The Sun.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1888.

What is the Trouble at Headquarters?

On Saturday afternoon Col. CALVIN STEWART BRICE, who is at present acting not only as chief manager of the Democratic canvass but also as its literary bureau, gave out to the reporters for publication the following statement of the political situation as he officially views it:

"The outlook for a great Democratic success at present is bright and the reports coming in from all over the country are encouraging. I think that CLEVELAND and THURMAN will be elected, and that the Democrats will also have a majority in the Senate and House, which will enable the party to carry those reforms with which it stands identified into effect."

From time to time during the past two weeks Col. BRICE has expressed similarly cheerful opinions concerning the prospects of the Democratic ticket. He has even specified certain States, commonly regarded as hopelessly Republican, in which he has little or no doubt of a Democratic victory this year. If our recollection is accurate, Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa are among the States which Col. BRICE believes can be carried for CLEVELAND and THURMAN. Let us hope that he is right.

On Friday last the *Cincinnati Enquirer* printed a special despatch from Mr. WILLIAM C. MACBRIDE, a well-known, experienced, and perfectly responsible journalist, giving the particulars of a conversation between Col. BRICE, Mr. MACBRIDE, and Col. WILLIAM L. BROWN of the *New York News*. This conversation is said to have occurred at lunch in the Gilsey House, and it is of such a remarkable character that we copy the despatch in full. The remarks attributed by Mr. MACBRIDE to Col. BRICE, whose hand is at the very throttle lever of the machine, and to Col. BROWN, who is a sagacious politician and a thoroughly loyal party man, do not make altogether pleasant reading for Democrats who would like to believe that the battle is already won. But because the remarks are not pleasant it does not follow that they are not true; and if they are true, it is most assuredly proper that the facts should be generally known, in order that the trouble may be remedied as soon as possible.

Col. BROWN is reported by Mr. MACBRIDE as "not overpleased with the Democratic outlook." While classifying himself as "a tariff reformer, abreast with President CLEVELAND," he expressed the opinion that there was "no sense in making the tariff the issue of the campaign." When asked if there were any other causes of Democratic apathy, Col. BROWN at once replied, "I think not. My observation is that the tariff alone is the drawback."

Then Col. BRICE, with extraordinary candor, gave his personal views of the situation, as distinguished from those which he officially communicates from day to day to the reporters at Democratic headquarters. While carefully explaining that he neither admitted nor denied the correctness of Col. BROWN's proposition that the great drawback of the Democratic canvass was the prominence into which the tariff question had been pushed by the zeal of Mr. ROGER Q. MILLS and some of his associates, the Chairman of the Campaign Committee proceeded to mention other adverse influences, which Col. BROWN had not enumerated, and of which perhaps that gentleman was not aware at the time.

The trouble, according to Col. BRICE, as reported by Mr. MACBRIDE, is not a lack of funds. "We shall have all the money we need," said the Colonel. The main drawback is the apathy of the Democratic leaders, arising from laziness, or selfish regard for their own comfort, or indifference to the party's interests, as the case may be. "Something ought to be done to inspire the leaders," says Col. BRICE. "There is no trouble with the army, if we can get the leaders to a realizing sense of duty. Instead of concentrating their efforts in the campaign, they are scattered at the sea—there and in the mountains." We all know that Col. BRICE is making energetic efforts to inspire the leaders. He has gone so far as to devise and establish another committee in addition to the National Committee, the Executive Committee, and the Campaign Committee, namely, an Advisory Committee, to be composed of Democrats of national reputation, whose function it will be to confer with and suggest ideas to the men more immediately concerned in the management of the canvass. But, of course, an Advisory Committee will count for nothing if its members refrain from advising and helping. Col. BRICE is not to blame for his inability to inspire in the hearts of selfish or indifferent Democrats that energetic and industrious activity which can originate only through genuine individual impulses. We sincerely hope that this gloomy picture is overdrawn.

Who are these laggard leaders, these prominent Democrats who now withhold their active assistance? Col. BROWN asked Col. BRICE what he meant to signify. The reply is remarkable:

"Just this. In my opinion, President CLEVELAND can very materially help himself. Some of the Democratic leaders have positive grievances which the President alone can overcome. These ought to be overcome. In overcoming them, the President helps himself and consolidates his party. The army behind him, I know, is ready to do its duty."

The English language is hardly capable of greater plainness than this. Col. BROWN understood the point at once. "For instance," he suggested, "I think a Democratic Postmaster in the city of New York would be a propitious augury." "Yes," replied Col. BRICE.

The Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee is next reported as advancing the novel idea that if the Republican Senate should pass their Tariff bill the Democrats of the House had better seize upon it at once and make it a law. "Such a proceeding," he said, "would change the phase of the canvass with regard to the tariff." It would do that, of course, and, as Col. BRICE believes, it would "relieve the Democrats." But can Col. BRICE and his associates at headquarters persuade Mr. MILLS and Mr. CARLISLE and the two BRECKINRIDGES and certain other members of the House of Representatives that Democratic interests require this change of policy? Can they convince Mr. CLEVELAND himself, who, as Col. BRICE announces, cannot or will not promulgate his letter of acceptance until the tariff bills pending in Congress are disposed of?

The main difficulty, it seems to us, would be to reconcile the two points of view. What Col. BRICE and the Democrats at headquarters are working for is a Democratic victory at the polls next November, and the reelection of President CLEVELAND, with the Hon. ALLEN G. THURMAN to preside over the Senate. What some of the strongest adherents of the MILLS policy—both Democrats and their Republican free trade sympathizers—are working for, is to educate public sentiment, to prepare the way for future tariff legislation, to give to the public mind an impetus in the direction of a certain theory of taxation held by a certain school of political economy. Unless the Democrats at headquarters can persuade these gentlemen at Washington that the main object of the present campaign, after all, is to elect the Democratic ticket in November, we fear they will ask them in vain to contemplate such a contingency as the abandonment of the MILLS bill and the adoption of the Republican Senate's substitute measure. Still, strange things have happened in politics.

The interview closed with an incident which gave emphasis to Col. BRICE's previous remark about President CLEVELAND. Mr. JOHN C. NEW, the original HARRISON man, came into the room where the three Democrats were at lunch. "NEW!" said Col. BRICE, in his good-natured, bantering way, "your party has one advantage over us." "What is that?" asked Mr. NEW. "Why," replied the Chairman of the Democratic National Campaign Committee, "*you have a candidate who helps himself!*"

Such is the substance of the remarkable private conversation reported by Mr. MACBRIDE. Possibly Mr. MACBRIDE has committed an indiscretion in publishing remarks that were not intended to go further than across the lunch table. But if his report is accurate, and if Col. BRICE's comments upon Democratic prospects correctly indicate the feeling at headquarters concerning the damaging influence of the tariff issue upon the canvass, the apathy of Democratic leaders who ought now to be at work heart and soul for the cause, and, more than all, the urgent necessity for all the help that a strong man in the White House can properly lend—then the facts have not come out a single day too soon.

In that case, the infraction by Mr. MACBRIDE of the conventional rules of private intercourse is a small matter compared with the service he renders to the party by calling attention to the true state of affairs, and thus awakening Democrats from the illusions of slumberland.

There is still another supposition. It may be that this instructive talk was given to the public, if not with the knowledge and consent of Col. BRICE, at least without his disapproval. If so, it is a masterpiece of political astuteness. In what way more delicate or direct could a message of appeal and reminder go from the campaign headquarters of the great army of willing, enthusiastic, hopefully waiting Democratic voters to the man who, if President of the United States, is also leader of the Democratic party, and who did not hesitate to come down out of the White House into politics when the United Democracy of this town were trying to elect a District Attorney?

The Earth is Not Getting Crowded.

In a recent report of the German Statistical Bureau, the Director expresses the opinion that population has not overcrowded any part of the empire, and that its resources, properly husbanded, are adequate to the support of an enormous addition to Germany's 45,000,000 people. It is inaccurate to say that any part of Europe is overpopulated. When the most of Germany was a succession of barren plains, and a large part of Holland was under water, those countries could have supported only a small part of the people who now inhabit them. It would have been a case, however, not of excessive population, but of almost wholly undeveloped resources. So long as human ingenuity can add to the productiveness of a country it should not be called overpopulated.

Mr. CADELL of the Geological Survey of Scotland has recently shown that while the British public complain of overpopulation, and look with favor upon schemes of State-aided emigration, a vast deal can yet be done to enrich soils, reclaim waste lands, develop new industries, and improve methods of husbandry, all of which would add greatly to the resources of their little corner of the globe and enlarge its capacity for supporting its teeming population in comfort. The Dutch are still reclaiming from the sea an average of 2,500 acres a year, and Holland's resources are more than keeping pace with its increase of population. Though there are 343 people to the square mile, the Dutch live in comfort and few emigrate.

China proper has only a little over one-third of our area, though her population is six times as great as ours; and yet, though the industrial knowledge of the Chinese is in many respects extremely primitive, China is far from being overpopulated. The Chinese treat their fields like gardens, gather fertilizers from every conceivable source, sow their grain in furrows, and hoe it as we do corn, wasting nothing in the processes of sowing and harvesting. Give the Chinese modern agricultural implements, enlarge their scientific and technical knowledge, and with their consummate painstaking a still greater population may live within their borders.

It gives us a vivid sense of the grandeur of our own country when we reflect that we have as yet merely scratched the surface of its inexhaustible resources, and that hundreds of millions may live here in comfort.

Long and Short Distances.

A calm and sensible observer submits some timely views upon the great and important American occupation of running horses:

"I read recently, I believe in the August number of the *North American Review*, a very strong plea by CLARENCE D. LEVEY against racing in two-year old form, the argument being that racing thus early deprives horse racing of the reason for its existence, because instead of improvement of the breed of horses deterioration ensues, 'the seeds of early decay taking place where stamina should be.'

"It does appear as if racing was arranged for bookmakers more than for the interest of the public. Not so many years ago we had long-distance races for aged animals that were worth going miles to see. Now it is not the best horse that wins at all, but the horse that 'gets off' best (at short distances), and we lose our betting money, without getting the least show for our gamble. The races are not races at all in the fairest sense of the word, nor do they improve the breed of horses. What does THE SUN say? "W. C. T."

Though we naturally incline to sympathize with our correspondent in regard to long distances, there is a good deal to be said on the other side, and it can be heard from some of the most genuine horsemen on the turf.

One noticeable effect of the increase in two-year-old racers is that we have a good deal more racing. Our correspondent could save up his money for the longer events and still find as many to bet on now as were available some years ago.

Then the inspiring idea of the modern race course is speed. The old four-mile heats which used to make the glory of racing would now be called circuses. They were run slowly. For all the grandeur of the past, it is our opinion that if Boston or Eclipse were to come upon our tracks to-day they would have to accept rank in the second or third class. Our horses now are better, in spite of the custom of running them on the tracks at an age when in years back they would have been still running in the fields. And speed being the main object, it is reasonable to regulate the length of races so that it shall be developed in the highest perfection.

Possibly short-distance running has been resorted to excessively, but the movement has been legitimate and backed by the highest and most disinterested intelligence engaged in that most attractive and expensive industry, the cultivation of the thoroughbred. If our friend doesn't like betting on short races, we advise him not to bet by all means, and in any event not to abandon interest in the evolution of the racer through disapproval of the peculiar methods of the day under which it is conduced.

The Governor's Island Park.

As we understand the proposition with reference to a public park on Governor's Island, it is that the United States authorities shall permit the Park Commissioners of this city to lay out a considerable portion of the island as a public pleasure ground, and that the people shall be permitted to use it until permission is withdrawn by the Federal Government. In other words, the people are to have a license to occupy Governor's Island as a park, but the license is to be revocable at will.

It is quite evident that the President would refuse to approve any act of Congress which should have the effect of conferring an absolute right of occupancy upon the people of this State. This is shown by the language of his veto message in reference to an act granting to the city of Tacoma, in Washington Territory, the use of an adjacent military reservation for a public park. "At this time," said the President, "when the subject of national defence is much discussed, I cannot account for the apparent willingness to grant or permit to be used for other purposes Government lands reserved for military uses." He refused to approve the bill on the ground that it gave more than a mere license, which, in his opinion, was the most that should be given in any event, saying at the same time that in his opinion the expediency of granting any right to the occupancy of the land was very doubtful.

It is likewise very doubtful in our opinion whether the State of New York or the city of New York should authorize the expenditure of any money at all upon land owned by the Federal Government. The title to the city parks should be in the city. If the United States Government is willing to relinquish the occupation of Governor's Island as a military post, and will cede the land to the State, then it may be well enough to establish a park there. But let us have the land first before we spend any money on it.

Riding Pickapack.

When Mr. BLAINE goes out West, he should make the acquaintance of Mr. J. R. MCALLISTER of Des Moines, a member of the Tippecanoe Club of that town. Fifty-two years ago Mr. MCALLISTER successfully performed the feat which Mr. BLAINE is now attempting, of carrying a HARRISON, candidate for the Presidency, upon his shoulders. The story is not so fine as that of the frightened boatman who carried CÆSAR and his fortunes, but it seems to be true, even if not romantic.

In 1836, when old Gen. HARRISON was running for President the first time, he was a passenger on a steamer which plied between St. Louis and the towns along the Ohio River. Mr. MCALLISTER was a sailor man on this boat. At North Bend, old TIPPECANOE's home, the water was too low to allow the steamer to make her landings. Gen. HARRISON had to choose between trying his luck at the next landing place or wading through the shallow water and mud to shore. He was too seasoned a veteran to be afraid of a little water, and chose the latter alternative. But the young sailor MCALLISTER was too enthusiastic a Whig and too devoted an admirer of the General to allow that. He jumped into the water, set astride upon his stout shoulders the grandfather of BENJAMIN HARRISON, and brought him safe to shore. This was a service worthy of a Consulship, but WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON died too soon after taking office to reward the sailor who had the honor of carrying him pickapack.

It will be interesting for Mr. JAMES G. BLAINE, who has to carry on his back the grandson, to meet the man who once carried the grandfather.

Wake Up, Massachusetts!

The Democrats of Massachusetts are not fulfilling the promise they made when Gen. COLLINS was selected to preside over the St. Louis Convention. They are not making an active, enthusiastic campaign for CLEVELAND and the Old Flag. They are not warming the heart of the country with their energy and their inspiration.

They should take to heart, and at once, the grave rebuke of the *Boston Herald*.

"There are no indications of any activity, pernicious or otherwise, in this quarter," says the *Herald*. "Paralysis would be a better word for it."

Let the Democrats of the Bay State wake up, and set about the earnest discharge of the duty they have undertaken and the obligation they have assumed. They have received a special honor from the great and glorious Democracy of the nation, and it is a shame that they should open the campaign with indifference amounting to paralysis. Wake up, Massachusetts!

Consider the extra load of sorrow and responsibility under which the unfortunate Mugwumps are now tottering:

In 1884 there was BLAINE to run at, but HILL was not in the way. In 1885 there was HILL to run at, but BLAINE was out of the way. In 1888 Mr. BLAINE and Gov. HILL are both in the way of the Mugwumps, who are flying at both very frantically.

If HILL is renominated in spite of the veto of the Mugwumps, these freaks threaten to go over to HARRISON to punish the Democratic party for its disobedience. But HARRISON is BLAINE, and how, even to escape HILL, can the frightened Mugwumps rush to BLAINE?

Which do they hate worse? Thus to an awful conflict is added an awful doubt.

The Hon. RICHARD S. SPOFFORD died on Saturday at his Massachusetts home. The American fishermen have lost a good friend. Mr. SPOFFORD was a loyal Democrat, but he did not hesitate to speak out when his party was wrong.

Mr. WILLIAM F. CLARK is the senior editor and proprietor of the *Indiana Bugle*, a weekly newspaper published at Bluffton. In a private note Mr. CLARK informs us that he began newspaper work at Mercer, Pa., in 1826, and has kept at it with little intermission ever since. After sixty-two years of journalistic experience Mr. CLARK is still hard at it, working eight hours daily at the compositor's case, with morning and evening spent at the editor's desk.

Has any American editor, still actively engaged in his noble profession, a record equal to this? We may add that in the present canvass Mr. CLARK and the *Indiana Bugle* are vigorously supporting the Prohibitionist candidates.

The western coast of South America is bringing out another crop of intrigues and rumors. The shipment of arms from Lima to Payta to be used for revolutionary movements in Ecuador, which the Ecuadorian Minister reports, must excite the ill feeling of the Quito Government against Peru, even if the connivance of her authorities cannot be shown. It occurs, too, at a moment when it is reported that Ecuador and Chili have agreed upon a seizure of territory from Peru by the former on the northern boundary, while Chili permanently annexes Tacna and Arica, leaving Bolivia to indemnify herself by seeking a coast line on the Pacific at Peru's expense, north of Tacna and Arica. Should this programme be carried out, Peru would be helpless in the hands of her neighbors, her military strength and finances having alike been wrecked in the war with Chili. She is said to have taken sides in the late Presidential election in Bolivia, favoring the candidate who was defeated. Of course, this imprudence would be less serious than any just complaint of furthering a revolution in Ecuador. But nothing that Peru has recently done justifies any plundering of her territory by the neighboring republics.

The transfer of the Terror to New York for completion is evidence that this vessel, which is certainly formidable enough so far as her name goes, is following the Miantonomoh toward fitness for service, after a delay of years. Next after the Terror will come the Amphitrite, while the Monadnock, on the Pacific, will bring up the rear. The Puritan is a larger vessel than these four sister ships. They were once familiarly known as the fraud-clads, because of earlier episodes in their history, but as the double-turret monitors, revived and furnished with some modern improvements, they may be of moderate service.

It is now quite certain that we have at least one tolerably lively volcano in our country. When JOHN BREMNER, the Alaskan miner, asserted a few years ago that he had seen fire shoot above the crater of Mount Wrangel "a distance that appeared three times greater than the height of the mountain," his statement was received with general incredulity. In the sketches Lieut. ALLEN gives of this stupendous summit in his recent book he shows smoke issuing from its top, and he says that during the weeks he was within sight of it in the summer of 1885 a thin column of vapor was continually rising from the crater. He is of the opinion that there has been no volcanic activity in Alaska north of this mountain. BREMNER undoubtedly drew on his imagination when he affirmed that the fireworks extended nearly 60,000 feet above the top of the mountain, but we have plenty of evidence now that the mountain is given to pyrotechnic displays. The Indians who live in the neighborhood say the great snow-clad peak was constantly emitting big volumes of smoke and fire during the winter of 1884-85.

This first session of the Fiftieth Congress has beaten the record in the number of bills and resolutions it has entertained; it is now likely to beat the record also in the number of days it will cover.

The modern Parisian will be the first of the noble army of tourists to take a pleasure jaunt to Central Asia. Next month a large party of wealthy Frenchmen and their families will start for the far East to visit the strict Mohammedans of Bokhara and Samarcand, who think their brethren in Persia and Turkey have been so shockingly contaminated by the influences of the West as to be little better than infidels. Think of a train load of gay Parisians whirling along over the sands of the Karakum desert, where only yesterday the wild Tekke Turcomans were isolated and supreme! This is a feature of the new era that the Trans-Caspian Railroad has ushered in, and if the road to Samarcand is to be thronged by tourists, our far-off Mohammedans may find it as difficult as the Turks to preserve the immaculateness of their orthodoxy.

Gen. CLINTON B. FISK did not think it necessary to withhold his letter of acceptance until Congress settles the free whiskey question.

MISS LAURA MOORE ARRIVES.

She will Sing in "Boccaccio" and "Fatinitza" in Stunning Dresses.

Miss Laura Moore, Col. McCaull's new leading soprano, arrived here from Paris yesterday on La Bourgogne. Miss Moore, who is a petite and pretty blonde of plump figure, was found last evening at the Victoria Hotel, in the best of spirits.

"I have a thirty-weeks' engagement with Col. McCaull," said she, "and I shall open at Wallack's Theatre in 'Boccaccio' on Sept. 3. 'Boccaccio' will probably be followed by 'Fatinitza.' I am to be the prima donna, I believe," said Miss Moore, laughing heartily, "and Col. McCaull has been very good. He has done everything to make my début a success. Let me show you my dresses," and the sprightly soprano brought out two of her costumes for the reporter's inspection.

"These dresses were made by Felix; Col. McCaull let me have all my costumes made there. This one is a garden dress, in which I shall make my first bow, and this other is a bridal costume. It is made of brocaded white silk embroidered with silver."

Judging by the cut of the garden dress, it should, when Miss Moore puts it on, create a sensation in dudedom.

Miss Moore is a St. Louis girl, but has lived most of her musical life in Paris, where she won the first prize in the Conservatoire in 1885. Two years ago she sang with the American Opera Company, but, becoming disgusted with the business methods of that concern, took French leave of it and returned to Paris, where she has since resided. While here she had sung at one of Theodore Thomas's Philharmonic concerts, and made a decided hit. Otherwise Miss Moore has never appeared on the stage of this city.

English Misrepresentation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The inquiry as to the genuineness of certain letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell, which is now engaging the attention of the British House of Commons, is calculated to remind the students of American history of a parallel case which is mentioned in Bisset's "Life and Reign of George III." After the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776, a work appeared in England entitled "Epistles Domestic, Confidential, and Official from Gen. Washington," in which the illustrious patriot was made to say that he "was far from approving of an entire dissolution of the connection between the colonies and the mother country." As this spurious compilation was long current, Bisset in his valuable history was misled by it, and in his first edition he quoted Washington's letters as perfectly genuine. He had reason to alter this opinion before the second edition appeared. In this edition he says: "The letter from which I made the citation inserted in a note—pages 65 and 66—had been with fire others denied by Gen. Washington to be genuine a short time before his death. This disavowal I did not hear of till several months after the publication of my work, when Mr. Sleeker of New York wrote me that the epistles in question were forged, and referred me to the *Gazette*, in which they were disavowed by Gen. Washington."

Now, here we have a parallel case. If the English were base enough to attribute to Washington letters which he never wrote, it is not at all impossible that they likewise attribute to Parnell letters which he never saw. In every period of their history they have never hesitated to strike at the moral character of the men who opposed their policy with the pen of forgery or the dagger of assassination, whether it was Napoleon or O'Connell, Washington or Parnell.

THOMAS NOLAN, 12 Chambers street.

English and American Locomotives.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The *New York Times* has an account of a fast run on an English railroad of 400 miles, which was accomplished at the rate of 53¼ miles per hour. This was a quick run, but it is not startling or astonishing to engineers in the least, for the reason that there was no load on the locomotive, except the insignificant one of 80 tons. Plenty of American engines can do the same thing over the same route in less time, with the same load and with smaller drivers. This last means a great deal, for the engine has to turn the wheels faster; this causes a greater demand for steam on the boiler, and, consequently, great steaming capacity. No time table, stop watch, blurred mile post, or other device can be a test of the relative performance of English and American locomotives. The whole matter turns upon the amount of work done in a given time by engines of certain dimensions and capacities.

HORSEY P. WATSON,
Editor of the *Engineer*.

From Miss Netta Guion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A lady calling herself "Netta Guion," and whose name appears in the courts as Miss Elizabeth Cortelyou, has caused me no little annoyance by adopting my name and bringing it to public notice in her difference between herself and manager.

I do not question the right of Miss Cortelyou to take whatever nom de theatre she may select to gain a reputation in the calling she has chosen; but as Netta Guion is my family as well as professional name, I do not wish to be confounded with her. If you will kindly insert this in your paper you will greatly oblige yours, respectfully. NETTA GUION, Late of Wallack's Theatre.
116 EAST 22D ST., Aug. 10.

Rather a High Estimate.

From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

James G. Blaine's speech last night was worth 50,000 Democratic votes to the Republican ticket in this State.

What is the Matter with The Sun?

From the Yonkers Gazette.

THE SUN is all right, and a daisy at that.

Facts for the Lazy.

From the Minneapolis Journal of Aug. 8.

You can write the date to-day with one figure and yet give the day of the month, the month of the year, and the year of the century—8, 8, '88—Aug. 8, 1888. It will be possible to do this only once more in the present century—that will be 9, 9, '99, or 11 years, 11 months, and one day from to-day. It has been just that long since the figure 7 would do what the figure 8 does to-day.

THE SUCCESSOR OF SHERIDAN.

The Question as to the Rank which the Commander of the Army Should Have.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—The somewhat strained relations that subsisted between the Secretary of War and Gen. Sheridan, not personally, but with reference to their relative official functions, may perhaps be inherited by the latter's successor in the command of the army. Gen. Schofield has been conspicuous in his opposition to Secretary Endicott's famous order, issued in 1885, limiting to four years all details as aide-de-camp. He not only took ground like that of Gen. Sheridan on this subject, which in turn followed that of some former heads of the army, but as late as February of the present year he filed a protest with the President against the operation of the order as applied to Capt. J. P. Sanger of his staff. Thus the occasional friction between the War Office and Army Headquarters as to their relative jurisdictions seems likely enough to be kept up. On the other hand, it may be noted that, although the President sustained Secretary Endicott in the contention over Capt. Sanger, personal good will was shown by allowing that officer to be retained for a time at Governor's Island, on special duty, after his detail as aide-de-camp had expired.

The main question of interest now is as to whether Gen. Schofield will retain his present rank or whether the grade of Lieutenant-General will be revived for him. This question, which may seem simple enough in itself, is subject to a variety of influences tending to make its decision a matter of doubt. An army like ours does not need a Lieutenant-General in time of peace. Up to a considerable time after the end of the Mexican war the highest grade was that of Major-General, the salary paid to the senior officer commanding the army being about $6,000. One apparent exception occurred in the case of Washington, for whom a higher grade was created, although he did not exercise the routine control of the army, it not being intended to draw him from his retirement at Mount Vernon except in case of war. In more modern days we have seen the rank of Lieutenant-General conferred by brevet on Gen. Scott, in honor of the success with which he conducted the Mexican war. Like considerations caused the same rank and a higher to be given to Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, the original promotion of Grant above the grade of Major-General being also of practical advantage during the progress of the war. But when the army was reduced to its present size and peace had been restored, nobody looked on the grade of Lieutenant-General and Generals as necessities, but as rewards of honor and emolument for exceptionally great soldiers.

Several influences work in favor of reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General as a permanent one for the ranking officer of the army, in virtue of his command. One argument is that this will be the simplest way to preserve the present arrangement of divisions and departments without complication. It is urged, for example, that Gen. Schofield would not only have to assume command of the army as a whole, but also to discharge his present duties as commander of the Military Division of the Atlantic, and, also, of the Department of the East. This, in turn, would require a shifting of the division headquarters away from New York, always considered the most desirable place for them, so that Gen. Schofield might be at Washington, or else the establishment of two different sets of headquarters for the same officer. Still, Lieut.-Gen. Scott had Army Headquarters at New York instead of Washington about thirty years ago, and Gen. Sherman saw no difficulty in carrying them to St. Louis. Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan, for a very brief period, also held the three commands spoken of for Gen. Schofield, as he also held temporarily the command of the army and of the Division of the Missouri.

There is no reason why the senior Brigadier, Gen. Miles, should not have command of one of the divisions, thus relieving Gen. Schofield of all but the command of the army; and either two departments could then be consolidated, or else a competent Colonel assigned to one of them. At one time, two of the military divisions were commanded by Major-Generals and the third by a Lieutenant-General, thus showing that there is no need of a uniformity in grade in this matter.

The movement to make the senior officer a Lieutenant-General, for the sake of the office, is likely to gain force. Were Gen. Hancock still alive, and Sheridan's successor in command, the sentiment in favor of his promotion would be strong; but the antagonism between friends of Thomas and some friends of Schofield, growing out of the national campaign, is doubtless somewhat prejudicial to the latter's chances. Army officers, as a whole, would perhaps be likely to urge the revival of the grade of Lieutenant-General, first because of its immediate lift through the successive vacancies created, but chiefly because of its holding out a higher prize for all to aim at.

STREET MUSIC DEFENDED.

A Young Woman Who Likes It—Plenty of Real Street Nuisances.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I sincerely trust that street music will not be abolished. Better abolish some of the city nuisances that are nuisances. Those howling dervishes, for instance, who infest our streets from morning till night without cease, shouting like madmen at the tops of their voices: "R-a-a-g bot!" "C-a-a-s-h clo!" "H-a-a-n," "Stro-b-o-e-r-s!" seemingly without a cent's worth of profit to themselves or anybody else. Or the men who remove ashes in the dead of night, who call and talk to their horses and fuss with their wagons as though it were noonday; the coal shoot, with its ear-maddening "Sh-h-h-h!" and shovel-hoof din; the milkmen at early dawn, with their rattling tins and loud talk; the cobble stones, with their maddening racket, reducing our hours of sleep to about four each night, while utterly precluding the possibility of a nap by day. Or, worst of all, the cruel, hateful, peace-destroying elevated trains, plunging through our brains every three minutes of the day and night—sleeping, waking, sick, or well—tearing through our telephone-like streets with "s-w-r-r-r!" and "r-z-z!" like a thousand rockets, and their rasping squeak of wheels at stoppings.

The musicians hurt no one and benefit many. There is an absurd idea afloat, I know, that street music is necessarily bad—devoid of time and tune and disagreeable to the ear. But the notion is not shared by all.

The fact is, not one street organ is ten is a bad sounding instrument. All are noticeably correct in time, almost all in tune, and the harmony is pleasing. The street band, both string and brass, is often exceptionally good in all these points. The worst thing of which they can be accused is lack of "soul" or "expression." But they play, for the most part, pieces that can better dispense with this than the other requisites, so horribly overlooked by many of our "soulful" folk.

If some of our parlor musicians had a little less "soul bungling" and a little more of the street organ's correctness of time and note, they would have more friends for themselves and "that horrid piano" than they have now.

Then these people chiefly circulate through the upper portion of the city, where they are not supposed to disturb business. They generally come in the evening, when those in window, porch, and lounge are glad to have them, with their pleasant easy transitions from lively to sad, from ballad to dance.

Not only children but adults have hearts, heels, and sentiments. Many a blue mood is dispelled, many a foot set dancing, and many a tear made to fall by the street musician.

They stay but a moment at most, are neither importunate nor disagreeable, poor souls, and immediately pass on when unwelcome.

They keep us up in all the current music of the day—which does not come, you remember, like the popular novel—and of which without them many of us would have no knowledge ever. How many of us without them would ever know: "Rockabye Baby," "Boulanger March," "Gitana Waltz," "Red Bird Polka," not to speak of those delicious little airs from the comic operas which so delight our ears in hearing and memories in recalling?

Do you realize that without street music many of us would have no music at all? What with the infernal machines kept for ornament in the swell parlors of unmusical people, the atrocious playing of idle or conscienceless young ladies, the high price of concert and opera tickets, the high rent of pianos, the exorbitant cost of musical instruction, the lack of musical clubs to which the masses can have entry, the gilt-edged character of everything musical—why, the result must be a frozen sleep of popular musical interest without the street musicians to keep it awake.

The Park band! Yes, that is an educator, and a good one; but, then, it does not come to the people; they must go to it.

I myself am well privileged, as the world goes, but I must say, for the reasons above mentioned, I am starving for music and depend upon the street for my food in that line.

With my intense love for it and my present dearth I really do not know what I should do but for the self-same peripatetic street musician, who, while he is no Beethoven, is no nuisance. FRANCES EDGAR THOMAS.

Black and Yellow Bees at War.

From the Griffin Sun.

A queer incident took place at Mr. A. Lowery's home yesterday. A colony of black bees had been living peacefully near a tribe of Italian bees for years until yesterday, when the black bees attempted to rob their neighbors. A fierce fight ensued, in which hundreds of the robbers were killed.

Qualified for the Choir.

From the Boston Courier.

Minister—Your daughter is very handsome, Mr. Snapper.

Snapper—Yes, she is. I'm thinking of having her join the church choir.

Minister—That's good. Is she a fine vocalist?

Snapper—She can't sing at all, but she's got a devil of a temper.

THE GREATEST STEAMBOAT RACE.

More Than a Million Dollars Said to Have Been Staked Upon the Result.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The greatest steamboat race that was ever run in the world was that which occurred in June, 1870, from New Orleans to St. Louis, between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez. The latter was built at Cincinnati, was commanded by Capt. T. P. Leathers, and in June of the above year made the fastest time on record from New Orleans to St. Louis, 1,278 miles in 3 days 21 hours and 58 minutes. The Robert E. Lee was built at New Albany during the war and was towed across the river to the Kentucky side to have her name painted on her wheel houses, a matter that was deemed prudent in those exciting times. She was commanded by Capt. John W. Cannon, who died at Frankfort, Ky., in 1882.

There was great rivalry between the boats, and when the Natchez made her great run Capt. Cannon determined to beat it. He stripped the Lee for the race—removed all parts of her upper works which were calculated to catch the wind; removed all rigging and outfit that could be dispensed with to lighten her; engaged the steamer Frank Pargoud to precede her a hundred miles up the river to supply coal; arranged with coal yards to have fuel flats awaiting her in the middle of the river at given points, to be taken in tow under way until the coal could be transferred to the deck of the Lee, and then to be cut loose and float back. He refused all business of every kind, and would receive no passengers. The Natchez returned to New Orleans and received a few hundred tons of freight and a few passengers, and was advertised to leave for St. Louis on June 30.

In the afternoon the Robert E. Lee backed out from the levee, and five minutes later the Natchez followed her. The whole country watched the race with breathless interest, as it had been extensively advertised by the press, and the telegraph attended its progress along the river at every point. All the principal cities—Natchez, Vicksburg, Helena, and Memphis—people from many miles were present to see the racers pass, and the time of passing was cabled to Europe. When Cairo was reached the race was virtually ended, but the Lee proceeded to St. Louis, arriving there in three days eighteen hours and fourteen minutes from the time she left New Orleans, beating by thirty-three minutes the previous record of the Natchez. The latter steamer had run into a fog and grounded between Memphis and Cairo, which delayed her more than six hours. It is said that 30,000 people crowded the wharf, the windows, and the housetops to welcome the Lee on her arrival at St. Louis. Capt. Cannon was tendered a banquet by the business men of the city, and was generally lionized while he remained here.

It was estimated that more than $1,000,000 changed hands on the result of the great race. Many of the bets were withdrawn, however, on the ground that the Lee had been assisted the first hundred miles of the trip by the power of the Frank Pargoud added to her own, and many steamboat men have ever since regarded the Natchez as the fastest boat of the two, but think she was outgeneraled in the race by the Lee. There was so much adverse comment afterward by the press that there has been no attempt since to repeat such a performance.

Is Mrs. Osborn the Giver?

From the New Haven News.

It would appear as if the identity of the donor of the new building which is to go up upon the site of the Yale fence had been established so far as it is possible to establish it without actual demonstration.

Every indication points to Mrs. Charles J. Osborn of New York as the lady whose identity has been kept secret so carefully. Mrs. Osborn is the widow of a well-known New York banker. The evidence which leads to a belief that this lady is the donor is circumstantial, but is so peculiar as to be significant, to say the least.

One peculiar fact brought out during the last few days is that all the documents relative to the building have been signed by an agent. The name of the donor has not appeared. This agent is John Sterling, a graduate of Yale '64. Mr. Sterling is connected with the firm of Shearman & Sterling of New York. He has the care of Mrs. Osborn's property. Moreover, although the plans for the building have been drawn up by Bruce Price, the architect, it is stated that they have been subject to modification by a brother of Mr. Sterling, who lives in Bridgeport. These two facts seem significant.

Two professors in the university, neither of whom had conversed with each other and neither of whom knew that the other knew anything about the matter, stated yesterday that they believed that Mrs. Osborn was the giver of the money. A well-known Yale graduate, who is engaged in business in this city, also stated last night that the money came from Mrs. Osborn.

A fact which supports the belief that the donor is a lady is the action of President Dwight. In his last report, in speaking of the affair, he was very careful to avoid using any pronouns which would betray the sex of the giver. His language upon this point seemed purposely ambiguous.

The Lake Ploughed by a Ball of Fire.

From the Hartford Times.

A most singular scene was witnessed on Long Lake during Saturday's storm. The lake is three miles long, and is divided into three bays. About 3:15 a vivid flash of lightning lighted up the scenery, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The wind by this time was blowing with cyclonic force. Suddenly there came a roar, and a ball of fire rolled the lake a huge flame of fire could be seen. The water for yards ahead was parted as though by a gigantic plough, and the billows seemed to rise at the side of this furrow for fully twenty feet. The ball of fire appeared to force the water aside, and so deep did it go that the bottom of the lake could almost be seen as it passed through the narrows. The parted waters, with their singular propeller, advanced toward the head of the lake with great rapidity. When within 100 yards of the shore there came another flash of lightning, and the fire disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

The residents along the lake who witnessed this strange phenomenon were greatly alarmed. They insist that the ball of fire was fully ten feet long, and half of the mass appeared to be buried in the waters of the lake. It was many hours before the waters of the lake became calm.

Consistent at the Cost of his Life.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 4.—There was a very remarkable death by drowning at Beaufort, a seaside resort on the coast of this State, last Tuesday, the details of which have just reached here.

The victim was Capt. John Banks, a man of singular bravery. He was widely known and esteemed. One of his hobbies was self-reliance, and on this point he was a fanatic. He had repeatedly declared that, no matter what the danger might be, he would never call for aid from any one. His strange training made him fancy such calls for aid as cowardly.

Capt. Banks was bathing in the surf, with friends near by, when he was seized with cramps, and in his condition might easily have been saved had he spoken or made any sign, but he did neither, preferring to die rather than ask aid. He was soon swept away and drowned. Too late his friends remembered his strange whim.

Thrift in the Catskills.

From the Saugerties Post.

A man living in the shade of the Catskill Mountains has entered upon a new branch of business. He heard that well water could be purified with lime, and so he emptied