The Sun
AND NEW YORK PRESS.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1916.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Month	25
SUNDAY (to Canada), Per Month	50
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	6 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	75
FOREIGN RATES.	
DAILY, Per Month	1 25
SUNDAY, Per Month	65
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	1 90
THE EVENING SUN, Per Month	25
THE EVENING SUN, Per Year	2 50
THE EVENING SUN (Foreign), Per Mo.	1 65

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

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

Published daily, including Sunday, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 150 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President, Frank A. Munsey, 150 Nassau street; Vice-President, Ervin Wardman, 150 Nassau street; Secretary, R. H. Titherington, 150 Nassau street; Treasurer, Wm. T. Dewart, 150 Nassau street.

London office, 40-43 Fleet street.
Paris office, 6 Rue de la Michodiere, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.
Washington office, Hibbs Building.
Brooklyn office, 106 Livingston street.

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

Will Mr. Wilson Join the Pork Grabbers?

Carrying the usual number of necessary and desirable appropriations, and the accustomed proportion of pork, the river and harbor bill, authorizing the expenditure of $42,000,000 from the public treasury, is before the President. It is the product of back scratching and log rolling, designed in its principal provisions to improve the political fortunes of its authors, and not to further the interests of commerce.

The appropriations for military objects this year are necessarily large. The strengthening of the army, the navy and the coast defences calls for heavy expenditures. The obvious duty of the Congress is to reduce expenses wherever reductions can be made; the platform of the majority pledges it to economy; but in the face of financial conditions that have compelled a grave increase in taxes, the Democrats have chosen to inflict on the nation a prodigal measure of wastefulness, against the protest of their less foolish leaders, and in spite of the indignant remonstrance of disinterested men.

Mr. WILSON has the opportunity to veto the bill. His duty is to disapprove it. Should he fail so to do, he will make it his own, and must bear with its legislative authors the responsibility for its enactment.

Cold Light.

If M. DUSSAUD has succeeded in producing cold light he has raised mankind in this particular to the level of the glow worm and the lightning bug. These attractive creatures produce their illumination without heat; man has never been able to equal them in this respect, though engineers of the highest attainments have studied the problem, the solution of which would result in a conservation of energy in a degree difficult to estimate. Mr. HUTCHISON of Mr. EDISON'S establishment told THE SUN'S readers yesterday that if all its energy could be transformed into light "one small dynamo would light a whole city"; and the application of light in new ways in industry, mechanics and art is obvious.

Dame Nature does these things better. A lady of the Phengodini flashes a red light at each end of her body, and a green light along her sides. Her Paraguayan admirers call her the railroad beetle. The cucuyo, one of the Elateridæ, reaches a length of two inches, and is the beetle used as a hair ornament in the countries fortunate enough to harbor it. The light of these interesting fellow citizens is produced practically without heat, as is the luminosity of the familiar lantern carriers who may be seen on the lawn o' nights. But the method by which they generate their illuminant is a mystery.

M. DUSSAUD wears a good reputation, earned by his achievements in engineering. We hope the announcement made in his behalf is justified by his discoveries. It is humiliating to confess that an untutored lightning bug, without scientific or technical training, surpasses man in the field of applied physics.

On the Different Ways of Entering Mexican Harbors.

In these days of wars and rumors of war there is something soothing, heart touching, almost tear compelling in the report made to Washington from Puerto Mexico by Commander OLMSTED of the United States scout cruiser Salem.

We are officially informed that the Salem saluted the port upon arrival and that the Mexicans were seen to bring a gun to the waterfront with the apparent intention of returning the salute. Whether they went so far as to fulfil their intention is left to conjecture. However, the senior Mexican naval officer ashore presently boarded the Salem and offered to do anything in his power for the convenience of Commander OLMSTED and his fellow officers.

How idyllic all this was! The sovereignty of the United States afloat was welcomed by the sovereignty of Mexico ashore and nobody spoke of a certain historic episode at Vera Cruz nor was the name of PERSHING mentioned or the town of Carrizal referred to.

That Mexico still owes us at least one apology, which may be forthcoming if CARRANZA gets that loan, was conveniently forgotten when a toast to the two republics was quaffed in the commander's cabin.

It is in no spirit of criticism that we note the efforts of the present Administration to discover how many different ways there may be for our navy to enter Mexican harbors.

One method is to go in without saluting the Mexican flag, send marines ashore, capture the custom house, and presently to hold funeral services in this country in honor of our heroic dead, with a sad eyed, eloquent President making an address in glorification of our fallen.

The great advantage of this course of action is that it satisfies both our jingoes and our pacifists and proves that the Administration is open minded and broad minded and sufficiently ingenious to make war and call it peace and to make peace that leads to war.

The method pursued by Commander OLMSTED of saluting the harbor first and then giving the glad hand to the Greek—or rather Mexican—bearing gifts is the converse of what may be called the Vera Cruz style of entry, but between the two there are many compromises possible to our naval officers in Mexican waters, all of which have been employed during the past three years.

When, during a long period of time, the policies of the Administration regarding foreign affairs are changed every few days it becomes impossible for our naval or military commanders at the front to maintain even a semblance of consistency.

They never occupy a position in which they can know whether they ought to employ the glad hand or the mailed fist.

One of the Lost Bands.

Some of us have wondered what became of the little German bands, particularly those whose members were not too old for the Landsturm and the Landwehr. Certainly their absence from American haunts has been noticed even though their tunes were not grieved for by all. A German band resembles Bismarck herring. You have to like it to like it.

Tidings come, in a roundabout way, of eight Germans who in peace time blew German airs through the dense atmosphere of Pittsburg and thrived on the nickels of the generous ironworkers. These eight joined the German navy and all but one have gone to their death. The survivor, it appears, keeps life as well as glory, a member—after being wounded in battle—of the crew of the diving Deutschland. Perhaps he kept his alto horn with him and it was loudest in the strains of jubilation when the periscope showed a disappointed British cruiser hull down.

Good men, these bandsmen, even if they may not have been great musicians. They played as hard as they could and doubtless they fought the same way. Theirs was a German band, without a hyphen. Theirs, we must assume, was an undivided allegiance to another country than the one which listened, sometimes impatiently, to their tootings.

Meteorological Manifestations of a Single Track Mind.

For explanation of the deplorable weather that has afflicted these United States for the last three years we must disregard the ordinary fields of research and examine those interesting articles of self-revelation in which it pleases the President of Humanity to indulge himself too infrequently. The diligent students of these documents will find in one of them a boast by that high functionary, to the effect that his is a single track mind.

If this fact be remembered all that we have suffered in the way of too intense heat, too heavy precipitation, too extreme cold will be immediately understood. Mr. WILSON is incapable of entertaining more than one idea at a time, and his devotion to that idea is at the bottom of our trouble.

When, immediately after his breakfast each day, Mr. WILSON enters the laboratory in which he prepares the weather for a continent for the ensuing twenty-four hours—a labor he will confide to no hand other than his own—his mental processes are devoted to a single subject. If he is thinking of the season of the year, as frequently happened last winter, he is pondering winter exclusively, and in compounding the meteorological mixture he provides for no mitigation of severity. Thus winter connotes snow to Mr. WILSON; and from December, 1915, to April, 1916, he gave us snow, unrelieved and without interruption. A broader intellectual process would have tempered the severity of the infliction with warm rains, balmy breezes and occasional periods of unseasonable weather; but Mr. WILSON, with winter in his mind, was incapable of modifying his weather in the slightest.

Came spring, and Mr. WILSON, an adept in poetry, was filled with memories of those April showers the minstrels love to sing. He turned on the rain faucet and loosed the floods; with the result that never before did the nation experience such a soaking. The Wilsonian shower bath emitted a deluge that covered the earth; had Captain KOENIG brought the Deutschland here in April, May or June he might have gone to Chicago without poking his periscope above water or scraping keel on the summits of the Alleghany Mountains. In the same way Mr. WILSON recalled from his literary store the fact that June is generally supposed to supply days not too warm; and he turned on arctic breezes that kept many a worthy winter overcoat out of my uncle's long after the customary date.

At present Mr. WILSON'S highly trained faculties inform him that summer is at its height, and in his daily visit to the weather laboratory his whole energy is concentrated on the oven. He has a blazing fire beneath it, to which he enthusiastically adds fuel; he has the damper and the draughts open; he pokes the fire with rare devotion, and it never occurs to him to modify the searing blasts he turns upon us with a judicious mixture of Alaska.

Never, in our opinion, has Government made weather been so good, so equable, so moderate, so exhilarating, so soothing, as the natural weather we had before socialistic enterprise invaded this field of activity and under the fair promise of "regulation" supplanted ancient Dame Nature. But we confess that no weather purveyor the nation has yet had equals WOODROW WILSON in the vicious, damnable quality of the goods delivered; and we torridly hope he is preparing a cold day for himself in early November.

A Pennsylvania Experiment.

Pennsylvania is undertaking an experiment interesting not only to the State but to the Eastern part of the country. It would discover how far sheep raising will contribute to the solution of the food problem and the increase of the wool production, and if the industry can be made profitable on land not fitted for the highest agricultural cultivation.

Bankers and business men will provide 5,000 ewes, and the Department of Agriculture has offered to entrust ten to each farmer making an application. At the end of a year the farmer may purchase them at the original price, or he may give them up, retaining the entire wool clip and half of the lambs. Applications have already been received from forty-three counties, principally of the southern tier and the west central part of the State. This will insure the distribution of about half the number; the remainder, it is believed, will be allotted before fall.

The production of wool and sheep in the East has decreased in the last thirty years. Montana, Wyoming and New Mexico have been the great producing States, with Ohio the largest producer east of the Mississippi. In the West the flocks have found pasture on the great ranches, and in some cases on open ranges where the owners have fought for possession with the cattlemen. In Ohio the hilly land of the southern part of the State has formed good grazing ground and has thus made the industry more or less profitable.

The European war and the demand thus created are in a measure responsible for the present price of raw wool. At a recent sale in Montana 20,000 pounds were sold at 35 cents, a price that it was formerly held would make the industry profitable to the producer. But even apart from the present condition, the use of wool as an admixture with other fibres will continue a demand for it.

Sheep raising presents a readily available means of producing meat, and the price at which this commodity is held gives importance to any effort to reduce its cost. There are thousands of acres in the East that at present are not tilled, and any means that will make them money producing is worth considering. For this reason if for no other the Pennsylvania experiment will be followed with interest.

The nation is about to suffer from taxation without explanation.

Our troops on the way to the border must be thankful that they're not bathing off the Jersey coast.

It has been decided by the United States court that the men who photographed the pictures of the Willard-Moran fight across the Canadian border were guilty of smuggling. What would be the offence of a person who, standing on United States territory, looked over the border at a production prohibited on our soil? If it is a crime to record the picture in a film, it must be a crime to record it on the brain through the optical nerve.

Is a Mexican who assassinates an American on Mexican soil exercising his divine right as a sovereign?

Hurry, good M. DUSSAUD, with your formula for cold light. It is needed here in politics as well as in the movies.

Does Uncle SAM really wish that U-boat many happy returns?

Our army is to be raised to full war strength. Somebody has just realized that the sovereignty of the United States is worth preserving.

The Senate has passed the $42,000,000 pork bill. Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war.

Whatever dyes the Deutschland may have brought, they have not yet affected New York's wonderful exhibition of white hosiery.

If there is a lull at Washington, why not a note to the shark on the familiar subject of Humanity?

Irregular, But Justified.

While these Julian heats endure,
As humans scarcely can,
'Tis not the milk of kindness pure,
But inhumanity to man
To stop in the corner cigar store,
And ask the clerk to please:
"Look at my right ear, and see—
If it is frost bitten."

SNOW DRIFT.

SHARKS.

Kinds That Swim These Waters and Sizes They Attain—Two Attacks on Men in the North Atlantic Ten Years Before the Jersey Horrors.

The shark which killed Charles E. Van Sant at Beach Haven, N. J., on July 1 was seen by a dozen persons. They described it as about nine feet long. The one which killed Bruder at Spring Lake on July 6 was not seen. The one which killed two persons and wounded a third in Matawan Creek was seen and is described as being nine feet long. So the possibility exists that, as many choose to believe, one fish was the slayer. Of what variety he was is a matter of guessing. Fishermen may be right in thinking that the killing was not done by a true man eater but by a hammerhead or a blue shark driven to it by hunger.

For the matter of that, the hammerhead is not all innocence on the scrolls. "It is so ferocious," says the American Cyclopedia, "as to attack persons bathing. The hammerhead often attains a length of twelve feet. It has a grayish back, with head nearly black, and a whitish belly. This species of shark often, but not always, travels in schools.

The blue shark is really blue only in the smaller species. The big blue or dusky shark, which is plentiful enough along this coast, has a dark brown back and is dirty white below. The biggest fellows are twelve feet long.

Your true man eater is the great white shark, thirty feet long at his worst and a ton in weight. His natural home is the tropics, but he has been seen in the Mediterranean, near the British Isles and also off the American coast. But providentially the great white shark is rare. Not more than a dozen are caught in a century. The white shark has a terrible cousin, much like himself. This is the big tiger or Atwood's shark, fifteen feet long and a hundred pounds of weight for every foot. It has been caught off the Atlantic coast, but in the present cases it has not been suspected. It is too big.

The mackerel shark may not be guilty, but the tribe cannot be absolved offhand. It sometimes grows to ten feet in length. It is as fighting a fish as any shark when other marine creatures are concerned, but its biographers contend that it attacks man "only in self-defence."

The biggest shark captured in this neighborhood in recent years was a thrasher, taken off Amagansett, L. I., in a sturgeon net in June, 1907. It is said to have been twenty-one feet long and to have weighed 900 pounds. The thrasher is not ordinarily found so far north.

Are there any instances previous to this summer of the shark attacking man in North Atlantic waters? THE SUN has been able to find only two credible incidents. Off Swampscott, Mass., about ten years ago, the dory of a fisherman named Joseph Blaney was upset by a shark, which then carried the man off. Off Atlantic City in August, 1905, George Wright, a Pittsburg stock broker, was attacked while swimming from a boat and three toes of his right foot were bitten off.

Small and supposedly harmless sharks have been plentiful near these shores. Hardly a bather but has seen their fins within a stone's throw of the life ropes at the Jersey beaches. A shark eight feet long was caught at Coney Island on September 1 of last year. One seven feet long was taken there the next day, and on the 3d a monster, reported as fourteen feet in length, was added to the kill. These captures were treated as interesting incidents. The public did not like the idea of having sharks near them, but remained confident that the shark of the northern waters would not attack. The bather did not take seriously the suggestion that the man eater of the warm seas might move up. Yet three years ago this month Director Townsend of the Aquarium sounded a shark warning.

"The Gulf Stream brings to the south shore of Long Island and even to the Massachusetts coasts many things distinctly tropical," he said. "We have the sharks here in New York harbor; man eaters or potential man eaters, I should say. It is nonsense to say that sharks do not attack men, and southern sharks come here. Of course they do not stay through a winter."

So far as the ferocity of the shark in the region of Florida is concerned evidence is ample. On September 16, 1911, H. C. Rood of Hartford, Conn., was attacked while bathing at Pablo Beach, near Jacksonville, and bitten on the left arm and thigh. Three days later Thomas Ashe, pilot of the schooner Wallace A. McDonald, fell overboard at Pensacola and was killed by a shark, which was afterward caught. In November of the same year Jules Antoine fell overboard from the British steamer Aldersgate and was almost entirely swallowed by a shark, which was shot to death the next day. This shark was twelve feet long. On March 30, 1914, Boatswain Lunemberg of the steamer Borney Castle fell from the bridge of the vessel into Havana harbor, and before a boat could be lowered was eaten by sharks.

Reports in the files of the Navy Department bear witness to the willingness of Pacific sharks to eat men. A gunner's mate lost a leg while bathing in the harbor of Iloilo, P. I., on June 24, 1901. A coxswain's mate of the Piscataqua, lying in the inner harbor of Olongapo, P. I., on November 2, 1904, was seized by the foot, which was badly torn. A sailor of the gunboat Elcano returning from shore in a rowboat stuck his finger through a hole in the bottom from which the plug had been lost. A shark amputated the finger.

Cats.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Cats are the only artistic geniuses left that are entirely free and untrammelled. They wander as their artistic fancy dictates; sleep, when drowsiness o'ercomes them, in some enchanted spot like a sweet pea bed; fill the vaulted halls of night with soulful melody, and feed upon songbirds, generally young and tender robins.

It would be a sin and a shame for any humane society to protect cats by hampering them as they do dogs.

JAMES D. DEWELL, Jr.
NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 13.

His Pedestal Prepared.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A furniture moving van passed through Norwalk recently, and the sign painter who had decorated it announced that the van owner's name is I. Hall. OLD WELL.
NORWALK, Conn., July 13.

Sir Isaac Newton in Wyoming.

From the Park County Enterprise.

The hardworking janitor of one of Cody's public buildings recently placed the following notice in the vestibule of said building: "Please do not spit on the ceiling. 'Tain't right."

FIND THE BRUNETTE!

New Complication in the Search for the Blonde Sister-in-law.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have authority to state that, contrary to a report I had received, my lost blonde sister-in-law is not aboard the German submarine which has just arrived. They say now that the submarine has a cargo of dyestuffs; possibly to give color to the exploit.

Some time ago I made bold to write to THE SUN asking aid in the search for my lost sister-in-law. The result, although I have not found her, was most gratifying. Let me here express my gratitude to all those who have been so kind as to take an interest in my misfortune. If it be not presuming too much, may I ask any gentleman who sees a tall, stunning brunette to get her name and address and send it to me? This request, coming as it does from me, is not to be construed as an indication that I have relaxed in the slightest degree my quest for my blonde relative by marriage. To the direct contrary, the discovery of this particular brunette is but a step toward the recovery, I hope, of my sister-in-law.

The other day I chanced to see the arrest of a colored woman who was charged with assaulting the dignity of a traffic policeman by calling him the chauffeur of a sign post. At the time she wore some clothing which had belonged to my sister-in-law, and for this reason I was present at the police court when she was arraigned. There was some delay before her case came up.

In the first case called, a man charged his neighbor with maintaining a nuisance in that all one Sunday, with the windows wide open, he had played a piano, not by note or by ear, but by foot, thereby destroying the complainant's peace of mind. The lawyer for the defendant got the plaintiff to admit under oath that he was habitually absent minded. Then the lawyer turned to the court and moved to have the complaint dismissed on the ground that if the complainant was as absent minded as he said he was he would not have the presence of mind sufficient to have peace of mind enough to be destroyed as set forth in the complaint; and that if he had so much presence of mind that his peace of mind was destroyed as he alleged, then he was not as absent minded as he had testified he was, and was therefore unworthy of belief. The case was put over a week that the plaintiff might produce witnesses to testify in rebuttal that his presence of mind was so impaired by his loss of peace of mind that he had become as absent minded as he had admitted he was.

The next case was that where a druggist had a customer arrested because in an argument about change the customer had broken off with his cane the top of a four quart jar of asafœtida. The druggist insisted on producing the broken jar and its contents in court and offering them in evidence, although the Judge when he heard the case was willing to take his word for it, inasmuch as the customer did not dispute the facts. He couldn't, for he had a generous quantity of the asafœtida spilled over his clothes. His Honor ordered the court room cleared while they aired it out. The court officers never had an easier task. This caused the delay of which I spoke.

When the room got so you could breathe a little if you were near a window, the court was reconvened and Sophronia Mehitabel Jones was called to the bar. Calling her was hardly necessary, because ever since the court first opened Sophronia had been intermittingly wrestling with two court officers in a vain endeavor to gain an immediate hearing, pausing only now and again for breath. Even the asafœtida had had no effect on her. She hadn't seemed to realize that anything unusual had occurred. And now had come her turn. She stepped up. The smart tailored suit I had once known as my sister-in-law's was a trifle mussed, and the hat with the quinquefoliate leaves was somewhat less brilliant because the two court officers and Sophronia herself had each trod on it several times that morning. She wore it at an angle as if she was trying to keep the sun out of her eyes. The manner of wearing her hat gave her a forward going appearance because the rear façade of Sophronia's head from the neck up was perfectly flat. But if her raiment had suffered, her spirits had not.

Of the heinous crime with which Sophronia was charged I have already spoken. Suffice it to say that the hearing resolved itself into a contest between the ability of the magistrate to pound the desk with his gavel on the one hand and Sophronia's loquacity on the other. Never, after that hearing, did that old court desk have less dust in it since the day it was new. No one would have believed it held so much. At times his Honor was quite lost to view in clouds of dust. He appeared as one in a fog, and all hands had to stop and let the dust settle. All the time Sophronia's voice kept up, piercing the murkiness like a whistling buoy off the Banks in thick weather.

It ended in Sophronia being fined $5, which was quickly raised to $10 and then to $15 because of what might be described as two foot notes uttered by Sophronia and bearing upon magistrates. The proceedings were brought to a close not because Sophronia had said all she had to say. Far from it. I don't believe she had really even got started. But it was because I offered to pay her fine. I did this in order that I might question her as to where she got her, or rather my sister-in-law's, clothes, and thereby get some clue of my wife's lost sister. She told me that the clothes had been given her by a lady for whom she had done washing. She described her as being a brunette of a pronounced type but with gray eyes.

According to Sophronia, this lady is tall, lithe and smart. She speaks with a slight lisp. In age she is anywhere from twenty-three to thirty-nine. And now you understand why I must find this brunette. T. P.
NEW YORK, July 12.

A New Diet Advised for the Blonde's Distracted Brother-in-law.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The trouble with "T. P." in his search for his blonde sister-in-law has been that he has resorted to the wrong kind of refreshments.

Cocktails, gin rickies and tinkling highballs do not give a man the proper sustenance for such an arduous task.

If "T. P." will read a recent Health Department bulletin he will learn that alcoholic beverages contain less nourishment than oatmeal. Instead of foaming schooners and fizzing long glasses, he should absorb daily many bowls of porridge.

It may not be so cooling, but it will give him energy with which to pursue his quest of the missing blonde.
NEW YORK, July 13. H. L.

ANOTHER CARRANZA.

He Lived in the Sixteenth Century and He Was a Terror.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We hear much about the Mexican Carranza and of his sins of omission and commission, but there was another Carranza who lived in the sixteenth century whose evil deeds more than counterbalanced his good ones. Shakespeare tells us that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." So let it be with Bartolomé de Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo. Students of English and Spanish history have apparently forgotten him, although he was instrumental in turning England into a land of horrors.

In 1554 Prince Philip of Spain sailed for England to marry Queen Mary. He took with him as inquisitor Archbishop Carranza, who devoted himself in cooperation with Mary to the restoration of the Roman Catholic faith. On Mary's death he returned to Spain and there boasted that during his three or four years stay in England he had burned, "reconciled" or driven from the land 30,000 heretics and had brought two million souls back to the Church.

John Rogers, minister of the Gospel in London, was the first martyr in Queen Mary's reign and was burned at Smithfield, February 14, 1556. His wife with nine small children and one at her breast followed him to the stake. He was not in the least daunted and died courageously. The holocaust following Carranza's appearance in England claimed three hundred victims. But Nemesis was at work and he suffered for his crimes. On returning to Spain he was accused and imprisoned by the Holy Office. King Philip raised no hand to help him. Immured in the secret prison of the Valladolid Inquisition, he was for years dead to the world. Subsequently he was sent to Rome and imprisoned there, where he remained until 1576. The Pope then penanced or pardoned him, giving Carranza liberty to dispose of the Church of Toledo's revenue, since the date of his arrest, seventeen years before, amounting to millions of ducats. Philip saw the Archbishop's return would be ruinous. So Carranza died the day of his liberation, May 2, 1576, supposed to have been poisoned by Philip's agent in Rome. He was 73 years old.

To couple the names of the Spanish sixteenth century Carranza and the Mexican twentieth century Carranza might be rough on the Mexican.

B. B. VALLENTINE.
NEW YORK, July 13.

THE SIXTY-NINTH.

Two Regiments Bore the Same Number in the Civil War.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In regard to the article on "Colonels of the Sixty-ninth," I would call your attention to the fact that the present Sixty-ninth Regiment is not entitled to the credit of battles in which the Irish Brigade took part, for the reason that when the Sixty-ninth New York State Militia, which entered the United States service early in 1861 for three months, returned home its officers refused, in part (a majority of them), to reorganize for further United States service; but those in favor of doing so set to work at once to re-recruit a new regiment for a three year term and obtained permission at Albany to have it designated as the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers. Thus two Sixty-ninth Regiments existed until the end of the war for the Union.

The present Sixty-ninth was in only one battle, that of Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861, though probably a few officers and men, less than 5 per cent., did join the new regiment. G. A. H.
BROOKLYN, July 13.

LAURA KEENE OR EDWARDS?

Whose Playhouse Has This Old Timer in Mind?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am not one of the very old boys, but I began spending my coin for gallery seats at a very tender age. A letter in THE SUN'S columns recently refers to the old Olympic as Laura Keene's Theatre before it took on the name Olympic, which brings back to my mind a little theatre that had a very brief term of life in a building immediately north of the last of the old granite columned residences on the east side of Broadway, opposite Waverley place. Was this theatre Laura Keene's or Lina Edwards's?

Again: isn't it a bit strange that most information and requests for information concerning old New York come from towns on the gasolene circuit? When I arrived here I met an old East Side boy who told me he had never become reconciled to his expatriation. I asked how long he had lived here. "Since 1858," he replied. I shouldn't be surprised if he returned back home in a decade or so.

GIL ROY.
SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., July 13.

FOR AN EFFICIENT NATION.

A Scheme for the Reorganization of the Government.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It would be a splendid thing to direct this agitation for preparedness into a stern demand for national efficiency.

If our country is to endure and fulfil its mission in the world it must be conducted on a scientific business basis.

As a first step in this important reorganization I would make the following (by no means original) suggestions:

Have Secretaries of Army and Navy appointed from West Point and Annapolis respectively.

Reduce the number of Representatives so that real business can be transacted in the House.

Curtail the President's appointing power.

Have the President installed soon after election.

Extend the civil service to all important Government positions.

This world is no place for weaklings, either individuals or nations.

ROBERT WEEKS COBB.
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, July 13.

Indiana's Great Ones Divided on an Important Issue.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Senator Taggart went on record against the free seed graft when the agricultural appropriation bill was up in the Senate this week and made a vigorous speech. Senator Kern, who wants it understood that he is not led around by the nose by his colleague, voted for free seeds and all the rest of the provisions of the bill, to the surprise of many of his constituents.

Introducing a Missouri Postmaster.

From the Cass County Leader.

Clyde Perkins, Barnard's newly appointed postmaster, is only 21 years old, yet weighs 413 pounds. He had to make a trip to St. Joe for a special office chair. The other day he tried to drive a Ford car and got so wedged behind the steering wheel that he had to stop the engine and call for help to pry him loose.

AS GREAT MINDS WORK.

A Stirring Truth Convincingly Set Forth.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* How forcible are right words! With what comfort in the midst of affliction must parents of infant paralytics regard the optimism of Health Commissioner Emerson, as reported in THE SUN. He believes that if the present state of affairs remains substantially the same for a week it will be an indication that the situation is under control. Who's controlling it?

"Generally," said Dr. Emerson, "if the patients do not die at the onset of the disease they recover."

By Hippocrates and his Oath! Specifically I had suspected that much, and it had also occurred to me that little sufferers who survive the last stages of the disease recover too, although the doctor's dictum provokes curiosity as to what may happen to those who do not contract the distemper at all.

However, the fining of 650 non-resistants for violations of sanitary ordinances and squirting Niagaras of water in the streets seem real New York prophylactics. The sanitary ordinances have not been broken until now, and the amount of rain we have had lately has been negligible. So if 650 more non-resistants, "mostly with babies in their arms, and few of whom could understand the ordinances," can be rounded up and fined, and some more water can be squirted about, the plague may be stayed and we may be happy yet and enjoy life in this delirious town in spite of the Health Commissioner, to whom be power, might, majesty, dominion, honor and reward!

GEORGE MOFFAT.
NEW YORK, July 12.

THE UNCLEAN STREETS.

Would Household Incineration Solve the Garbage Problem?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The condition of practically all the city streets, except the principal avenues, and more particularly of those in the proximity of the subway construction, has been for a long time noticeably unclean.

Even now, city contractors' garbage and refuse wagons may be seen jolting along uncovered. It is presumable that the conditions to which you refer in your recent editorial comment should not have been neglected until after death and disease had taken their toll. However, as closely related as this "epidemic" now existing appears to be to lack of proper supervision and inspection, no explanation is vouchsafed of the deficiencies in the exercise of the functions of the departments having jurisdiction.

It is quite obvious that every tenement house and other residence should be required to install a crematory to incinerate garbage and refuse daily, leaving only the ashes and incombustible waste to be removed. Landlords should make the installations and operate them in tenement houses, and tenants should operate them in other residences. Such a disposition of the fundamental cause of much illness would be an effective saving of large direct expense to the city and a preventive of disease. E. G. MEGNIN.
NEW YORK, July 13.

KIND WORDS FOR MR. PRATT.

The Conservation Commissioner Is Thoughtful, Polite and Thorough.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having on the strength of an editorial prompting in THE SUN forwarded to the Hon. George D. Pratt, Commissioner of Conservation at Albany, a contribution toward the expense of a humane transfer of the deer on Shelter Island to a State preserve, I feel that it is appropriate for me to tell of the eminently conscientious accounting just made by Mr. Pratt to the contributors.

This accounting consists not only of a return of a major portion of the money received but a most satisfactory and interesting narrative of the proceedings in detail, inclusive of several vivid photographic views of the work of those engaged in the roundup.

I am saying to Mr. Pratt that this incident is corroborative to my mind of the Biblical injunction, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." JOHN WORTHY.
NEW YORK, July 13.

No; There Is No Breach of Neutrality.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The bland and self-satisfied acknowledgment that a certain tug aided materially in directing the movements of the recently arrived German submarine would seem to constitute a flagrant breach of neutrality, would it not?

We are treated to the pleasant spectacle of a large proportion of German (American) Representatives in Congress at the strategic moment, a national policy largely tinged by this opportune planned representation, a wild attempt to complicate international law at this time by the scarcely veiled connivance of a Germanized Washington. We await with interest "what next." A. J. F.
NEW YORK, July 13.

The Three Summer Questions.

Let other phrases rest in peace,
Let other twists of language cease;
All else superfluous will read,
Three questions meet the summer need.

When sizzling in the hottest wave
And scorching is the air and pave,
A query piercing through the stew
Asks "Is it hot enough for you?"

When youth and maiden chance to meet
By sea or garden, wood or street,
We know that by the sweet old sign
We hearken to the words "Be mine?"

And in the country or the town,
In place of small or great renown,
We hear the fan above the roar
With frenzied question "What's the score?"

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

Blood of the Irish Fusiliers.

Good luck to you, O'Leary,
Whose progenitors in Cork
Have sent us fighting men for
Massachusetts and New York.
And every State the Union holds
Gives you a round of cheers,
A hurrah for the bravery
Of Irish Fusiliers.

You shared with Washington the ills
And chills of Valley Forge;
At Yorktown you was to the front
With all your fighting gorge.
We'll ne'er forget the part you played
Through all the bygone years—
For Scott he took to Mexico
Some Irish Fusiliers.

And in the bloody struggle of
The South against the North
You fought on either side, and won
Our praises for your worth.
Manila Bay resounded to
The echo of your cheers,
At Santiago, too, we find
The Irish Fusiliers.

O'Leary's tribe is marching on
With hearts as true as gold;
Again it's with us to the front
With bravery of old.
So, here's good luck, O'Leary, you
Who fight without nor fears—
A fighting gentleman with blood
Of Irish Fusiliers.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

ON THE BORDER WITH THE SEVENTH.

Here Is an Extract From a Private Letter Which Tells the Trials and Tribulations of a Regiment in a Hot Camp, Waiting for Election Day and for Orders to Go Home.

We rise at 5 A. M. and work until 10 P. M., with only a few hours in between for rest. Yesterday the temperature was 120 degrees, but we have a rainstorm every afternoon which cools the air.

I am getting accustomed to the heat and the glare, but do not think I shall ever get on friendly terms with the various kinds of Texas crawlers. Have already captured four tarantulas in or about my tent, besides horned toads, lizards, black spiders and ants the size of flies. The captain of our company has been bitten by a scorpion, and this morning, while on a march—before 6 o'clock—we disposed of a rattlesnake with six rattles.

We are within eight miles of the border, and between two Mexican villages. No one is allowed to leave camp without an armed guard, and each man always has sixty rounds of ammunition in his belt. I believe the "armed guard" rule is to be modified, parties of four or five men being allowed out of camp unguarded during the morning and afternoon.

The men are in fine physical condition, and the spirit of the Seventh is first rate. We are all anxious to go into action.

The Twelfth arrived yesterday in bad shape. They are poorly equipped and not hardened to stand this climate. Our hospital tents were soon filled with their exhausted men.

I probably cannot tell you much that is new, for we have ten newspaper correspondents with the regiment. They seem to be getting the dope on absolutely everything that happens, and that is not a very difficult job, as this is the most Godforsaken, innocent and inactive camp I have ever heard of. Nothing takes place to relieve the monotony of the bugle calls.

The funniest things are the orders we get. A few days ago we were ordered not to be seen in the company streets without clothes on; and we had been ordered not to take any water into the tents. So the nearest we could come to a bath was to stand naked inside the tent and look at the tubs of water outside. Yesterday the order was changed, and soon so camp rumor has it, we are to have shower baths. This will be an improvement, after a tub in which you can wash only on the instalment plan, burning your back full of blisters while attending to the rest of you.

I do not suppose anything will happen here. We shall probably broil here until after the elections.

AS THE WAR IS NOW.

A Comparison With the Situation That Existed in 1914.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* With the offensive taken off their hands and the Allies attacking successfully on nearly all fronts, these are gloomy days indeed for the Central Powers and their friends.

The plight of Austria in particular is certainly pitiful. After thinning her lines on the Russian front, expecting to deliver the death blow to Italy, she has been pounced upon by the stealthy Bear and her lack of foresight has already proved disastrous. The number of Austrian prisoners lost to the Russians amounts to a fairly good sized army, 271,000 up to July 11, and the end is not in sight.

As was to be expected, all the warring nations have made some mistakes. Gallipoli will go down in history as the greatest blunder of the Allies, Verdun's fiasco will not be Germany's least by any means. Nobody can deny the great qualities of the Germans; they are never caught napping for sure; the long months of fighting have neither dulled their energy nor stunted their efficiency. They are simply wonderful.

But numbers are bound to tell against them sooner or later. Although the German army in general has not shown any signs of weakening, we can nevertheless notice a marked change in the behavior of the higher ups. A sepulchral silence has replaced the old blusterings. The people at the head are doubtless posted on everything, including the resources that are left in their respective countries. They know exactly how long they can keep the massacre of the innocents going.

What a contrast between now and the early fall of 1914, when the victorious German armies were marching on Paris. Nobody ever dreamed then that the French would be able to stop them. We all remember the numerous interviews given to the press by a most distinguished diplomat, who suavely would tell the reporters between two smiles that everything was running smoothly, Germany having everything going her own way, the papers were also full of the telegrams of mutual congratulations that were being exchanged between some august personages, one of them signing "Papa Wilhelm."

Later on at various times we heard the exhortation for peace of the German Chancellor. "Now is the opportune time for the Allies to accept our terms of peace," he would say. "They are quite reasonable. Just a little bitter pill to take and we let them go easy. But if they persist in resisting us we will increase the dose until they will have to swallow the full cup of bitterness."

The voice of the great Chancellor was echoed by the Hungarian Premier, who could not understand how the defeated Allies could be foolish enough to continue the struggle, and like Pilate he washed his hands, blaming the Allies for the length of the war and its ensuing misery.

Considering the latest happenings in the different theatres of the war we cannot help smiling at the ingenuity of the Teutons and their sudden craving for peace last spring. Can it be possible that they have at last seen the handwriting on the wall?

DESIRE LESCARBOURA.
NEW YORK, July 13.

Mr. Godkin's New Republic.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Relative to Mr. Lawrence Godkin's letter. He is right as far as a republic is concerned, but let him not forget the virtues in a monarchy such as absence of graft, petty politics, lack of system and thoroughness.

Concerning the "Ka