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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.

A Fable.

Once upon a time the producers of a necessary of life, a substance known as klim, decided that they must have more money for it. So they struck. The purveyors of klim stood out for a while, but finally yielded and added the extra money demanded by the producers to the retail price.

Thereupon the public, which was thought to be inured to footing the bill, revolted. The public could not get along entirely without klim, but by studying ways and means it reduced the consumption of that commodity by about one-half.

The producers and purveyors of klim, finding their business cut in half, complained exceedingly. It was not until they had convinced the public that the use of force was an unworthy means of gaining an end that the public relented, and through its representatives ordered a careful and judicial inquiry into the costs of producing and retailing klim. But this investigation, while comprehensive, only developed a set of facts from which the producers, the purveyors and the consumers drew three totally different sets of conclusions; and the consumers continued to pay.

A Unique Reciprocity.

That the utilization of scientifically ascertained facts of a practical purpose finds illustration in hitherto little regarded spheres is demonstrated in a recent article on "The Campaign Against Snake Poisoning in Brazil," published in the *Brazil Medico* of Rio de Janeiro. The State of Sao Paulo in southern Brazil leads the world in successful efforts to combat what is technically termed ophidism, but is commonly known as snake poisoning.

It maintains an institute for the manufacture and distribution of antitoxin for the treatment of persons bitten by snakes. The antitoxin is furnished free of cost and delivered at any point in the State.

Records are kept of all reported cobra bites, which produce 4,800 deaths and 26,000 wounds annually. The institute urges the authorities of other sections of Brazil to organize similar relief stations for the prompt administration of antitoxin, and offers to exchange the latter for supplies of the cobra poison, which it requests. Instructions for the administration of the antidote are sent with each package. It has been practically demonstrated that there are four groups of snakes, and that from each a special antitoxin may be prepared that is effective only in cases of poisoning by the same kind of snake.

An antitoxin prepared in French laboratories from the venom of serpents obtained in British India fails to act against the bites of Brazilian snakes. The success of this unique reciprocity method is attested by observations on 1,058 applications.

A Sculptor—and Sculpture.

We do not suppose that it will occur to any one to mark this year the 450th anniversary of the death of the Florentine sculptor DONATELLO. Yet he was not merely the greatest sculptor of his time but one of the greatest of all time. He was the first master in marble to break with the past and exalt character above beauty. His artistry was as superb in bronze as in stone. There was dramatic action in his figures. The antique poses, the still, cold graces of the carven past, had only casual recognition in DONATELLO'S work.

Popular appreciation of sculpture suffers somewhat from the flood of poor stuff that has surrounded us in recent years, but chiefly from inability to enjoy good work in its own terms. Music, painting and all the other arts are under the same handicap, for the number of those who are able to enjoy any art for that art's sake is always small. It is a case of not knowing the language of the artist. The average man trying to make up his mind whether he likes a statue or not is in much the same position as a playgoer who is asked to pass judgment on a drama acted in a foreign tongue; he can only half guess what it is all about.

When, however, the artist adds external appeals to the appeal of his art the public responds readily enough. Every one can comprehend the magnitude of the project for transforming the whole side of Stone Mountain near Atlanta, Ga., into a gigantic bas relief. The visitor would see, boldly limned in the distance, two wings of an army sweeping eastward over the face of the granite barrier before him. He would be able to discern the figures of LEE, JACKSON, JOHNSTON and other leaders of the Confederacy. Without reference to the practicability of the project or the likelihood of its execution, it may be said that there is in the conception of such a memorial the heroic immensity befitting a monument of our civil war.

Although it is fifty years since that struggle ended we are only beginning to commemorate it adequately in the field of sculpture. To obtain a proper perspective, to grasp the epic quality of events, demands not only genius but time. The present world war contains the material for carving as great as DONATELLO'S or MICHELANGELO'S, but we are not likely to see it worthily chiselled in our time.

Where Are the McGuffys?

How dear to our hearts are the "Readers" of childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view! In an article on "Readers in the Good Old Days" in the *Educational Review* Professor JOHN J. MAHONEY of the State Normal School at Lowell, Mass., hazes us with memories of Great McGUFFY and the lesser architects of the temple of education.

The way to high Parnassus is now not a climb, but a leap. The alphabet is junk, children read pictures and master words by some mythico-mystical "association of ideas." If Old Blue Back and NOAH, who taught "millions to read and not one to sin," are alive to-day it is in the blessed provinces.

Professor MAHONEY treats us richly to "examples," and that is better than spreading before us the arguments in favor of science or literature or history or patriotism or morals as the best core for a series of reading text books. WEBSTER taught spelling through sentences like these, which could hardly pass through the childish mind without having some atoms of wisdom stick:

"The chewing of tobacco is a useless custom."

"Fiction is a creature of the imagination."

"Large bushy whiskers require a good deal of nursing and training."

"The Child's Spelling Book," published at Hartford in 1798, has this: "Will mamma give CHARLES some beer? Yes, CHARLES shall have some beer." We are certain it must have been CHARLES who grew up to this ("Clinton Primer," 1830):

"Who loves a horse race? Are not too many fond of it? Does it not lead to many evils, and to frequent ruin? Never go to a horse race. Mr. MIX had one child, whom he called IRENE; he had also a good farm and some money. He went to the race with his child, dressed in black crepe for the loss of her mother. Here Mr. MIX drank freely, and bet largely, and lost all he was worth. At night he went home a beggar; took a dose of brandy and died before morning, leaving his child a penniless orphan. Never go to a horse race."

In 1840 HORACE MANN quoted with scorn this old fashioned reading from the Webster speller:

"En-o, no, emm-al-en, man, emm-al-wy, may, pee-you-tee, put, o-double-eff, off, tee-aitch-ee, the, ell-al-double-you, law, o-eff, of, gee-o-dee, God."

Absurd, he called it. Still, out of that old system grows the wonder of teachers to-day "how primary children were trained to handle such an imposing vocabulary" as appears in this from Lesson V, in the "New Primer," Newark, 1832: "The Tiger is remarkable for his strength and the beauty of his skin; he is a treacherous and ferocious animal and very difficult to tame." JONATHAN EDWARDS reading Greek in the cradle and Hebrew when other lads of his age were at "one o' cat" is matched to-day about as much as are the ten year old readers of fifty years ago. Wasn't there sense as well as fun in LEAVITT'S "Easy Lessons," 1823, with its drill in "b":

"The baboon babbled and blubbered, babbled in ribbons, gabbled in gibberish, played hobnob with a robin, browbeat the tabby, made a hubbub for the rabble, bribed a nabob, and barbarously bamboozled a booby."

We do not care to adjudicate the case of the "mixt methods" Professor MAHONEY mentions. Nor would we "babble in ribbons" about the A-B-C's on which we grew up and make "a hubbub for the rabble" on the "method" by which our friends of to-morrow are learning to-day to read us: what we want to know is whether JACK and EDDIE and TOMMY, "kept in" for failures in orthography, are spirited enough in performing the pensum, fifty times "I will be more obedient and industrious," to slip in the sly negative to test Teacher's own alertness. The rod is gone. Has "keeping in" followed it in this Age of Pity, when sin is sickness and correction is a work of healing, not punishment?

Josephus Must Answer.

No matter where the path of glory leads, JOSEPHUS DANIELS has the nerve to follow it. The Administration appreciates his courage and this week he took his final direction for a whirlwind tour through the middle West to offset, if possible, the effect of Mr. HUGHES'S speeches.

The managers of the Wilson campaign believe that JOSEPHUS is not too egotistical when he asserts that if he hadn't raised his voice in Maine the Republican majority in that State would have been twice as large as it was. Accepting him as a campaign speaker at his own valuation, they have placed upon his shoulders the heaviest burden at their disposal. The middle West, enthusiastic over Mr. HUGHES, will be inclined to ask JOSEPHUS many annoying questions.

The Westerners will want to know from him whether the Mexican Government has ever saluted our flag; whether our troops have captured VILLA, dead or alive; where Mexican bandits get the ammunition with which they slaughter Americans; whether President WILSON meant what he said when he asserted that what happened in Mexico was none of our business. They may make also awkward inquiries concerning the present status of the Lusitania, Falaba, Sussex and other cases of like nature, wishing to learn whether the theory of "strict accountability" has been permanently abandoned by the Wilson Administration.

It is well nigh certain that JOSEPHUS will be called upon to explain why the public was made a victim of the Clayton bill and why our merchant marine was destroyed by LA FOLLETTE'S disastrous measure. The middle West will be anxious to learn from JOSEPHUS also why the President sacrificed the safeguards of our institutions and the welfare of the people at large by cravenly obeying the behests of GARRETSON and his brotherhood colleagues.

The foregoing are only a few of the many interrogatories that are about to be hurled at the devoted head of the navy's silver tongued scuttler. The Westerners will want to know why a President elected upon a single term platform stultified himself by accepting a renomination. They will show curiosity regarding what the dinner pail would contain to-day if it hadn't been for the European war. They will ask JOSEPHUS why the wide awake voters of Maine were not satisfied with the answers made by the Administration to these questions.

It is incumbent upon JOSEPHUS to put on the whole armor of righteousness when he fares forth to trail the Republican Presidential candidate. His hearers will hurl at him pointed queries that are sure to pierce any protective attire that is flimsy because of its shoddy ingredients of disingenuousness, hypocrisy, false witness and lame syllogisms.

The middle West will demand of JOSEPHUS that he tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is not going too far to predict that our distinguished Secretary of the Navy has before him the time of his valuable life.

Where the Drys Erred.

A world palpitating with anxiety is informed by JEREMIAH A. O'LEARY, the president of the American Truth Society, that he cannot vote for the Republican or the Democratic candidate for President this fall.

How bitterly, on reading this announcement, our Dry brethren will regret their refusal to nominate the same old BILL for Chief Executive; for to him the fastidious O'LEARY might have given his ballot with a clear conscience, overflowing enthusiasm and unimpaired self-respect.

Special Kinds of Dishonesty.

The misrepresentation of the Adamson law as granting an "eight hour day" has now become a standard feature of the Democratic campaign. It has been indulged in extensively by President WILSON and Chairman VANCE McCORMICK, and has lately been used by the able minded Secretary of the Interior, FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE.

Whatever may be thought of Secretary LANE, there is no question but that his intellectuals are keen enough to pierce to the truth of this matter. Consequently we must face the fact that in the Democratic defence of the eight hour pay law we have to deal with intellectual dishonesty.

There are many special kinds of dishonesty, but are there really any distinctions among them? Is intellectual dishonesty any better than any other form of dishonesty?

"Substantial Assistance."

The finance department of the Democratic National Committee has its headquarters in New York, notoriously the home of the Money Devils. There is a branch of the department in Washington, temporarily the home of the New Freedom. The branch uses the stationery of the headquarters, with a little extra lettering naming the committee for the District of Columbia. A friend in Washington sends us a circular letter which he received and which he is so wicked as to believe was sent to all the Democratic officeholders in the capital. It is a model of stealth:

"MY DEAR SIR: Mr. MORGENTHAU, chairman of the finance committee of the Democratic National Committee, has appointed a committee of local Democrats, and named the undersigned as chairman, for the purpose of discussing the subject of the campaign with friends of the Administration whom he (Mr. MORGENTHAU) feels are greatly interested in its continuance in power and will be willing to render substantial assistance toward that end.

"I therefore take the liberty of requesting you to meet this committee in the mezzanine parlor, at Willard's Hotel, on Monday, October 2, at 4:30 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of counselling together as to the most practical assistance we can render the party at this time.

"As the election is near at hand, I trust you will make it convenient to be present at the above stated meeting, even if at some personal inconvenience.

"With much respect, I beg to remain,

"Yours very truly,

"ROBERT N. HARPER,
"Chairman."

What does "substantial assistance" mean? Getting out the vote in the District of Columbia? Cynics will scoff. It is a mealy mouthed phrase, usually uttered to the noiseless tune of twirled thumbs. JAMES, bring a blank check.

"Counselling together" is another pet phrase of the thumb twirler. Ah, yes, it is to result in "the most practical assistance we can render to the party at this time." Come, let us reason together; and bring some substantial assistance with you. Currency is always welcome.

The final paragraph is a gem. "Make it convenient * * * even if at some personal inconvenience." Even if your corpuscles are not shouting, let your money talk.

Even the price of collars has gone up, but political purveyors are furnishing them on the old terms.

The women bit the policemen, pulled their hair, jabbed at their eyes and tried to tear their ears off. Three women tortured a policeman into releasing his prisoner.—*Yesterday's newspaper.*

And then as soon as they could catch enough breath to speak "they charged the policemen with brutality." Brutal? The policemen were actually impolite! Not let the little dears tear their ears off if they wanted to?

The hungry babies of this city should organize and strike in the name of posterity.

At least two new national political parties are said to be in process of formation in this country. If this is another outcome of prosperity there's something to be said in favor of hard times.

It can be safely asserted that there are more Americans than Europeans at present interested in the President's good offices.

Says NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, president of Columbia University: "It would be bad enough for Congress to enact a law indorsing the Ten Commandments if it did so under threat and with a stop watch held in its face." There'll be no Butler day at Shadow Lawn.

President WILSON tells us that there is only one choice as against peace, and that is war. What was he doing at Vera Cruz? He certainly wasn't maintaining peace, and he refuses to admit that he was making war.

After all, those football stars are the most interesting kickers in the country.

IS THE GROUND TOO LOW?

Spines Creak When Bent to It, Hence the High Cost of Food.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In 1895, or thereabout, everything was cheap. Wheat was selling for 50 cents a bushel, corn 25, oats below 20. Pork chops and turkey were 6 and 10 cents a pound respectively. Those were strenuous times. Plenty to eat everywhere, but no money to buy. The trusts, to quote one of our statesmen, had labor crucified on a golden cross. Populists were pulling their whiskers in wrath and the farmers, unable to sell their butter at any price, were using it as axle grease.

Things are different now. Wheat is selling at $1.50, corn at 90 cents and oats at half a dollar a bushel and all the rest just as high in proportion, and still there is much dissatisfaction. What is the cause of it? The contention of one of your correspondents that the middleman alone is to blame for this state of affairs is simply ridiculous.

Dame Nature is just as prolific now as ever. The farmer receives at least twice as much for his goods now as he did in 1895. Besides, his work is rendered less arduous by many new labor saving devices. Labor is admittedly higher, but twenty-five years ago everybody used to give a hand at the farm, including mothers, wives and daughters. Outside help was called only when it was absolutely necessary. Now, when you enter a farm house, you hear Chopin played on the piano by one of the farmer's daughters. The young fellow who just missed running over you with his automobile on the highroad is the farmer's son. Why doesn't your correspondent who signs "Farmer's Son Who Is Now a Salaried Man" admit the truth?

If we have to pay such a stiff price for everything it is not because the farm does not pay, but because many people, better suited for farm work than anything else, are flocking to our overcrowded cities, looking for a soft snap, only to be disappointed. These people have a notion that the ground being too low, bending to till it would break their spines.

DESIRE LESCARBOURA.

NEW YORK, October 7.

"Boy Wanted." But Where Is He?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What's the matter with the boys? There appears to be a scarcity of them which is seriously inconveniencing employers who are offering good wages for the right kind. Being in a position to know the condition of the boy market, I have had the experience of knowing that they are hard to obtain, much harder than in past years. Some persons are inclined to attribute the scarcity to the opening of school, but I hardly agree with them that such is the cause of the dearth, for the same conditions have prevailed the entire summer, and the passing of the summer season has not improved conditions to any perceptible extent.

Along Broadway, Nassau street and other business thoroughfares I have noticed the rather familiar sign of "Boy Wanted" in the business windows. Probably there are more of such signs than ever before. The want advertisement columns of the newspapers seem to bear out my contention that the right kind of boys are at a premium. Recently a friend told me that he had advertised for a week without getting any answers, and as a last resort he called upon me to furnish him with boys, but I was forced to inform him that I was in the same predicament myself and could not assist him.

EMPLOYER.

NEW YORK, October 7.

Getting the News Up State.

From the Kingston Express.

A man with a large string of sunfish, perch and other small fish was seen on the Barrytown dock yesterday afternoon.

Experts in the Literary Game.

From the Knickerbocker Press.

You don't need to be an author to write for money. A boy or girl away from home gets to be fairly expert at the game.

October Woods.

In the bright October woods
Day by day
Nature's warring forces meet
In affray.

And the battling trees become
Crimson dyed,
And they fling their gold abroad
Far and wide.

When the peace at last comes white
What is left?
Split the blood and spent the gold—
All is reft.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

He Jumps From a Grocer's Crest to the Tip of Faneuil Hall.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If the grasshopper vane on Faneuil Hall was copied from the vane on the London Royal Exchange, I am still at a loss to know the reason for using a grasshopper on the London Royal Exchange.

WEATHERCOCK.

ORADELL, N. J., October 7.

The answer is found by looking back less than four centuries. Thomas Gresham, an Englishman, born in 1519, became the Lipton of his time. At the age of 40, being "not the least of our merchant princes," he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his services to the Crown, which included financial feats and a bit of smuggling in war time. A knight must have arms. Sir Thomas, looking about for a crest, saw a play upon his own name: punishing devices were popular then. Gresham was derived from the Middle English "gres," meaning grass and "ham," a common terminal, meaning home or field. What, then, said Sir Thomas, is it that rises from a field of grass to such great heights as I have attained? What, indeed, but a grasshopper? The College of Heralds must have chuckled over this rare one. Another version has it that the crest had been in the family for several generations, but Sir Thomas was proud of the grasshopper and doubtless sang its praises to Lady Mary Grey when the Queen jailed her in his house for her offence in marrying Thomas Keys, the sergeant porter. And when the Knight built the Royal Gresham Exchange, now the Royal Exchange, he put grasshoppers all over it, using that insect as freely as Napoleon was accustomed to use the bee. But the greatest grasshopper of all, a gold one, went above the roof in the form of a vane. The grocers of London, proud of Sir Thomas, adopted the grasshopper as the sign of their trade. The vane was a landmark. "I was born," wrote Thomas Hood, "under the Sign of the Grasshopper."

Sir Thomas went the way of all flesh in 1579, but the grasshopper lived on. It escaped the fire that burned the Exchange in 1666, just about the time that Leonard Drowne was sailing for America. He settled in Kittery, Me., but moved to Boston in 1692. It was his grandson, Deacon Shem Drowne, the brother of Solomon, Esther, Elizabeth, Edward, Joseph, Bathsheba, Benjamin, Mary, Samuel, Sarah and Jonathan, who made the grasshopper that rules Faneuil Hall. Deacon Shem probably heard the story of Gresham's vane from Leonard and knew that the grasshopper had been adopted as the patron insect of grocers. As Faneuil Hall was built for a market and as English ideas were still near and dear to Bostonians, the use of the device was natural. Deacon Shem cast the hopper of copper, as he cast many a Boston vane, and left it hollow enough to hide a manuscript, which is now in the possession of the Bostonian Society, and reads thus:

Shem Drowne made itt
May, 25, 1742.

To my Brethren & Fellow Grasshoppers:
Fell in ye year 1753, Novr 18th, early in ye Morning, by a Great Earthquake * * * by my Master above * * * Again to have met with My Utter Ruin by Fire but Hopping timely from my Publick Situation came off with Broken Bones and much Bruised. Cured and fixed * * * Old Master's son Thomas Drowne June 28th, 1760, and though I will Promise ye to Discharge my Office, yet I shall vary as the Wind.

So you see how brief time is and how two grasshoppers link the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Honey Fitz.

TRAMP LOST HIMSELF.

A Dog's Friendship for a Man Who Couldn't Get Rid of Him.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Three years ago this summer I was stationed at the Battery landing, employed by the Cape Cod Steamship Company as ticket agent. Several mornings as I was soliciting trade an ugly creature, a dog, would come up to where I was standing and lie at my feet. I became quite friendly with the animal. He was certainly the ugliest creature I have ever seen; partly deformed, left ear almost torn off, only patches of hair here and there.

Every morning if I were at my stand this dog Tramp, as I named him, was with me on the job. So after a few days I used to bring him the leavings of my supper and we became pals.

I took him home one day and kept him there. Getting attached to him, we moved to larger quarters, and at our new home the owner protested against children and animals. I thought Tramp must go; so I decided to lose him in Brooklyn. I strolled over the bridge with him and several blocks into the borough, when my opportunity came. I boarded a car and lost Tramp. One morning a week later upon opening the front door I was surprised to see Tramp on the doorstep, wagging his tail in delight at seeing me.

So I had to stick to him until a favorable chance came to lose him again. After several days Tramp and I went to the D. L. & W. ferry at Christopher street, boarded the boat and went to Jersey. Several wagons were going to Union Hill, and I inquired of one of the drivers if he would take us there. He consented. After reaching Union Hill my opportunity came again, and I lost Tramp once more.

Just imagine my surprise on arriving home to find the dog playing with the neighbors' youngsters. He was tickled, you may be sure, when he leaped at me, his tail wagging like mad.

Tramp stayed a while longer. The neighbors kicked him, the children threw stones at him and he was reported to the S. P. C. A. His appearance certainly called for it.

So one day I decided to ship Tramp to some country town. Now he was not allowed to enter our new home. He would bum around the whole night and greet me in the morning to get his breakfast; and again at supper time when I returned from work. One day when I got home from work—I had not parted from the dog—I expected him to greet me as usual. I mounted the steps and there lay Tramp. But not a move. He had lost himself.

JOE SNYDER.

BROOKLYN, October 7.

Kentucky Has Big Persimmon Crop.

From the Owenton News-Herald.

The persimmon crop is a good one. Trees are hanging full of 'em. The persimmons this year are as large as plums and are going to be "candyfied." To partake of this fruit before frost causes the puckering of lips and a display of cuteness, but after frost you can eat a water bucket full and they will not hurt you.

The Billionaires.

Knicker—Are they rich enough to be on the tax list?

Bocker—More; rich enough to keep off it.

SYMPATHETIC STRIKES.

An Advocate of Unionism Denounces Them as Criminal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* No mentally sound, right thinking and right feeling American citizen, native or naturalized, exercises the least measure of antagonism toward the striking of the members of a labor union, provided it be conducted without exhibitions of violence against their employers or their property or being disregardful of the public peace. Labor unionism, conducted within the law, is not un-American, and therefore has the indorsement of a large percentage of the population of this republic. But when it comes to the calling out of hundreds of thousands of wage earners associated with other labor unions having no affiliation whatever with or material interest in the status of the striking labor union, that is another question entirely.

The hinting even at such a call by any labor union leader (or misleader, rather) would be utterly shameless, and he should be instantly arrested and promptly dealt with by the Grand Jury, swiftly tried and convicted and caged for many years as a just penalty for his unpardonable crime against not only the public peace but also the best interest of legally organized labor unions themselves. This matter has gone sufficiently far along the wrong road to justify our Governor in convening the Legislature in special session to enact a statute carrying with it heavy penalties for the sympathetic strike. Genuine American liberty is being systematically undermined by politico-industrial license, aye, crookedness.

P. K. P.

WOODHAVEN, October 7.

A LAYMAN'S THEORY.

Cause of Infantile Paralysis as Seen by an Experienced Builder.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I believe that physicians should make research into the disease known as the caisson sickness, more familiarly known as the bends, and note the striking similarity of that attack to that of infantile paralysis. I have witnessed the symptoms of both carefully.

Anything which tends to lower the vital resistance of the human system tends to promote caisson illness; and workmen operating underground, particularly in caisson and tunnel construction and in damp atmosphere filled with poisonous gases, suffer sooner or later, but by a dry air ventilation in caissons and tunnels the percentage of illness drops very much and the polluted air has no longer the usual depressing effects on the workmen. It is known that during the compreting in the caissons and tunnels, when there is considerable more dampness than usual, the percentage of the disease is higher.

The following are the symptoms of caisson disease identical with those of so-called infantile paralysis: Perspiration, pains in the pit of the stomach and joints, vomiting and great difficulty in holding food or liquid in the stomach, fever and constipation.

In about 65 per cent. of the cases observed paralysis has been a characteristic symptom. The degree of paralysis varies from slightly impaired sensations or numbness of extremities to a complete loss of sensation and motion in the affected parts, which are most frequently the legs and lower part of the body. Sometimes unconsciousness ensues, and the disease varies from a few hours to several weeks, and is fatal when congestion of the brain or spinal cord is reached.

As we had so much damp, poisonous weather in the spring and summer, I believe that these diseases are associated. The overground atmosphere is not as heavy as the underground, so the victims to the attack were young children and infants, whose constitutions are susceptible. Even the trees and foliage have been affected this season as never before in my recollection. Therefore I believe that both diseases are caused through atmospheric conditions, which alone will yet be held responsible for this scourge, and not the bite of a rat flea, exposed garbage, impure food, milk, &c., that have been at different times suggested as the cause.

I have never heard this theory advanced before, and feel it incumbent to tell the public and physicians what little I know and have had occasion to observe through experience.

W. KNIGHT CLYNES.

NEWARK, N. J., October 7.

WHEAT.

A Forecast From Kansas City to Cheer Speculators for a Rise.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In the year 1919, from early in February to the latter part of May, the positions of the planets will be such as to force the earth toward the sun, or rather against the sun's repulsion, thereby causing such a lack of rains as to insure a poor wheat crop in the Northern Hemisphere.

The Government should do as Joseph advised in the land of Egypt 3,621 years ago (Genesis, chapter xli., verses 35 and 36); or else build more ships to bring wheat from the Southern Hemisphere, as the weather conditions will produce a large crop there in the season ending February 1, 1919.

D. A. N. GROVER.

KANSAS CITY, October 5.

IN DEFENCE OF THE CLAM.

Should It Be Classified With Forward Looking Men?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am grieved that you should speak of clams as being under suspicion and unfriendly.

Statistics go to show that the clam is the most law abiding of bivalves.

It is neither pugnacious like the oyster nor frisky and dissipated like the scallop.

It is, morally considered, quite an ideal citizen.

H. J. S.

NEW YORK, October 7.

How Dry Kansas Is.

From the Emporia Gazette.

Booze is so dead in Kansas that the newspaper boys of the younger generation have forgotten the correct spelling of the beverages slushed up on the alley bars in the days when the lid reclined on an angle. Several days ago pilsener was spelled with two "l's" by a Kansas newspaper which prides itself upon its orthography and its proofreading. Booze names have gone so completely out of use in Kansas that even the spellings are becoming uncertain. The other day a "cocktail" passed through a Kansas paper with a "tale."

Missourian's Claim to Fame.

From the Maysville Herald.

Dan Gibson is not only an auctioneer but is the husband of one of the greatest chicken raisers in the country.

Three Policies.

In Europe—Wabbie.
In Mexico—Hobbie.
At home—Gobbie.

LITTLE STORIES OF LIFE AND HUMAN CHARACTER.

I.—CZAR OF THE FORWARD DECK.

As the North River ferryboat bumps into its slip on the Jersey side the workers homeward bound crowd against the gates. Two deckhands, one to manage the mooring and one to lift the barrier and release the straining pack of commuters, split the human mass and take their stations.

A cheerful youth, hearing over his left shoulder the call "Open up here," steps aside—not to the right, as he should, but in the other direction, impeding the deckhand's advance. It might have been awkwardness, or it might have been mischief, untimely playfulness, that steered him.

The deckhand, reaching the gates, let his mate through and then turned back a scowlbound face. To the cheerful youth he said, and his voice was tuned for a "bawling out":

"Wahssa matter!
"Got no brains?
"Stupidest man on boat,
"I guess!
"*Seen* I was comin'
"On *that* side!"

Free verse, in the staccato style. It was, as he delivered it, concentrated venom of insult. A truck driver could not have done it better. The cheerful youth was paralyzed. The bystanders were dumb. And before anybody recovered sufficiently to say a word the ratchet on the mooring wheel rattled, the gates went up, the crowd surged trainward.

Was the deckhand just a bully, or a volunteer educator of the travelling public? And would the youth have shown spunk? The little dramas of the forward deck run swiftly to quick curtains.

II.—MOLLIFER'S LUNCH.

Having incurred unexpected indebtedness to the plumber and the carpenter, Mr. Mollifer found himself under the necessity of creating a sinking fund to amortize these obligations. He decided to take his lunch, and as a necessary preliminary bought a lunch box.

This was attended by some difficulty, for he found that individual lunch boxes are not so fully equipped as they ought to be. The one he purchased consisted of a square leatherette case with two compartments. One held a bottle devised to keep liquids at an even temperature, whether hot or cold. The other contained only a big japanned tin box.

"I do not desire plates or silverware," Mollifer told the salesperson, "but I should like to know why they do not equip these boxes with some sort of metal container. Suppose I should wish to carry a helping of stewed fruit or tapioca pudding. How could I carry it?"

The salesperson was unable to say. She explained that there was nothing between the box she was exhibiting and the elaborate motorist's lunch hamper for two or more persons. Eventually Mollifer bought, for a few cents, a half pint fruit jar which would go into the japanned tin box.

In spite of the weight of the lunch box with its contents he found it extremely satisfactory. Mrs. Mollifer thought it all right except that he would miss the exercise obtained by going out of the office at noon. Mollifer assured her that the amount of physical benefit derived from crossing the street to a dairy lunch room was infinitesimal, and that the loss of it would be more than compensated for by the higher digestibility of her food. As Mrs. Mollifer never concerned with the number of calories or the quantity of proteids in the lunches she prepared but merely packed things that tasted good, Mollifer invariably brought his lunch box home empty.

The lunch box attracted some attention in the office when its nature became known.

"It's all right for you, but how about the goodwife?" inquired Merrill.

"No trouble," replied Mollifer, biting a sandwich.

"Not for you, no," Merrill answered, putting on his hat and coat to fare across the street.

Mollifer thought his attitude too frankly envious.

"Why, look at the size of that man's lunch box!" exclaimed Kingsley. This ejaculation embarrassed Mollifer.

"There's a good deal of waste space in it," he explained.

After Mollifer had carried his lunch for a couple of weeks he noticed in the evening paper on his way home a headline which read:

LUNCH CHECKS REGISTER
HIGH COST OF LIVING.

The article beneath said that even the dairy places were increasing the price of the items on their bills of fare. A famous and farflung chain of inexpensive eating houses had just added a nickel to the price of nearly all dishes. Steak was forty cents instead of thirty-five, bacon and eggs were thirty cents in place of twenty-five; even corned beef hash had gone up from fifteen to twenty cents.

Mollifer cut the article out and when he got home he showed it to his wife. She was impressed. At intervals during the evening Mollifer, figuring with a pencil on the back of an envelope, tried to compute how much he was saving by having had the prescience to buy a lunch box.

III.—EARLY BLOOMING WEATHER.

A warm afternoon in October; October by the calendar only. On the sidewalk's outer edge a truck has just discharged its cargo of several dozen brightly painted sleds, and on its inner line stands an array of stacked shiny new snow shovels.

Now, the trail through any well constructed downtown ferry street is an evolution from the pioneer trails in the Rocky Mountains. Precipices seven subcellars deep yawn on one side, jagged peaks of barrels and boxes impend on the other. The footway is tortuous, narrow and subject to sudden bombardment from overhead when the towers of merchandise totter. Now and then, near a corner, a beer keg rolls across the exiguous footway like a lumbering grizzly. Manhattanites who sleep in Jersey thread the mazes of the labyrinth by instinct. When they stop to look, there is something to look at.

A snow shovel would not amuse them, even on a warm afternoon at the start of October. In July or August it might be met with a smile cheery or sneery, as dispositions vary. But with November looking over October's shoulder and beckoning December on, snow shovels look too forbiddingly real.

But nobody passed without treating himself to a smile. The combination did it—the combination of the sleds and the urchins that stood admiring them, almost worshipping. Why should a downtown gamin admire a sled? How can he know what a sled is, or is for, save by instinct?

The smiles seemed to promise that if the wearers of them ever came into the possession of unlimited wealth and power they might use the former to buy sleds for all children in south Manhattan, and the latter to put up signs on every fourth block: "This block for use of sleds only. Dump snow here."

IV.—THE WALTZ KING.

The New York theatre most famed for its musical shows was thronged this night, for the occasion was important in the amusement world. It was the first night of a new operetta. The work, known originally as "Dichterliebe," had been adapted into English under the title of "A Poet's Love." But the all important thing in the minds of many present was the score, which was the work of the celebrated Viennese composer Franz Forli. Since the world sweeping success of his "Merry Monarch" there had been no composer of light music with a strong a hold on the popular affections. And his popularity was merited, in the opinion of more than one capable critic. There was sound musical writing in his scores. But the audiences, sitting in darkened theatres, thought only of the melodious and rhythmic enchantment that came to them so inspiringly from the banks of the Danube.

The conductor lifted his baton and after a few measures the curtain rose. The spell began. The story which Forli had chosen for his music turned out to be a simple romance. It had not been spoiled by the adapters. There were no interpolated lyrics and no interpolated vaudeville acts. Polonaises, mazurkas and waltzes followed each other in great variety. But in and through them all were woven Viennese waltzes which had as much witchery as the triple timed masterpieces of John Strauss. Youthful listeners were delirious for a while of the exciting of syncopation; the older auditors thought of the Ringstrasse, the Theater an der Wien, and the tuneful beauties of "Sounds from Vienna Woods." When the curtain was rung down for the last time there was applause lasting for many minutes. There could be no doubt that "A Poet's Love" was the greatest triumph of Forli's genius.

The last of the crowd had filed out when a man of about thirty just stopped at the box office a moment to speak to the producer of the operetta. After an exchange of a few sentences he left the theatre and took the way to Brooklyn Bridge. There he took the elevated. A half hour later he put his key in the door of a Bushwick Ridge apartment.

A young woman met him at the door. At the sight of his face she smiled and clapped her hands crying:

"It was a success, then!"

Her husband smiled back and pulled out of his pocket a check drawn to the order of Frank Forli.

"Another one like this and we shall be able to spend a whole year in Vienna," he told her. Then they looked at each other, their eyes like stars.

THE HEROIC CORPORAL.

His Victory Over Twenty-two German Soldiers Strains Credulity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of October 2 a wonderful tale of bravery is published, the defeat of twenty-two German soldiers by a Canadian corporal. It is told by a Canadian eyewitness. Wonderful, indeed! What a pity the British had no such fighters at Balaclava! Instead of 600, half a dozen such men of valor should have been sufficient to make that immortal charge!

It is hard to understand, however, that with such paladins in the British ranks, the Germans have not long ago been driven out of France and Belgium, aye, even to Berlin. Or is this hero the only fighter they have, and are all the rest "mutts," to use a slang expression, like the Canadian eyewitness, who watched his comrade fighting against such superior numbers without raising a hand to aid him?

This story reminds me forcibly of the one printed early in the war, according to which a French girl captured a party of German soldiers, the brave girl having no weapon but a broomstick. Her name, by the way, was "Menteuse." Can it be possible, by any chance, that the "eyewitness" in the present case is named "Menteur"?

W. C. WIELAND.

NEW YORK, October 7.

German Efficiency on the Border.

From the First Illinois Cavalryman.

"The cavalry will not reach its maximum of efficiency," said Von Muller of F Troop, "until it trains the horses to back up at a gallop."

A MONDAY THANKSGIVING.

It Would Permit Many Persons to Be Back Home for Turkey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: If retail merchants are joining in a movement to petition President Wilson to proclaim November 23 as Thanksgiving Day instead of the last Thursday in November, I hope, if it gives them the same advantages I am seeking, they will petition that Thanksgiving Day be changed to Monday for the reason that this would give many working people a day's rest, enabling thousands who live out of town back in the country to spend Thanksgiving, which they look forward to do now with the family, set for Thursday.

V. T.

BROOKLYN, October 7.

Sing Sing Retrospection.

From the Star of Hope.

There never yet was a man who mixed whiskey and [illegible] tions.

Crime is like the fellow who plays all cards. Nobody wants him in the game.

A true definition of a gentleman would be a man who could [ill