The Sun.

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The Temperature at Chicago.

Because no extraordinary enthusiasm has distinguished the proceedings of the Republican national convention and because few throats have gone lame from shouting approval and adulation of Mr. ROOSEVELT, it does not follow that the Republican campaign will lack energy or caloric.

Because the management has offended, alienated and turned out to grass a good many of the old Republican warhorses, it does not follow that the campaign will not be conducted with masterly skill in the most scientific manner.

Because the Hon. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS is so unlike Mr. ROOSEVELT in his habits of thought, speech and action as to produce a contrast almost humorous at first sight, it does not follow that Mr. FAIRBANKS's name will not strengthen the ticket greatly.

Better keep these three things in mind in making forecasts for November.

Keynotes and Discords.

There is no doubt that in the admirable speech made on Tuesday by ex-Secretary ROOT, as temporary chairman of the Chicago convention, he sounded what he hoped would be the keynote of the Republican speeches to be delivered at ratification meetings and on the stump during the campaign. His keynote is the record of the Republican party.

As experience has shown, it is beyond the power of any partisan, however astute and ingenious—of any party leader, however open-minded, far-sighted and wise—to sound the keynote of a political campaign in the United States; even in the sense of prescribing the arguments and the appeals to which the spokesmen of his own organization shall confine themselves. For, however zealously a platform speaker may strive to keep the beaten track to which his instructions limit him, he can easily be switched from it by a cynical interrogatory, or by an exhibition of listlessness, or by signs of a disposition to disband on the part of his auditors. Much less can he prevent avowed political opponents from following on the platform a line of their own.

The truth, of course, is that not until a campaign is well under way—and, sometimes, not until it is nearly over—can one say with certainty what the keynote is, or what issue will prove really pivotal. All that one-sided conventions and all that their shrewdest managers can do, before battle is joined, is to occupy what seems the best strategical position, and to suggest what seem likely to prove the most effective tactics. Unforeseeable are the surprises, the vicissitudes, the reverses of campaigns; and often not until the sun goes down on the field in which the contest culminates, can the retrospective eye determine what really turned the fortunes of the fight. Only when the normally dumb, apathetic and impotent masses of the people have been electrified and roused to the tremendous import of the function which only once in four years they are permitted to perform, can even the most vigilant spectator know, though he may guess, how they will use their one hour of majesty.

England's Mission to Tibet.

There are ever increasing indications that England has again made the mistake, so frequent in her military history, of underestimating her opponent. A few months ago an expedition was despatched to Tibet, presumably to demand an explanation of and reparation for Tibetan contumacy and discourtesy in returning British official communications unopened and other acts which were deemed offensive. The original expedition consisted of a military force numbering 300 men. This was called the mission to Tibet.

To-day England's soldiery in Tibet is called an expeditionary force and consists of 4,600 men. It includes four native regiments, a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, sappers, a British mountain battery, a native battery and 200 mounted infantry. Attending them are about 7,500 carriers and transport men and about the same number of animals. Two more native regiments, two sections of a mountain battery and a company of sappers and miners are under waiting orders to proceed to their support, with every probability that they and perhaps many more will soon be needed.

The London *Times*, commenting on the situation, says:

> "The Tibetans having thus decided for war, the operations in the future are likely to be more serious than our previous experiences seem to warrant. Not only are better arms and ammunition continually increasing the enemy's power of resistance, but it is indisputable the Tibetans are daily learning most important lessons in the art of war. Their recent dispositions argue that they have seriously taken to heart the experience gained in our earlier advance. Their shooting, both with guns and rifles, has improved immensely, and the present conditions of the daily fighting here afford sufficient proof that the Tibetans are not wanting in pluck, if capably led and given a fair chance."

The difficulties of the work, from which England cannot now withdraw, are conceded. It would have been wiser had they been earlier realized. England's prestige in northern India, in the Punjab, the Northwest Provinces, Bhutan, Nepal, and Burma, if not throughout the whole of India, compels her to a successful prosecution of the Tibet expedition at all costs. Should that follow which now seems most probable, England will have a job on her hands that will make some of her recent punitive expeditions in eastern and central Africa seem like a Schützenfest.

A desire to be let alone and to keep all foreign devils out of their almost inaccessible country is a deep seated ambition with some 6,000,000 people in Tibet. Their success thus far in delaying the British operations will tend strongly to inspire them with courage, and even the London *Times* now admits their ability to make a very good fight.

The Republican Platform.

On the steadfast maintenance of the gold standard, the Republican platform rings true. No party can say less and deserve to live.

On protection, the platform is adroitly drawn so as to permit almost anything in the way of revision to meet changed conditions, so long as Republicans do the revising.

On the policy of reciprocity the platform displays much less earnestness than President MCKINLEY showed in the last of his lifetime. The reciprocity resolution is vague and practically meaningless. It is less definite than the corresponding plank of four years ago.

On running amuck, the platform says that the anti-trust laws have been "fearlessly" enforced. It does not say that they have been evenly or impartially enforced, or that they will be.

On the outrages perpetuated by combinations of labor, the platform says not one word that means anything.

Possibly the most interesting specific declaration of intentions is that which threatens to overhaul the Southern representation in the House of Representatives and in the electoral vote.

But the most novel and sensational feature of all, and perhaps the most important indication of changed times, is the amount of space devoted directly to Mr. ROOSEVELT and his achievements. In indorsing and praising the Administration of MCKINLEY the platform of 1900 used less than one hundred words. In indorsing and praising President ROOSEVELT, and describing his special achievements, the platform of 1904 uses at least five times as many words, largely adjectives and adverbs of eulogy.

And yet we are sure that this part of the platform was rigidly edited and ruthlessly condensed at the White House.

The Awful Mystery.

Very naturally, the question of the origin of evil, brought anew to the front by the awful disaster to a Sunday school party, interests very many of our correspondents. It has interested and has puzzled men from the beginning of their reasoning faculty; yet they are no nearer to the solution of it than was the earliest savage who sought to conciliate the mysterious Power over the universe.

In times past men have gone mad in their search for the key to the mystery, and even now the lunatic asylums contain many men and women who imagine that they have cleared away the mystery, and that is why they are there.

Some of our correspondents complain that in writing of the subject a few days ago we gave up the question, as undeniably we did and as everybody outside of a madhouse must give it up, if he does not want to get inside.

For example, a sharp broker of the Cotton Exchange, though good enough to attribute to us "the possession of ability and intellect," questions our "exercise of both or either" in what we said. He infers that we dodged the question in a pusillanimous fashion:

> "Did you, in that editorial, simply say all you dared to say, or did your comments describe your actual and honest comprehension and belief of the subject matter?
>
> "Did you withhold anything that may have been impressed upon you by your best and broadest thinking?"

Certainly, we dared to say no more. We gave up the question of the origin of evil. We withheld nothing, for we frankly acknowledged ignorance. The critical broker's "best and broadest thinking" may go far and dive very deep; but, no more than we, can he get to the bottom of that mystery by any process of reasoning.

Mr. JOHN CADMAN of Brooklyn says, very reasonably, that so far as concerns the question of the mercifulness of a personal GOD there is no difference "between a thousand innocent children being burned to death or drowned by the burning of a steamboat, and the same number of equally innocent children dying on that day in a thousand different homes all over the world." Without children, continues Mr. CADMAN, "heaven would seem to most of us a dull, uninteresting place where few would care to go." Besides, he argues, if the children on the Slocum "had been permitted to live to old age or middle life, who can tell how many of them would have been led into sins and been a cause of greater grief to their parents" than was their destruction in that disaster? But if they had never existed at all they would have been saved from torture on that burning boat. If they were more fortunate than others in being saved from the sin of the others, where is justice? The mystery remains, Mr. CADMAN.

A New York correspondent argues that as GOD gives us "intelligence and free will we are ourselves responsible for the neglect of the precautions which would have prevented the catastrophe. GOD could not do more unless He suspended all laws to make up for the gross carelessness of the owners, the captain, the crew and the inspectors." But it was not the negligent who perished. The children burned and drowned had no such responsibility. But, says our pious friend, "they escaped all the other pains and evils of life," and the awful catastrophe may save the rest of us from "greater evil from another accident." Is not that rather a selfish view to take of the destruction of hundreds of poor children?

"GOD," says a New York dogmatist, "wills no evil, and causes no evil; evil comes from human disobedience of GOD's commandments." "The real cause" he attributes "to the one man who smoked in the lamp room." Assuming that he is correct in this, is it consistent with our human idea of justice that the careless and disobedient smoker should escape and hundreds of women and children who did not smoke should be burned as a punishment for his misdoing? That is substantially the question scores of our sceptical correspondents are asking us. The theory of a "reader of THE SUN for fourteen years," is that "GOD, in taking away the lives of those on the Slocum, chose those who were, no doubt, 'jewels in His crown' and thereby used His own to warn those who ought to be living better." A Kingston correspondent takes the directly contrary view that, "horrible as the Slocum disaster was, its iconoclastic side is immense"—that is, it tends to destroy in men belief in "the personal GOD whom the superstitious have set up and of whom they expect interference in the affairs of the world at their asking." Finally, asks a Brooklyn correspondent, "as none of these dear little children under the age of responsibility will be lost, is it not very good of GOD to call to a lost eternity men and women who have entirely ignored GOD's invitation to accept CHRIST as their Saviour?" Besides children, it must be remembered, very many adults were lost in the disaster.

We give these opinions from among scores which we are receiving on this subject. After all is said, do they leave the mystery any the less impenetrable by man? Either you must take the dogmatic theological explanation, purely on faith, or you must make inexorable natural law the ruler of man's destiny, and draw from this terrible disaster the single lesson that man must find out this law, obey it and use it for his benefit or else be crushed under its merciless operation.

Reinspect the Boats.

The public demand for a reinspection of steamboats is the result of a strong suspicion that too many of the inspections made in the regular order of business, and not at a time when the white light of popular indignation is searching the acts of inspectors, are superficial.

The Coroner's investigation into the disaster will in all probability fix the blame on some one, but it is not likely that it will reach all the evils that prevail in the common service of passenger steamboats. In the first place it is an indisputable fact that in altogether too many boats life preservers are placed where passengers would have considerable difficulty in getting them even in moments of perfect coolness, and where in time of panic they are well nigh inaccessible.

Secondly, a properly directed inquiry will show that on many boats fire drill and the drill for abandoning ship are held very rarely, indeed, and on some boats never. The plain fact is that most of the boats plying to pleasure resorts in and about the waters of New York are so busy from early morning till late at night that there is no time for fire and "abandon ship" drills.

Only actual drill in the business of putting out fire will maintain the necessary discipline in a crew and serve to disclose any imperfections in the apparatus. The same thing is true of the drill necessary for getting the boats into the water for the purpose of carrying people away from a sinking or burning vessel. Steamboats have station bills showing to what boat each member of her crew belongs. This is good as far as it goes. But has any one ever seen a steamboat station bill showing what are the duties of each person in lowering away boats and providing their equipments?

Inspection will serve to show that lifeboats are usually secured with a view to the preservation of the boats rather than to speed in lowering them in case of emergency. They are covered with heavy tarpaulins carefully lashed, they are rested in solid chocks instead of hinged ones, and the small stuff used for lashings and stops is much heavier than is required. Of course if it were lighter it would demand replenishing oftener, and that costs money.

Getting a boat over a vessel's side is no small job at the best of times; and in the hour of rush and terror it is a big one. For the sake of saving a few dollars it ought not to be made more difficult than it need be.

The Day of the War Correspondent.

The well-known writer and lecturer, Mr. GEORGE KENNAN, is now in Japan, as correspondent for the *Outlook*. In a recent letter to that magazine, Mr. KENNAN says: "It is not improbable that the day of the war correspondent has passed. Facility of telegraphic communication throughout the world has made him almost as dangerous as a spy, and the example set by Japan is likely to be followed hereafter by every great Power that finds itself engaged in war."

There is another side to this question which gives probability to a view that the day of the war correspondent is even now dawning—but it will be a different sort of day from that whose close is noted by Mr. KENNAN. Nations like Japan and Russia may be content with official reports from military sources, more or less garbled to suit political exigencies. The English and the American people want to know, and feel that they have a right to know, what is being done from day to day by their troops in the field. They want the details of camp and campaign life, accounts of valor and heroism, and stories of victories. To them, their armies are aggregations of men who are sons, brothers, fathers, husbands or personal friends, in whom they have direct and personal interest. A British or an American army is not a mere impersonal machine. Those at home want to know what these men are doing, how they are doing it, and the conditions under which it is being done. This information can come only through the news columns.

The trouble with the work during late years has been in the assignment of irresponsible men who have been over-eager to tell much that should not be told. The proper sphere of the war correspondent is the relation of that which has been done, and not the revelation of that which may be or is to be done. Their proper field is the descriptive, and to this there can be no objection. Information which may be of value to either of the contestants as a factor in their strategic plans or processes is not legitimate war news. The reading public may be interested in it, but has no right to it. The functions of a spy should have no place in the work of the correspondent.

It is probable that the experiences of recent years will result in the evolution of a new order of war correspondents, men who know the proper and legitimate bounds of their work, men who are personally acceptable at military headquarters, and who would no more think of revealing that which should not be revealed than would the commanding officer himself. Among English-speaking people, particularly, the demand for news is imperative, if not irresistible. It is probable that the war correspondent of the future will be a man who can tell them all that it is necessary for them to know, without telling that which would in any way hamper or influence the operations of either side. The suppression of the war correspondent is perhaps less probable than his recognition as a distinct institution on a basis of his proper qualification for his work.

Mr. Root's Tribute to John Hay.

The outline of that branch of the Hon. JOHN HAY's diplomatic achievements to which circumstances permitted Mr. ROOT to refer in his Chicago speech, makes an exhibit of which the American people may well be proud. It covers, necessarily, only the diplomatic triumphs that are of record.

There are thankless victories of a negative, silent kind, however, which often are won at greater cost of patience, tact and vexation of spirit than those which are more noisily heralded.

What Mr. HAY has accomplished in this field during the recent trying years of his labors he alone can best tell, and he is not likely to tell. Of course it was a sealed book to Mr. ROOT. And yet it very likely contains that for which the people of the United States, did they but know it, owe Mr. HAY the greatest debt of gratitude of all.

A "stand-patter," in the wide open field of American politics, is one who, recognizing as wise, approving as sound, and upholding as necessary, certain Government policies already accomplished through definite results, desires to see these policies continued and these results retained, and who resents and resists any proposed change in them. Such were they who applauded the policies, essentially a part, and a splendid part, of the memorable and regretted McKinley Administration.

The spurious "stand-patters" observed during the past few days in Chicago are the upholders of no known, declared or acknowledged policies in government or party rule. They acquiesce in what is past undoing, and approve, in advance, of what they think cannot be prevented.

They are not the real thing; they are not the real stand-patters.

One of the interesting side issues which have grown out of the dismissal of Lord DUNDONALD from his position at the head of the Canadian militia appears in Sir WILFRID LAURIER's reference to that distinguished British officer, in a public speech, as a "foreigner." It is true, he at once recalled the word and substituted for it the word "stranger," which is little of an improvement.

The incident has excited controversy, not only in Canada, but across the water, as well. The *Saturday Review* says that "this unhappy phrase appears to strip LAURIER of any appearance of patriotic conviction." The *Speaker* says:

> "When the Canadian Premier bids for popularity in the Canadian Parliament by calling an Englishman a 'foreigner' and a 'stranger' we may be perfectly sure that Imperial federation and fiscal union are more of a dream in the days of CHAMBERLAIN than they were in the days of CARNARVON.

The *Yorkshire Post* says:

> "Sir WILFRID LAURIER's use of the words 'foreigner' and 'stranger' shows that in a cranny of the Premier's mind there lingers the earlier suggestion of Canadian Liberals that Canada was allied to the United States rather than to the British Empire."

The *Temps* of Paris sees in the whole Dundonald incident a proof of Canada's loose attachment to the Empire. The *Toronto Globe*, a thick-and-thin supporter of the Canadian Premier, stands firmly by him in the Dundonald affair, and has evidently sought to sidetrack the reference to a "foreigner" and "stranger."

Doubtless Sir WILFRID was far from any intention of offence in his unfortunate use of these words; but the incident is nevertheless significant. It reveals the Premier in a dual light: first, that of a French Canadian; and, second, that of a Canadian. The French element in that country has ever regarded itself as the only original, dyed-in-the-wool Canadian article. The English settler and his descendants they regard as "*étrangers*." The second point indicates the existence in the Premier's mind of a well defined line of demarcation between Briton and Canadian. In this he may be said to stand in the van of that ever-increasing number across the border whose watchword is "Canada for the Canadians."

Suppose the convention had dared to say, and had said, "Speak for yourself, ELIHU!"

We Acknowledge Bim's Button.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Enclosed find button for President and Vice-President of the United States. I predicted in 1896 McKinley and Hobart, in 1900 McKinley and Roosevelt, and now I predict Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

Trusting that my predictions are the same as heretofore, I remain,

CHICAGO, June 21. "BIM," THE BUTTON MAN.

Firemen on Excursion Boats.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* How serviceable it would be to have two firemen on every excursion boat, so as to prevent another General Slocum disaster.

The police are there, but not the fire fighters.

Theatres have both police and firemen. Why not the excursion boats? L. S. FILITE.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, N. Y., June 21.

A Hard Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Can you suggest a way or place where a victim of locomotor ataxia can earn a living, or am I down and out, to be an incumbrance, a useless expense, the rest of my life? DISCOURAGED.

NEW YORK, June 21.

The Universal Excuse.

Cow ain't been run over yet,
  Precious little cheer;
Things is always purty bad
  Presidential year.

Weather ain't jes right fer crops,
  Rain ain't nowhere near;
Bugs are in the tater patch,
  Hessian fly is here.

Guess I'll hang on, jes' the same,
  Cause I kinder fear
Mightn't git ter go above
  Presidential year.

McLANDBURGH-WILSON.

A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

The news that Sir Charles E. Eliot has resigned his office as British Commissioner for the East Africa Protectorate, because he is opposed to Jewish immigration into the highlands of that region, gains additional interest from the fact that he is the latest and one of the strongest advocates of the desirability of opening that country to white settlement.

In his annual report on the affairs of the Protectorate, published last fall, he speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the beauty, the healthfulness and the resources of this garden of tropical Africa right under the equator. The great plateau he describes is on the line of the Uganda Railroad, about three hundred miles inland from the Indian Ocean. The reason why the plateau is fitted to become the home of white men is that its surface is twice as high above the sea as the top of the highest mountain in the Catskills. In other words, it is over 8,000 feet above sea level. This great altitude gives it a temperate climate in tropical Africa.

Sir Charles says in his report that the surface of the plateau resembles the downs of England. Large forests of fine timber are scattered among wide expanses of grazing and tillable lands. All kinds of European vegetables flourish, water is abundant, and the soil is very fertile. The mean average temperature is 67 degrees Fahrenheit at 9 A. M., and 78 degrees at noon; while the nights are much cooler, and the thermometer often goes down to 45 degrees in the early morning.

"I did not believe at first," he writes, "that this was a white man's country. But I have no hesitation in now stating my conviction that Europeans can live and thrive not merely in patches of territory here and there, but practically anywhere in the highlands."

Why, then, is Sir Charles opposed to the settlement of Jewish colonists in the country? The reason appears to be because he is opposed to the manner in which Jews are to be introduced into the highlands. He has cabled to Premier Balfour that Lord Lansdowne instructed him to refuse grants of land to private individuals, while giving enormous tracts to a syndicate. He has refused to execute these instructions, which he considered unjust and impolitic.

The East African syndicate to which he refers represents the Jewish Colonial Trust. The British Government, through Lord Lansdowne, offered last summer a grant of a large tract of territory on this plateau for colonization by the Jews. The offer was made public at the Zionist congress, at Basel. The matter was referred to a committee by the Congress and the committee decided to accept the offer. Sir Charles Eliot declines to be the agent through which this offer shall be made effective.

Perhaps it is premature to carry out so large a scheme of immigration as that proposed by Lord Lansdowne. If the Jews went to the African highlands, they would certainly meet all the hardships and perplexities which invariably confront the pioneers in new countries. They would be very far from any centres of civilization, far from markets for their farm products and cattle. It is no easy matter to tame a wilderness in the heart of a barbarous country. Some of the native tribes on the plateau are not yet well disposed toward white men. It will take the best of intelligence, courage and pluck to fill the highlands with well tilled farms and prosperous homes. But though it may be the work of two or three generations, the work will be done some day—for this is one of the reserves of Africa which is destined to become a centre of white industry and civilization.

Brigands and Their Brokers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As there appears to be a hitch in the Raisuli-Perdicaris affair that may last a little while yet, I venture to make a suggestion which, if it has not been already thought of, may be found of advantage.

In a former letter I referred to the case of two British subjects who fell into the hands of Macedonian brigands some years ago. When the ransom of the last one who was captured was being made up, the precaution was taken of marking the greater part of the money in which it was paid. Some very curious results were obtained as in the course of business the pieces began to return to the agencies of the bank from which they had been issued. Relatives in Greece of some of the band suddenly became affluent, but this was considered merely an interesting circumstance and accounted for by the strong family ties that bind Greeks together.

What really caused remark was the fact that more than one, but particularly one of the go-betweens who negotiated the release of the captive, blossomed out a year or so after from being a humble official on a very moderate salary into a large proprietor of real estate. Deposits in more or less considerable amounts were made by persons evidently quite unconscious of the character of the coin they were handling, but which revealed to those interested the extensive ramifications of the brigands' business affairs. It was said that the high commission exacted from the gentlemen of the mountains by their brokers created much dissatisfaction among them, and led to unpleasant reprisals against principals on the other side.

What followed is not pertinent to the present case, but the facts related afford hints that may be of value. PERA.

NEW YORK, June 22.

"God's Answer."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It seems to me the enclosed lines by Miss Learned offer a reply to the question, "Why does suffering exist?"

HARTFORD, June 21. CHARLES B. WHITING.

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:
  "Lord, take away pain!
The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast made,
  The close coiling chain
That strangles the heart; the burden that weighs
  On the wings that would soar—
God, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,
  That it love Thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of his world:
  "Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the world to endure,
  Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart
  And sacrifice high?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
  White brows to the sky?
Shall I take away love that redeems with a price
  And smiles at its loss?
Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto mine
  The Christ on the Cross?"

The Bronx Railbird.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Now that Mr. Loomis has disposed of the end seat hog by suggesting that the end seat be entirely abolished, what about the railbird? This is a species seen frequently in The Bronx and neighborhood. He clambers on a car through imaginary windows and sits himself down on the rail on the left-hand side. This entirely takes away the view of the persons sitting behind him and disposes of any air they might otherwise get. He is generally smoking a cigarette, which adds to the enchantment; and he always goes the limit—that is, to the extent of the run.

Between the two, give me the end seat hog. He is preferable to the railbird every time.

NEW YORK, June 22. L. T. H.

Delighted.

The Nomination—Darling, be mine.
The Candidate—Er—this is so sudden.

Short fiction in abundance is provided in *Harper's Magazine* for July by authors whose names are familiar. The other articles, too, seem unusually light and readable. Prof. John Bassett Moore shows the importance to the world of the humbling of the Barbary pirates, Mr. C. H. Hinton explains the Fourth Dimension, the tiny principality of Liechtenstein and the shrine at Ploumanac'h are described, and Prof. Brander Matthews discovers Jonathan Trumbull and J. R. Lowell. There is verse also and a profusion of pictures, plain and colored.

PORTO RICAN LABOR AND PAY.

Additional Reasons Why Natives Should Be Employed in Panama.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your editorial of the 21st inst., under the caption "Not the Way to Help Porto Rico," entitles me to a rejoinder which in my opinion and without regard to its frankness or apparent rudeness, you will not refuse to publish.

Although I insist on my original assertion that "one of the main causes of the stringency of the island is owing to the low rate of wages paid by the Spanish agriculturists"—and I must declare that statement to be the consensus of opinion among the majority of natives—I deny the accusation of "anti-Spanish proclivities." But let us dismiss the subject, stating that the mission of the Peninsula on this side of the "pond" ended, as far as we are concerned, with the Treaty of Paris, and that it would be bad taste to revive the old rancor and hatred.

If comparisons are odious, they should be especially embarrassing in this particular case, when, as everybody knows, there are very few native planters left in the island to serve as a base to establish a parallel with their Spanish brethren. They are so really scarce that the resourceful SUN has been compelled to cite, in the justification of its argument, the names of two generous Corsicans.

Those very same gentlemen have been paying year in and year out to their coffee plantation laborers wages of 30 cents a day, with the material advantage of sheltering them, free of charge, under the several shanties ("bohios") constructed within their prosperous farms and in the vicinity of Yauco.

The question of deserved wages varies according to the exigencies of climate, geographical position, surroundings, &c. True, the wage rates paid in Porto Rico—30 cents a day—"are far and away above the rate in many of the countries of the Far East"; but you must bear in mind that a Porto Rican, for some inexplicable reason, cannot subsist on the same diet—rice—that would sustain a Chinese. Rice and codfish have injected into the blood of the natives the terrible anæmia, the ravages of which are an object of careful study at the present moment by the Federal officials in the island. Forty cents a day might be good pay on the banks of the Yalu River or the plain fields of Calabria, but not in thriving Adjuntas under the glorious emblem of a prosperous Republic.

What surprises and pains me more concerning your "lightning from a blue sky" attitude is that you did not think worth an editorial my timely suggestion in regard to the employment of Porto Ricans in the Panama Canal works, coinciding as it does with your plausible solution of the stringency of the island in the article in question. You would have rendered a great and useful service to the poor people of Porto Rico if you had defended editorially my suggested proposition of drawing from her excess of population the 50,000 laborers needed for the digging of the stupendous cut.

I don't have to ponder over the remarks of your article, as I am able to read beneath its graceful lines. It seems to me that politics is at their bottom or, to be more explicit, "anti-Rooseveltism" has been the cue of its slippery grasping. We all know very well that your enjoyable SUN has been distilling all along through its infinite and microscopic pores the foam of a most lethal venom against the hero of San Juan. Will it be better for your ulterior political purpose to leave for the present unsolved the island's knotty economic problem than to have it solved now for the prestige of the pitiful target of your merciless attacks?

I knew beforehand that my views on the Porto Rican situation would fall flat on your editorial sanctum, as to accept some other cause than the lack of foresight and patriotic effort on the part of the present Administration, and under the "unswallowable" Roosevelt, for the solution of the stringency of Porto Rico would have meant to lift another obstacle in his way toward the rapid success of his ascending career. But all your superior mastering of the sober English language, and all the charming purism of your wonderful style, will not suppress an iota of what is due to the helpless victim of your burning sarcasms, or to what the land of my birth expects from hardy sons of Iberia in this her bitterest trial. Right or wrong, I have learned to reverence and love your virile and substantial SUN, and I cannot be without it, even at the risk of having to read a gentle spanking such as the one administered in the alluded editorial. D. COLLAZO.

NEW YORK, June 22.

Some of the Dissatisfied.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have read daily every item of news in THE SUN. Now, of course, all eyes are turned toward the convention in Chicago; and before you go to print another day the nominations will have been made:

For President—Theodore Roosevelt of New York.
For Vice-President—Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana.

Slavery redivivus! An absolute surrender by the convention to the instructions by private wire from the White House. Out upon surrender without a fight!

NEW YORK, June 21. A. H. L.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why do you call it the Republican national convention? "The Roosevelt Aid Society" would be more to the point.

DISGUSTED REPUBLICAN.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Though it is probable that a man sincerely disliked by three-quarters of the Republicans and all the Democrats will be nominated for President of the United States, can he be elected against the wishes of 85 per cent. of the voters?

Is there not a fair chance that government of Roosevelt, by Roosevelt, and for Roosevelt may perish from the face of the earth?

NEW YORK, June 22. I. H.

Fireworks and Thin Dresses in Street Cars.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In addition to the thousand and one dangers to which our citizens are daily exposed through the carelessness and wilfulness of ignorant automobilists, bicyclists, express drivers, and surface and elevated motormen, is to be added another, which, during the suspension of the city ordinance relating to the explosion of fireworks, bids fair to exceed the danger to be feared from and of the others.

In passing, in a Second Avenue car, through Forsyth street, one day last week, the street was filled with Italian and Hebrew children, who, for three blocks, bombarded the car with lighted firecrackers and other fireworks.

Suppose, in the two weeks intervening between this date and the Fourth, some of those fiery missiles fall among some of the thinly clad ladies in the cars passing through that and similarly populated streets. Who can calculate the misery likely to ensue from this dangerous pastime? The conductors—probably inured to it by daily experience—pay no attention to it, and the police are, of course, not to be seen for block after block.

Whose business is it to stamp out this nuisance before the fatality happens? Would a timely word from Commissioner McAdoo have the effect of saving some family from a heartrending calamity?

BROOKLYN, June 22. VAN.

Circumstantial Evidence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The case of the suicide Spiller, reported in THE SUN to-day shows the great danger of prosecuting people for murder on circumstantial evidence.

Suppose the husband had not left the letter showing that he contemplated suicide, what chance would the woman have stood of clearing herself, if it was shown that she had quarrelled with her husband, as was apparently the case, and that he had stated to others that she was anxious to be free from him? Would not the District Attorney have tried to have her indicted and convicted of murder? R.

NEW YORK, June 19.

The Woolly Horse.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why, everybody knows what a "woolly horse" is. A woolly horse is one to which no amount of currying and cleaning will give an appearance of spirit or dash. A woolly horse is the kind of a horse that always stands with his forefeet far apart, his head bent in apparent philosophic revery—and never does any work. D.

NEW YORK, June 22.

Introspective Effort by the Monticello Poet.

It is plain the professional poet
  Is the genius who hatches a lay,
And trots it off to the publisher
  And scurries away with the pay.

The lay poet is like the lay pullet
  Who doesn't life's problem tackle—
She seems to lay for the fun of the thing
  And to have an excuse to cackle.

MONTICELLO, N. Y. ALBERT G. RIVES.

The July number of the *World's Work* is given up to the American "uplift." The articles lay hopeful stress on progress in various directions, in business, in city adornment, in music, in education of several kinds, in art, in furniture, in the emancipation of woman. President Eliot contributes an essay on "Content in Work," while in a biographical article he is held up as our "foremost citizen," and a fine portrait of him is the frontispiece.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

St. Lawrence County Enters a Claim—The First Ticket.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In Francis Curtis's "History of the Republican Party" it is claimed that the party was born "under the oaks at Jackson, Mich., on the 6th day of July, 1854," although the author says that this was not the first time the name Republican had been used. Claims for the honor have been made by different sections of the country, but the only claim that antedates "under the oaks" is that made by Exeter, N. H., where it is claimed that the name Republican was chosen by the Hon. Amos Tuck on Oct. 12, 1853, when he proposed that all political organizations should drop party titles and be known as the Republican party.

While we do not wish to detract from New Hampshire's glory, she should not have put forth a claim to so high an honor without first consulting the records of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., the Gibraltar of Republicanism, which in State and national elections has given a majority sufficient to carry the State for the Republican party, and which claims and can prove its right to be called the birthplace of the Republican party and the banner county of the State.

I have in my possession a poster, 24x36 inches, which reads as follows:

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION, 1842:
For Governor—William C. Bouck.
For Lieutenant-Governor—Daniel S. Dickinson.
For Senators—Sidney Lawrence, two years; Thomas B. Mitchell, four years.
For Representative in Congress—Preston King.
For Members of Assembly—George Redington, Calvin T. Hulburd.

"At a meeting of the Republican delegates convened pursuant to notice at the Court House in Canton on the 19th of October, 1842, on motion of Bishop Perkins, Esq., Dorus Pettibone, Esq., was appointed chairman, and William A. Dart and George S. Winslow chosen secretaries. On calling over the names of the several towns in the county, the following persons appeared, produced their credentials and took their seats as members of the convention."

Then follow the names of nineteen towns and forty-eight delegates.

"It was resolved unanimously to nominate George Redington and Calvin T. Hulburd as suitable persons to be supported by the Republican party for the office of Members of Assembly at the ensuing election, who by their record at the past session of the present Legislature have secured to themselves the entire confidence of the Republicans of St. Lawrence."

In the address, which is rather spicy, it says:

"An old fashioned Federalist, a rabid anti-Mason and a nominee of the Abolition Society when compounded make out a first rate representative of the Whig party."

One of the resolutions is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we most cordially approve the stand taken by the Republicans in the present Legislature in refusing to further contract burthensome State debts and in making the necessary provisions for meeting the liabilities already incurred."

A corresponding committee was appointed for the ensuing year, as follows: Benjamin G. Baldwin, Ransom N. Gillett, Alfred Goss, Asa Sprague, Jonah Sanford, John L. Russell, Edwin Dodge and Roscius W. Judson.

As this antedates by eleven years the earliest claim in Mr. Curtis's book, we prove conclusively that the honor belongs to St. Lawrence county. JOHN S. WRIGHT.

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 21.

First Briton in India.

From the Athenæum.

The first Englishman who is known for certain to have gone out to India was, according to a recent correspondent in an Indian paper, a certain Thomas Stephens, a member of a well to do Wiltshire family and an Oxonian, who landed somewhere near Goa about the year 1579, and spent forty years in Jesuit missionary work in Goa and the neighborhood. Stephens not only succeeded in mastering Marathi and Konkani, which were the languages spoken by the majority of the people on the West Coast, but left behind him, among other works in Marathi of literary merit, the "Purana," an epic; and it is in his capacity as the author of this that Stephens's name is best known among the West Coast inhabitants.

The poem contains over 11,000 strophes of four lines each. It narrates, in a lofty style, the events that led up to the establishment of the Christian religion, and from the Creation to the Ascension of our Lord, who figures as the hero of the epic. A new edition of the "Purana" is to be published in Mangalore, no printed copy of the work being now available.

A Very Hard Luck Story.

From the Beloit (Kan.) Gazette.

Here is a remarkable story of continued hard luck in the case of R. D. Dukes, a farmer. Within a short space of time a lot of things happened to him. He lost his crops; cholera killed most of his hogs; a shed fell and killed his two cows; his wife was thrown from a buggy and hurt so badly that she went on crutches for months, and she was just beginning to walk again when she was burned to death by an exploding lamp; Mr. Dukes also was seriously burned in the fire; then he injured his knee and had to go on crutches; then he was badly burned again in a prairie fire; a few weeks later his mother died, and last Sunday his house burned up, with all its contents.

Has a Hard Time Resigning.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Postmaster Hendrix of the little town of Columbia is having a hard time to resign from office. He can't find any one who wants the office, and he has proved so obliging with his townsmen that they have no complaint, and, against his wishes, have petitioned his retention in office by President Roosevelt. Mr. Hendrix is a cousin of Congressman Hendrix of New York and Bishop Hendrix of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. For nearly eight years he has held the position of postmaster, but now he wishes to retire from business and does not wish to be compelled to leave the Government business in the hands of clerks.

Etiquette in Japanese Railway Cars.

From the Chicago Tribune.

When a native lady enters a Japanese railway carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector—attired in a blue uniform—enters the carriage, he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets.

A Launching in a Missouri Town.

From the Atchison Globe.

"I christen thee Lotus, and bespeak thy success," said Miss Marguerite Loftus of Boston, as she spilled a bottle of real champagne over the prow of a little skiff at Lake Contrary, Thursday. Nautically speaking, it was a "trim little craft"; but, talking plain Missouri, it was a little mudscow calculated to hold six at a squeeze, and the Lotus Yacht Club gave it a real seagoing christening, going to some expense to get a girl from Boston, and a band, to say nothing of the cost of the champagne. It was a Real Society Affair, and the women and men present felt like real Liptons.

The Last Straw.

From Harper's Weekly.

A Chinese servant employed in a New York family who lived next door to a famous woman pianist left suddenly after only a few days service.

His knowledge of the English language was limited, and the letter which he left behind him notifying the family of his departure was written in Chinese. With the aid of an interpreter the gist of the communication was made out: "I do not mind your heathen parrot," said the letter; "I do not mind your barbarous customs of dressing and eating; but the lady next door who sits on the musical instrument every day is too much."

Lady Curzon Returns to England.

From the Westminster Gazette.

We have all been welcoming Lord Curzon back to London after his five eventful years in India. But probably he would be the first to own that he owes not a little of his success to the tact, grace and womanliness of his charming wife. Few even of the fair sex of the States, who have made so many "conquests" in this country, have done more in this way than Lady Curzon. The wife of a Viceroy of India is perhaps the highest social position to which any lady not of royal blood can aspire. Lady Curzon, by the way, possesses a beautiful voice, as befits one who was a pupil of Marchesi.

From Chicago.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The lady is from Chicago?"
"Yes."
"Married?"
"Yes."
"Long?"
"No; often."

Country Life in America for July presents a handsome cluster of blackberries as a cover design. Mr. H. C. Merwin tells of an attractive home of rest for tired horses. The country home in this number is Hawthorne's "Old Manse." Among the topics dealt with in the articles are cantaloupes, sweet corn, common seashells, squab raising, quail and touring in an automobile.