The Sun.

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The Boom of Mr. Gorman.

The Hon. ARTHUR PUE GORMAN seems to have suffered a permanent lesion of the faculty of judgment. Otherwise he would not have a "press agent" and a nursing boom for the Democratic nomination for President.

Even if there were any demand in the Democratic party for a compromise candidate, Mr. GORMAN would be one of the last men to be selected. In 1896 he managed to offend both the silver Democrats and the gold Democrats and to make himself distrusted by both. In 1898 he threw away the reputation for shrewdness that he had laboriously accumulated and opposed the wishes of the majority of his party and of the majority of Americans by trying to prevent the ratification of the peace treaty. At the same time he placed himself in direct opposition to Mr. BRYAN, the leader of his party. Neither as a patriot nor as a politician did Mr. GORMAN shine in his last days in the Senate.

As to the imaginary combinations which are to be formed by Mr. GORMAN with his friends in other States than Maryland, it is enough to say that the party machinery in most States is in true blue Bryanite hands, and that there will be true blue Bryanites enough in the next Democratic National Convention to exclude any anti-Bryanite delegations, if such there should be. At Chicago in 1896 the Bryanites showed that they had no scruples about monkeying with hostile delegations. They will not be under the same necessity in 1900, but they will have the power and they have had the practice.

If Mr. GORMAN wants to be nominated, he will have to form a party of his own. The Hon. JULIUS STERLING MORTON has set the example.

Non-Resident Americans.

The Tax Commissioners of this city have refused to exempt Mr. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR and Mr. and Mrs. BRADLEY MARTIN from the payment of personal taxes on the ground of non-residence. The Commissioners' decision is not final, and may be reversed by the Supreme Court, if that tribunal is appealed to. Whether or not the appeal will be taken, it is for the persons affected to say.

If Mr. ASTOR and the MARTINS are not now really residents of this city, they are undoubtedly exempt from the payment of taxes on their personal property. Up to within a few years they were admittedly residents, and up to last year they paid regularly, as such residents, taxes on their personalty. In order to escape paying them in future they will have to prove to the satisfaction of the court that they have surrendered their residences here and taken up residences elsewhere.

This they can probably do, but they will do it at the risk of losing their rights to protection abroad as citizens of the United States. They claim residences in Great Britain, but in order to make good their claim they must affirm that their British residences are permanent, and that they do not intend to resume residence in this country.

If, after making this affirmation they should apply to our State Department for passports as American citizens, their application might be denied because they could not truthfully make the affidavit required by the Department that their permanent residence is in this country, that they have gone abroad only for a temporary sojourn, and that they intend to return for the purpose of residing here and performing here the duties of citizenship. Their case is different from that of the tax-dodgers who have removed to another State of the Union. They have removed themselves from the Union entirely, and unless they intend to come back they have ceased to be American citizens.

Is it worth while to give up so much to save so little?

Progress of the Peace Conference.

Although representatives of the press are not permitted to attend the conference at The Hague, a good deal of information is forthcoming with regard to the purport of the proceedings. It is generally acknowledged that the Czar's primary purpose has no chance of fulfilment, but that, nevertheless, the conference will not have been called entirely in vain.

Not only will no serious attempt be made to bring about a reduction of armaments, but there is no prospect of an agreement on the part of the great powers not to increase their existing military and naval forces. Our own Government would certainly refuse to renounce its intention of expanding our navy to proportions commensurate with our commercial capabilities and our national importance. Surely foredoomed to failure, also, is the proposal that the powers represented at The Hague shall pledge themselves not to adopt any further improvements in rifles, cannon and other apparatus of war. Such a stipulation would be obviously unjust to nations that are distinguished for inventive talent and are thereby enabled, in some degree, to counterbalance the numerical inferiority of their standing armies.

It seems, too, improbable that our plan, originally put forward at the Congress of Paris in 1856, and now resubmitted, our plan, namely, for the exemption from capture at sea of an enemy's private property not contraband of war, will be accepted at this conference. England, which opposed the project forty-three years ago, still views it with disapproval, and it is reported that France and Italy are also arrayed against it. The promise to abstain from privateering, however, is certain to be renewed by those powers that formerly subscribed to it, and it is possible that the representatives of the United States may now take a similar position. It will be remembered that our Government refrained from issuing letters of marque during the recent war with Spain.

We observe finally, before turning to what is expected to constitute the chief work of the conference, that the delegates are likely to concur in establishing a fixed international rule for the treatment and exchange of prisoners of war. If such a fixed rule obtained at the present time, public opinion would not suffer the soldiers of a civilized State, even when engaged in warfare with barbarians, to perpetrate such atrocities as are said to have been committed by the Anglo-Egyptian troops at Omdurman.

Those who have hoped that the conference would justify its name, and practically promote the maintenance of peace by encouraging recourse to arbitration, seem likely to be gratified in part. Both England and Russia have submitted proposals for the creation of a permanent board of arbitration, and a third project is to be propounded by the United States. The details of none of these plans are yet known, if they have been formulated, but the principle common to them all is the establishment of a permanent international board of arbitrators which will sit, doubtless, in a country the neutrality of which is either guaranteed or generally respected, that is to say, in Switzerland or Belgium. The question whether, in all cases, recourse to this tribunal shall be voluntary or compulsory is certain to provoke prolonged discussion. It is reported that Russia would make arbitration obligatory in judicial disputes and in controversies relating to pecuniary claims, and also as to the interpretation of clauses in treaties, where these do not involve a nation's honor or territorial integrity.

It would be, of course, easy to adduce instances in which two Governments might reasonably differ as to whether national honor or territorial integrity was involved in the interpretation of a treaty. Where such a difference occurred, a nation would be recognized as the sole judge of its own honor, and no arbitration would take place. There are a multitude of questions, however, like most of those which were recently discussed at Washington by the Joint High Commission, as to which nobody would set up the plea that a nation's honor or territorial integrity was, in any way, affected. If England and the United States were now bound to refer such questions to a permanent board of arbitrators, some of our controversies with Canada could be speedily adjusted. The submission to arbitration, on the other hand, of a dispute like that about the Alaska boundary would be not compulsory, but voluntary.

There is no doubt, however, that, were it once made a rule of international law that a particular class of questions must be settled by arbitration, a considerable impetus would be given to the sentiment in favor of recurring on almost all occasions to the same peaceful tribunal. Thus, although there would still remain conditions under which a resort to war could not possibly be averted, the number of such regrettable contingencies would perhaps be minimized.

Something has been gained for the cause of humanity and progress in the very fact that representatives of the most civilized nations on earth have assembled for the avowed purpose of devising pacific methods of settling national controversies. Even should they fail, they will have recognized with memorable distinctness the desirability of success. It would be deplorable, however, should the historian have to record that such a conference, held at the close of the nineteenth century, had proved barren of positive results. That such a wholly negative outcome of a beneficent design will have to be recorded is, happily, improbable. Something substantial seems likely to be done, although it will, doubtless, fall far short of what philanthropists would like to see accomplished.

Post-Meridian Oratory in Boston.

The Postmaster of Boston has exhausted his nerves by a long series of after-dinner speeches and has gone to a sanitarium. Divers New England moralists are pouring forth sympathetic philosophy and deploring the ravages of eloquence upon the constitutions of Massachusetts officials. Two Governors are said to have been killed by their efforts to supply the demand for speeches, and measures for the relief of public officials are called for.

The Massachusetts mind runs naturally to legislation when anything is supposed to be out of joint, and statutes establishing the maximum of talk to be required of officials may be expected. The trouble, however, is not in the volume of the output of after-dinner oratory. The practiced speakers of this town equal or exceed in extent of annual business their brethren in New England and never complain. Dr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW turns out his little speech every day in the season, besides many longer and more formal orations and addresses; and who could be in better condition than he is? He doesn't have to retire to a sanitarium. On the contrary, he can supply both Washington and New York with speeches, if necessary, and still do plenty of work and have plenty of health.

Dr. ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY, who is perhaps the most industrious after-dinner orator after Dr. DEPEW, edits a newspaper, does a good many other things in the educational line, and has time and vitality enough to answer all reasonable demands upon his after-dinner energies, yet where will you find a more robust citizen? Dr. MCKELWAY doesn't break down or up. His social faculties find a congenial field in the after-dinner speech, and what is death to the Massachusetts official orators is fun for him. Why can the New York men do so easily and gracefully what the Boston men seem to regard as hard labor?

Because the Bostonian doesn't stoke properly. It is the abominable habit of Boston to eat what it calls "dinner" in the front of the afternoon. After a hasty gobbling of crude and primitive messes, the post-meridian orator begins. His mind cannot be at its best. His body must be nearly at its worst. Hour after awful hour he speaks or listens to other speakers as they drone along, the weight of intempestive victuals in their midst, the afternoonmare clawing at their intellectuals. The session and obsession last until the moment when the statesman from Tatnuck or Toad Hill must run to catch his train. To save these frugal gentlemen the price of a bed for the night in a hotel, Federal officials and State officials must suffer agony. We suppose that must be the reason, for we could never find another, for the post-meridian Boston dinner. In the list of "diners" at those queer "clubs" which "dine" at YOUNG'S or PARKER'S of a Saturday afternoon, the statesmen from Tatnuck and Toad Hill and way stations are always numerous. They will not waste good money in staying in town over Sunday. Thus do Governors and Collectors and Postmasters perish that saving habits may be cultivated.

Of the aboriginal cooking that prevails in Boston it is painful to have to speak. We do so only to assure the Massachusetts after-dinner speakers that after-dinner speaking is an art that must be cultivated under favorable conditions and with scientific appliances. It cannot flourish, and those who attempt it cannot flourish, amid such regrettable conditions as obtain in Boston. It is distressing to find Puritanism taking such a distorted form as a neglect of the delicate laws of the table. The body is not merely neglected but tortured by being stuffed in the middle of the day. The mind drowses; the stomach rebels. The sanitarium yawns for every post-meridian orator. He is killing himself. Probably he is boring his hearers. The graces of language, the frolics of wit, the light leap of the imagination, are impossible when the stomach is turned into a storage warehouse at 2 P. M.

Dr. DEPEW and Dr. MCKELWAY, and all other successful practitioners of the art so highly prized by civilized diners, eat systematically, scientifically and sparingly. They know the diet that is necessary to the pursuit of their art. They work in the daytime. They talk at night. They have no taste for suicide in its lingering and most cruel shape, the heavy meal in the daytime. They know that lead in the stomach means lead in the convolutions. The Bostonian sufferers should write at once for valuable advice and direction. That Dr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW and Dr. ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY think so lightly of their health as to imperil it by a missionary visit to Boston is not to be believed.

By the way, when do the Bostonians work? They seem to be always going to "banquets" in the early afternoon.

Science in Steel Making.

It was estimated fifteen years ago that the annual world average of the consumption of iron and steel was 32.33 pounds per head. At that time the people of Great Britain were consuming 287.53 pounds per head every year, those of the United States 270.92 pounds, the inhabitants of South America only 13.5 pounds, while in Egypt the amount fell to 7.55 pounds, in British India to 2.4 pounds, and in the remainder of Asia to less than half a pound. The lowest average for any European country was 23 pounds per head. It was said at the annual meeting of the British Iron and Steel Institute, early this month, that the consumption per capita in Great Britain had somewhat increased and was probably about 300 pounds. Satisfactory statistics as to the present consumption per capita in the United States are not available, as nine years have elapsed since our census was taken; but with the large increase in our use of iron in shipbuilding, water and gas pipes, telegraph wires, wire fences and ropes or cables, and the development of our great machinery and tin plate industries, it is probable that we have at least kept pace with Great Britain in the utilization of iron and its products, even if we have made little advance upon our earlier consumption for railroads and their equipment. In total consumption we surpass all other countries. The United States and Great Britain are far in the lead, chiefly because they use so much iron and steel in railroads and their appliances, machinery and shipbuilding.

The greatest fact relating to the development of iron and steel making is that science has guided every step and has been the basis of every phase of improvement and growth. The knowledge of fifty years ago in respect to metallurgy seems primitive in comparison with the enlightenment of to-day. Only forty years ago the British Board of Trade refused to permit the use of steel in the building of the bridge across the Thames at Charing Cross. Earlier than thirty years ago those who had applied science to the iron and steel industries received scant courtesy from the capitalists who owned the manufacturing plants. As Sir WILLIAM ROBERTS-AUSTEN showed in his presidential address, the other day, many inventors were meanly treated and "BESSEMER'S early statements were received with contempt as well as incredulity." But it has been the discovery and cheapening of every scientific process that now enters into the mining of ore, its conversion into iron, and the conversion of iron into steel and steel into thousands of articles in every-day use, that make the preeminence of this age of steel and enable this country to compete with any other in its iron and steel products.

We hear now of blast furnaces that produce 700 tons of iron a day, of open-hearth furnaces fed with a ton of material a minute, of enormous mixers that hold 200 tons of pig iron, of rolled steel plate two inches thick and over 300 square feet in area, of steel plates that buckled up in a collision but remained watertight, and of girders justifying the belief that bridges may yet be built, if desired, in half-mile spans. All these wonders are the achievements that scientific workers have made possible by years of research and experiment in the comparative quiet of the laboratory. The study of alloys, of the plasticity and other properties of steel, of the use of electricity in riveting hardened ship plates that otherwise could not be drilled, and many other complex problems, have resulted in brilliant triumphs for the chemist and physicist. Germany did not take a high place among steel producers until the invention, in the seventies, of a process by which phosphorus pig iron might successfully be used in steel making.

These things are referred to here because there never was a time when the problems of metallurgy were receiving more close and earnest study than at present. The past results of such research give ample ground for belief that further discovery will result in other changes in the treatment and composition of steel, adopting it for other purposes and for the production of new wonders that will enhance its usefulness and increase its use.

The East Channel Defences.

The great undertaking of making the present East Channel in New York harbor the main thoroughfare for the commerce of the port, by dredging it to a depth of 40 feet and a width of 2,000 throughout, introduces a new element into the problem of harbor defence. Hitherto the system of fortifications has been based on considering the Main Ship Channel as the southern avenue of approach for an enemy's largest war vessels; but with the opening of a still broader and deeper highway additional provision for defence must be made.

It will take at least five or six years, under present calculations, to finish the work on the new East Channel, during which time it can be fully protected. The present powerful gun and mortar batteries at Sandy Hook on the one side and Plum Island, behind Coney Island, on the other, sweep the area of approach from the sea to the East Channel as well as to the Main Ship Channel, while the long-range guns of Fort Wadsworth command the East Channel for a long distance, though specially designed for the second line of defence, at the Narrows. When Fort Hancock gets its full quota of 12-inch guns, the protection for the East Channel will be still more effective.

Yet, with the distance of this channel from the Hook, over three miles, and with the increased protection given to the sides and turrets of ships by armor-hardening processes, it will undoubtedly be deemed prudent to build forts closer to the new channel. For this purpose Coney Island is available, and it has been suggested that Norton's Point is a fine site for a new fort, while Brighton and Rockaway beaches are also mentioned, the latter, although a long distance from the path of an enemy's approach, having the advantage of opening fire while he is still far from the channel proper. Fort Wadsworth's guns could be supplemented by others on Staten Island.

Finally, the new channel points to the great importance of the proposed turret to be placed on Romer Shoals to carry the 16-inch gun now nearing completion at Watervliet. Of course the question of foundation is paramount, but it is believed that this will present no insuperable difficulties.

The Baltimore Lamplighters.

If recent reports from Baltimore are to be believed, the spirit of pernicious partisanship is showing itself in a deplorable manner in that town. Baltimore has a municipal Gas Department, the executive head of which is Superintendent SWINDELL. The municipal election in Baltimore, about four weeks ago, was won by the Democrats, as everybody knows.

Now, according to the *Baltimore Sun*, since the Democratic municipal victory there has been serious and continuous trouble with the local lamplighters. These lamplighters are all, or nearly all, Republicans, and the defeat of the Republican party in Baltimore has demoralized them. Many have grown careless in their attention to work, believing that they will be removed from office when Mayor-elect HAYES is inaugurated in November. Other Republican lamplighters have shown their displeasure by leaving Democratic neighborhoods in darkness, or with flickering and uncertain illumination. Others have "left the gas burning" all day as a suggestion or reminder to lukewarm and supine Republicans that they did not discern the political opportunity offered them at the recent municipal election. A few Baltimore lamplighters have resigned outright. Others have been dismissed, and the situation is so bad that the assistance of Mayor MALSTER has been invoked by Gas Superintendent SWINDELL.

All this is indefensible. Questions of partisanship have nothing to do with street illumination. A useful and needful function of local government in an American city is to keep the gas burning, the kerosene lamp wicks trimmed and the electric light wires insulated, without regard to the vicissitudinous fortunes of party.

These unhappy and rebellious lamplighters are not genuine Republicans. If their Republicanism were genuine they would submit philosophically to the possible loss of their jobs, and go to work, outside of lamplighting hours, to redeem Baltimore at the next election.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER says that the immortal BAEDEKER, in his guidebook for the United States, describes this metropolis as "a lady in ball costume, with diamonds in her ears and her toes out at her boots." That phrase may have occurred in an early edition of the guidebook, written by some poet in BAEDEKER'S employ; but it surely must have been excised when it came under the eye of the stern realist himself. The genius of BAEDEKER does not lie in the direction of metaphor, and he does not tolerate flights of imagination on the part of his deputies. If he is ever betrayed into enthusiasm, it is when he finds some such combination as that which is recorded in his celebrated eulogy of a certain castle-crowned hilltop somewhere between the Rhine and the Fulda:

"Beer and fine view."

In Danville, Ill., last week Col. BRYAN lectured on "Taxation" to a meeting of farmers. He said that the farmers are overtaxed, while "the moneyed class escapes taxation." It is sad to learn from a despatch in the *Inter Ocean* that but "few farmers were present" to hear these words of the wise man. The farmers belong to "the moneyed class" themselves, and are too busy to listen to the Colonel's lamentations over their hard lines.

It is all well enough to talk about sustaining your government, but what if your governors are crazy?—*Hartford Times.*

Doubtless many of the inmates of the Middletown Asylum believe that their governors are crazy.

Dr. CONAN DOYLE complains that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL makes a practice of reviewing the same book in six newspapers, under six different signatures. What of it? Dr. NICOLL is a great and good man, who objects to literary logrolling. Literary logrolling is a combination of critics to boom certain authors or books. Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL is a combination of the six little Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLLS to boom certain authors or books. The difference is clear to Dr. NICOLL and ought to be to Dr. DOYLE.

The Confessions of a Fat Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am a fat man; not one of your little lean fat men, but of the more than ample variety, whose ponderosity runs into an overexuberance of adipose to the extent of an expansive width which is at once the delight of my tailor and the despair of my exchequer. Given, therefore, a girth which on the corset line of smallness arrives at the comprehensive figures of 78 inches, I am naturally interested in the discussion of "to tuck or not to tuck" my napkin under my chin—that is the question. Unless I am to carry with me into the restaurants or elsewhere, where the inner man is developed from within outward upon the basis of an ample menu, a special table, constructed upon the "sewing board" principle, with a good round slice cut into the table's board, I am at no inconsiderable distance from the base of supplies.

Who therefore will guarantee that, with the utmost care to le chic and *comme il faut*, I can at all times succeed in so manipulating my spoon that there shall not even be a suspicion of a drop left upon its under surface, as I carry it to my mouth? I make the attempt, and although I believe I am as careful as any meal-time gentleman can be—presto! there lies upon the broad and expansive Pacific of my shirt front a more or less distinctly colored map of the Philippines, which is an eyesore to others, and an object of deep objurgation upon my part; and all because I attempted the impossible, knowing it to be impossible.

"Ah! but you should have stooped over your plate," you say. Sapristi! my dear Editor, perhaps your advice may be good to those fortunate mortals who are able to take in a reef of their circumference, but my proportions do not permit of any such acrobatic calisthenic movements or liberties with my breathing apparatus.

Do you not think that upon the whole this matter of napkin or no napkin under the chin may safely be left to the individual, since table customs, like salvation, are a mere matter of latitude and longitude anyhow? Who is to be the arbiter between the *comme il faut* of international table manners—the American, Briton, Frenchman, German, Russian, Italian, Spaniard, &c.? Is every "tucker in" to be branded a hog simply because he does not conform to your standard of table etiquette?

THE SUN that shines for all should shine fairly. In the language of the high and mighty Hinky Dink, "Come off yer perch." EDMUND S. MORGAN.

NEW YORK, May 26.

THE PROBLEM BEFORE THE SOUTH.

Race Prejudice a Matter Not of Section, but of Relative Numbers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been much interested in the discussion lately going on in your paper in regard to the lynching of negroes in the South. This morning's issue contains a letter signed "Lex," in which the writer, following the cue of most of the Northern disputants, holds up the State of New York as an example. Is he not slightly disingenuous, not to say pharisaical, in view of the action of a mob of "highly respectable" people at Middletown, a few years ago, when they hanged a negro on suspicion of having attempted to assault a white woman? No one was ever punished for this crime, nor do I find any reference to it in the discussion going on at the present time.

I have spent twenty years of my life in the South, and an equal length of time in New York State, and I believe I have a pretty fair idea as to the question of racial prejudice. In my opinion there is not a particle of difference in sentiment between the people of the two sections. The reason for the greater number of conflicts between the negroes and the whites in the South is the very obvious one of numbers. One-quarter of the United States has nine-tenths of the negro population. New York has about a hundred white persons to one negro. Some of the Southern States have more negroes than white persons. The negroes hold about the same position in the South as regards mental, moral and industrial conditions as they do in the North. Suppose that you changed the relative proportions of the two races at the North so that the negroes were about equal in numbers to the whites, what do you think would be the effect upon the social, moral and industrial conditions here?

Let us talk the situation over in the light of reason. Booker T. Washington understands it a great deal better than any Northern man that I have ever heard from. The white people of the South are the ones that are suffering from the conditions—not the negro. The whites are being led back into the ways of barbarism; the negroes get a great deal more consideration than they would in any other country on the globe, when we take into account their real mental, moral and industrial status. While they are not to be blamed for it, the present generation of negroes is the product of two hundred years of slavery, with ages of barbarism preceding. Are they any better than a nation of whites who had gone through the same experience? It has taken many thousand years for the white Americans to reach their present level of civilization. Can any sensible man for a moment entertain the idea that these people can be on a level with their white neighbors? Dissertations on liberty and the American Constitution are well enough, but even if sows ought to have silken ears, the fact remains that they haven't got them.

No, the negro problem is a serious one and it has to be worked out. It has to be worked out in the South. No man can foretell how it will be worked out. The civil war and emancipation have not solved it; as far as I can see have done nothing more than to vary the situation. An enterprising planter in colonial days found a beautiful looking variety of grass in Bermuda and brought it to Charleston for the adornment of his garden. In time that grass swallowed up everything on his plantation and bankrupted the planter. A smart Aleck imported rabbits into California; now there are more rabbits in that section than blades of grass. I do not imagine that abusing that planter ever eradicated one blade of that grass; if it could have done so, I am quite sure the nuisance would have been short lived. So also with the enterprising importer of rabbits.

As was remarked by the Sage of Princeton, "we are confronted with a condition, not a theory." The South has to solve the problem. Let us hope that it will be solved as becomes the descendants of a great and noble people.

ALBANY, May 27. B. R. H.

Fifth Avenue and the Trucks.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is true that anything savoring of restriction requires long agitation for its adoption. An attempted regulation of the traffic on Fifth avenue is thus defined, with the resultant belief that it would be "class legislation," and this has confronted every effort to bring it about. A measure to secure this result has twice been unanimously passed by the State Senate. "The Black Horse Cavalry" killed it once in the Assembly, and again the gentleman who introduced it in the lower house felt constrained to bury it in committee, of which he was a member, though a majority was in favor of reporting it. The old Board of Aldermen twice hurled "class legislation" at it, and away it went. But without disfigurement it recently came up again to be again rejected upon the old ground, notwithstanding the fact that it has always been indorsed by the Truckmen's Association, most of the prominent brewers, the shopkeepers on the avenue and below Twenty-third street, and advocated by nearly the entire "press" of the city.

The opposition of a few residents of Madison avenue has never had any effect. There is nothing sentimental about this proposition if you exclude the idea of a parkway. That we should have a proper approach to Central Park is clearly manifest; that we should have a safe approach to the great shopping district is imperative. There is no objection to a truck, as such, but there isn't room enough during the afternoon for both heavy and light traffic, and the former is willing to be kept off. As to a necessary use, observe it in winter after a fall of snow; a truck seldom approaches it. Disabuse the average mind that it is not a restriction, but a much needed regulation, and there may be some hope for it. A similar regulation prevails in many large cities in this country and abroad, and we have extended it here in New York to West Seventy-second street from the Park to the river.

The proposition has now come from the only source that will induce proper consideration of it, though it is unnecessary to extend it between Fifty-ninth and 110th streets, as the avenue between those points was made a part of the Park some years ago, but the Commissioners have not had the courage to recognize it, notwithstanding an opinion Corporation Counsel had advised them that the law was regular. The regulation must be made, and at last there is reason for some hope. It shouldn't be considered as increasing the attractiveness of the city, but as rendering one thoroughfare safe for driving. F. A. A.

MAY 26.

A Hard Case.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A reader of THE SUN for twenty-five years desires you to publish the following, for the opinion of other readers:

I was a widower with four boys, ages from 6 to 14 years, when I married another woman. We have one more son by this marriage, 2¼ years old. She has left her bed and bear for the eighth time in three and a half years we have been married. I have always gone after her when she would be gone three or four weeks and brought her back. She would always be sorry for going away. Her only excuse was she could not tolerate one of the children by the first mother. All her love is centred in her own child. She has none for the others.

When she leaves her home she goes depending on a sister and a brother-in-law, and they have no means. On the other hand, we live at the rate of $1,800 per year. When she is gone a month she writes the most pitiful letters asking to be taken back and telling how sorry she is for her actions. Would some of THE SUN readers advise me to take her back or let her go? There is no other woman in this case, nothing only what I stated. I love the little boy she has taken away, but I cannot go to see it except I go to see her. That I don't want to do. J. R. S.

NEW YORK, May 26.

Mark Twain's Embarrassment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I do not mean to spoil a good story, and the account of Mark Twain's presentation to the Austrian Emperor is laughable. But isn't an affectation of embarrassment when meeting very illustrious personages one of Mark's old tricks? It seems to me that I read several years ago, just where I do not remember, something about Mr. Clemens's introduction to President Grant, of which the recent funny episode reminds me. According to the account, as I recall it, on the occasion of the meeting Mr. Clemens was the recipient of one of those steady, searching stares for which the President was noted. Thereupon the humorist became completely disconcerted, and, though feeling it "up to him" to say something, was suddenly bereft of both ideas and voice. After a most awkward (for Mr. Clemens) interval of silence, the flustered man of letters recovered himself sufficiently to say, "Um—ah, Mr. President, I'm embarrassed, aren't you?"

But this is not all of the narrative. It goes on to relate that a few years thereafter President Grant met Mr. Clemens again, and the President remembered Mr. Clemens, and perhaps Mr. Clemens the President. This time as the two "shook" hands, President Grant, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "How d'ye do, Mr. Clemens; glad to see you again. I'm not embarrassed, are you?"

NORTHPORT, L. I. ARCHIBALD R. WATSON.

Meteoric.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Flamen Ball, Jr., is the name of the cashier in the New York Life's branch office at Columbus, O. T. P.

NEW YORK, May 27.

THE OUTRAGE IN BRONX PARK.

More Voices Raised in Protest Against the Awful Merry-Go-Round.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It surprises me greatly to learn that a merry-go-round is to be erected in Bronx Park. I feel sure that every citizen who has admired the beauties of the lovely park will protest against this abomination. I fancy the Park Commissioners were entranced when they granted some vandal permission to build this nuisance, and I hope they will soon come to themselves and annul the license they have given.

It would be a great mistake to permit a merry-go-round to be erected near the hemlock grove, the old mill and the falls. They should be secured at all cost from this thing. It would be sacrilege to insult the old hemlock grove, a church of nature, by the proximity of this nuisance. It is unbearable that the solemn silence of the spot, now broken only by the soft murmur of the stream and the gentle splash of the falls, should be rent and torn by the creak and groan of a merry-go-round.

Bronx Park was not intended to be a Coney Island or a Bergen Beach, and to transform it into either would be a piece of malicious mischief, an act of vandalism, of wantonness, which has never been surpassed and rarely equalled; and more than that, the incongruity of the miserable thing is a desecration of a sanctuary. G. R.

NEW YORK, May 26.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* THE SUN some years ago saved Alexander Hamilton's trees; will it not now engage in a like good work? It is currently reported that the Park Commissioners are about to authorize some one to set up a merry-go-round in Bronx Park near the stream, and in sight of the hemlock grove. All things considered, this grove, with the gorge it shadows, is the very loveliest spot in Bronx Park; in fact, no other scene in any of the parks approaches the wild, natural beauty of the hemlocks.

Already the great northern parks have been vulgarized in spots by the erection of cheap structures, and this last threatened desecration of a lovely scene should be prevented by a vigorous protest from those who love the parks and keep watch over the rights of the great public. E. N. V.

REFORM CLUB, May 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I heartily indorse the sentiments of a "Lover of the Bronx" and others. The same thing, a Coney Island merry-go-round, has been in operation for the past few weeks in St. Mary's Park, St. Ann's avenue, 142d street to 149th street, and on Sunday, which is given us as a day of rest, it seems to be run at its fullest capacity.

It was with a great deal of pleasure that the residents of that district watched the progress of beautifying and improving the grounds, such as grading, sewering, planting of trees and shrubs, so as to make it enjoyable for those who appreciate and admire nature's beauty in all its forms.

Something is evidently wrong or such things would not be allowed. I trust my feeble protest will also bear fruit and that the many will rise in their indignation and indorse the sentiments of those who, like a "Lover of the Bronx" and myself, feel that Coney Island merry-go-rounds should be excluded from our public parks. JOSEPH H. MCCANDLESS.

NEW YORK, May 27.

THE COSTON NIGHT SIGNALS.

Letter from the Widow of the Inventor of the System.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My attention has been called to an article published in your edition of the 23d inst. with reference to myself. The article states the truth about the Coston night signals and my having taken up my late husband's idea, and through great energy and perseverance, covering three years of time, I brought it to perfection for use in the United States Navy in time for the war of the great rebellion, and at its close I received a letter from the Hon. Gideon Welles stating my signals had been of "incalculable value" throughout the war. I also had the system adopted by several foreign nations.

My reason for addressing you is that I would have you correct the statement that I am the widow of Capt. Coston of the United States Marine Corps. Capt. Coston, United States Marine Corps, was my son, and he died three years since; he left a widow. I am the widow of Benjamin Franklin Coston, who originated the idea of the signals, which I took up after his death and brought them into practical use. He was a protégé of Admiral Charles Stewart of the old Constitution fame, who placed Mr. Coston in the navy as a sailing master before the United States Naval Academy was in existence. He was then but 10 years old. The Admiral, recognizing his genius, wanted him in the navy. He resigned from the navy at the age of 25 and died at 27 years. After that I, his widow, took up this idea of night signalling by colored fires, which are now known all over the world.

My son, William F. Coston, who has proved himself a worthy son of worthy sires, has brought these night signals to their present state of perfection, and introduced them into use in the various maritime interests, viz., the United States Life Saving Service, United States Army Transport Service, Revenue Marine, Army Signal Service, Lighthouse Service and Weather Bureau, Western Union Telegraph Company, the different yacht clubs, lines of steamers, &c., and was the first to introduce the use of distinguishing night signals by the various steamship lines, and registration of said distinguishing night signals along with the house flags and funnel marks in the Treasury Department as adopted from time to time. This data, as registered, should be published. It now appears on the files of the Navigation Bureau, Treasury Department. The same would be of great value as guide to all marine interests. MARTHA J. COSTON.

WASHINGTON, May 27.

The Bolt That Struck the Pulpit.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Rev. H. H. Baldwin of Guthrie, Oklahoma, tells his congregation that they are living in sin. As the words leave his mouth, a bolt from Heaven kills him!

If this had been Col. Bob Ingersoll, what would have been the inference?

What is the inference now? Perhaps some theologian of the old school will arise and explain.

NEW YORK, May 28. A CHURCH MEMBER.

"That Simple Game."

From Cassell's Magazine.

Jack Sloggerby of Brazenface
By the nine gods he swore
That now he had been bowled ten times,
He would be bowled no more.
Ten times they marked his score as "nought,"
"Leg before wicket," "bowled," or "caught,"
Cricket for him was "off."
"Oh! for some simpler game," he cried.
A mocking demon at his side
Whispered malignly "Golf!"

"Spirit of Air! then marshal'st me
The way I fain would go," said he:
That simple game with sticks
Where weakened generals, bowed with age,
And Amazonian maids engage
In rounds of drawer pilgrimage.
On that my choice I'll fix.

"Ho! Thomas, ran, thou wily scout,
Into the High street quickly out,
To Joskin's lordly store.
Bring weapons of the doughty sort,
Clecks, drivers, brassays, long and short,
Spoons, putters, all a man may sport,
And niblicks stout galore.
Such brawny arms as none may well
From Jericho to June propel
The light obedient sphere.
To strike a ball at rest, good luck!
That twisted not nor breaketh back,
Shorn of the bowler's fierce attack.
What easy task is here!"

"Tis done! In garish garb, whereon
The sun discreetly winks,
With club-crammed bag he hies him down
To where, outside the peaceful town,
Peacefully smile the links.

Lo! on the tee the caddie's hand
Framed him a mimic mound of sand,
And poised a white ball there;
A moment's hush—a prayer to love—
On high the whistling club he hove,
Then heading down the wayward drove,
And smote—the ambient air!

Sniggered, I ween, that caddie boy
With scarce suppressed and impish joy
At Sloggerby's sad fall;
While scarlet-coated elders smiled
Superior on the novice riled,
Gnashing his teeth with fury wild
At one poor simple ball.

Yet "unremoved as Atlas" still,
Or Pillicoddy on his hill,
It blandly showed its face;
In front, behind and all around
Blind lashing strokes tore up the ground—
Like rock amid the surf it stood
That white ball in its place.

Jack Sloggerby of Brazenface
Paused, as he wiped his brow,
Where sicklier hues than "cast of thought"
Fear spread were stealing now.
Back in the bag the club he placed,
Home to his room in College paced.
Then "sported" fast his "oak."

Of Sloggerby men saw no trace
For two long days in Brazenface;
Vacant in hall, a wine, his place,
Till thus, at last, he spoke:
"Game! do they call it? *Game*, forsooth,
Let play such games who please;
'Twere better named in honest truth,
A nightmare of disease."

ENVOI.

And so poor Jack, returning to his cricket,
With milder woe surveys his shattered wicket;
"At least," he cries removing pads and gloves,
Bowled "nought," as usual, "Thank heaven, this ball moves."

JINGO CANADIAN JEALOUSY.

The New Empire Day Celebration and the Envy of the United States.

QUEBEC, May 26.—Canada has an enormous amount of surplus jingoism, and the past few days have furnished opportunities for its exhibition. The celebration of the Queen's birthday by the ordinary Britisher is mild compared with the enthusiasm worked up in some Canadian towns and villages over the 24th of May this year. The keynote of the whole movement, which argues strongly for its artificiality, is shown by the tone of many of the speeches on May 23 and 24 to be jealousy of American patriotism and the evidences of it produced by the late Spanish-American war. The constant and public expression of this patriotism as compared with that of Canadians for their own country was the theme of several of the addresses made throughout Canada on the Queen's birthday and to the children of the public schools on the newly established Empire Day that now immediately precedes it. This festival owes its origin to a Mrs. Fessenden of Hamilton, Ont., who proposed last year that in all the public schools of the Dominion May 23 should be devoted to the teaching and instilling of patriotism into the minds of the country's youth by means of patriotic songs and exercises in honor of the empire. The idea was taken up by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario, and other educationalists, and urged at the convention of Dominion teachers held last year at Halifax.

Except in western Canada, the celebration was observed in nearly all the Protestant schools of Canada, and in many of the Roman Catholic ones, too. It is not surprising that the French Canadians ignored the new holiday altogether. Patriotic as they may be in regard to their own country, they are bitter opponents of the imperial federation idea. It is understood that the Australian colonies will celebrate Empire Day next year, and steps are already being taken to secure its observance in Great Britain. What may contribute to its success on the other side of the water is the fact that it is intended to change its date to May 24—Queen Victoria's birthday—after her Majesty's death. One of the jingo papers in Montreal says that with Empire Day properly celebrated in the public schools of Great Britain the stream of British emigrants should, in the course of a very few years, be found directing its way toward Canada instead of the United States.

Unimpassioned observers of public events are somewhat amused amid all this display of imperial sentiment in Canada to note the narrow and unimperial spirit displayed by the Dominion in the recent diplomatic trifles, by tenaciously adhering to minor points in the negotiations with the United States, which points are really the veriest tr