill where they may be utilized it is fair to assume that they would secure work.

A friend of mine, a man who could speak three languages but could not sell his services, went from place to place in a city not far from New York, at first calling where his education made him think he was fitted; and although he explained what he could do he could not convince the employers of the fact that his services were of value to them. So while at first he was not willing to accept less than $20 a week, although lower pay was offered, he found when he had gone over the district he plotted beforehand that the lower paying positions had been filled by others who were willing to accept $10 to $12. After a while he found it impossible even to find positions at those figures and was forced to be content with $1 a day.

The week he tramped around the city he had ample time to appreciate that no matter what position he secured he would stay in the same position and at the same pay unless he made himself marked by energy, speed of performance and other qualities to commend him to his employer.

He worked hard for three weeks at $6 and his employer saw him wrestling with enormous cases and rolling them away from the receiving point at the bottom of the chute to distant, dimly lighted recesses to return and go through the same performance without loss of time in conversation with others and he was advanced to $9 a week. He stayed with the concern two years, in the meantime corresponding after hours with others who he thought needed his services; and when he left he was receiving $18 a week and stepped into a better paying position.

All this long preamble will convince the reader that an education, whether a veneer or deeply ingrained, may not be of great value if the owner does not possess the qualities an employer can utilize.

I was particularly impressed by this recently while a guest of the Pratt Institute, when I went from building to building, floor to floor, and saw the students were being educated in sound work which gave each one who received a diploma a profession which is in demand.

My attention was called to the machine and pattern shops, where young men are taught practical mechanics, carpentry, building and architecture. In fact as evidence of one year's study each student had a model house finished with rafters, tanchions and other details complete which might be offered as a study and would serve as models for even the practical builder to go by.

I find that the model houses and staircases may be bought at a price of $6 to $15, and if Uncle Sam would purchase these and send them to schools, whether in city or country, they would serve as models and create incentive in the minds of many who drift aimlessly later in life because they did not know in what direction their capabilities might place them.

There are too many graduates filled with book learning, many of whom call on me, but who do not possess that experience which is necessary to conduct business, whereas the graduate from a technical school is ready to take up the battle of life and has a profession which gains him good pay at the very commencement of his business career.

In confirmation of the above I would add that the positions which several of my colleagues hold are due to having worked as foundrymen, blacksmiths and machinists. A practical trade makes a man able to fill a position which he may better by personal performance.

GLEN RIDGE, N. J., June 28. HIRAM.

PREFERS KILTS TO TROUSERS.

An Irishman Agrees With a Ruling as to Luxuries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* While on my way to the Hub from this city of tumult the other day I spent an enjoyable half hour reading your paper. What held my attention most and inspired me to write this letter was the editorial article on the unnecessary luxury of trousers. You said in the beginning of your article that only Dean Swift could properly write the story of Father Ambrosio, and whether you meant it no not one concluded that it was not in the province of ordinary mortals to discuss a subject of such importance.

Maybe it was my stay in the American Athens that prompted this thought; perhaps it is my being Irish with Donnybrook blood in my veins that suggested it, but anyway I must respectfully disagree with your remarks and conclusions. Abbot Ambrosio is right. His order to the monks is a just one. No Slav or Saxon imitator is he. Father Ambrosio is a Kelt. Only kerns, serfs or slaves wear trousers. What could be more comfortable than a kilt? I'll wager my membership card in the I. W. W. that Father Ambrosio is Scotch or Irish, and that he has all the haughtiness of his race.

PATRICK L. QUINLAN.

PATERSON, N. J., June 28.

Sharks in Pensacola Bay.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN I see the question, "Do sharks attack man?" and since the doubt is so saddening to E. T. Boyle, as it wrecks his most cherished notions of shark lore, please state for his special benefit that sharks do attack man in the Southern waters. I lived right on the beach of Pensacola Bay for a number of summers. I have seen bathers chased by sharks several times. Seldom will a bather go in very deep water even after taking Mrs. Lecks's and Mrs. Aleshine's advice, and I have known fishermen to fall overboard and be caught.

There is no doubt about it, official statement of bureau of fisheries notwithstanding. Mrs. A. G.

BROOKLYN, June 27.

The Art of Sleep.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I picked up in a letter in THE SUN not long ago the true remedy for sleeplessness. One of your correspondents suggested that continuity of thought be broken by a string of jargon such as saying in the mind "ocean, South Africa, table, figures, mule, King George, cow, ink, South America, tree, Newport, wireless, picture, cold, mush and milk, subway, candy."

People form the habit of chewing things over in the mind after going to bed. Instead of going to sleep and waking refreshed to tackle the problems of the day with a vigorous mind, they prefer to think them over at night. The habit may be all right, but it should be controlled like all habits.

Psychologically speaking, a person should learn to think in words. He should learn to read without words. He should learn to sleep by a jumble of words. Motion pictures are splendid, but they are teaching us to feel without words. Thus we dream. Motion pictures are making dreamers.

But let there not be too much of these good things. It is the mind that makes the body rich. Perhaps mental control is the goal of happiness. Who knows? J. JOHNSON.

BROOKLAND, D. C., June 28.

American Designed Canadian Canoes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Canada has sent three canoes to New York to compete for the international cup. One was built on the Charles near Boston, the other two at Gananoque by a young Bostonian, Victor Slocum. Why then Canadian? What should we think if the defender of the America's cup were to be built by an Englishman?

Victor Slocum, by the way, is at once an artist, an expert whaler and builder of boats. When one remembers that he is the son of that extraordinary nautical genius Captain Slocum, who sailed round the world in the tiny Spray, and finally set sail once more in her some years ago, never to return, no surprise need be felt that Victor should be a little "out of the common."

UNCLE NED BUCKSHAW.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S., June 28.

TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

An Advocate of Penal Colonies in Our Pacific Islands.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In to-day's editorial article praising the Pennsylvania marriage law you say:

The marriage of paupers is economically and socially indefensible. That insanity and physical and mental deficiencies can be and should not be propagated is the substantially unanimous opinion of neurologists, alienists and other physicians.

The State protects itself and its future by such reasonable and sound restrictions.

Every right minded, sensible man and woman who take serious thought of the future of the race will indorse all that. Why not go a step further and prevent the propagation of a criminal class, the breeding of the barbarians that Macaulay tells us will some time destroy our civilization? Why not get rid of the insipid sentimentality that permits confirmed criminals, many of them of a long line of criminals, to be let loose on the community time and time again, first giving them a thorough physical renovation in some luxurious jail, fitting them for renewed onslaughts on the lives and property of law abiding citizens, and manfully face a situation that is constantly growing worse?

We slay without hesitation the wolves that invade our sheepfolds, but allow immunity to the human wolves that prowl about us at all hours of the day and night. The confirmed criminal forfeits his right to exist; at any rate, the right to propagate his species. It would be economy as well as the curing of a great evil for the people of the United States to establish penal colonies in some of our unpopulated Pacific Island possessions, where the sexes would be separated and where criminals would have to work to eat, and refusing to do that would starve at their leisure.

A confirmed criminal released from our jails can very rarely obtain employment even should he ask for it. He would rather steal.

We have been hypocrites and humbugs entirely too long. Let us empty our jails by transporting our criminals and making them self-supporting, and incidentally reduce our taxes and also reduce to a minimum the dangers to life and property. BERKELEY.

NEW YORK, June 27.

MOLL PITCHER.

More Authorities to Prove That She Was German, Not Irish.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In answer to the statement of Mr. M. J. O'Brien as to the nationality of Molly Pitcher permit me to say that Mrs. Isabelle Carter McGregor, in an article in the *American Monthly Magazine* of November, 1900, wrote that Molly Pitcher was born on a small dairy farm between Princeton and Trenton, in Mercer county, in 1754, of German parentage; her name was Mary Ludwig. She was hired by Mrs. Irving, wife of General Irving, went with her to Carlisle, Pa., and there married her first husband, John Hays, a barber.

After the war the pair returned to Carlisle, where John Hays died in the early part of the nineteenth century. Mary's second husband was a former sergeant, George McCauley, an Irishman. This change of names may have given rise to the assumption that Molly was of Irish descent. There is, however, another proof that she came of German stock. A grandchild of Molly Pitcher, Mrs. Polly Malester, lived in Carlisle in 1876; she was 73 years old at that time. She had been raised by her grandmother and recalled many of her stories about the war. In a letter to Mr. H. A. Ratterman, who was editor of the Cincinnati *Deutsche Pioneer* for a long time, she tells of her grandmother's descent and relates that she had repeatedly told her of her experiences at the battle of Monmouth.

Mrs. Malester describes her grandmother as a short, stout woman, with blue eyes and reddish hair. Other writers of New Jersey history maintain the same opinion: Francis Bazley Lee, "New Jersey as a Colony and State," vol. II., page 208; Lucy Farney Bittinger, "The Germans in Colonial Times," page 250. This writer mentions the quotation of Mrs. Hamilton cited by Mr. M. J. O'Brien, but distinctly declares it to be erroneous. (Page 251.)

It may be added as a curiosity that J. Zeamer (see "American Catholic Historical Researches," vol. V., No. 4, October, 1909) regards the Molly Pitcher exploits as altogether untrustworthy and says he is in possession of proofs that Molly Pitcher was a myth. E. P.

NEWARK, N. J., June 28.

The Voyage of the Brig Speed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The stout little brig Speed of some 200 tons burden, commanded by Captain Blake and an Irish crew, sailed from the port of Limerick, Ireland, in 1840, and twenty-eight days later cast anchor in the lower bay.

The Speed, worthy of her name, carried a crew of eight men and twenty-six passengers. In addition there were three goats to furnish fresh milk each day and enough turf to make fires for cooking.

It took a whole day to disembark the passengers and their effects, beds, bedding and household utensils. Then they were detained in Quarantine for a day, later being taken up to the city upon the steamer Huguenot.

The Speed sailed away to Quebec without entering the upper bay. Why did she do so? To escape port dues? What is, briefly, the history of the Huguenot? The above is related by a citizen of this city, a passenger upon the Speed, now aged 82 years. READER.

NEW YORK, June 28.

A Rural Pessimist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is anybody in New York honest? The question is asked after reading patiently the facts, criminations and recriminations in the Becker-Rosenthal case, the Stilwell case, the Sulzer-Curtis case and a few other items, including now the Rader fence case.

Provincial intelligence finds itself befogged in the awful confusion of perjury, forgery, the many seedless varieties of theft and the corroding love of money that seems to envelop New York in a dense atmosphere. Can you clear it up? REUBEN PHILOSOPHUS.

WEST HURLEY, June 28.

To Cure "Shine" on Clothes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If your correspondent "C. F.," who asks for a remedy for the shine which wear has produced on his coat, will invest 5 cents in sandpaper (fine sand) and will rub it gently over the shiny portions of his garments wherever shine appears he will find that the shine will disappear.

The shine is caused by the fuzz wearing off. The application of sandpaper produces a new crop of fuzz, and the clothes will look as good as new.

This is a fact and it is a cheap and efficient remedy. L. PARRY.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 27.

A Temporary Expedient.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Take a whiskbroom, dip the tips of it in hot water, to which a little borax might be added, and gently brush the glossy garment or garments a few times every morning before dressing. The looking glass effect will disappear for a time and the flies will be able to perambulate over the rear elevation without let or hindrance. The only other remedy I know of is a visit to the tailor for a new suit. S. P.

NEW YORK, June 28.

Ghost of a "Danbury News" Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A Danbury man who is a great traveller says he once came across a nomadic tribe in northern Africa.

As he relates it, the horses were in tents; the people were in tents; the goats were in tents; the camels were in tents.

When asked regarding the heat he replied that that also was intense. CONSTANT READER.

DANBURY, Conn., June 28.

The Unemployed.

Mrs. Knicker—What is the matter?

Mrs. Bocker—I don't know what to do with Johnny now that school is shut, or what to do with my husband on Sundays or what to do with myself the rest of the time.

MRS. EDDY NOT DEAD, MRS. STETSON HOLDS

Mother Church Heads Teach Materialism, Deposed Leader Declares.

"SHE IS STILL ON EARTH"

New York Woman Denies Belief That She Is Spiritual Head.

Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, who was dropped four years ago from the Mother Christian Science Church in Boston, asserted emphatically yesterday that Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the cult, is not dead. She took issue directly with the Boston directors in her book, "Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence," published on Monday last, and set her interpretation of Christian Science above that of the present church leaders.

"Mrs. Eddy never died," declared Mrs. Stetson emphatically, "and she never has left this earth. Therefore I do not claim to be the spiritual head of the church, because Mrs. Eddy is still with us and will continue her work in her church and will lead on the nations to ultimate emancipation from sin, disease and death."

Mrs. Stetson made the statement to correct the impression that she regarded herself as the spiritual successor to Mrs. Eddy. As already explained in THE SUN, she insists she was excommunicated because she taught Christian Science as Mrs. Eddy wished, and now that Mrs. Eddy has "passed on" she maintains that her interpretation of Mrs. Eddy's teachings is superior to that of the Boston directors. She frankly avows also that she regards herself as the spiritual leader of the First Church, at Ninety-sixth street, and Central Park West, which she built at a cost of $1,200,000.

Calls Leaders Materialists.

Talking freely yesterday of the points on which she takes issue with the Boston directors Mrs. Stetson defended her view of Christian Science, which has been assailed by the Boston directors as "pretended Christian Science," and remarked that the Boston directors, by asserting that Mrs. Eddy has died, were teaching the doctrines of materialism, while she was contending for the principle of spiritual and immortal life.

Mrs. Stetson, who was one of Mrs. Eddy's first disciples, is remarkably young looking despite the experiences she has been through and her age. The rose colored silk gown that she wore seemed characteristic of her attitude toward life. Her eyes sparkled with health. Her hair is a rich chestnut color, and her cheeks have a delicate tint, suggesting health and strength.

"I am in splendid health," she said "and I could not be so strong and do so much work were I not every day demonstrating the teachings of my leader, Mrs. Eddy. And yet the Boston directors say I am not a Christian Scientist. I am in the best of physical health, even though I have had to be constantly on my guard against the impersonal evil which the Boston directors themselves have turned toward me."

Mrs. Stetson and her followers are convinced that they are following the precepts of Mrs. Eddy and that the Boston directors are forsaking them. Mrs. Stetson is regarded by her followers as the real authority on Christian Science. One of the points at issue is the question of Mrs. Eddy's death.

Mrs. Eddy Alive, Her Belief.

Mrs. Stetson flatly denied Alfred Farlow's affirmation that "we do not believe that Mrs. Eddy will return to earth, and no Christian Scientist who understands the teachings of our religion will advance such beliefs." She said she regards Mrs. Eddy as living and that the time will come when Mrs. Eddy will demonstrate herself to the world. From her "Reminiscences" Mrs. Stetson yesterday read as follows:

"Loyalty to my leader, Mary Baker Eddy, compels me to defend her teachings and to demonstrate the power of spiritual thought force to destroy all the efforts of so-called malicious animal magnetism in all the forms which it assumes in its powerless attempt to silence the voice of the oncoming and reappearing Christ idea known to human sense as a woman, Mary Baker Eddy.

"I must occupy her place till she who is to show us the proof of her teachings by demonstration comes to her own. Then she, as idea, the fulfilment of the law of love, the representative of the motherhood of God, will take her place in the world and lead the armies of Israel."

"Do you expect to hold spiritual communion with Mrs. Eddy?" Mrs. Stetson was asked.

"Oh, no," she answered. "I am not a spiritualist and I do not believe anything of that kind."

In her dictated statement concerning her belief Mrs. Stetson said:

Believes Not in Matter.

"Step by step I followed the way shower, Christ Jesus, and Mary Baker Eddy, until I had demonstrated the principle up to the point of emergence from a material organization, when I accepted the inevitable, the request of our leader to begin to build on a wholly spiritual foundation, than which there is no other. Spirit is infinite, therefore spirit is all. There is no matter.

"Those who have not risen out of material organization and who require personal association and who are not 'a law unto themselves' but require the help of those a step higher on the ladder of spiritual progress should remain in the material organization until compelled by the law of truth to advance.

"Throughout the columns of the book I positively state that Mrs. Eddy is the head of her church, which means the entire body comprising the members of her, the mother or universal church. She has not died but is rising to a final demonstration of her teachings that 'all is life, there is no death,' and is, as she has been, the spiritual head of the universal church. I have never ceased to follow the impersonal ideal once seemingly embodied in flesh. I remain steadfast in my convictions that I am the spiritual head of the branch church, which she organized and over which she placed me as spiritual head. I am responsible to God and to my leader for defending my position."

Waldorf Protests Its Assessment.

The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel Company objects to its assessment for 1913 and obtained a writ of certiorari yesterday from Supreme Court Justice Giegerich to review it. The petition stated that the property has been assessed at $9,200,000 as unimproved property and $13,719,000 improved property. It is alleged that the property has been overvalued $1,950,000.