The Sun.

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The National Chaos.

It is impossible to say truthfully that Mr. BRYAN has set forth the present and future platform of the Democratic party and established himself definitely as its candidate for the Presidency. It could be said with equal reason, and more probability, that he had set forth the platform of the Republican party and established somebody else as its candidate.

The Republican press gives Mr. BRYAN a far warmer, politer and more sympathetic welcome than he gets from the Democratic newspapers.

In the annihilation of all the old political structures which Mr. ROOSEVELT has wrought are we to discern him in the future as the logical and natural candidate of the Democracy, while some Bryan—WILLIAM J. or another—becomes the champion of the Republicans?

For that Mr. ROOSEVELT will be a candidate (in spite of all our convictions to the contrary) appears now to be of the widest popular acceptance. If one may believe in the assertions in the public prints, if one may trust in utterances boldly and confidently attributed to Mr. ROOSEVELT himself, if one may put one's confidence in the expression that is everywhere current of the public temperament and the public desire, then Mr. ROOSEVELT is assuredly now and inevitably will be at the critical moment the popular candidate. We are called upon to dismiss Mr. ROOSEVELT'S formal and direct disavowal made on election night of further pretence or consent to another term. Many reasons are alleged for this; mostly reasons which are sophisticated and devious. One reason alone has weight with us, and that is that it is the prerogative of genius to control its own motives, assured that whatsoever its decision it will enjoy the approbation of the multitude.

Make no mistake. The logarithm of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S career resides in the definition of a Genius!

Let no one be deluded with the idea that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S dominance is on the wane, that his star is in declension. He is far yet from his apogee and is to-day a more potential force with the people of this country, Republicans and Democrats alike, than any other day hitherto. There is no one else in their minds, not one; no TAFT, no ROOT, no CANNON—no one at all in all that vast ineffectual procession.

No BRYAN? Alas! Mr. BRYAN is not even a wholesome distraction.

Duties of a Naval Commander.

All summer long England has been made uncomfortable by a suspicion that there is a screw loose somewhere in the object of her greatest pride, her main defence in time of war, the navy. The wooden walls of England have been converted into steel, with little apprehension on the part of the people of the changes involved and no diminution of confidence in the officers and men that man them. They have imagined until very recently that Lord CHARLEY BERESFORD, for instance, would conduct a fight, with some slight differences, much as NELSON did on the Victory.

At the end of last May an unpleasant incident occurred. A brand new first class battleship, the Montagu, which cost more than $7,000,000 to build, commanded by an officer of marked ability in the service, was landed in a fog plump on a rock off Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel. Throughout the summer futile efforts have been made to float the ship; there are hints of excessive sums spent in the attempt and of the clashing of Admiralty red tape with the suggestions of competent wrecking experts. At all events, the attempt has failed and the vessel is abandoned. The $7,000,000 worth of skilled construction has been turned into junk. The salvage has been inconsiderable, and it is to be noted that owing to the strength of the barbettes it is unlikely that the costly 12 inch guns can be got out.

About the time that all hope was given up of saving any portion of the ship the Captain and navigating Lieutenant were tried by court-martial, as is the rule, for losing the ship. The Montagu had started in a fog from the neighborhood of Lundy Island for the purpose of performing experiments in wireless telegraphy in connection with other points on the coast. The Captain was a type of man that is none too common in either the navy or the army; he was a specialist in gunnery and an expert in wireless telegraphy. He had a mission to perform that interested him greatly, and it came out that he spent most of his time over the apparatus, turning over to others the greater part of the handling of the ship.

There are few nastier spots on the British coast than the Bristol Channel, with its cross currents and confused tides in heavy weather and fogs. The thickly dotted charts of the Wreck Commissioners show the toll of ships it takes annually. The Montagu was put about in all sorts of directions in her short cruise, trying to get in touch with wireless stations. When, still in the fog, she undertook to get back to the neighborhood of Lundy by dead reckoning, the navigating Lieutenant got her in too close. If proper soundings had been taken and if he had been on deck when she struck, his sentence probably would have been lighter.

Severe sentences were passed on both officers, which will probably end their careers, unless there should be a war. Against the justice and propriety of the judgment no word has been said. Still, many of the English papers seem to have waked up to the real difficulties in the case and the actual cause of the disaster, the heaping of too much responsibility on the ship's commander.

The old theory of the sailing days that the Captain is responsible for everything that happens on his ship still holds, and must hold forever, within reasonable limits. The modern battleship is a fighting engine; its Captain must above all maintain discipline and be ready to carry out with his vessel the orders that are given to him, in peace and in war. It is a ship, at the same time, and he must know how to navigate it, unwieldy as it is, and avoid, among other things, collisions and running aground. It is a big floating machine shop, full of countless steam, hydraulic and electric contrivances that must be kept in perfect order, and the Captain as matters stand must see to all these. He must be an expert in gunpowder, if there are to be no explosions or disabled guns in his turrets. He may find it necessary, too, to know something of naval strategy or the other fine points of his profession.

The handy man is being broken down by the burden put upon him. That seems to be the sentiment in England regarding the Captain of the Montagu. When the anxieties of war time are added he may hold up for the time, but he does not hold out long after. How many of our own Captains in the Spanish war, only eight years ago, are alive now? The navies of the world, if they are to be efficient, will have to devise some means of dividing the responsibility and the work, which are now too great for one man, in a battleship, and while keeping the Captain in command, of relieving him of some part of the technical, practical knowledge now demanded of him. That lesson, too, England seems to be drawing from the loss of the Montagu.

For an Independent Judiciary.

The Judiciary Nominators ask the public for contributions to a campaign fund, a fund not to dribble into the pockets of heelers, not to be divided among organizations real and bogus, not to be wasted on flubdub literature, the rhetoric of bathos and the drivel of the spellbinder, or to purvey to the inextinguishable thirst of hangers on. The Judiciary Nominators want money to meet the expense of naming candidates by petition and to defray the necessary cost of a campaign carried on for the public good and without selfish material or interests to back it. The independent candidates for the judiciary do not buy their way to office. "Not one dollar," says Mr. CHOATE, "has been or will be accepted from the candidates."

This is of itself a long step toward Utopia.

Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. GRIGGS, the chairmen of the Congressional campaign committees of the two great political parties, are standing humbly, hat in hand, asking the dear people for a dollar and upward. Whoever wants to "save" the country in that way knows where to send his check. But the patter of the old political barkers may have lost its power to charm. An independent Judiciary, owing nothing to politics, unmortgaged to bosses, absolutely pure in its source and origin—this is the foundation stone of a well ordered State. Even the shadow of a doubt or suspicion of pollution upon that final arbiter of the rights of the individual should be a thing unthinkable. In the courts, and nowhere else, abide the safety, the honor and the freedom of the State and the nation. If the courts are pure the community is sound.

Do the citizens want Judges bound to nothing but their oaths, their consciences and their knowledge of the law, or do they want boss-made Judges?

If they do not want boss-made Judges they will help the Judiciary Nominators.

Artists on Their Dignity.

At all times and in all seasons the *American Tailor and Cutter* asserts and defends the rights, privileges and dignity of the important and artistic trade in the interests of which it is published. Recently it urged tailors not to make themselves ridiculous by describing their work, their shops and themselves in extravagant, high flown, pompous words and phrases. Now it calls on the clothes makers to declare their independence of bumptious customers and insist on cutting and finishing garments as their superior knowledge and taste dictate, not to please the unreasonable whims and fancies of too presuming purchasers:

"Why is it that tailors passively concede in this way that their customers know more than they do themselves about correct, fashionable and artistic attire? Is it because they feel themselves inferior, or because they lack the courage of conviction, or because they love the almighty dollar so well that they prefer to eat humble pie to losing a customer?"

The fear of losing a customer compels many a skilled craftsman and even some very dignified professional persons to "eat humble pie." Yet there are cases in which the iron must enter the sensitive soul of the man of goose and shears. The *Tailor and Cutter* describes a possible incident in a tailor's shop:

"If, for example, a physician of average height should come to the tailor and say: 'MR. HIGHART, I want a cutaway frock. Make it thirty-two inches long, taper the skirts to a three inch point, let the roll be four inches in length, pad the shoulders and make them extremely wide, make the notch widths one inch, and do this and do the other thing: that is good style, and I want my coat built that way and no other way.'"

Our contemporary fears that the tailor would "smile and bow and do his best to give the physician the sartorial atrocity he asked for." Reversing the picture, it asks what would happen if a tailor visited his medical man and addressed him thus:

"DR. PILLBOX, my temperature is 101¼, my pulse is pounding at 99, and I am confident that there is an accumulation of warts on my liver. Will you kindly prescribe for me so many grains of this, and so much of that, and order me to take a mustard and molasses bath? I consider this the proper treatment in my case, and as I am willing to pay you your price I expect to receive it."

The result of such an address, the *Tailor and Cutter* believes, would be most unpleasant to the patient, and it calls on its professional readers to assume toward the men for whom they make clothing the attitude of the supposititious Dr. PILLBOX. Why, then, should the tailor allow the physician to prescribe the cut and fit of his apparel:

"As the physician is supposed to know more about the treatment of disease than other men, so the cutter should be expected to know better than any one else what fashions are correct, and what garments his clients should wear at any time and on any occasion. Until he does he cannot reasonably hope to be regarded as an authority on matters of dress by those whose clothes he cuts, and instead of being considered a sartorial artist must bow to the universal verdict that he is, at his best, merely a skilled mechanic."

It is to be hoped that the tailors will heed this appeal to their higher natures. There is altogether too much diversity, too great an expression of individuality, in the garments worn by the male portion of humanity under the present conditions. A Simplified Tailoring Board, backed up if necessary by Executive order, could regulate, authoritatively and finally, this momentous question.

Made in New York.

One-sixth of the $15,000,000,000 worth of manufactured goods produced in the United States last year was turned out by mills, shops and factories in the State of New York. About two-thirds of the total output of the State was made in the city of New York. From this city alone there came about 11 per cent. of all the manufactured products of the country, estimating the output on a basis of value.

The manufacturing industries of both the State and the city have more than doubled within the last twenty-five years. The increase and the rate of increase for the State are as follows:

	Value of Output.
1880	$1,080,696,596
1890	1,711,577,671
1900	2,175,726,900
1905	2,488,345,579

Inasmuch as the report for 1905 does not take in a considerable number of small establishments which it has been customary to include in the regular decennial census returns the comparison is somewhat faulty. On a basis of the usual full return, the figures for 1905 would probably be increased about 10 per cent. Unless the country experiences an economic setback it is probable that the thirteenth census (1910) will show the State of New York as the producer of some $3,000,000,000 worth of manufactured goods. That is about the value of the manufactured products of the entire country at the close of the civil war.

About one million of the people of the State are directly engaged in the production of this merchandise. In 1880 the number similarly engaged was 531,500, and in 1890 752,000. Capitalization has increased from $514,246,575 in 1880 to more than $2,000,000,000 in 1905.

This is a very pretty contribution for a single State to make to national development and national wealth.

A New Orleans Judge "laughed heartily" at the complaint of a health board inspector who applied for a warrant for the arrest of a "well known water color artist," whom he charged with violating the cistern screening law by leaving a finger bowl full of water uncovered. Yet in the bowl numerous undeveloped mosquitoes were found, and it seems to have served as a breeding place for these disease carriers. The insects developed in it might distribute the germs of yellow fever with as deadly effect as those hatched in a sewer or a pond. The cause of the Court's mirth is obscure. It is not probable that the community would find cause for hilarity if the health board's employees neglected such danger spots and an epidemic of the fever resulted.

Heroism unadulterated was shown in the act of Mrs. MARY O'NEILL of Bay Ridge the other day and should be rewarded by the Carnegie hero trustees for its value as a definition of what the virtue is as well as for its merits. She was bathing when a small boy, not her own, fell into deep water. Though she didn't know how to swim she rushed in bravely, reached the boy and somehow or other got to land with him in safety.

Plenty of other people have tried the same thing, but have usually been taken out of the water drowned. Mrs. O'NEILL'S example is hardly one to be imitated. None the less the impulse to do, the forgetfulness of personal risk and the accomplishment of the purpose are all there; it is the spirit that leads forlorn hopes to success. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die." Mrs. O'NEILL didn't stop to think; she rushed right in and won. She is a brave woman and a lucky one.

Lives of Firemen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It seems Fire Chief Croker assumes too much authority when he abuses the police for calling ambulances to firemen overcome fighting fire. A man taken out of a burning building, unconscious from inhaling smoke, requires medical attention, usually of the most prompt nature, objection to which is not only cruel but a downright ignorant assumption of power. Chief Croker is undeniably a good fireman, but he is no physician and should not trespass where he has no right.

In these instances he shows a dangerous inclination that is nothing short of a contemptuous disregard for the lives of the brave men under him, an attitude the citizens of New York will not stand for. Should he lose one of those brave fellows some night by preventing competent medical attention I think there is clear ground for criminal action. It is up to Commissioner O'Brien to heed this warning. PHYSICIAN.

NEW YORK, August 31.

Approval of Mr. Roosevelt's Santo Domingo Policy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Please be assured that your editorial remarks of August 14 regarding President Roosevelt's method of maintaining the credit of Santo Domingo are appreciated. Remembering a few years experience while acting as United States Consular Agent during the chaotic administration of Gen. Heaureaux, it is fair to say that time will show the good effect of this masterly method of our President.

E. H. TOMLINSON.

BILTMORE, N. C., August 30.

The Schoolboy's Dilemma.

Father—Where do you stand in the spelling class?
Tommy—Dunno; I'm too good for the old style and too bad for the new.

THE CRAZE FOR REGULATION.

A Lonely Friend of Corporations Shamelessly Defends Them.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* There is just now a good deal of reproachful comment on the absence of old fashioned honesty, whatever that is, among men of authority in commercial affairs. But why specify? Is there any honesty of any sort anywhere? Take, for instance, the railroad rate law, which is in such universal favor. It doesn't appear to be honest, either according to the wee small voice or Webster's Unabridged. Nobody will contend that it is honest to confiscate another's property, either in whole or in part; but people excuse and justify railroad confiscation upon the grounds of "such and such" and "so and so." It is not to be doubted that the gentlemen who formerly sailed the long, low, rakish craft upon the Spanish Main justified their calling in much the same way. For conscience is as universal as the vermiform appendix, but a mighty sight more elastic and more easily quieted. The gentlemen of the Spanish Main possessed the damning evidence that the ships they robbed were "common carriers," which is sufficient provocation for robbing anything. They could, moreover, point to much classical epigram in support of their method of making a living, such as "Necessity knows no law"; "To the victors belong the spoils"; "The greatest good of the greatest number," &c., to say nothing of the less poetic but equally fetching logic, "You have got it and we have got use for it." The latter is as good an argument as I have yet heard in support of taking the control of the railroads away from their owners and turning it over to the politicians. To be sure, there is the contention that "control" of the railroads is necessary to head off Government ownership. But what is there in this contention? The Government ownership idea, although idiotic, is infinitely more honest than the former, because every Government ownership scheme yet devised contemplates giving something to the owners in exchange for their properties and having whatever injustice it may involve over with at one swoop.

Of course, not quite everybody favors the rate law. A few scattered millionaires and thinkers are against it. There is also a small percentage of misguided "hands" who have somehow been buncoed into believing that if the railroads don't make money they cannot keep on raising wages. Then there is another class, perhaps smaller and of less consequence than either of the others, the members of which, owning no railroads and holding no railroad jobs, are nevertheless entertaining a sort of sneaking hope that some time or other they may be enabled to fasten onto a small segment of a railroad or some other abominable profit making device, and who wish to perpetuate an order of society that will insure to them or their children or their children's children—should that sort of lightning ever strike any of them—certain, peaceable enjoyment of such possession.

I am not going to lay myself open to the charge of bias by suggesting that any one of the above motives is indicative of superior virtue. Plainly self-interest has got the strangle hold on almost everything under the sun. It even ultimately crowds aside envy, of which *vox populi* usually so loudly smells. There is indeed little in sight to suggest old fashioned honesty—whatever that is. And I believe that self-interest is going to be the means of saving the situation, for the situation is sorely in need of saving if justice or common sense is going to cut any ice in the future of this country. The present craze to regulate prices and restrict profits is but a relic of the Dark Ages, and like its predecessors in centuries past it will in all probability soon run itself into the ground through its own extravagance. The official knockers, flushed and protrudant with the plaudits of the green eyed majority, are strenuously elaborating plans to keep most everybody from making money. Even the best thing can be overdone. The average anti-octopuser is mightily pleased to see the railroads cinched for discrimination and the paper trust cinched for fixing things so that there could be no discrimination. (The average anti-octopuser is deficient in the sense of humor.) He also chuckles with glee when he reads of the plans of divers statesmen to put a crimp in Rockefeller; he heehaws with vigor when he hears that the ice man is in jail. He views with growing satisfaction the toils tightening about the coal trust, the steel trust, the beef trust, the sugar trust, the lead trust, the theatre trust, the drug trust, the laundry trust, the peanut trust, &c., *ad infinitum, ad jackassium*—and finally it hits his own particular graft, and then there is bad language and a revision of opinion.

The official knockers are careful to be looking the other way when the cotton farmers pile up and burn their product in order to create a scarcity and force a higher price for a necessity of life. They concede that the wheat farmer is doing the sensible and proper thing—which he certainly is—when he hoards his product for higher prices. But the coal man, he is a criminal when he does the same thing. It is all a matter of votes. But in their zeal to propitiate the class which has everything to gain and nothing to lose they are overlooking the fact that this country, under the stimulus of the railroads, the corporations and the trusts, has not only grown richer than any other on earth, but that its wealth is being more evenly distributed among its people than anywhere else under heaven. One hundred thousand stockholders of a single corporation!—the steel trust, which institution, by the way, in its comparatively short existence has done more to promote confidence in commercial integrity, more to discourage price fluctuation and discrimination and to enforce reasonable and stable prices, more to conciliate, encourage and benefit labor than any conceivable laws could accomplish in a hundred years. And there are hundreds of thousands of holders of railroad and industrial securities all over this country, and the number is increasing in greater ratio than the population. This is what will save the situation. The buncombers may soon bump up against a big surprise.

C. E. TSCHUDI.

MANITOU, Col., August 26.

Limitations of Cement.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The interesting communications of Mr. Crozier and Mr. Hopkins on the uses of concrete, the one commending the "unit" and the other the "monolithic" idea, both admit the element of uncertainty in cement which is fatal to its adoption in general use for structural purposes. This uncertainty of endurance can never be overcome. Cement rock is rotten limestone, and although by treatment its life may be restored for a term, the duration of that term cannot be ascertained and is dependent upon innumerable unknown conditions. The treatment, at best, produces artificial stone, which can be no better than the natural phenomenon it imitates, and natural stone is neither fire nor damp nor frost proof.

Concrete is not a homogeneous mass, but a compound of shells and sand, to which the cement serves as a binder, and when set up in a wall subject to a lateral strain the life of that binder is limited, and no man can know when it is to end until his own life ends with it as the structure tumbles in ruins about his head.

The illustrations referred to as furnished by the lately discovered Roman walls about London and Vienna, the cement mortar in the one being as solid as a rock, and in the other crumbled into dust, while the bricks in both were perfect, emphasizes the certainty and uncertainty of the respective materials and their value accordingly.

In brick there is certainty of endurance, as shown by the unerring test of ages, which no man questions; there is strength equal to all requirements, as shown by the most exacting tests of science. Taking Montello brick, the Government standard, as an example, a recent test showed: Modulus of rupture, 2,390 pounds per square inch; crushing strain, 7,430 pounds per square inch; cross breaking strength, 17,190 pounds per square inch.

In refractory qualities brick has no competitors; it rejoices in fire and heat, and, indeed, knowing experts have whispered in confidence that the hearthstone of hell is made of this irrefrangible material. ALBERT A. GERY.

READING, Pa., August 21.

Frost

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A Des Moines despatch to THE SUN speaks of frost with the mercury at 40 degrees and 42 degrees.

Is there any other definition of frost than that which the dictionaries give? Is it possible for dew or moisture of the atmosphere to freeze at a higher temperature than 32 degrees Fahrenheit?

ATLANTA, Ga., August 29. F. V. WALKER.

PROMOTION BY SELECTION.

Necessity for Its Serious Consideration by Army and Navy Officers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Many articles have been printed regarding the promotion by selection of officers of the United States navy and army. These have appeared in various periodicals and service papers. Most of them were against promotion by selection. Recently some able articles in support of it have appeared. Undoubtedly those in favor of selection have not felt it necessary to advocate a principle which is so evidently right. The so-called anti-selectionists do not deny this principle, but apparently lose sight of it in their nervous dread of the means that may be adopted to apply it.

There can be no argument in regard to whether it is right and just to promote the best officers ahead of those who are less efficient to perform the duties required of them. Honest selection stimulates competition and is an application of the fundamental law of nature—the survival of the fittest. The present system of promotion in the navy by seniority does not stimulate competition, the best men do not come to the top of the list and officers are too old when they arrive in the higher grades; therefore any scheme of promotion that removes these defects and does not at the same time introduce objectionable features will be an improvement and should be adopted.

It would seem that all officers must agree thus far and all be pure selectionists. The only ground for discussion or disagreement is whether or not a proper scheme of promotion by selection can be devised to correct the faults in the present system of promotion by seniority. Evidently there will be those who believe that such a scheme can be devised, and others who do not; and here is ground for honest difference of opinion. It would seem, however, that all naval officers should be loath to decide so important a question without careful thought and study.

All must agree that selection properly applied will improve the personnel of the navy. The question is then, How can it be properly applied? Every officer should devote himself to the solution of this problem. Those who do not believe it can be solved must advance arguments and evidence stronger than "I do not believe in selection," "See how it works in the army," or "The man with the most political or personal influence will get all the promotion." The scheme adopted must eliminate these evils. The task will be very easy if these are the only evils to be guarded against.

There are differences of opinion whether selection should be in the higher grades, in the lower grades or in all the grades. It should be remembered that there are no legitimate duties, ashore or afloat, which naval officers are called upon to perform that do not require officers of the very best qualities. It is also certain that the inefficiency of officers of the junior grades affects the good of the service less than of officers of the higher grades, and the higher the grade the more pronounced this becomes. The necessary shore duties require officers of extended experience and of the highest efficiency. Officers of the lower grades, other things being equal, are not capable of performing these duties. Experts in all professions and walks of life readily detect the early signs that tend to produce perfection in maturity and do not wait many years, or until maturity is reached, before applying the principle of selection for the progressive development of the best in life.

There is no legitimate naval duty for an officer retired for physical disability or retired from the higher grades because he is not as well qualified as others to advance to the highest grades. Officers in the lower grades may be capable of performing subordinate duties and yet not be qualified to advance to the higher grades. There is also a great deal of such duty that is essential, yet not of the first importance as regards the battle fleet. In order properly to rehabilitate the corps of officers now in existence it will be necessary to select out of the higher grades officers less efficient than others and to employ these officers temporarily on shore duty. But at the same time the principle of building up from the bottom should be applied.

The means of accomplishing the above desired results must eliminate personal and political influence. The selection should be by recommendation of naval officers senior to those being selected. The moral and physical qualifications being equal, professional ability alone should count. The greatest good of the service should be the only consideration and the interests of the individual only considered in so far as they do not conflict therewith.

It was intended to include in this letter a definite scheme for carrying out selection for promotion in the United States navy, but it is not yet fully worked out, and it is hoped by publishing this now to induce many in the service to take up the subject at once and give it serious consideration. Let us not deny the possibility of a solution of this problem without a conscientious effort.

WASHINGTON, August 31. MARLBRIT.

"MERE MAN" GETS A JOB.

A Clean Shirt in View and He Bids Controversy Farewell.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* At last I have got a permanent and very desirable job. I thought that my feminine friends might like to know of the rather odd way in which the gratifying event came about. An employer in my line of work saw my humble little efforts in THE SUN, and was so much interested that he hired me for a week on trial. The result was completely satisfactory to all concerned.

Truly, "THE SUN shines for all," both "short" and tall. But I shall not be "short" any longer. Already I can discern the cheery vision of a "boiled" shirt looming up proudly above the horizon once more. It has been some time since I could afford to indulge in that luxury, thanks to my feminine competitors. Yet more than this, I shall now be able to eschew "sinkers," which I was fain to chew, or choose some equally choice grub in those straitened job hunting days.

This is positively my last "farewell." Not another chirp. I think I can afford to be magnanimous now. Farewell, dear spinsters and widows, all!

NEW YORK, August 31. MERE MAN.

Unbeliever on Christian Science.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* THE SUN of August 30 contains a challenge to Christian Scientists to cure some cases of locomotor ataxia, and to tell what cures of anything they have made for nothing. There will undoubtedly be offers to take the case for so much a visit, but it would be nothing short of a miracle to see an offer of a charge contingent on perfect recovery. Faith in their ability does not go that far, in spite of their alleged power over all disease.

When such a trivial thing as defective eyesight cannot be cured by Christian Science, what hope can there be for the cure of locomotor ataxia? I know of a case in which the wife of a "healer" and church reader is compelled to wear glasses. Her mother-in-law is also a "healer," but with such a mighty combination as that it is still to be recorded that "error" is triumphant in the shape of glass lenses.

Financial gain is the underlying motive with those who are trying to push forward their belief, although the suave and specious assertions of such press agents as H. Cornell Wilson have much befogged weak minded or careless individuals who are gulled by the idea that the "science" is a religion. Mr. Wilson has an airy style when dealing with words that do not pin him down, and a glib ability to refer one to the Bible; but a straight offer in answer to Mr. Boulter, one with no strings attached, would indeed be a marvel. H. S. B.

BROOKLYN, August 30.

Kings of B. R. T. Carnival.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I think it is a great mistake and a shame that the Coney Island people do not vote either Mr. Coler, Van Vleck or Higginbotham "Kings of the Carnival" of Mardi Gras week at Coney Island in September. They made such good kings of the B. R. T. Gravesend Carnival, in which they figured and were practically instrumental in preventing a half million Brooklyn and Manhattan citizens from getting to Coney Island, and thus killing the Coney Island business for a week!

The only passengers who got to the island through their aid were sent there in the patrol wagon and locked up.

I am glad to say I see Mr. Phil Jolly has 5,864 votes for king and Mr. Higginbotham has 4 votes. That is not a bad race. Never mind, perhaps these three gentlemen may be appointed kings of some other carnival in the future, in which they may have much more time to play. W. C. NEWBERY.

BROOKLYN, August 31.

"Qualified and Competent."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Among the men certified to the Board of City Magistrates as a suitable court attendant is one who has been several times arrested and convicted of nonsupport and abandonment, and has served time on Blackwell's Island. He also pleaded guilty to crooked work as a notary public.

All this is public record, and yet he stands high on the civil service list. It will be an unhappy day for the city of New York if the policemen should be removed from the magistrates' courts and their places supplied by court attendants from the civil service. ROBERT C. CORNELL,

NEW YORK, August 30. City Magistrate.

NATIONAL FINANCE.

General Incompetence of Bankers for Larger Affairs Asserted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Among the many delusions wherewith men delude themselves, and sometimes their fellow men, is one that a bank clerk is necessarily fitted by every circumstance of his life to direct a nation's fiscal policy and monetary system. This reminds me of Molière's "Shopkeeper Turned Gentleman," or the dancing master who tells the "gentleman" that all the evil in the world comes of a lack of attention to dancing.

Now, all the bankers who have shown ability to handle this nation's monetary system and fiscal policy may be counted upon the thumb of either hand.

France, too, has had one banker who could look beyond his teller's window and grapple with national questions. England has done better. And now comes a Baltimore bank officer, who has probably had some experience at making puddings on chafing dishes and thinks that the monetary systems of the world may be cooked up in a similar manner.

Among the wonderful features which this plan shows to the astonished spirit is one which provides for the issuing of a "credit currency" (as though all paper money were not credit currency!) and the obliger's identity is to be kept a profound secret! The holder of this peculiar sort of promise to pay is not to be allowed to know his debtor!

Since the agreement between Father Tom and the Pope, upon the occasion of the former's visit to Rome, that they would carry on their conversation in Latin in order that the devil might not understand them, nothing more ingenious than that has been conceived in the brain of "this foolish compounded clay called man."

With this one part of lunacy exposed it is useless to go further into the demerits of the plan—*ex uno disce omnes!* But there is one other objectionable feature of which I will speak; that is, the one of taxing evidences of debt.

When the Netherlands, fighting to throw off Spanish dominion, "were in the battle sorely pressed," they cried out in the depths of their despair that certain rewards would be given to any one who would find a new source from which taxes might be raised. Then some fertile minded man pointed out that the material evidences of debt might be taxed. That was the beginning of the method of raising revenue by governments seeking out the debt encumbered and making them pay, in addition to the interest due creditors, extra interest, license or whatever you may call it, for the misfortune of being in debt.

The Baltimore banker's plan is somewhat different as to immediate effects, but the principle of taxing debt remains. The banks, in that maddest of dreams, would be making quasi forced loans from the people and from one another under Government auspices, for which they are to pay 1 per cent. to the Government, but which the Government is to repay to a "commission," but if anything should be left the Government would get it. "My tables; meet it is I set it down"—that whenever a man talks about perfunctorily creating an artificially elastic monetary system for a great nation he is a mere gabbler.

POSEY S. WILSON.

TAOS, N. M., August 26.

THE DUMA DEFENDED.

A Russian Praises It and Attacks the Czar's Government.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of August 26 appears a letter from St. Petersburg entitled "The Duma's Failure" which is entirely misleading. The failure of the Duma could be foreseen before the members were elected, as they were not called together to initiate anything, but to give their assent to everything that the Government may do. The St. Petersburg workmen knew this when they elected a factory chimney and a dog as their representatives.

It is absurd to think that the members of the Duma were such an ignorant and nasty lot as "Z. R." would like us to believe, as some of the foremost scholars and some of the wealthiest and most ancient nobles in Russia were their leaders. But how could they accomplish anything when everything they proposed was turned down by the Government?

How could they remain silent when they saw their country bleeding to death? How many people in the Russian Empire have been executed, tortured, exiled and imprisoned for the simple reason of taking the Czar's October ukase in good faith will never be known. Villages were burned to the ground and whole communities exiled to Siberia.

In the province of Livonia the villagers sent, after the October manifesto, delegates to Dorpat to draw up a petition on the most pressing needs of the people and forward it to the Government. These delegates were arrested, and some executed and some exiled, according to the whim of the police chief. One of them escaped to Finland and from there to Sweden. The police went to his home and demanded his wife to produce him. Since that was impossible, they burned the house to the ground and forbade her neighbors to give her shelter; and she had to live in a barn with cows, with her five children, where she shortly died after such cruel treatment. If the peasants are burning estates now they have been taught to by the Government.

"Z. R." rejoices that the Czar made use of the right which the law gives him and every constitutional monarch and dispersed the Duma. But perhaps he is rejoicing too early. The Government's Black Hundred are just as active to-day as in the days of the Duma, and while the whole energy of the police and army are expended to hunt down political agitators there is no time left to disturb the criminals. Of course there are many persons in Russia who profit by the old order of things, and "Z. R." is probably one of them. As for the superhuman patience of the Russian Government the thirty-seven Hebrew orphans who arrived yesterday on the steamship Amerika give us an elegant testimony. The writer of these lines was born and has lived in Russia and knows whereof he speaks. I believe if all the tears that have been caused to flow by that millennium government of "Z. R.'s" could be gathered into one stream it would be large enough to float a battleship. PETER KARAMEES.

NEW YORK, August 27.

A Monster Telephone Pole.

From the American Telephone Journal.

For fifteen years the Pacific States Telephone Company has supported its wires across the Chehalis River in Washington on 90 foot poles on each bank. One structure is on a bluff which rises 125 feet above the water about a mile east of Aberdeen. Last fall the necessity for supporting the wires at a sufficient height to enable the largest ocean ships which freely go up and down the river to pass beneath without striking their masts led to the erection of a remarkably tall pole. This surpasses in height the former stick by thirty six feet, making the total height 126 feet. The new pole is 18 inches in diameter at the butt and 8 inches at the top. It was made from a fir tree, which was cut on the bank of the river twelve miles east of where the pole now stands and it was towed down in the water by a tugboat and mounted opposite where it is now placed.

As its weight is about 6,000 pounds, after it had been brought to the proper point on the shore by the tugboat its subsequent handling was no slight affair. It was taken from the water and raised with a ten horse-power hoisting engine, six men being required to handle it. For making attachments to the pole and moving it a five-eighth inch steel cable was employed, run through ten inch steel blocks. The pole was set twelve feet in the ground and guyed with four one-sixteenth inch steel stranded wires at the top, and also guyed about forty feet from the top with four five-sixteenth inch stranded wires. The guys are fastened to dead men set in the ground to a depth of eight feet. These dead men are of cedar, 8x8 inches in section and 7 feet long.

The steps on the new pole are ⅝x10 inch galvanized steps of the usual type. Ample support for the wires is furnished by cross arms of the ordinary style, 4x4 inches in section, and 10 feet long. These are fastened with one five-eighth inch machine bolt through the centre of the pole, one five-eighth inch bolt through the double arms eight inches from the pole on either side, and one five-eighth inch double arm bolt on each end of the double arms. The span between the poles on the opposite sides of the river is 900 feet.

Jewellers' Golden Year.

From the Jewellers' Circular Weekly.

Never in the history of the jewelry trade has the fall season opened so auspiciously as has the present one. It is such times as these, when money is plentiful, that most people think of buying jewelry, precious stones, watches, silverware and similar articles, and the bulk of sales in this trade this year will create a new record. Learning from experiences of the past, manufacturers are now working to their fullest capacity, and the retail jewellers are buying earlier than ever before. The fall season has already been most active, and from now to the holidays there is every reason to believe that the demand for wares in the jewelry and kindred trades will far exceed the supply.

It Was, Doubter!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter signed "Spinster" on "The Passing of Man" is very good, indeed, but—was it really written by a woman? Z. Y. X.

BROOKLYN, August 30.

SOME INDIAN TREES.

Their Many Economic Uses and the Sacred Character of Some.

From the Statesman.

A newcomer to India was once advised by an old resident to "get up the trees." This advice did not apply, as the recipient of it at first not unnaturally supposed, to an innocent and inexpensive form of athletic exercise, nor to the adoption of the habits of the savage tribes known as tree dwellers, but simply to the advisability of learning the names of the common trees of the country and of acquiring the power of recognizing them when seen. For one thing, it is by trees that travellers off the beaten track are expected to find their way. An Indian villager, be he ever so ignorant in other respects, is as familiar with the trees in his neighborhood as a London policeman is with the streets on his beat. Instead of being told to take "three to the right and two to the left," you are directed to make straight for a big banyan whose crest is to be discerned on the horizon. Pass to the east of it and you will come to three palm trees; keep them on your right hand and pass between a tamarind and a mango, and you will hit upon a path that will take you straight to the village you are searching for. So familiar are the people with the trees that the writer has met a villager who, after he became blind, could identify any tree by fingering its leaves.

Then the economic importance of trees can only be realized by those who have lived among the villagers. The food supplies are not by any means limited to the fruits of commerce, and flowers, leaves, twigs and roots are largely used as well. The leaves of certain trees, pinned together by twigs, serve as plates, or are fashioned into drinking cups. A great many domestic remedies, for man and beast, are also derived from the forest, and there is no doubt that some of them are efficacious. It is not so very long since some of the hill and jungle tribes of India, like our first parents, clothed themselves with leaves, and it is said that it required a military expedition to induce some of the women in Orissa to discard this primitive dress in favor of cotton *saries*. A man will often make his house entirely from trees, plastered with a little mud, the roof being constructed of Palmyra palm leaves or others of a large size and firm texture. Dyes, tans, ink, books, shoes, waterproof capes, gum, sealing wax, rope—these are but a very few of the miscellaneous articles that are got from trees. No wonder the planting of a grove of trees ranks with digging a tank or sinking a well as a work of religious merit. If we were to include the bamboo and similar plants the list of manufactured articles would be endless; but the bamboo is a grass and not a tree. Even to mention the common trees of India would be a lengthy task, so we confine ourselves to the most familiar. Nearly all that are about to be mentioned are found either within the writer's compound or in its immediate neighborhood.

First come the fig tribe; the banyan and his brothers. The banyan, the big brother of the family, is our very own—Ficus bengalensis. That true tree lover Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote that his tree wives were more numerous than Brigham Young's human ones. The ring with which he wedded them was a thirty foot measuring tape; with which he encircled them at the height of five feet above the ground. His first class trees were those whose branches at their widest circumference were more than a hundred feet. His favorites were elms; and he made some remarks about cherishing the hope of still having pleasure at the 'elm, even when youth was no longer on the prow. If merit goes by bulk no doubt the banyan comes first, and a circumference of twenty feet round the trunk could hardly be regarded as a mark of distinction in it. But it is often a parasite, a vampire, sucking the life blood of its victim and crushing it to death. Its fruit is eaten by the very poor, elephants greatly relish its leaves and branches, but its widespread, grateful shade is perhaps its most valued product. A much more handsome tree, more independent and self-respecting, is the pipal, the Ficus religiosa. It is the most sacred of the five trees regarded with veneration by the Hindus, the other four being the gular, the bargad, the pakar and the mango. Brahma, Vishnu and Siva are all supposed to inhabit it, and no one can tell how many minor spirits as well, whose whisperings are supposed to be heard when the leaves, suspended by their long, slender stalks, flutter in the slightest breath of wind. If a man takes a pipal leaf in his hand and crushing it expresses a wish that the gods may so crush him if he is not telling the truth the oath is regarded as of the utmost sanctity.

A pious Hindu will often take off his shoes when he comes to a pipal, and walk five times round it from left to right, repeating as he does so a verse which says: "The roots are Brahma, the bark Vishnu, the branches the Mahadeo. In the bark lives the Ganges, the leaves are the minor deities. Hail to thee, king of trees." The gular (Ficus glomerata), the bargad, which is another name for the banyan, and the pakar (Ficus venosa) are all members of the fig tribe, the Levites of the forest. The gular yields a larger fruit than the banyan, and is a good deal used as a food. In the extremely hot weather of this year the writer found that mysterious holes were being dug by night round the roots of a large gular tree in his compound. On inquiring into the cause he found that the servants were incising the roots to obtain the juice, which they said they drank to keep up their strength during the heat. There are more than a hundred species of the Ficus genus to be found in India; and 500 more elsewhere. Caoutchouc, or India rubber, is derived from the Ficus elastica; a somewhat similar milky juice exudes from the other species.

Why Zulus Won't Work.

From Harper's Weekly.

The more married the greater the wealth of the Zulu, for the women till the lands, sow and reap the maize, gather the fuel, and, assisted by the younger members of the household, do all the hard work of the family, where everybody works but father, the men considering such menial work beneath their dignity as a nation of warriors and contenting themselves with tending the cattle, conducting the affairs of the tribe, for the Zulu is a born politician and spends his time in gossip and drinking tivala (a native beer), content with his lot nor caring for the morrow.

This polygamous custom causes the dearth of labor and all its attendant troubles in South Africa. In a genial climate the Zulu's wants are few; he needs no clothes; his land and cattle, tilled and tended by his wives, supply all his requirements. The chase, in a land where game abounds, affords recreation and food.

Why, therefore, should he work at all, unless compelled to find money to pay the iniquitous hut tax imposed by the hated white?

An Army Incident in Russia.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Twenty men of the Modlinski Infantry regiment at Odessa were arrested on suspicion of having posted on the inner side of the barrack gate a red bordered placard bearing the legend:

"We, the rank and file of the Modlinski Rifles, unanimously vote that every man of the Czar's only remaining loyal regiment, the Semenovski Lifeguards, be raised to the rank of full general preparatory to the opening of the next Japanese war, which will be fought, on Russia's side, exclusively by commissioned officers and Cossacks, the rank and file of the army of the line having decided to decline all further service in the Far East."

This refers to the Czar's adulatory address a few days ago, to the Semenovski regiment at Peterhof. Eight months ago the same regiment was called to Tsarskoe Selo to receive the personal thanks of the monarch for the butchery of some six hundred citizens of Moscow.

Anything for a Change.

From the London Daily Chronicle.

A little girl, after a month spent alone with her mother in a remote country cottage, was walking through some fields with her one evening, and suddenly made the startling remark: "I do wish God was walking with me now, mummy." Mummy was fortunately wise enough to inquire further into this unexpected desire. "Why, darling?" she asked. The child heaved a sigh. "I'm gettin' a little bit tired of you, mummy," she answered with a deprecating smile.

Not on the Board.

Argus was declining a job.

"No," he explained, "I couldn't be a director, because I couldn't keep all my eyes shut."

The promoters accordingly fought shy of him.