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WILLIAM M. LAFFAN.

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The Assistant Searcher of Corporations.

Mr. ROOSEVELT has appointed Mr. HERBERT KNOX SMITH of Hartford, Conn., Deputy Commissioner of Corporations in the Bureau of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor. The Act of Congress to which the country owes the establishment of the Bureau of Corporations directs that the Deputy Commissioner of Corporations "shall, in the absence of the Commissioner, act and perform the duties of the Commissioner of Corporations, and * * shall also perform such other duties as may be assigned to him by the Secretary of Commerce and Labor or by the said Commissioner."

The duties which the Deputy Commissioner may be called upon to discharge, in full in the absence of his chief, or in part by the direction of that official, are of high importance. For the Commissioner "shall have power and authority to make, under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, diligent investigation into the organization, conduct and management of the business of any corporation, joint stock company or corporate combinations engaged in commerce among the several States and with foreign nations, excepting common carriers, subject to an Act to Regulate Commerce, Feb. 4, 1897, and to gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of such commerce, and to report such data to the President from time to time, as he shall require, and the information so obtained, or so much thereof as the President may direct, shall be made public."

In short, Mr. HERBERT KNOX SMITH is to be an investigator of corporations or trusts, other than railroads; and he is to help furnish the President's mind with the raw material of recommendations for legislation in regulation of those corporations or trusts. Congress has fixed the compensation for these delicate duties of investigation and suggestion at $3,500 a year.

The qualifications and experience of an official so near to the business of the country and the bosom of the President must have been scrutinized carefully by the latter. Mr. SMITH was graduated from Yale in 1891. He will be 34 next fall. He is a lawyer. He "was president of the Council Board [of Hartford] from the Sixth Ward, but was beaten when a candidate for Alderman in the spring of 1902." He has been a member of the Connecticut Assembly. He is chairman of the Hartford Republican Town Committee and a Park Commissioner. In fact, he is "a popular and respected citizen," as the news columns of the *Hartford Times* tells us.

Of his special familiarity with the business which he is soon to take in hand we know little, but that little is gratifying. He is chairman of the Finance Committee of the Centre Church.

Possibilities of Philippine Tobacco.

The recent bulletin on tobacco culture in the Philippines calls attention to the possibilities of improvement in the quality of the Philippine leaf and to an extension of its use in this and in other countries. That the quality of Philippine tobacco can be improved by systematic and scientific culture is much more certain than the matter of its greatly increased use in this country.

Manila brands are no strangers in our market. The cheroot and other grades have been offered to our smokers for many years. But they have never found popular favor and their sale has been limited. Spain has used the Philippine product in very considerable quantity, but this has been due very largely to the direct interest of the Spanish Government in the tobacco industry. The greater part of the remainder of the crop has found sale in the East and the Far East, where it has stood upon comparative rather than upon actual merit. It is better than the Trichinopoly and other brands offered in that market at prices which the average run of smokers can afford to pay. Some English army men and civilians stationed in that part of the world became accustomed to its use, and their return to England has created a limited market for the goods in that country.

That the Philippines may produce a wrapper leaf which could be used in place of Sumatra to a considerable extent is quite possible if not quite probable. It would not be Sumatra, but it might make an acceptable substitute for it. But any talk of producing a tobacco in the Philippines which will rival the Vuelta Abajo of Cuba is quite on a par with talk of producing Manila hemp in Cuba. Through many and long-continued experiments it has been fairly determined that even the planting of seed from the Vuelta Abajo district under conditions of soil and climate approximating the Cuban conditions will not produce a leaf which corresponds with the famous Vuelta Abajo.

By all means let the Philippine industry be developed and the quality of the product be improved to its utmost. But the probability is that when that is done there will be produced a group which may rival the Cuban Partidos, Remedios, or Mayari, but is in no way likely to disturb the reign of the Vuelta Abajo. Whether the possible product of the Philippines would find acceptance with American smokers remains for determination by experience. That point does not depend upon any system of scientific culture, but upon the taste of the users. As a plant, a certain tobacco may be highly superior. As a cigar, the product of the plant may be a flat failure. The Partidos of Cuba is a finer plant than the Vuelta Abajo, but it makes an inferior smoke.

At all events, there is a market for an improved Philippine product.

A Protest Made None Too Soon.

The chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission instances the little piece of the subway in Park row between Mail and Ann streets, where construction is now proceeding, as affording an illustration of a method of excavation which causes no public inconvenience. Near by, along the City Hall Park, however, there are unsightly and troublesome evidences of the work on the subway, and they would be serious inconveniences were it not for the open space of the park. Park row in that neighborhood, moreover, has so long and so grievously suffered from the digging of the subway that the selection of the single block the chief engineer instances for his illustration is unfortunate.

In a crowded and busy thoroughfare no broader than is Broadway in the district below Forty-second street through which it has been proposed to carry the subway, obstructions like those Park row has been obliged to endure so long, and still suffers from, would interrupt trade and travel to an extent causing serious loss to business interests and great hardship to the general public.

The chief engineer says, moreover, that the route of the proposed extension is not yet finally decided on by the commission, that the plans have not yet been fully settled, and that, accordingly, it is "a waste of time to discuss something that may never take place." For that very reason there ought to be and there is discussion. If the public had not been roused to protest it cannot be doubted that the Broadway route would have been selected and the plans made ready as a matter of course.

At last the public are crying out against being compelled to make any further sacrifices of their convenience and interests simply in order to help along the builders of the subway. They have learned by woful experience what they have to expect if the method of construction in the extension shall be similar to that which is pursued in the original cut, and they are raising their voices in time to prevent the hardship it was proposed to put on them.

The truth is that it will be impossible to dig a trench as a subway in any part of the busy and populous town without producing costly and long-continued disturbance of public interests. The present method of construction has been exceedingly creditable to the engineer and the contractor, for by it a minimum of damage has been done to the streets. For an enterprise of so great difficulty and magnitude it has been executed with far less damage to public interests during its progress than the citizens might reasonably have expected. It has been so well done that any considerable improvement in the building of further subways is hardly possible; yet as the people of New York know to their sorrow, their interests have been damaged seriously, even under such highly skilful engineering. Not only has the town been defaced, but the actual loss and inconvenience from the obstruction of travel in the streets have been too great to make the thought of their repetition tolerable.

Comptroller GROUT acknowledges that when the proposed extension was planned, several months ago, the only route under consideration was Broadway, and, apparently, the only method was the open cut of the present subway; but he says that the final decision as to those matters will not be made by the Rapid Transit Commission before September, and that, accordingly, there is ample time for the presentation of objections. It seems, then, that the subject was not brought prominently to the attention of the people of New York any too soon. The case will not now go by default. The citizens will have a chance to present their side.

Sol Among the Canaries.

When the Government at Washington decided to remove the Hon. SOL BERLINER from public life in this community by making him our Consul at Teneriffe in the Canary Islands there was an undercurrent of feeling in the circles where Mr. BERLINER was best known that a mistake had been made.

In New York SOL had increased the joy of nations. Whether he exercised his peculiar genius in the municipal seven-up game that, before the advent of reform, used to enliven the gloom of the City Hall's dull hours, or whether he busied himself in the intricacies of political discussion among the sages of the Amen Corner, SOL'S point of view was always refreshing and stimulating to argument. He had a cold contempt for the high ethical professions of those who seek public office "as a patriotic duty and without any thought of the salary." He was held even to have laid himself open to the awful charge that he was a practical politician.

Even those who most admired the man could not but feel that Teneriffe offered but little opportunity for the advance of his fame. It was not apparent that he was especially qualified, except by his preëminent good nature, to promote pleasanter relations between the Canary Islands and the United States.

But there is at hand an advance copy of Mr. BERLINER'S Consular Report on "Trade in the Canary Islands," dated June 22, 1903. It reveals SOL as a soberminded, nay, a scholarly economist. There is disclosed a grasp of the opportunities for American investment and trade expansion which tends to show that the years which Mr. BERLINER spent in philosophic contemplation of his fellow man were not wasted. No citizen of the United States who is interested in export trade can fail to improve his understanding of his opportunities by studying Mr. BERLINER'S report. It is accurate; it is concise; it is judicial.

Of the imports of the Canaries, Mr. BERLINER finds that lard, ham, tobacco (leaf and manufactured), flour, cottons, and, to a large extent, canned goods, hardware, furniture and perfumery, should be credited to the United States. But they are not. Why? Because there is no direct transportation line between the United States and the Canaries. Mr. BERLINER recommends the immediate establishment of such a line. He says it would pay. Unless SOL'S acuteness of perception has greatly deteriorated since he left these shores, when he says of a thing "it will pay," it will pay. SOL was never a bubble chaser. He points out that Mogador, in Morocco, is only thirty hours beyond the islands and that the steamship line he suggests would have a great opportunity of opening commerce with the Moors.

Out of the most prosaic of public documents there often shines forth a glow of personality of which the writer of the report is all unconscious. SOL BERLINER is lonely. His ears hunger for the clatter of Broadway, the shrieks of the newsboys in City Hall Park, the subdued hum of the Amen Corner and the discords of the phonograph parlors amid the white lights of the theatre district. We quote:

"British and German firms have travellers here throughout the year. If American houses were to send representatives, the latter could advise when and how to ship; they could guard against delays in the delivery and could often insure the collection of drafts and promote our trade generally. During my stay here I have not seen a single American representative. Our goods get into this market by luck rather than by management."

Poor SOL! We are tempted to encourage the organization of an excursion of sociable New Yorkers to go out to visit him. We know that they would have a good time. We believe that they would lighten SOL'S gloom over the slow development of our trade with the Canaries. But even though another year passes without Mr. BERLINER'S seeing a single drummer, we believe that he will go on justifying the wisdom of the choice which put him where he is.

July in Agawam.

It has been an unusually lovely July in the meads of Agawam, and last Sunday night was the flower of the month. E'en SAMBO BOWLES, roaming and musing in his sea-green shirtwaist, his orange knickerbockers, his rose-colored tam o' shanter and his yellow shoes, ran over with joy and pastoral song:

"On that evening 'the golden lightning of the sunken sun' that SHELLEY saw his skylark floating and running in 'like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun,' lost itself in a mild effluence of orange, yellow and vanishing sea greens, while over these rose an exquisite roseate cloudiness far upward in the hights of the pellucid sky, and across the rare harmonies there flitted moths of splendid colors now all gray to the human eye, and many a winged little mite besides, while the night-jar swung and dipped among them, and the bats flapped heavily, like a curious changing blot against the light. The moments of watching were filled with variance of light and shade, as the undulations of palpitating color descended and rose again, and in EMERSON'S words,

'Beauty into my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.'"

The "notes of vireos, song sparrows, meadow larks and now and again a rich and serious strain from a woodthrush made worshipful the quiet air," thrilling, for all its quietness, with the rich and serious strain of BOWLES, songsparrowing and meadowlarking:

"That repose and content which belong to ripe summer eves brought sound and sight into intimate harmony, so that one would say with the poet,—

'The willing BOWLES would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing himself away
To everlasting bliss.'"

But, though even in Springfield, Mass., "there are always gateways into heaven"; though Bard BOWLES walks in a trance of happiness among the goldenrod, the milkweed, the purple vervain and the white; though he climbs the steeplebush and rolls rapturously among "the thistles, the Canada first of all"; his prophetic ear catches

"A subtler sound,—the gathering rush from far in the western hills of a swift breeze, as if it had been held back, pent up, but now must sweep to the river and the meadow, and bear its clear, chill message; it lifted the boughs of oaks and chestnuts, with a sudden grasp, and released them with sighing undertones as of an infinitely rich clarinet, and passed over the grasses and goldenrods with a stern though sweet caress. It was the first solemn and definite warning of the fall."

These sighing undertones brought their clear, chill message of thicker underclothes and a fall suit. Much have we wandered in the realm of BOWLES, but there is always some new corner of genius in him. Would anybody else upon this oblate spheroid weave bird and goldenrod and all the glories of the dying summer into medium-weight flannels and a medium-weight sack suit? Would any other man, Mugwump or poet, but our immortal SAMBO put himself and July away in a cedar chest to the perfume of milkweed and camphor and the music of the rustic flute?

The Plutter and the Sailboat.

Little power boats, better known as "plutters," cannot easily go out of fashion like the bicycles. They have come to stay. Their utility has been tested, and it may be said that they have passed their examinations creditably, leaving only a few faults to be corrected.

Chief among these faults is their abominable, fish-frightening noise. Even that has been reduced considerably, and with future improvements in sight it may not be too much to say that the time is not far distant when they will glide through the water as silently as sharks.

With a good seaworthy hull, a sound engine easily managed and a cool captain, the little power boat affords an immense amount of comfort and usefulness. As a fishing craft it can have no equal when the noise is suppressed. It can travel on the wind, or rather in the teeth of the wind, off the wind and with all the wind in the cockpit. Consequently, except in stormy weather, it can reach several fishing grounds in a single day, thus giving free scope to the angler to hunt for fish, instead of praying to NEPTUNE and his daughter to make the fish hunt for him.

Among the first to discover the practical utility of the power boat were the clammers of Prince's Bay. Already several clam and oyster skiffs have discarded their jibs and mainsails to appear in the form of little tugs; and with most of them the change has proved to be of immense advantage. This, of course, does not mean that the sailboat must soon become a back number and that skill in the handling of her sails and tiller is bound to become a lost art. Not a bit of it. There will always be more excitement on board a sailing craft than can be produced on board a power boat; and principally for the reason that, in the former, speed must always remain an unknown quantity, while in the latter it is fixed and as well remembered as the bite of a lobster.

The sailboat has always in reserve bursts of speed which delight the hearts of watermen. Ill-tempered and even vicious she may sometimes be, but a little cool coaxing is always bound to bring her to her senses and to make her giggle at the efforts of the wickedest winds. The sailboat will live as long as the breezes blow.

Amalgamated Populism in Colorado.

The remark attributed to ROSCOE CONKLING, that a certain political party which he opposed resembled a man sitting with his back to the engine on a railway train and, therefore, able to consider things gone by, might well be revived to describe last Tuesday's "amalgamation of Populists" at Denver. The Middle-of-the-Road Populists and the fusion "Pops" have agreed to come together, to forget the past and to unite for the future. But how little they understand the industrial or political situation, and how far removed they are by ignorance from availing themselves of ordinary opportunities to get recruits, may be seen in their declaration of principles.

The sad-eyed Populists declare that "the manifest unrest which everywhere appears in the nation demonstrates the dissatisfaction of the American people with the present management of Government, and argues the necessity of the reform forces coming together in united action at the ballot box."

What the Populists propose as their amalgamated remedy for unrest is:

1. Government-made fiat money;
2. A system of transportation and the transmission of intelligence, owned by the public and operated by the Government at the cost of service;
3. Land for use rather than for speculation;
4. American ships for American foreign commerce, without a subsidy.

The system of "transmission of intelligence," presumably the Populist newspapers, under Government control, is new. It is a new plank, but like most political novelties is dangerous to the party proposing it. For if the Government circulates the Populist newspapers and Populist platform sufficiently, there won't be a Populist, isolated or amalgamated, left in the United States.

Who shall say that the pugilist lacks the finer sentiments? The might and the brawn of freckled BOB FITZSIMMONS will be memorable as long as men like to watch other men fight; the tenderer qualities of the great Cornish blacksmith are all too likely to be forgotten. From the *San Francisco Chronicle* we snatch an evidence of them to be placed upon the permanent record of Mr. FITZSIMMONS, the same being the remarks delivered to the friends who gathered to felicitate him on the occasion of his recent marriage:

"Friends: I cannot call you more, nor can I call you less. I feel this evening as I have never felt for a very long time. I am pleased to have you all at my wedding, and, I assure you, words fail to express my feelings. I do not wish to dwell on the past; all I can say is that I love my little JULIA, and I shall be a good, true and honest husband. JULIA and I called this morning at Col. KOWALSKY'S office, and we arranged the forfeits and the purse. Now for the gong, but let us strike only blows of affection. Clink your glasses and drink to our future happiness."

One of the most pleasing anecdotes of BOB concerns his explanation of the blacked and bruised condition of his left eye, observed and commented upon by an old acquaintance who found him in seclusion after an encounter with a remoter Mrs. FITZSIMMONS.

"The eye?" he asked. "Oh, ROSE did that." He lowered his voice to a whisper, and with a broad grin on his face added: "Say, on the level, don't say a word; but ROSE really thinks she can lick me."

In the light of this story we are inclined to think that Mr. FITZSIMMONS'S hymeneal oration possesses not only sentiment, but humor.

Various reports are in circulation concerning the intended movements of the President after he shall have reviewed and inspected the naval squadron which is to assemble at Oyster Bay later this month. Even a purpose to visit England by and by is attributed to Mr. ROOSEVELT by some wildly fanciful newspapers.

There is some reason to believe that at the present time only two dates for President ROOSEVELT'S appearance as a public speaker have been definitely arranged.

The first occasion is the meeting of the Pennsylvania State League of Republican Clubs, to be held in September at Wilkes-Barre. The second is the inauguration of President FINLEY of the College of the City of New York on Sept. 29, when the event will be made doubly interesting and important by the presence of Mr. CLEVELAND.

The £18 Dollar was the 1794 Dollar.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We saw in your issue of this morning a special cablegram, reporting the purchase at the sale of the great Murdock collection in London of a 1795 dollar for £18 by our firm, the junior member of which is in attendance.

It shows the wonderful enterprise of THE SUN, but, unfortunately, in transmission the date was erroneously given: it should be 1794, which dollar is very rare and worth $60 and upward, while that of 1795 is common and sells for from $1.50 to 10 cents.

If you see fit to give this letter publication, it may save some of your many readers from false elation and us from a deluge of letters offering dollars of 1795. S. H. & H. CHAPMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, July 29.

High Tide at Gettysburg.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your paper of to-day E. F. Burns of Arlington Heights, Mass., submits some rather doubtful evidence tending to show that Will H. Thompson wrote three stanzas of a certain poem, Mr. Thompson having denied that he was the author of those stanzas.

Might I suggest that Mr. Thompson was probably quite capable of judging what he had written and what he had not; and that it seems a little bit off color for other people to doubt his word under the impression that they know more about his own authorship than he? GOOD SENSE.

NEW YORK, July 30.

The Use of the Eyes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* No organ is injured by use but by disuse; therefore, the more we properly use our eyes the stronger and better they will become.

Why is it that the men who use their eyes the most—for instance, chemists, hunters and carpenters—invariably have eyes far superior to the ordinary?

This I consider sufficient answer to the nonsensical statement that weak eyes indicate a strong brain.

BROOKLYN, July 29. N.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN MEXICO.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 26.—The nomination of Porfirio Diaz for still another term as President of Mexico is practically the equivalent of his reëlection. His reëlection is practically a guarantee of the continuance of Mexican progress and prosperity. On Sept. 15 Diaz will be 73 years of age. His appearance is that of one of little more than 50 years. His eyes are bright and clear, his carriage erect and his step that of an alert and vigorous man. He would be to-day a safer risk for a life insurance company than many a man of three score years, or even less. At this particular juncture, this is well for Mexico.

For a number of years it has been the honest desire of Diaz to withdraw from active life and lay aside the cares and burdens of so responsible a position as that of Mexico's Chief Executive. For half a century, as lawyer, soldier and President, he has been a prominent figure in Mexican affairs. It is his hand that has made the Mexico of to-day. It may be that just now it is his hand alone that holds the nation together and wards off domestic strife.

A few years ago, having the idea of his own death or retirement in view, Diaz formulated a plan for the Presidential succession and laid the foundation for its execution. It was an open secret that his all-powerful influence would be exercised in the interests of José Ives Limantour as his immediate successor, with Bernardo Reyes in training to succeed Limantour. An unfortunate incident wrecked this project, and Mexican politics went a good deal into the air. Only one course seemed open, and that was the reëlection of Diaz. He consented to the step, although it was undoubtedly at the cost of his personal desires. This appears to solve the difficulty for the time, but a discordant note has been struck in Mexico's national politics, and its jarring tone gives promise of frequent recurrence. Should Diaz die or become in any way incapacitated, both possibilities to be considered in the case of a man of his years, a condition of no little seriousness seems almost inevitable. The breach between the Limantour and Reyes factions is now too wide to hope for any reconciliation unless it can be effected by Diaz during his life.

The central figures in Mexico's political entanglement are Limantour and Reyes. For many years their personal relations were entirely cordial and their political relations harmonious. Both were personal friends of the President and both were heartily loyal to him, personally and politically. There is no doubt that both were fully aware of his plans for the succession, and there is no doubt that they acquiesced in them and honestly indorsed them. The rupture which was precipitated was undoubtedly caused by the overzealous activity of some of their individual partisans and followers. As friends acting in concert they could have carried out the plan of Diaz, continued his policy and, perhaps could have carried Mexico to a point where her political footing would have been strong and secure. As rivals for the Presidency their attitude carries with it a menace even to the peace of the country. There is no other candidate whose claims command any serious consideration. So far as these two gentlemen are concerned, personally, there is perhaps little choice between them. Both are able, both are honest, both are patriotic, as able and honest patriots are counted nowadays. Between the elements which they represent the difference is fundamental. Limantour is the man of the classes. Reyes is the man of the masses.

José Ives Limantour is of French parentage, and the fact counts against him with the Mexican people. He was educated in France and trained for the law, to which he devoted his time until a few years ago, when he entered political life. He is a man of highly cultivated tastes in art and in letters, a man of wealth and the possessor of one of the best appointed homes in the city of Mexico. He is a student of finance, and his abilities as a financier are recognized in other lands than that of his birth. The Mexican people as a mass undoubtedly respect him; but he is not in touch with them and is not popular among them. They say that he is a Frenchman and not a Mexican. He is the candidate of the so-called "Cientificos," and of the greater part of the property-holding classes. He is counted a "safe" man, but he does not suit the "people."

On the other hand, Gen. Bernardo Reyes is the idol of the "people." His record and his whole life appeal to them. He is the hero of many battles fought for Mexican liberty and independence. He began his military career, as a boy of 16 years, in the Mexican struggle against French domination, which ended in the tragic death of the Emperor Maximilian in 1867. His gallant deeds in the suppression of Mexico's numerous rebellions and in fighting Indians, throughout a period of thirty years, are a part of Mexico's history, and he carries a personal record in the shape of numerous scars of battle. He has risen from the lowest to the highest rank in the military career, and again and again the name of Bernardo Reyes has been the war cry of the army as they charged to victory. The army counts for much in Mexico, and his hold upon the heart of the populace is no cause for wonder.

But Reyes has won the laurels of an administrator as well as those of a soldier. In 1885 he was made Governor of the Province of Nuevo Leon, of which the city of Monterey is the capital. That position he has held until the present time, with the exception of two years spent in Mexico city as Minister of War in the Diaz Cabinet. The success of his administration of that province is fairly shown by the fact that Monterey is the home of some 2,000 Americans, who would not be likely to go there or to stay there if governmental conditions were oppressive or offensive. While, from the standpoint of the best of our American States, the conditions of Nuevo Leon may not be ideal, there is no doubt that the Reyes administration has effected many important reforms in all branches and departments in the province. The courts are fairly effective, as courts go in Latin-America, and a great deal has been done in the matter of public education. Public works and general modern improvements have received a wide attention, and Reyes has been the master hand in it all, under the general policy of his superior officer, President Diaz.

While Mexico is a republic, for any proper comprehension of Mexican affairs it is quite necessary to understand that much is done in that country in ways which would not long be tolerated in the American republic. Diaz is the President of a republic, but he is an iron-handed dictator at the same time. But that which he does as dictator is done strictly through legal and constitutional channels, and it is well done. That it meets popular approval is clearly shown by his six successive terms in office, with a seventh term assured to him. The methods of Reyes, in his province, have been similar to those of Diaz in his larger field. It is at this very point that there is encountered the strongest argument used against Reyes, and it is also even heard from time to time as criticism of Diaz. That lies in the charge of "militarism." Notwithstanding the popularity of the army and the idolization of the soldier-hero, Mexico has a lurking fear of an excess of "militarism." It was her bane under Spanish rule and under French rule, and even under the rule of some of her own leaders, like Juarez and Santa Ana.

This found illustration in a recent incident. When Don Francisco Bulnes in the recent national convention nominated Porfirio Diaz for a seventh term as President of Mexico, he made use of a phrase which may be translated thus. "If we are not to enjoy the privileges of republican institutions, let us be granted the opportunities given by the Americans to the conquered Filipinos. Let us be governed dictatorially, but without militarism." This was a shot at Reyes, sent by a friend of Limantour, but it caught Diaz in its flight.

While Diaz holds the reins of power all seems well with Mexico. Beyond that—*quien sabe?*

DEEP-SEA FISHERMAN QUAY.

Catches No Fish, but Brings Back at Least One Great Political Idea.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—Whenever Senator Matthew pronounced Mathou—Stanley Quay is deeply perplexed in regard to affairs of state, of Pennsylvania, he heads toward Atlantic City, and with the faithful Capt. Ben Sooy as pilot, boatswain, cook and sailing master of the stanch yacht Ben Sooy, he sails for the deep-sea fishing grounds, as familiar to Quay and Sooy as the townships of Beaver county are to Pennsylvania's senior Senator.

Senator Quay has just returned from a deep-sea fishing trip, and while he brought back not a single drumfish, sheepshead or bluefish, he did bring back with him a big string of political plans that may surprise his friends and confound his enemies when he undertakes to put them into execution.

A few days ago the Hon. Robert H. Foerderer, Congressman for the Fourth district of Pennsylvania, died, leaving a vacancy to be filled at the coming November election, and it has required a great deal of deep-sea thinking on the part of the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay to select the proper man to represent one-sixth of the city of Philadelphia, and to that extent a part of the State of Pennsylvania, and incidentally the Republican party of the whole country.

Several names of eminent Philadelphians were upon Senator Quay's string when he returned from that deep-sea fishing trip. Indeed, the amount of deep-sea thinking he did on that fishless trip must have been so deep and loud as to drive sheepsheads, drumfish and bluefish miles out to sea.

Ben Sooy says he never saw Senator Quay fish before without using bait, and as no man can catch fish without using bait, it is not surprising that he returned without a single fish; but if he succeeds in catching the right candidate for Congressman for the Fourth, the Senator's last deep-sea fishing trip will not be his least successful one.

How Can Col. Garlington "Exonerate" Littauer?

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Until the public gets the text of Col. Garlington's report on the army contracts with which Representative Littauer is said to have been connected, it will not be possible to say what bearing it has on the charges against him. The purpose of the inquiry instituted by Secretary Root was, we assume, to ascertain whether any one under his control has been guilty of yielding to improper influences in making contracts. The despatches from Washington at this writing announce that Col. Garlington's report exonerates Mr. Littauer, but as that gentleman is not in the Army Department it is not at the moment apparent how the Colonel's findings could have that effect.

The report may vindicate the army officers who made the contracts without relieving Mr. Littauer of the burden of proving that he was not interested in the sale of gloves to the army.

No More Open-Cut Subway Construction.

From the Evening Post.

The subway construction now going on has caused the practical abandonment of some streets as business thoroughfares. The loss to the storekeepers must have been tremendous, and, so delicate are the relations of trade, there is danger that it may not prove merely temporary. Whether any of this could have been avoided without resorting to the deep-bore tunnel we do not know. But whether necessary under present systems or not, it is no wonder that the merchants of Broadway desire to avoid it. This is one of the features of general policy toward future subway construction which should be determined before any more lines, even the shortest, are authorized. If we are in the future to adopt the deep-bore system we ought not to suffer the waste and inconvenience of more open cut construction near the surface.

Making the Most of a Good Thing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Any attempt on my part to engage in disputation with THE SUN would be foolish. But as the act which elicits the sarcasm of its editor is itself commended, however little the method may meet with your approval, I would like to submit one or two reflections which are not touched upon either in your comment or my previous letter.

Railroads, whether surface, elevated, or the national highways, as a condition for the special privileges granted them, have all entered into contractual obligations. The enforcement of these obligations depends upon the energy and fidelity of certain public officials. Can such officials—municipal, State or national—do full duty to their employers, the people, if in receipt of favors from the other party to the contracts? The columns of THE SUN bear testimony to the very general complaint of the non-enforcement of some of these obligations.

It is well known that bills affecting railroads form a large part of those dealt with by legislative bodies. As agents or trustees of the people's property, how can legislators consider proposed contracts solely from the standpoint of the interests of the public when they are recipients of even such favors as annual passes, presented by those asking either for new special privileges, or extensions of those already obtained?

No court would knowingly permit an attorney to appear for a client if the other party to the suit had presented the attorney with some secret favor. The court would not accept the excuse of "courtesy." As legislators are chosen by the people for a stated period to act as their attorney, should they not be held to the same standard? ROBERT BAKER.

MATAMORAS, Pa., July 30.

Women and Church Vestries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The reason of "the lack of ability in our churches," of which Miss Anne De Bellestre speaks in her letter on "Women in the Churches," is largely that there is no demand for it. When a church becomes vacant the vestry are very noncommittal, look very wise, take a long time, and then out of the large number of candidates who are always eager to fill New York vacancies, they finally select the man of the least talent, but with the most influence. It is a well-conceded fact that in competition for a New York pulpit talent cannot vie with influence.

If the churches are fully satisfied with this condition of things, let them drift on with their notable absence of men from their congregations and their constant financial struggles. Considering the present conditions, it would seem that there could be no possible risk in allowing women to participate in a church administration. HELEN CAMERON.

NEW YORK, July 30.

Fenders for All Trolley Cars.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will THE SUN endeavor to secure for the people of New York the safeguard of regular fenders on all the trolley lines of the city?

Why, for instance, should the cars of the Madison and Sixth avenue lines be equipped with fenders, while those of the Lexington, Third, Columbus avenue and Broadway lines are not?

Is it possible that this is due to the fact that the latter were originally cable lines, which, presumably, were not required by law to provide fenders?

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the terrible accidents that might have been prevented by the presence of fenders, but doubtless the record of mishaps on all the lines would prove a conclusive argument in favor of their adoption. J. W. E.

NEW YORK, July 31.

High Time.

Stella—They're going to investigate the post office.

Bella—I'm glad to hear it. I got only three love letters from Jack to-day, and I'm sure there must be something wrong.

Once When It Was True.

"Noah," said his wife the day after they landed, "I must have $500 immediately. All my dresses look as if they had come out of the Ark!"

Later, she wept to think that, with such a good excuse, she hadn't struck him for $1,000.

THE KEARSARGE'S RECORD RUN.

Report of Capt. Hemphill, Her Commander, to the Navy Department.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The report of Capt. J. N. Hemphill of the record run of the battleship Kearsarge from Portsmouth, England, to Bar Harbor, Me., was received at the Navy Department to-day. The report says:

"From the beginning to the end of the journey we encountered head winds, head seas, and head currents, and were further handicapped by a gale, and later by icebergs and a dense fog while in their neighborhood.

"The total distance to run from the Needles to Mount Desert Rock was 2,885 miles. Mount Desert Rock was reached in the midst of a dense fog at 12:45 in the afternoon, Sunday, the 26th inst., thus making the actual running time, allowing for the difference in longitude, 9 days 4½ hours. This gave an average speed of 13.1 knots per hour for the total run. Had she been going to the eastward with wind, sea and current, instead of to the westward, she would undoubtedly have averaged 14 knots, for the average revolutions per hour of the engines would have given her in still water 13.6 knots per hour. The head wind varied from a force of 2 to 6 every day, except two, and on one day, that of the gale, the force was estimated at 8. In this gale green seas washed over the forward turret, when it became necessary to slow down, although the engines were behaving beautifully and also the ship herself. This reduced speed was maintained for four hours.

"Shortly after starting on the first day out, from 1:30 to 2:10 P. M., the port engine was slowed for a hot bearing. In the fog and among the icebergs above referred to, the ship was slowed to ten knots for ten and a half hours. The first berg, quite a large one, was sighted about 5 o'clock in the afternoon on the 23d inst. Fortunately at that time the weather was quite clear, and I carefully noted the water temperature as we approached.

"When within two miles of the iceberg the temperature dropped 9 degrees. At 6 o'clock this iceberg was abeam, distant about one mile to the southward, latitude 42° 42' north, longitude 48° 06' west. Shortly afterward a dense fog set in and continued through the night, and as the changes of the water temperature showed that we were passing in the vicinity of ice several times in the night, I deemed it necessary for the safety of the ship to slow down to ten knots, as the fog was so dense that it was impossible for the greater part of the time to see a ship length ahead. As soon as I felt that we were clear of ice regions I went ahead full speed, although the fog was as dense as ever."

Whistler and Labouchere.

From London Truth.

So my friend Jemmy Whistler is dead. I first knew him in 1854 at Washington. He had not then developed into a painter, but was a young man who had recently left the West Point Military College and was considering what next he should do. He was fond of balls, but he had not a dress coat, so he attended them in a frock coat, the skirts of which were turned back to simulate an evening coat.

I believe that I was responsible for his marriage to the widow of Mr. Godwin, the architect. She was a remarkably pretty woman and very agreeable, and both she and he were thorough bohemians. I was dining with them and some others one evening at Earl's Court. They were obviously greatly attracted to each other, and in a vague sort of way they thought of marrying. So I took the matter in hand to bring things to a practical point. "Jemmy," I said, "will you marry Mrs. Godwin?" "Certainly," he replied. "Mrs. Godwin," I said, "will you marry Jemmy?" "Certainly," she replied. "When?" I asked. "Oh, some day," said Whistler. "That won't do," I said; "we must have a date." So they both agreed that I should choose the day, tell them what church to come to for the ceremony, provide a clergyman and give the bride away. I fixed an early date, and got the then Chaplain of the House of Commons to perform the ceremony. It took place a few days later.

After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where he had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs. So we sat on packing cases. The happy pair, when I left, had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio. How unpractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage in the street. "Don't forget to-morrow," I said. "No," she replied, "I am just going to buy my trousseau." "A little late for that, is it not?" I asked. "No," she answered, "for I am only going to buy a new tooth-brush and a new sponge, as one ought to have new ones when one marries." However, there never was a more successful marriage. They adored each other, and lived most happily together; and when she died he was broken-hearted. Indeed, he never recovered from his loss.

Baby Marriages in India.

From the Voice of India.

A Bengali contemporary seems to have unearthed some curious figures buried deep underneath the tomes of the latest census report. According to this there are 585 widows in Bengal under one year; that is, so many infants of from one month to eleven months had been married in the province and found widowed. It would be interesting to know the respective ages of the husbands of these hapless little creatures—not a few of the husbands might be found old enough to be their great grandfathers, with perhaps several wives to each. Were all of them Kulin marriages?

Under 2 years we find the number of widows in Bengal to be 574; under 3 years, 651; under 4 years, 1,576; under 5 years, 3,861. Here we have something like a holocaust, a sort of burning alive of these little mites of humanity, who, but for the prevalence of a rigid sex monopoly, would probably live to be true wives and truly happy mothers—the mothers of future heroes and patriots. What possibilities are lost to the race forever under a system which has not one word to say for itself!

It is much to be wished that young Bengal joined hands with old Bengal in making such "marriages" impossible. Surely, a hundred years of liberal education ought to suffice for this most elementary item of national improvement. Our remarks apply with much the same force to other parts of India. It is idle to talk of the "spiritual" ideal of marriage, of marriage being a sacrament, and of baby wives and baby widows growing to be the guardian angels of society, when, as a rule, they are consigned to a life of perpetual penance and self mortification, while needing the tenderest care, and the free-and-easy movements of their male relatives whom the "spiritual" conception of marriage does not prevent from marrying again and again.

Terrible, according to our Shastras, are the effects of a curse pronounced by a woman, much more terrible when the curse remains unuttered. Who can tell how much of India's misery arises from the unuttered sufferings of her daughters?

The Highball in War.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Our esteemed neighbor, Panama, places the world under emphatic obligations by producing something novel in the way of revolutions. The governmental convulsion the other day was due, not to a general uprising or disaffection in the army, but to the untamed thirst of Gen. Vasquez Cobos.

The gallant man was led by some light hearted person to tamper with the American highball. Possessing a temperament attuned to the innocuous beverages of France and Spain, he made a fatal error in attempting to harmonize with it the seductive drink offered by "el Americano," and the resulting discord was frightful.

After the first one the General was more impressed with the dignity and power of his position than he had ever been before in his career. After the second he decided that he was the savior of his country, or ought to be. The third brought to him visions of an oppressed Panama, and the fourth and fifth fired his martial heart to deeds of patriotic valor.

Straightaway he assembled the army, overthrew the Government, chased the Governor to the woods—and fell asleep. When he awoke he was under arrest, and is still in seclusion trying to find out what happened.

The Original Summer Girl.

Sir Walter Raleigh had pointed out that Queen Elizabeth was the Original Summer Girl.

"You see," he continued, with a glance at the block, "your Majesty cuts so many summer acquaintances."

Herewith she was fain to pardon him from the Tower for his wit.

The Spectacular Success of Senator Burton.

From the Kansas City Journal.

There are intimations in various envious quarters that this is not the first time the Hon. J. R. Burton has been engaged in making a holy show.