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

Senator Foraker for Justice.

When Senator FORAKER opened his campaign for the rights of the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry his opponents charged him with "playing politics."

We learn from what appear to be responsible sources that the supporters of the Administration are alarmed by the menacing political consequences of their attitude. It is said that they will approve a proposal for the reinstatement of such of the discharged soldiers as are able to prove their innocence.

If the Republican party would clear its skirts in this matter it must repudiate the act of the President as far as it can do so by an approval of the reinstatement bill already introduced in the Senate by Mr. FORAKER.

The Foraker bill for the reinstatement of the soldiers is based on justice. The bill reported as forthcoming from his opponents is at its best a contemptible political plan, having no other object than that of vote getting.

The Cost of Our Mail Service.

The appropriation for the maintenance of the United States postal service this year will be not far from \$220,000,000. We shall spend more for postage stamps than for the army and the navy combined.

A part of this huge advance is due to increase in the quantity of matter handled, notably the quantity of printed matter, and a part is due to the introduction and extension of the rural delivery system.

Our mail service is a costly but indispensable institution. Whether it is unduly costly, whether the country is or is not being robbed, is a question which seems difficult of determination.

of our mail business the question of cost is really less important than the question of efficiency, and on the whole the service is efficient and satisfactory.

Mr. Hearst Serves Notice.

Mr. HEARST has served notice upon all concerned that his Independence party will not support Mr. ROOSEVELT or Mr. BRYAN or Governor JOHNSON or anybody but his own candidate for President.

The German Emperor's Letter to Lord Tweedmouth.

The communication addressed by Emperor WILLIAM II. to Lord TWEEDMOUTH, First Lord of the Admiralty, is regrettable because it tends to rekindle distrust of Germany in the British public mind.

Those who desire to minimize the significance of the affair allege that the London Times, in disclosing the receipt of the letter and in commenting on its supposed contents in an excited way, was simply resorting to a desperate expedient to increase a dwindling circulation.

As a plain matter of fact, without reference to the wider circuit of Hearstian activities or hopes, Mr. HEARST is at present an important factor in the politics of New York.

However true these things may be, they are beside the point. The motive which may have prompted the Times to reveal the incident is immaterial.

But, after all, this is only an exotic flower. The indigenous plant of posy blooms incomparably in "From the Cradle to the Grave"—in St. Petersburg. And first the infant:

For General the Hon. AGNES M. DUNN, principal of the primary department of Public School 165, we beg leave to express assurance of our esteem and admiration.

The text of the letter has not been published, and we do not see how it can be without the writer's consent.

The New Jersey Automobile Law. To the EDITOR OF THE SUN:—With the Jersey tunnel in operation and all this speaking about "further cementing the bonds between our great State and our great State," let us reflect upon the disgustingly unfair Jersey automobile law.

What the matter with altering our automobile law so that we extend courtesies to those who extend them to us? This would let the relations between New York and New Jersey remain as they are and punish those who punish us if the Jerseyans find it agreeable to "stick" us for going through their sovereign State let us stick them for going through ours. We would be the gainers.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Monaster O'Hara's Rejoinder and Challenge to Goldwin Smith.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—In your issue of February 22 Professor Goldwin Smith, instead of replying to the questions proposed to him by me and thus enlightening your readers upon his historical, philosophical and theological point of view of the papacy and Catholicity, pays me the compliment of having treated him, "the lay heretic," with tenderness and charity, and then reiterates his oft made charges in a general, vague, undefined way.

On the other hand, if, as he claims, he is in sympathy with Catholicity and his only war is with the papacy as an institution or with the improper (?) development of that institution in the past, then let him unfold a plan of his own according to his own ideas or with the papacy left out.

We believe that the Catholic Church as a system of philosophy and theology, as a civilizing power in the world, and as a representation of the Christian religion has a claim upon mankind at large, but specifically so upon men of the learning and culture of Professor Goldwin Smith.

If the learned professor feels that this task is too much of a mental strain, or is disinclined to follow this programme upon personal grounds best known to himself, I shall of course have to abide by his decision, but I believe that I then shall be entitled to ask him, as I do here and now, to desist from general attacks upon the Church.

NAVAL HOSPITAL SHIPS.

Suggested Rules for their Navigation.

1. Hospital ships under way will permanently fly the signal "Obey your motions—no under control."

2. At night they will display red, yellow, green and blue lights similar to those in drug store windows.

3. On sighting a hospital ship at sea vessels will go at once to collision quarters and steam rapidly in the opposite direction.

4. In every communication to the Bureau of Navigation, the name of a hospital ship will specifically state whether or not his vessel is grounded, and if so, where.

5. Hospital ships, although navigated by merchant masters and crews, will not be furnished with papers, will resist search by foreign boarding officers by all means, and will refuse payment of port dues and decline to observe customs regulations; but if arrested for piracy or as *bona fide* *inimici* generalis no responsibility whatever will be assumed by the Navy Department.

Editorial Amusement.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—It is about time a halt was called in this matter of a Cabinet officer running around the country for months trying to elect himself President.

From the Catholic Standard and Times. Who sings of March must sing of the mad. Lone man at arms, the stranger clad in blue, who in the wake of winter's flight, turns now to caper, now to fight, who in the wake of winter's flight, turns now to caper, now to fight.

UP AND DOWN MADEIRA.

ROME, February 20.—No drop curtain at any theatre which I have seen ever so richly imaged with misty tops and shadowy clefts and frowning cliffs and gloomy valleys and long, plunging cataraets as the actual landscape of Madeira when we drew nearer and nearer to it at the close of a fearful afternoon of mid-July.

Whether or not the Jesuits were responsible for the Franco-German war is irrelevant. It has no bearing upon the question before your readers. Let Goldwin Smith state his point of view or ideal of Catholicity, and let him compare its historical development with that idea and show wherein it has failed to substantiate its claims and forfeited its right to be heard by the human race to whom it makes its appeal.

There were breadths of dark woodland aloft on this mountain and terraced vineyards lower down; and on the shivering plateau yet further under the heights that loomed themselves in the clouds there were scattered white cottages; on little levels close to the sea there were set white villas.

The afternoon saddened more and more, and one could not take an interest in the islanders who came out in little cockies and proposed to dive for shillings and sixpences, quarters and dimes who did. The captain of the tender also came out in numbers of passengers went ashore in the wantonness of paying for their dinner and a night's lodging in the annex of the hotel, which they were told beforehand were full.

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station feeling guiltier than they. Had we not been there and the fact to something like that, as it was a Sunday, to Sabbath breaking besides? Afterward flowers proved so abundant in Madeira, though we were always told there were none because it was winter, that we could not feel the luxury a serious one, and the Sunday was a Latin Sabbath was used to be broken.

There remained now nothing for us to do but to toboggan down the mountain, and we overcame our resolution not to do so far enough to go and look at the toboggans under the guidance of our head waiter. When once we had looked we were lost. The toboggans were flat baskets set on iron shod runners and well cushioned and padded; they held one, two or three passengers; the track on which they descended was paved in gentle undulations, with thin paddles set on edge and greased wherever the descent found a level.

Our two toboggan men were possibly vigilant and reassuring beyond the common, but one was quite silently so; the other, who spoke a little English, encouraged us from time to time to believe that they were "strong men," afterward correcting himself conformably to the rules of Portuguese grammar, which make the adjective agree in number with the noun, and declaring that they were "strong men." We met many toboggan men who needed to be "strong men," and I wish now that the heavy toboggans on their heads, but some of them did not look strong and our own arrived spent and panting at the bottom of the course.

The future traveller need not add to the fee of the authorized and numbered guide who took possession of us as soon as we got out of our basket and led us unresisting to a waiting bullock sled. He invited himself into it and gave himself the best of character in the autobiography into which he wove his scanty instruction concerning painting objects. A bullock sled is not of such blithe progress as a toboggan, but it is very comfortable, and it is of an Oriental and litterlike dignity, with its calico cushions and curtains. One could not well use it in New York, but it serves every purpose of a cab in Funchal, where we noted a peculiar feature of local commerce which I hesitate to specify since it cast apparent discredit upon woman. It was, as I have noted, Sunday; but every shop where things pleasing or even useful to women were sold was wide open, and somewhat flatteringly invited the custom of our fellow passengers of that sex; but there was not a shop where such things as men's collars were for sale, or anything pleasing or useful to man, but was closed and locked fast.

What I am sure of is that the faces of the worshippers—men, women and children—when they came out of the church were of a gentleness which, if it was not innocuous and soothing, might have passed for those virtues. They had kind eyes, which seemed as often blue as black, but if they had no great beauty they were seldom plain. I wish I could think we strangers, as they gazed curiously, timorously at us, struck them as favorably.

An involuntary ferocity from the famine which we began to feel may have glared from our visages, for we had eaten nothing for three hours, which was long for saloon passengers. At the first restaurant which we found, and in which we all sat down at table, our coupons were not good, but this was not what we were looking for; we recouped ourselves in the beauty of the walk by which we wandered along the mountain side to the right restaurant. At the point where we were no longer confident of our way an opportune native appeared and led us over paths paved in fine pebbles, sometimes wrought into geometric patterns, and always through pleasing sun and shade, till we reached a pretty hotel set, with its garden before it, on a shelf of level land and commanding a view of our steamer and the surrounding sea.

When we were seated and gladly on board our steamer again, the fellow who had led us until the deck steward came around with his in their cockies and diving for sixpences and shillings. With so many all shouting and gesticulating one could not venture one's silver indiscriminately; one must employ some particular diver, and I selected for my investments a poor young fellow who had lost an arm. With his one hand and his two feet he never failed of the coin I risked, and I wish they had been many enough to enable him to retire from the trade which even in his old age he kept him visibly shivering when out of the water, had nothing to his name, but I commend him to future travellers by the token of his pathetic mutilation.

Discipline in Iowa Prison.

From the Des Moines Register and Leader.

Like an immense factory at Fort Madison is more like an immense factory than a prison, says W. A. Graham. "A few weeks ago while in Fort Madison I visited the prison and was surprised by what I witnessed. There are no armed guards patrolling the corridors, they look like the workrooms of the most modern factories. Only four men in the four hundred or so there were striped, the clothing of the others resembling the dress of the men in the workrooms. The men looked like the workmen of a factory, and the only signs of ill effects from confinement, the lock step has been abandoned."