The Sun.

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Let Spain Appoint Her Own Commissioners.

The working efficiency of a chain is not represented by the link that is most likely to hold, but by the link that is most likely to break under tension.

In that respect the five American Peace Commissioners will resemble a chain. As a body they will be as strong only as the weakest member.

A Peace Commissioner who is not thoroughly American on the question of holding the Philippines will be for all practical purposes another Commissioner for Spain; American interests will be represented by four men; Spanish interests by six. Two or three inadequate or unstable or undecided Commissioners on our side would put us yet further in a minority.

The people are trusting the President to remember that. This is not an occasion when it is safe to appoint two or three really good men and to fill up the number with second-class or merely ornamental material.

New and Inviting Fields.

The Texas Democratic platform calls for "the revival and rehabilitation of our merchant marine," and declares that "the laws," whatever they are, "which have annihilated our merchant navy for the enrichment of monopolists should be changed and every possible and reasonable encouragement should be given to maritime enterprise until American merchantmen shall again fill the harbors of the world, thereby opening up new and inviting fields for the investment of capital and employment of labor, at the same time enabling our nation to take its place as the dominant commercial power of the earth."

The Texas Democrats seem to think that the merchant marine is dependent upon acts of Congress, and will grow by request. In this same platform they oppose the annexation of the Philippines where there are new and inviting fields for the investment of capital and the employment of labor. If the United States are to become the dominant commercial power of the earth, they will not become so by shutting themselves out from the Oriental trade or failing to enter it on advantageous terms such as are now offered to them, and such as will not be offered again.

The Texas Democrats neglect the most natural and feasible way of increasing the commerce and building up the merchant marine of the United States. They reject opportunity and cry for more laws. They cling to the Revised Statutes and give up the Pacific.

A Remarkable Election.

The official advertisement of offices to be filled at this year's election in New York county has been published in conformity with chapter 909 of the Laws of 1896, and the long list includes a Governor, a Lieutenant-Governor, a Secretary of State, a State Comptroller, a State Treasurer, an Attorney-General, a State Engineer and Surveyor, but no Judge of the Court of Appeals. In New York county, however, three Judges of the Supreme Court in the First district are to be voted for, and also ten members of Congress, twelve Senators, thirty-five Assemblymen and a Judge of the City Court; but no municipal, county or minor offices are to be filled.

Not for many years has an election involved the filling of so many places, and never before in the recollection of any citizen has there been an election at which no county officer or municipal officer was voted for in the county of New York.

A general election in New York at which no county officers—District Attorney, County Clerk, Sheriff, Register, or Coroners—are to be voted for is not only without precedent, but must also tend to divest the contest of a purely local character, so that the thoughts of the citizens will be concentrated on the large issues which the war has generated. And fortunate it is for the State and the nation that such is the case. In Kings county, also, the term of the District Attorney does not expire until 1900, while the terms of the Sheriff, County Clerk, and Register last until 1899.

Political artifices will be used to distract attention to "State issues," but really there are no such issues. The sole issue which will absorb the thoughts of every voter is the issue of national progress and expansion. Their main concern will be to send to Congress Representatives who will assist heartily in that development, and so to vote that a Senator favorable to it shall be elected by the Legislature, and a State Administration in sympathy with that popular desire shall be put in power.

Grand Reunion at Bedford Springs.

This is a great week for Pennsylvania Democrats. At least it ought to be. The Hon. JOHN MILTON GARMAN, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, has prepared a treat for the faithful this week, and very glad and proud men they must be. The candidates for State offices whom Col. JIM GUFFEY of Allegheny kindly consented to nominate at his convention at Altoona are to be informed officially and solemnly of the high honor which he has bestowed upon them. It is possible that they have forgotten in the rush of events that Col. JIM GUFFEY has nominated them and expects every one of them to do his duty. The meeting at Bedford Springs will remind them and a forgetful world that the Pennsylvania Democracy still exists and that Col. JIM GUFFEY is its life, its soul, its owner, and its boss.

The invitation sent by Mr. GARMAN is wide in its hospitality. "All" Democrats of Pennsylvania are entreated to go to Bedford Springs and see Col. GUFFEY's candidates and the affecting ceremonies. All Democrats, and not merely some. Even Judge GORDON, butchered to make a GUFFEY holiday, is allowed to be present, although it is thought that he is capable of the self-sacrifice of staying away. Reform Democrats and machine Democrats, plutocrats and knights of the silver shield, all will be made welcome at Bedford Springs by the generous GARMAN and GUFFEY of swelling heart and head.

"All, call all to the feast of first"

If a material thought may be permitted to intrude into the sweet poetic closes where Col. JIM GUFFEY shepherds his Altoona lambs, have the Bedford Springs restaurant keepers collected sufficient stores for the inward entertainment of all the Pennsylvania Democrats, or must that mighty host feed upon the words of GARMAN and of GUFFEY?

The Ships Coming North.

The instructions to Admiral SAMPSON to "proceed with the New York, Brooklyn, Indiana, Oregon, Iowa, and Massachusetts to Tompkinsville" show that the recent project of sending an armored fleet by way of the Suez Canal to reinforce Admiral DEWEY has at least been postponed. The vessels named include all our battleships except the Texas, which is already at Brooklyn. The monitors are for the present to be left at Porto Rico, but they would in no case be sent to the Philippines. Commodore WATSON remains at Guantanamo on the Newark, but only for the purpose of commanding the fleet left in Cuban waters.

The purpose of the proposed cruise to the Philippines, assuming that peace would be concluded by Spain, was not to exercise any pressure upon her, for none was needed, but to make a suitable demonstration in Asiatic waters for the benefit of European powers. We may yet expect to see a battleship reinforcement of some sort sent out to Manila; for henceforth our interests in Asiatic waters will demand the maintenance of a powerful squadron there. But it has been determined wisely that the first necessity is to put all our great fighting ships in dry dock and there clean and repair them. They have long been serving in tropical waters; several of them have kept on duty without docking much longer than is customary, and the erosion of their plates is feared unless they are scraped very soon. The unexpectedly good condition of the bottom of the Texas gives promise that no damage of consequence has yet been done to the other battleships, but clearly the first duty, now that peace has come, is to put them in perfect order.

When this has been done, we may see one or more battleships starting for our new possessions in the Philippines. Meanwhile what a welcome will these sea fighters receive here in New York!

A Disgrace to Two Professions.

The *Richmond Christian Advocate* is a religious newspaper of long established character. It is the organ of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The name of its present editor is JOHN J. LAFFERTY; and Mr. LAFFERTY, as we are informed, is a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel.

The leading editorial article in the *Christian Advocate* of July 28 was the vehicle of an attack upon Major-Gen. NELSON A. MILES, the commander of the army of the United States; an attack such as we have rarely seen matched in any journal, religious or secular, for malignity, mendacity, and apparent absence of motive. The only conceivable purpose of the Rev. Mr. LAFFERTY is to advance the military fortunes of Gen. FITZHUGH LEE, whose name is mentioned once in the course of this extraordinary article; but the editor who could imagine that he was serving the interests or pleasing the heart of Gen. LEE by lying about Gen. MILES must be a thoroughbred fool as well as a thoroughgoing scoundrel.

This Christian minister and journalist informs his readers that MILES is a "pompous dude," without actual experience of warfare, who allows other Generals to go to the front when there is fighting to be done, and arranges ridiculous expeditions after the real work is over in order to enable himself to pose at the finish as a conquering hero. He charges MILES with delaying the expedition to Porto Rico through cowardice and silly apprehensions as to his personal safety. We quote now from the Rev. Mr. LAFFERTY's *Christian Advocate:*

"MILES would not go till he had everything supplied him in abundance, if not in excess—men, munitions, engineering tools, &c., enough to campaign in Spain. There was no Spanish fleet this side of the old hulls at the Suez Canal, yet MILES kept his men sweltering on board the transports, while he clamored for more war vessels to go with him and keep some Spanish cockboat with an old iron gun from capturing 'the Major-General of the Army' on the high seas. Warship after warship was put at his service. He would not budge. He must move with an Armada against, not Porto Rico, but some fishing village, where he will land with his vast force, SAMPSON could not understand what MILES wanted with such a squadron, but the President, who is from the Sherman State of Ohio, sent 'peremptory orders' to SAMPSON to surround MILES with a cordon of ironclads and keep him safe till he lands. SAMPSON evidently was disgusted at the silliness or cowardice."

The insulting reference to President McKINLEY and the allusion to the "Sherman State of Ohio" would be unintelligible did not the Rev. Mr. LAFFERTY take pains to explain to the readers of the *Christian Advocate* that Gen. MILES owes his present high command solely to the circumstance that he married a member of the Sherman family; and this astonishing statement is accompanied by an incidental insult to the lady in question too vulgar and unmanly to be exhibited here.

We may, however, copy the paragraph in which the Rev. Mr. LAFFERTY discusses Gen. MILES's title to military distinction:

"There is a mighty chieftain, NELSON MILES, a warrior of fame without a battle. He commands the whole army. How he grew great is not told in the war records. The books of valor mention various centurions who gave blows and received bullets and bayonets. MILES is not on the page. He needed not to risk life or limb to attain greatness, for the SHERMANS have 'run things' for thirty years. And so an officer without a military education or without a battle is at the head of the army."

Is it possible that the reverend inventor of these grotesque falsehoods believes there is a single subscriber to the organ of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church who does not know how Gen. MILES came to be at the head of the United States army? He is not a graduate of West Point, but his military education, nevertheless, has not been deficient. The soldier who is accused by the Rev. Mr. LAFFERTY of depending upon the political influence of his wife's relatives for promotion in rank fought and earned his way from the lowest grade to the highest post in the service. The man whom the *Christian Advocate* charges with a cowardly regard for his personal safety took part in every battle of the Army of the Potomac from Yorktown to the surrender at Appomattox. The General whom Mr. LAFFERTY describes as not on that page of the book of valor which mentions the centurions who have given blows and received bayonets and bullets, was wounded not less than four times in action, and he fought in person in thirty-five distinct battles during the civil war, besides fighting in more than one hundred lesser engagements; and also in six different campaigns against the Indians after the war. Perhaps there is not an officer living who has been in more battles than the man whom the editor of the *Christian Advocate* dares to depict in print as a warrior without a battle.

The same number of the *Christian Advocate* contains the patriotic resolutions adopted by the United Confederate Veterans' Association at Atlanta recently. They breathe the true spirit of the South. This clergyman and religious journalist bears false witness not only against Gen. MILES, but also against his own neighbors and daily associates. He has managed in a single article to disgrace two professions. The pulpit and the press of Virginia ought to be equally ashamed of the Rev. Mr. LAFFERTY. What do the generous hearted people of the Old Dominion think of this traducer of men and insulter of women?

Is Bicycling Expensive?

A question often asked of wheelmen is this: "Is bicycling expensive?" Probably not two riders in ten to whom the question is proposed will give the same reply. If perchance their opinions substantially coincide, it is doubtful whether they will be of much value in settling the question, which is sure to call forth a diversity of opinion, however often repeated.

A resident of the borough of Brooklyn who is fond of both horsemanship and cycling compares the cost of driving with that of riding a bicycle, and declares that his trips on the wheel are invariably more expensive than those undertaken with a team of horses. He says that his incidental expenses awheel are alone sufficiently large to explode completely the theory, generally accepted, that cycling is an inexpensive pastime. Of course, if his loss each year through exchanging wheels were added to the other expenditures, the total would be considerably increased.

"When out for a spin I eat more, drink more, tip oftener and spend a great deal more money for repairs and sundry articles than while driving," remarks this Brooklynite. Wheelmen, he explains, are constantly tempted to dismount at this place and at that, to the utter demoralization of their pocketbooks.

A circumstance which greatly perplexes those who seek to estimate the cost of bicycling is encountered in the fact that that exercise, unlike carriage riding, for example, is possible for the poor as well as for the rich, and both enjoy it immensely. If, to derive real pleasure from wheeling, an extravagant outlay of money is necessary, how do ordinary mortals find any pleasure in it? And how does the fellow with but fifty cents in his pocket, who spends a whole day cycling along with his sweetheart, manage to have "as much fun as a circus"?

If, on the other hand, bicycling is primarily a poor man's sport, why should it be popular among the well-to-do, even among millionaires? During a five minutes' stroll along any avenue in New York you observe wheelmen who, to judge from their dress, are certainly not in the most prosperous of circumstances, and you see others whose appearance denotes wealth and plenty, and the countenance of each bespeaks health and pleasure.

If it were asked whether bicycling is more expensive now than it was seven or eight years ago, the answer would be apparent to all. The price paid in 1891 for a lantern, a cyclometer, and a few other bicycle novelties would buy a new wheel to-day, and the cost of transportation and repairs was more than double that at the present time. Hotel accommodations were fewer and dearer then than now, and wheelmen received much larger bills from their tailors.

Taking the case of sensible, everyday wheelmen as we find it, the evidence is strong against the conclusion that cycling is expensive. No one disputes that it can easily be made so through ignorance or want of judgment. Even the popular, but now somewhat out-dated pastime of walking may be made costly if those who engage in it stop at every turn in the road to soothe their thirst and buy marshmallows.

Perhaps no other recreation which may be so cheaply obtained furnishes more pleasant exhilaration and lasting profit than bicycling. The assertion of the Brooklyn rider, quoted above, that when out for a spin he eats more than at other times, is the best possible proof that the wheel is doing him good. Exercise that whets the appetite and hardens the muscles is not dear at almost any price.

The Converted Colonel.

Democratic leaders too slow to keep up with the grand procession of the American idea are flung aside almost brutally. JOE BAILEY, who isn't old enough to know better, and RICHARD PARKS BLAND, who is old enough, have been sent sprawling. They must catch up or remain unconsidered stragglers.

How is it with the illustrious silver Colonel, of whose tropical smile the tropics seem likely to be deprived? Can he keep his beloved centre of the stage or will he yet be hissed off for not hitting the popular taste, and for lagging superfluous with the same old act?

He has good friends, and they are doing their best to refurbish and redecorate him for 1900. They are making him an expansionist, whether he will or not. It must be a little surprising to him, but he has a fair degree of elasticity and is equal to contortions. When he left Omaha he thought he was an anti-expansionist. When he returns he will be an expansionist, or his friends in Texas and Missouri misjudge his genius for lightning changes.

The immortal works of Prof. COIN HARVEY will have to disappear from the Colonel's camp library. He has got to study geography.

The *Springfield Republican* strays pensively through Agawam and seeks in nature and pastoral poetry consolation and compensation for the sins of "imperialism:"

"Yet there still rise the great undisturbed hills, there still rolls the majestic solemn ocean; breezes of the west sweep the mountain peaks; the plateaus of our New England are as peaceful, sunny, free and unsuggestive of human ill to their visitors as ever they were; the promontories and stretched sands of our coasts are as full of refreshing spice and salt in their airs, and as inconsiderate of all human feelings."

In short, the advertised programme of the seasons will be carried out, even after annexation and annexations. The breezes will continue to sweep the peaks of mountains and of Mugwumps; and the chestnuts will not fall in Agawam.

There was a picnic in Ladonia, Fannin county, Tex. The Hon. JOE BAILEY uprose and "with easy but penetrating voice he began." And here is how he closed:

"You can banish me from your service and I shall not complain, but the time will come, when this war fever cools; when the noise of these fifes and drums have died away; when men cease to feel and begin to think, the people will wonder at the nightmare which possesses them and at the cowardice of some of their Representatives and Senators in Congress. I know I am right, and if you doubt it now you will not doubt it in the time to come, when, in the presence of standing armies and warlike navies, the citizen is dwarfed, State rights are annihilated and the republic has become as imperial as the most devoted followers of ALEXANDER HAMILTON could have wished to make it."

No standing armies or warlike navies can dwarf JOE BAILEY. No fifes and drums can outfife and outdrum JOE BAILEY. No war fevers can burn the thermometer as JOE BAILEY's words do. He knows that he is right and that the people are wrong. The time will come when the people will begin to think. Will the time ever come when JOE BAILEY will begin or try to begin to think?

Senator HANNA is right. The coming issues of American politics are not the questions of the past, but the new issues arising from the war; and great and sufficient they are!

For at least four days the Hon. GAMALIEL BRADFORD has neglected to save the country. Is he hoarding wind for another tremendous trumpet call or has despair seized upon that giant heart? Or is it the Hon. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON's duty to save the country on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays?

The Peace Commission.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Senator Allison of Iowa is mentioned as one of the Peace Commissioners. I have the greatest admiration for him. I think he is one of the best legislators we have. He is safe. But he is as unfit for a Commissioner to settle our affairs with Spain as he is well qualified to avoid dangerous extremes in the Senate.

The Commission should be made up of statesmen possessing the highest degree of courage; men who will not surrender the least part of what our country has gained by this war; men who will not be content to see a great tragedy followed by a timorous farce furnished by the enemy.

The Commission will be regarded by the people as the embodiment of the feelings and sentiments of President McKinley. Thus far through this war he appears to have had a charmed existence. Truly he seems to have had Divine approval. When he has to act through others we must pray that he will not be disappointed in any of his agents.

If there are men in the country like Thad Stevens, Gen. U. S. Grant, Oliver P. Morton, Samuel J. Randall, or Roscoe Conkling, President McKinley ought to draw from them. Col. Roosevelt of the Rough Riders would make a Commissioner we all could trust. He could meet the smokeless powder used in Spanish diplomacy.

Just think of it! One wabbling, shilly-shally, hair-splitting man on that Commission might ruin everything. True, the Senate has the final say, but that would not relieve the wounds.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 12. HOLDFAST.

Herr Von Thiedemann's Recollections of Bismarck.

Not the least interesting among the many books and pamphlets about Bismarck that are now appearing is a volume just published in Leipsic, entitled "Personal Recollections," by Herr von Thiedemann, who in 1878 was Chief of the Chancellery and consequently in constant intercourse with the great Chancellor.

"The range of Bismarck's intellect," says Herr von Thiedemann, "was equal to his self-sufficiency. He could undertake anything, and he did everything equally well. On the other hand, it was not easy for him to recognize the merits of others. His colleagues in the Ministry often found their labors submitted to criticism that was anything but indulgent. The high idea that he had of himself, joined with a strong dose of contempt for men, often led him to judge friends and enemies erroneously. His friends, in his eyes, were merely the instruments of his personal plans, chessmen that he could move at will upon the political board, and even sacrifice when the game required it. In his enemies he only saw tricksters and imbeciles. He never rendered full justice to an adversary. He was too passionate, too impetuous and too combative. Every petty attack irritated him and induced him to hit back. He was always ready to exchange a sword thrust for the prick of a pin. Indeed, it may be said that his combative nature often made him train his artillery upon sparrows.

"'Politics is an art, and not a science,' he often said, but he himself looked upon it just as a virtuoso would look upon an instrument of which he was absolute master. His horizon reached further than his own country, and he was completely free from vulgar chauvinism. He often called himself a European. He judged everything, persons and events, from a political point of view, banishing from his mind all other considerations. He was never sentimental and never pathetic. Prodigiously strong and egotistical in political life, he was gentle and even weak with his own family. Outside of the family circle he had only a very small circle of friends with whom he was candid.

"On the other hand, he was a great friend of animals, particularly dogs, and they enjoyed all sorts of privileges in his house. He had nothing but words of anger for the vivisectionists, the 'butchers of dogs,' as he called them, and any cruelty to an animal exasperated him. During the last moments of his favorite dog Sultan, his 'best friend,' as he often said, I found him," says Herr von Thiedemann, "seated on the carpet of his study with the head of the dying dog resting upon his knees. For some days after the death of that dog the Prince never spoke a word.

"His love of nature was also great. His knowledge of agriculture included the smallest details, and he often surprised his farmers by remarks which revealed his thorough knowledge of the subject. He loved to be among his trees. He knew all his old oaks, and his beech trees, and he took the greatest care of his nurseries.

"Bismarck never received anybody without a previous request for an audience, and the King of Saxony, who failed one day to make an appointment, was declined an audience. At another time a reigning Grand Duke requested a hearing, and the Prince fixed the hour of his reception at 9 o'clock in the evening. At that moment," says Herr von Thiedemann, "I was with the Chancellor. He told me that he had to change his costume, and he called his valet and ordered a tunic with the grand cross of the Grand Ducal Order. At a quarter past 9 the Prince rung for his valet, and when the latter appeared he said to him: 'Bring back my other tunic,' and turning toward me added: 'No Royal Highness need imagine for a moment that I will wait for him any longer than quarter of an hour.' A few moments afterward the Grand Duke arrived, but the Prince was already busy again over his papers. The Grand Duke approached the table and saluted. Bismarck arose and bowing said: 'I thought that your Highness would not do me the honor of coming. It is now twenty minutes past 9 by my watch!'"

Poor Jennie Worrell!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have no doubt that you will allow a woman to say a few words in behalf of the once brilliant Jennie Worrell. The falsehood she told Judge Bristow was to save herself from punishment. It was a natural impulse of self-preservation, as natural as foolish. Miss Worrell reckoned without counting the merciless "sister of mercy," "the prison angel," who was so prompt to detect and denounce the lie of the wretched woman, and so condemned her to additional imprisonment and shame, thus pushing deeper down into the ditch of degradation an erring, much-to-be-pitied sister.

Those who knew and admired the fascinating trio of Worrell sisters when their youth, beauty and talent brought the whole theatregoing world at their feet will be grieved at the downfall of the most gifted and youngest of them, Jennie. Of respectable parentage, well educated and carefully trained in all that constitutes good womanhood, the sisters inherited a malady which, in Jennie's case, marred a career which presaged only honor and prosperity. They all were afflicted with epilepsy and would fall in convulsions, anywhere on the street, on the stage, even. The remedy administered was invariably brandy or other strong, intoxicating stimulant, thus laying the foundation for that desire for liquor which has been the ruin of poor Jennie. That she has not wholly lost her self-respect is shown by her wish to obtain work in her old occupation. And she is in need. No matter if the fault be entirely her own. The truly humane do not stop to consider that, nor does it debar them from doing the good they can.

The theatrical profession, from manager down to the most insignificant subordinate behind the scenes, is charitable. Surely there are plenty among them with sufficient kindness and pity to offer a helping hand to one of their own now when most she needs a friendly word, moral support and employment so that she may regain her self-respect and the courage to try and live down her degraded past. C. L.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.

The Maine's Monument Where She Sunk.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Now that it is decreed that Cuba is to be forever free, I suggest that the monument to be erected to commemorate that great event, the destruction of our noble battleship Maine, be placed upon the very spot where the dastardly deed was perpetrated. What a fitting foundation for such a structure and what a lesson it would teach to future generations! T. G. H.

1587 ST. MARK'S AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

THE SONG ST. THOMAS SINGS.

Vocal Expression of the Island's Desire to Join the United States.

CHARLOTTE AMALIA, St. Thomas, D. W. I., July 31.—St. Thomas couldn't lose track of the war even if the American Navy were not represented here almost daily by one or more ships, which put in for coal or to make some of those slight repairs that have to be constantly looked to to keep a ship in shape. The streets and hillsides resound with the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." Out at the tennis grounds, along the lanes, over the waters of the harbor, where the boatmen leisurely and grudgingly propel their small boats at a tired or sleepy cat's pace, coming through areaways or open gateways from courtyards of houses or stores, there is to be heard constantly the familiar "Hurrah! Hurrah! * * * While we are * * *" But the rest of the words differ from the lines of the old song. It is the "Battle Song of the Iowa" that is sung with such persistence in St. Thomas, and it is poured out with a gusto that bespeaks the appetite of the natives for martial music, especially that kind which they feel brings them nearer to the United States. This they never tire of, at least nowadays, as some of the less enthusiastic residents of this commercial community cheerfully, if regretfully, testify. These aver that the chief objection to this diversion of the native population is the proneness of every one within hearing—and that's the whole town now—to take up the refrain:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Three times and once again!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The boasted power of Spain
Shall crumble 'neath our battlecry:
"Do not forget the Maine!"
While we are fighting for Cuba.

Nobody now can locate the genius who, perusing an American newspaper that came along in the semi-occasional mail which connects St. Thomas with the North American Continent, a few weeks ago, read the Iowa's song and liked it so well that he had copies of it printed and passed around. But the copies were eagerly taken up and presently the whole town sang, walked, talked and kept time generally to "Marching Through Georgia"; at least, all of that part of the town that Ed. Harrigan would describe as "the darky population," which is pretty much the whole town, and a good deal of the other part. Children and elders gather on verandas and in the quiter streets in front of their houses and sing: "Strike a blow of vengeance for our murdered boys in blue," and "Hail to stanch Iowa, boys, and hail to Fighting Bob," rings out in the air as the people perk a little and limber up in the comparative coolness of the sunset hour.

And almost wherever the song is sung by a group there is overheld an American flag, however diminutive it may be. In the schools the same song is the most popular one with the pupils. From a schoolhouse on the main street at the foot of the middle hill—for like Gaul and Milwaukee, Charlotte Amalia is divided into three parts, and they are all hills—yesterday there came with a vim that would do credit to a chorus of newsboys the familiar air, the time accentuated by the tramp of 130 boys and girls who were marching about the room singing at the top of their voices. The teacher beat time for them and corrected the singing. Loud and full it sounded out:

Speed afar across the deep with loud and lusty yell;
Promise what our Captain did, as we have heard 'em tell;
Spanish in a month will be the parley-voo of hell,
While we are fighting for Cuba.

And the children didn't stick at the third line, either. The teacher of this school, an intelligent-appearing young man, purposes going soon to the United States, where he expects to find occupation in an Ohio town.

There is one thing the people of St. Thomas and St. Croix with one accord do want. That is to be taken into the United States.

The American Way of Making War.

From the London Daily Chronicle.

The war is practically at an end. The American boats are soon to resume their running to Southampton; the Spaniards evidently are only playing at not being in a hurry about the peace terms. It has been one of the shortest wars on record. The President sent his ultimatum to Spain on April 20. The American Ambassador to Spain received his passports on the following day. This makes little over three months. In that time the Americans have destroyed two fleets and, in fact, totally annihilated the sea power of their enemy. They have captured two great ports. They have defeated the Spanish troops in the field, and have taken a province and thousands of prisoners. Above all, they have improvised the army with which they did this part of the work. Not bad for the interval between rent day and rent day! The manner of this improvisation is a striking vindication, in some ways, of the American system. Most of the troops who swarmed up the slopes at Santiago and captured intrenched positions held by seasoned troops and swept by artillery were mere untrained butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers at the beginning of the war. When they went into camp at Tampa they were the rawest of raw hands. Many of their officers were probably very little better. Their commissariat was a practical joke. Transport, medical service, all had to be created. The chief part of their equipment was their spirit as free men, their general intelligence, their lifelong habit of turning their hands and their brains to anything, and to master it at uncommonly short notice. In one word, they had nothing at their back but the system; and their whole military organization is based on the belief that, with this, they have the wherewithal for the ruggedest hour that time and spite can bring against their country in time of danger.

Carlyle on "The Yellow Eye of Journalism."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I think the origin of "yellow," as applied to journalism, is older than the application of it by the *Press*, as given by you in your editorial artice, "Non Nobis." The malign and baleful influence of a similar class of papers was recognized by Carlyle when he speaks in the second volume of the "French Revolution" of the "yellow eye of journalism."

NEW YORK, Aug. 12. ROBERT J. HEARNE.

Capt. Mahan for the Peace Commission.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Yes, indeed! Why not put that sterling American sailor-statesman Capt. A. T. Mahan on the Peace Commission? J. P. F.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 13.

Superiority of British Birch.

From the London Daily News.

A woman applied to Mr. Dickinson at the Thames Police Court yesterday for advice about her son, a boy of 13, who on several occasions had stolen money from her.

Mr. Dickinson—Have you a husband?

Applicant—Yes.

Mr. Dickinson—Has he punished him?

Applicant—He whacks him sometimes.

Mr. Dickinson—It is no good beating him with a cane or stick. Buy a good birch rod. You can get one for about threepence. Then get your husband to give him twelve really good strokes with it, and in all probability he will never steal any more.

To a Massachusetts Mosquito.

A plague upon thy glee,
Thy tuned ferocity,
Thy clanging wing!
Begt, death! Away! I'm stung!
If man thoud'st sure be hung
For thy zing, zing, zing!

I would thou chosest day
To buzz thy prickly lay
And horror bring.
Whish, swish! thou dreadful pest,
Arch enemy of rest!
Oh, that zing, zing, zing!

The charms of music's strains
Can soothe e'en beast in chains,
The bard did sing;
But not (more sly than fox,
Thou midnight music box!)
Not thy zing, zing, zing!

Ah! Now thy maddening hum
Is stopped. The worst's to come!
If thou dost sting—
Take that, winged imp o' night!
In peace eternal light,
With thy zing, zing, zing!

BOSTON, Aug. 13. E. F. HARKINS.

MR. McILHENNY AT POINT BARROW.

The Statement Denied That He Refused to Shelter the Shipwrecked Whalers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read with some little surprise in your issue of July 29 (the writer must mean July 30) a statement under the title, "Naturalist McIlhenny Accused," which evidently came from your San Francisco correspondent. I am satisfied that this article contains a very unjust accusation against Mr. McIlhenny which should be answered. (The statement in the short telegram to THE SUN was to the effect that the shipwrecked whalers accused Mr. McIlhenny of refusing to let any of them occupy the Government refuge station at Point Barrow, and that when Lieut. Jarvis of the Government relief expedition arrived on March 20 he compelled Mr. McIlhenny to open the Government house to part of the men.)

Mr. McIlhenny started for Point Barrow, Alaska, in June, 1897, on a scientific expedition under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. He is also in touch with the Smithsonian Institution. He was fully authorized to occupy the Government house at Point Barrow, although your article denies this fact. The following is a copy of part of a letter from Mr. McIlhenny dated at Point Barrow, Alaska, Oct. 11, 1897:

I reached here in good time on the 6th of August, landed my stuff and took possession of this house and got to work in good shape. The Jennie with the rest of the fleet went to the east. About the last of August the ships began to get back and reported the Jennie and others on the way.

I held my mail for the Jennie, as she was going right down, and the other ships were all going to the west, whaling. The ice has been very heavy on this coast all summer, and the first ships that came from the east had hardly left before the ice closed in hard on this point. The ships coming from the east had great difficulty in getting here, but four of them finally got as far as the point, and had to stay for twenty days, until Sept. 19, before a lead opened to let them out. I was on the Orca when she got out, and a few minutes after a native came aboard with letters for me. On opening them I found they were from the captains of two of the ships to the eastward, saying that they were hopelessly frozen in about sixty-five miles east of Point Barrow and asking me for help, as they had aboard only three months' provisions.

I put my mail aboard the Orca and the next day left for the other ships to see what I could do for them. I got there safely, making the journey in sixteen hours. I found the ships fifteen miles east of Point Tangent, frozen solid in young ice, with no chance of getting out.

Capt. Leavitt of the Newport gave me supper, and I had hardly finished when a native came in with letters for me, saying that he had come from the ships to the west and had reached my place just after I left. On opening the letters you can imagine my chagrin when I found they were from Capt. Sherman of the Orca and Capt. Porter of the Freeman, both asking for help, stating that they had been wrecked by the ice off Cape Franklin the day after leaving Point Barrow, and that the Belvidere, which was with them, was nipped and it would be impossible to get her out. They stated that there were 163 men ashore and only enough provisions saved for two weeks for all hands. As their case was the most pressing I left next morning for this place, getting here at 9 the same night.

When I got here I found four men from the wrecked ships, who corroborated the Captains' statements. I at once, with the aid of Mr. Browers, who has a rival whaling station here, got together all the dog teams and natives and sent them down to help bring up the wrecked men, who were fifty-five miles to the southward. With Mr. Browers's aid and my men, we pulled down part of the Whaling Company's station, and in three days had a shelter for the men. On the 4th of October the first lot reached here, making the trip in three days. There were sixty-four of them, and a worse played out lot of men I have never seen. They have come in a few each day, until now I have housed eighty-seven men, and am expecting more every day. I will have to feed and take care of between 130 and 150 men for ten months, and it will be a tight squeeze. Luckily I bought a large stock of flour for trading from the first ships that went west, and with what I have and what Mr. Browers has will pull through safely.

I send you a full list of the provisions available, so you will not worry about my starving. I laid in a large stock of ducks this fall and have now on hand 9,000 pounds of them. I have sent all my natives inland hunting and will have plenty of fresh meat.

Mr. Browers is fitting out an expedition to carry the mail to Sitka and I am fitting out one to carry it to Fort McPherson on the Mackenzie, so we have two chances of the mail's getting in.

Another letter has just come in from Mr. McIlhenny, dated "Point Barrow, Alaska, March 31." Here it is:

You can hardly imagine my delight when Lieut. Jarvis and Dr. Call of the Bear reached here on the 29th, my birthday, and gave me your letter of Nov. 16 and telegram of Nov. 22. A more welcome gift for the day could not have come to me. The assurance that all the dear ones at home are well has made me feel like a new being. I know how worried you were at not getting letters from me in the fall and the outcry raised by the papers when they learned of the detention of the ships here must have been agony to you. I hope before this reaches you you will have my other letter, sent in duplicate by special messengers, assuring you of the safety of all at this place. If the crews of the ships had been thrown on their own resources they would have all starved, but the supply of provisions in the whaling station and what I had saved them, and, although we have not had all we could eat, we have gotten through the winter safely with the loss of only one man. It seems as if a special Providence is fighting for these wrecked men, for we have had a mild winter, the average being only 34° below zero; then, game has been more abundant this winter than ever before and we have killed over 1,000 caribou, which has given all hands two feeds of fresh meat a week.

Lieut. Jarvis reached here on the 29th inst., after a 2,000-mile sled journey, which occupied 105 days. He brought with him 400 reindeer for food, but they are not needed as we have a quantity of fresh meat on hand, and in another month the whalers will come up and there will then be no lack of food.

Mr. Lopp, the missionary from Cape Prince of Wales, Behring Strait, came up with the Jarvis and goes back to-morrow. I am sending this by him in the hope that it will get through to you.

My travels and explorations have been curtailed by my having most of the looking after of the wrecked men and much of the time of myself and men that should have been used in making collections has been given up to them. My collections now are 850 bird skins, 345 mammal skins, 1,100 ethnological specimens, besides small collections in other branches. To try and write you all or part of what I have been doing would fill a great many pages and take a great train of dogs to carry it, so you will have to be content with this and to know that I am well and strong.

The above letters show a very different state of facts than that set forth by your San Francisco correspondent. Mr. McIlhenny is the man above all others to take care of a lot of shipwrecked mariners. I am satisfied that later advices will confirm the statement that he has done everything in his power to take care of the shipwrecked whalers at Point Barrow. Yours truly, J. S. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 10.

The Color Line in the British Army.

From the London Court Journal.

Prince Victor Duleep Singh is, it is said, about to resign his commission in the First Royals, in which he is a Captain. It is interesting to note that the stringent rule debarring Eurasians from holding commissions in the British Army was relaxed in the case of the son of Duleep Singh. The commissioned ranks of the army are supposed to be open to competition by all British subjects, but there is a rule that all candidates must be British born or naturalized British subjects of European birth and parentage, and the greatest precautions are taken to enforce this condition, even color and skull formation of candidates being examined by the medical officers, with a view to discovering any trace of non-European origin. The greatest possible care is taken on this point by the Medical Board, before which every candidate who proves successful at the educational examination is required to attend. But under favorable conditions it is possible for an Eurasian candidate to get through if his color does not betray him, for his father may have been British with an ordinary British name, and that being so he might possibly have been born in England, in which case there would be little to raise suspicion if the doctors failed to trace his origin. A strict examination of birth certificates is also made both as to place of birth and as to the origin of any name which is not palpably British, in order to prevent any candidate of Asiatic or Eurasian extraction entering the army.

A Provident Yogi.

From the Amrita Bazar Patrika.

In Tatamangalam, says a Palghat correspondent of the *Kerala Sanchari*, a Hindu *yogi* had himself buried alive recently in a grave the sides and bottom of which were of masonry. He gave instructions that the grave should be properly closed and not reopened until after the lapse of a fortnight. On the sixth day after the interment a Magistrate heard of the extraordinary burial and forthwith went and had the grave opened, when, lo and behold, the *yogi* was found lying within alive and well. This apparently allayed all apprehensions, for, the correspondent says, the grave was again closed over the eccentric. It should be added that the man took with him into his grave three plantains. We have not heard the subsequent history of the wonderful *yogi*.

Chameleon Changes of Negro Babies.

From the Lancet.

The evidence of a French physician, founded on experience obtained at a Senegalese village exhibited in Paris, was to the effect that the negro baby comes into the world a pale pink color, the second day it is lilac, ten days afterward it is of the color of tanned leather, and at fifteen days it is chocolate-colored.

It Might Be Worse.

From the Chicago Record.

"See here, policeman, that woman who gave me her baby to hold hasn't come back."

"Well, th' kid's asleep, ain't it?"

A Dreary Home.

From the Atchison Daily Globe.

An Atchison woman is not only a poor cook