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Our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication will be glad to receive articles returned with all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Imports in Dribbles Now: Next in Avalanches. While the Central Powers of Europe are locked within a ring of steel ashore and afloat, it takes a submarine merchantman to deliver a million dollar cargo of German merchandise at one of our ports. There may be dozens, there may be scores of these unseaworthy voyagers to follow the Deutschland's triumphant course and lay down in our markets dyes and other products of German enterprise and genius. Yet, at the best, what this submarine transportation can put into our markets will be as a few drops of rain spilling out of the clouds into the sea.

But when the armies of the Old World have laid down their arms, when twenty million warriors are twenty million workmen again, when every blockade has been lifted from every port, when the highways of the Seven Seas are as open and as free as ever they were to all ships under all flags, of the great Powers and of the small Powers, of the victors and of the vanquished, we shall not have mere submarine marvels seeking our shores by stealthy and crooked voyages, with dribble cargoes of 800 tons. We shall have countless argosies coming from the Germans and the Austrians, as from every nation that trades in any craft that can float.

They will be coming, from the peoples who are now at peace and from the peoples who are now at war, as they never came before. For with the markets of belligerents restored to the world, the nations that kept out of the war can find there no rich and prosperous buyers, as they found them before August, 1914; just as now they must seek them here.

And the belligerents of today sending their soldiers back to work must ask of them, after all they have done on the fields of battle, to find, at whatever pains, their livings on the fields of industry. All, as individuals and as nations, will work in whatever way they must work, will suffer whatever pinch they must suffer, to freight their fleets with products of the farm and the mine, of the mill and the factory, to get our gold—our gold which already is piled high in our public and private vaults as never gold was piled before, as perhaps never again it is to be in the history of the human race. That is what is due when the peace clock strikes, beyond our present imports, and see what they are already.

For the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1916, in round numbers, \$2,500,000,000. But since the beginning of the calendar year they have been coming at the rate of more than \$2,500,000,000. For several weeks they have been rushing in at the rate of more than \$2,500,000,000. Let the war go on and this colossal surplus will surpass in imports \$2,500,000,000. Let the war go on and this colossal surplus will surpass in imports \$2,500,000,000. Let the war go on and this colossal surplus will surpass in imports \$2,500,000,000.

And while the submarine merchantman, Deutschland, bringing her cargo of precious dyes, was feeling her way into the waters of Chesapeake Bay, the present contri of the United States Congress was rejecting the Republican proposal to place on dyes an import duty which would save the American industries established since the allied blockade of the Central Powers, to provide articles which are essential to the industrial existence of this country.

American industry announced that it was scrapping its munition plants and turning out of employment those plants hundreds of workmen because the war order dream of fabulous wealth and endless prosperity is already beginning to fade.

So shall all our war order business collapse, not after the war, but even as the peace negotiations begin. So shall the cream of our present exports become sour milk. So shall American wage earners troop out of the pay line and into the bread line by the tens and hundreds of thousands. If while we lose the foreign war markets to the extent of hundreds of millions a year there are no peace industries to which they may turn for their bread and butter because the fleets of all the world will be pouring their cargoes into our markets.

But at Washington, in this as in all other national dangers, there is nothing but watchful waiting.

The Flat and the Finger. Our neighbor the Times thinks that "the opposition should have a clearly defined policy" concerning Mexico. It adds that "the Republicans would be stronger if they would settle upon a coherent plan of action and stick to it." Continuing, it remarks:

"At present, all the country knows about the party's Mexican policy is that it differs from President Wilson's. The acceptance of CARRANZA's friendly overtures, which commits our Government to no other course than continued generosity and fair treatment, such as a strong nation should always observe in its relations with a weak and suffering nation, has led to much loose talk."

It will occur to most people that the Administration, being in power, is the quarter to which we should first look for a coherent plan of action, and reasonable adherence to that plan.

If our neighbor will turn back to the strong and true indictment of CARRANZA's Government contained in Mr. LANSING's already forgotten note composed so recently as June 20, it will find what we suppose to be a striking exposition of that which we imagine would be Republican policy under the circumstances.

The occasion illustrates perfectly what ELIOT ROOR had in mind when he described the invariable tapering off, the tadpole quality, of Mr. Wilson's exhibitions of energy.

It explains likewise at least one of Colonel Roosevelt's reasons for patriotic concern about the state of the nation.

No fist clinched unnecessarily; no finger needlessly vibrant; but if in the course of events fist and finger must go into commission, let the finger precede the fist instead of following it, as has almost invariably been the sequence in Mr. Wilson's verbal demonstrations.

Colonels of the Sixty-ninth. The removal of LOUIS DANIEL CONLEY from the command of the Sixty-ninth Regiment adds another name to the rather short list of those who have won the coveted colonelcy and, after glory or turmoil, have stepped, or been put, aside. Some Colonels of the Sixty-ninth are immortal, some merely familiar, but all have seen fighting, whether in front of the regiment's bayonets or in front of the regiment's ballots.

Little is remembered of JAMES B. RYAN, who was Colonel in the first four years (1855-1859) of the regiment's actual life. He made way for one of the immortals, CORCORAN, whose fight with the Governor of New York over the question of parading the Sixty-ninth before the Prince of Wales, landed him in Ludlow Street Jail; and in jail he was when he ordered his regiment to rally to the Union cause. CORCORAN was temporarily lost to the Sixty-ninth through his capture at his first real engagement, after a hearty fight. He spent a year in a Confederate prison and returned, only to be killed by his horse at Fairfax Court House.

ROBERT NUGENT was the commander upon the reorganization of the regiment late in the summer of 1861. It was this new regiment, with the Sixty-third and the Eighty-eighth and two batteries of light artillery, that made up MEAGHER'S Irish Brigade. After Chancellorville, when NUGENT was not permitted to return to New York to recruit for the gaps in his ranks, he resigned and his men went into the command of Colonel PATRICK KELLY of the Eighty-eighth. But KELLY was to fall at Petersburg. NUGENT to recover the colonelcy of his old troops, swelled once more to regimental size, although JAMES BAGLEY was at the regiment's head when it left New York in 1862.

After the war the fighting Major of the Irish Brigade, JAMES CAVANAGH, held the colonelcy until 1863, when he resigned after the efficiency of the Sixty-ninth was criticized by State militia officers. The regiment had thrived in the red shower of the South, but peace was blight to it. There was no Colonel after CAVANAGH until the eve of the Spanish war, when in an election which shook the army EDWARD DUFFY was chosen. He had been in the regiment since 1867, when he was 21. Once the war was over, the internal roads began, charges being made against

him. But he weathered these and, considering all the ambitions that boiled about him, did well with the regiment in his eleven years. In 1910, the Sixty-ninth chose CONLEY by a plurality of one vote over the huge guardsman and former Tammany district leader, PERCIVAL E. NAGLE. Since then charges and counter charges have rustled in the army and in Albany. And now CONLEY goes, mustered out willily nilly.

It will be only human in Colonel CONLEY to feel hurt. Every other Colonel of the Sixty-ninth since 1859 has had the pleasure of battling against a foe of the United States, either as the regimental commander or in some lesser capacity.

A Memorial to Gaillard of Culebra. The Third United States Volunteer Engineers have just published "A Memorial to Colonel DAVID DU BOIS GAILLARD," their regimental commander in the Spanish war. This memorial, published three years after his death by men whose confidence and respect he had won in war, is a fitting tribute; it reveals that rare quality which GAILLARD possessed of holding the admiration and loyalty of those who worked or served with him.

GAILLARD was one of the triumvirate, GORTHALE, GORGAS, GAILLARD, that made a master dream of engineering a reality. When the Panama Canal was being built every one knew of the Culebra, but few knew of the man who was digging that treacherous cut. This is not unfair to GAILLARD, for self-effacement was the characteristic of his devotion to his country. He was chosen for the work because years of study had prepared him for the task, perhaps the most difficult on the canal.

He went at it with enthusiasm. There were days of labor under an equatorial sun and nights over plans, long hours of toil and short rations of rest. He saw the slides checked. But the effort cost him his life. Body and brain broke under the unceasing struggle. While the country was celebrating the completion of the great work he died. GAILLARD never knew that praise was lavished upon him for his efficiency and loyalty, or that he had led and won a desperate charge in battle.

He had never dreamed that Congress would pass a bill to raise his military rank, or imagined that his alma mater would honor him with a tablet among its illustrious graduates, that his native State would plan a monument to his memory, or that his name would be preserved in the work for which he gave his life. He was one of those patient toilers who without pretence or arrogance give their best unselfishly. For what he accomplished, for his record as a soldier, his career as a citizen and a gentleman, his memory is well worth treasuring.

Argentina's Centennial. Like the English colonies which became our United States, the "United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata," declaring their independence on July 9, 1816, had to make good their assertions by a long war. The Argentine struggle lasted from 1817 to 1824. It was not until 1842 that Spain conceded to Argentina her freedom.

Having achieved liberty by their arms the Plata provinces fell apart and were not brought together until 1851, when Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, Corrientes and Santa Fe agreed upon a union which they invited the other provinces to enter. Anarchy was the answer. There was no stable government until some time after the adoption of a Constitution in 1853. For Buenos Ayres repeatedly refused to accept the document. Argentina's present prosperous estate is the work of the last fifty years. Her growth may be said to have paralleled ours since we emerged from the wastage of our civil war.

How great that growth has been is better indicated by trifling details than by impressive statistics. In Buenos Ayres scrubwomen get \$3 a day. The fee for membership in a well known club is \$1,500. The membership is not small either. Travelers leaving Buenos Ayres sometimes journey a whole day on an express train without once losing sight of enormous herds of grazing cattle. In La Prensas the country has a newspaper with correspondents in all parts of the world, from whom it receives, at the cost of heavy cable tolls, despatches that fill three pages daily. The Argentinian has replaced the North American as the personification of unlimited riches in European eyes. His is the country of magnificent earnings—and of equally magnificent prices as well.

How vexed the old Spanish conquistadores would be were they alive to-day at the pastoral view they overlooked here. In their view the only wealth was solid silver and gold; they exulted in the dress of Peru and left the region of the La Plata to shift for itself, having found that the Panama and Paraguay rivers hid none of the silver that the early explorers had dreamed of finding. But this very neglect was Argentina's good fortune. Her colonists were left to develop the country for themselves; when the wars of the Liberation came they found few sentimental ties to bind them to Spain, and they possessed already the spirit of self-help necessary to insure the future of their country.

that Congress cannot be despaired of in all particulars.

President Wilson's expressed admiration for the average man recalls the fact that the election is only a few months off.

Mexico may have doubts about us, but our list of killed, wounded and missing leaves us no room for doubt about Mexico.

VILLA intimates to our troops on the border that he is their de facto enemy.

It was a generous concession for the Administration to make to the effect that the United States has the right to defend its border.

There still remains some slight curiosity at Oyster Bay as to what WILLIAM BARNES is raising.

Jersey bathers would like to know the Government's position regarding the exact status of submarine sharks.

The theory that the Deutschland is a potential warship is at least as sound as Mr. BRYAN's theory that we have a potential army of a million men.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Let His Memory Be Revered on the Anniversary of His Death.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: On the twelfth day of July, one hundred and twelve years ago, one of the brightest stars on the American horizon vanished into darkness by the murderous design of an unscrupulous adventurer.

It should be to our people a fountain of pride, of courage and of fervent resolve to emulate the achievements of Alexander Hamilton.

We are smarting under an Administration of vacillation and hypocrisy, supplied by a party barely fit to manage parochial affairs, giving to the world such an awful example of ineptitude and incompetence.

The time is near at hand when we shall revert again to more glorious times, and in anticipation thereof we reverse the memory of that great adopted son of New York whose epitaph in Trinity Churchyard truly commemorates:

The Patriot of Insuperable Integrity, The Soldier of Approving Valor, The Statesman of Consummate Wisdom, Whose Talents and Virtues will be admired by Grateful Posterity.

Long after this noble monument shall have mouldered into Dust.

To-day, when dangers to our national life and dearly bought free institutions beset us on all sides, it more than ever behooves us to remember the national heroes of our great past and to glory in the possession of a history on every page of which is written the self-sacrifice and love for country of her illustrious sons.

WRECKOP, N. J., July 11. A. N.

THE RIGHTS OF FELIS DOMESTICA. Should Cats Enjoy the Protection Dogs Now Have?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: On the first page of a Saturday evening newspaper I read the following notice: "A girl fondling a stray cat. Beneath the legend 'How Infantine Paralysis is Spread.' Having myself been a former victim of the disease without any feline intermediary, I was interested.

It is of course expedient, even imperative, to consider carefully the prejudices of the public, but as an abstract question I humbly submit, if cats spread the disease, why not dogs? It seems to me that the answer is that, if either, both animals are equally culpable, but not equally popular.

While there has been much agitation for the protection and benefit of the dog, it would appear that the cat has been ignored, except as an occasional and convenient scapegoat. As both animals share the questionable advantages of a close relation to urban humanity, would it not seem reasonable that the cat should enjoy the same rights as the dog, this being a free country, to whatever alleviation their denitrable lot may allow?"

SINCERELY HONOR., EASTHAMPTON, July 10.

Fox's "Humpty-Dumpty." To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: In an article entitled "Theatrical History Made on the Old Bowery Stage" in THE SUN of July 2 it is said that G. L. Fox, the great clown, opened his "Humpty-Dumpty" at the Bowery, but that it is incorrect. It was produced first at the Olympic, 618 Broadway, Laura Keane's old theatre, in 1865 or 1866, under the management of George Taylor, and it ran for 600 nights or more, until Fox went crazy.

Fox originally appeared at the old Chatham or New Theatre, then with J. W. Linard, was lessee of the Old Bowery. They afterward managed the New Bowery.

Fox appeared in pantomime in all the theatres above mentioned. He was a great comedian as well as pantomimist. AUBURN, July 11. C.

THE VICTIMS OF MR. WILSON'S MEXICAN POLICY.

A Perplexed Elector Sets Forth His Doubts as to His Choice This Fall.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: I have been greatly amused with the discussion of the mental hygiene of President Wilson by Dr. Rockwell, and still more with his editorial commendation. It is amusing because Dr. Rockwell does not seem to realize the extent to which his profession has been discredited in its views of psychological aberrations.

Concerning the effect of the process on Americans in Mexico, their wives and children, the Administration's friends are referred to Carranza defending the continued presence of our troops within the borders of Mexico. But since it is the President's habit to invoke the sacred name of mankind in justification of his acts and omissions, it is fair to state that the wrong lay not only in the consequences of the Wilson methods to Americans, but in their consequences to all mankind in Mexico.

But I am also dissatisfied with the few arguments given in behalf of Mr. Hughes, for I with a great many others am not yet convinced that change for the sake of change is desirable. It is generally recognized that both President Wilson and Justice Hughes are upright, intelligent and earnest men. If I vote for Mr. Hughes I must do so because I think it likely he will act more wisely than Mr. Wilson has done. As yet I see no reason for such an opinion.

Despite the attacks of the critics, Theodore Roosevelt in general has been wise, patriotic and for the good of our country. The very fact that both parties to the European controversy regard him as favorable to their foes is a wonderful testimony to his splendid piloting of the ship of state. As regards Mexico, I have yet to hear of a clear statement by an intelligent and impartial man as to what better course could have been followed in relation to a country without a recognized head, a permanent government and a people twelve-fifteenths of whom can neither read nor write.

That there has been able to resist popular clamor and so largely prevent war is very significant at this time when the Government White Book and General Stewart L. Woodford's declaration concerning the attitude of Spain show that President McKinley's lack of backbone, which could not resist popular clamor, plunged this country into the war with Spain, and here let me state that in my opinion the assertion in your editorial article of July 8 that "during the past three years the number of Americans who have fallen victims to the weakness and vacillation of the present Administration runs into the thousands" is unfounded, disingenuous and untrue. There is also a strong demagogism and I do not look for that in the columns of THE SUN.

Looking about for other arguments favorable to the candidacy of Mr. Hughes I note that the accession and favorable opinion of Mr. Roosevelt, Boss Plinn and others are applauded.

Belgium has been the British soldier back over a few years, and we recall, even in Republican newspapers, criticisms of the character of these gentlemen, which suggest not much honor in their support, and call for seven times washing in the River Jordan if they are to be clean.

It is true politics make strange bedfellows, but it must be a very unaccountable bed in which side by side Mr. Taft, who was done to death by his former friend and Mr. Roosevelt, whose increasing aim has been extinction and self-loathing and the policy of rule or ruin.

It is an argument for Mr. Hughes that William Firm is eating the fattest calf provided by Penrose, Brumbaugh and Magee, and made a Presidential elector by the Pennsylvania vote? Ought I to vote for him, simply to restore to power and influence these Progressives who defeated the Republican party?

It is an argument for Mr. Hughes that he is a Republican party to power. Well, I have a very poor opinion of the Democratic party, and one of my reasons for thinking well of Mr. Wilson is that, like Cleveland, he has controlled, mastered and forced them to do the better things. On the other hand, I am sure that the course and result of the Republican party when in power recently one finds little occasion for congratulation or applause.

Take the course of the more prominent Republican Senators, study their votes and ask if they have in the past been more concerned for the good of the country than the Democratic candidates. I am perplexed. And all the light I can get is from would-be jesters who ridicule President Wilson's persistence, or critics who try to discredit his literary style and use of words. Shall I fly from evils known, if there are any, to those unknown and quite probable in view of the humor for the political struggle?

THE SUN sees no reason to withdraw its statement that the victims of the weakness and vacillation of Mr. Wilson's policy run into the thousands, nor do we concede it to be "show" or any other kind of "demagogism." Mr. Wilson has encouraged everything except stability and law observance in Mexico; the victims of his policy are to be counted in the thousands of Americans on both sides of the border to whom that policy has meant loss of employment, loss of their homes, destruction of property, poverty, imprisonment, assault and even death. The statement our correspondent characterizes so rudely is temperate and justified by the record Mr. Wilson has made.

The President and Mexico. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: In view of the persistence with which the Administration's friends ask its critics the question "What would you have done in Mexico?" the following is submitted:

Mexico is a country inhabited by 15,000,000 people, of whom 10,000,000 are less than half a million white natives. The Indians have been oppressed from time immemorial, under successive dictatorships. Under Diaz the elementary conditions of civilization were maintained, but the exploitation of the people had reached its height. The owners, who held the major part of the Mexican territory, was such that it was clearly foreseen that the masses would rise and destroy the system, even though unable to devise any other system to take its place.

This history repeated itself under Madero, who made our intervention sooner or later inevitable. It might have taken place when his elimination was achieved in the usual Mexican fashion, in such a way as to bring about, in the interest of Mexico no less than in ours and that of peace, those reforms needed to emancipate the people from the condition of virtual slavery. Only with our support could such reforms be achieved, and the machinery to put them in effect existed.

The President and Mexico. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: I think I know why the beautiful maiden "after profound reflection" said "Pratt" to "O. O. D." when he sprang upon her. She said that everything that she had seen against the Kaiser and his precious son, the Crown Prince, and the various Junkers and Vons and Treetsches, and other German professors who have brought upon humanity the curse of this war.

The German people should establish a German Republic, as the French established a French Republic after their experience with Napoleon III.

Dr. Liebknecht would be a good President for the new German Republic, for he has shown that he not only has physical courage but that rarer quality, the moral courage to denounce this Kaiser's war. LAWRENCE GODKIN, NEW YORK, July 11.

Something Mysterious About the Woolly Tiger. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Mr. Cobb's suggestion of substituting a Woolly Tiger for Woolly Ties seems quite unnecessary. Before me on the floor I have a hickory or two. For this purpose it is as good as far as he can go, and the expression on his face indicates that there is a mysterious something approaching which makes him wish that the wall was not there so that he could keep on backing. What could be more appropriate? SCHENECTADY, July 11. FREDERICK FLEASOCK.

The Prickly Pear at Last Proves Its Right to Exist. From the United States Commerce Reports. The utilization of the prickly pear in the production of feeding cakes for cattle is reported by the British and South African Export Gazette. For this purpose it is said to have food values of high quality. Its value was demonstrated during a recent drought when only by its use were the farmers able to keep their cattle, sheep, goats and ostriches alive.

Does Currency Spread Epidemic? To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Has it occurred to any one that the circulation of filthy money may be one cause of the phenomenal spread of infantile paralysis? JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 11. N.

Crude Rhyming But Sound Politics. There is a man I know. He says he believes in God. And I don't believe. He will vote with me with you.

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

Everything Comes, But Comes High. To the Editor of THE SUN:—Sir: One of the prize fallacies of life is that everything comes to him who waits. This is one of those inflated theories which are puncturable by any one of fifty facts.

The posture, a relaxed graceful disposition in an athletic archer lined with the petrified push of habit, is apparently a most easy and satisfactory one; but it doesn't develop muscle in the calf.

Those who stand and wait would seem to lack fitness; they might as well be bedevils and secure at least comfort. For that physical edification of the tissues is all the securing they will ever secure.

This aphorism has scored more shipwrecks, furthered more outpourings of rich potentialities, patched up, veneered and glossed over more failures than any phrase in its apparent surface innocence in all the argot of guilt.

The reason for this negation of a noble thought is a wrench of emphasis. The purport of the phrase, its true and contributive burden, has been lost to the sight of those who catch it up defiantly to cover their own nakedness.

Everything comes to him who waits" is a blanket mortgage on the assets of the man who capitalizes "To-morrow's another day."

Everything comes no more than to-morrow comes. The price paid for dependence on this apothem is a disheveled and crestfallen will power.

Everything comes, not to him whose moments are waiting palfreys in the stable, but to him whose moments are thoroughbreds to be seized instanter and put to a gallop.

Scout this phrase, then. Be impatient, free. Don't pyramid your to-morrows. Cut them off. They're the body of many a man's disaster. Don't build wise! And your cumulative seizures shall be your castle.

I have a friend, an excellent fellow, who preaches this false ethic although he by no means lives it. His platform for life has a suave and pleasant fluidity. He is a man of letters, a man of letters, over the passive strings of which God's music shall sweep. He is attuned for the divine virtuoso. This is poetry, if you like; but is it life? Does God flow through loose strings? Can even He reanimate rust? "Nonsense," snorted an old merchant who was irritatedly listening to this chatter. "Lord bless those who help themselves."

And the Jolian harp was stricken suddenly dumb. STANLEY K. WILSON, SWARTHMORE, PA., July 11.

WHAT ITALY HAS DONE. Another Version of Her Contribution to the War. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: If the Austrian, as he appears to be by his name, Michael Dinlich, wants to know what Italy has done in the present war, he need not the several days of interview given in the Press of Saturday, July 1, by Mr. Page, the American Ambassador to Italy.

As for the Austrian offensive in the Tyrol, it took 500,000 men and 2,000 cannon over two weeks (and not four days) to gain a mere square mile of territory. It cost the Austrians more in the whole year of war. Then they were effectively stopped and forced back as soon as the great Russian offensive began, and are on the run yet, with hardly any prospect to get a rest.

England, France and Russia, instead of being disappointed, are very well pleased with Italy's work, according to their statements, and of course when the time redder ration comes, her bill, in accord with her allies, will be so as to take all steam out of the Central Powers for the time to come.

TOTTENVILLE, July 11.

Proposal and Specifications for a New German Republic. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: In the Review des Etats de France of June 15 an article entitled "Le Reich Allemand" is devoted mainly to extracts from letters found on the dead and imprisoned Germans killed or captured last winter and this spring. The extracts are from letters from home to the German soldiers at the front and from German soldiers at the front to their relatives and friends. They are very interesting and indicate that the German jig is about up. The letters from home tell of the suffering at home from lack of food, and the letters from the front tell of the starvation and butchery that the German soldiers are being subjected to.

An extract from one letter dated at (Gosau), February 12, is significant. It says: "May the good God bring it about that the war shall soon end. Otherwise there will be a revolution like that of 1848."

It was the revolution of 1848 that sent to us Carl Schurz and other good Germans. The honest German people should not rise against the Kaiser and his precious son, the Crown Prince, and the various Junkers and Vons and Treetsches, and other German professors who have brought upon humanity the curse of this war.

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THE PLUMBER AT THE PLAY.

A Critical Survey by a Competent Authority of the Decadent Drama Which Today Robs the Theatrical Student of His Mental Birthright.

"I haven't seen a good show in a long time," complained the playing plumber. "I mean the kind of drama that has a human appeal and takes a man's mind off his business."

"Years ago there was a great show. Goodwin played in it. It had a bath tub on stage and you could hear the hot splashing in it and you sort of knew that it was the genuine porcelain kind and not just enamelled iron."

"A few years later there was 'Gong Some,' which had a train on a scene with a regular shower and five or a hundred gallons of water splashing around."

"Two years ago I went almost every week to see 'A Pair of Silk Stockings.' The door into the bathroom that they locked the burglar in was the fifth bathroom door I ever saw. I couldn't see the bathroom fittings, but I guess they weren't much because it was an English play and England's twenty years behind America when it comes to high class plumbing, and if you don't believe it I'll show you the catalogue."

"In 'Fair and Warner' there was a big scene where the heroine hides in the bathroom. You could see the plumbing and it was first class stuff done in a workmanlike manner, as the catalogue will show you."

"I never quite understood why 'She's in Atrium' didn't last longer. That show had a bath tub scene that was a big hit. Of course the curtain fell on it in about four seconds and the audience didn't look much at the bath tub, but I think it was first quality myself whether it was first quality or not. I guess the play would have lasted longer if the scene had lasted longer."

"Yes, the drama is a great thing for a tired man. It takes his mind off his business; at least it does mine."

THE ARTFUL NURSEYMAN. Something has come over the nurseysman. His spiritual change is reflected in a catalogue of eighty pages printed on the finest paper and illustrated with the most beautiful diagrams entirely by photographs. In several instances full advantage has been taken of the resources of color photography. As for the diagrams, they join with the text to complete the tale of the book's selections.

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