The Sun.

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"Germany and the Present War."

The opportune outbreak of the European war brought to General VON BERNHARDI's "Germany and the Next War" a circulation and a fame that for once restore the nap to the threadbare adjective "worldwide." Fruit of the long study of a military expert who happens to be also a thinker and a transmitter of German imperialist ideas, deeply devoted to his profession and penetrated thoroughly by that profound passion of German nationalism and patriotism which even those who most lament or hate what they conceive to be its fatal international harvest must respect, he does not shrink before what he esteems the inevitable conclusions of a remorseless logic. No doubt his influence has been exaggerated and occasion has been more than kind to his literary fortune; but if sincerity, frankness of expression, knowledge of his subject and a steady flame of conviction make a great author, shall not FRIEDRICH VON BERNHARDI, who had no pretensions to the name, and very likely despises the trade, be accounted one?

Of his style in the original we know nothing; but it must be utterly remote from the fine passionate rhetoric and scholarly grace of another imperialist, the late Professor CRAMB, a man, by the way, who was able, as most Englishmen were not, to appreciate and even overestimate the resolute rising force of the German will to power. But even in translation BERNHARDI says what he wants to say, clearly and without flourish. The hopeless perfection of JULIUS CÆSAR, a perfection still bemoaned by schoolboys, is just that in its concisest and most pregnant form.

So much, and that perhaps superfluous, THE SUN records, not in introduction to or celebration of the remarkable article on "Germany and the Present War" printed this morning, but because that article is the continuation of the book which everybody has read. General VON BERNHARDI's views of the causes and responsibilities for the war, his review of a part of the campaigns and his previsions, whether they arouse assent or anger, dissent or approval, coming from such a source are full of a high and rare interest, irrespective of the reader's nationality; if he is an American, irrespective of his belief as to the origin or his wishes, subject to a public neutrality, as to the result, of the war of the nations. And so, THE SUN leaves this piece of "mighty interestin' readin'" to the public.

Sergius Witte.

Railroad expert, financier, economist and statesman, SERGIUS WITTE was a citizen that Russia could ill afford to lose. He had great administrative ability, and as a practical reformer his courage stood every test. At 28 WITTE was an authority on railroad transportation and expansion. No other man in the country knew as much about the complicated problem of railroad rates, and his information was used effectively in developing industrial and agricultural Russia. He has been called the builder of the Siberian railway.

Such a man was bound to go far and be always in demand. From the post of Minister of Ways of Communication he was transferred to that of Minister of Finance, and to him Russia owed her resumption of specie payments and a sound credit system. A Minister of Finance in Russia must have a sure grasp of foreign affairs, and Berlin soon learned that SERGIUS WITTE was to be reckoned with. He did admirable work in freeing his country from German economic influences, and doubled the revenues of the empire. In his strong common sense and obstinate and sometimes aggressive courage WITTE resembled BISMARCK, and naturally made enemies. Corruption in public life, of which there was so much in Russia, found in him a vigorous opponent. It became necessary to placate his enemies, and he was transferred to the "ornamental position" of president of the Committee of Ministers, but here again WITTE proved to be master of the situation. He had to deal with the revolutionary agitation that followed upon the heels of the disastrous war with Japan.

WITTE in that trying period which saw the creation of the Duma was not a believer in the kind of representative institutions its promoters demanded. He sought to compromise with them, proposing extension of the suffrage, an elective lower house of Parliament under restrictions, and the Imperial Council as the upper house. He held that Russia was not ready for democracy, a beneficent autocratic government being better for the people. It was his view that Russia was going mad, and he ceased to figure prominently in the reconstruction after resigning the new office of Premier.

But WITTE's turn came once more when the Czar sent him to the peace conference at Portsmouth, where he scored a signal diplomatic triumph in the negotiations. In a rescript the Czar thanked him for "rejecting the payment in any form whatever of the expenses of a war not commenced by Russia and only consenting to return to Japan the southern part of the island (Sakhalin) belonging to her up to 1875." For his services WITTE was made a Count of the Russian Empire. Early in his public career he had brought about a Government monopoly in alcoholic spirits, thus effecting a marked decrease in drunkenness throughout the country, and it was at his advice that vodka was banished from the field when war began in August last.

SERGIUS WITTE was useful in so many ways to his country, so accomplished, far seeing, resourceful and resolute that he stood out in an age of corruption and indulgence as one of the great patriotic Russians of his time. The title of statesman cannot be denied him. He will be missed when the war ends and a peace conference assembles.

Amnesia in the White House.

With the documentary evidence all in, we are compelled to bring against the President of the United States a verdict of extraordinary forgetfulness in the case of Mr. CHARLES FERGUSON and the Rats.

It was not a fairy tale. It was not utter rot. The adjectives in the President's letters of personal recommendation and unlimited credentials addressed in blank to the people of America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Polynesia show how near and dear to the heart of the White House only a few miserable weeks ago was the Administration's Ambassador to the Business of the Country.

The documents show, furthermore, how fortunate it is for the Administration that the bearer of these forgotten letters of introduction and the possessor of these forgotten credentials happened to be an honest (if somewhat transcendentally inclined) gentleman and not a vulgar rogue with a sharp eye for the main chance.

But how singular the circumstance that Mr. WILSON should have forgotten Mr. CHARLES FERGUSON and the memorable attempt to introduce Chautauqua methods for the instruction of Business!

How strange that the President should have forgotten Mr. FERGUSON and his letters of introduction, and his mission to the Business of the Country—forgotten them so completely that he was willing to call the Rats to witness that they did not exist!

In the words of the immortal author of "The Master of the Piffle":

"When I'm seeking Specifics both simple and sure
For woes which our finances fetter,
And doubt whether Metaphor, mingled or pure,
Or strong striking Similes better,

"And the Monster of Money I'm ready to bind
With my thoughts soaring high and yet higher,
There comes on the wings of the Whispering Wind
A word sounding something like ——."

Autographs. Excellent Autographs: Who'll Buy Autographs?

Letters are personal as your pocket; and not much more respected as to privacy. Writing a letter to a friend is the ultimate of trust in human nature; to trust in which is, in harsh but empirically justified view, a rash thing. If the epistolary hand is common clay and happens to write for a sentimental eye, its follies are all too apt to be laid away in whatever may be the modern substitute for ancient dusty garrets, and preserved for the scorn of generations yet unrisen. And the letters of the greatly wise or greatly foolish, the inevitably or adventitiously great, targets of eminence, are legitimate prey for those who make a profession of the hunt for intimate relics.

The collection of bare autograph signatures, least in violation of departed personality, is but drudgery of the hunt. The amiable collector whose assemblage of trophies is to be auctioned off this month—how dear to Mr. JOLINE's heart was the bound volume of signatures of NAPOLEON and his Generals? Eagerly sought of the collecting amateur horde, at good prices, they must have been to him as swept up, basketed sawdust alongside the (technically) noble timber of his autograph letter park.

Here is NAPOLEON describing in his own nervous "fist" a cavalry charge in his Russian campaign. Will the "world war" levitate the bidding? Some hobby rider will pay a "middle class" family's quarterly rent to be GROUCHY, to whom BONAPARTE wrote. It will go, not to a historian, to be imparted to the reading public, but to some selfish treasurer of a sealed up archive of the "curious" items of antiquity.

Here are STERNE and THACKERAY as duns. The Sentimental Pilgrim, "reviewing his finances"—euphemism of pure hypocrisy—finds himself £20 short. Ho, Brother GARRICK, do the duty of a friend! Show virtue and win merit in correcting where you have had no opportunity for fault. THACKERAY hides behind a rhyme:

"In case you owe, send what you owe;
In case you don't, don't send, you know."

Of all duns, is any so contemptible as the literary feller using graceful speech to cover the ungracious act?

Here are the LAMBS. MARY utters the Woman's Wail: "CHARLES had a month's holydays at home, but I am happy to say they end on Monday." CHARLES wishes the new HAZLITT "something a better temper and a smoother head of hair" than his dad's. Water the ink of your letters, that they may the sooner fade.

What a procession of dead hands: JOSEPHINE, EUGÉNIE, SOUTHEY, SWIFT, STEELE, RUSKIN, STEVENSON, SCOTT, SHELLEY, SHERIDAN, PITT, POPE, PEPYS, CARLYLE and a host besides.

But the best wine was served first. There cannot be in this museum of European chirography of the variously illustrious, this thesaurus of unhallowed relics, such another treasure as the Cocked Hat of Woodrovian origin and beloved memory. It is not in the nature of things that such beauties should be twinned.

A Layman's Thought on an Ecclesiastical Suggestion.

A clergyman complaining of the manner in which the liquor tax law is enforced in this city informed his auditors last week that:

"We all know that if Cardinal FARLEY and Bishop GREER went to the Mayor and said: 'Wilt thou enforce the liquor law?' he would proceed to enforce it."

It may occur to some not wholly abandoned citizens that if the electorate of this town wanted Cardinal FARLEY and Bishop GREER to conduct its temporal affairs, these eminent ecclesiastics would be put in office; and that until this is accomplished, they are so abnormally sensible and well disciplined that they will continue in the future to do as they have in the past, and devote their attention to the important trusts reposed in them.

George F. Thompson Reveals Unsuspected Depths of Character.

While conducting its "investigation" into the Public Service Commission in this district the Thompson committee achieved what many competent observers conceived to be its ultimate possible record for unfairness. It appears, however, that the capacity of the committee was misjudged. In its up-State persecution it has revealed a genius for indecency not paralleled, we venture to say, in the recent annals of the State.

The other day the committee through its chairman asked one of the up-State Commissioners whether he or any member of his family had ever received free transportation from the Delaware and Hudson railroad. The answer was in the negative. Senator THOMPSON thereupon

"read a social item from a Troy newspaper which described the trip of a special car taken by the general manager of the Delaware and Hudson and his wife to Lake George over Washington's Birthday. Miss * * * [the Public Service Commissioner's young daughter] was mentioned as 'among those present.'"

Had the "social item" quoted from the Troy newspaper been correct in every detail it is only fair to point out that this incident of a holiday excursion might have been entirely proper and praiseworthy, and that in any event it would constitute, under the most rigorous legal or moral code, an offence so highly technical and so inherently inconsequential as to receive no attention from a sensible man, or even from a professional politician except, as the record shows, the Senator from the Forty-seventh district. But the truth was that the "social item" was not well founded. The young woman had not been the guest of the general manager of the railroad. The circumstances of her trip to Lake George she set forth in an affidavit, in which she swore that

"not only did she not have the pleasure of the acquaintance of the general manager and his wife, but that on the occasion of the trip in question the parlor car of the Lake George train had been so crowded that she had been compelled to ride most of the way in the smoking compartment."

The affidavit made by the young woman continues:

"Deponent travelled at her own proper cost of $1.92, and is of opinion that, so far as opportunities for travelling de luxe are concerned, it is better to be the daughter of a public service corporation president than the daughter of a poor (not meaning inefficient) chairman of the Public Service Commission."

We trust that GEORGE F. THOMPSON's colleagues in the Senate are properly proud of his good judgment, delicate perceptions and sense of chivalry. We sincerely trust that they will appreciate his treatment of the young woman whom he subjected to this painful publicity.

Sad Case of Job Hedges.

The Hon. JOB E. HEDGES, with unabated good humor, continues his efforts to inject sanity and reason into contemporary politics. He is hopelessly, stubbornly, consistently sensible in his discussions of public affairs, and his independence is so shockingly manifested on all occasions that it constitutes a cause of sincere regret to all who would like to see him attain high office. That there are few men active in public life afflicted by the disqualifications which are so evident in Judge HEDGES is unquestionably the reason of sincere congratulation among party leaders and the eminent trimmers they put forward, support and control. What, for example, would be the fate of the direct primary, which last week he rudely characterized as "all bunk," if a dozen men of similar truthfulness and force were to arise in various parts of the State and show that imposition up as he did?

The acquittal of HARRY K. THAW and four codefendants on the charge of conspiring to effect his escape from Matteawan eighteen months ago does not promise to bring the notorious case to an early end. THAW's counsel have two strings to their bow, and the litigation may go on as methodically as before with little regard to the passage of time. Indeed, it is even conceivable that a conviction upon the conspiracy charge might have been more welcome to them as affording evidence of the soundness of his faculties.

THE SUN acknowledges the receipt of a resolution of the Republican Club of the City of New York, adopted by that body at the suggestion of its Committee on City Affairs, in which the newspapers of this town are requested "to give fuller, more prominent and regular publication of the powers, duties and proceedings of the Board of Aldermen and its committees." So far as the powers and duties of the Aldermen are concerned, the Charter and the amendments thereto set them forth at length. As to the proceedings of the board and its committees, when these have been of interest to the public generally, no newspaper has neglected to report them. This was the case when JAKE SHARP enjoyed power in the board, when the municipal legislators were prosecuted for contempt of court in the early days of the present city; when the town fathers attempted to hold up the Pennsylvania improvements, and when the sale of news stand permits attracted attention. So far as THE SUN is concerned, we pledge ourselves to exercise in the future the same vigilance in collecting and publishing interesting facts concerning Aldermen that we have displayed in the past, and we trust that this assurance of continued watchfulness will gratify the members of the Republican Club of the City of New York and of its Committee on City Affairs.

THE POLITICS OF THE HOUR.

Friendly Invitation to "The Sun" to Get Behind Theodore.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Honest, it did my heart good to see your editorial comment on the Public Service Commission matter in to-day's SUN. Every day I read the good stuff on that page, than most of it nothing finer in this or any other land. But what I started in to tell you was about the extreme satisfaction it gives me to note that you have so soon discovered what Theodore Roosevelt months ago suggested and deplored as one of the unfortunate characteristics of the then Republican candidate for Gubernatorial honors in the Empire State. Would it be possible to secure truer confirmation of all that was then alleged on that point than what is now going on at Albany? In public servants these strenuous times there is nothing to be compared to the habit of acting, "directly and straightforwardly," without fear or favor, for the benefit of all the people. Keep up your good work for strong, pure government and get behind Roosevelt on the Republican ticket in 1916. Honesty, ability, noblemindedness, courage and fairness; he has all these qualities in abundance. What more could we reasonably ask? JOHN H. HILDRETH.

BOSTON, March 12.

Is Billy Sunday a Doctor of Divinity?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am herewith enclosing clipping from THE SUN under date of Wednesday, March 10, from an editorial article entitled "The Whitefield of Winona Lake."

I beg leave to advise you that the Rev. William A. Sunday has not received the degree of D. D. from the Pennsylvania College for Women. This institution has not given this degree in its history.

We shall appreciate correction of the statement in your columns.

JOHN C. ACHESON.

PITTSBURG, March 11.

We hasten to publish this authoritative statement by the president of the Pennsylvania College for Women. The most recent edition of "Who's Who in America" contains a biographical or autobiographical sketch of the career of the Rev. William Ashley Sunday, evangelist, in which it is alleged that he received in 1912 from the Pennsylvania College for Women the degree of doctor of divinity.

In Arkansaw.

From the Arkansas Democrat.

He gets up at the alarm of a Connecticut clock, buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls, washes his face with Cincinnati soap in a Pennsylvania pan, sits down to a Grand Rapids table, eats Chicago meat and Tennessee flour cooked with Kansas lard on a St. Louis stove, puts a New York bridle on a Kentucky mule fed with Iowa corn, ploughs a farm covered by an Ohio mortgage with a Chattanooga plough, when bedtime comes he reads a chapter from a Bible printed in Boston, says a prayer written in Jerusalem, crawls under a blanket made in New Jersey, only to be kept awake by an Arkansas dog—the only home product on his place.

Missouri Farmers Writing More Letters.

From the Macon Times-Democrat.

"There's a great difference in carrying a rural route now and a few years ago," said George Collet, one of the popular rural servants of Uncle Samuel at the Macon postal station. "A few years ago it was a rare occasion upon which 50 per cent. of the boxes were visited on any one day, and now it is rarely that we do not visit all of them. To-day, for instance, I had mail for every box on my route except one, and that is a new box, one that was only put up a day or two ago. The farmers write more letters and cards too than they used to, and we collect much more mail than we did formerly."

Smith's Invitation.

"Dear Smith, please make us a visit.
Do come and stay with us.
We haven't much to offer
We always fret and fuss.

"It really isn't certain
You'll get enough to eat.
You run a chance of sickness
As soon as we shall meet.

"We haven't much amusement
Too full of toil and care.
And when it comes to working
You'll have to do your share."

Poor Smith at once accepted.
Though he did not rejoice.
For Smith was just the baby
And hadn't any choice.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

IN LAPLAND.

Elementary Training for a Good Young Man of To-morrow.

It gives me pride, my son, that you should take so intelligent an interest in political affairs and show so much curiosity about State government.

When you grow up this nation will be a gynecocracy, and the knowledge you are now acquiring will be of no practical benefit to you; but it will comfort you in those dull and lonely moments when the bread winner is attending to her public duties and you are alone in your modest but I sincerely hope virtuous home.

In those long hours it will be a great pleasure to you to reflect that a Democratic deficit is a sinking fund contribution falling due in a Republican Administration, and payable under the terms of a law originally passed by a Republican Legislature and signed by a Republican Governor.

You will derive happiness from the contemplation of the eminent men who held office in the old days, some of whom had courage without understanding, others understanding without courage, and some neither.

It will stimulate your intellectuals to recall that many a man went a long distance on the prejudices of his neighbors against vices they did not enjoy and he did not dare to indulge.

How elevating will be the thought that in preparation for the millennial period marked by the rule of your female fellow citizens your male predecessors deliberately chose to convince themselves that the only farsighted human beings were the blind, and that for the detection of bad odors it was the part of wisdom to select an investigator not hampered by possession of the sense of smell.

Your mind will be illuminated for a complete comprehension of many otherwise baffling mysteries if you will grasp the mighty truth that probity is proved not by an upright life and honorable deeds but by the frequent exercise of a loud and penetrating voice employed in the enunciation of honeyed words for those who didn't and harsh phrases for those who did.

Fix in your understanding this great principle, which underlies all politics and furnishes the key to sociology, the mainstay of our civilization: success is the hall mark, reward and self-confession of villany, while failure stamps those who achieve it as noble, true and worthy.

Having perceived and assimilated these mighty truths you will be ready to attack with confidence the most difficult and intricate problems.

It is not necessary to be wise if you can be sufficiently noisy.

Remember that a squalling baby in a railroad coach gets more public notice than a silent scholar in a rowboat.

Nine-tenths of your contemporaries remain permanently in a state of mental juvenility that makes it comparatively easy for their fellow citizens to live without serious interruption of their leisure.

Do not neglect the lesson to be extracted from the fact that when your country suffers under the aggression or stupidity of the Allies your German friends are hotly patriotic; that when the Germans overstep the bounds of international propriety your acquaintances among the Allies volunteer to send you to the firing line to defend your sacred rights and privileges, and that all the time your Uncle Samuel succeeds in keeping reasonably cool.

Massillon on War.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Preaching before Louis XV., during Lent of the year 1718, Jean Baptiste Massillon, said by biographers to be a greater preacher than Bossuet and than Bourdaloue, spoke the following noble words:

Sire, look always upon war as the greatest scourge that God can inflict on an empire; seek to disarm your enemies rather than to vanquish them. God has confided to you the sword only for the safety and security of your people, and not for the misfortune of your neighbors. The empire over which heaven has established you is sufficiently large; be more inclined toward softening its miseries than in extending its limits; utilize your glory rather to repair the disasters of past wars than to undertake new ones; render your reign immortal by the happiness of your people rather than by the number of your conquests; do not measure by your power the justice of your undertakings, and do not ever forget that in the most just wars victories entail as many calamities for a state as the most sanguinary defeats.

In this view of war by a distinguished man, especially at this late day, is not the mad spectacle now staged in Europe an eternal reproach? T. E. W.

GLEN RIDGE, N. J., March 13.

Shakespearian Authority for "Nor'-nor'west."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Lieutenant-Commander Yates's interesting letter in THE SUN of March 9 should settle effectively the compass boxing quiet on. His quotations, by the way, recall the words that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of *Hamlet*: "I am mad north-northwest." All the *Hamlets* I have heard, from Gustavus Vaughan Brooke to the middle of the last century, Charles Kean, Walter Montgomery, Barry Sullivan, Phelps, Fechter, Booth, Irving, Barrett to Sothern and Forbes-Robertson, besides minor "melancholy Danes" and a baker's half dozen of women *Hamlets*, have read the line "nor'-nor'-west." Assuredly that is how it fell on my tympanum, and it cannot be uttered "trippingly on the tongue" in any other way.

Among SUN readers there are doubtless Shakespeare-Bacon or Bacon-Shakespeare orthoepists who can tell us just how the original Globe Theatre actors pronounced "north-northwest" as it has been always printed in the play.

R. R. VALLENTINE.

NEW YORK, March 13.

Breaking News Gently in South Carolina.

From the Anderson Mail.

Some people will be interested to know that the new cells ordered by the city some time ago have arrived and are being installed. The cells are steel cages and are being put in place formerly used as a stable, first for part of the fire department, and later for the chief's horse. This room has been remodelled and a cement floor put down. These cells are to be used only for white people. They are large and roomy and are the utmost in jail furniture.

Sunset Trees.

I see the sunset trees, the upon line on the sky,
I see the sunset trees, and they seem to be marching by;
I see the sunset trees, and I mind me of armed men
Men who will fade in the dusk, and with never come again.

I see the sunset trees, supple and strong and straight;
I see the sunset trees, like souls on the verge of fate;
I see the sunset trees, then darkness swallows them quite,
And I mind me of marching men lost in the battle night.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE JAMES BOYS.

Their Legend and the Fine Old Age of Frank.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read with considerable interest Clarence L. Cullen's article on the James boys published in THE SUN of February 28, to which Arvid Strom refers in his letter published in yesterday's SUN.

There is no doubt, of course, that the James boys were, as Mr. Strom contends, a bad lot. But that is true also of such characters as Dick Turpin, Robin Hood and various other robbers around whom romantic traditions have grown up. The nearer one comes to such characters in their active days the less one is likely to see the picturesque in them. As their depredations recede with the years it is natural that the romantic legend of them should grow.

One reason why it is almost impossible to be sure of the authenticity of many stories told of them is that Frank James refused (as mentioned in the chapter from my book, "Abroad at Home," which was republished in THE SUN along with Mr. Cullen's article) to affirm or deny all allegations as to crimes attributed to the James gang. In publishing the anecdote to which Mr. Strom refers, the tale of Jesse James giving money to a widow to pay off a mortgage and then robbing the mortgagee of the same money, I did not present it as fact, but as an example of the kind of story which makes up the James legend.

Last spring I spent some hours with Frank James, and days with men who know him well, and I gained very definite impressions of him as he was then. I feel safe in saying that Mr. Strom is altogether wrong in declaring that Frank James never reformed and was a criminal all his life.

As an old man he was painfully, even ludicrously, pious. He quoted the Bible freely, expressed the most orthodox sentiments and fulminated against sensational literature and moving picture shows. Since his death I have read an article in the Kansas City *Star* telling of his having gone into the "show business" at one time, but having withdrawn from it because he discovered some dishonesty in connection with the way the show was being conducted.

Personally I believe that in his late years Frank James was pathetically eager for the good opinion of his fellow men. I never saw Jesse James, but from his pictures and from all that I have heard I believe he was a man of the criminal type. Frank James was not. He was more of the pioneer type. He was intelligent and resourceful. He had humor. His face was not "tough," but very strong. Under normal conditions he might have been a wild young man, but I doubt that had he not been confronted by the horrors of border life in those times he would ever have become a cutthroat. In this opinion I am backed by the men who knew him best. JULIAN STREET.

NEW YORK, March 10.

THE POOR CONGRESSMAN.

A Probably Futile Plea to a Too Inhuman Public.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Let us pity the poor Congressman, for now is the time of his sore trouble. For two long years he has been sequestered within the secure confines of the new Utopia of humanitarian service, abasing himself with the unquestioning faith of the devotee before the altar of Executive inspiration. He has been hedged about with the protecting authority of inerrant wisdom, guarded sedulously against the contaminating influences of doubt, discussion and disillusionment. But now, all suddenly and unprepared, he has been thrust forth into an unsympathetic world of practical men and affairs and brought face to face with an irate constituency, long since disabused of the fantastic obsessions of his pre-election days.

Pity the poor Congressman; surely he is suffering keenly. Alone and defenceless, far removed from the safe retreat of his servile sycophancy and the support of his fellow idolators, he is called harshly to account for an unfaithful stewardship. He is learning in travail of soul how far the world has advanced since he sought the cloistered seclusion of unworldly idealism, and the recognition of his utter failure as an independent representative of the people must be coming home to him with sickening force.

But most crushing of all must be his dawning realization of the futility of his toilsome efforts of partisan devotion. With what hopeless horror, what desperate despair must he gain the knowledge that in his unselfish labors at the foundations of an impeishable monument to the New Freedom of opinionated scholasticism and Executive usurpation he has succeeded only in digging his own political grave. Let us pity the poor Congressman, for now is the time of his rude awakening.

FRED MERCALF.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., March 13.

These Be Bitter Words.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The world is composed of two classes of men, the natural fools and the damned fools. The first are those who have never made any pretensions or have reached a just appreciation of the nothingness of all human acquirements and hopes; the second are those whose belief in their own infallibility has never been disturbed, and this class includes a vast number.

NEW YORK, March 13. G. F. K.

On Foot.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Walking is the greatest exercise in the world. Running, swimming, bicycle riding or any other form of exercise does not compare with walking as far as beneficial results are concerned. Find the man or woman who indulges in plenty of walking and you will find clear eyes and skin of rosy hue. Firm step and erect carriage are also characteristics of the inveterate walker.

For people pent up in offices all day a short walk at noon is the best protection against ill health. The majority of people employed in offices have developed the habit of walking a few blocks to the most convenient restaurant or buffet lunch and then back to the office when finished. About five minutes walk in the fresh air is all that is afforded to these persons, and they must feel the ill effects of it as the afternoon drags on. Drowsiness asserts itself and makes the time pass slowly. If the people who indulge in so little exercise would stay out in the open a little longer and indulge in a good brisk walk they would feel better, work better and return to their homes in the evenings with better appetites. Once a good wholesome meal would amply satisfy their improved appetites.

Some people who have discovered the benefits of walking find time to indulge every day, no matter how busy. There are numerous ways to satisfy the desire to walk. Some get off the elevated and subway trains at stations a mile from their places of business and walk the remaining distance. Others walk from the ferries to their business places. Some walk over the downtown bridges, while others walk around Batters Park or other parks that are convenient. The pedestrian who walks because he really loves it can always find a place to indulge in his favorite exercise. In this confining business world one needs exercise such as only walking affords. PEDESTRIAN.

NEW YORK, March 13.

A Maine Judge 90 Years Old.

From the Kennebec Journal.

Judge Nathaniel Hobbs of North Berwick, who last September celebrated his ninetieth birthday, began on Tuesday his forty-fourth year of continuous service as Judge of the York county probate court. He is the oldest presiding judge of a probate court in New England. The members of York county remembering the day gave him a reception during the forenoon.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL.

Simon of Albany Discovers a Vision and a Wonder.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* During the past month I have happened to hear considerable talk about feminism; I have also attended a music festival and an entertainment given by a young ladies' dramatic club. Which reminds me of an interesting experience I had last fall.

One day, late in the afternoon, I arrived at a farmhouse in northern Vermont. I found a young girl preparing supper. She informed me that her father, whom I had come to see, would be in directly. She was about twenty years old and rather tall and slim. Undeniably she was pretty, and there was something else equally pleasing about her that I could not make out at first. But I discovered what it was the next morning when she drove me to the railway station, a distance of about twelve miles. We talked quite freely, and among other things I discovered that she had been graduated from the high school two years before, that she was taking violin lessons and had managed the house since her mother died the previous summer.

"Wouldn't you like to take a course in a conservatory of music?" I asked. "You might some day become a great violinist." "Not I," said she, with a droll expression. "I learned to play the violin because father wanted me to; I don't care especially for music."

This answer surprised me, for I had never before met a young violinist who did not aspire to appear some day before the crowned heads of the Old World. It was altogether unusual. For several moments we rode along in silence, but I was cudgelling my brains. I must try something else, I thought to myself, something sure to touch her vanity. I proceeded directly to the point.

"Have you ever thought of a career on the stage?" I inquired, and then added insidiously, "A girl of your temperament, with ambition and perseverance, might go far indeed."

"No," she replied, "I have never given it a thought. I have never even wanted to take part in amateur theatricals."

"What!" I gasped, "you never——" I paused, utterly dumfounded. Could this be true? I looked at her in amazement. Could there be a high school girl, twenty years old, anywhere in the civilized world who had never dreamed of going on the stage? Impossible! Surely I had misunderstood her.

"But," I explained, "you must have read about actresses in the newspapers and magazines. Don't you envy them? You know they all have country homes and raise chickens and ducks, and have diamond and pearl tiaras and poor brothers whom they always set up in trade. Surely you envy them?"

"No," said she with a smile, "perhaps I ought to, but I don't."

Of course this was heresy. What was the matter with the girl anyway? For a moment I felt utterly at sea. The idols I had thought supreme were crumbling. And then, suddenly, I discerned a plausible explanation. This girl was not enamoured of worldly things. Passing pleasures, the gay life, fame's gaudy tinsel were not for her. Instead, seclusion, the cloister, the dim, religious light. I glanced at her face. Was there something ethereal about it, or did I imagine it?

I had heard of young girls, and in fact had met one or two, who longed to consecrate their lives to the overthrow of old religions, who dreamed of estranging the alien heathe from the gods of his fathers. Perhaps she had visions of a life consecrated to missionary work in China or Patagonia. Perhaps she even aspired to convert the domestic heathen! Such is the boundless zeal and enthusiasm of youth!

"Yes," I murmured, "there are other things in life, things that pertain to the spiritual well being of humanity. Did it ever occur to you that it might be your mission in life to carry the Gospel to those in darkness?"

She laughed merrily. "Never," she answered, shaking her head. "I'm a Christian, but I can't help feeling tolerant toward all the other religions I've heard about, because I don't understand any of them."

Angels and ministers of grace! Was this blessed ignorance feigned? Was this girl having a little quiet fun at my expense? Was she making game of me, a man old enough to be her father? No, I couldn't believe it. I glanced at her face again. A more frank and open countenance I had never seen.

I asked her many more questions; she graciously answered them all. Before we arrived at the station I had made up my mind that this was a remarkable young woman, a woman who did not feel an anxious solicitude for humanity, who did not dream of a high and glorious mission; who had no message to impart, no art to propitiate.

I thought of her on my way home as the train sped through the green open country and the little villages scattered along the line. And I have thought of her many times since, especially during the past month. She appeared before me, in my mind's eye, like a blessed vision two weeks ago at the music festival and again at the dramatic recital last Wednesday.

But, strange to relate, a cowardly suspicion is creeping into my mind. I am powerless to resist it. I am beginning to wonder if she was really what she seemed to be. Could I reasonably expect to meet a woman like her even in a world so full of wonders as this? And yet the Lord moves in a mysterious way, and it is possible that He selected me to be the discoverer of this pearl of great price. But I confess that in my abject spirit I am doubting. Every day I grow more sceptical. I hate to think I was fooled, but I am beginning to believe it. I am constantly haunted by the thought of what I might have discovered if I had pursued my inquiries further. I now realize that I left many questions unasked. What those questions might have revealed I shudder to imagine. Perhaps she had a secret ambition nursed from childhood, some mad longing which, if unfulfilled, would in time, like the worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek. As to the nature of that longing I can only surmise. Perhaps she aspired to be a gypsy or a strife charmer or a bareback rider in a circus. Who can tell?

ALBANY, March 13. SIMON CHEE.

The Revival of Real Food.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What optimist is this with his memory tinked to savory odors of the past, who sees hope rising out of the smiling east that he dares intimate that restaurants may, even by the force of organized effort, ever again have for their aspect the serving of real food?

If this source of hope can even be referred to the [illegible] age of real cooking [illegible] rants and photographs of antique food, be that "the star of Arcady" and "eat a hero's meal on his shield."

JAMES D. DEWOLF.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 13.

Kentuckian Protects His Name.

From the Stanford Interior.

J. J. Tanner of McKinney gets his name pretty well and written incorrectly so often that he has gotten out a card with the following printed on it: "My name is not B. J. Farmer, nor C. J. Tanner, nor E. J. Hanna, nor D. J. Turner, nor B. J. McKinney, nor P. J. Darner, nor E. M. Walz, nor R. J. Tanner. My address is not McKinney, nor McHenry, nor McKenzie, nor McKenzie, nor McKinney."

An Old Friend's Kindly Verse.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

This need of praise I send to you.
However poor its rhythm
Each day sets minutes teem with thoughts
Something more than rhyme.
Understanding men and things
No other such thing sends.
With best wishes of an old reader.

GEORGE A. SQUIRE.

NEW YORK, March 3.

5 YEAR HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IS PLANNED

Aim Is to Put American Pupils on Par With Europeans of Same Age.

FOR SHORTER VACATION

An experimental high school with a five years course will be started at the opening of the next fall term, says Superintendent William H. Maxwell yesterday. This will be subject to the approval of the Board of Education, which it is expected will be given.

The board of superintendents is now working out the details under the instructions from Supt. Maxwell, and will soon have the plan completed for submission to the school board.

Supt. Maxwell in explaining the innovation said the principal aim of the proposed new school system was to eliminate one year from the six years made up of the four year high school course and the last two years in the elementary schools. It is intended that the pupils shall accomplish in five years in the proposed system all the work which now requires six years.

The school authorities have believed for some time that the school system did not do justice to the native intelligence of the pupils in equipping them for taking up a life occupation. It was said to be true that the American boy on leaving high school at the age of 18 years was at least two years behind the German or French boy of similar age. When the Rhodes scholars were sent to Oxford, England, from this country it became apparent that American boys were from two to four years older than their English competitors. This unfavorable comparison is not due to lack of intelligence on the part of the Americans, Dr. Maxwell said. The school system in which the boys are taught is responsible.

The ten-year-old school boy in Europe is obliged to work steadily and intensively; the American boy is not so compelled and in consequence loses interest and is backward. The boy is allowed too much choice as to whether he shall work or not. Supt. Maxwell quoted Dr. Charles L. Dana, professor of nervous diseases in Cornell University, as saying that the coddling of American boys is absolutely wrong. "Mental work is not only healthful for the growing child but it is absolutely beneficial. The brain more than any other organ responds to exercise and training and has within it more potentialities of development than any other tissue."

The City Superintendent believes it would be a good thing to extend the school day in the high schools and in the seventh and eighth years of the elementary schools from five to six hours. This would increase the efficiency of pupils and teachers, he thinks. The school year, Supt. Maxwell believes, should be lengthened from 190 to 200 days for the high schools and the seventh and eighth years of the elementary schools, by reducing the summer vacation to one month. The proposed experimental high school will be for boys and girls. A tentative suggestion made by the City Superintendent was that those pupils who showed an exception that they possessed unusual ability along academic lines should be admitted.

CHILDREN IN BREAD LINE.

There Looking for Fun, Not Loaves, 2,000 of Which Are Given Away.

Hundreds of children besieged THE SUN'S free bread depot at 9 Pike street yesterday afternoon. They didn't come for bread, as the 2,000 men and women in line did, but appeared on the scene for two reasons, as Tom Merry analyzed it: because it was Saturday and a school holiday and because they were looking for fun. Merry helped the policemen on duty there to keep the frolicking children far enough away from the doors of the bread station to let the long lines of men and women file in for their bread. There were 1,643 men in line and 357 women.

After Merry and Bright had distributed the day's supply of bread the former was forced to enter in his diary the fact that contributions to the bread fund had come as follows: $50, E. B. H.; $1, L. Almirody, and 1 from a Friend. Merry was lastly to make this memorandum, as THE SUN has requested that no more contributions be sent in for the bread fund, because there is enough money on hand to keep the bread station running the remainder of the cold season.