The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1896.

LOCAL NEWS.—The City and Suburban News Bureau of the UNITED PRESS and NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS is at 21 to 29 Ann street. All information and documents for public use instantly disseminated to the press of the whole country.

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Do Not Divide the Vote!

Judge EDWARDS has decided that the nomination of WILLIAM L. WARD, Republican candidate for Congress in the Sixteenth district, was regular, and has set aside the claims made by the rival Republican Convention which put BENJAMIN FAIRCHILD in nomination.

In Westchester county those Republicans who accept the political guidance of the sage of Katonah, WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON, and those Republicans who reject it in favor of the leadership of the Hon. JAMES IRVING BURNS of Yonkers, are engaged in a factious dispute. The factions, each claiming to have a majority of the delegates, held rival conventions. The Robertsonians put in nomination WILLIAM L. WARD; the BURNS men renominated Mr. FAIRCHILD. The friends of each took their claims, in the first instance, to the Secretary of State, who decided in favor of FAIRCHILD. Then the WARD men appealed from his decision to the Supreme Court, and Judge EDWARDS, as we have said, sustained their claim to regularity. Now there is a threat of two Republican candidates in a district in which such division of the honest-money forces imperils the success of both, even if it does not make probable the election of TRAVERS, Popocrat silverite candidate.

The Sixteenth Congress district includes the entire county of Westchester and the Twenty-fourth Assembly district of New York city, as it existed under the apportionment in force in 1892. In the contest of that year 25,795 votes were polled by the Democratic nominee and 19,312 by the Republican nominee. In the Congressional contest of two years ago in this district these figures were almost exactly reversed, the Republican candidate, Mr. FAIRCHILD, polling nearly 25,000 votes and his Democratic competitor 19,274. The danger in a factional division of the Republican vote is further indicated by the fact that at last year's election, when the Republican majority in the State was 90,000, the Republican plurality in Westchester was 1,700, and 1,100 votes were cast for the outside party. There is ordinarily a Democratic majority in the New York city portion of the Sixteenth Congress district. Under these circumstances one or the other of the Republican nominees ought to be patriotic enough to retire. Under no circumstances should any honest man stand in the way of the overthrow of Repudiation by taking a nomination for office, which will tend to the division of the vote against it. Vote for MCKINLEY! Unite in voting for a single candidate for Congress in every district who is opposed to Repudiation!

Rascality Naked.

The President of a national bank in Indiana sends us a copy of a circular issued by the BRYAN managers to some of the farmers in certain districts of that State. The farmers who receive the circular are those whose names appear in the county records as debtors; that is to say, farmers whose farms are mortgaged. Here is the document:

"A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

"IS THERE A MORTGAGE ON YOUR FARM?

"Are you in debt? If so, vote for BRYAN. It is quite simple to prove that if we sell in Europe for gold or a two hundred cent dollar, we can exchange our gold for silver and pay our debts in the cheaper coin. Your wheat and corn will bring you twice as much of the cheaper dollars. It is true it will double the price of everything you have to buy, but it will be made up by the price of what you have to sell. It will not double your debts, but on the other hand reduce them one-half. Think of this question seriously, and on election day vote for BRYAN.

"HUMANITY AND PROSPERITY."

In this shameless appeal to dishonesty, the BRYAN equation is reduced to its simplest terms. There is nothing else in his argument for the fifty-cent dollar. It is fitting that in the last weeks of the campaign his "business proposition" should be presented to the farmers of the West, without attempt at palliation, and stripped stark naked.

The Indiana farmers are requested to think of this question seriously. They will do so, never fear! The farmers of Vermont considered it seriously, and gave their answer. The farmers of Maine studied it, and replied with emphasis to the authors of the "business proposition."

Honesty is not a matter of latitude and longitude. East or West, mortgaged or free, the American farmer, in the vast majority of cases, is an honest citizen, and he will vote as such.

Wheat—Silver.

The truth at the bottom of the wheat question, which for years demagogues of the BRYAN stamp have been endeavoring to keep covered up with arguments for free silver, has now been laid bare. While silver has been falling in price wheat has been rising. Wheat has been going up for the reason that the drought in the great wheat country of India has restored to the United States growers markets from which the enormous increase in the world's wheat production has recently shut them out.

The cord of misrepresentation with which the silverites have endeavored to tie the price of wheat, or, as they called it, agricultural prosperity, to free silver, has parted in every strand. It is a clean and unspliceable break. The coinage of silver and the price of wheat have no connection. We wait to hear the mistaken but honest free silverites confess their error.

No Fear!

A patriotic friend urges us to warn the people, "in the close States more especially, to place no faith in any sensational rumor during the last days of the canvass." His expectation and fear are that "sensational and startling reports will be flashed through the country, calculated to inflame the passions of the voters against MCKINLEY and his supporters."

To oblige our anxious correspondent we give the warning in his own words; but we do not believe that it is necessary. The Repudiation canvass has been conducted from the first on a basis of lies, forgeries, and false representations, and of course they will be kept up to the end. Senator JONES, the boss manager, has just repeated his preposterous scarecrow about the coercion of the employed to make them oppose the 50-cent dollar. But people are not fools enough to believe the absurdity that men need to be coerced into objecting to the reduction of the purchasing capacity of their wages and salaries by one-half. That is too plainly campaign humbug to deceive any one. Nobody really believes JONES; the Repudiationists themselves only pretend to believe him.

Another piece of Repudiation bait for political gudgeons is the yarn that the goldbugs have combined to put up the price of wheat in the interest of MCKINLEY'S election! To do that they would have had to bring about the reduction in the crops in other wheat-producing countries, which is the cause of the increased price. They would have to be possessed of supernatural and almighty power to make the Repudiation charge credible. But it is an incontrovertible fact that wheat is actually selling at the greatly advanced price, and is exported at that price in vast quantities. That is great good fortune, and Popocracy cannot make a scarecrow of good fortune. It is too real. It is too welcome. Its happy consequences are too widespread. The people want, first of all, to be prosperous. Wheat is up, the world's demand for it is urgent; and that is enough. Of course, BRYAN wanted it to go down, but he was powerless to change the order of nature and the operation of natural laws; and so is everybody else.

Very likely there will be other attempts to produce campaign scares, but they will not work. The people have already made up their minds about Repudiation, and it is less than two weeks to election. Nobody is going to be frightened meantime into voting against his convictions. But those who are determined to vote for Repudiation any way, will take the obvious lies seriously, and they will take them thus only because they imagine that the silly inventions will deceive other people, not because they themselves believe in them.

Intelligence and honesty, good friend, are arrayed against Repudiation, and they cannot be hoodwinked by Senator JONES'S bugaboos into turning about and favoring it in the closing days of the canvass.

Coercion in Minnesota.

As the BRYAN orators have had so much to say about "coercion" and "intimidation," the remarks of the *St. Paul Globe* about the coercion of employers in Minnesota, where the condition of political feeling seems to be somewhat heated, are interesting. The correspondents of the *Globe* report that, as a result of the "class" war begun and sedulously kept up by Mr. BRYAN, men in the small cities and towns in Minnesota are actually bulldozed to the extent of being made afraid to express their political opinions. "The boycott is applied," says the *Globe*, "not to the employee, but to the employer. The menace is held over the heads of business men, and not of laboring men. From dozens of points our correspondents report that merchants and manufacturers, all persons, in fact, who depend upon public custom for their support, and whose livelihood is derived from trade, either refuse to express themselves altogether, or give their opinions under pledge of secrecy and on the condition that their names shall not be mentioned. The reason that they give for this is that they fear the effect upon their business of a frank declaration of their political attitude. Both sides appear to be under this apprehension, although, nine-tenths of all such persons being in favor of the gold standard, the political boycott acts most effectually in the silver interest."

As the *Globe* truly remarks, this proscriptive policy "is a part of that gospel of hate which BRYAN and his associates and supporters profess so vigorously." As far as we have observed, this species of coercion has not been attempted in New York. Public opinion here is too much opposed to the Chicago platform to give the supporters of that preposterous concern any encouragement to tyrannize employers. The BRYAN men in Minnesota, however, are perfectly logical in adopting the methods of the boycott. If the war against thrift is to be carried on with any vigor, the thrifty, who constitute the great mass of the community, must be prevented from using their influence in favor of their own prosperity. Of course, votes cannot be controlled. The secret ballot prevents any real intimidation of political opinion at the moment of its final and authoritative expression. It seems, however, from the reports of our St. Paul contemporary that some of the BRYAN people in Minnesota are repressing, or trying to repress, the free manifestation of political sympathies. It is hard to believe that such is the case, but such the case seems to be. The introduction of "class" hatred has been one of the most offensive of the many offensive characteristics of the BRYAN canvass. It leads legitimately to such attempts to violate the right of free speech as are reported from Minnesota.

The BRYAN business is a bad business all around. Fortunately it will be stopped next month.

Why American Industry Languishes.

If, as the supporters of Mr. BRYAN say, we should attribute to the demonetization of silver in 1873 the industrial and commercial depression which we now witness in this country, the same cause, wherever it exists, ought to have the same effect. Now, silver was demonetized about the same time in France and Germany, and it has long been demonetized in England. Those three European countries ought, then, to share the depression which is observed in the United States. Do they share it? or are they, on the contrary, in a relatively prosperous condition? That is the question which the Hon. HILARY A. HERBERT, the Secretary of the Navy, has undertaken to answer in the current number of the *North American Review*.

Mr. HERBERT tells us that, having left the United States on Aug. 12 deeply impressed with the inactivity of American industries, he was at once struck, on landing in England a week later, with the flourishing aspect of things. Everywhere the factories were in operation, and in not a single newspaper did he meet with a complaint of hard times. The semi-annual reports of the earnings of English railways were then in course of publication, and the net revenues of the twelve principal companies showed an aggregate increase of $5,600,000, or nine per cent., as compared with those for the corresponding half of the previous year. There is, of course, no more accurate index of the state of a country's industries and trade than the earning power of its railways. Similar trustworthy indications of reanimation were afforded by the iron and coke regions of Germany; the producers of these commodities had, as a rule, advance orders for twelve months to come. France, too, was found to be rapidly recovering from the depression which since 1892-93 has afflicted to a greater or less extent all great industrial nations. The statistics as to French exports and imports for the last eight months were lately published; they show that more raw materials for manufacture, by nearly $23,000,000, have been imported during that period than during the same months of last year. On the other hand, the exports of manufactured goods from France showed an increase up to Aug. 31 of more than $8,000,000. Why is it, asks Secretary HERBERT, that American workingmen do not participate in this reviving prosperity with the laborers of England, Germany, and France? It cannot be a question of tariff, says he, for while England has free trade, France and Germany have protection. It cannot be a question of fiscal burdens, for the United States have smaller burdens in the way of taxation than has any one of the European countries named, and they have more natural resources than all three of them combined. What maleficient agency, then, is it that cripples our recuperative energies and shuts us out from our just share in the general renewal of prosperity? The answer is that there is something in America to-day more destructive than the phylloxera was at one time in France or than the cotton worm ever was in the Southern States. It is the persistent febrile agitation of the silver question which has shaken confidence in the future, frightened capital, paralyzed industries, and thrown labor out of employment.

If the election now approaching shall have an indecisive result, that is to say, should Mr. BRYAN be beaten by only a small majority, or should his followers be strongly represented in the lower House of Congress, as they are already in the Senate, the ruinous agitation will continue, and the four years to come will be worse than the three which have just passed. To insure a revival of our industries Mr. BRYAN must be beaten overwhelmingly, and not only that, but his supporters must be cut down to a weak minority in the House of Representatives. Not only that either, but the utmost pains must be taken to carry the Legislatures in all doubtful States, so that the composition of the Senate may be transformed as speedily as possible. There are several small States west of the Mississippi River from which Senators must at an early date be elected. Some of these States, in all likelihood, will vote for Mr. MCKINLEY, but it would be a grievous blunder to miss securing the Legislatures also. The silver agitation must be stopped, and to do this quickly and forever its promoters must be barred out of power in every branch of the Federal Government.

Notes on the New Journalism.

Our next door neighbor, the *Tribune*, which has taken into its house the remains of the defunct *Recorder*, dead of vulgarity, announces its intention of producing, or evolving, or disgorging "a Serio-Comic Supplement" as a regular feature, henceforth, of its Sunday edition.

Our candid opinion is that there is about as much demand for more serio-comic supplements to Sunday newspapers in New York as there is for more fleas in Italy. We should say, moreover, that although it may be possible for the *Tribune* establishment to concoct during the week its projected serio-comicality, according to the regular formula, either for plain or for colored, there will be some difficulty when it comes to emitting the same upon a long-suffering public. How, for example, does the *Tribune* propose to get the serio-comic edition out of its own front door, where still sits on guard the bronze statue of HORACE GREELEY, who could use forcible language on occasion?

It is a light-headed and ill-balanced management which is swept off its base by the frantic struggle now in progress between the journalistic Anarchists who have recently invaded our noble profession. From a competition whereof the field ranges from mere inanity to the limits of obscene enterprise, reputable publishers and self-respecting editors would better keep themselves wholly aloof. Let the scavengers with an inborn taste for that sort of research, continue to discover all the coprolites, and to shout them for sale in the open market place. Let the same fellows likewise monopolize the traffic in that sort of harmlessly vulgar train literature, which no man with clean linen on can read, even in a smoking car, without a sense of personal ignominy and degradation.

We do not for an instant suppose that the *Tribune*, with its traditions of respectability, contemplates a descent into the underground filth through which the *New York World* and the *New York Journal* and their imitators are noisily wading their way. But in getting itself, or any part of itself, down to the *Recorder* level, the *Tribune* incurs a moral injury. Imbecility is sometimes almost as immoral as positive indecency; and the methods of a newspaper which perished because it was so feeble, even in its chosen field of vulgarity, are not an inheritance which our neighbor ought to desire, or a possession of which our neighbor ought to be proud.

The intimate contest between the proprietor of the *New York World* and the proprietor of the *New York Journal* for the primacy of the sewers proceeds with unabated energy on either side. One of them is spending lavishly, in the attempt to beat off its inconvenient young rival, the money amassed during a long and happy period of absolute monopoly of shamelessness. The other is pouring into the campaign money earned by older and probably wiser men in more honorable business, in a desperate effort, foredoomed to failure, to prove that a Harvard graduate with the training of a gentleman can out-pulitzer the original PULITZER himself. Foredoomed to failure, because the new comer is, after all, only an amateur. If he succeeds in buying away from the older shop every artist whose pen or whose pencil has been educated to proficiency by the master of all the arts which have made the *World* what it is, other artists will spring up like mushrooms under the brass dome. PULITZER has only to raise his somewhat hooked forefinger to summon to his aid special talent of an order not at any other new journalist's command. Besides, his nose is longer than young Mr. HEARST'S, and his scent keener by far.

Meanwhile, what a contest it is, and what a struggle young Mr. HEARST is making, though hopelessly, for the fulfillment of his astounding ambition! The hideous projectiles are hurled back and forth every day in the week, but particularly on Sundays. There is yet discernible no sign that the ammunition is low in either arsenal. As two wrestlers change their grip or shift their ground from time to time, so the desperate competition passes through varying aspects of the unspeakable. At one time it is pornographic. Then it is pustular, then it becomes more scatological than pustular or pornographic. When the multifarious appeal to pruriency seems to pall upon the two constituencies, the exploitation of the horrors of morbid anatomy and disgusting pathology begins. Pictures of diseased tissue sprawl across whole pages formerly occupied by the imaginings of lasciviousness. Crime is illustrated in all its phases, with charts and full working directions for intending criminals. When the Harvard graduate ransacks the shelves of the library hells for forgotten nastiness of erotic literature, the ex-kellner sends forth his men and his women to collect from the cooks of the anonyms of to-day their mistresses' favorite recipes for Christmas plum pudding. When the ex-kellner goes to the hospitals with his camera to photograph for the benefit of *World* readers the latest running ulcer, the Harvard graduate promptly furnishes to readers of the *Journal* explicit instructions, with plates, teaching how murder may be done with a single blow of the fist upon the chin by driving a splinter of the under jaw up into the brain. So it goes on, Sunday after Sunday, with the bright sun shining in the heavens; and the end is not in sight. There was never before anywhere on earth such a rivalry, and, GOD willing, there never will be again after Mr. PULITZER is dead or has gone mad, or after Mr. HEARST is tired out or has reluctantly come to his senses.

It is a positive relief to turn to the *Journal of Commerce* or the *Evening Post*, without a picture except in the advertisements. The *Post*, at least, has in contemplation no serio-comic supplement of the *Recorder* fashion, much less any disposition to follow the *World* and the *Journal* in their frenzied competition.

Cuba the True Resource for Spain.

The spectacle of the Madrid Government trudging through the money marts of Europe in search of a loan, and rejected at door after door, is the latest humiliation to fall upon Spain.

It has, too, a double significance. It suggests with how little faith disinterested foreign observers, who have hundreds of millions to invest in sound ventures, but none in shaky causes, regard the probable outcome of Spain's attempt to subjugate Cuba. It also betokens the ultimate lack of means to carry on the war in the way Spain must carry it on, if she would prevent the patriots from driving her into the sea; and therewith it foreshadows the complete discouragement of her people over their hard task.

There is one place in the world, however, where Spain can check her losses, and partly repair her finances. Cuba is prized by her as a former source of income, but is far dearer to her own people as their native land, which they are resolved to make free. Should Spain open negotiations promptly with them, she could probably dispose of her interests in the island to an advantage which she can hardly hope for hereafter. The patriots might recognize, in an offer which would cut short the war, save many lives and much money, and enable them to turn to account at once the rich resources of the island, the basis for some pecuniary claims.

At the very least, Spain could stop the present prodigious drain on her resources before reaching complete bankruptcy. Nor would there be anything discreditable or unprecedented in such a course. England and France had to give up far greater possessions in the New World, as the result of unsuccessful wars, and Spaniards of an earlier generation successively gave up many domains here, larger than Cuba. Spain, in fact, will only follow her own invariable precedents in conceding independence to the island.

But in order to turn that concession to the best account for herself she should arrange it now. Not in sorrowfully tramping from counter to counter of the European money lenders, but in making terms with her revolted colony, which has cast off the Old World yoke, the opportunity for her wisest statesmanship and most profitable finance in the immediate future will be found.

Where is the Hon. RICHARD PARKS BLAND, so much in evidence earlier in the campaign? Has BRYAN succeeded in disgusting Silver DICK also? BLAND is a farmer, and this is the season for getting in the cornstalks.

We earnestly invite the South to join hands with the North in preserving our democratic institutions and the national honor by voting against the Populist demagogue, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. It would be truly a lamentable misfortune if the bloody chasm of the civil war should be succeeded by a great sectional division on this issue.

Citizens of the Lone Star State have sent to the battle ship Texas a silver service. The central and largest piece is the punch bowl. This piece is mounted on an elaborate ornamental standard, also of silver, about the base of which there is beautiful scroll work. Through this scroll work is entwined a pennant bearing the words "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

The first mishap to the Texas after she was put into commission was to her forward turret. She went into the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs. There the bad ventilation of her engine and fire rooms was remedied. There also she went into dry dock, and nearly broke her back when the water was pumped out. Then she went to Newport News for other repairs and went aground getting there. Once in the dock she narrowly escaped going to the bottom through the inadvertent opening of a seaway cock. It cost over $50,000 to get the necessary repairs made and the ship was out of commission for several months. Recently she was put into commission again and came north to join Admiral BUNCE'S North Atlantic Squadron. Maneuvring off Newport she found a place where there was not as much water as she draws and took bottom.

The pieces in the silver service were designed in accordance with the wishes of Capt. HENRY GLASS, who commands the Texas. Capt. GLASS selected an admirable motto for his ship.

A Hideous Dream.

I dreamed that everybody was stark mad;
That universal war had been proclaimed
Against all law, all honor, and all thrift,
The statutes and the common law which stood
As sacred guarantees of mankind's rights
Had been annulled by Henry Progress George;
The Constitution had been set aside by Sovereign, who
Had hated and derided it for years;
The railroads were destroyed by E. V. Debs.
No court or Congress sat in all the land,
The hum of industry was heard no more,
But roaring fire and bursting bombs instead;
And all around I saw destruction wrought
With flaming torches borne by Altgeld's friends.

Then came the chosen one, whose name was Fraud,
With Debs and Altgeld riding by his side:
His countenance with exaltation shone
As cheers went up for murder, arson, theft:
He spoke big words of shallow, senseless boast,
And boundless riches promised to them all.
Then while I wondered how this prodigy
Of impudence could fool both fool and knave—
For some there were who foolishly believed
That Fraud could something out of nothing make—
The nightmare passed away, and saner dreams,
That soon shall prove prophetic, eased my soul.
The greatest host that ever moved on earth
Was marching close in rank, eight millions strong,
Yes, close in rank, and marching all one way,
And each a banner bore, inscribed McK.!

FRANK CHAMBERS.

We once more take occasion to commend the *Rosary Magazine*, the monthly publication of the Dominican Fathers in this city. Apart from its high religious character, its literary excellence is remarkable, and the variety and general interest of its contents are such as to please gentle readers of every kind.

LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Ritualists and the Priesthood.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On reading this morning Mr. Wirt Mills's letter, in which he endeavors to defend the validity of Anglican ordinations, I could not help feeling amused at his closing remark, "We are perfectly confident that we are priests, that we consecrate a true Eucharist and feed our people with a true sacrament and offer the sacrifice as truly as does any priest of the Roman obedience." Evidently the reverend gentleman imagines that this self-confidence on the part of a section of the clergy of the Episcopal Church is to be received by the world as conclusive proof that they have been rightly ordained—in other words, that the mere assumption of sacerdotal powers is in itself sufficient to place the matter beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Without entering into the question as to whether the Anglican Church ever recognized the orders of other Protestant sects, and even granting that it did not, does your correspondent suppose that this would suffice to prove that she had herself the power of conferring valid orders? or that he and his brethren are true sacrificing priests? Moreover, this confidence in the validity of Anglican orders is not shared by many, I may say the majority, of Anglican clergymen, for while a few, a small body of somewhat mushroom growth, have, of late years, claimed to exercise sacerdotal functions, the greater number utterly repudiate such a claim and reject the very idea of a sacrificing priesthood as unscriptural and anti-Christian. It is no exaggeration to say that the majority of Anglican clergymen are indifferent whether their orders are valid in the Catholic sense or not. The question with them is one of Church government; they are Episcopalians because they believe episcopacy to have been the original constitution of the Church, and they contend for it as an ancient institution much in the same way as Englishmen may contend for their monarchy, or Americans for their republic, but not because they imagine themselves or their Bishops to possess the tremendous powers claimed by the Roman priesthood.

Without raising the question as to whether the matter and form laid down by the Anglican ordinal is or is not sufficient, it is hard to believe that valid orders could be transmitted by men who discarded the very notion of a priesthood of the new law. Could Mr. Wirt Mills, for instance, feel "perfectly confident" that he is a priest had he been one of those ordained by a certain English Bishop, I think the late Bishop of Chester, who, in the charge delivered to the candidates for orders, addressed to them these words, or words to this effect: "Divest yourselves of the idea that I am about to ordain you as sacrificing priests. I am going to ordain you ministers and preachers of the Word of God, and for this reason the Bible, and not the chalice and paten, will be given to you as the symbol of your ministry?"

The "group of Italian Cardinals" to whom Mr. Wirt Mills somewhat contemptuously refers, may at least be supposed to know better what constitutes the essential part of the sacrament of holy orders than the few feeble folk within the Episcopal Church, who, however good their intentions, are undoubtedly walking in the dark. What, I ask, could have induced such prominent members of the "Order of Corporate Reunion" as Mossman and Lee to seek ordination and episcopal consecration at the hands of a schismatical Bishop, had they felt sure of the validity of their Anglican ordination? Clearly they did not possess the "perfect confidence" enjoyed by Mr. Wirt Mills or such a step would have been superfluous.

As one who was formerly a member of the Anglican Church and a firm adherent of the Ritualist party I think I may claim to speak without bitterness of a body of men whom I believe to be thoroughly sincere, but who, nevertheless, are blinded by an unreasonable prejudice against the Catholic Church, while at the same time they are slavish imitators of everything Roman. ALEX. HENDERSON, P. S. M.

MT. CARMEL CHURCH, Oct. 17.

Featherbed Lane.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The early travellers in the vicinity of Washington Bridge had something of that sense of humor which is such a distinguishing characteristic of THE SUN, and with which it does so much to relieve the tedium of life. It was this sense of humor that led them to bestow the name of "Featherbed lane" on the roughest and most impassable byway leading from the Boston road to Harlem River. Such at least is the local tradition as I received it thirty years ago.

Featherbed lane is not, therefore, historically descriptive, except where it is accompanied by the explanation that it is "writ sarkastic." Now that the lane has been transformed into a broad and well-paved avenue, leading to the finest bridge in New York, and one thronged with bicyclers, horsemen, and drivers of carriages, the name is still less descriptive. Among the principal owners of property fronting on Featherbed lane is Andrew H. Green. It is hardly just that such an energetic citizen of New York should be represented as lolling on a feather bed and taking his ease when everything is activity and bustle around him. I have not proposed to discard the historic name of Featherbed lane, but finding that the argument for change of name was so strong that the change was inevitable, I have endeavored to suggest a fitting substitute and am pleased to find that THE SUN approves of my suggestion as to a new name.

WILLIAM C. CHURCH.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.

Crime Unmasked.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Now that the news comes from India that a famine is imminent there because of the failure of the wheat crop, we are able to understand the pronounced dread in which the Popocrats stand of the goldbugs of Wall street. It has been known for some time that these most wicked of all bugs had caused, for political purposes, the, to the Popocrats, unwelcome rise in the price of wheat. Just how they brought about this result was the question that vexed the Popocratic mind. But after wakeful nights spent in cogitating this great conspiracy, hatched in Wall street, to injure Mr. Bryan's chances for the Presidency, it was discovered and announced to the waiting multitudes, that the totally depraved goldbugs had cornered the grain market, at an expense to themselves, of fifteen or more millions of dollars. Of course this outlay on the part of the money kings was a mere bagatelle; no more, indeed, than fifteen cents would be to Watson or Bryan. This only made the crime deeper hued, because it showed to what an extent the potentates of finance had absorbed the money of the country.

Now, however, it appears, in the light of the news from India, that the crime is even more criminal than at first was supposed. We find that the rise in the price of wheat was not caused by the expenditure of fifteen millions of gold to corner the grain market, but the scene upon which the real conspiracy was carried out was in the far-away land of India, perhaps also in Russia, Roumania, and Argentina. We now behold the diabolical plot laid bare, if not in its height and depth, at least in its length and breadth. This widespread and far-reaching scheme of the money power, then, is to crush the glorious aspirations of downtrodden popocracy by destroying the crops of several countries widely separated from each other over the face of the globe. The goldbugs, according to the Popocrats, raised the price of wheat for a sinister purpose; but who would have dreamed that they would go the length of blasting the grain fields of innocent peoples at the ends of the earth?

If the terrible Wall street has done such a thing as this, is not the Prince of Darkness outmatched and a power developed among men which must be crushed at all hazards?

RICHMOND, Oct. 17. VIRGINIAN.

Why the Railroad Men Will Vote for McKinley and Honesty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been a railway conductor for more than twenty-five years. I read with deep interest the article in THE SUN of Oct. 16, entitled "Ruin for Railroaders," containing an account of an interview with Mr. J. G. McCullough.

In our instruction books there is a rule which reads: "In case of doubt always take the safe side." If there are still any railroad men in doubt as to which way it is to their interest to vote, the facts so plainly stated by Mr. McCullough will surely convince them that in this instance the "safe side" is the side of Major McKinley.

How the bankruptcy of the employer is to secure the prosperity of the employee is a proposition that Mr. Bryan will have hard work to prove, or to find a text of Scripture to fit. That a man should be loyal to his employer's interests seems to me to be simply a question of honest service that is in no whit changed by the fact that his employer is a corporation instead of an individual.

Mr. Eugene V. Debs prophesies that in the event of the election of Major McKinley the railway employee will become a "victim of corporate tyranny at the mercy of corporate capital." In the event of the election of Mr. Bryan I fear a worse disaster threatens; he will then be the starveling of a corporation whose capital is so far reduced by the free coinage of silver that it will not be able to pay honest wages for honest labor.

The American railway employee has a trained eye; and, in the lurid language of the fanatic Debs and his following, he sees the red light of the "danger signal," and, never fear, he'll heed it.

We shall not bury Debs and party on election day. We are up to date, and it shall be cremation; and on that day from every polling place in the country there will blow a November gale that will scatter the ashes far and wide until not even the smallest pinch will be left to blind the eyes of the American workingman. We're coming! Sound-money railroad men, seven hundred thousand strong! POLK PALMER,

Conductor Jefferson Division Erie Railroad.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Oct. 19.

A Card from Mr. Moreton Frewen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Being on this side the sea, my knowledge of the letter written by Mr. Shearman to the London *Times* is limited to the extract which your London correspondent cables to you this morning. Mr. Shearman replying evidently to a letter of mine in the *Times* of Sept. 12 seems to have misquoted me as declaring that "Pennsylvania is a doubtful State." The name Pennsylvania never once occurs in my letter, and to attribute any such statement as having been made by me in any paper, at any time, is a grotesque fiction. I know far too much of your political position to write any such nonsense. Mr. Shearman is now in America; what has he to say to this disclaimer?

As to the Iowa election, Mr. Shearman has this to say: "Mr. Frewen tells you (the *Times*) that Iowa is conceded by the Republican State Committee to be lost; a canvass showing only 10,000 Democratic bolters to McKinley, while 30,000 Republican farm voters are for Bryan." Allow me to assure you that I told the *Times* no such thing. I gave my authority for the report, not for a moment expressing my view as to its accuracy.

In the letter of Sept. 12, which Mr. Shearman professes to reply to, I wrote: "The Republican majority in Iowa in 1894 was 4,000." The date 1894 was obviously a slip of my pen for 1892. The object of my letter was to compare the Presidential election of 1892, when a third ticket was in the field, with this election, a tolerably complete fusion of Democrats and Populists being assured. The Republican majority in Iowa in 1892, over Democrats and Populists, was less than 4,000. Mr. Shearman then adds in the *Times*: "Mr. Frewen says the loss of Iowa this year would involve the loss of Senator Allison's seat. Senator Allison was not long ago reelected to serve six years more." It is a commentary on the worth of Mr. Shearman's assurances that he cannot even take the trouble to refer to the Congressional Directory for the fact that Senator Allison's term expires March 3, 1897.

Now, sir, permit me a few words as to Mr. T. G. Shearman, and if they are a little emphatic it is for this sufficient reason: Mr. Shearman represents better than any other that small, noisy clique of Americans who each year in autumn come to Europe to travel from place to place and to libel as they travel America, Americans, and American institutions in foreign newspapers, and especially in the London *Times*. As the press agencies have distributed your London correspondent's cabled references to myself all over this continent, is it too much to ask that they will circulate my unqualified denial of the absurdities attributed to me by Mr. T. G. Shearman?

CHICAGO, Oct. 18, 1896. MORETON FREWEN.

A Parent Who Is a Philosopher.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The reform wave which washed away our public school trustees and placed the appointive power in the hands of the Board of Education has caused more post-graduate study on the part of our teachers than any other movement in the history of New York city schools.

The day of "pull" and "influence" is past. The aspirant for pedagogical preferment cloisters herself during her leisure time, and grapples with logic, psychology, and the history of education.

As education deals with the development of the mind, its theories, if scientific, must rest on correct psychological principles. But how is the teacher to know which school of philosophy to follow? The Board of Education has not yet arranged a course of study, although vacancies in the schools are being filled from an "eligible list" prepared by that body consequent upon competitive examinations.

Our teachers, as a class, believe in a Supreme Being. There are few agnostics among them. But in these days of "Briggism" and "the higher criticism" is it wise to force the educators of our children to grope blindly among the illogical writings of Locke, Kant, Hamilton, Mill, Herbert Spencer, and their kind?

Undoubtedly some reform is already noticeable in our school system, but to my mind that cannot be considered reform which will replace, with a superstructure of agnosticism, the pyramids of theology.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17. PARENT.

Can't Be Done.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I saw a pumpkin a few days ago which had been cut open when taken from the field, and inside of it the seed had sprouted and were bearing green leaves. We thought it something phenomenal until a farmer adjoining cut open half a dozen or more to feed to his pigs and found the same growing seeds in all of them. This was the first thing of the kind ever seen by these farmers. All the pumpkins were perfectly sound, and were air tight so far as could be found by careful examination. Now, what I want to know is, how could those seeds sprout and grow stems an inch or two, some nearly three inches, without air, and how could the leaves get their color without light, for they had nearly as bright a green as young leaves would have in the open. We might admit that the inside of a pumpkin would not be pitch dark, but anybody who knows anything about a pumpkin rind knows that no air can get through it. Some air must have been inside, or is the inside a vacuum? But without renewal it would it be sufficient to support even plant life? As THE SUN shines for all, will it please shine through this pumpkinhead—I mean, pumpkin rind? L. J. W.

CLARK COUNTY, Ky.

Wages in Greenbacks and Gold.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* During the civil war I came from Canada to New York and purchased a small French clock of Messrs. Tiffany, then doing business on Broadway a little above the Metropolitan Hotel. The price of the clock was $50 current funds. I handed the salesman a $20 gold piece, and he returned me the bill receipted and $1.20 in legal tenders and shinplasters. Gold that day was quoted at $2.50. At that time the wages of a bricklayer did not exceed 50 cents per hour, or $5 for ten hours, and, therefore, it required ten days' work of ten hours each to pay for the clock.

I can purchase a clock to-day equally as good for $10. Bricklayers are receiving 50 cents an hour in gold or its equivalent at the present time. It therefore now requires two days' work to purchase just as good a clock as could be purchased in 1864 for ten days' work.

Are the wage earners of this country unwise enough to desire a restoration of the condition of affairs which existed in 1864? G.

Oct. 19.

Uphold the Republic's Honor!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As an "old line Whig" who, since his vote for William Henry Harrison in 1840, has participated in every Presidential election, I beg to be allowed to say that your journal, the truly Democratic SUN, richly deserves the gratitude of every true American for its patriotic, disinterested, untiring, and efficient efforts to uphold and maintain the nation's honor, credit, and safety against the most atrocious and fearful assaults that ever threatened our country and its institutions. S.

RYE, Oct. 19.

Bring the Boys In to See the Flags.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The present display of our national flag, and as it has appeared during the past month, for miles along and over Broadway in this city is an object lesson in patriotism and love for a National Government unparalleled in this or any other land. This, originating as it has in voluntary individual expressions of nationalism, should not be lost sight of, nor its striking magnitude forgotten. Out-of-town schools, particularly the male classes of every grade, by delegations at least, should see this unprecedented and inspiring display of the flag of their country, and with their impressions of the scene should be told to remember that the sentiment which prompted this exhibition of our national colors is above all American, and that is always nearest to the American heart. ALFRED KING.

NEW YORK, October, 1896.

A Suggestion to the Dry Goods Merchants.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Thousands of dry goods employees have registered this year who seldom do so, expecting the big stores will be closed on election day, and that they will have a chance to vote. The two hours to vote are no good in such a big city as the Greater New York. If the merchants want McKinley and Hobart elected they had better close all day this time. Their employees will vote *en masse*, Democrats and Republicans alike, for sound money, protection, and prosperity. "A word to the wise is sufficient." HARD FACTS.

Another Scholar in Populist Politics.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* You have frequently called attention to the capillary achievements of various statesmen. Why do you overlook the performers of the Hon. John Clark Ridpath of Greencastle, Putnam county, the Populist candidate for Congress in the Fifth Indiana district? He is said to be the finest instance of the scholar in politics afforded anywhere west of Dedham, Mass. His histories of the universe and other points are used all over the Wabash flats as a prop for weak windows. Please investigate Dr. Ridpath's claims to scholarship and whiskers and let us know about him. ARTHUR K. WARMUS.

FISHER'S SWITCH, Ind., Oct 17.

Nobody Wants to Bet on Bryan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been called to the rail, New York Stock Exchange, several times in the past week to place money on Bryan at odds of 1 to 3, amounts varying from $5,000 to $100,000, but, when I am ready to place money on McKinley at any amount at these rates, somehow the Bryan men do not materialize. Is it a big bluff or what?

NEW YORK, Oct. 19. "MCKINLEY."

ELECTION BETS IN JUNEAU.

How a Clever but Unscrupulous Fellow Made a Pot of Money.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

"Political excitement in Alaska will run high for about a month after it is ended here," said a caller at Republican headquarters yesterday. "It takes several weeks for the slow coast steamers to carry the news of the election results to far-away Juneau, and the Alaskans will discuss and debate and wrangle until nearly December before any one up there will know how the tide of battle in the United States proper has gone.

"I was in Juneau four years ago and if I had had a little more money I could have owned the town," he continued, with a chuckle. "There was a great deal of excitement along about the 1st of December, when the steamer which would bring the election news was due. As soon as a cannon shot told the village that the steamer was in sight business was suspended. Partisanship in its fiercest form developed and every one was betting or offering to do so. Odds favored Harrison, whose reélection was considered practically a certainty.

"I watched the little steamer through a glass as she slowly came toward port. When at last I could