The Sun.

WILLIAM M. LAFFAN.

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The Return to the Isthmus.

Secretary MOODY'S order despatching two powerful warships and a battalion of marines to the Istimus of Panama is evidence of the energy with which the Roosevelt Administration will meet every international obligation of the United States Government.

This process of safeguarding with the necessary armed force the peaceful transit between two oceans of passengers and goods of all nations has been so often repeated, and is so familiar to the observant world, that we hope the measure of precaution will not be described on this occasion by any foreign commentator as an aggressive assertion of the Monroe Doctrine.

The entry of our troops upon Colombian territory to protect traffic across the isthmus by the Panama railway is the performance of a duty specifically required of the United States by the terms of its treaty with New Granada, now the Republic of Colombia. Such action on the part of our Government proceeds no more from the policy known as the Monroe Doctrine than it does from the laws of gravitation.

Even the *Saturday Review* ought to know this by this time.

Mr. Roosevelt in the Convention.

We do not share with our neighbor, the *New York Times*, the opinion that there would be anything improper or impolitic in a full indorsement, by the New York State Convention of the Republican party, of President ROOSEVELT'S aspirations to the Republican nomination for President in 1904.

On the contrary, such an indorsement would seem to us quite as proper, natural and legitimate as those aspirations themselves.

An Eastern Cloud.

Now that the Chinese difficulties seem, for the time being at least, in the way of settlement, another cloud is rising in the Far East which may make a good deal of trouble between France and Great Britain. The victim is the King of Siam.

France was allowed to do as she pleased in Indo-China till she touched British territory and came into conflict with British interests in Farther India. Diplomacy was brought in to put an end to friction, and its latest effort was the treaty of 1896, in which the interests of Great Britain and France were looked after rather than those of Siam. To the west and south a "sphere of influence" was left open to Great Britain, and to the east a much wider "sphere" to France.

Since then France has been trying to extend, not merely into what she looks upon as her "sphere of influence," but into Siamese territory, as Siam asserts. The British invasion has taken the quieter but more effective form of increased commercial activity.

Under ordinary circumstances diplomatic measures, probably at the expense of Siam's territory, would be the outcome, as will very likely be the case now. The French jingo party, which has been trying to stir up feeling against England for some years past, with its exploitation of the Fashoda incident and its conduct during the Boer war, might force M. DELCASSÉ and M. DOUMERGUE to demands that England will not stand. The party and the anti-British feeling is not limited to the Nationalists alone. On the other hand, Lord SALISBURY is no longer at the Foreign Office, and his successor may be unwilling to continue the *laissez faire* policy, now that the war in South Africa is over.

Sir Thomas Lipton on Freaks.

In Sir THOMAS LIPTON'S complaint about the conditions of the America's Cup races, reproduced in THE SUN of yesterday from the London *Yachting World*, that gallant gentleman disclosed a state of mind and a philosophy not worthy of his American reputation. Here is a detached passage of the interview in question:

"The absurdity of blaming a challenger for building a freak boat is apparent to any one who knows the circumstances. Designers FIFE and WATSON would be only too glad to build a healthy, natural, useful type of boat, but we are tied by the conditions of the contest, which make it necessary for us to use a freak if we desire any chance of success."

Who entitled to attention has blamed a challenger for building freak boats? And how is the challenger "tied" by the conditions to produce one of that character? The truth is that the Deed of Gift, in order, for all time, to protect genius in yacht designing from the prejudices or designs of the America's Cup holders, forbids conditions as to model. Hence builders are free to make the fastest boat possible, within the limitations of length and seaworthiness required of challengers that have to cross the water.

Sir THOMAS'S opinion that only a freak can have any chance of success means that in his judgment the boat evolved from the Cup contests is a freak—that the Columbia is a freak. Well, doubtless she is in the eyes of old salts. Yet, with her comparatively shallow body and great gasterial fin, carrying in the lower edge tons of lead, she is as legitimate a result of science and mechanical art as the great office skyscraper. That is simply the result of improvement in metals and a greater knowledge in their use. So is the Columbia. Not so many years ago we had neither material strong enough nor sufficient confidence in the strength of what we had to build a Columbia. To-day she is the type of all American yachts, and in spite of jeers by the barnacles along shore a mighty worthy type it is. Fear of capsizing has sunk far below the modern keel. Our boats keep going faster and faster. And the end is not yet.

We assume that the third Lipton challenge will come and that there will be a new defender. If so, we venture to say that she will be a greater "freak" than her predecessors. She may even attain the freakishness of the Independence, whose marvellous performances under certain conditions were not unobserved by the boat builders of the country.

Last year when HERRESHOFF was discussing the model of the proposed defender, he said in effect: "Gentlemen, the model of the seventies, the Mineola-Yankee class, flatter and more freakish than the Columbia, is the faster. But it is harder to hold together. It is practically a question of strains. I incline to conservatism." So the Columbia's model was broadened into the Constitution.

The seventies have been this year in better form than ever, and, in all probability, when our designers, including HERRESHOFF, begin the task of building against Sir THOMAS, the model of the seventies will probably be the least "freakish" of any that are considered at all.

Up to Governor Stone.

If the Governor of Pennsylvania would abandon his visits to New York and do his duty the coal strike would end in twenty-four hours. If he would quit playing politics at the expense of the miners and the coal operators and let his duties as the Executive take precedence of his desire to dictate the nomination of Pennsylvania's new Senator the strike would end.

The delay in ending it is due to Governor STONE'S attitude. He will not resolutely enforce the law. If it were made known to-day that Governor STONE would enforce the law the strike would pass out of existence to-morrow.

A Blind Leader of the Blind.

The two letters we print to-day in defence of the Rev. Dr. HEBER NEWTON would not have been written if their very earnest authors had correctly interpreted the spirit of our remarks upon him and his influence in this diocese of the Episcopal Church.

Dr. NEWTON is a man for whom no one who values sincerity and courage in the formation and expression of opinions on the greatest of all questions can have less than the profoundest respect. His special views, with their mystical coloring, may not be held by others or, it may be, by any other of the clergy of his Church, but, doubtless, opinions as far removed from conformity with their professed creed are timidly held in reserve by many of them, except in private conversation, or are only publicly announced by morally reprehensible indirection or innuendo. Dr. NEWTON speaks out the faith that is in him. Others disguise their interior scepticism under a cloak of an outward and conventional formality in which, at most, their interest is only asthetic. They do not take seriously the symbolic forms to which they assume to give prime importance, except so far as to regard them philosophically as more or less theatrical incitements to a spirit of religious devotion which, in itself, is valuable to the run of men and women, if not necessary to their spiritual development.

In Dr. NEWTON there is no such dissembling. At the risk of discipline for heresy, he exhibits his heart and mind to his people in their nakedness. Thus observed, he is seen to be struggling after repose of belief rather than to have reached it; and, consequently, it may be said that, having nothing definite and settled to preach, his true place is not in the pulpit. The confusion which is in his own mind he creates or stimulates in other minds by the process of suggestion. He is neither infidel nor believer.

Now, in saying this we make no assault on Dr. NEWTON. He is only in a condition of mind which is representative of the darkness as to religious belief which at this time is in so many minds of a distinctively religious cast. Like them, he is stumbling and is groping his way in a search after light. It is an attempt of the blind to lead the blind. Ethically, Dr. NEWTON'S teaching and influence are high and pure. It is well to lift men's thoughts to themes such as he touches; but, after all and in the end, there comes a feeling to hearer if not to preacher of the hopelessness of the quest; a conviction that the darkness is impenetrable. And what is that except agnosticism—giving up the attempt as impossible?

This modern tendency would have gone on if Dr. NEWTON had never lived, and he cannot be said either to have increased or diminished its progress. Being a man of a profoundly religious spirit, he has sought to bring religion into harmony with a confused and mystical scepticism; to preserve a rule of love in the government of the universe by a personal GOD, though recognizing the passionless sovereignty of impersonal natural force. And he has not been able to do it. He has made infidels rather than believers.

The true place for a man of the mould of HEBER NEWTON is a platform of discussion about which there are no symbols and no accessories which imply religious and priestly authority. He is not a teacher, but a pupil among pupils, a student who is trying to find out what to believe, or whether there is anything to believe, and thus is only one of a multitude of serious spirits who are now in the same maze of doubt.

Uncle Sam's Chemical Boarding House.

In November Dr. HARVEY WASHINGTON WILEY, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, is going to open a boarding house according to act of Congress. Congress, benevolently solicitous about the nation's insides, passed, for the stomach's sake, a law providing for an adulteration-testing eating house. At that board of health and unhealth, the effect of the many substances used to color, preserve and variously adulterate and sophisticate food and drink will be studied. The alchemists of Dr. WILEY'S own staff will have the "first call." Twelve fortunate and at present healthy young chemical bureaucrats will sit at that dining table; and if they suffer they will be cheered by the knowledge that their pain is the country's gain.

They are experts, able to understand and record their sensations and symptoms. Every one will have to promise, upon his word of honor, that he will eat nothing save at the experimental table. No lobsters à la Newburg, no midnight Welsh rabbits, no cake and ale for that Spartan band. They will eat meekly what Chef WILEY provides, and they will set down faithfully in diaries all their indications and pangs. But the labor they delight in, physics pain. Science smiles from her cold immortal lips upon that batch of martyrs.

They will live according to scale and measure. Every one of them will be weighed the moment he leaves his little bed to begin a new day for health and chemistry. Three times a day the clinical thermometer will record their temperature and pulse beats. Not a bite or sop can enter them without due note and record. Some of them will have pure food. Some of them will have impure food. The latter will be their staple, the former their rest and reward. They will be under observation all the time. Their diet will be analyzed. Chef WILEY is bound to find how much borax, salicylic acid and other dainties a healthy young chemist can hold. If the sophisticated food and drink proves to have no really hurtful effect, nothing will be done. Otherwise Congress will be asked to forbid the use of preservatives and so forth. "Manufacturers," says Chef WILEY, "are as much interested in the forthcoming tests as consumers." Or as undertakers.

There is a great idea here for the boarding-house keeper with mind great enough to absorb it. Every boarding house has at least one crank boarder or food crank. Nothing Madam serves satisfies. He is a theorist and an experimenter. Now start an experimental and chemical boarding house. Test all reasonably inexpensive foods on your boarders. Weigh, measure, take the temperature of your boarders. Why, a real genius has here a chance to get not twelve, but twelve times twelve hundred boarders, the food crank from each present boarding house. Colonies, cities of experimental boarding houses will arise. "Playing" the human race is the only safe form of gambling, and the faith, patience and gullibility of the human stomach are illimitable.

It is interesting to watch the New York city Fusion of last year proceeding to its natural fate. The Democratic end of it, composed of Mr. JACOB A. CANTOR and Mr. JOHN C. SHEEHAN, is drifting rapidly into Democratic Tammany Hall, and Mayor Low, with almost equal celerity, into the circle of Republicanism, at least into the circle that surrounds Governor ODELL.

I am not a candidate for anything except for Mayor next spring.—TOM JOHNSON.

That's why TOM is perautomobiling Ohio in his red devil wagon and spouting in his gigantic circus tent.

The estate of a Long Island miser who died last year is appraised at $40,000. His household effects are valued at $16. There is a lesson for the luxurious and the self-indulgent. By strict economy, by paring down expenses, by constant self-renunciation, for the benefit of posterity, almost any man can make the opening of his will a surprise and a joy. Is such a man wise? Wisdom be hanged! It is notoriously tedious. It cries out in the streets and no man regardeth it. Altruism is more than wisdom; and a miser is a blessing to his heirs.

Prof. HOUGH of the Northwestern University has satisfied himself that "a people superior in intelligence to those of the earth inhabit the planet Mars." Imaginative astronomers have a peculiar affection for Mars. The Hon. DAL GALL of Texas swears that the red planet is the jewel of the universe and peopled by red-headed girls almost as fascinating as the Lone Star brand.

New Names for Warships.

While other countries in Europe are confining themselves mostly to conventional names for their ships of war, such as those of sovereigns, battles, naval and military heroes, rivers and cities, the French have struck out in a new line. The new battleships building and about to be laid down in accordance with the restored programme of 1900 are to receive names suggestive of the principles of the Revolution. Two, the battleships République and Patrie, are now in hand; and four others of the largest class, to be named Démocratie, Liberté, Justice, and Verité, are about to be commenced. Beside these, a number of powerful cruisers, some of which are already launched, are to be added to the French Navy. They are called after illustrious statesmen and literary men, the latter a most unusual thing. They are the Léon Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Victor Hugo, Jules Michelet, and Ernest Renan.

India and Afghanistan.

The ways of the new Amir of Afghanistan are, according to recent Indian papers, causing considerable dissatisfaction to the British Indian Government. Since his accession to the throne he has had but little communication with the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, and has imprisoned a number of British subjects on suspicion of being spies. He has also raised many obstacles to trade in addition to those imposed by his late father, and is showing a disposition generally to have as little to do as possible with his great neighbor to the east. In addition to the measures taken to secure the fidelity and increase the efficiency of his army, he has ordered tents to be furnished for ninety-six thousand men; and depots of grain and forage have already been formed in different parts of the country.

Up to the present time Central Asian politics has had but little interest for the world at large. The energy of the Russian advance has, however, brought about a change, and before very long the affairs of the two remaining independent Mohammedan States of Asia, Afghanistan and Persia, will become matters of international concern.

Certainly High.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Vast Deeds is running a livery stable at the old Sweet Springs, W. Va. Doesn't his name put him at the top of the Immortals? H. G. BRECKINRIDGE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

THE REV. DR. HEBER NEWTON

Defended by Two of His Admirers as an Important Religious Influence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Being somewhat familiar with the teachings of the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, I cannot allow your criticisms of him to pass without protest.

I must disagree with you when you say that Dr. Newton's influence was superficial, for to my knowledge there are many of his converts who have long practised his theories and who still give every evidence of remaining steadfast.

Dr. Newton's influence was not confined to the chancel, to a certain arrangement of the pulpit, those were matters of minor importance. His greatest influence, which must not be underestimated, lay in his ethical teachings; and, in my opinion, those teachings have been more productive of good than any advocacy of doctrine or dogma could possibly have been.

He held it a shame that learned Bishops and priests should spend time and money in quibbling over the color of certain vestments when so many thousands of human beings are perishing for want of sufficient food and covering to keep life within their bodies.

He taught the poor, as well as his wealthy parishioners their duty to their fellow man and set them a shining example by his work among the unfortunate, his advocacy of free medical attendance to the suffering poor and his endeavor to raise the moral and intellectual tone of the lower social conditions; and his teaching and example must ever remain a fitting monument to his memory.

His theories are essentially the theories of Christ, viz., love of all mankind, not love of doctrine or ritual. If he is a heretic, it is a sad reflection upon the Church which has so far wandered from those theories that she can no longer justly lay claim to the title "Christian."

Think of the enormous sums of money collected to erect churches with costly altars dedicated to the worship of the Christ whose whole life was a model of simplicity and renunciation of pomp and vanity! What a travesty upon His religion! Dr. Newton's habit of accepting for his remuneration any sum which might be left after the needs of his church were supplied may seem a mark of "eccentricity," measured by the standard of this sordid age, but all the better for the "eccentricity."

If it is "eccentric" to devote a large share of one's earnings to the betterment of our brothers' condition, morally and intellectually, then is Dr. Newton eccentric. If it is eccentric to devote thought and time to the amelioration of the condition of the pauper sick, there, again, is he eccentric, and if it be eccentric to have a heart pulsating with sympathy for all suffering humanity, he must indeed plead guilty. But let us hope that when he comes before the Great Judge to answer for this heinous "eccentricity" the sentence will be tempered by a recommendation to the mercy and love which characterized his own every act. H. S. B.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Two successive editorials in THE SUN seem to discredit the pastorate of Dr. Heber Newton in All Souls' Church.

The admirers of Dr. Newton, however, will continue to believe that he has not only had a very long and successful pastorate, but also that in the world at large his devout but liberal spirit has had much to do with the marked advance of spiritual liberty in all sects. Indeed, it may not be too much to say that he has influenced the thought of his own Church toward the acceptance of his views on the Higher Criticism, since the reception of Dr. Briggs into its fold can hardly be regarded as less than a practical indorsement of his views.

Of course the new rector of All Souls' Church will map out his own course and work irrespective of his predecessor. And not a few will applaud; all will say "godspeed," for even among those who regard principles and not dogmas as the only sure foundation on which to rest the superstructure of character, due recognition is given to every effort for the betterment of human conditions which has a basis of sound morals.

Much may be excused, then, for our "enriched" service and picturesque effects. But if the effort is a too persistent substitution of forms and ceremonies for the more simple faith and worship of the Fathers—then, indeed, let us all go to Rome.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 11. PURITAN.

"Insubordination."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "It is to laugh," as the comedian would remark. After reviewing past actions, examining volumes of letter books, interviewing aspiring deputy chiefs, and not being able to find evidence of any wrongdoing on the part of Chief Edward Croker, Commissioner Sturgis, driven, as it were, to his last rampart, turns and in final desperation prefers a charge of insubordination against the Chief for daring to assert his rights and having the effrontery to state "he would resort to the courts if necessary."

Does Commissioner Sturgis blindly imagine the public are "like dumb driven cattle" in this strife. Now that the celebrated Ryan case has fallen into oblivion, having failed of its purpose to implicate Chief Croker, our Commissioner charges "insubordination."

If protecting one's good name is insubordination, then, verily, Commissioner Sturgis should be guilty of some of it, for before this controversy is settled the public will have known the truth, which is, "Croker must be forced out of the Fire Department at any cost." Any man, especially in these days of reform, who has adopted the tactics the Fire Commissioner has is to be condemned by all justice-loving New Yorkers.

EDWARD M. SANDERSON.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

Discontent—Letter From a Republican Wage Earner.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been a Republican ever since—and before—I cast my first vote for Abraham Lincoln. I fought from '61 to '65 to rescue this Government from secession. I have always believed in protection to American labor by means of tariff legislation. But of what avail is it to enact tariff laws for the people and allow the great monopolies, called trusts, to usurp all its benefits? The Beef Trust, during the past year, has conspired to put an almost prohibitory price upon its products. The money of the wage earners is deflected from their pockets to that of the Beef Trust and similar conspirators. The purchasing power of money has been cut down by them until to the masses there comes but little but the semblance of prosperity; and to those with fixed incomes the result of a lifetime of toil and saving not even the semblance. Thus far the Republican party has been unable by our present laws to find a weapon of sufficient strength to control these trusts, who throttle prosperity before it reaches the common people. We are told that the present laws are sufficient. If the Republican party is incompetent to combat these evils, which are worse or as bad for the masses as secession, we must look to other sources for relief, even if we bring into power again the Democratic party.

At present we are confronted with grim winter, the Coal Trust, the Labor Trust, the Beef Trust, all combined to strangle prosperity before it reaches the people. Is it not time for the Republican party to honestly endeavor to do something in this line for the ordinary man before they are compelled to destroy it for their own protection? Under the surface of seeming satisfaction with that party there is deep dissatisfaction among men who have thus far voted with the Republican party. With present conditions unchanged, there will come a revolution, which at the ballot box will destroy the so-called "party of progress." Let them act before it is too late. A WAGE EARNER.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Sept. 12.

The Modern Naval Officer.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

The day has gone by when the fool of the family could be sent to sea with a fair prospect of success if possessed of courage, determination, and good luck. The executive naval officer of to-day has to combine the proficiency of the advanced mathematician, the ingenuity of the expert engineer, and the skill of the trained gunner, in addition to presence of mind, facility of resource, the gift of diplomacy, and a knowledge of international law and strategy.

Texas Loathing for the Two-Faced Man.

From the Karnes County News.

One of the meanest and most contemptible things in the world is a two faced man. He is a liar, a thief and a coward; these things being only the natural adjuncts to his ruling passion. He can stir up more dissension, provoke more disorder and create more ill feeling in ten minutes than can be remedied in ten years. He belongs in the same category with the gossiper, the scandalmonger and the talebearer, and they all belong in the nether clime.

The Pessimist.

If love were all it's cracked up to be
Why, I'd love Sally and Sally'd love me;
But love is milk any fool can skim,
So I love Sally and Sally loves Jim.

D. M.

LEGISLATIVE REPORTING NOW.

Changes Made By the Introduction of the Typewriter and Phonograph.

From the Washington Times.

Twenty years ago the typewriter had not come into use, the talking machine had not been perfected. The legislative or court reporter of those days, after taking his notes, dictated to stenographic amanuenses, who wrote out their copy in long hand.

The Senate and House of Representatives official stenographer had several assistant stenographers, between whom he divided the dictation of his turns, taken upon the floor of Congress. Even with a number of these assistants, it was a hard grind all day, and often far into the night, to get the copy to the Government Printing Office in time for the *Congressional Record* printed in the morning.

The older reporters on the present floor can recall many occasions in the days gone by when the rays of the rising sun have shone on the white dome of the big building on the hill and lit up the silent seats of the public lawmakers before they had sent their last copy to the printer and left for the day—the day before to be accurate.

The invention of the typewriter and talking machine have changed this condition of affairs. What is the method of reporting a debate in Congress to-day? In the House of Representatives the five official stenographers divide the note-taking between them, each recording at one time what will make a column in the *Congressional Record*. When a man has taken his "turn" he descends to the basement of the building and talks the "turn" into a machine.

If the speech is well delivered and requires little or no editing, it is often dictated in less time than was consumed in delivering it. The stenographer then goes up to the floor to be ready when it is "up to him" again. Another machine talks the "turn," which has been dictated to the typewriter by means of the ordinary eartubes through which most of us have listened to one of Sousa's marches or other musical selections. As soon as one cylinder is dictated it is transferred from the dictating machine to the amanuensis's machine. By the time the stenographer comes down from the floor with his second "turn," he finds the first "turn" in typewriting and ready for revision, if revision is required.

And so the wheel goes round, on a busy day the reporter often getting seven or eight turns, or as many columns of the *Record*. With present methods on the busiest day the copy is ground out in the rooms below as fast as our Legislators in the chamber above talk it, and in a short time after the Speaker's gavel falls and the House adjourns, the last page of copy is read over by the stenographer and the office is closed for the day—something that did not happen until hours afterward under the old system, even with double the present force.

A Look Into the Improved Order of Red Men

From the Atlanta Journal.

Brother J. C. Connolly, chief of records of Comanche Tribe No. 6, demurs to the carelessness of some Red Men in using the words "Daughters of Pocahontas."

Here is what he says, and also his authority for making the objection:

"I wish to call the attention of the members of the tribes in Georgia to the proper title of the degree of Pocahontas. I have heard a great many members call them the Daughters of Pocahontas. This is incorrect, as nowhere in the form books or in any legislation bearing on the subject can be found the term 'Daughters of Pocahontas.'

"Let us be careful in the future to use the proper language, the 'Degree of Pocahontas,' when speaking or writing of this branch. Words are inadequate to express the disapproval and disgust for the miserable savage and barbaric terms of 'squaw' and 'pappoose,' as incorrectly applied by some to the wife or child of a member of the Improved Order of Red Men. As members of the order we should all join pure womanly women in seriously objecting to appellations which serve to bring odium or ridicule upon ourselves or members of our families. There can be no higher titles than father and mother, and husband and wife, brother and sister, son and daughter. It is in keeping with the teachings of this order to be improved Red men to such an extent that we discountenance and discourage everything found in the traditions of the characteristics of the aborigine, not calculated to elevate and ennoble human life."

First in Pantaloons—First in Trousers.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

EDITOR *Constitution*: Noting in yesterday's *Constitution* requests for information concerning the first President to wear trousers, by W. J. Geer, also author of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," by W. E. Arnett of Sharon, I herein give, as near as can be known, the answer to the first, and the correct answer to the second.

It is very probable that John Adams was the first President to wear pantaloons and James Madison to wear the first trousers. The formalities of the eighteenth century received a terrible blow at the French Revolution and the last ten years of that century a complete change in dress was effected, and the French adopted the pantaloons to show their contempt for old court usages. The Americans, set about forming a great republic, had no time for buckles and laces, hence adopted the French fashion of wearing pantaloons until 1814, when the wearing of trousers, already introduced into the army, became fashionable.

Concerning the war song, I have it in two different volumes, each giving the same author—Ethelinda Elliott Beers of New York. The poem was published in *Harper's* in 1861 anonymously. Mr. Stedman says it has been falsely claimed by several persons. Respectfully, MRS. S.

EATONTON, Aug. 29, 1902.

Shot Through the Heart and Lives.

From the Lancet.

Cures by suture of wounds of the heart are becoming more and more common. Hitherto, however, all the cases reported have been of wounds caused by knife or sword, but M. Launay, a young surgeon attached to the Paris hospitals, has just related to the Academy of Medicine the details of a case in which the heart was pierced through by a revolver bullet. During the operation the bullet was found lying in the pericardial cavity. There were two wounds of the ventricle, one on the anterior surface and the other on the posterior surface; these were sutured with catgut. The pericardium was then sutured in its turn and the flap of the thoracic wall was fastened in place. No drainage was employed, and the patient recovered without a single bad symptom.

Archbishop Temple's Pleasant Manners.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The report that the Archbishop of Canterbury is about to retire may be an excuse for repeating the story of his reception of a deputation of schoolmasters who waited on him with a view to the redress of grievances. Their complaint was that inspectors did not treat them like gentlemen. "Well, what of that? You aren't gentlemen," was Dr. Temple's disconcerting reply; and the deputation had no choice but to retire discomfited.

Honorary Member.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If it is possible for one not an American to obtain admission, might not the door be opened for an Anglican prelate, the Right Rev. Field Flowers Goe, who presided over the diocese of Melbourne, Australia, from 1887 until his resignation, a few months ago?

NEW YORK, Sept. 9. F. O. COLLINS.

Risk in Plays.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I see in this morning's SUN, under the heading, "Risky Incidents in Plays," that in a play given at a New York theatre realism is pushed to such an extent that the principal male character strikes an actual, resounding blow upon the face of the heroine. As this is done night after night, it is evident that it provokes no protest from the audience.

I refrain from commenting upon an actress who can bring herself to submit to such an indignity, nor do I care to say what I think of a man who can be induced by any consideration to commit such an outrage; but I must express my surprise that the outrage and indignity can be committed and submitted to in the presence of an American audience and both actor and actress not hissed off the stage. E. S. G.

YONKERS, N. Y., Sept. 11.

Prefers Miller to Harmon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As your valuable paper "shines for all," I would respectfully ask a favor to allow me the privilege of being heard in relation to the coming primary election in the Seventh Assembly district for leader. Both gentlemen I know well, Messrs. Miller and Harmon. As a Republican having the best interests of the party in view, I prefer Frank B. Miller. His character is stainless. His word as good as gold. His fidelity to his friends unquestioned. An uncompromising Republican, he has no superior.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10. JOHN RAFFERTY.

Clear the View Off the Battery.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* That New York is situated on one of the finest bays on this continent is without question. If this be so, why is the view obstructed by the bath boats that are immediately in front of Battery Park? If private property interfered with the view over the bay as the bath boats now do, I think action would have been taken long ago to have had them removed. H. I. S.

New York, Sept. 11.

GEESE NOT SILLY.

A Gander That Can Work a Faucet About as Well as Any Barkeeper.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"There is a popular, but very erroneous belief that the goose is one of the silliest creatures in the world," said a man who lives out in one of the Louisiana parishes, "and the belief has been so strong and so persistent the word goose has been put down in the English vocabulary as meaning a silly creature, a simpleton and so on. Just why this is I do not know. Still, if we want to be particularly forceful in belittling a person we say he or she is a perfect goose. Goose has become the synonym of imbecility and disgusting weakness mentally, asinitity and several other things. Why is it that the goose should have been picked out as indicating one of the lowest orders of intelligence?

"I do not know, for really the goose, and particularly the wild goose, is one of the shrewdest members I know anything about, and hunters can vouch for the truthfulness of the statement. I do not believe that this being ranks very far below the horse as far as understanding and calculation are concerned. The goose wanders in seemingly uncertain courses, and he frequently utters erratic gobbles, but he is not exactly what the people think he is. Of course my knowledge of the fowl is by no means perfect but I feel I am telling a truth when I say he is not as foolish as he seems to be, and will explain why.

"Some time ago, while I was sitting on my back gallery, I noticed that one of my geese—a gander—left the flock and hurriedly made for the cistern by a direct route. I suspected that this act was deliberate, and I decided to watch his unusual manœuvre. Upon reaching the cistern he immediately attempted to open the faucet. It was shut tightly, but, after working on it a few minutes, he succeeded in opening it. He then quenched his thirst and walked away. About a week afterward I noticed that almost all of my geese had learned to open the faucet, and now, in spite of the fact that water is given them in a trough, every once in a while they congregate about the cistern and turn on a good flow of water. Their success in opening the faucet is always followed by a chorus of applause, and that by a chorus of derision, for by this time some one of the family goes and shuts the faucet.

"All of this probably sounds like a fairy tale, but it is authentic, and if any one doubts the story he can come and see for himself. I once heard of a horse catching a pump handle with his mouth and trying to pump when he was thirsty and the water box was empty, but my geese are just as ingenious in this respect as that horse was. They understand the principle of the faucet like the horse understood the principle of the pump."

How Beautiful Is the Rain!

From the Lancet.

The summer of 1902 so far has been horrible. It is the more unfortunate that it has been so, as it was the year set apart for great national rejoicings. To the majority it may be a source of satisfaction that grumbling is justifiable, and he who can cast about for and find a few redeeming features in regard to the excessively unpropitious weather which we are experiencing proves the possession of virtuous content. One fact may prove a solace, and that is that it was impossible to run away from the weather by leaving England, for equally bad, and in some cases a good deal worse, weather has been the rule apparently over the whole world. Certainly in many places where highly favorable weather so often obtains the conditions have been worse than those prevailing in the British Isles. Italy, for example, has been visited with snowstorms and a cold season has been recorded which for its bitterness appears to be without precedent. Other countries reported to be commonly blessed with sunny skies have shared the same experience. In this fact, perhaps, may lie a crumb of consolation, but it is small.

Greater consolation surely may be found in the fact that in London, at any rate, and in many other big manufacturing towns, the almost torrential rain which has been experienced during the last few days has provided us with a wonderfully clean and clear air. The freshness and transparency of the air of London are well known effects of a sharp rainstorm. The continual bombardment of the air by millions of pure water drops exerts a mechanical effect, a physical effect, and a chemical effect, all of which play a part in a hygienic purpose. There is the mechanical effect of removing suspended particles—dirt, dust, smoke, micro-organisms—and carrying them to earth; there is the physical effect of a difference of electric potential being relieved, removing a stress responsible perhaps for headache and a depressed feeling; and, finally, there is a very important chemical effect by which the air is freshened. There is no doubt that the rapid passage of water drops through air exerts a bracing effect upon it, which is probably due to the formation of peroxide of hydrogen, which gives invigorating properties to the air, and, as is well known, will easily destroy unseen impurities.

These interesting facts, though affording, perhaps, feeble consolation to those who have gone to seaside and other places where the air is naturally pure, are probably of the greatest moment to those busy workers compelled to remain in the industrial hives of the towns, for by abundant rain a close, grimy, stifling atmosphere is thoroughly washed and freed from all impurities and made healthy, bracing and bright.

Manxland's Pooh-Bah.

From the London Daily News.

Lord Raglan, as Governor of the Isle of Man, has a unique position and responsibilities. He is the successor of the Kings and Lords of Man, who, till the sixteenth century, ruled it as an absolute monarchy, and has succeeded to nearly all their prerogatives, and to others which the legislature has thrust upon him. He prorogues and dissolves the House of Keys, which cannot meet without his precept. He is President of the Legislative Council (or upper house) and the Tynwald Court (both branches of the legislature sitting as one), which cannot meet without his presence nor adjourn but on his motion, and he not only interferes in their debates, but can vote in their proceedings, and in the Legislative Council has the casting vote.

He can initiate both legislation and taxation; without his consent no law and no tax can either be made or repealed. He has likewise a direct veto on all expenditure, is Chancellor of the Exchequer, and President of the Local Government Board. Nor is this all. He is Lord Chief Justice of Appeal in civil cases, and President of the Court of General Jail Delivery—the highest criminal court in the island.

He is Captain-General of the Manx military forces and Chief Commissioner of the Police and Prisons. All civil appointments are made on his recommendation; he examines and admits members of the bar, and thirteen out of the seventeen church livings in the island are in his gift. To crown all, he exercises the sovereign's right of pardon, and is the leader of Manx social life.

We can only call to mind two important sides of Manx life with which Lord Raglan, as Governor, will not be connected as overlord and supreme arbiter. One is the writing of novels, of which, it is well known, Mr. Hall Caine possesses a monopoly in the island. The other is the breeding and export of Manx cats.

Caves in the Rock of Gibraltar.

From the Westminster Gazette.

A most interesting discovery was made lately on the eastern side of Gibraltar Rock, a cave, which from its dimensions bids fair to rival the celebrated St. Michael's Cave, having been disclosed during the progress of blasting operations at the quarry beneath the Monkey's Alameda. The general direction of this cave is east and west, and its dimensions are approximately 350 feet in length and 70 feet in height, with a maximum width of 40 feet. Like most caves, it diminishes in height and width as it penetrates inland, until it dwindles to a mere fissure about eighteen inches wide, which can be seen to extend for some distance further. About half way in there is an upper gallery or smaller cave, which extends only a short way. The stalactites and stalagmites are numerous and varied in shape and size; in several instances they have united to form complete pillars. The entrance to the cave is about 150 yards south of the eastern exit of the tunnel through the rock.

Colorado Democrats Won't Hear Senator Teller.

From the Denver Republican.

A feature of yesterday's Democratic County Convention for Arapahoe was the exceedingly cold reception given to Senator Henry M. Teller. It was on the cards for the Senator to do his "Old Duplicity" specialty before the gathering in East Turner Hall. When the suggestion was made during the morning session it was greeted with hoots and cries of "Give us a Democrat." Fortunately for his self-esteem, the Senator was not present. He did come in at the afternoon session, but the atmosphere in his section of the hall was so icy that he faded away before the chairman could call on him, leaving excuses of a "previous engagement." Nothing more was said or heard of Teller during the convention.

It Rather Nr.

From the Smart Set.

There once was a young lady Dr.
Who owned a bad parrot that mr.
He would likewise blaspheme,
Using language extreme—
All of which, so the lady said, shr.

ONE WAY OF MAILING MONEY.

Just Tie a Tag to It and May Be It Will Reach Its Destination.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 12.—Two novelties have appeared to the Nashville postal clerks within forty-eight hours.

First came a one-dollar bill, sans wrapper, envelope or anything to hide it, the only thing to denote its destination being a label pasted on its back on which was written the name of its consignee, but nothing to indicate the consignor. The man who received it in due course of mail delivery is keeping it as proof positive that postal clerks, in this region at least, are incorruptible.

The second aberration was in the shape of a roll of greenbacks deposited in a railway postal car at Bowling Green, Ky., without envelope or wrapper of any sort. A bit of frazzled twine was fastened about the wad—it wasn't a very hefty one, containing only $15—and to this was tied a tag bearing the address of a local firm. This, too, reached the concern for which it was intended.

Postal officials are of the opinion that this method of transmitting money is safer than it seems, the fact of the money's being unconcealed conveying the idea that it is intended as a decoy. Still, this sort of thing is not expected to become popular.

WASHED OVERBOARD AND BACK.

The Thrilling Experience of Capt. Hodson Off the Pacific Coast.

From the Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Capt. John Hodson, a night inspector in the Honolulu Customs force, has apparently led a charmed life. When a boy of 16 years he left his home in Norway, throwing away his chances of following in his father's footsteps as an officer in the Norwegian army for a life on the sea. Since that time he has sailed all over the watery globe, and only a few years ago quit the sea after having been in many disasters. He was shipwrecked in the South Sea islands, and only by a miracle escaped with his life, but the most remarkable experience he had was while captain of a schooner trading between the Sound and California ports.

On one occasion he took a cargo of lumber from the Sound to San Pedro. Before leaving the Sound the ship's carpenter made some repairs to the hull of the vessel, and during his work the chips from a piece of timber he was hewing fell into the hull of the vessel between the lumber and its sides. Shortly after leaving port the vessel encountered a heavy gale, and the ship commenced to leak. The schooner's pumps were started, but the chips which the carpenter had dropped into her hold clogged them up.

The captain put his vessel right before the wind and ordered his men to take out the pump and clear out the chips. While this was being done he stood with the man at the wheel to see that the schooner was kept right ahead of the wind. Waves of enormous height were chasing the schooner, and one of these washed over the vessel from stern to bow, throwing the man at the wheel flat on his face and tossing the captain overboard.