The Sun.

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Mr. Aldrich.

NELSON WILMARTH ALDRICH was for nearly a generation one of the very ablest, and during a considerable part of his service the most powerful, member of the Senate; and that in days before the Senate was called upon to be a sort of second House, the accomplished vision of the muckrakers, before its popularizing and Martineization. He knew business. He knew the business of the Government. He believed thoroughly in the high protective tariff, and he helped make one. A "robber" tariff, no doubt, which too many of us in these blessed times of a "constitutional" tariff are disposed to regret.

A legend grew up, invented and believed in by those drunkards of speech who inebriated cheap magazines and the country. Mr. ALDRICH was quite the wickedest, most dangerous "tool of the trusts" and plutocracy, slave of "the interests." The most unpopular man, perhaps, in public life, he never bothered his head over the saffron myths. He did his work; and some of it usefully survives—the emergency currency act, for instance. For the reform of the currency and banking system he did much more than the popular inheritors of his labors acknowledge. The creation of the National Monetary Commission was largely due to his long activities in behalf of such a body; and the sound financial ideas which his place in popular diabology kept from the statute book were garnered by the good who came after him. A constructive statesman, some of whose constructions were torn down, while others, unfinished, became the glory of more fortunate architects.

Mr. ALDRICH left public life of his own motion. He saw the state of public feeling and the ravages of virtue in the Senate. In the age of rhetoric and "service" he was out of place.

Time, which blows away so much fluff of illusion, has done something for this old fashioned Senator and Republican. His sincerity and honesty will not be questioned. To whatever of error or excess there may have been in his application of the protection doctrine the country is perhaps kinder than it was. His persistent intelligent devotion to banking and currency reform—for he was a reformer, this impenitent reactionary—assure him the respect of those whose opinion is informed. And he dies at a time when business men are daring to lift their heads again, after a long discipline of governmental bludgeoning. This business man in politics seems a different figure from the curious distortions of him in politico-sociological fiction.

Let the Impudent Beware.

To the impudent residents of this city who protest against the burdens that Albany intends to impose upon them, and particularly to JOHN PURROY MITCHEL and GEORGE MCANENY, we offer in all good faith and friendliness this counsel: Beware!

The enlightened and beneficent masters of the State have decreed the emptying of our pockets to the end that the purses of their faithful supporters in the remote districts of the State shall be filled. They purpose to use our money to comfort the workers who unselfishly devote themselves to the high duty of getting out the Republican vote. For four years these faithful patriots have fared badly. Some of them, indeed, have been reduced to the vulgar necessity of plebeian labor to maintain themselves. They call shrilly for nourishment, and their tender hearted leaders intend to supply for them the luxuries of patronage, no matter how painful the extraction of the necessary funds from the city.

Those who oppose themselves to the gratification of this unprecedented appetite do so at their peril. The stern and unyielding WHITMAN, the ingenious BROWN, the bewildered HINMAN, will tolerate no interference. Their plan is made, their power is unassailable, and their courage will not falter as long as a dollar's worth of pap is in sight; and their high displeasure will be visited upon all and sundry who have the temerity to question their motives or doubt the wisdom of their acts.

The resources of the city of New York are to be devoted to the creation of a political machine of unexampled authority. It is a noble work to which the wealth of the community is to be applied, and when the odium has been finally and completely apportioned the Hon. WILLIAM BARNES will be found enjoying the fruits with all the modesty of the boy who did not climb the tree but unostentatiously took up a strategic position where the ripest and most mellow fruit must fall.

The Drug Habit Victims.

The reported appeal of habitual drug users for public help in their extremity bears testimony to the efficiency of the Harrison bill, which has been so carefully drawn that the shrewdest drug fiend is precluded from continuing the miserable habit. How to relieve the distress of these unhappy creatures is a problem not for charitable persons only, but for the city authorities, whose duty it is to provide shelter and medical attendance for the sick poor.

The plan of Mr. COULTER and Mr. BOND of the Vanderbilt committee, the initial success of which was announced in THE SUN, is commendable and may well be emulated by the Department of Charities without delay. The sum appropriated by the Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen, $9,000, is trivial in the presence of this menace to the unfortunates who now are forced to abandon their efficiency destroying habits and who are entitled to all the assistance the government can afford to restore them to usefulness. The city has a large farm on Staten Island which may be utilized for this purpose until other larger farms in some rural locality may be organized under kindly but efficient management, to which those who have been discharged cured or improved from Bellevue and other hospitals may be sent for final release from the curse of drugs.

Money expended for this purpose will be returned a thousandfold to the city treasury in the physical and mental betterment of the toilers, who have often unconsciously become victims of cocaine or morphine.

Many of these hapless victims have become drug habitués by continuing careless medical advice; others have been led to indulgence by unscrupulous companions, many have become criminals under the perverting influence of drugs; all are suffering from a depreciation of the nervous system. They are entitled to the sympathy of their fellows, which, however, must not degenerate into dangerous sentimentality. Physical restoration by fresh air, exercise, plain, nutritious food, and baths, are regarded by physicians as the most efficient method of restoring lost resisting capacity.

The farm colony plan devised by the Vanderbilt committee commends itself for these reasons and should be immediately adopted and expanded.

Huerta's Statement.

General HUERTA has described in a strain of anatomical eloquence the man who is to save Mexico: "A Mexican who will act as a surgeon, who will cure the sores, who will amputate the dead parts of the national body, and then Mexico, in a short time, will revive and will be the paradise on earth it deserves to be." General HUERTA does not see the savior in the flesh—at least, for publication. But the ex-dictator can hardly be rhapsodizing: no dreamer of dreams he, but practical to his finger tips. Moreover, he is a good judge of men, and it is no secret that the General maintains the number of eligible strong men in Mexico to be limited. As a matter of fact, he really knows of but one who is competent to redeem Mexico and rule it with firmness and foresight.

It is permissible, however, to defend the administration which the Carranzistas, with the countenance and sympathy of Mr. WILSON, drove from office and after nine months of opportunity have not replaced. General HUERTA says that he protected foreigners and their property in the territory he controlled, and he challenges contradiction. There were no butcheries, there was no rapine, nor were ministers of the church "shamelessly mistreated." His was also a business administration, in spite of, for an obvious reason, the difficulty of obtaining loans abroad. He says:

"When I took charge our treasury was empty. In order not to ruin the country I struggled along the best I could, but I did not adopt any drastic measures. I did not print any bogus money. I never called on anybody for forcible loans. Not a single banking institution went to the wall during my administration. They all paid dividends. Not a single business house shut its doors."

All this is in the main true; also true it is that General HUERTA'S project of raising a large army came to nought for want of funds. Whether he left Mexico to benefit his country as he fondly believes, or was moved by the instinct of self-preservation to fly the capital, is no great matter now. The point is that Mexico is given over to chaos from the Rio Grande to the Usumacinta, as all men know, whereas in HUERTA'S time order was maintained in the richest and most populous regions, and the General may rationally contend that if the United States had recognized him as provisional President he would have established his authority completely. No more could any foreign Government have required or legitimately expected.

There is an increasing number of Americans who believe that a mistake was made in not giving General HUERTA a trial as provisional President of Mexico. They will agree with him that only a strong man can restore order, reconcile the factions, and set up a responsible government. But practical, clever and resourceful as General HUERTA is, any movement to reinstate him would not promise an early and enduring solution of Mexico's problem. It must be recognized that rancorously as the Constitutionalists differ among themselves they hate and fear the name of HUERTA and would never accept him. Although there is no other strong man, no surgeon and healer in sight, to encourage him in his ambition would not be wise. If the Constitutionalists themselves do not soon produce the strong man, the hope of Mexico would appear to be in a compromise with the element represented by VICTORIANO HUERTA.

"United Prohibitionists."

Two officers of the Anti-Saloon League, paid missionaries of prohibition, have modestly given notice of the fell resolve of that virtuous concern. These thunderers of Tooley street proclaim that "the united prohibitionist forces of the country will oppose the candidacy of any man who voted against the Webb-Kenyon interstate liquor shipment law or voted against the resolution to submit the national prohibition amendment to the States, or who advocated only the States' rights policy of dealing with the liquor traffic." Thus is Mr. WILSON placed on the blacklist.

What are the united prohibitionist forces of the country and what are they united on, and who are they anyway? In North Carolina the Prohibitionists are united on allowing the victims of State prohibition a half a gallon—isn't it? or is it a gallon?—of whiskey a month and so many gallons of beer.

What taxes are the "united prohibitionists" going to ask the Republican and the Democratic parties, whose candidates they so kindly undertake to regulate, to impose in place of the internal revenue taxes?

The Drys have had a party of their own for years; and much good has it done them! The wise Captain HOBSON is at their service. Or perhaps they can persuade the Grape Juicer of Chautauqua to live with them and be their love. The attempt of professional prohibitionists to run the Republican party and the Democratic party is amusing. It is true that politicians are as a class hamstrung, cowardly time servers, but it may be suspected that the Anti-Saloon League is some diameters less terrible than it talks.

A Grave Incident.

The destruction of the Dutch steamship Katwijk near the North Hinder lightship has a sinister look. According to an official statement by the Dutch Department of Marine, the vessel was at anchor, and her flags fore and aft, also her name in conspicuous letters, were illuminated by electric lamps. There can be no doubt that she was torpedoed, for her captain not only saw a submarine after the explosion but asked that his boats be towed to the lightship, without being heeded. The submarine disappeared in the darkness.

The best construction to be put upon the matter is that some one blundered, although there seems to have been no excuse for mistaking the nationality of the Katwijk. The Dutch people can see nothing in the affair but wanton aggression by the Germans, and suspect them of a design to goad the Netherlands into an act of war. The cautious Government at The Hague is reluctant to take that view, and it is plainly a case for deliberate investigation. By drawing the Dutch into the war the Germans would gain strategical advantages for their navy, particularly for the submarine flotilla, but at the cost of provoking the landing of a British expeditionary force to unite with the Dutch army in operations in the rear of the German army in northern Belgium. It seems incredible that the risk would be recommended by the General Staff.

Pending investigation by both the Dutch and German Governments it might be well to regard the sinking of the Katwijk as a stupid blunder. A grave aspect of the incident is that the cargo of grain was the property of the Dutch Government.

A bid of $70,000 for a seat in the Stock Exchange, almost twice as much as was offered when the war began, is of good omen for the country as well as for Wall Street.

In view of Sir EDWARD GREY'S statement that the captured crews of German submarines were in comfortable quarters and provided with books and opportunities for exercise, in short were well cared for, although lodged apart from other prisoners, it devolves upon the German Government to show that the thirty-nine British officers sent to detention barracks in a spirit of reprisal receive the same consideration and equally good treatment. One wonders what would be the portion of British prisoners in Germany who had engaged in "submarine warfare" à la Tirpitz.

From Senator BROWN'S comments on Mayor MITCHEL'S plea for economy in State government the public will learn that the proper time to obstruct the passage of a bill is after it has become a statute.

MERCY FOR ASSASSINS.

Another Thought Inspired by the Recent Anarchist Conviction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* While reading your interesting article on the bomb episode at St. Patrick's Cathedral it occurred to me that you had omitted to award a meed of praise to the discerning jury who in their wisdom made a recommendation to mercy in favor of the men whom they found guilty of a deliberate attempt upon the lives of 700 people and the destruction of a great church. MAWKISH.

NEW YORK, April 15.

"SCUM OF THE WORLD."

Amiable Observations of a Physiognomist at a Fight.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Eight o'clock on a moonless night. Fifth avenue is almost deserted; a few stray automobiles hurry their occupants to the "shows" which are soon to start. Few pedestrians cross our path. A few belated shop attendants scuttle along. Persistent beggars accost us now and then. Here and there we see a policeman in the centre of a crossing. As we go further down town the higher office buildings add to the monotony of the scene. Sinister, awe inspiring is the atmosphere; out of the bystreets leading into Madison Square dash silent shadows across the avenue. Their hurry, their silence and their secretive walk recall a trip down London's Oxford street at night into the deserted business sections, when countless numbers of the repellent rodent, the rat, dart to and fro—rats, the scum of the animal world.

We follow the footsteps of the ever increasing and increasingly hurrying shadows until we turn the corner of Twenty-seventh street, when we discern the dimly lighted entrance to Madison Square Garden. Policemen are everywhere. The rabble of Madison Square have not yet taken to the benches and, a sorrowful sight in their rags, they try to pick up a stray penny by opening the doors of the automobiles of their more fortunate but hardly less repulsive brethren.

It is gala night. The lightweight champion of the world is to defend his title, and every believer in the "gentlemanly art" of self-defence hastens to pay his tribute. The box office is thronged; none but $5 box seats are left unsold. The entrance is balustraded into three rows, which devour the newcomers like stock yard delinquents. An enormous, distressingly dirty curtain hides the arena until two attendants open it sufficiently wide to permit an entrance.

What a sight! The air is as thick as a London fog before sunrise. A subdued murmur, like the distant roaring of a thunderstorm, greets us; now and then a shrill whistle from atop the galleries interrupts it like lightning. Thousands of ferociously smoking individuals promenade in the arena through which we finally force our way to our box. Our seats overlook the whole amphitheatre. The first tier is dimly visible; the rest is hidden in smoke. The arena is divided into stalls, resembling the stalls of a pig market. Their occupants, mostly men who paid up to $20 for the doubtful privilege of inhaling the sweat and the dust of the ring, inhale the smoke of their cigars as only the furnaces of the Homestead Steel Works exhale their smoke. The eye gradually pierces the opaque smoke and perceives in the centre of the arena the ring; unlighted as yet but already the object of thousands upon thousands of expectant eyes. The ring, a square platform, is hedged in with poles and ropes. Two sand heaps in opposite corners indicate the resting places of the combatants. An enormous round light shade almost covers the whole platform; it and the oval amphitheatre are undoubtedly the only things resembling a ring; everything else is square.

The jaws, the contours, the foreheads of the audience are square; the shoulders, the feet, the hands and the very cigars seem to be square. The eye wanders further: it discovers the first, second and third tiers with their overcrowded spectators resembling pincushions covered completely with pins of which the heads only are visible—"pinheads"! Finally our glance centres upon our immediate surroundings and permits us to study the individual. At our feet we discern a few college boys, noisy, exuberant, evidently out for a spree and assuming the airs of adults. To our right and to our left the same physiognomies, square contours wherever we look, criminals, "booze fighters," saloon keepers at best. A stray dinner jacket enlivens the scene at intervals; but behold not far away—a woman and yet another woman, and behind us a whole box full of women, young women at that, with foolish, dazed expressions, "togged out" in their finest, with pencilled eyebrows, smiling in a disturbing manner and chaperoned by an elderly woman, the mother. Wherever we look we find the same satisfied grin on the faces of the onlookers, as if the smoke, the turmoil, the sweat, the dust, the vile odors, the breath of thousands of people, were the attractions they had come to behold.

Suddenly a gong sends its resounding tone through the garden; the noise abates until the announcer announces with stentorian voice the preliminaries. A German band, perched high upon the second tier, intonates the latest ditty; the galleries soon join in the refrain and the second verse finds the whole audience yelling, whistling and gesticulating—pandemonium. At last the preliminaries appear, the band stops and the disgusting, demoralizing, detestable and disgraceful spectacle of two undersized, underfed and sickly looking youths trying to knock each other out begins. Curses and profane exclamations, impossible to repeat, spur the fighters again and again until a bell calls the round. Through three weary hours the spectacle repeats itself, but instead of sickening it inspires, enraptures and electrifies the audience, the scum of the world.

AUGUST STENDER.

NEW YORK, April 14.

BOOM HOME INDUSTRIES.

Why Should Harvard Profit By the Sing Sing Advertisement?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* According to a report in THE SUN of Monday Deputy Warden Johnson of Sing Sing made the statement in an address at Albany Sunday night that "the day will come when a certificate from Sing Sing will be equivalent to a diploma from Harvard."

I do not like the wording of this comparison. Why turn our back on our own great university and run off to another State for the construction of a simile?

I am quite sure that if the speaker had been the warden of Moyamensing he would have said "a diploma from the University of Pennsylvania."

In the eyes of some distant seems to lend enchantment to the view. I notice the tendency in regard to public speakers. When a man comes from the other side to deliver a course of speeches he receives flaring notices in the newspapers, while large audiences greet his appearance, whereas as a matter of cold fact their utterances are oftentimes inferior to those of our own platform and pulpit orators. We fall too easily for an article which is imported. "Made in U. S. A." should be our slogan in this as in other matters.

While of course Mr. Johnson was indulging in hyperbole when he made his comparison, it would have been still more hyperbolical in the opinion of a New York audience, and more telling, if he had said "a diploma from Columbia."

NEW YORK, April 16. J. E. S.

A Protest From a Democrat.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is it not about time the Administration at Washington made some effort to put this country, which stands for everything that makes life worth living, in some condition of preparation?

One has but to look at Mexico. Are we to sit quiet and let Japan establish a stronghold on Mexican shores? I have been a Democrat all my life, but from now on I support no party that does not favor a strong national defence.

CLIFFORD J. CAMPBELL.

BROOKLYN, April 16.

A Neutral.

Knicker—What's the matter with Jones?
Bocker—He is a hyphenated fan.

GERMAN IMPORTS.

The Steamship Companies Refuse to Accept Goods of German Origin.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of April 11 is a very misleading article in regard to the shipments. We have written you before that only small attention has been given this very important subject, and we do not think for one moment that it is intentional on your part to "duck" this issue, but the article shows a lack of knowledge of the conditions.

The letter which has been sent out and which you refer to has no significance because of the fact that the British Order in Council allowed goods to be shipped which were paid for before March 1. It is also true that ordinary business does not permit importers to pay for goods before they are shipped, and 99 per cent. of goods shipped are paid for at least thirty days after shipment. Therefore when the British Order in Council came out there were no goods which could be paid for, for which the invoices could reach the importers in this country in time, and the amount of goods which were paid for before March 1 was so small that it was of no consequence. Besides this, the Holland-America Line and Scandinavian-American Line took such goods and have always been willing to accept such goods for transportation without any assistance from the Government, and the statement that the Government is aiding importers is entirely misleading. We are vitally interested in this matter, and being one of the largest importers in our business are obliged to watch the matter very closely.

Our letters to the Secretary of State asking for information on the subject have been answered only in the most stereotyped manner, simply advising us what we already know, that the blockade order is out, what the British Ambassador says and sending a copy of the British Order in Council.

We are aware that one of the largest firms in the import business in New York only had eighteen cases of goods in Germany, paid for, on March 1.

It is a matter of sincere regret to us that Great Britain should be able to dictate to citizens of this country as to what time they shall pay for their goods in order to get them, or that they shall dictate to us whether we shall buy them at all or not.

The foundation of the trouble is the fact that the steamship companies have refused to accept for shipment goods of German origin, having been told that if these goods were carried in their vessels the vessels would be seized. These private demands made upon the steamship companies make it impossible for them to run the risk of carrying goods of German origin without support from their Governments, because the British have been taking the Holland and Scandinavian boats into port on every trip and delaying them anywhere from one to three days or one to three months. In the case of a chartered ship, for which a steamship company like the Holland-America Line pays $30,000 or $40,000 for a month's charter, you can readily see the loss by charter only, without counting working expenses. In the case of when the British seized the steamship Rotterdam and held her for seven weeks there was a loss of the interest alone on a $4,000,000 investment, without counting working expenses.

It is quite nonsensical for the Office of Foreign Trade Advisers to say that they will present ownership of goods to the British Embassy, who will examine same and transmit it to the proper British authorities, because importers would never expect to get to the end of this line of red tape, and anyway what would be the use of doing it when the steamship companies have already been accepting this kind of freight since March 1? GRAHAM & ZENGER, Inc.

NEW YORK, April 16.

MOTOR CAR KILLINGS.

A Bench With Teeth Would Protect the Pedestrian.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The killing of a prominent man by an automobile has aroused the slumbering indignation of the public to the point where it is making itself audible. It was the bad luck of this automobile to kill some one whose prominence arrested attention. Other machines kill and maim their obscure victims with comparative impunity.

The responsibility for this state of things rests in large measure upon our courts. Instead of dealing in a drastic manner with the careless driver, to the end that the public welfare may be safeguarded, they free the most flagrant offenders on pitifully inadequate grounds.

"The deceased stepped out from behind a street car"; "In dodging another car he ran in front of mine"; "He became confused at the blast of my horn and started in several directions at once"; such are the lame excuses which secure immunity for a man who drives his machine at a criminal speed through streets so crowded that men and women must inevitably appear unexpectedly from behind obstructions of various kinds.

Our greatest need is for courts which will deal summarily with those criminals who are so indifferent to human life that they fail to keep their machines in sufficient control to stop short when pedestrians suddenly appear from behind wagons and cars, or become confused in our crowded thoroughfares.

Many automobilists drive as rapidly as is consistent with the assumption that pedestrians will have time to dodge if they keep their wits about them. Such men should be taught by stern measures to drive as slowly as is necessary to insure the safety of the many men and women who are sure to become confused where traffic is dense.

D. W. JOHNSON.

NEW YORK, April 16.

Billy's Rident Sleeves.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We read so much of Billy Sunday, of his slang, of his sermons, of his wooden tabernacles and of Ma Sunday and Rodey too, with his slippery slide trombone. We are told of Billy's training, of his fur overcoat and of his "hire of which the laborer is worthy" slipped into his pocket from the capacious dish pans. We are told so much of him in detail. Yet one detail has been overlooked by the press. No one has mentioned Billy Sunday's sleeves. How full of silent laughter they must be.

NEW YORK, April 15. T. P.

The Emerson of Drink.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In the story in THE SUN about barley water and other substitutes for the Demon Rum and the lesser demons of drink the name of Clarence Swezey is given as the probable author of "Beverages Past and Present." This is doubtless incorrect. Among my books is one of that name, in two volumes, by Edward R. Emerson, published by Putnam in 1908. It contains some mighty interesting reading and probably all the information obtainable on the subject. G. F. R.

NEW YORK, April 14.

The *Century Magazine* for May caters to the war interest with articles on Poland by J. C. Welliver, on Russian prohibition by J. D. Whelpley, a scare on the unprepared condition of the United States by R. M. Johnston and pictures of Antwerp and Cracow. James Stephens criticises American fiction, Henrietta Crosman writes on acting and William Winter on E. H. Sothern; the Infanta Eulalia continues her reminiscences, H. Kellock describes Paul Warburg and there are articles on municipal courts, on the duties of parents and on national politics. Fiction is provided for in the continuation of the serial "Mc" and in five short stories. There are no less than ten pieces of verse.

THE JUDICIARY.

Reply to a Criticism of the "Elective-Appointive" System.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter in this morning's SUN signed "Truth Teller" commenting on the draft judiciary article as "theory gone mad" suggests the preliminary observation that the name signed is, in every sense of the word, a pseudonym.

The authors of this draft judiciary article are perfectly willing that it should stand upon its own merits and appeal, to those who study it, as a whole. But misrepresentation of its content or effect ought to be immediately met, and I suggest that "Truth Teller" belies his name when he intimates that impeachment or the recall is the only effective weapon to reach Judges who are temperamentally unfit, slothful or otherwise undesirable. It is obvious that "Truth Teller" has only partially studied or considered the draft judiciary article, because one of the fundamental, structural features is the committee of discipline in this consolidated and self-governing court, which committee of discipline can deal with unfit Judges as with unfit attorneys, and there is a summary means, although based on charges at a hearing, of removing a corrupt or unfit Judge by the board of organization and control on the report of the committee of discipline.

The only other comment I desire to make on "Truth Teller's" misrepresentation of this draft judiciary article is the reference to what he seems to consider the adequate features of electing a Judge under the present primary law. Assuming that either "Truth Teller" or myself wished to be a candidate for judicial appointment in New York city, will he tell me how, compatible with the essential dignity of the profession or with the purse of a poor man, either of us would get the necessary number of signatures without indecent solicitation, by ourselves or by others in our behalf, and how the community at large is going to determine our qualities of fitness based upon the ipse dixit of our own petition or that of our personal friends?

The idea of electing a Chief Justice or the Court of Appeals itself to exercise this appointive power is that as one of the three great coordinate branches of government it should have its root in the electorate; but it is in contemplation by those who approve of this plan that the Chief Justice or the Court of Appeals should be elected at a spring election, focusing the attention of the electors upon the judicial system of the State apart from the ordinary considerations of political bias or advantage that characterize the general election in which the peculiar character of the judicial office is apt to be overlooked or simply lumped in with a partisan ticket. In the city of New York the general election ballot requiring electors to vote for each judicial candidate separately and not under a party emblem is, as far as securing an intelligent weighing of the fitness of judicial candidates is concerned, a scrap of paper. And I say this without the slightest reflection on any incumbent of judicial office at present; the system is inherently wrong from the standpoint of those who desire to insure the efficiency of our judicial system. HENRY W. JESSUP.

NEW YORK, April 10.

LESE MALONE!

Outrageous Attack On a Famous Young Detective.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is interesting to know that the hubbub raised by the Collector of the Port as regards the so-called elaborate plot to violate neutrality laws has been found to be without ground or truth. Mr. Malone would have been well advised to have consulted those who could have posted him upon how far longshore gossip heard was correct before rushing into publicity relative to a matter that now turns out to be fictitious and without a grain of foundation.

This comes of the lack of a proper civil service establishment in this country, where the plums of office go to politicians instead of the appointments being allotted to men of training and experience, for it would be hard to imagine that any one who had been trained in the working and the business of the port would have been gulled or misled by the yarns that apparently Mr. Malone has fallen a victim to only too readily.

It is to be regretted that the Collector of the Port found it necessary to devote night and day to ascertaining the truth of the misleading statements he has been the recipient of, especially if, as is stated, Mr. Malone has been devoting night and day to his investigations with a lot of secret service men. The cost to the department must have been enormous, whereas a simple inquiry to somebody in the know would have shown him the absurdity of the charge. G. H.

NEW YORK, April 16.

What Kind of "Peace"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In this morning's SUN appears a picture showing a banner bearing the word "Peace," behind it the face and figure, among others, of that well known relentless militant Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. They are all for "peace." So are we.

In the midst, however, of much present resolving and declaiming for "peace" the question occurs, What does "Peace" on that banner stand for? If it means "peace" of an armistice of twenty days or twenty years without eradicating Prussian militarism then I think most Americans would not wish well to that banner. Prussia, because now "groggy" and realizing the failure of her plan for this war, would no doubt welcome cessation of hostilities for a few years; "the day" postponed, some more "scraps of paper" and then!

If the Allies fight Bernhardi notions to a finish they will have earned the gratitude of the world.

If the Allies merely permit Prussia by "peace" to "take the count" they will disappoint all friends of lasting peace, and make the horrid sacrifices of this war of little use to mankind. J. W.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., April 14.

Reform Their Whiskey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What the British Government ought to do is stop the sale of the "bad stuff." That's what plays the deuce with the British workingman. We don't hear of club members neglecting their work, although man for man they probably drink more than the poor chaps who haunt "pubs." It ought to be made as much of an offence to sell crude or unmatured whiskey as it is to sell poison. If it were I believe prohibition would be quite unnecessary, and indeed that would only aggravate matters in driving men to all sorts of vile substitutes for drink. F. M.

NEW YORK, April 16.

"Anglo-Saxons."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* After a residence of some twenty years in the South I have lately returned from New England. Just a visit to fortify my Down East conceit. Such a conglomeration of races did I see in a fairly good itinerary that I am prompted now to believe that all the "Anglo-Saxons" left live right here.

CHARLES E. HINCKLEY.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 15.

Lincoln Anniversary Children.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On this anniversary of Lincoln's death I want to tell THE SUN readers of a peculiar coincidence in our family and ask if any other American family knows a similar case. We have two children, a son and a daughter. Our son was born February 12, Lincoln's Birthday; our daughter on April 15, the day Lincoln died. M. E. H.

JERSEY CITY, April 15.

THE CANNERY WORKERS.

Legislation in Their Behalf Should Be Based on Common Sense.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is to laugh to read the amount of sob sister rot that is being printed about the cannery bill. We are told that the canners are wringing their dirty profits from the blood of women and little children, and one graphic writer pictures babies of four years snipping beans, with heads nodding in sleepy exhaustion. Seventy-two hours a week of awful torture is dwelt on as continuing week after week for the entire year, probably while the cannery is putting up sterilized snow for summer use.

The suggestion of one eminent agriculturist from Madison avenue or Bleecker street that vegetables be planted so that they do not all come on at once, thus enabling the canneries to do their work leisurely, brings a mental picture of the farmers gathering cucumbers with mittens on to protect their fingers from frost bites and digging onions from under a snow bank.

Human nature has not improved since the shoemaker turned art critic, and a vast number of impulsive, ignorant, would-be reformers, rushing in where well informed angels go calmly about their business, should return to their lasts. Nothing is so satisfying to these restless, aggressive souls as agitation. City settlement work, where they are more or less familiar with conditions, either fails to provide sufficient excitement or whets their appetite for more notoriety.

Grossly ignorant of the first elementary principles of gardening, of the nature of seeds, of weather conditions, of labor conditions in the farming communities; of the limited opportunities, compared with their city sisters, of the country women and girls to earn money; ignorant even of the duration of the canning season; and most ignorant of all of the difference between fresh fruit and vegetables and stale fruit and vegetables, they turn like the shoemaker from the foot which they know to the rest of the statue, and presume to say that its arms are too long and its waist is too large.

They settle to their own satisfaction questions of which they have not an inkling of real knowledge, and proceed to force their solution on a more or less gullible and equally ignorant public, and the hue and cry becomes general, until it occurs to some cool and sensible head to see what it is all about anyway—and then the bogey melts like a snowball under the April sun.

It is about time for some cool and sensible head to let a little April sun in on the cannery bogey. A. L.

BROOKLYN, April 16.

TAXING LABOR.

Protest Against a Plan to Burden Real Estate Salesmen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A vicious bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature taxing and placing under the domination of politicians the labor of real estate salesmen and brokers.

However light such a tax, it is taxing the right to honest labor, and soon all other commission salesmen in every line will be placed under a political yoke in New York State.

No State in the Union has such a law. In Missouri it was declared unconstitutional, in California it was vetoed by the Progressive Governor Johnson. Such a law would be directly opposed to the spirit of the times, which is to unshackle honest labor, to enhance individual effort and to break up monopolies.

Much more could be said in condemnation, and all realty brokers and commission salesmen should immediately write their State Senators and representatives, and to their favorite newspaper, to defeat this proposed aggression upon the freedom of labor.

PROGRESSIVE REALTY BROKER.

NEW YORK, April 16.

A PROPHET'S PITY.

Uncle Hod Johnson, the Weather Warlock, a Middle Haddamite.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* O SUN! Live forever!

Put periods after every word, if it seems to you best.

Split your infinitives or part them in the middle and heap derision on the name of Lindley Murray, we care not nor turn a hair.

But spare our Uncle Horace! call him not out of his true abode and habitation. Know that he has immortalized not "East Haddam," but Middle Haddam, and that with an unfavorable tide weary leagues separate the two.

Also that Middle Haddam has nothing to do with any other Haddam, but is set like a jewel, in the very midst of that Chatham whose people have turned away from their own name, and exalted the horn of East Hampton, which is some twenty leagues southwest of Hampton.

And remember to toy not with the nomenclature of Connecticut except ye have experience and wisdom therein, for at such time as ye think not are ye thereby cast down and dismayed.

SELAH.

SHEFFIELD, Mass., April 16.

The Fear of Death.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For twenty-two years I have gone the long road of study, thought, even prayer. I have even curiously followed those distinguished scientists who think they have seen and heard things. Now, today, I am finished. Within me lives the unalterable conviction that death ends all. Yet there remains the horror of annihilation. I had rather go to hell. Why is this? Can any one explain it?

PUZZLED.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., April 11.

"Presidential Timber."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Root compares to the rest of our Presidential timber as a giant redwood of California compares with an elderberry bush.

Even Mr. Roosevelt's indorsement can in no way impair his eminent fitness.

NEW YORK, April 16. A ROOOTER.

Cold Storage of Diaries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* No reader of THE SUN probably had a better laugh over the letter signed "L" and which you entitle "Aere Perennius" than I did, and I am deserving of all the sarcasm "L" puts into his letter.

What I desire to perpetuate is not "diaries" concerning my poor personality, but rather a history of this part of Long Island as I have known it for nearly sixty years. I know very well that no one will care a rap about me, but what I observed is a different thing.

However, I invited the letter of "L," by misuse of a word. I may add that readers of THE SUN have given me the desired information as to preservation of books in cold storage. ABINGTON H. CARMAN.

PATCHOGUE, L. I., April 16.

Likes His Quotations Old.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "O tempora, O mores!" shouted Cicero in the Roman Senate when one of the politicians from up the Tiber tried to pass an act authorizing pensions to certain victorious gladiators. He gave Catiline the "O tempora, O mores" stuff also, but he meant it when he screamed against pensions to the Roman prize fighters.

The times change. Centuries pass. Old Rome, the mistress of the seas, is little and New York, where a politician, not from up the banks of the Tiber, but up the Hudson, has passed an act, not paying pensions to the gladiators of the prize ring (who need it), but to the "gents" who manage the games of the arena.

Let's say it again: "O tempora, O mores!" EDWARD E. DOOSBY.

NEW YORK, April 16.

URGE MAYOR TO SIGN THE LOCKWOOD BILL

Strong Pressure Brought by Large Real Estate Interests.

INCREASES HIS POWERS

Mayor Mitchel received yesterday resolutions from two large real estate organizations urging him to sign the Lockwood-Ellenbogen bill, now before him, which provides for consolidation under borough building bureaus of the inspection features of all departments and bureaus having to do with building construction and alteration. The Mayor is decidedly opposed to the measure which passed both houses of the Legislature this week.

The conference committee of Real Estate and Allied Organizations, which framed the original bill and has been urging its passage, asked the Mayor to sign it, and if he could not do that to return the bill without his approval immediately so that further action may be taken on it before the Legislature adjourns.

"Unprejudiced reading of the bill," the committee said, "will show there is no other purpose in it than to prevent the multiplicity and duplication of inspection and orders that now exist; that it does not transfer jurisdiction over the occupancy when the building is completed, and it particularly protects the present tenement house law from being interfered with in spite of all assertions to the contrary.

"The citizens cry for relief. The need has been known and acknowledged by every one, and the Mayor should support the citizens by signing the bill giving such relief. The Borough Presidents to a man are for this, and they are in as close touch with the people of their boroughs as the Mayor can possibly be.

"Not only does this bill provide relief but it guards against any errors or omissions of a borough superintendent of buildings by putting over him a board of standards and appeal which is to be appointed by the Mayor as a central and final authority. On this board are the Tenement House Commissioner, the Fire Commissioner, the Health Commissioner and four other appointees of the Mayor. The bill thus gives the Mayor through the Board of Standards greater control in this respect than he now has."

The advisory council of the real estate interests, Alfred E. Marling alone dissenting, asked the Mayor to approve the bill and also asked for a public hearing on it that his attitude may be known, his action taken and the bill returned to the Legislature before adjournment.

PERUVIAN MINISTER HONORED

Mr. Pezet Guest at Luncheon Before Sailing To-day.

The Pan-American Society of the United States gave a luncheon yesterday at the India House in honor of F. A. Pezet, Peruvian Minister, who sails to-day on the Metapan of the United Fruit Line on leave of absence.

The toastmaster, Prof. John Bassett Moore, former counsellor of the Department of State, introduced Minister Pezet and spoke of his long and valuable diplomatic service.

Mr. Pezet in reply spoke of his country's feeling toward