

The Sun AND THE NEW YORK HERALD. FOUNDED 1853-1855. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1920.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily, two cents a copy in New York City, three cents elsewhere...

Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper...

No White House Long Distance. In behalf of President Wilson it is denied that he is going to address the Democratic National Convention delegates...

Italy's Indirect Taxation. In reference to an editorial article showing the discrepancy between taxation in England and in France and Italy...

Taxes With Your Eyes Open or Shut. If it were as easy to convince the public and the lawmakers that "taxes is taxes" as it is to convince them that "pigs is pigs"...

France and Italy are not as wealthy as England, but at that their taxes are lower in proportion to annual per capita income than is the case with England...

To bring about a sounder condition in French, Italian and English finance, and to improve the exchanges, the per capita taxation must either be raised by the amount of the deficits or Government expenditures must be reduced...

This is why a smaller per capita taxation in Italy and France is really more burdensome than heavy taxation in highly productive Great Britain.

By every hook and crook of existing methods and with the 60 per cent. excess profits tax a yield of \$224,000,000 might be obtained.

Manipulation of foreign exchange such as has occurred in recent weeks may make it appear to superficial observers that the underlying conditions have improved...

Cutting the Heart Out of the Covenant. Mr. Hoover has called, through the columns of the Evening Post, for the elimination of Article X from the Treaty of Versailles.

Lincoln, Too, Confessed. A few days ago we commented cheerfully upon the great Democratic discovery of Senator Harding's confession of lack of confidence in himself...

Regular Tammany Staff. The letting of the East Fourth street pier looks like good old Tammany Hall stuff.

A New Jersey reader, Mr. VINCENT WIERMAN of Camden, writes to us as follows: "In 1858 an editorial friend of LINCOLN wrote him that he would like to talk to him on the subject of announcing his name for the Presidency."

Probably the Democratic strategists of those days pounced upon these confessions of Lincoln as their descendants of to-day grab at WARREN HARDING'S horrible admissions.

Some of our wet friends are congratulating themselves overmuch on the defeat for renomination of Representative ANDREW J. VOLSTEAD, author of the prohibition enforcement law...

His successful opponent, the Rev. O. J. KVALBE of Benson, is now and has been for years a strong advocate of prohibition, and there is no reason to believe that wet voters in considerable numbers chose him as their candidate instead of Mr. VOLSTEAD...

In the primary contest Mr. KVALBE had the indorsement of the Non-Partisan League, whose organizers have been active in Minnesota for some time, and its opposition appears to have been the principal factor in Mr. VOLSTEAD'S failure to win the nomination.

The so-called gentlemen's race at New London, which serves to whet the appetite for the regular four mile classic, gives the lie to the theory that armmen never come back.

Mr. Hudson is ready enough to be scorched by tropical suns and devoured by mosquitoes "just for the sake of seeing a congregation of big birds in their breeding haunts."

Stung by the fact that he is a "specialist in intellectual honesty," says Browning, is what interests us, and Clough, according to Mr. JAMES LESLIE OSBORNE, was a "seeker after peace, one of those who instinctively avoid dangerous edges."

When he finds a fellow enthusiast over bird music in the unromantic guise of a commercial traveler Mr. Hudson is genuinely surprised.

There is less imagination in it, for better and for worse, and less fiction, than "David Copperfield" or the "Newcomes"—less poetry in a sense.

Clough never lost sight of the fact that man must work to live, and in 1852, dissatisfied with the literary life of Oxford and London, he wrote to his friend Emerson to ask if there was any chance of earning a living "anywhere between the Atlantic and the Mississippi by teaching Latin, Greek or English."

It is the law of liberty, equality and justice. It gives to all an even chance and special privileges to none.

This is the doctrine of equal privileges for all, special favors for none. Under policies based firmly on it America has grown great and given opportunity to all men within her boundaries to prosper.

At the very outset he warns us not to expect the ordinary adventures of a sportsman. Mr. Hudson despises the man who kills a bird just as he despises the man who "only loves a bird when he holds it in a hateful cage."

When it comes to eating game or red meat the author's idiosyncrasies are even more pronounced. He admits to "eating sheep and pig and some other beasts, always excepting those that are killed by the law."

It is our overwork these few eccentricities, and, indeed, they add rather than detract from the general interest of the book, Mr. Hudson's adventures are such as we would all gladly share.

Mr. Hudson is ready enough to be scorched by tropical suns and devoured by mosquitoes "just for the sake of seeing a congregation of big birds in their breeding haunts."

Stung by the fact that he is a "specialist in intellectual honesty," says Browning, is what interests us, and Clough, according to Mr. JAMES LESLIE OSBORNE, was a "seeker after peace, one of those who instinctively avoid dangerous edges."

When he finds a fellow enthusiast over bird music in the unromantic guise of a commercial traveler Mr. Hudson is genuinely surprised.

There is less imagination in it, for better and for worse, and less fiction, than "David Copperfield" or the "Newcomes"—less poetry in a sense.

Clough never lost sight of the fact that man must work to live, and in 1852, dissatisfied with the literary life of Oxford and London, he wrote to his friend Emerson to ask if there was any chance of earning a living "anywhere between the Atlantic and the Mississippi by teaching Latin, Greek or English."

It is the law of liberty, equality and justice. It gives to all an even chance and special privileges to none.

This is the doctrine of equal privileges for all, special favors for none. Under policies based firmly on it America has grown great and given opportunity to all men within her boundaries to prosper.

At the very outset he warns us not to expect the ordinary adventures of a sportsman. Mr. Hudson despises the man who kills a bird just as he despises the man who "only loves a bird when he holds it in a hateful cage."

When it comes to eating game or red meat the author's idiosyncrasies are even more pronounced. He admits to "eating sheep and pig and some other beasts, always excepting those that are killed by the law."

It is our overwork these few eccentricities, and, indeed, they add rather than detract from the general interest of the book, Mr. Hudson's adventures are such as we would all gladly share.

Mr. Hudson is ready enough to be scorched by tropical suns and devoured by mosquitoes "just for the sake of seeing a congregation of big birds in their breeding haunts."

Stung by the fact that he is a "specialist in intellectual honesty," says Browning, is what interests us, and Clough, according to Mr. JAMES LESLIE OSBORNE, was a "seeker after peace, one of those who instinctively avoid dangerous edges."

When he finds a fellow enthusiast over bird music in the unromantic guise of a commercial traveler Mr. Hudson is genuinely surprised.

There is less imagination in it, for better and for worse, and less fiction, than "David Copperfield" or the "Newcomes"—less poetry in a sense.

Clough never lost sight of the fact that man must work to live, and in 1852, dissatisfied with the literary life of Oxford and London, he wrote to his friend Emerson to ask if there was any chance of earning a living "anywhere between the Atlantic and the Mississippi by teaching Latin, Greek or English."

It is the law of liberty, equality and justice. It gives to all an even chance and special privileges to none.

This is the doctrine of equal privileges for all, special favors for none. Under policies based firmly on it America has grown great and given opportunity to all men within her boundaries to prosper.

At the very outset he warns us not to expect the ordinary adventures of a sportsman. Mr. Hudson despises the man who kills a bird just as he despises the man who "only loves a bird when he holds it in a hateful cage."

When it comes to eating game or red meat the author's idiosyncrasies are even more pronounced. He admits to "eating sheep and pig and some other beasts, always excepting those that are killed by the law."

It is our overwork these few eccentricities, and, indeed, they add rather than detract from the general interest of the book, Mr. Hudson's adventures are such as we would all gladly share.

Mr. Hudson is ready enough to be scorched by tropical suns and devoured by mosquitoes "just for the sake of seeing a congregation of big birds in their breeding haunts."

Stung by the fact that he is a "specialist in intellectual honesty," says Browning, is what interests us, and Clough, according to Mr. JAMES LESLIE OSBORNE, was a "seeker after peace, one of those who instinctively avoid dangerous edges."

When he finds a fellow enthusiast over bird music in the unromantic guise of a commercial traveler Mr. Hudson is genuinely surprised.

There is less imagination in it, for better and for worse, and less fiction, than "David Copperfield" or the "Newcomes"—less poetry in a sense.

Clough never lost sight of the fact that man must work to live, and in 1852, dissatisfied with the literary life of Oxford and London, he wrote to his friend Emerson to ask if there was any chance of earning a living "anywhere between the Atlantic and the Mississippi by teaching Latin, Greek or English."

It is the law of liberty, equality and justice. It gives to all an even chance and special privileges to none.

This is the doctrine of equal privileges for all, special favors for none. Under policies based firmly on it America has grown great and given opportunity to all men within her boundaries to prosper.

At the very outset he warns us not to expect the ordinary adventures of a sportsman. Mr. Hudson despises the man who kills a bird just as he despises the man who "only loves a bird when he holds it in a hateful cage."

When it comes to eating game or red meat the author's idiosyncrasies are even more pronounced. He admits to "eating sheep and pig and some other beasts, always excepting those that are killed by the law."

It is our overwork these few eccentricities, and, indeed, they add rather than detract from the general interest of the book, Mr. Hudson's adventures are such as we would all gladly share.

Mr. Hudson is ready enough to be scorched by tropical suns and devoured by mosquitoes "just for the sake of seeing a congregation of big birds in their breeding haunts."

Stung by the fact that he is a "specialist in intellectual honesty," says Browning, is what interests us, and Clough, according to Mr. JAMES LESLIE OSBORNE, was a "seeker after peace, one of those who instinctively avoid dangerous edges."

When he finds a fellow enthusiast over bird music in the unromantic guise of a commercial traveler Mr. Hudson is genuinely surprised.

There is less imagination in it, for better and for worse, and less fiction, than "David Copperfield" or the "Newcomes"—less poetry in a sense.

Clough never lost sight of the fact that man must work to live, and in 1852, dissatisfied with the literary life of Oxford and London, he wrote to his friend Emerson to ask if there was any chance of earning a living "anywhere between the Atlantic and the Mississippi by teaching Latin, Greek or English."

It is the law of liberty, equality and justice. It gives to all an even chance and special privileges to none.

This is the doctrine of equal privileges for all, special favors for none. Under policies based firmly on it America has grown great and given opportunity to all men within her boundaries to prosper.

At the very outset he warns us not to expect the ordinary adventures of a sportsman. Mr. Hudson despises the man who kills a bird just as he despises the man who "only loves a bird when he holds it in a hateful cage."

When it comes to eating game or red meat the author's idiosyncrasies are even more pronounced. He admits to "eating sheep and pig and some other beasts, always excepting those that are killed by the law."

It is our overwork these few eccentricities, and, indeed, they add rather than detract from the general interest of the book, Mr. Hudson's adventures are such as we would all gladly share.

Mr. Hudson is ready enough to be scorched by tropical suns and devoured by mosquitoes "just for the sake of seeing a congregation of big birds in their breeding haunts."

Stung by the fact that he is a "specialist in intellectual honesty," says Browning, is what interests us, and Clough, according to Mr. JAMES LESLIE OSBORNE, was a "seeker after peace, one of those who instinctively avoid dangerous edges."

When he finds a fellow enthusiast over bird music in the unromantic guise of a commercial traveler Mr. Hudson is genuinely surprised.

There is less imagination in it, for better and for worse, and less fiction, than "David Copperfield" or the "Newcomes"—less poetry in a sense.

Clough never lost sight of the fact that man must work to live, and in 1852, dissatisfied with the literary life of Oxford and London, he wrote to his friend Emerson to ask if there was any chance of earning a living "anywhere between the Atlantic and the Mississippi by teaching Latin, Greek or English."

It is the law of liberty, equality and justice. It gives to all an even chance and special privileges to none.

This is the doctrine of equal privileges for all, special favors for none. Under policies based firmly on it America has grown great and given opportunity to all men within her boundaries to prosper.

At the very outset he warns us not to expect the ordinary adventures of a sportsman. Mr. Hudson despises the man who kills a bird just as he despises the man who "only loves a bird when he holds it in a hateful cage."

When it comes to eating game or red meat the author's idiosyncrasies are even more pronounced. He admits to "eating sheep and pig and some other beasts, always excepting those that are killed by the law."

It is our overwork these few eccentricities, and, indeed, they add rather than detract from the general interest of the book, Mr. Hudson's adventures are such as we would all gladly share.