The Sun.

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

Does Mr. Wilson Mean Business?

If President WILSON means business in the attack he is about to make on extravagances in the public service, the Bureau of the Census, SAM. L. ROGERS, Director, offers an inviting field for his activities.

That lavish utterer of unnecessary documents consumes thousands of dollars annually in the waste of good white paper and good black ink. Its latest exploit is the publication of an eight page pamphlet entitled "The Census of the Deaf and Dumb," of which three-quarters of a page are devoted to exposition and explanation of the fact that the statistics and tabulations on the other pages are incomplete, and consequently worthless for any purpose.

This example of the passion for print that fills the waste baskets of loyal citizens with undesired and undesirable matter should furnish an excellent sub-head in an address to the Congress on the possibility of saving money for the taxpayers.

The New Education.

"In order that a man be successful in a particular line," says Dr. SILAS F. NEFF, principal of the School of New Education in Philadelphia, "he must use all of his powers, mind, personality and character. The reason so few are successful is that the early training in our schools is incorrect." At the time when Dr. NEFF was saying this in Pittsburg Dr. JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, president of Princeton University, was saying in Philadelphia:

"If I were asked to name the greatest defect of the present undergraduate I would say it was his tendency to postpone until to-morrow the task of to-day. Colleges connive in this by making his work agreeable; the teacher at once helps him over any difficulty. Men in the world must earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, but the student can acquire knowledge quite vicariously, without having to exert himself for it. He should be made to think his way out of difficulties for himself."

Do these two great leaders in education not know that they are propounding theories long ago proved to be fallacious? Do they not know that the old idea that a student should study has been abandoned. Have they not heard that there is a royal road to learning? Why, bless their dear old hearts, children in elementary and secondary schools are not supposed any more to go through the drudgery their fathers went through. It gives them "nerves." Do these antiquated educators not know about nerves? Shame upon them!

Some one should take them gently aside and inform them that the schoolboy and the schoolgirl now acquire knowledge not by their own mental efforts but through the labors of the teacher, whose chief object is to make everything easy for the precious charges entrusted to his care. As for the college student, President HIBBEN merely states plaintively what every one knows, that his diploma represents not his own achievements but those of the professors.

Railway Trespassing.

Fatalities in railway accidents so far as passengers are concerned have decreased in this country. Several of the most important railroad lines in their campaign for safety have been able to announce that no deaths have resulted to travellers upon their roads for periods ranging from one to five years. Fatalities to trespassers, however, have increased proportionally seven times as much as have deaths of passengers.

A recent report gives the number of trespassers killed last year as 5,471, and for the preceding twenty-five years as 113,480. This appalling figure represents 53 per cent. of all the railway fatalities in the United States. This percentage is remarkably constant. As the *Railway Age Gazette* expresses it:

"The more railroads there are and the more trains there are run the greater is the hazard that they will kill persons who persist in walking on the track, and apparently the more people there are in the United States the more trespassers there are."

The railroads have endeavored to have the States act and have also attempted to deal with it themselves. They have policed their tracks and have arrested trespassers, but according to the court records these persons went unpunished because the Judges refused to convict them and local authorities refused to stand the expense of their imprisonment.

At the recent meeting of the Association of Railroad Superintendents in San Francisco E. W. CAMP said that his efforts to interest various State Legislatures in a bill to make trespassing a misdemeanor were in almost every case futile. Where it received any favor at all the bill was made almost inoperative by limitation. One instance that he mentioned was a proviso that it "should not apply to pickets during a strike."

By the Beard of the Prophet!

This is an age of disrespect, of scorn, of contumely for gentlemen who pride themselves upon looking their best with a growth of hair, luxuriant or peculiar, upon their faces. The hostile feeling is constantly cropping out. A flagrant manifestation was the resolution introduced at the annual convention of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees at Rochester calling upon the sanitary authorities "to remove from the face of Delegate O'BRIEN the accumulation of hairy matter that naturally belongs to the goat family."

No doubt the resolution was greeted with uproarious glee by the razor using delegates, and Delegate O'BRIEN, peering through his jungle of whiskers, gave back defiance for ridicule. We wonder if they are red. Spreading red whiskers, parted or negligé, seem to be more unpopular than any other kind. A man can't go round looking like an animated beacon without attracting notice and drawing the shafts of malice. But we have never seen a man addicted to whiskers who did not enjoy his martyrdom. There is Senator JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS of Chicago, for instance; he glories in his carmine tinted beard, and very well groomed it is.

Whiskers have been under the ban in America—they are still honored in Continental Europe—but a comparatively short time. Colonel ROOSEVELT in his youth wore little side whiskers cut lamb chop fashion. His admirers may gasp, but such was the fact. Whiskers therefore are not necessarily unmanly. We must always remember that the martial Turk is bearded like the pard and despises the clean shaven infidel. It will hardly be believed that MARK TWAIN when a citizen of Virginia Gulch, that is to say Aurora, wore a mat of uncombed red whiskers that were not contemned but celebrated. And he never had to fight for them. The truth is that they excited envy. Packing his blanket, MARK, busted and unafraid, left Aurora one morning to hike 120 miles through the sage brush to Virginia City, his whiskers, as vivid as autumn foliage, streaming copiously in the wind.

So whiskers were popular and admired after the civil war. Get a print of a pigeon shoot of the late '60s and you will see the most prominent men in the community wearing not only flowing whiskers but chimney pot hats. They look very complacent and happy. In those days a youth with gossamer on his chin regarded a bearded man with awe. Mr. LINCOLN'S Cabinet ran profusely to whiskers—and such rambling whiskers, unconfined, untrimmed, unabashed. The nation was full of whiskered men, soldiers, sailors and civilians. No one thought it unsanitary. Everybody thought it glorious. As a matter of fact even in our day America is the sole country in the van of civilization that makes a jest of heavy growths of hair on the face.

Nobody in Germany makes fun of Grand Admiral VON TIRPITZ for wearing a divided beard depending almost to his waist, one of the sights of Berlin and Kiel. The beard in France is tenderly cultivated. In Russia the beards are amazing—that is, they would be to us. Whiskers are as much a religion as a fashion in some parts of Europe. They are deemed virile. But in the United States—well, we should at least respect the valor of the man who wears them.

Cape Cod's Railroad and Canal.

The Panama Canal has its Culebra, and the lesser waterway that severs the sundering cape between Buzzards Bay and Cape Cod Bay has its drawbridge. The problem of the sandy cape is almost as vexatious as that of the marshy isthmus.

The railroad men and the superintendents of marine transportation cannot agree upon an accommodation of conflicting interests. So the Public Service Commission and the Harbor and Land Commission have been listening in joint session to the request of the railroad to have the canal management compelled to carry vessels past the tracks through a lock. On the one side the argument is that the current in the canal is so swift that if the draw jammed a passing vessel would collide with it. The other side asserts that the current is gentle, and growing in the grace of mildness as the waterway gets its finishing touches. Craft pass through the draw at a twelve or fifteen mile gait, says the railroad. They are under perfect control and can be stopped in time to avert accident, is the canal's rebuttal. Let the bridge stay down, say the canal men, except when a vessel whistles for passage. We have instructed our draw tender, replies the railroad, to give the boats right of way, and let the draw down only when we have to get a train over. That means delay to rail traffic; locking would mean delay to the marine traffic, and added expense to the canal management.

Restoring the conditions of centuries ago, when, likely enough, the present cape was an island, has been a long battle, first for franchise rights, then with shifting, subtly hostile sands. Now that the waters of the bays are mingled, and the inside route, cutting off more than seventy miles of some of the most dangerous coastwise navigation on our Eastern sea front, through the shoals of Vineyard and Nantucket sounds, where ships go up and down by thousands a year—and some dozens perhaps in a year go "down" to stay—now it is a ridiculous, a disgraceful thing to have conflicting interests in transportation play the part of a Culebra.

By official report, in the past half year eighty-three tows, aggregating 175 vessels, have "gone through" without difficulty or accident. Whatever the merits of the railroad's plea, and the case is far from being one sided, it seems that the Massachusetts commissions have done the wisest thing in adjourning sine die, subject to renewal of the debate by either of its parties.

From the time when, in 1907, the State Railroad Commissioners arranged for the removal of the Buzzards Bay station on the Cape Cod division of the railroad the cape canal has been overcoming difficulties in a way that turns the sneer of the scoffer to a smile of congratulation—and deprecation of further hostilities of wind and sand and tide.

Honor at the National Schools.

From Washington comes the surprising statement that there is under discussion a plan to "introduce the honor system" among the Naval Academy midshipmen." But talk of "introducing" a code of manly honor as though it were a novelty at Annapolis and West Point is a preposterous absurdity, so preposterous and so absurd that it just about cancels what otherwise would be an insufferable insult to the young men in both institutions.

If the statement had been that there was under consideration a plan whereby the demoralization of political "pull" would be removed from these academies, in which it has so long wrought its mischievous work of undermining discipline and condoning the gravest offence of all in the code of military ethics, disobedience of superior officers; if the report had been that there was on foot a plan to remove once and for all this blight from the national military and naval schools, it might not only be believed but would be heartily welcomed.

We need more army officers, we need more navy officers. We are going to have them. And while we are working out plans for getting them, what a vast advantage it would be if some system were devised for eliminating absolutely and forever the Congressman and his demonstratedly baleful influence from the entire mechanism of defence.

The New Pan-American Trade Bank.

The operations of the new Mercantile Bank of the Americas will be watched with keen interest, and no small expectation, by all who are practically concerned in the realization of the much published visions of a smiling future for United States trade in the southern Americas. The reasons for the discrepancy between fact and fancy in that trade are quite numerous, and more obvious.

It is no mere sentimental preference that moves South American international commerce along east and west instead of north and south lines. The many counts of the frequently uttered indictment against North American purveyors to Latin America sum up, with respect to the actual movement of goods in southward leading channels, in the statement that our exporters in effect presume to dictate to buyers instead of making the offering of goods fit the reasonable requirements of the purchaser. Even if those requirements, in materials and in credits, were unreasonable, based only on whim, they must govern the trade so long as they are on the buying side.

Our exporters are not exempt from the natural laws that govern commerce for other peoples. Common experience, as, for instance, and especially, in the organized trade campaigning of the Germans, has demonstrated beyond sensible dispute the advisability, the almost indispensable necessity, of a financial strategy comprising a central trade bank at home with outposts in the country to be "peacefully penetrated."

For one reason or another, American enterprise, so much and often so undeservedly vaunted, has lagged in this essential respect. Whatever the conditions under which the new enterprise is to operate in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, its sponsors are to be commended for courage and sense. The risks may be expected to dwindle upon close confrontation, but praise is not to be withheld from the pioneer.

Here is a new and great opportunity for American exporting manufacturers. Its fate is largely in their hands. Support of it will better their own fortunes. We wish it and them the best of luck.

The Runabout Submarine.

The small, cheap, handy runabout submarine which Mr. HENRY FORD, the disinterested friend of peace, has designed to banish war, and which, as a sterling patriot, he will bring to the attention of Secretary DANIELS, is one of those sudden inspirations that come only to genius. Engineers, electricians, and explosive experts have been developing the undersea boat for a generation, and governments have spent millions in experimenting. The latest thing in submarines is the giant cruiser with four torpedo tubes and disappearing quick-firing guns, superdreadnought of submarines, as she has been called.

In his simple, direct fashion Mr. FORD points out the folly of all this scientific straining after effect without solving the problem. He has tapped his head and evolved the true idea. Any one with a few plain tools, a little tin and fixings, together with a gallon can of gasolene, can put together "the little terror of the seas," warranted to run up and down creeks, traverse lightly the uneven bed of the ocean, ride the waves like a decoy duck, bob up when least expected, and put any fleet out of commission. "Carrying a pill at the end of a pole" she could touch off one battleship after another. In his illustration Mr. FORD goes back to the David and other crude products of our civil war, but his is the original and unsophisticated mind, flint and tinder of truth. Cost of his runabout submarine a fraction of one per cent. of the outlay on a battleship, which is, say, $15,000,000. For that sum a myriad of his little terrors could be built—it would be hardly worth while counting 'em.

Yes, war would end on the sea—if HENRY FORD, philanthropist, could do the trick. He has just begun to think about it, and, presto, the runabout! No more electrical propulsion under water; gasolene below as well as on the surface. It is enough to make an electrician go out and commit hara-kiri. Plain HENRY FORD will have no electricity in his battleship killer; it is a waste of space and material when gasolene can do the work so smoothly and cheaply. What a treasure he would be to VON TIRPITZ the Eternal! But it is our own JOSEPHUS DANIELS, no small submarine expert himself, who will be the lucky man. Mr. DANIELS can now order submarines by the gross and parts by the million. He will have the laugh on VON TIRPITZ.

Before the Board of Estimate adopts the ingenious plan of city financing now urged upon it, under the terms of which appropriations would be made for two months of 1916, in the hope that the proposed home rule amendment to the Constitution will be approved and a new charter adopted, we are sure that some member of that body will read Section 226 of the present charter. From it enlightenment may be derived as to the statutory obligations of the Board, which seem to have escaped the attention of the author of this scheme.

Want new law to curb spies in the United States.—*From a news despatch dated at Washington.*

Why not try to enforce the old laws?

Our sympathy for the kind hearted suffragette whose cloak was stolen by an impostor she befriended would be deeper did we not recall the fact that most persons were glad to get along without cloaks at the time the garment was taken.

Montclair, always in the van of reform, has adopted a cat license ordinance. Spokane in Washington is about to do the same thing, and no doubt other towns will troop in behind. What is there so sacred about Thomas and Tabby that they should escape tagging? Why shouldn't they contribute to the revenue as the dog on the premises does? He pays his dollar every May day, and he destroys no birds, whatever else may be charged against him. If he is well trained he does not bark at night in the back yard, but vocally the cat is untrainable. He and she can make the night dreadful. Nothing in nature is so nerve shattering as the amorous cat's yowl, and a cat fight in the garden plot is the last straw. Humanity goes out of the window with the bootjack.

The wonder is that the cat has escaped the tax raiser so long. It must be out of consideration for the cat hugging sex. But with equal suffrage the paramount issue the cat need no longer be a privileged member of the community. Tag and bell Thomas and Tabitha; the tag for revenue, the bell to save the persecuted song birds.

First Filipino president for university.—*Newspaper headline.*

What does he think of football?

The Hon. CHARLES DICK of Akron, Ohio, has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate, a body in which he once was numbered. The restoration of Pacific JOE BAILEY, the Great Resigner, and CHARLES DICK to power in Washington would be a glorious triumph for the popular election of Senators.

The recent heated term seemed to show that the effect of a high temperature is much the same on the theatric system as it is on mere human beings. Only those plays suffering from radical weakness of one kind or another succumbed to the heat while the others continued quite as sturdily as ever.

Is Hayti, like Santo Domingo, to be transformed into a house of relief for deserving Democrats?

The Peruvian plan for new taxes is not "well received" by those who are to pay the imposts. The tax collector is universally unpopular.

"Me Went to the Races."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am very desirous of being set right on a matter of English grammar. The momentous question is simply this:

In a group of three the question was asked, "Who went to the races?" The answer was "Father and me." Now, "A" contends that "Father and me" is grammatical, while "B" asserts that the answer "Father and I" alone is proper. I shall be greatly obliged if some one will tell me which one of the two is right and why.

I. N. DOUBT.

UTICA, September 17.

From an Optimist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* From out of the heat and mugginess comes this refreshing fact. "The Last Straw" hasn't been taboo this year on some day set by supercilious youths.

It has been permitted to abide the weather and keep cool the dome of the bald as well as the thistle top.

If the weather forecaster has brought about this cooling reform, he is to be blessed and not condemned.

JAMES D. DEWELL, Jr.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., September 18.

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

Mr. Will H. Thompson's Documented History of a Famous Poem.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The editorial article in THE SUN of Sunday, August 29, entitled "Poems That Have Been Added To," is such a dignified and explicit challenge of my authorship of the four concluding stanzas of the poem "The High Tide at Gettysburg" that I feel compelled to ask you to undo the wrong to history and to me that may follow this publication by printing the extended and careful history which I now give of the creation and publication of the poem.

In 1887 the *Century Magazine* was engaged in the publication of war articles written by leading soldiers of the Northern and Southern armies, and noting a number of poems by Northern writers eulogizing heroic deeds by Northern soldiers, such, for instance, as "Keenan's Charge at Chancellorsville," I attempted the task of portraying in verse the most notable and picturesque achievement of the Confederate arms, the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg. The poem as completed and mailed to the editor of the *Century* was precisely as it now appears, with the exception of the last four stanzas and of the form of one line in the sixth stanza.

I received from Richard Watson Gilder, then editor of the magazine, a letter acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript and suggesting that I should add another stanza to the effect that the South was not lost but saved by the result of the great battle. Thereafter I rewrote the poem, changing the first line in the sixth stanza to its present form, and added the last four stanzas, leaving the poem completed in every particular in exact form and wording as the same now appears in Stedman's "American Anthology," and in other similar works. Upon receipt of the completed manuscript I received from Mr. Gilder the following letter, dated July 1, 1887:

MY DEAR MR. THOMPSON: I can't keep the tears from my eyes as I read your nobly pathetic poem. It has the true ring now and I am grateful to you.

It cannot be at once printed. Meantime, perhaps, you can get the idea in more powerfully.

"A nation lost! No, no! A nation saved."

Sincerely,
R. W. GILDER.

The poem first saw the light when published in the *Century* in the July number, 1888, and was in every form and feature exactly as written, containing every line, word and syllable as now generally reprinted.

Your article says: "'High Tide at Gettysburg,' as it is always quoted now, is one of the few examples of anonymous tinkering or amendment of the poems of others in which the amendment is better than the original and the tinkering superior to the author's actual workmanship," and you quote the three stanzas immediately preceding the final stanza as having been added by some tinkerer who was gifted beyond the measure of the author's ability.

I take no offence at this comparison, as I wrote the lesser and the greater stanzas, but I do feel a sense of wrong when you proceed to say:

THE SUN has long ago, and more than once, shown that these stanzas were not the work of Mr. Will H. Thompson, who wrote the rest of the poem. They were repudiated by Mr. Thompson in a letter to Charles A. Dana, who in a lecture had expressed his admiration of the poem, of the authorship of which Mr. Dana was at that time ignorant. Mr. Thompson claimed and proved his authorship of the poem, with the exception of the stanzas above quoted, which, he said, "had been added by some unknown person."

Of course I do not know how THE SUN has been imposed upon, but it certainly has not been by any fault of mine. No such letter was ever written by me to Charles A. Dana or to any other person. Neither by letter nor by printed or oral statement have I ever at any time or to any person even intimated that I was not the author of every line and word contained within the poem.

The only correspondence I ever had with Charles A. Dana with reference to this poem occurred as follows: A marked copy of THE SUN reached me containing a portion of the poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg," with a printed note at the bottom that the poem was "published by request."

Seeing that the seventh and the last four stanzas had been omitted, I wrote to Mr. Dana in humorous vein, calling his attention to the fact that the poem was my offspring, and, however unkempt and unattractive in appearance it might be, its creator had a paternal feeling for it and was pained to see it sent forth by THE SUN maimed and disfigured as it therein appeared. I was pleased to receive from Mr. Dana a reply in which he kindly referred to the poem as "the noblest battle poem of our day or perhaps of any day," and stated that he had many times reprinted the poem at "the request of persons, with whose wishes I was glad to comply," and suggested that I should not trouble myself about the occasional appearance of the poem in more or less mangled form, as such fate might be expected; but never at any time was any suggestion made by either of us that any additions had ever been attempted to be made to the poem by any other person.

A short time afterward he was kind enough to send me a bound copy of his lecture "On the Making of a Great Newspaper," in which he incorporated "The High Tide at Gettysburg" in its present form and exactly as it appeared when published in the *Century Magazine*.

Ten or twelve years after the first appearance of the poem the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, in answer to the query of a correspondent, printed a statement in substance that the author of the poem was a Southerner in feeling as well as fact and had not written the concluding stanzas of the poem, but that these had in some way been added by some other person.

Robert U. Johnson, associate editor of the *Century*, sent to me this statement clipped from the New Orleans paper with the following letter, written on note paper of the magazine, and dated July 24, 1903:

DEAR MR. THOMPSON: Here is a little tempest in a teapot. A gentleman in Boston who edits "Poems You Ought to Know," tells us that recently it was stated in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* that you said you did not write the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth stanzas of your "High Tide at Gettysburg" as printed in the *Century* and did not know who did!

On looking up the correspondence we find that you added something, substantially these stanzas, on Mr. Gilder's suggestion, with which you cordially fell in.

As the matter might be made to reflect disadvantageously upon our good faith we think you will be glad to know of it. We have the entire poem typewritten as enclosed by you to us, with only one line different from the final draft.

With all good wishes, very sincerely yours,

R. U. JOHNSON,
Associate Editor.

It appears that THE SUN about the same time published the clipping from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* with comments thereon, and thereupon E. F. Burns of Arlington Heights, Mass., wrote to the editor of THE SUN, who caused to be printed in that paper the following, under the headline: "'The High Tide at Gettysburg.' Evidence That the Last Three Verses, Denied by the Author, Were From His Pen."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On July 13 THE SUN published a clipping from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, the subject of which was Will H. Thompson's poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg." According to the *Times-Democrat* Mr. Thompson, who was a Confederate soldier, said he wrote all the poem except the following stanzas.

The three stanzas were quoted. The letter continues:

The poem was first published in the *Century* for July, 1888. It is entitled "The High Tide at Gettysburg, by an Ex-Confederate Soldier," and it is signed "Will H. Thompson." In that version the three disputed stanzas, which are the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth, appear. Replying to a communication of mine on this subject R. U. Johnson, associate editor of the *Century*, says: "According to our documentary proof there is no doubt whatever as to Mr. Thompson's authorship of those as well as of the other stanzas of the poem."

E. F. BURNS.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Mass., July 28.

This evidently should have corrected in the mind of the editor of THE SUN the false impression produced by the *Times-Democrat* article.

In my reply I stated to Mr. Johnson that I knew no more than he as to how such an error had crept into the Southern paper, and there the matter, so far as I was concerned, rested.

I was not, and I am not, a professional literary man. My profession is the law, and such contributions as I have from time to time given to the magazines have been entirely apart from the ordinary orbit of toil in which my life has revolved.

You are kind enough to say:

The person who wrote these added stanzas remains unknown to this day. He was certainly a true poet, of a quality that is decidedly uncommon. For instance, the lines:

"Who held the hope,
Of nations on that slippery slope."

"The iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill."

These lines as well as one or two others were not written by any dabster in the management of words. They ought to identify the real perpetrator of the interpolation, just as brush marks or other idiosyncrasies of manner betray the touches which Rembrandt or Whistler put on a pupil's canvas.

This seems to imply that these four concluding stanzas departed from the literary characteristics of the other portions of the poem and indicated an alien authorship. I may be at fault in failing to discover any change of thought or diction that would suggest that the poem had at any point been touched by another's hand or thought. In sending the manuscript to the *Century* I accompanied it with a brief letter saying in effect that I was proud to note that the magazine was building a monument to American honor and valor and that I modestly ventured to send "a small stone to be used in the South front."

There was no thought or intent upon my part to make the poem a distinctively Southern one, but to try to embody the feeling that on that Ridge the South had failed, that there the Confederacy had fallen, and in a stanza not incorporated in the printed poem I had said:

The long gray billow, tempest tossed,
Broke on a red volcanic coast,
And ghastly jetsam, scattered wide,
Marked highest limit that the tide
Of mortal courage ever crossed.

But this stanza I eliminated as not equal to the general flow of the poem, which I had attempted to build upon strictly scientific poetic lines.

The poem, as representative of the South's highest and grandest advance toward the accomplishment of an independent nationality, ended, of course, with the failure of the charge and "death cry of a nation lost," but the added stanzas were necessary to give the poem a meaning.

The Confederacy was lost, its flag had shrivelled, its charging cheer would never again be heard so far North, and the world saw "a gray gigantic ghost receding through the battle cloud," and it seemed necessary that something should be said of the lesson taught by the tremendous conflict and its heroic close, and I attempted to make the concluding stanzas a solemn comment upon the meaning and result of the colossal conflict shadowed forth in the preceding stanzas, the sublime scholium that history has since written in deeds stronger than any words.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

SEATTLE, Wash., September 8.

IN DRY MAINE.

The Prohibition Law Is Enforced as Well as It Can Be.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of September 13 Anna H. Schumacher of Brooklyn tries to explain the failure of prohibition in Maine by the charge that the law is not enforced.

I am wondering if this estimable woman who is in Brooklyn, N. Y., understands the situation better than we do who live in Maine. The law is enforced as well as it can be by city and town authorities, but it is always possible to evade the provisions of a bad law, and so liquor is obtained in large quantities by individuals and is consumed wholesale at home and elsewhere.

If Miss Schumacher would come here we could show her discarded whiskey and brandy bottles scattered everywhere along the roadsides. We could let her see the sickening, dreadful sights of men crazed by the vile stuff they have taken. We could show her, too, the drug fiends, always in evidence where liquor is difficult to obtain, and, if she were open minded, we might convince her that the law of prohibition is an infamous thing, productive of unspeakable misery and degradation.

I have travelled far and wide in this country and abroad, and except in Glasgow, Scotland, I have never seen such appalling sights of drunkenness as exist in prohibition Maine.

W. E. H.

SCARBOROUGH, Me., September 17.

MAN CHIVALRY.

That Explains His Apparent Mirth at the Suffragists' Test.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I wonder if your readers have heard a certain speaker for the Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, though, for that matter, hearing one is hearing all of them.

When this lady speaks before a Democratic club she tells that antiquated story of the puppies who were Republican but later became Democratic when they had their eyes open. The next evening the same lady tells the same story before a Republican club and in this instance the puppies were Democratic until they had their eyes open, when they straightway became Republican.

The best part, however, is the keen enjoyment of each organization over this puppy story, neither of them realizing the unstable opinion of these little fellows.

Men pride themselves on their astuteness. I suppose they do possess it, but they want to look out for these wily anti-suffrage puppies. They are a most deceitful group and become Democratic or Republican according to who is watching them.

H. S. C.

NEW YORK, September 17.

Solved.

Knicker—What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body?

Bocker—The mule would kick itself.

The Two Monitors.

Without our hearts two figures stand:
Regret and self-forgetfulness;
Regret points back with withered hand
And cries: "There lies your happiness!"

But self-forgetfulness looks out
From present pain and sorrow passed,
And, helping others in their doubt,
Finds rest and joy and love at last.

DOROTHY HODGSON.

HUMANITY'S SAMENESS.

An Attempt to Unravel One of the Common Mysteries of War.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* How futile and how shallow an observation on human nature it is to attribute the exclusive possession of any vice or virtue to a large group of individuals, and yet how constantly prone we are to commit this error!

War by its alignment of group against group strengthens this tendency as no other condition does. Thus to this manner of thinking the Germans are cruel, savage, arrogant, the British eternally self-seeking and insincere.

Are not such generalizations contrary to our real knowledge of men?

Is it not perfectly certain on reflection that any large group of human beings, call it race, nation or what not, possesses in its entirety about the same selfish and altruistic traits as any other race or nation?

Individuals in any group may be as wide apart in character as the poles, but extremes about offset each other in any large society. What then makes one group act so violently against another as in war is a proper question.

The reason seems to me to be that whereas fundamentally nations are characteristically alike they may at any time assume an appearance of difference under the stimulus of a fixed idea.

Thus Germany to many has become all that is repugnant because she seems to be acting under the impulsion of a lust of power, a trait, however, potentially common to all nations, even the English.

Thus in any given case the deciding point to be determined by those not a party to the contest should be what nation's conduct in the long run is likely to be most universally beneficial.

Nations like individuals are not invariably right, nor are they invariably wrong, and it is idle to argue that because a nation has acted reprehensibly on one occasion it has stamped on itself an indelible tendency for like unvarying future action. Again, with nations as with individuals "live and learn" is the only way.

HAROLD DELANO.

EDGEMERE, L. I., September 18.

CASH AND CREDIT.

Gouverneur Morris Did Some Interesting Figuring in 1800.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In view of the present visit of the foreign financiers to this country the enclosed extract from a letter written by Gouverneur Morris to his friend Mr. John Parish, then of Hamburg, may be read with interest. The letter is dated Washington, D. C., December 20, 1800.

H.

NEW YORK, September 15.

Forty years ago all America could not, without bills of credit, raise $100,000 to defend themselves from an enemy at their doors. Now, in profound peace, the taxes pouring into the Treasury, without strain or effort, $10,000,000. In the year 1760 there was perhaps not $10,000 of specie in this country; at present the banks of Philadelphia alone have about ten millions to dispose of beyond the demand. * * *

Divide the last forty years into four periods, then, supposing the ratio were duplicate, the revenues of $10,000,000 in 1800 will give for 1790, $5,000,000; for 1780, $2,500,000; for 1770, $1,250,000, and for 1760, five-eighths of a million. * * *

Now then, if we go forward, not with sextuple but merely with quadruple ratio, for more periods of twenty years, beginning with £2,000,000 sterling, we have for 1820 £8,000,000 and for 1840 more than thirty million sterling of revenue raised from a population which may then amount to thirty million of souls. This indeed seems impossible, but did it not seem equally impossible at the end of the seven Years war that the net revenue of British America should exceed £2,000,000 sterling by the end of the century? Had this been asserted on the Exchange of London in 1760 would it not have been laughed at in 1780?

PROTECT THE HORSE.

Hot Days and Cold, Wet and Dry, He Suffers in the Streets.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* This morning at 8 o'clock on Sixth avenue a faithful old horse carrying a lot of meat to the markets could hardly stand. He had been on the job since 3 o'clock and without food or, possibly, drink. These trying hot days of intense humidity affect the horses more seriously than the human beings and shorten their lives. If the drivers and owners would only give them a pail of water every hour or so they would appreciate it. For economic reasons alone the lives of their horses would be prolonged, as horses are more valuable than ever.

The slippery condition of our streets, made so by the waste of gasolene and oil from automobile traffic, makes it very difficult for horses to get along in wet weather, and the month of September is the worst and most trying for them, owing to the horse flies and deer flies. In the city stalls and stables the heat must be frightful.

DWIGHT BRAMAN.

NEW YORK, September 16.

SHIPS THAT PASS.

Twilight at the Gateway of the Troubled Seas.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A few evenings ago my husband and I were dining on our porch here at Sea Gate, in the New York harbor.

Along past our door on the ocean came a Coney Island boat, all so gay with lights and people. We could see the merry crowds returning to their wonderful city after a day's play here. We could hear the band, and it played "Just a Song at Twilight."

It all seemed so perfect, like God's world. The peace of it, as the old boat glided along!

Presently, in the dusk, appeared a mighty ocean liner, on the first lap of her trip to the war countries, bringing over more guns and more shells to make more war.

The pity of it! Too bad we can't do better for them!

Let us thank God for our merry crowds and our song at twilight. Let us pray our ocean steamers may soon be gay like the Coney Island boat with lights and music and their song at twilight sing of peace.

A. C. M.

DRIFTWOOD, Sea Gate, September 18.

Income Tax on Losses.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I write to ask my liability to the income tax. I have an income of $2,500 and was foolish enough a few weeks ago to dabble in the stock market, with the result that in one of my transactions I made a profit of $2,000 and later in other transactions I made losses amounting to $2,500. Of course on my regular income of $2,500 I am not liable for tax, but I am told that I must add my profits to my income, but that I cannot deduct my losses. If this is true I see I am liable for my income and profits, which amount to $4,500, and as an unmarried man I deduct the $3,000 allowed me and pay tax on $1,500, although my income is reduced by $500.

I am too poor to enter into a suit with the Government, but I am sure this would not stand should it reach the Supreme Court.

SPECULATOR.

NEW YORK, September 17.

From the Spanish.

From the Saturday Review.

Stop, Traveller, peruse the grave
Of "Nothing Venture Nothing Have,"
Who, pining for an isle remote,
Dared not entrust himself afloat;
Who, to o'ersteep the crawling tide,
Never dreamed of lengthening his stride;
Who waited by the river's brink
Until the stream should bring him drink;
Who the ripe clusters came to see,
Then starved beneath the cherry tree—
He left a world which others found,
And others laid him in the ground.

MORRIS BENT.

WHITMAN MAY SAVE N. Y. WATER SUPPLY

Will Hear Opposition to Emptying Hospital Sewage Into Mohansic Lake.

WILL CONFER TO-MORROW

ALBANY, Sept. 18.—The water supply of New York city and the health of its millions of people are gravely imperiled by the proposed sewage disposal plan of the Mohansic hospital, which provides for the emptying of the sewage of this institution into Mohansic Lake. This is the belief of opponents of the plan, and it so impressed Gov. Whitman that he has called for a conference on the question for Monday morning, when he will hear both sides and determine just what action he should take.

The plan as outlined provides for the disposal into Mohansic Lake, the source of a stream leading into the Croton reservoir, of the treated sewage from the disposal plant to be built at the Mohansic institution. Engineers who are associated with the work of planning a disposal system for this institution declare that there is not the least danger of contaminating the source of New York city's water supply. They will be given an opportunity to explain the reasons for this opinion at the hearing set by Gov. Whitman for Monday.

The importance of this subject can be appreciated by the fact that Gov. Whitman feels that the opposition to the plan is entitled to a hearing. It is not in the Governor's province to hear such cases as this, but in the present instance the opposition to the plan has been so strong that he deemed it advisable to hear both sides of the question before permitting the consummation of the scheme.

Biggs Favored Plan.

The approval of the plan to dispose of this sewage into Mohansic Lake rests finally with Hermann M. Biggs, State Commissioner of Health. It was learned to-day that Mr. Biggs was about to approve of the plan when the storm of opposition from New York city developed.

Mayor Mitchel called the matter to the attention of the Governor and the hearing is the result. Commissioner of Health Biggs, who was appointed under the last administration, has been permitted to continue his work as State Commissioner of Health under this administration, and accordingly it is the belief of the opponents of the plan that the Commissioner of Health would abide by and acquiesce in any suggestion the Governor might make.

The opponents feel that in spite of the declaration of scientific engineers that no danger will come from the emptying of sewage into a lake which is the source of a stream leading into a reservoir there is always the possibility of contaminating the water supply.

State Commissioner of Health Eugene S. Porter, who was the predecessor of Commissioner Biggs, maintained that the possibility of pollution always existed while the treatment of sewage depended upon the exercise of human agency.

Always a Danger.

When the question was put up to him just before his retirement from office Mr. Porter refused to approve of the plan because of the danger of pollution of New York city's water supply. After disapproving the plan the ex-Commissioner of Health pointed out that the possibility of change in politics and the consequent change in the management of the sewage disposal system was sufficient to justify the belief that carelessness might at some time or other exist in the management of the plant.

Mr. Porter declared that even the possibility was enough to warrant the disapproval of the plan because the health of New York city's large population would then be dependent upon the efficiency of the management of the Mohansic sewage disposal plant.

In view of the strong opposition of New York city to the plan it is more than likely that Gov. Whitman will take some decisive action to ward off even the possibility of polluting the water supply of the metropolis. While the matter does not come wholly within his jurisdiction he is in a position to suggest to the Commissioner of Health, who has final approval of the plan, what he deems best at this time.

His decision, which will be made after the hearing, while not binding upon the State Health Department, will have the effect of determining whether or not the plan should be approved.

DYNAMITE PUZZLE TO WILSON.

Garrison Not to Dispose of the Magdeburg in N. Y. Harbor