

The Sun AND NEW YORK PRESS.

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The Allies and the United States in Russia.

If the Allies and the United States hoped, as Germany hopes, to reduce the Russian people to impotence and to subjugate their country, the problems that would be presented to them for solution would be simple. The task would be arduous, the effort tremendous, but in its broad outlines it would be easy to comprehend as easy to comprehend as the robbery Germany has undertaken is.

All that Germany must do is to encourage and accelerate disunion among the people of Russia, to flatter, cajole, bully or subsidize men of influence who can be induced to play her game, to use her diplomatic and military forces for the promotion of strife, for the protection of individuals useful to her, and for the coercion of those who oppose her.

The wrecking of Russia is an undertaking in the prosecution of which not many difficulties present themselves, particularly to the statesmen of Germany, whose treaties are scraps of paper, and by whom all pretence of decency was long ago abandoned.

But the Allies and the United States are equally ambitious to save Russia from madmen of her own breeding, from traitors working for Germany, and from the Germans. Their ultimate object is altruistic; the circumstance that a free, sane and powerful Russia is desirable for the attainment of the objects for which they are now struggling themselves does not deprive their purpose of its laudable character and cannot hide the disinterestedness on which it is based.

It is essential to the success of the design of the Allies and the United States that the Russian people should understand thoroughly its spirit. They must be educated to comprehension of the fact that no ulterior scheme is concealed behind our assurances of continuing friendship; that our refusal to countenance a man or a faction is not based on desire to injure, but to help; that our offers of assistance are made for the benefit of the population of Russia, and not for the financial or political benefit of any other people.

There has been criticism, some of it caustic, because the Allies and the United States have seemed to be neglecting their duty, not only to Russia, but to themselves, in the last twelve months. But the delays that have occurred have been the result of determination to avoid hasty action, and particularly to avoid acts that would mislead the Russian people, and if their fruit has been a plan by which Russia can be rescued, the time spent in concocting it will have been well spent.

The News in Germany.

General LUDENDORFF's cheerful words of explanation designed to convince the German people that the retreat from the Marne was in fact a tremendous German victory do not appear to have been received with enthusiasm by a population especially trained to accept official proclamations at their face value.

The General boasts that Foch's troops did not annihilate the Crown Prince's army; that it was not destroyed in the Marne salient; and he explains that the name of the Marne and the phrase "gain of ground" are only catch words "without importance for the issue of the war."

His labored utterance irresistibly recalls the fox which, having lost its tail, besought all the other foxes to cut off their brushes. Perhaps that lonely and conspicuous beast was in the mind of General LUDENDORFF when he spoke with such apparent ingenuously to the correspondents who recorded the retrogressive movement of the Crown Prince's battered and depleted battalions.

That LUDENDORFF conducted his retreat skilfully will not be denied; that the discipline enforced on German soldiers bore fruit on this occasion is obvious; but these facts do not hide what really happened. LUDENDORFF's strategy was frustrated, his plan of campaign was upset, his armies were beaten, and he was forced to quit, with heavy loss in men, with impaired prestige, and with great sacrifice of stores and munitions.

positions, he had won in costly encounters. He has the same right to congratulate himself that is fairly that of a man who escapes with his life from a tornado wave waste his farm, demolishes his home, and undoes the results of years of careful planning and hard toil.

The attitude of the German people is probably revealed correctly in a special message to THE EVENING SUN in which the Berne correspondent of the Daily Mail quotes the Tagblatt of Berlin as saying that the news of the Marne defeat "produced scenes of unpeakable despair" in Berlin, and that "such outbursts of utter discouragement and downheartedness" had not been seen since the war began.

This picture is reasonable; the German people had been told their invincible troops were to march straight to Paris, that neither the French nor the British could stop them, and that the tales of American soldiers in France were false. Now LUDENDORFF says that "the American and African auxiliary troops" are not "underestimated" by the military authorities.

In the despatch to THE EVENING SUN from which we have quoted, a Vienna merchant is reported as saying "it is impossible to detect any particular sign of disappointment or regret in the faces of any considerable number of people" in Austria-Hungary because of the German defeat. Further, this observer says: "I had occasion to talk to several officers of higher rank, and they did not conceal their satisfaction over the fact that German bombs had got a smack in the face."

"They even took the trouble to point out that whereas Austrians on the Pflave suffered from treachery, the German assertion that their Marne defeat also was due to treachery would not hold water.

"These Austrian officers held that the Germans had been beaten fairly by better generalship."

That the Germans have been driven, fairly beaten, by better generalship from below the Marne to above the Vesie is the fact, and the German masses will some day grasp it despite the military leaders' efforts to convince them that to sustain a sound thrashing is actually to achieve a great victory.

Colonel Watterson Eases Up.

The announcement that HENRY WATTESSON "ends his active connection" as editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal stuns those who had hoped that he would act as a deterrent to men who are inclined to retire from work at middle age. The Colonel is only 73 by his general sprightliness. Those New Yorkers who have had the good fortune recently to see him on our streets, and particularly in the region of the Manhattan Club, have been struck by his increasing youth; they were sure that if he got much younger CROWDER would pick him up.

Of course, if there was a chance for Morse HENRY to get into the army he never would wait for the Provost Marshal General, but enlistment goes by years and not by patriotic calories. The Colonel has been obliged to stick autocracy with a pen instead of a bayonet, and he has stuck it early and often. When we read that he will continue to serve the Courier-Journal in an advisory capacity we cannot help thinking that his first and frequent advice to the new editor will be: "To hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs!"

Morse HENRY reminds us that he is laying aside the cares of editorship only after fifty years of glorious reign. He, Editor WATTESSON, speaks of Editor WATTESSON as follows in his official final editorial article in the Courier-Journal: "It may not be deemed overweening vanity if he takes some pride in the circumstance that he has served at the head of a leading daily newspaper longer by many years than any other person connected with the American press in the larger cities of the United States. Mr. BENNETT, the elder, founded the New York Herald in 1835 and died in 1872, thirty-seven years. Mr. GREELY founded the New York Tribune in 1841, dying in 1872, thirty-one years. Mr. FRENCH established the Louisville Journal in 1830, being succeeded in 1868 by Mr. WATTESSON, who in that year made the consolidation with the Courier, creating the Courier-Journal. That was fifty years ago. Time, as ARTEMUS WARD observed, passes—has a way of passing."

Colonel WATTESSON's record is indeed remarkable, and it may be that he has indeed been the head of his paper longer than any other American has served as the editor in chief of a newspaper. But when he says "longer by many years" we cannot help wondering whether he does not consider the New York Evening Post a "leading daily newspaper," or whether he has forgotten WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. That gifted man became the editor of the Evening Post not later than 1828, and he was its editor until he was mortally stricken on May 29, 1878. At least one newspaper historian, FREDERIC HUDSON, records BRYANT's editorship as beginning in 1826. If that were correct, Colonel WATTESSON would be a runner-up. Most biographies of BRYANT, however, write him down as having begun his editorship in 1828; so, until the month and day of the editorial beginnings of both the poet and the Kentuckian are brought to the surface, the contest seems to be a tie—or, as the Colonel himself might say, a dead heat.

For the sake of young men whose life's ambition is to be the oldest editor in the world, the exact dates of the important epochs in the lives

of these two remarkable men should be determined. Colonel WATTESSON may have time for the interesting research. Meanwhile we shall miss his unmistakable writings and occasionally endeavor to distinguish among the articles in the Courier-Journal, those which have the benefit of his advisory skill.

The King of America.

The world has been assured, these many years, of the high state of German intelligence. The statistics on illiteracy—and of course German statistics never lie—tell us that the uneducated German is only one in two thousand. A German wife, presumably of the intelligent majority, wrote a letter to her husband, a soldier, and when his captors read it they found these expressions of her deep concern and her rare knowledge of American ways: "We hope you will soon return. You are certainly to be sympathized with. We are always praying with our deepest feeling that you may not be eaten up by Indians or hanged by cowboys with lasso ropes."

"If he should wish to scalp you, you should first make appeal to the King of America. Is he also an Indian?"

For the benefit of any German who may come upon to-day's Sun in his prison camp, we wish to say that the King of America is not an Indian except on bowling night or at the lodge initiation. The King of America is a mixture of about all the races, including the Scandinavian. His color ranges from Victor Mordock blond to deep black. His height varies from five feet to seven. His brow, which at present he mops with twenty million handkerchiefs, is high and unfurrowed with anxiety.

This King of America uses as a throne the swivel chair, the cattle pony, the harvester seat, the swings of a ship, the bleachers of a baseball field. His scepter is a pen, a hammer, a steering wheel, a plough handle, an engine lever or a type stick. His palace is in Third avenue, Riverside Drive, Keokuk, Iowa, or San Diego. He holds summer court at Coney Island, Newport or Chautauque.

The King is much in uniform these days, and he expects to wear more of it. He considers it his duty to make war on other and different kings, so that there may be more kings like the King of America and no kings like the King of Prussia. His Queen, whose age may be anywhere from seventeen to seventy, is heart and soul with him in his purpose.

For intimate particulars as to the method of warfare used by the King of America, the perturbed wife of the German prisoner might interview the Prussian Guards, if they will befriend her.

Maly Sentenced to Banishment.

A former French Minister of the Interior, LOUIS J. MALY, has been found guilty of "holding communication with the enemy." He is another of the group of defeatists whom CLEMENCEAU declared upon becoming Premier he would bring to justice.

MALY's trial took on more of a political complexion than that of any of the defendants previously arraigned in these celebrated cases. Besides his service in the Cailiaux Ministry, MALY had been active in four succeeding Cabinets and he had a recognized political following. With his experience, both as a French legislator and lawyer, he proved an adroit and able witness in his own behalf. Three former Premiers, BRIARD, RIHOT and PAINELEVÉ, gave evidence of his service as member of their Cabinets which might have been construed in his favor.

It may have been due to the political character of his trial, as well as to the fact that he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, that the very unusual sentence of banishment was passed upon him. In France this is a weapon of the law usually directed against royalist pretenders, or political offenders; although it was employed in the Napoleonic coup d'état of 1851 to exclude from France certain members of the legislative assembly. The sentencing of DEBYVRE to Guiana, although sometimes referred to as banishment, was in reality a sentence of military punishment beyond the seas. MALY forfeits his seat in the Chambers. It is apparently left to his discretion to which foreign land he is to serve the five years of his banishment.

Next to CAILLAUX, MALY was the most important of the defeatists gathered into the net cast by Tiger CLEMENCEAU. BOLO PASHA, the paymaster of the German propaganda, and DUVAL, the director of the Bonnet Rouge, the Paris newspaper bought to influence French public opinion in favor of withdrawal from the war, were both found guilty of treason and shot in Vincennes forest. ALMEYREDA, the editor of Bonnet Rouge, committed suicide in his cell, and a dozen or more minor conspirators are now in prison. CAILLAUX alone now remains to be brought to trial.

Federal Control of the Birds.

Doubtless the proclamation of President Wilson announcing the regulations to protect migratory birds will come as a surprise to the sportsmen of America in revealing how far-reaching in its effect is the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and the enabling act recently passed by Congress. America exterminated a number of its birds before the great awakening came, and it is a cause for congratulation that the species now menaced may be saved for this and future generations.

Heretofore the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has stipulated the open and close seasons for wild fowl and shore birds. The new Federal regulations place a big limit on the species permitted to be taken, provide that the sportsman or the pot hunter must use a gun only, not larger than ten gauge, fired from the shoulder, and do not permit the birds to be taken from an aeroplane, power boat or any boat under sail. It does allow, however, the gunner to hunt birds from the land or water, from a blind or floating device with the aid of a dog or decoys.

The new regulations treat all alike in the matter of the bag limit, and all sections of the country are treated fairly so far as open seasons are concerned, gunners being permitted to hunt the various birds as they migrate on their journey southward, from two to three and a half months, the dates depending upon the arrival of the migrants.

Doubtless there will be an objection to the limit of twenty-five ducks in the aggregate of all kinds, any in North Carolina, where there is no bag limit except in one county, shooting being closed on certain days of the week in lieu of the unlimited bag, but who should not be satisfied with twenty-five ducks of all kinds in the aggregate, eight geese and eight brant in one day? Of course, there are days when one can hunt from before sunrise to sunset and not get a duck, but if a sportsman could go out and shoot ducks any day there would be no pleasure in it. Hunting wild fowl and shore birds is a recreation.

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The prohibition of the sale of wild game annually becomes more effective in the various States. The new Federal regulations will strike a blow at pot hunting and the use of pump guns, and make men recall that this generation owes something to those which came after.

We do owe something to our children's children, and it is a fine thing to acknowledge it and do it so handsomely as the new migratory bird regulations do.

It is not easy to believe the report that the Huns sank the British ambulance transport only after spies had reported that the ship of mercy chanced not to have any wounded Germans aboard. In some of the Allies' hospitals bombed by Hun airmen doctors and nurses were caring for wounded German soldiers.

Dr. CHAINCERY M. DEWEY has lost none of his old knack of putting into words the essential things we have to do. "We must get into Germany," he says. "When that surgical operation is performed they will see the light." An operation for blindness hoped for by laymen, approved by the faculty.

The men behind the movement [mutiny among German sailors at Wilhelmshaven] have never been arrested, but some time have been conducting propaganda with the object of stopping the submarine war because of its losses. Dispatch from Amsterdam by way of London.

The Germans are mighty careful about their own skins. The captain of the Hun U-boat which sank the fishing schooner Nelson A. will have something to explain if he ever returns to his base. While selecting some fine fish from the schooner's catch he allowed the Nova Scotian skipper to rescue a pair of boots from his bunk. Is a true Hun's heart to be moved to such babyish softness by a mess of fresh halibut?

A despatch from Baton Rouge predicts a close vote in the Louisiana Assembly on the Federal prohibition amendment. Less close, probably, if the patrons of the fix which made New Orleans famous are on the spot and on the job.

WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

The Epigram Emerson Quoted Is Found in Many Forms. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: That thought about woman, clothes and religion runs through modern poetical literature. In "Nothing to Wear," printed in this town before the civil war, we had it: "Another, whose erier has been most terrible Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific, In which were engulfed, not friend or relation (For whose loss at least she might find consolation). But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars Ever brought out of Paris—worth thousands of dollars! And she touchingly says that this sort of grief Can't find in Religion the slightest relief! And in a current novel it lurks in this shape: "O I dare not go; look at those ruffians! If I had only a petticoat cross!" "Never mind! You have got something better than a petticoat cross!" New York, August 7. W.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

Information Wanted by Prospective Agriculturists. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Although I have held an indoor position of responsibility I am totally unfamiliar with farming and was therefore very much interested in Mr. G. W. Stokes's letter in THE SUN regarding farms. Upon advice of my doctor, because of nervous breakdown, I have begun on August 1 a three months rest to November 1, at which time I will be well again. I then intend to seek and secure employment on a farm with the purpose of obtaining sufficient and reasonable knowledge of farming to warrant and allow me to rent or purchase a small farm as an ideal means of livelihood for one who desires outdoor employment. I hope other kind readers of THE SUN will give their views on this ever present economic problem for the information of others besides myself who may be interested. MANY T. HANKS. New York, August 7.

Nicknames. From the Medicine Lodge Republican. When a fellow gets a nickname it is a double-edged sword. A fellow sometimes wants to fight and sometimes to be fought. But when a fellow gets growed up and he walks down the street it kinda makes him feel at home. No music sounds so sweet. As "Hells, Mick, how do you do?" A fellow sure unbends. As "Mister" makes you feel like Heck; A nickname means your friends.

CITY SALARIES.

A Protest Against Penalties Imposed for Sickness. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Will THE SUN kindly tell us through its columns why some city employees who have been absent for a period of a few weeks during the winter, due to illness, submitting a doctor's certificate every three days, should be barred from the increase now to be granted all employees under \$500? The Commissioner of the Tenement House Department has eliminated from the budget the names of all absentees who through no fault of their own were obliged to remain at home because of sickness for a few weeks during the winter.

These ill-fated employees have been deprived of a week's vacation and to them also is refused increases in salary. Is this fair after some ten or twelve years of faithful service? A TAXPAYER. New York, August 7.

BEANS AND BEANS.

There's a Difference, Especially in the Cooking of 'Em. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Who hits me on the bean does me no good nor enriches him and makes me poorer instead. Beans not the best of food! Fish! Also Tuna! Go plim to it! Pefferious pessimists belittle the choicest gifts of the gods. "The little good they get by carping. May be there is a melancholy satisfaction coming to them when they succeed in denigrating the confidence of mankind in the beneficence of Providence, but can this be done in the case of beans? No, sir, Never!

Dietitians have told us that beef is fit food for cannibals only. They have laboriously proved again and again that wheat is robbed of its most precious elements in the making of pure white flour. It is the essence of life, the flesh of swine deleterious and that of the lobster indigestible. Extremely, and they have held up their hands in holy horror at hot bacuit.

We who know have kept on regaling ourselves, regardless, and have reaped the rich reward of intelligence in the measureless content that comes after a real meal. And now come one into the columns of THE SUN who seeks to shatter our faith in the bean. And even THE SUN, presumably all wise, instead of castigating the iconoclast, speaks disparagingly of the "hopeless addict" who eats beans in the summer.

I have eaten the bean in many languages and have found no small enjoyment in it, but never have I had greater satisfaction than in reading those words about myself, for I, sir, am a hopeless addict who eats beans and gives thanks, summer and winter. So did my forebears, who the most of them lived well up toward the century mark. When I was a child I had seven grandfathers living, and my great-grandmother kept on living and eating beans till just before my daughter was born.

I admit that there are beans and beans. I have been trying lately to buy some of the marrowfat kind, for I want only the best if I can get them. I have had the bean which Medford and I have used for many years, but Uncle Sam has bought them all for his boys in the army and navy. So I perform content myself with small white beans, which are almost the same when properly cooked.

"Properly cooked." Aye, there's the rub. If the hypercritical who penned that had had cooking his beans aright he would have saved his ink. The notable housewife of New England, who were the best cooks on earth in their generation, went a long way toward perfection when they produced the so-called "Boston Baked Beans," but they fell into one error of which New England is not yet convinced. They did not use the right kind of beans. The beans used in the Boston Baked Beans were the small white beans, and surely my beans are all the better for it. The notable housewife of New England, who were the best cooks on earth in their generation, went a long way toward perfection when they produced the so-called "Boston Baked Beans," but they fell into one error of which New England is not yet convinced. They did not use the right kind of beans. The beans used in the Boston Baked Beans were the small white beans, and surely my beans are all the better for it.

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The mercury had risen to 135 degrees in the shade. To make matters worse, there were no guests visible, and the clerks eyed me curiously. However, I was used to my travels. After registering, the boy took my satchel and we went to my room. "The water, boy!" He left. Then I happened to touch the sheet on the bed. It was as hot as the lighted tip of my cigar. I was smoking. In fact, every piece of furniture was near the burning point.

"Here's the drinking water. Here's water for washing." Eager for some cooling potion, I filled the glass. What? Why the water was boiling! The next morning, having had a sleepless night, lying drenched on a burning sheet, I decided to see what a full day of experience would give me. I was repaid.

Reconnoitring has ever been my foremost passion. After breakfast I decided to walk down to the desert. There, finding a view on the river, I sat on my camp stool and sketched. After five minutes my shoes began to burn. Impulsively I beat the pain on the soles of my feet. I deserted from my line of march and fled to the umbrage of a thirty feet in circumference sycamore tree. Even there the heat was too intense.

Back to the hotel. When the sun was down, after supper, I saw the lights in the settlement; just two lone streets. My room was the only one lit up. I ordered a drink. I was the observed of all the rough and tumble men there. A scuffle in the rear rooms; vociferous "fortunes for you!" said the bartender. Back to the hotel. Having intended to play a week, I decided to leave the next day as it was too hot. LOUIS M. ELLENBERG, New York, August 7.

WHEN THE POSTMAN COMES.

It Is a Message From the Society of Antiquarians. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Here is the prize one: On July 29 I received through the mail copies of a daily marine paper published right here in New York, dated June 25, July 2 and July 12 all in the same delivery. The prize is going some even for the present state of inefficiency of the postal service. F. E. PRATT. New York, August 7.

A Tribute to Missouri Genius.

From the Kansas City Times. Editor Lowry of the Missouri Signal writes me a double-edged sword. He writes a poem for his paper every week and advertises that he has every week to send.

PROHIBITION AND WAR.

A Denial That the People Must Have Their Drink Stopped. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The American people are told that their part in the war for liberty and democracy will be a failure unless Congress enacts a law forbidding the use by at least 30,000,000 sober, temperate men and women of beer, wine and other beverages which they have been drinking without injury to their health or efficiency. It is claimed that the prohibition of these beverages is necessary in order that we can do our share in the war for the liberation of mankind from the despotism of autocracy, and Congress is urged to enact prohibitory laws as a measure to aid in winning the war.

France and Great Britain have been engaged in the gigantic struggle that has taxed all their resources and man power for four years. Italy has been exerting her utmost efforts for three years. Yet in none of these countries has it been found necessary to interfere with the personal tastes and habits of their people, and none of them has adopted the prohibition policy. On the contrary, those three nations furnished their fighting men in the field with the beverages which they were permitted to use and have commandeered enormous quantities of wine, rum and other alcoholic beverages for use by the armies and in their military hospitals.

Is there anything so fundamentally wrong with the mental or physical makeup of the American people that a temperate policy must be adopted for their protection? Are they such weak, spineless creatures that they cannot be trusted to do their duty in furnishing the ships, food, munitions and other supplies for carrying on the war? Has there been anything in the events of the last year that shows them to be lacking in will power that they need the guardianship of professional "moral reformers"? This country grew to be great, strong and intelligent in productive industry without prohibition. Why force upon it the untried experiment of a national prohibitory law at this time?

Wherein have we fallen short of doing our part and doing it well? To what department of our war activities can the Anti-Saloon League critics point and say truthfully: "We have failed because we are a drunken people"? The prohibition advocates have published broadcast malicious slanders of our soldiers in France, charging they are incapacitated by drunkenness. These slanders were promptly refuted by General Pershing and Secretary of War Baker, to the disgrace of the men making them. Can the prohibitionists show a single case where military supplies have not been furnished because of the drinking habits of our workers? If not, what justification is there for their plea regarding the adoption of their narrow view regarding alcoholic beverages is necessary as a war measure?

France, Great Britain and Italy, under a much greater strain than we have been called upon to bear, have not found it necessary to prohibit drinking. What is wrong with our American manhood, if, as the prohibitionists allege, we are not now conducting our affairs so as to win the war at the earliest possible date? H. L. NEW YORK, August 7.

LOUIS THE HEAT HUNTER.

He Sketches in the Arizona Desert With the Mercury at 135. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In 1902, on my trip to New Zealand, just for personal edification I determined to make a break at the Needles, Ariz., and surely my beans are all the better for it. The notable housewife of New England, who were the best cooks on earth in their generation, went a long way toward perfection when they produced the so-called "Boston Baked Beans," but they fell into one error of which New England is not yet convinced. They did not use the right kind of beans. The beans used in the Boston Baked Beans were the small white beans, and surely my beans are all the better for it.

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From the Kansas City Times. Editor Lowry of the Missouri Signal writes me a double-edged sword. He writes a poem for his paper every week and advertises that he has every week to send.

HART, THE RELENTLESS SCRUTINIZER OF AMERICAN PORTRAITS.

He Destroyed Some Illusions, but He Helped to Increase the Fame of Our Early Artists. Early American portraitists lost little able arbiter and a steadfast friend, and the world lost "a disagreeable man" when a few days ago, in this city, Charles Henry Hart died.

Disraeli makes Lothar say that an agreeable man is one who agrees with every one. Charles Henry Hart, sharp of eye and agile of wit, never gave up an opinion once formed on full investigation, and he was beloved and hated according to the way his views chanced to square or clash with those with whom he came in contact. As one who knew him, I am venturing to write these lines about him because nobody misunderstood him, and therefore, taken all in all, he was a most unpopular man. There is danger, owing to his decided personality, and also because in these days art has given way to dazzle and camouflage, that the great service which this man did for American art will be forgotten for a time. Likewise, fifty years from now there is no likelihood of posterity neglecting to give every jot of credit he deserved to Charles Henry Hart.

As a writer on American history and on the historical portraits of this country he was splendidly accurate. He collected, he gathered, he hunted, he unpublished manuscripts prepared for the press they would represent an enormous monument to his knowledge and his industry. Had he been a man of independent wealth and free to follow the life of connoisseur or dilettante he might have had hosts of friends in this city to have been his vocation. As it was, he had to do his job, and he did it with a will. He had practiced law for some years he was painfully injured in a railroad accident, and during his convalescence he turned to his studies of early American art, and eventually made criticism and the expert examination of portraits of the period of 1600 to 1800 his vocation. As it was, he had to do his job, and he did it with a will.

In such circumstances it would be hard to find a more agreeable man than he was, but he was ever running counter to human vanity and traditions. His acute legal mind led him always to weigh the evidence for or against the authenticity of a painting, and his love for the masters of his craft, such as Gilbert Stuart, was so great that it amounted to a creed.

His entrance into the gallery of the private or family collection was usually joyous; his exit problematical. Most persons regard all that is said about their family portraits as gospel truth. Are there not some gilt tablets on the wall? Did not Uncle Aminda tell how his father, who had it from his grandfather, had told him that the great artist was at the old home in Massachusetts and that he was a very fine and courtly gentleman indeed, and that he had stayed three days to paint this wonderful work on a pearwood panel? Of course this venerable portrait is absolutely genuine!

Suppose, then, there comes Charles Henry Hart to look over the family portrait. He smiles inscrutably and takes a good long view. Usually he carried several magnifying glasses with him, and after he had used them all, he put his own good right eye to the canvas. When Charles Croker was at the head of the Fire Department everybody knew that the blaze was out when he took off his helmet and put on his derby. When Charles Henry Hart gave the final test of his unaided vision it was the signal that everything was over.