The Sun.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1903.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70

Postage to foreign countries added.

THE SUN, New York City.

PARIS—Kiosque No. 12, near Grand Hotel, and Kiosque No. 10, Boulevard des Capucines.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned, they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Readers of THE SUN leaving the city can have the Daily and Sunday editions mailed to their addresses (which may be changed when necessary) for 70 cents a month. Order through your newsdealer or THE SUN, 170 Nassau street.

Judge Grosscup on Savings Banks and Corporations.

In an address delivered before the Lutheran Assembly at Dixon, Ill., last week, the Hon. PETER STENGER GROSSCUP, Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, brought a new accusation against monopolies. They force people to save their money and put it in savings banks. Judge GROSSCUP views with alarm the increased deposits made in these banks in the last few years. If things were as they should be, if "polite swindlers and high-up rascals" had not broken the laws and given stocks a fictitious value, these millions of deposits would not be "lying idle." They would have been invested. Apparently Judge GROSSCUP regards 3½ or 4 per cent. as inadequate interest on money and regrets that the "laboring classes" accept so pitiful returns. The rascally monopolies have actually forced people to make safe, instead of speculative, investments.

What is to be done to baffle the monopolists and clean out the savings banks? Judge GROSSCUP tells us:

"Change the laws so that no set of men can organize a corporation except on a strict legal basis. Then put it under such supervision as the national banks are subject to, and I believe that, little by little, this immense hoard in the savings banks of $10,000,000,000 will be trickling into ownership again."

Judge GROSSCUP'S summary of the history of corporations is interesting:

"I say nothing against the man who makes his fortune honestly, but when I see the laws of my country, introduced to enable men to consolidate money for the public good, turned into the excuse for swindles that should land the promoters in the penitentiary, and when I see that to be the almost universal history of corporations, every drop of my blood boils with hate and revenge."

Clearly, Judge GROSSCUP possesses the judicial temperament in an unusual degree.

Underestimates.

If the Democrats are to have any reasonable expectation of defeating Mr. ROOSEVELT next year, they must not make the mistake of underestimating his political strength or his present personal popularity. Such an indiscriminating opinion of him as the *Nashville American* gives shows not only an excess of partisanship, but at least a partial misunderstanding of the situation:

"Unbalanced, unreliable, full of self, empty of prudence, of knowledge, of discretion, of the comprehension of the laws of nations, of the laws of his own country, of even the little social laws, Mr. ROOSEVELT is a failure. Is that not palpable? Must we needs butt our heads against a plainer proposition to take cognizance of this all too apparent national misfortune? Must there be yet a greater one?

"And yet the Republicans have already committed themselves to this man's reelection, or rather a number of them have. States have instructed for him, conventions have indorsed him, and for what? In the happy appreciation and enjoyment of our wondrous prosperity have any of us stopped to think for what good or gain we owe Mr. ROOSEVELT? Is it not all the reverse? What Democrat can do worse?"

Here is an important Democratic journal talking as if anybody could beat ROOSEVELT!

Diamonds for Everybody.

Just how many quarts, or bushels, or barrels of diamonds are locked away in the vaults of the De Beers company is known only to those whose business it is to keep other people from knowing. That they hold enough to control the market and to regulate the market prices is well known to the world.

Were the product of the De Beers South African diamond mining properties to be placed on the market as it comes from the ground, day by day, or week by week, two results would immediately follow. One would be a decided fall in diamond values, and the other a market subject to spasmodic fluctuation according to the yield of the mines. As it is, this company, which has practically a monopoly of the output, regulates the supply in accordance with market conditions. It pours out or it withholds, and so maintains prices, certainly to its own advantage, and possibly to the advantage of all.

News is now at hand which makes probable one or the other of two issues. The discovery of a new diamond area is reported from South Africa. Should this prove to be an extensive deposit, the De Beers must either control it or effect a combination with its proprietors by which the present system will be continued, or there will be an influx of gems into the market which will make diamonds as common as collar buttons.

The first reports of the new discovery were received with general scepticism. Reports of that nature had become too common to excite any special enthusiasm. Scattered stones have been picked up over a considerable area in South Africa, and each new find was declared by the lucky discoverer to be certain evidence of a new Kimberley. The market wearied of such tales, and refused to respond to the exuberance of prospectors who found one or two isolated specimens.

The latest discovery appears to be of a more substantial nature. Qualified experts have made careful examination, and report that at a point about twenty-five miles east of Pretoria there really does exist a new diamond mine of some sixty or more acres in extent which is of the same nature as the Kimberley property. The mining correspondent of the London *Times* reports to his paper, from Johannesburg, that, although before visiting the properties he was very sceptical regarding the permanent importance of the discovery, after a careful examination he had no hesitation in stating that true "pipes" or "craters" of diamantiferous soil really had been found. He reports further that the soil has been well tested throughout the above-named area, and that a thousand-foot borehole has already been sunk into the so-called "blue" or diamond-bearing earth; that diamonds of fair quality are found wherever the examinations have been made, and that there is no reason to doubt the value of the discovery. A later despatch reports the receipt, at Johannesburg, of the first consignment of stones from the new district. It consisted of diamonds aggregating 33,000 carats in weight in their rough state. Experts found them of good quality.

It has been for many years a conviction in South Africa that the Kimberley and the Jagersfontein were not the only diamond beds of that country. The new Premier mine, if present reports be substantiated by future tests, promises to add a third to the list of really important properties, and gives a cheerful encouragement to hopes that others may yet turn up or be turned up, until even the poorest of us can have all the diamonds he wants. The only trouble is that if that time should really come none of us would want them.

A New Rapid Transit Policy for New York.

Among the merchants in Broadway between Forty-second street and Union Square there is some difference of opinion as to the use of that route for an extension of the rapid transit system. They are unanimous in opposition to ditching the street after the method already pursued in the digging of the subway, or even after the new method which is to be introduced in Broadway below the Post Office; but among many of them there is decided objection to building any sort of underground road there, while others are favorably disposed toward a deep tunnel whose construction would not interfere with the surface of the street.

That such a tunnel could be built is an engineering possibility as to which there can be no dispute. Nor can it be questioned that, in addition to the deep tunnel across the island which is to be constructed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, others will be required and will be built very soon after the present subway has been opened for travel. It is obvious that, longitudinally and transversely, Manhattan Island is destined to be bored with rapid transit roads; but it is not less evident that this community will never again permit the Rapid Transit Commission to tear up the streets as it has done and is doing, in order to make ditches for subway. The further constructions will have to be genuine tunnels, and there is abundant engineering ability to plan them and carry them through.

The question whether the route of the proposed rapid transit extension shall be through Broadway or through Seventh avenue may deserve discussion, so far as concerns the relative advantages of the two routes to the public generally and to the inhabitants of the districts traversed, but in neither the one nor the other ought there to be a repetition of the present method of ditching. The damage done along the Seventh avenue route might be less than in that in Broadway, but it would be serious. It is unnecessary, and the smallest Seventh avenue shopkeeper is entitled to protection against the outrage of a ditch no less than the great merchants of Broadway.

The Rapid Transit Commission has been furnished with a demonstration that its present method of constructing a subway is offensive to the community and is intolerable because of the injury caused to public and private interests. The time has come, therefore, when it must turn for a solution of the rapid transit problem, daily increasing in importance, to a system of tunnelling of which there are many examples to prove that it is entirely feasible and distinctly preferable to the ditching method.

That is, from now on there must be a new rapid transit policy for New York.

Armenia Once More?

While the attention of the world is concentrated on what is passing in Macedonia, events of even greater gravity are occurring in Russian and Turkish Armenia. A few days ago it was announced that the Russian Government had sequestrated the properties of the Armenian Church in the Caucasus, amounting altogether to some $14,000,000 in value, and would in future control the administration of the funds so as to prevent their misuse in the promotion of the national idea among Russian and Turkish Armenians, and in succoring refugees from Kurdish and other atrocities. This action of the Russian Government is an inestimable service to the Sultan, and is not impossibly in pursuance of some bargain in connection with the Armenian people.

After the great massacres of 1896 many thousands of Armenians fled across the border and took refuge among their fellow countrymen in the Russian territory, where they were maintained principally at the expense of the ecclesiastical establishment at Etchmiadzin, the seat of the Catholics of the Gregorian Church. Early last year the Russian Government caused large numbers of these people to return to Turkey, where they are again the victims of persecution and outrage at the hands of the Ottoman authorities and the Kurds; while armed bands of revolutionists belonging to the Huntchakist party are said to have crossed over from Persian and Russian territory. How these bands are maintained is uncertain, but the step taken by the Russian Government removes all possibility of its being out of the revenues of the national church.

The consequences cannot fail to be disastrous to the Armenians, who are now left between the knife of the Kurd and starvation, if they are even allowed to take refuge in Russia; and to the Sultan is tacitly given a free hand in dealing with them. The only power that, as yet, has made some show of intervention on their behalf is Great Britain, but the urgent representations just made by the British Ambassador at Constantinople are too much in the nature of an old story to produce an effect without the backing of force.

When, at the time of the great massacres, the British Government did threaten force, an intimation that Russian gunners would probably be found with the Turkish in the batteries of the Dardanelles was sufficient to show that the Armenian matter had become a question in which Russia and Turkey would have to be dealt with as one. The sequestration of the Armenian Church properties by Russia confirms this view and it is grave with consequences, for it may mean sooner or later the extinction of the Armenians as a people, in the same way as the Finns are suppressed.

In this policy the Russian Government is sure of the support of the upper class circles in Russia, among whom a strong feeling prevails against Germans, Armenians and Jews, and to such an extent that Russian nationalist societies are being formed all over the empire having for their purpose the suppression of those races and their virtual expulsion from the country.

As regards the Armenians, the question is one of direct interest for Americans. At the root of the Armenian troubles are the ideas imbibed by the thousands of young Armenians who have passed through the American missionary schools scattered throughout Asia Minor, and the pledge of better government given by the European Powers at the Berlin Congress. How that pledge has been kept is seen in the terrible events of the past eight years, and there is no trace of an intention of the Governments of Europe to act in the future in any way differently from in the past. The one chance for the Armenians seems to lie in a revolutionary outbreak in eastern Armenia simultaneously with the renewal of the insurrection in Macedonia, followed by Russian intervention to restore order.

Such a movement could hardly fail to bring England, with perhaps another Power, into action; and the fight for supremacy in Asia Minor and the Persian Gulf would begin. The Macedonian question has been so arranged that it need not cause war in Europe, but unless Great Britain means to adopt a purely defensive policy in Asia and wait behind her own frontiers until they are attacked, she is not likely to sit still while the ever-advancing Russian tide creeps steadily on to the ramparts of India, at the risk of imperilling her prestige and position within the circle of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush.

Sam Morris, Heap Good Indian.

We dare any old-fashioned cynic of the frontier to go out to Oregon and assert there the ancient saying that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. The State will greet him with derision. In Portland he is likely to have his scalp taken, to be presented to SAM MORRIS as a sacrificial offering.

To understand the adoration of SAM MORRIS by Portland we must, first of all, clear ourselves of the sad Eastern opinion that the game of baseball has degenerated into one of the many minor amusements of the American people. Baseball in Portland is vital. When the Nine loses, the newsboys of Portland muffle their shouts; old friends pass one another on the streets with faces averted; salesgirls make faces at the customers in the dry goods stores. But when the Nine wins, even that continuous dull pain which must pervade a city which has the Hon. JOHN BARRETT in its midst is forgotten. All is joy and light and civic merriment.

Lately Portland has had more cause to mourn than to swell its chest. The Portland baseball players have played with little fortune and only moderate skill. They have kept themselves far down the list of their league. The mutterings of the outraged city put desperation into the hearts of the managers. They went out after a new thing. They found SAM MORRIS, a full-blooded Indian of the Nez Percés tribe, at Salem. His renown was mighty; they were sceptical. But as they were in sore straits, they took him on trial. At least, his failure, should he fail, would divert the city's hostility for a time from themselves to him. They went home and announced what they had done; in the coming game with the Sacramento nine, SAM MORRIS was to pitch.

The City of Portland was sceptical, even as the managers had been, but with fine public restraint held its peace until the redskin had his chance. How he rewarded this forbearance is best told in the frenzied language of the *Oregonian's* converted baseball reporter. It is well to know, before beginning to read this remarkable narrative, that Portland won the game in the tenth inning by a score of 9 to 8:

"They laughed at SAM MORRIS, those Sacramento baseball tossers. They hooted, yelled and insulted him, but with the stoicism for which his race is noted he paid no more attention to them than he would have to the far-off cry of a harmless night bird on the Nez Percés reservation. They laughed at SAM MORRIS—SAM MORRIS the Indian, the amateur. The laugh, the grin, the hooting, the yelling and the insult died away and became an unhappy groan in the sixth, when MORRIS sent the ball over the fence for one of the longest home runs ever made on the home grounds.

"FITZGERALD had been sent to the rescue of BROWN, and the first ball over was bad. The next floated swiftly toward the heart of the plate. MORRIS met it with all the beef and brawn of those mighty arms and shoulders, and a sound like an exploding cannon followed. Out the ball sailed. DOYLE was after it in deep centre field, but he couldn't have got it with a balloon, for it cleared the fence with ten feet to spare, and the ball landed in Washington county. The shout of joy that greeted MORRIS's homer broke all previous records. When he came to the bench one madly enthusiastic fan threw him a five-dollar gold piece, while others threw silver at him.

"The sight of the grand stand and bleachers standing on their toes, waving their hats, canes, umbrellas and yelling like mad, and MORRIS, his inky black hair waving and tossing wildly as he ran around the bases in that long, graceful, loping gait, was something worth seeing. The scene was by far the wildest and most joyful ever seen at the Twenty-fourth street grounds."

It is pleasant to know that the popular adoration, born of early distrust and ridicule, was not the Indian's only reward. In passing "into Washington county," that home-run hit travelled over the sign of a Portland clothing store which bore an inscription promising "a new silk hat" to any man who knocked a ball beyond it. We see SAM in our mind's eye now, making decorous progress down Third street, crowned with his shining stovepipe, followed by a volunteer honorary committee of Portland youth who have sacrificed their newspaper-selling private interests to their municipal pride; waved at from a hundred windows by fair maidens who have laid aside the pencil and the typewriter to do honor to a hero; saluted everywhere with paleface imitations of the horrific ululations of his fathers. We see his inky black hair swaying austerely as he shakes his head in declining the invitations which well-meaning but demoralizing appreciators direct at him from over swinging barroom doors.

Never was a red hero more fairly or deservingly enthroned in the heart of the populace. With all the odds against him, he did great deeds. He won the game. He did not sass the umpire. The only source of regret is his name. It ought to have been Chief MAKES-THE-BALL-FLY-LIKE-A-SWALLOW.

Lost—A Hurricane.

The West Indian hurricane which wrought such havoc in Jamaica has followed the course of the vast majority of similar tropical disturbances. It has vanished. Indeed, it is the rule, to which there are few exceptions, that when these storms break loose with such terrific fury at the outset as did this one, they are quickly dissipated. Occasionally with diminished force they reach our Gulf coast. They very rarely visit our Middle and North Atlantic seaboard with anything more formidable than heavy winds that are not an imminent danger to prudent navigation.

It is the storm that begins more moderately in West Indian waters which is the one most dangerous to our Atlantic coast. It gains in strength and in rapidity as it advances. This has been the history of practically all the storms which have been most disastrous along the Atlantic shore. By the process of induction from many instances covering more than a quarter of a century, weather observers who have the advantage of experience and some theoretical knowledge of meteorology have established as almost an axiomatic proposition that the West Indian hurricane most violent in its initiative is least threatening to the United States. The Galveston storm, to be sure, swept heavily, although with diminishing force, inland across the continent. But this storm was first heard from in its full destructive fury after it reached our shores, when it wrecked Galveston.

Perhaps it was the part of prudence for the Chief of the Weather Bureau to lock up shipping all the way from Maine to and around the Gulf when the Jamaica storm went roaring off to sea. To be sure, it would have been contrary to the general rule had it reached our coast without much diminished force. Yet it was well, probably, to be on the safe side. But why did the eminent prognosticator not order his warning withdrawn when the danger was past?

The weather map on Friday morning showed the Gulf coast entirely clear. The hurricane was lost. There were some reports of it down Yucatan way, but even these were vague and indefinite. It was obvious by midnight on Thursday that as a threat to our coast the storm no longer existed. Yet the shipping masters were not notified. They were still left in uncertainty. Shipping remained tied up, to the great loss of the carrying trade, to merchants and to the various other interests involved.

The Weather Bureau had been wrong, that was all. History has afforded instances of its being wrong before.

Plain everyday errors in weather forecasting are harmless enough. It is when they threaten grave disaster and are persisted in, causing property loss or threatening a calamitous panic, as in the case of the recent hurricane and of Mr. MOORE'S flamboyant hot weather pronunciamento several summers ago, that they become serious. Then it is that a combination of lack of knowledge and lack of common sense at the Weather Bureau's headquarters becomes conspicuously disadvantageous.

The Healthiest Man in the World.

The Hon. SAM JONES of Toledo, GOLDEN RULE JONES, SUCKER ROD SAM JONES, the leading friend of humanity and foe of all monopolies but his own, is as accomplished physically as he is intellectually. He can stand on his head for thirty seconds, and often does so for his own exercise and the delectation of the public. He sleeps on the roof of the house, for the sake of purer air and a nearer communion with the stars. Both politically and with his feet he is the best runner in Toledo. And his appetite is supernormal, as this curious fact, recorded by the *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*, shows:

"Mayor JOHNSON went to Toledo to swallow Mayor JONES, but SAM JONES did the swallowing."

SAM has got TOM down, but can he keep TOM down? We tremble as we think of that friend of humanity with such an enormous dose of monopoly in his midst.

A surprising report concerning the effect of automobiles on the surfaces of modern roads comes from Surrey, in England. The Surrey County Council has called attention in a paper presented by the county surveyor to the increasing use of motor vehicles and to the damage done by them to the highways in certain parts of the British Empire. The following is an extract from the document:

"The automobile traffic has had a curious effect upon the roads, especially upon flint roads on a dry foundation. The large rubber tires separate the small material from the large and extract it, and it is a common occurrence now, after a dry day with heavy motor traffic, to find long lengths of such roads as Portsmouth road, where the surface had been perfect in the morning, covered with a fine, sharp grit which had been sucked up during the day by india-rubber tires. This movement of the small material allows the large stones to grind and wear more rapidly than when the interstices are properly filled and the road more solid."

The surveyor further said that he had found from personal observation that an automobile moving swiftly on a gravel or flint road virtually destroyed the road surface by disturbing it in the way indicated. He declared that if horseless machines multiply rapidly in the near future it will be necessary to build much better roads than those of to-day, and recommended that the owners of these vehicles be required to pay an annual tax for the reconstruction and maintenance of highways.

Highway engineers in the United States have invariably expressed the opinion that automobiles, instead of injuring the roads were positively helpful to them. Our advocates of better thoroughfares have often referred to the "beneficial effect" of these vehicles on the modern roads as an argument favorable to the extension of the good roads movement. They maintain that the rubber tires tend to harden a roadbed and make it smooth.

If these new conveyances are impairing the highways in England, it would seem that the trouble must be due to some elements used in the construction of the latter which are not to be found here. It will be difficult to convince Americans that the automobile is harmful to American roads.

If Mr. JOSEPH PULITZER'S liberal gift of $2,000,000 for a college of journalism at Columbia University results in the production of one first-class newspaper man, it will not have been made in vain.

Leading wine producers of the Rhine and Moselle expect to make a display of their products at the St. Louis Exposition. An intelligent exhibit of these famed wines will be interesting and valuable. Rhine wines are especially esteemed by Americans of German birth or descent, who claim for them health-bringing qualities, in addition to delicacy of flavor. The present annual importation of 500,000 gallons of Rhine wine in the wood and 75,000 dozen bottles may be increased without interfering with the market for Missouri and Ohio wines of like character or the California product, and the exhibit at St. Louis ought to stimulate interest in the commodity.

RATTLESNAKES IN CALICO.

Case Where a Supposed Bite Was an Antidote for Too Much Whiskey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In 1882 a discovery of quartz in southern California started the Calico district with a boom. The name was taken from the color of the rock of the country. The newspaper of the town of Calico was the *Calico Print*. It was in the country of rattlesnakes, cactus and horned toads. These rattlesnakes were of the kind known as "sidewinders," owing to their method of locomotion.

John Daggett was candidate then for Lieutenant-Governor of California, with Gen. Stoneman for Governor. Daggett had a large outfit, and in charge was a most veracious man, who tells this story about "sidewinders." It was summer time, few cabins and houses had been built, most of the men sleeping in brush tents put up in the beds of the dry arroyos.

A mile or more from Daggett's camp was a saloon, and to this one evening went Jim Hard and George Peard, two of the miners, to load up. They returned late at night, George very full and Jim comfortably loaded. George fell into his bunk in their brush tent, but immediately jumped up, calling out that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Jim, in his drunken wisdom, knew just what to do. He took Peard over to a nearby woodpile, and there, with a hatchet, chopped off the index finger of his left hand where Peard claimed the rattler had struck him.

Up at the mine office was stopping that night a doctor, who was soon called. Upon examination of the detached finger he declared that it had not been bitten by a rattlesnake. Further investigation showed that Peard, in falling into his bunk, had made the leaves rattle and struck his finger against a sharp point.

It is on record in Calico that Peard did not get drunk again for a month. M.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.

What the Saratoga Monument Commemorates.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In to-day's SUN there is a dispatch from Saratoga saying that Dewey had just returned from a visit to the "Saratoga Battle Monument."

Now, I wish, in the interest of historical accuracy, that you would allow me to correct this. The monument is merely the "Saratoga Monument," but if any thing further is required to designate it, it should be, and is, officially known as the "Saratoga Surrender Monument." Its erection had nothing to do whatever with the battles of Saratoga, which took place nine miles south of the present site of the monument in Schuylerville, on the Hudson.

As I say, the monument is supposed to commemorate the surrender of Burgoyne's army to Gates, which took place in the alluvial flats of the Hudson nearly at the foot of the bluff on the top of which stands the monument.

I am tired or correcting this misstatement; yet the D. A. R. of Saratoga (who should know better) will persist in calling it the "Saratoga Battle Monument."

WILLIAM L. STONE,
Secretary to the Saratoga Monument Association.

MT. VERNON, Aug. 14.

The Exact Variety.

Knicker—I understand the fellow Miss Manybeaux married was a dark horse.

Bocker—No, he was a blond donkey.

SONGS OF THE DITCH.

The Chaunt of the Enraged Merchant.

With patience utterly worn,
And tired of their vain regrets,
A merchant sat, in a terrible rage,
Plying his epithets!
Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
All dirt, and grime, and dust,
And still with a voice of hopeless pitch
He cussed, and cussed, and cussed!

"Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
The customers hold aloof,
And Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
Of unish there isn't a proof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the rest of the crowd,
But this ditch will assuredly be my grave,
And microbes furnish my shroud!

"Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
Till the brain begins to swim,
Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
Till all chances of trade grow dim!
Blast, and hammer, and pick,
Pick, and hammer, and blast,
Till I hear them nightly in my dreams,
And wonder how long they will last!

"Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
From weary chime to chime,
Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
Till it really amounts to a crime!
Pick, and hammer, and blast,
Blast, and hammer, and pick,
Till the head is sore, and the brain benumbed,
And the heart is very sick!

"Oh! for a long respite,
A respite we should have got!
No blessed let-up for love or gold,
Though they promised an awful lot!
From Harlem to the Battery
They're here—and here to stay,
For they will not stop, they're going to try
To open up Broadway!"

With patience utterly worn,
And tired of their vain regrets,
A merchant sat, in a terrible rage,
Plying his epithets!
Ditch! Ditch! Ditch!
All dirt, and grime, and dust,
And still with a voice of hopeless pitch,
(For from their position they will not switch!)
He cussed, and cussed, and cussed!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

A Fable.

A dear little hill at whose base ran a rill,
But who called itself Beautiful Mountain,
Thought to rule all the land, whether far or at hand,
And sneered at the diffident fountain.

I'm a Beautiful Mountain, it cried in its pride;
That mean little streamlet annoys me,
With its murmurs and whorls as it stupidly purls
While this scheme of dominion employs me.

Then friendly rains fell and it saw the stream swell
To a torrent developed the Fountain,
So broad and so long, so fierce and so strong,
That at last it engulfed the poor Mountain.

Now the Beautiful Mountain was Greed of Dominion,
The Fountain, insulted, was Public Opinion.

N.

THE GREATEST OF QUESTIONS.

Denial That Philosophy Can Be Substituted for Religion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Among the delightful columns of THE SUN you print to-day an interesting letter of a somewhat unusual type, signed "Verus." It is a letter provocative of questions and suggestions, hence the excuse for this.

"Modern" philosophy, always dogmatic and fanatical, has at length become trite—from sheer exhaustion. Why these criticisms of religion and its ministers? Is it not time that these philosophers admit that the "absolute" is not of this world? Man does not take kindly to pure alcohol. The absolute is not even imaginable properly, any more than our imagination can form any conception of the terrestrial globe other than as a small ball.

Truth is relative here below. So is everything else. There is a working average of truth. Heroes and heroics, good or bad, inevitably commit suicide. Whatever exists for any length of time becomes so fitted to humanity's deeds that it is polished "bald" of all superfluities. Religion forms no exception to this. All its rites, dogmas, organizations, pageantries and so forth, profane as they seem, must really represent the minimum necessary. It adapts means to ends, there is no superfluous friction; it follows the line of least resistance, ends in a resultant force, and, in fact, does everything that all other things must do according to the philosophers.

It seems to the practical man as if all nations or races are deeply religious, and it also seems that such races or nations as were not religious died out; otherwise they would be in existence. Must a race choose between annihilation for the sake of absolute truth and life together with relative truth?

It would be a pity to be extinguished merely for the sake of logic. It would be wiser to reflect in time that no great man or institution has ever thriven on logic; that if you bring into administration the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus you will break.

The philosophers teach the distribution of labor, the enforced specialization of civilization (the definite heterogeneity), yet very illogically refuse to allow the priest to be a specialist. Let each be his own priest "if necessary."

Only men who apprehend the emotions can deal effectively with the sane (philosophers, pardon the word; it is full of meaning). The soul can never be studied scientifically. All emotion seeks expression. It crystallizes into poetry, art, religion—the three overlapping, sometimes fusing—and their teaching is naturally in the hands of experts—priests, poets, artists, and so forth. Not only does emotion seek expression, but the expression of it is an action, and those who control the actions of that chaos-tending sea of emotions represented by human passions are the upholders of our entire civilization.

Let the philosophers give us a substitute for religion. Let them put it into working order, well organized, capable of controlling men's actions every moment of the day and dark. It is true, as they say, that if they tell us that our silver dollar is a false one they are not obliged to substitute a true one; but what if the false dollar is current coin, what if the true one will not be accepted, what if it fell to pieces for lack of alloy?

Let the philosophers eliminate religion from the soul and then attempt to persuade the wife that race-suicide is wrong, the child that lying is not advantageous, the pauper that living is useful, the mob that lynching is criminal, or the clerk that his employer is not his legitimate prey. VERITAS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Let me remind the philosopher who signed himself "Verus" to an article on "The Philosophy of Life," in THE SUN of yesterday, that during the time of Louis XV., and of Voltaire, religion was side-tracked and philosophy held sway. Some of the results of that experiment are told thus by Carlyle:

This era called philosophy was in itself but a poor era; that any little morality it had was chiefly borrowed, and from those very ages which it accounted so barbarous. * *

Nay, of the age of Louis XV. we may say that its very power, its material strength, its knowledge, all that it had, were borrowed.

It boasted itself to be an age of illumination; and truly illumination there was, of its kind: only, except the illuminated windows, almost nothing to the seen thereby.

None of those great doctrines or institutions that have "made man in all points a man," none even of those discoveries that have the most subjected external nature to his purposes, were made in that age.

They invented simply nothing; not one of man's virtues, not one of man's powers, is due to them; in all these respects the age of Louis XV. is among the most barren of recorded ages.

Considering the then position of affairs, it is not singular that the age of Louis XV. should have been what it was—an age without nobleness, without high virtue or high manifestations of talent; an age of shallow clearness, of polish, self-conceit, scepticism and all forms of persiflage.

Carlyle admits that Voltaire did much to give the death stab to "that horrid incubus which dwelt in darkness, shunning the light"—Superstition, but he goes on to say:

That, with superstition, religion is also passing away, seems to us a still more ungrounded fear. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.

In conclusion, let me say to "Verus" that the Christian religion has done so much to alleviate the distress and suffering of mankind and to teach us how to live that before he utterly destroys it, he should have something better to take its place than that old failure, philosophy. H. R. P.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter of "Verus," in THE SUN to-day, calls for the organization of "a strong body of freethinkers." I refer him to one of the strongest organizations of freethinkers already in existence, in New Jersey. It is situated at Morris Plains, though there it is known as a lunatic asylum.

The millions of childish citizens may not know the full meaning of the labels with which they are marked, but they do know, beyond a doubt, the meaning of the labels with which "Verus" and his kind are marked and exactly where they will land eventually.

These people who think because they have read Herbert Spencer, seen Caliph Omar's name in print and "studied" religious history that they are born philosophers, make one ill.

PASSAIC, Aug. 12. LABELLED.

The Gentlemanly Proceedings at Sedan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I hope you will pardon me for saying that it is an old and not a new story "about Sedan" that Gen. Faverot tells, not quite correctly.

It was old King William of Prussia who exclaimed, "Ach, die braven, braven Leute!" (Oh, what brave, brave fellows!) He did so when he saw the cavalry division of Gen. Marguerite charging Prussian infantry in an heroic effort to break through the German lines. Marguerite was killed. His two sons, by the way, are French poets and writers of note. Then Marquis de Galliffet took command and continued the hopeless attack.

There was no exchange of salutes or cheering on either side, but the story has often been told with pen and brush. A big painting in the Berlin National Picture Gallery commemorates the scene. Germany's battle poet, E. von Wilderbruch, has praised the heroism of his country's enemy in his poem, "Sedan," and, last not least, the monument to be erected near Sedan will bear as inscription:

"AH, LES BRAVES, BRAVES GENS!
—"*Mot du Roi Guillaume de Prusse.*"

NEW YORK, Aug. 14. ALFRED KERR.

The Other Five Cutters.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, is quoted as saying that in former Cup races the revenue cutters have been loaded down to the gunwales. He is clearly mistaken, as the tickets were limited to two for each officer, and the guests could hardly be seen.

It seems rather small to crowd the Gresham and the Onondaga with personal friends of the Secretary and the Collector, and not to allow the officers of the other five cutters to invite a few friends.

Goodness knows these gallant fellows have little enough of the time of their sweethearts and wives!

NEW YORK, Aug. 15. OBSERVER.

Complaint About a Government Publication.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For several years I have had occasion to read with some care the Monthly Bulletin of the Bureau of the American Republics. This semi-official publication, issued from the Government Printing Office, if properly managed, would have a very considerable value to those interested in Latin-American affairs. But, it seems safe to say, it is not properly managed, for no magazine is managed properly when very plainly the persons who prepare the copy don't know what they are writing about.

The amount of sheer stupidity in the *Bulletin* is amazing; or do the editors assume that their readers are abnormally perspicacious? Even so, and accepting the compliment, we find it a rather disheartening task to pick our way among pesos, bolivianos, soles, bolivars, sucrés, representing silver, gold, or depreciated paper (but who knows?), and all indicated merely by the $ sign.

There are other things that might be said about the Monthly Bulletin of the Bureau of the American Republics. Can't something be done?

NEW YORK, Aug. 13. E. L. F.

His Wish—and Hers.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

"I wish," he said, "you could make pies,
Like mother used to bake."
"And I," said she, "wish that you made
The cash pa used to make!"

REPUBLICAN CRITICISM OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

A Supporter's Frank and Faithful Comment on His Way of Doing Things.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am a Republican of more than forty years' active service, and a supporter of President Roosevelt; but this does not prevent me from seeing some of his mistakes—among which, for his own political good, I beg to mention only two or three.

When President McKinley was assassinated and Vice-President Roosevelt became President, he very wisely pledged himself to carry out the policy of McKinley; and while he has, in the main, done so, yet his manner of doing so has been so very different from the diplomatic and conciliatory way of his predecessor as to sometimes excite the criticism of even his earnest party friends.

To begin with, take the Booker Washington incident. Up to that time McKinley had, by his suave and agreeable manner, almost completely won over to the Republican party the then lately hostile Southern States that were then just ready to accept and support the Republican policies, when President Roosevelt, in his forceful and "strenuous" way—doing no more than McKinley had always done, and being no more for "negro equality" than McKinley had always been—set the South on fire merely by the manner of the incident.

Again, when the Indianola post office incident occurred, Roosevelt was no more what the Democrats call a "nigger lover" than McKinley; but again his manner of treatment of the question was lacking in that smooth way that always characterized McKinley, and, as a consequence, completely turned back in all the Southern States the flood tide of sentiment that was just about ready to throw itself into the lap of the National Republican party and drown out what little life there was at that time left in the Democratic party. It was not the thing done, but the manner of doing it, that suddenly changed the Southern Democratic political temper from almost adoration of President McKinley to that of almost contempt for President Roosevelt.

Now, finally, comes the Gen. Miles incident, to cap the chapter of political indiscretions.

The efforts of Gen. Miles in various ways to thwart the President's policies and embarrass his Administration were well calculated to bring upon a military subordinate the reprimands of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States but, with all this, Gen. Miles had performed long and honorable service to his country and was, with all his sins, entitled to an order for his retiring untinged with any apparently personal reflections. In other words, the President's order of retiring was not a wisely expedient one.

All these things taken together are calculated to weaken the hold with which even the President's friends have been and are still clinging to him.

Some of us, therefore, think that there can now be no impropriety in calling his attention to the importance of cultivating henceforward, a somewhat more cautious and diplomatic regard for the manner in which he may pursue even a righteous issue. Even a good act may be sometimes performed in an offensive manner.

In conclusion, please let him bear in mind that these criticisms are those of an earnest supporter, both for the present and the next term; and are given not to wound, but to heal. There is no man so high but that he may be yet higher raised; and no man so perfect but that he may be bettered by sound and impartial and unselfish advice.

President Roosevelt is an honest and just man; let him combine with these the additional virtue of a "strenuous" diplomacy.

WILLIAM R. MOORE (of Tennessee)

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 15.

The Story of a Grab for Profits at the Expense of the Public.

From the Journal of Commerce

When the plans of the Rapid Transit Subway in this city were first announced, assurances were given that there would be very little tearing up of street surfaces and interruption of traffic. Shafts would be opened and cuttings made here and there, which would be bridged over, and the work would be carried on beneath a surface over which the normal movements would proceed with little disturbance and no damage to business. When the construction began this promising plan was abandoned, and it was said that one side of a street would be opened at a time for short distances and traffic turned upon the other side, and the work would proceed with the minimum of obstruction. But even this half way plan was pursued only here and there. Contractors became utterly heedless of public convenience and the interests of business along the subway, and the commission grew lax in enforcing its requirements. Huge trenches were dug over long stretches, sometimes including both sides of a crowded street, and were left open month after month, while paving stones, material, débris and temporary structures encumbered the roadways and sidewalks as places of free storage.

There is no longer any doubt that the subway system is going to be sufficiently profitable to justify the expense of the most scientific method of construction. There is no excuse for any more of the clumsy ditching that has been going on so long.

Condensed Guide to Political Opinion.

From the St. Joseph Gazette.

If Joseph W. Folk is nominated for Governor the Democratic party will carry the State by a majority greater than has ever been known in the history of Missouri.

From the Buffalo Commercial.

If Gen. Wood reads the papers he must be troubled to find hearty acquiescence in his rapid promotion.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The chairman of the State Democratic Committee of Tennessee has conducted a canvass among representative members of his party in various parts of the State, in which 320 persons favor Parker for the nomination in 1904 as compared with 155 for Bryan, 12 for Gorman, 9 for Cleveland and 2 for Hill.

From the Hartford Courant.

Leonard Wood is very far from being a tin soldier, but he is probably better fitted to be a Medical Director than a Major-General.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

Mr. Jacob A. Cantor's early announcement that he is going to step "out of politics" when his term as Borough President expires will be taken by not a few to indicate a yearning to reach out for the Governorship.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Americans would be quite satisfied to see Mr. Root remain Secretary of War and Mr. Taft Governor of the Philippines.

*From the Utica