The Sun

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From Occident to Orient.

It cannot be assumed with reason that the sole purpose of Secretary TAFT'S midsummer journey to the Philippines is such a brief and perfunctory survey of conditions there as the itinerary permits. The party will be in Manila just six week days, with a reception, banquet or ball scheduled for every day of the six.

Nor is it to be supposed for a moment that Mr. TAFT, whose official time is about as valuable as that of any man on earth, goes half way around the globe merely that he may have the pleasure of showing to some charming young women and some adventurous Senators and Representatives the tropical beauties of Iloilo, Zamboanga, Jolo, Catbalogan, Sorsogan and Batangas.

It will be observed that vague reports begin to appear of dissatisfaction with Governor LUKE E. WRIGHT'S administration of civil affairs in the Philippines, and of general conditions calling for the exercise of Mr. TAFT'S unequaled special knowledge and experience and discretion.

No one, however, will believe that any sudden emergency has arisen demanding the presence of the Secretary of War at Manila. It is a fact that his present remarkable expedition was planned and announced months ago.

It will be noted, furthermore, that Major-Gen. LEONARD WOOD'S arrival in the United States, upon a personal errand variously but imperfectly explained, occurs simultaneously with Secretary TAFT'S departure on the outward voyage.

Can it by any possibility be true that Dr. WOOD is a candidate for the high civil post formerly held by Secretary TAFT and now occupied by the Hon. LUKE E. WRIGHT?

The Collapse of the Black Sea Mutiny.

The surrender of the battleship Kniaz Potemkin to the Rumanian authorities, following, as it did, the much earlier surrender of her companion battleship, the Georgei Pobiedonosets, at Odessa, has put an end to the most alarming outbreak of disaffection in the military or naval forces of Russia that has been witnessed since December, 1825. What conclusions may be drawn from the incident by revolutionists on the one hand and by champions of autocracy on the other?

If we assume—there seems to be some ground for the assumption—that the mutiny was the outcome of a carefully devised and farreaching plot, the organizers of the conspiracy must feel temporarily discouraged. At the outset it seemed probable to onlookers that the whole Black Sea squadron would take part in the insurrection, and that sympathetic uprisings at Baltic naval stations might give the revolutionists control of what is left of Russia's sea power. Considerable shrewdness was evinced by the projectors of the movement when they selected for the initial explosion the battleship Kniaz Potemkin, which is by far the most formidable vessel remaining under the Russian flag. The ignominious failure of Admiral KRUGER to suppress the revolt, and the almost simultaneous decision of the crew of the Georgei Pobiedonosets, which was the next most powerful battleship in the fleet, to join the mutineers, were auspicious events for the insurgents, and the Government's prospect of reasserting its authority seemed hopeless when the rest of the squadron was dismantled at Sebastopol.

Had the two mutinous battleships then acted together, instead of separating—one remaining idly at Odessa, and the other going to the Rumanian port of Kustendje—they might, by a threat of bombardment, have forced the garrison of Odessa to surrender or raise the revolutionary flag; or the mutineers themselves, having replenished their supplies of coal and food, might have proceeded to Batum, or, if they shrank from confronting the guns of that naval fortress, to Poti, where their presence would doubtless have acted like a torch on the accumulated material for a conflagration in the Caucasus. It seems evident that if the revolutionists could have secured in the Caucasus, or the Crimea, or anywhere on the coast of the Black Sea, a base for the establishment of a provisional government, which, supported by battleships and by the nucleus of an army, could claim the status of a belligerent, it would have placed the autocracy in a grave predicament, and perhaps compelled it to fight for its life.

That the mutiny in the Black Sea fleet had no such serious results must be attributed partly to the fact that no naval officers in the Black Sea fleet seem to have been infected with the spirit of disaffection, and partly to the failure of the revolutionary leaders to place efficient agents on board the Kniaz Potemkin, when they had an opportunity of doing so at Kustendje. It is true that the mutineers secured by force the services of engineers and navigators, but under the circumstances no discipline could be maintained, nor could any strategic plans be formed and carried out. It is equally plain that at Libau, Reval and Cronstadt the uprisings were almost wholly confined to the rank and file, and, being without organization or cohesion, came to nothing. We have thus simply been furnished in the Black Sea and the Baltic with fresh proofs of the truth that revolutions must begin at the top. Revolts that begin at the bottom are certain to prove abortive. If we look back over the history of Russia during the last hundred and sixty years, we find that every successful insurrection against a reigning sovereign was prosecuted, if not conceived, by military officers who were followed blindly by the soldiers under their command.

The Indian mutiny of 1857 and the French Revolution may seem to show that the cooperation of commissioned officers is not indispensable to temporary or even permanent success. As a matter of fact, although commissions in the native regiments of the Anglo-Indian army, as this was organized by the East India Company, were reserved for Europeans, the non-commissioned officers were natives of exceptional ability and experience, quite as well qualified for command as some of their nominal superiors. So, too, in the Gardes Françaises and other crack regiments of the French army many of the non-commissioned officers—BERNADOTTE and HOCHE, for example—were much better professional soldiers than were most of the holders of commissions, who, under LOUIS XVI., were drawn much more exclusively from the caste of nobles than had been the case in the preceding reign. In the Russia of to-day, on the other hand, if exceptional military or naval aptitude and ability are needed, they must be looked for among the commissioned officers.

After all is said, however, the facts that the two most powerful battleships left to Russia should have mutinied, and that the admiral at the head of the Black Sea squadron should have deemed it wiser to dismantle the rest of his vessels than to risk a battle with the mutineers, must have given a tremendous shock to the St. Petersburg authorities—a shock of which we are likely to hear reverberations for some time to come. Meanwhile the fiasco at Odessa must have taught the revolutionists what they ought to have known beforehand—that for the success of a revolt one colonel is worth a dozen captains and one captain of a company more than the hundred privates under his command.

The Vulgar Talk About Money.

Preachers in pulpit and press, and the President of the United States from the platform, have been talking of late very much about the sacrifice of giving up prospects of money making in order to serve the people in high public office. Their text, of course, is the readiness of Mr. ROOT in accepting the place of Secretary of State at a salary much less than the amount of money he could make in the practise of his profession.

Mr. ROOSEVELT told the convention of teachers at Asbury Park last week that every member of his Cabinet could make more money in private life, but is there anything remarkable about that in the history of American Cabinets? Moreover, in all his audience there was not one to whom the salary of a Cabinet office would not seem large. Probably among the whole number there was only one who gets as much pay—Dr. MAXWELL, the New York City Superintendent of Schools. "When a great lawyer," said Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT, preaching at Columbia University on Sunday, "lays down a magnificent practise for a paltry salary, he is doing much to show that there is something greater than material things"; yet this "paltry salary" of $8,000 a year is more than nine-tenths of the students graduated from that school of learning will ever obtain. It is far more than the average professional income of able lawyers in New York. It is a salary great enough to exceed the fondest dreams of income which are cherished by the vast majority of able and educated men in this country.

This celebration of Mr. ROOT'S acceptance of an exalted office as a magnanimous self-sacrifice must be as intolerable to him as it is to every other man who is not a snob. Probably he never gave a thought to the mere pecuniary side of the matter. If he could not afford to take the office in justice to his family, he would have declined it as an obligation of duty to those dependent on him. His taking it is sufficient evidence that he has no such obligation.

Self-sacrifice to take an office which had been filled by illustrious men like THOMAS JEFFERSON, JOHN MARSHALL, JAMES MONROE, HENRY CLAY, DANIEL WEBSTER, WILLIAM L. MARCY, JEREMIAH S. BLACK, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, WILLIAM M. EVARTS and RICHARD OLNEY! Who of these was applauded simply because he gave up opportunities for money making in private life in order to hold that office of high distinction? Why do we hear such talk now?

The chase for money was as hot in the days of these men as it is now. Men were in as much haste to get rich then as they are now. "Commercialism" was not less in our society. Less money actually was then made by those successful in its pursuit, but relatively to the standard of expenditure it was as much. If any one of the Secretaries of State we have named had set himself to the task of money making he could have got an income greater than the salary of his office. Why, then, do we not hear of the "sacrifice" made by them in taking that distinguished office?

Mr. ROOT is a lawyer of consummate ability, and as such his professional income is large—how much, is nobody's business except his own. It is a private matter purely; a matter of no great importance except to himself. Nor does the magnitude of his income constitute a measure of his legal abilities, and he would feel insulted if there was such an assumption. In New York there are lawyers whose learning in the law is slight as compared with his, who are not comparable with him in strictly intellectual superiority, yet who make as much money as he, and even more. He cannot enjoy being classed with the mere money making, commercial lawyers, of whom there are so many in New York.

To praise Mr. ROOT for having higher ambitions is to insult him. Of course, he has them. He belongs to the class of really great lawyers who give dignity to their profession and who have rendered illustrious services to their country since the foundation of this republic, since the days of THOMAS JEFFERSON and ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

It is said that the expenses of the Secretary of State at Washington far exceed the amount of the salary paid him. Very likely, but not necessarily. If he is a man who thinks the dignity of his office requires him to keep up a great state his pay by the people will hardly be enough for his house rent; but even if it was doubled it would be small as compared with the expenditures of hundreds of rich men in Washington. But does he need to keep any such state? Is it not optional with him? Speaker REED lived on his official salary, and his dignity did not suffer. Very few of the Senators and Representatives in Congress have any, or any considerable, private incomes in addition to their official salaries.

Undoubtedly the bill increasing official salaries within moderation ought to be passed; but not to enable servants of the people in high places to compete in luxury with the very rich men of this period. Modesty and simplicity of living comport with the theory of this democratic Republic. As it is, there is too much profusiveness in Washington. Private luxury encourages public prodigality. If there is any place where the "simple life" ought to be illustrated practically, it is at the seat of the Federal Government.

This talk about money as if it constituted the only great prize of life is vulgar and snobbish. If anybody feels that way in this Republic, let him follow his impulse and go ahead in his money making. He does not belong in public office, and the people do not want him there.

Complaints of the Civil Service Board.

Commissioner MCADOO of the Police Department must make promotions to the rank of captain from an old eligible list of sergeants, on which are the names of several men whom he has no desire to promote, and which does not carry the names of a number of men whose promotion he believes would add to the efficiency of the department. With bound hands he must accept the responsibility for the conduct of his department, while the Municipal Civil Service Commission manages its details. The Commissioner takes the blame that results from the operation of a wooden and unelastic system in which he has no voice. Who will criticize him if he sees something besides perfection in the civil service laws and regulations?

Dr. JOHN H. PRYOR, who has resigned from the office of resident physician in the State Hospital for Tuberculosis, has had experiences with the State Civil Service Board to match those of Commissioner MCADOO with the municipal organization. In giving the reasons for his resignation, Dr. PRYOR said:

"I am disgusted—and I measure my words when I say disgusted—with the results of the civil service as administered in this State. The Civil Service Commission, or rather its clerks, seems able to furnish me with everything I do not want and nothing I do want in the way of assistants. A superintendent is held responsible for the entire management of his institution, but all his employees have to do is to pass an examination which, so far as it can show their fitness for the positions they hold, is a complete farce. I do not hesitate in saying that the time is past when a superintendent of a State institution in New York State can feel that the direction of the institution is in reality in his hands, and the time is approaching rapidly when no physician of any professional standing will accept a position in a State institution."

Neither Mr. MCADOO nor Dr. PRYOR is a "pothouse politician," nor does either of them wish to "debauch the public service." Yet neither is satisfied with the civil service laws and regulations as they are now enforced. Only recently the Secretary of the Treasury, an official of some importance and dignity in the Federal Government, discovered that he was incompetent to select the coachman who was to drive him about. It is, of course, universally admitted now that in the Chinese system are wrapped up Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. No one would dare to-day to dispute this, but at times the wrapper must become a little irksome for those entwined with its red tape.

The Other Side of the Police.

It was not the rich and generous city of New York that provided food for the eight pitiful wrecks of humanity who were arrested in Madison Square Sunday morning. As vagrants they were an annoyance to the neighborhood. As vagrants they were arrested, and, because the courts were closed, for nearly twenty-four hours they were held prisoners awaiting a hearing.

The police were not to blame because the courts were closed. Neither were they at fault because no provision is made for feeding prisoners detained in police stations. Such is the system, and the police were under no obligation to contribute from their own pockets a fund for food. This they did, however. Matron, doorman, patrolman—into their pockets they went to relieve distress for which the taxpayers could well afford to make provision.

The same tale is told of the policemen into whose station a young woman was brought starving. The food that "she ate ravenously" was paid for out of no fund and by no department of the municipal government, but by the private generosity of the men of blue coats and brass buttons. These are the cases the public hears of. Many are the incidents in every way similar of which nothing is ever recorded.

In the middle of the town there was a hot weather riot, a little exhibition of race hatred, with its accompaniment of unpleasant bullets, flying stones and broken heads. A rioter, crazed with bad drink and sheltered in a crowded tenement house, is a difficult and dangerous animal to subdue. The police subdued not one, but dozens of them. The riot was short lived. No one except those in the immediate vicinity knew of it until it was a matter for the courts to clear up. One or two policemen did particularly well. None did badly. Altogether it was not a discreditable incident.

Too often the legitimate complaints against the police blind the public to the real facts about them. They err, sometimes in ignorance, sometimes corruptly. Among the 8,000 men in the department are some pretty tough specimens. But besides these there are the brave, generous, intelligent and clean men, who can look any honest citizen in the eye without flinching, and who make by far the greater part of New York's splendid police force.

The leader of the Kniaz Potemkin's mutinous crew is asked whether he intends to return to Russia:

"'No,' he responds, bitterly. 'Russia hasn't appreciated what I have done for her. I shall never return to Russia. I will remain in this country and learn the Rumanian language.'"

Could there be better evidence of the heartless cruelty that rules Russia than its refusal to "appreciate" this enterprising sea lawyer?

The spirit of revolt is spreading. The long suffering mules of Wales are in mutiny. The story, as it comes from Newcastle, Pa., runs thus:

"Local Welsh folks who have just returned from visiting their native land say the great religious revival that has been sweeping over that country renders it almost impossible to work the coal mines, for the mules refuse to haul the coal from the pits.

"Formerly the miners and drivers urged the mules to their best efforts by liberal use of profanity, the mules bending to their tasks to the tune of bloodcurdling oaths.

"Since the revival in Wales the miners refuse to swear at the mules, and the animals are so bewildered they don't know what's expected of them. So they stand still and when the lash is laid on merely hump their backs."

Here is the subject for a narrative that might rival in interest the story of the Potemkin. In pondering the possibilities of this mutiny, we were reminded of the old story of the church organist who objected to his blower's remark: "We played very well this morning." It will be remembered that, as the story runs, on the following Sunday the organ gasped and rumbled. "Is it 'we'?" asked the blower. "It is," groaned the humbled organist, and the rushing of a mighty wind was promptly resumed.

As between the miners and the mules of Wales, we are willing to put our money on the mules when they say: "Is it 'we'?"

THE NAVAL REVOLUTION.

With Cessation of Hostilities Between the Armies It Will Burn Out.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* With the surrender of the Kniaz Potemkin to the Rumanian authorities at Kustendje the naval revolution in the Black Sea comes to an end, as it was bound to do. To have been a success it was indispensable that it should have been preceded by a general revolt of the army on land, but whatever may be the discontent among the troops and the economic troubles among the workers in the cities and the peasants on the land, it is quite evident that the loyalty of the army is not thoroughly shaken. The habit of obedience is still strong in the Russian soldier, coming as he does from a race which was held so long in serfdom, and if he manifests at times a spirit of insubordination, it will generally be found that it is directed against his immediate superiors or some local conditions, and never against the sovereign or Government, which are to him invisible and intangible quantities.

Unlike the Russian sailor, he never hears any language but his own, and never visits any other country. He is therefore beyond the reach of those influences that make so many Russian naval officers and sailors revolutionists, and in a spirit of sheer inertia he accepts his condition as inevitable. The military life in Russian towns and garrisons is unfavorable to intelligent development among both officers and men, there being no free press anywhere nor freedom of speech, hardly even of one man to another. A Russian officer once described the daily stroll on the Nevski Prospekt as the promenade of the dead, no one daring to express his inner thoughts above a whisper for fear the air might echo them, and every one vigilant lest he should omit the salute graduated to the rank of any superior he might encounter. In a moment of great confidence a Russian priest once said to me that next to the army the clergy were the strongest props of the throne. "Yet," said he, "we are the worst paid of the servants of the Crown," and in further conversation he implied the possibility of a day when they would demand better treatment. That was long before the present war, which will certainly not have improved the conditions he complained of; but there is no sign that the Russian clergy as distinguished from the Church are not still on the side of autocracy.

As to the revolution, it begins to look as if it will be averted, temporarily at least, by the cessation of war, for much of the ferment we have been hearing of these months has been caused by the mobilization for the battlefield. Russia is essentially the land of "Nitchevo," or "Never mind," as regards the past, and "Karascho," "It's all right now," as regards the present. Therefore a slight amelioration of conditions and a prospect, however illusory, of improvement in the near future will very likely cause the masses of Russians to forget the past. With the Poles, Jews, Finlanders, Armenians and others it may probably be different, but poverty is so deep and universal in Russia that a very few weeks would suffice to starve a revolution, and the more violent and destructive it was the quicker it would burn out.

As a destructive revolution is the last thing the rest of the world can desire for Russia for financial, political and commercial reasons, the efforts about to be made to bring about peace between her and her redoubtable antagonist should receive universal support, although Russian liberals see in it a setback for progress at home. That, I think, they will find a shortsighted view of the situation, for the rest of humanity will have acquired such a right to criticize and influence the policy of Russia in the future that a return to the condition of things before the war will be impossible, and all legitimate movements to bring about permanent and needed reforms throughout the Russian Empire will meet with world wide support. F.

NEW YORK, July 10.

The "Enervated Pundits."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* All the funny things are not in the comic papers. On page 523 of the July number of *The Bookman*, a "magazine of literature," we read as follows:

"For the beliefs that make human history, it is not to the enervated pundits of the Ganges that we should turn."

Why, oh why, is an Asiatic pundit enervated? And have not all the great religions come from Asia? We still turn for juridical wisdom to the enervated pandects of the Bosporus.

BALTIMORE, July 7. PETER BAYLE.

The Roots of Hamilton College.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have just read with much interest the story of "The Hamilton College Roots" in to-day's SUN. In my student days there were three Roots in Clinton: the emeritus professor of mathematics, whom we called Old Cube Root; Square Root, who was then teaching, and plain Root, who was then a student.

NEW YORK, July 9. ALUMNUS.

Incomplete.

Jones—What did you think of the Louvre Gallery?

Smith (just back)—Oh, the pictures are pretty good, but there are no jokes underneath them.

The Ideal Parent.

(A certain college president objects to "Alice in Wonderland" as a children's book.)

Come, come, my little Marmaduke,
Don't read that idle chatter,
You're almost six—let Alice go,
Ignore the crazy Hatter.
To read their words and actions wild
Did you put down your Darwin, child?

And you, my little Gwendolyn,
I really have to scold you.
A girl of eight—with "Alice," too!
In spite of what I told you.
I do not see your Ibsen here,
And where is Schopenhauer, dear?

My children, "Alice" is tabooed.
It gives no stimulation,
No buzzing of the intellect,
No moral elevation.
Remember I don't want it used!
You were not born to be amused.

THOMAS R. YBARRA.

MISSIONARIES TO THE HEATHEN.

They Are Severely Criticized by an Officer Who Served in South Africa.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A letter under the heading "A Plea to Millionaires," in your paper of July 3, was read by me with considerable interest, and has led me to write this letter on a subject which received a great deal of my attention while in South Africa, and one on which I have always felt that the American public needed enlightenment.

In that portion of South Africa lying between Cape Town and the Zambesi River, and Portuguese East Africa and Walfish Bay, there are distributed thousands upon thousands of mission stations, representing the foreign missionary societies of every country in the world.

During my stay in South Africa, I came into contact with a large number of these missionaries, and from my observations I believe that the foreign mission does more harm than good. During the course of a lecture which I delivered before a foreign missionary society in St. Louis a year ago I expressed myself pretty freely on this subject, and aroused such a storm of indignation that I have since been rather timid about giving publicity to my ideas in regard to foreign mission work and its results.

Some might call me an atheist, but I am nothing of the sort, and I beg to point out my reasons for my attitude toward foreign missionary societies.

I have never found, in one single instance, a missionary in South Africa who did not conduct a trading business in the field of his missionary operations. I was much amused at Palapye, in Khama's country, where my regiment was stationed for a few weeks, by a missionary who, in explaining the enormous store which he had of native supplies, valuable ivory, horns, hides, &c., said: "These are a few presents which the dear people have brought to the one who has led them into the bright path of the Christian religion."

The salaries of these missionaries are very small, averaging, I believe, about £80, but it is a matter of record that the business of the missionaries referred to, in native products, amounts annually to thousands of pounds.

The greatest injustice that I found perpetrated on the innocent savages was by a German missionary in the northernmost part of the Transvaal Republic. He was situated in the heart of a very prosperous and populous native district, and there were a large number of other foreign missionaries located in the vicinity. Our friend did not arouse the enthusiasm or obtain the following that he perhaps expected, and in his fertile brain was conceived a unique plan for increasing his popularity. There had been a drought for many months which threatened to ruin the crops of the natives. Our missionary had been reading of the construction of apparatus by means of which rain could be produced, and he decided to try this mechanism to overcome the drought. He allowed information of his purpose to be spread abroad, and great interest was manifested by the natives. This interest was greatly increased when the apparatus itself arrived, and it can readily be understood how great was the concern of the natives in anything that could overcome the drought when it is stated that these natives live only from year to year, and drought means to them a year's starvation. On the day when the great trial was to be made, it is said, there were 100,000 natives from all parts of the northern Transvaal to witness the trial of my religious friend; and, extraordinary as it may seem, the test was made in the morning, and tremendous rains began falling in the afternoon and continued until the drought was entirely broken.

Needless to say, this missionary was thenceforth the most popular one in the whole district. He was overrun with followers, and has had assigned to him by the King of the country in which he lives a vast tract of fertile valley land, in which he has a magnificent home, constructed by native hands, broad avenues of palm trees, splendid flower gardens and immense herds of cattle, sheep and goats, all the offerings of the poor natives, and he has laughingly admitted to me how efficacious his ruse was, in that it made him successful as a missionary; and he said had it not been for this, he would have been in the same plight as his brother missionaries, with only their salaries and a small trading business to live upon. Three years afterward another drought threatened, and the natives appealed to this missionary again to assist them, but he wisely refrained from taking chances of losing his prestige, and told them that their own sins were the cause of the drought, which was sent to them as a punishment by the Almighty Father.

I could quote many other instances of the kind, but I have other reasons for disapproving of foreign missionaries. Instinct has taught the native all the moral laws that are the basis of our social structure. Instinct has taught the native that he should not steal, that he should not lie, that he should not murder, that he should not commit adultery. I have lived for as much as six months at a time among natives of South Africa who have never come into contact with a missionary. I have found, without exception, in the various tribes with which I have been associated, that they were honest in their dealings among themselves and with the white man.

I have found that they are highly moral. In fact, I have invariably found them, in their native state, living lives that we who call ourselves Christianized would do well to pattern after.

The infidelity of a married woman is punishable by death. Murder is very rare, and theft is punishable by death. As they, therefore, live better lives than we do, why should we try to teach them our way of living? The natives of South Africa who fill the jails are the natives who have been Christianized by the missionaries.

Our missionaries have penetrated into the heart of Africa, into the wild and hitherto unknown parts occupied by these natives, and we have taught them the use of modern inventions. The natural result is that the natives look upon our inventions as great, and upon ourselves as a great people and worthy to be emulated. They follow us in agriculture, in the style of architecture, mode of dress, use of firearms, the utilization of our vehicles for transport, and in all ways our improvements are copied, and therefore they are very ready, when our missionaries come, to say: "You are great because you have been able to accomplish so much; therefore we accept your religion."

It is a great pity that in giving them the benefit of our knowledge we undermine their moral character in the process. Were we all good, and were our teachers all good, capable only of acts becoming their religion, all would be well; but, unfortunately, the native copies the bad as well as the good. Therefore when our heathen brother accepts our religion because he believes it is good, inasmuch as it is ours, he also learns to drink whisky because he sees the white man drink it; he learns to smoke because the white man smokes; he learns to lie because the white man lies to him; he learns to steal because the white man steals, and he observes that the white man has not the same respect for moral laws that he has in his native state, and he feels that his law must be wrong, and copies the white man's way.

I wish to assure you that I am not exaggerating one iota in my expressions herein. There is no honest traveler (who is not a missionary) who has observed the results of mission work in South Africa or any other country who will not support me in my assertions.

The development of heathen and unchristianized nations is a development that is made not for the benefit of the natives, but for the benefit of civilized nations, to provide new fields for the ever increasing surplus population. The heathen native who would live on forever, if left in his natural state, is crushed under the wheels of our ever increasing civilization. He is sacrificed on the altar of the white man's advancement. We have no better example of this than the North American Indian.

The white race and its methods must rule the universe, but let us not deceive ourselves by attempting to believe that our religion improves those who have not been born to it.

It will seem strange that a believer in religion could feel that the religion of Jesus Christ could destroy a race, but that is what I believe to be true. Not that the religion itself could destroy a heathen people, but we have, unfortunately, more of bad to impart to them than of good. We are anxious to impart the rules of righteousness, but, unfortunately for those whom we would teach, our lives are the reverse of our doctrine, and our heathen brethren follow not our doctrine, but the example of our daily lives.

ARTHUR W. LEWIS,
Captain Late South African Field Forces.
BRIGHTON BEACH, N. Y., July 7.

Poems of Liquid Sequence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The other day a friend asked me to take a drink of whisky with him, and I declined on the ground that only shortly before I had drunk a glass of beer, and it wasn't good sanitation to mix them. He came back at me with the couplet:

"Wine on beer
Brings good cheer,"

following it up with this:

"Beer on wine,
Always decline."

What about it? Is it a fact? Do any of your experts happen to be able to make a statement on the subject that is authoritative? I don't know where I've been all this time not to have heard these couplets before, but I never did, and they are quite as new to me as poetry as they are as truth.

HARLEM, July 10. INQUIRER.

SUB-SURFACE BRIDGE TERMINAL

For the Manhattan End of the Williamsburg Bridge.

At a conference yesterday between Comptroller Grout, Borough President Ahearn and Chief Engineer Nichols of the Bridge Department, the committee appointed at the last meeting of the Board of Estimate to decide upon a plan for providing terminal facilities at the Manhattan end of the Williamsburg Bridge, it was practically agreed to report in favor of an underground station. The scheme is to build a terminal under the bridge plaza, leaving the plaza unencumbered except for a small space which will be required to provide for the running of trains into the station after they leave the bridge.

It will be necessary to reconstruct the trolley and train tracks for some distance back from the end of the bridge to provide an easy grade into the sub-surface terminal. The details have yet to be worked out, but Comptroller Grout said yesterday that the engineering problems offered no difficulties and that the proposition would be a cheap one, for the reason that the only additional land which will have to be purchased by the city will be a fifty foot strip on the second block from the bridge, between Norfolk and Suffolk streets. He also said that in time subway trains in Manhattan and Brooklyn would be run across the bridge and that the underground terminal could then be taken into the general system. The committee will make its report to the Board of Estimate on Friday.

IN MEMORY OF HOWARD GIBB.

Shades of Business Houses in Brooklyn to Be Lowered During Funeral.

The shades of the Brooklyn business houses in the downtown section will be lowered this morning while the funeral of Howard Gibb takes place. Members of the Brooklyn Downtown Business Men's Association, at a meeting held at the Brooklyn Club yesterday, decided to take this action out of respect to the memory of Mr. Gibb. The stores will not be closed.

The meeting had been called to discuss the matter of the Brooklyn subway, but on account of Mr. Gibb's death this subject was deferred. The funeral takes place at 11 o'clock this morning from the Church of the Ascension.

PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

One Hundred, Headed by Southern Bishops, to Sail for Europe To-day.

A pilgrimage headed by Bishop Northrop of Charleston S. C., and Bishop Kelley of Savannah, Ga., sails for Rome to-day on the Slavonia. Bishop Kelley will celebrate a Pontifical mass at St. Francis Xavier's Church in West Sixteenth street before the party of 100 go aboard.

A private audience with the Pope has been arranged by John J. McGrane of Brooklyn. There are thirty priests in the party and they are accompanied by relatives and friends.

The party will be gone three months and will visit Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland and the British Isles.

Awakened Conscience Writes a Shaky Hand.

The customs authorities received an envelope yesterday from Jersey City containing $25 in bills with this explanation written on a small sheet of paper: "Due the customs eighteen months ago." The handwriting was apparently that of a woman and was very shaky.

Since the publication in THE SUN several days ago of an article descriptive of a circular containing information about the customs regulations which is widely distributed among Americans going abroad, many letters have been received at the Custom House from prospective travelers asking for copies of the circular.

A Coincidence—Scott Misquoting Wordsworth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of this morning I read with interest a communication from "Lector" on the subject of Sir Walter Scott's misquotation of Wordsworth's fine lines, "The swan," &c.

Scarcely three hours later I chanced to pick up one of my bound volumes of *Littell's Living Age*, and began reading at random. Curiously enough, I came at once upon these very lines, and upon an extract from the book, I think, that first gave to the world the information that Wordsworth did not relish the error.

It is a reprint from the *London Quarterly Review* of an article entitled "Half a Century of Literary Life," being a review of two books of reminiscences by S. C. Hall, and will be found in *Littell* of Aug. 18, 1883, volume 158, page 396.

We will all agree with "Lector"; I am sure he will pardon me if I add the extract from Hall, for the lines given by "Lector" from memory are not exact. Is it not remarkable that I should accidentally have come upon these lines twice to-day? The extract is as follows:

"He [Wordsworth] was breakfasting with me in 1831, and the topic of his exquisite poem on 'Yarrow Revisited' in some way came up; he complained that Scott had misquoted him, and, taking from a bookcase one of the Waverley novels, read from it the passage:

"'"The swan upon St. Mary's Lake
Floats double: swan and shadow."

"'Now,' he said, and I shall never forget the solemn sonorousness of his voice as he repeated the lines, 'I did not write that, I wrote:

"'"The swan on *still* St. Mary's Lake
Floats double: swan and shadow."'

"It was evidently, to Wordsworth's mind, a most serious subject of complaint." F. W. H.

WASHINGTON, July 9.

The Medal of Honor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* While an advance has been made by selecting a new design for the army's medal of honor, still further improvement could be secured by giving it a more distinctive name.

In these days when Sunday schools, primary schools and athletic associations are distributing "medals of honor," the name has become less significant instead of more. The world renown of the Victoria Cross is due largely to its distinctive name. If it had been merely a medal of honor it would have been little heard of.

Call the new medal of honor "The President's Medal," and its value and esteem will be greatly enhanced. IAGTHAQH.

NEW YORK, July 10.

Equal to the Emergency.

From the Baltimore Sun.

An alarm of fire in the vicinity of Harrison street brought out the fire department of the district last week. While the bells clanged and the pungent wood smoke of the engines filled the air the merchant who occupied the first floor pushed his way through the crowd and hung a signboard over his door. It read:

"No interruption to business."

New York in July.

They come here from Boston,
St. Joe, Mahanoy,
And blithely they're tossed on
The wavelets of joy.
The charm of white beaches
'Neath cliffs tow'ring high,
Though rare, never reaches
New York in July.

The fun seeking grubber,
What bliss thrills his soul,
Where the wheels of the rubber-
Neck chariot roll
Through streets brightly shining,
Past skyscrapers high;
It has charm past divining—
New York in July.

The man from Toronto,
The schoolmarm from Maine,
Are visibly onto
The pleasure they gain.
And others come pouring
To bask 'neath the sky
Of this bustling, rip roaring
New York in July.

Hot! What does that matter?
'Tis ninety or more;
Profusely they scatter
Their shekels galore.
The sunbeams are dancing,
And cares swiftly fly;
'Tis a sight so entrancing—
New York in July. E. G.

PUP'S PLAY PUT BOY IN TERROR.

Required Ambulance Surgeon to Prove He Wasn't Hurt.

John Genzo, a restaurant keeper at 41 Franklin street, took his nine-months-old St. Bernard pup out for an airing late yesterday afternoon. The pup is a clumsy brute and playful. Genzo had him in leash when he started, but at Mail street and Park row the pup pulled back on his chain and slipped his collar.

So glad was the dog to get free that he frisked around with the eyes of his owner on him. Puppy likes children, and when he spotted eight-year-old Nathan Koslo of 60 Catherine street he made for the boy.

The big hulk of a dog leaped on the youngster and the boy went down howling with fright. There was a crowd around the boy and the dog in an instant and most of the spectators though the dog had bitten the boy. Policeman George W. Brown of the City Hall station came running up and took the boy up in his arms.

The restaurant keeper had got control of his dog and Brown told him to follow along to the City Hall station. Brown carried the howling boy to the station with a crowd trailing along behind. The boy's crying impressed the police so much that they summoned an ambulance from the Hudson street hospital.

Dr. Vance came with it and after examining the boy he could not find anything the matter with him. When the youngster was officially informed that he had not been bitten he stopped crying and went home. Genzo and his pup were allowed to go, too.

THE SEAGOERS.

H. C. Frick and Postmaster Willcox Will Depart To-day.

Aboard the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II., off to-day for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen:

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, the Hon. Morris Dallett, W. H. Lee Ewart, Secretary to the British Embassy at Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Preston W. Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Frick, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edward Freund, Mrs. R. H. I. Goddard, General and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, the Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. George Sheffield, Prof. Samuel F. Sandford, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Tompkins, Mrs. John E. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Berry Wall, Mrs. Beriah Wilkens, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Work, Postmaster and Mrs. William R. Willcox.

Sailing to-day for Liverpool aboard the Cunarder Caronia:

John M. Dorrance, Judge L. B. B. Colt the Hon. Samuel P. Colt, Col. Elverson, Gen. Charles E. Furling, Col. H. J. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Freeman, Lieut.-Col. N. D. Harvey, D. H. Carstairs, Prof. Vladimir de Pachman and William M. Ivins.

Voyagers to-morrow by the Holland-America steamship Rotterdam, for Boulogne and Rotterdam:

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Culbertson, the Hon and Mrs. Charles H. Murray, the Rev. Dr. J. A. Te Pas, the Countess Schaffgotsch, Dr. Paul Y. Tupper, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore R. Lee and Col. J. A. Weidersheim.

By the Cunarder Slavonia, off to-day for the Mediterranean and the Adriatic:

Col. and Mrs. James A. Benson, James L. Babcock, the Rev. Dr. P. L. Duffy, the Right Rev. Dr. B. J. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Kelley, the Right Rev. Dr. H. P. Northrop and Allan Crandall.

THE LECTURER BLUSHED.

Capt. Smoke Forgot for a Moment That He Was Addressing Young Women.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 10.—Capt. Smoke, in charge of the military tactics at the Yale summer school, during a lecture on the rudiments of the drill branched to the subject of "standing at attention." The room was nearly full of girls, for this seems to have become a popular course with the young women, who want to know all about theoretical war. Only a handful of men were present. The captain has explained these things to his Yale boys so often that now he repeats them glibly without thinking of what he's saying.

"In standing at attention," said he, quoting the words of the manual, "let the arms and hands hang naturally by the sides, with the little finger opposite the seams of the trousers."

Tittering caused Capt. Smoke to remember and blush.

TO BUILD A LABOR TEMPLE.

Workingmen's Educational Society Announces That Ground Is Broken.

The Workingmen's Educational Society, whose headquarters are in Eighty-sixth street between Second and Third avenues, announced yesterday that ground had been broken for a "labor temple" which it is going to erect in Eighty-fourth street near Second avenue. The general contractor for the building is the Thompson-Starrett company.

The Workingmen's Educational Society is composed of Anarchists, Socialists and a number of members of East Side trade unions. A meeting will be held on July 20 to arrange for the formal laying of the foundation stone.

The building will have billiard rooms, a gymnasium, several lecture rooms, a musical room and library and a roof garden.

SWAP OF R.R. BONDS FOR PICTURES

Pictures Are in This Plane, but Railroad Is Described as a Projection.

Deputy Sheriff Porges received an attachment yesterday for $23,000 against Albert N. Hoxie of Boston in favor of William O. Cole of this city, growing out of the sale of twenty-nine oil paintings, valued at $23,000, on May 1 by Mr. C