The Sun.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1900.

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

The Need of a Psychopathic Hospital and Laboratory.

The revelations recently made concerning the reception pavilion for the insane at Bellevue Hospital emphasize the importance of the establishment of a special hospital for the acutely insane in the city of New York.

It is not so many decades ago that persons becoming insane in our streets, in hotels, or in private houses, were removed to jails and police stations pending examination as to their mental condition. This is still the custom in most towns and cities of the United States. The construction of the pavilion at Bellevue was a sort of makeshift to take the place of police stations, and it was a great improvement on the old method of disposal of the insane poor. For many years persons of means who became insane in New York were taken to Bloomingdale, which, as then situated within the city, served as a reception hospital for the insane among people of the wealthier condition. Since the transfer of Bloomingdale to White Plains, about thirty miles out of the city, even this class of patients has been compelled to resort to the pavilion at Bellevue, greatly to the distress of relatives and often to the great detriment of the patients.

We have before called attention to the crying need of a hospital in the city for the reception of all classes of mentally disordered persons, both rich and poor, and their detention and treatment there until diagnosis could be assured and, in the event of their not recovering within a reasonable period of time, until arrangements could be made for legal transfer of the patients to the proper hospital or asylum in the country.

It is undoubtedly the duty of the State, which has taken upon itself the care of the insane, to provide such a reception hospital in the midst of a population of four million people, to the end that patients may be treated in the earliest stages, as are other classes of patients in general and emergency hospitals. Surely an illness affecting the brain is of as great importance for early and speedy hospital treatment as a broken leg or an infectious disease!

But while we recognize this duty on the part of the State, we cannot but feel that the community would benefit more, and that the proposed reception hospital for the insane would be more creditable to the city and attain a higher reputation from a scientific and educational point of view, if it could be founded by private charity. What an opportunity for a millionaire to use his money in a most humane and glorious enterprise! It happens only once in a generation that an opportunity offers for the establishment of some unique and noteworthy charity. This would be the first psychopathic hospital in America and a model which many another city would quickly follow. Conceive of the blessings which would be conferred upon the four or five thousand insane annually requiring just some such place for examination and treatment! Think of the value of such a hospital for scientific research, in the midst of medical workers eager to discover the causes and methods of prevention and cure of insanity!

In no laboratory is there so much to be done, so many unknown realms to explore, as in a properly equipped psychological and pathological laboratory attached to a hospital for the acutely insane. Excellent work of the kind we refer to has been done at the McLean Asylum at Waverly, Mass., at the Worcester Hospital for the Insane and at the Pathological Institute associated with our New York State hospitals; but this is only a beginning. Every hospital for the insane should make it of first importance to secure the best talent in the domain of pathology.

Some of the very wealthy asylums in this country could well afford to devote a part of their surplus annual income to original scientific research. This is notably the case with the Sheppard-Pratt Institution near Baltimore. We trust that the managers of this noted institution are awake to the supreme importance of developing the scientific features of their work. Beautiful as are gardens and roads and grounds, landscape architecture should be a secondary consideration, and three-fourths of their surplus annual income should be devoted to promoting scientific inquiry in the realms of morbid psychology. In this way they may gain for their establishments an international fame, and also do untold good in one of the great causes of humanity. Splendid as are many of our American institutions for this class of sufferers, we are behind the Continental peoples in the matter of psychopathic hospitals in cities, well-endowed chairs of psychiatry in our universities, and laboratories for research into the labyrinthine mysteries of the central nervous system and the mind.

A glorious prospect indeed for the rich patron of human progress—to be the inaugurator of a new era of intellectual development, to send out expeditions into more wonderful regions than polar seas, to lead in the discovery of new continents of mind and new worlds of spirit, to make it possible to the alienist of the future to

> "Minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain!"

Plymouth and Provincetown.

This year and many previous years the New England Societies of various cities have celebrated the so-called landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Dec. 11, 1620, O. S. A rock preserved under a canopy on Puddle Dock, Plymouth, is regarded with affectionate veneration by a great many persons and is visited by swarms of new Pilgrims. The facts of history count for little against cherished sentimentalities, and probably Plymouth Rock, situated on Mrs. HEMANS's stern and rock-bound coast, will continue to do business for ages; and the New England Societies will eat good dinners on "Forefathers' Day" and think tenderly of the day when the breaking waves dashed high, a most inauspicious day, save in poetry, for landing on a rock, which is not at all the kind of landing place which Pilgrims or other anxious persons in boats are in the habit of looking for.

Many attempts have been made to correct the misconception that Plymouth was the first and only original Pilgrim landing place. Only the other day Mr. CHARLES W. FELT of the Worcester Society of Antiquity read a paper on "Pilgrim History on Cape Cod." He recited the well-known facts that the Mayflower sighted Cape Cod Nov. 9, 1620, O. S., and that after steering south with the view of reaching New York or New Jersey, she turned back and came into Provincetown harbor Nov. 11. Of three exploring parties sent out, the expedition of ten Pilgrims and eight seamen, who left the Mayflower in a shallop and reached Plymouth Dec. 11, O. S., and Dec. 21, N. S., was the last. Not Plymouth but Provincetown is the real first stage of the Mayflower party. While the Mayflower was entering Provincetown harbor forty-one Pilgrims signed the Compact or Constitution of Government and elected JOHN CARVER Governor; and then the Pilgrims landed at Provincetown, the glory of which has been filched by Plymouth. At Provincetown, too, PEREGRINE WHITE, the first child of English parents born in New England, made his appearance.

According to Mr. FELT, an inscription in Boston State House "places the Mayflower at Plymouth four days before she arrived and dates Salem four years after it was settled." If such inaccuracies are accepted in Massachusetts, it is small wonder if after-dinner orators at banquets of New England Societies do not pry too deeply into the facts. A long series of orators has been heard at Plymouth. The romantic tradition is too firmly established there to be shaken. But remember when you go to Puddle Dock and have a thrill, that the thrill belongs to Provincetown, which still awaits a monument to commemorate the first landing place of the Pilgrims.

The South African Situation.

The British people have good reason to renounce the public thanksgiving with which Lord ROBERTS's arrival in London was to be commemorated. In the recent news from South Africa there is more cause for depression than for exultation. It is certain that some grave questions will be forced upon the attention of Parliament by the indefinite prolongation of the war. How much money is it worth while to spend to enforce the programme of unconditional surrender, as distinguished from a conciliatory policy? Will it be prudent to leave the greater part of England's military resources concentrated in a single region for another year? Then again, can the self-governing dependencies be relied upon to aid the mother country when the task in which she is engaged is no longer the subjugation of a foreign State, but the chastisement of a rebellious Colony?

It now seems probable that, if the unconditional surrender programme is adhered to, the war will last another year, and that the cost to England will not be less than that which she has had to meet during the last twelvemonth. Not only has the withdrawal of troops from South Africa been stopped, but Gen. KITCHENER has called for reënforcements, and these are to be quickly forwarded. Even from the despatches which, after being sifted and doctored by the military censorship, are allowed to reach us, it is evident that the British have suffered serious losses in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and that their lines of communication with their remote bases of supplies have been repeatedly interrupted. In one instance a detachment of 640 men and officers was killed, wounded or captured, and the same fate has befallen several smaller bodies.

That the Boers are short of ammunition seems scarcely possible in view of the ease with which apparently they can stop supply trains which have to traverse several hundreds miles of railway, protected only at points widely distant from one another. We observe, finally, that, in spite of strenuous efforts to retain them in the Orange Free State, which it is obviously premature to describe as the Orange River Colony, at least two Boer commandos have succeeded in entering the Cape Colony, where they can secure food, clothing and horses, even if they do not bring about a general uprising of the Afrikander element. We have formerly pointed out that, should such an uprising occur, the British commander will find arrayed against him a larger number of armed men than the Transvaal and Orange Free State combined were able to put in the field.

Can England afford the cost of the protracted military operations with which she is now threatened? The answer might be yes, if such expenditure were indispensable in order to maintain British ascendency in South Africa. As a matter of fact, her supremacy is no longer contested. Neither have the Boers of the Transvaal any lingering hope of excluding Uitlanders from the suffrage; no such exclusion was practised in the Orange Free State. All that the mass of the burghers of Dutch or French descent now ask for is such modest powers of local self-government, to be exercised by them in conjunction with the Uitlanders, as will enable the white farmers to protect themselves against the Kaffirs, who outnumber them to a formidable extent. As for the Boer commanders, they, naturally, would like to avoid the fate of CRONJE and of ARABI BEY. They do not want to be sent to St. Helena or to Ceylon. It is well known that Gen. DE WET offered to lay down his arms on the single condition that he should be left unmolested on his farm. The offer was refused, and his farm buildings were burned. That was an expensive transaction for England. The destruction of that farmstead has already cost her millions of pounds sterling.

Is it wise for England to pursue a course which will compel her to keep upward of two hundred thousand soldiers in South Africa for another year? It is true that, just now, none of the great Powers seems inclined to interpose on behalf of the struggling commonwealths, and, perhaps, at no time will any of them help the Boers directly. Indirect assistance, however, might be given, if the outbreak of a war between England and a great Continental State should render it impossible to send further reënforcements to the British commander in South Africa. No one who observes the virulence of the Anglophobia now raging in France will pronounce such a war impossible, especially should the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry be overthrown. Would it be worth while for England to try to avert a war by concessions which would lower her prestige, and which she would never make but for the temporary paralysis of her military resources? Aside from a foreign war, moreover, there are other contingencies with which she would need a free hand to deal. Her disaffected subjects in India may seize the present tempting occasion to organize another mutiny, or the Ameer of Afghanistan may die and an army may be required to prevent an anti-British revolution in that country.

All of these risks could be avoided if England would offer the Boers reasonably generous terms, including, of course, universal amnesty.

We learn by a telegram that the New Zealand Government has volunteered to send another contingent to South Africa. Would the New Zealand Government, which represents the most democratic element that has ever acquired power in a British dependency, desire its troops to be used, not only against a foreign State, but also for the suppression of rebellion in the Cape Colony itself? Would it send soldiers to put down a rising in Australia? Would the Australian Commonwealth combine with the mother country to extinguish an insurrection in French Canada? Will all the self-governing Colonies act upon the assumption that, in a dispute between England and one of themselves, the mother country must be right? Or do they really hold that every one of them has the moral right to assert complete independence, whenever it shall wish so to do? Is it judicious for England to force such questions home?

Tippits and Mitt'ns.

In a letter to THE SUN Mr. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS salutes the "tippet, dear old word!" and vows that it is "years since he has seen it used." It must be owned that the country is oppressively urban, yet we hope that tippits are not obsolete. Even if they are, the word is not. That hangs upon no rusty nail in the wardrobe of memory, by the side of red-topped boots with copper toes, high stocks and dickeys, men's shawls, daguerrotypes and hoop skirts and "waterfalls." The old spelling was "tippit" and this we choose to employ because it faithfully represents the pronunciation that was common in the Consulship of PLANCUS. A vivid-hued, sometimes a many-colored, scarf, often of immoderate length, capable of being wound around and around the youthful neck or over the head and ears and neck—that was a tippit. There were long, medium and short tippits, tippits in which you were swathed like a mummy, and mere pretences of tippits; but all rested upon the theory that the cold was cruel and that a healthy boy exercising himself into a perspiration needed to be protected as to his neck from the chill air.

In American plays of rural life there is always a snowstorm. The scoundrel of a mortgagee will not foreclose unless the Almanac says "About this time look out for snow;" and there must be the sound of sleighbells although they never get the big old-fashioned ones on the stage; and boys and men must come into the sittin' room and undo their tippits. Then any ancient man in the audience who was raised in the North and the snow forgets the villain and the heroine. He feels the tippit around his neck. The flying frosty ends of it tickle his cheeks. The woollen mitt'ns, red or blue, are on his numb fingers. His "clipper," with its worn bright springing runners is behind him. Down the hill comes the crowd, side-saddle, belly-bunt. The "traverses" or "double-runners" are rushing down with tremendous speed. The sharp air shakes with the yelling. The stars have their peculiar winter wink. Are the people who are "out sleighin'" and have to go up that hill, insured?

Or the ancient man with his tippit and his mitt'ns is on the ice. On his feet are skates which screw into the heels and are fastened by a system of straps that will absolutely paralyze the circulation by-and-by. There is a loud boom and crack every now and then. Over on the other side of the pond a fire is sputtering and crackling. Every boy with a tippit is a toy for every bigger boy with a tippit and is pulled and made to sprawl by means of that inevitable and inconvenient necklace. The old retired sailor fishing through the ice for pickerel over there is said to have been a pirate and undoubtedly wears earrings. Fortune, *saevo laeta negotio*, comes and goes, but nothing can change the happiness of having known a real sailor who wore real earrings just as they do in books. An irascible tar, with a gift of language and a permanent aversion to skaters. He will thump all the boys whom he catches too near his preserve and every one will wear a tippit. The smaller the boy, the larger the tippit.

Or it is melting a little and there is a snowballing match, the stipulation "no waterproaks" perfidiously broken, as usual. It is the boy with the biggest tippit that will hit the least and be "soaked" the most.

We have no especial desire to revive the tippit. Its day is over. Babies are practically born in sweaters, we believe, in these more accomplished times. But what has become of the mitt'ns—or should it be "mituns?" The mitt'n was the friend of man and boy. There is nothing equal to it as a hand warmer. Why don't people wear mitt'ns in this town? Is there nobody that can make those admirable fathers of gloves? Gone, indeed, are Aunt PERSIS and Grandma DIADAMY, and all the lovely old ladies in cap and bands who knitted, knitted, knitted all day long while the fat cat by the fireplace washed its own white mitt'ns and wondered vaguely where all the feet for all the blue woollen stockings and all the hands for all the blue woollen mitt'ns came from; and DANIEL WEBSTER dying majestically in a flaming lithograph on the east wall, was still cheered, as with some remembrance of slain Proconsuls, by the sight of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON dying majestically, surrounded by his weeping Cabinet, in a fiery lithograph on the west wall.

Hearts are just as warm now, but are the hands? The young women of to-day make many things of exquisite workmanship and mysterious use, but do they knit? Can they knit mitt'ns? Of course they can, if they will. We hope to see Mitt'n Knittin' clubs spring up all over the State and wherever snow falls or ice forms.

Our wise and pious ancestors used to get a drink of New England or West India rum whenever they went to the village store to buy a knittin' needle. That was a kind of libation to a modest and useful household god. In the hands of women entirely great, the knittin' needle wrought many marvels. It could test infallibly a pie. It could make cold-scorning mitt'ns. Where is the pie? Where are the mitt'ns now?

Trusts.

Significant as to the increase of sanity in the public view of trusts is the address by the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND before a class of business students in Philadelphia on Friday night. During Mr. CLEVELAND's second term as President he published a more frantic denunciation of trusts than any ever devised by the Hon. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. It was Mr. CLEVELAND's letter to the Hon. THOMAS C. CATCHINGS of Mississippi, intended as a public explanation of the President's refusal to sign the Wilson Tariff bill, that contained this memorable outburst:

> "Trusts and combinations—the communism of pelf."

If not forgiven, the trusts and their masters, the stockholders, may live without fear of going to jail, so far as the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND is concerned. That gentleman in Philadelphia the other night, offered to them this virtual olive branch:

> "We hear a great deal just now in condemnation and defence of trusts and combinations. Lately a short article in opposition to them was sent me, which I was informed was the result of much thought on the part of an able thinker. As I glanced on it my eye fell on a description of a community of people whose wants were supplied by tradesmen and craftsmen who were their neighbors; they dealt together as friends interested in each other's welfare and willing to yield something to each other's circumstances. This description was followed by an arraignment of trusts and combinations as destroyers of this happy situation, by first monopolizing certain branches of the business done in the communities, and then displacing with their stranger agents and representatives the dealers and craftsmen who were neighbors and friends. There may be much or little misfortune in such a change, but I could not help feeling that the simple, natural, healthy live-and-let-live condition first described was worth perpetuating."

The fury is over. The fire is out. The dove of commercial peace flies everywhere unmolested, and business was never so good.

What a Young Man Needs.

This question, in one form or another, is now arising in the minds of great numbers of young men who are pursuing or meditating the pursuit of a college education:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What studies would you recommend for a young man to take up who wishes to make a start in journalism? He has a chance to go away to college (Bucknell has been decided upon) with the privilege of a special course. He wishes to make the most of his time as he is dependent upon himself for a livelihood.

"HARRY L. HOWE.

"FRANKLIN, Pa., Dec. 20."

No special course of study can be marked out as best adapted to lay the foundation of fitness in a young man for the profession or business of journalism. The grounding he requires for every other department of activity which demands intellectual training is required in this.

The great office of a college is to furnish this intellectual discipline and not so much to impart mere knowledge and furnish instruction in itself of immediate practical value. Thus languages, which may be wholly apart from knowledge seemingly essential to the career a student has decided upon, are an intellectual exercise; and mathematics, of which he may never expect to make practical use, serves the same needful purpose. One of the defects of the "elective system" of studies introduced into our colleges seems to be that in offering to a student the opportunity to reject those distasteful to him or of which he thinks he has less need than others, it may defraud him of the intellectual training his very disposition to reject them may indicate he most needs. Mastering an ungrateful task is in itself education. Concentration of the mind on an exercise not agreeable to youthful taste, or even especially triksome to it, is a prime essential of valuable intellectual training. A little learning we have the best authority for calling dangerous; but so also is easy learning dangerous. Thus it happens that oftentimes the quickest learners in a college class turn out in their careers behind young men who had to cudgel their brains and toil and sweat to master subjects almost intuitively grasped by the others. Their hard work developed and strengthened their intellectual muscle.

Whether the fault in our new university system lies where we have suggested or is to be found elsewhere, or whatever the cause, something seems to be wrong in the practical results of the recent development of that system. Our contemporary writing by the younger men from the colleges seems to be deficient in the reflection which gives intellectual grasp. It does not indicate minds of vigorous philosophical training. Even from departments of science to which our universities give special prominence in these days students who write brilliant theses at graduation are too apt to stop there—to strike twelve at once.

This is merely in the way of illustration of what we mean in telling our young friend that no special course in a college is of special and peculiar necessity to him as a preparation for journalism. The more he knows and the better and the more thoroughly he knows it, so that he can express his knowledge and his thought with force and lucidity, the better will he be fitted to write for the public in a newspaper. No man can be too big, too wise, too learned, too broad or too accurate in his knowledge for that task and duty. No intellectual training in any direction which develops his mental power and gives to him freedom and confidence in its exercise will go amiss.

Many readers of THE SUN will recall a very remarkable letter, several columns in length which appeared in this newspaper on Aug. 20, 1899, from a cadet in the graduating class of that year at West Point, which told of all the practices that have been revealed by the investigation that has followed the death of Cadet Booz. As there related they were far from being the harmless and laughable pleasantries that they have been characterized in the testimony of the cadets before the military court of inquiry now sitting at West Point. The process of "eagling," for instance, is by the cadets themselves and the defenders of the hazing at the Academy described as the ludicrous exercise of bending the knees as far as possible toward the ground and at the same time extending the arms out from the sides to the height of the shoulder perpendicular with the body and gently moving the hands up and down. This amounts to little in itself, but when the victim on whom it is enforced is compelled to practise it 850 times in succession, it becomes serious. A reporter of THE SUN investigated these charges at West Point at the time and found that no one there denied them. The attitude of the authorities, so far from being that of defending these cruelties, was one of entire apology and of a declaration that the severest punishment would be visited upon the perpetrators if they were known.

Apparently greater energy is needed if the hazing abuses at West Point are to be abolished.

The report from Boston that a third candidate for Cup-defending honors will be built is interesting, and not the least part of its interest is the statement that the new boat will have a centreboard. The simplicity and strength of the keel boat have always been attractive to the sailor man. He hailed the Colonia, HERRESHOFF's first important attempt at it, with extreme satisfaction. Later, he rejoiced all the more when, in spite of Colonia's defeat by a centreboarder, the Vigilant, HERRESHOFF put a keel on his next product, the Defender. Her success was inspiring, as was the Columbia's. But, after the triumphs of these boats were over the feeling grew inevitably that a craft drawing about twenty feet was not quite the ideal type of yacht to have in the family. So, if the centreboard can again prove its superiority, the result will have no small welcome.

BRONX FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Just Started by Voluntary Contributions, and Would Be Glad to Have More.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The borough of The Bronx is in urgent need of a public library. With its population of a quarter of a million and rapidly growing, almost no library provisions have yet been made for the people. In fact, with the exception of West Chester and Riverdale, which are situated on the edges of the borough, there is not in all this section of our great city north of the Harlem a free public library. The libraries of Manhattan are too remote to be practically available, and they are prevented from establishing branches by the lack of funds.

Under these circumstances it has seemed to several citizens who reside in Tremont that a beginning should be made at once. They have therefore founded The Bronx Public Library. It will soon be incorporated. The beginning will be modest, and all services are being cheerfully given because of interest in the undertaking. One thousand books have already been given and are now being catalogued. It is expected that the library will be opened on Jan. 5. The books already given are of all kinds. There are some books of great value, fresh from the press, and recognized as authorities on the subjects on which they treat. But more such are greatly needed. The library should be made strong from the start. An earnest appeal is therefore made to all persons who are interested in the circulation of good literature to contribute books and funds. The books, if not all new, should be bright, interesting and wholesome for young and old. Standard works of history, science, art, fiction and poetry are earnestly desired.

The free public library is an approved agency to secure popular education, and is one of the most effective of preventive causes in dealing with lawlessness and vice. It stores the minds of men with life's better thoughts.

All gifts may be sent in my care, marked "The Bronx Public Library, Washington avenue at 176th street, New York city." On behalf of the committee, F. B. MAKEPEACE.

Pastor's Study, Trinity Congregational Church, Dec. 21, 1900.

Wigglesworth's Accurate Census Guess.

From the National Magazine.

Edward Wigglesworth, "Hollis professor of divinity at Cambridge," in a little pamphlet published in the portentous year of 1775 must have had a correct idea of the prosperity of this country during the century just closing, as he predicted that the population of the "British-American colonies" in 1900 would be 80,000,000.

Included in this estimate was Nova Scotia, now the Dominion of Canada, which, with its last recorded census result of 4,500,000 added to the 76,000,000 of the United States, fulfils almost to the letter the accuracy of the Wigglesworth prophecy. And this somewhat remarkable forecast was not based upon any species of guesswork, but upon a well-defined and clearly constructed mathematical theory, which, reduced to plain words, can be best described in the language of its author:

"The British-Americans have doubled their numbers in every period of twenty-five years from their first plantation."

Taking this statistical fact as a basis for his calculations, the Harvard divinity professor constructed a system of reckoning the increase of a country's population, which history has shown to be as correct as his method was simple.

Assuming that the 1775 population was 2,500,000, Mr. Wigglesworth estimated 5,000,000 for 1800, 10,000,000 for 1825, 20,000,000 for 1850, 40,000,000 for 1875, and 80,000,000 for 1900; and the record of the United States Census, since its initial taking in 1790, shows substantially these figures, as follows: Census of 1800, 5,308,000; 1825 (1820), 9,638,000; 1850, 23,191,000; 1875 (1870), 38,558,000; 1900, with Canada, 81,000,000.

Marbles Sixty Years Ago.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My marble playing goes back to the early '40s, and to Philadelphia. In those days—1840 to 1845—our ammunition was rated and termed as follows:

First—"Potashes," the lightest and cheapest of all. They were made of potash, glazed, and sold ten or twelve for a penny. Next came the "commons," or "nickers," as we called them, made of clay. Next higher in value was the "white alley," made of alica and often beautifully streaked with red and pink veins—two of these costing one cent. They were favorites as "mes" or "shooters," the "nickers" being only object marbles to be shot at. Then came the "chinee," a larger marble, made of china or porcelain, and crossed by geometrical lines of varying widths and colors and preferred by boys as their "shooters" above the "white alley." After the "chinee" the "agate" came and the "cornelian," both beautiful stones and highly prized. Next was the "glass agate," or elaborately colored glass marbles still, I believe, in vogue. Last in order was the "Tom troller," the boss of the bag for size and made of all the materials named. The "Tom troller" was always the heavy ordnance in the marble armory. Its office was implied in its name—it was used for rolling or trolling rather than for shooting, as it was too large to be projected from the thumb and forefinger.

The "ring" was the king game of marbles. A chalk circle was drawn or more often scratched in the ground with a sharp stick. The greater the skill of the player the bigger the circle. I have often played in a ring twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. In the centre of this circle was a small concentric in which each player deposited his stake of one, two, or three "nickers" or more valuable marbles as agreed upon. The outer circle was the initial shooting line of each player. If his shot struck a "nicker" and knocked it outside the big ring it was a "hit," as he proceeded from the resting point of his "man" to aim at any marble in the ring, the object always being to knock a "nicker" clear outside, when it was bagged as game. Failure to do this was a "miss," and the next player took his turn.

The postures in playing were the "listing" (long) shot, delivered standing; the "stooping" or sitting shot, and the "knuckle down" or "skin bone" shot, in which the player was obliged to keep his knuckles to the ground. A player could command the posture of his opponent by quickly calling out "knuckle down" and he could defend himself by crying "fen knuckles." It was "fen hists," "fen knuckles," "fen" this or that, "fen" any posture or mode of playing likely to give or save an advantage. If not called out in time this challenge was worthless. The word "fen" was probably a corruption of "fend," to ward off or prevent.

I have written only of the ring game. "Pots" was another favorite, but not so easily or quickly put up, as it requires a series of six or eight holes to be dug. The game was to troll the big "Tom" into the holes seriatim. The player who failed to land his "Tom troller" in the holes in their right sequence left that generalissimo outside, defenceless, the objective prey of his opponent who striking captured him and the owner had to pay several pawns or "nickers" as a ransom.

Happy hours! In those halcyon days I "dwelt" nearer the "marble halls" of the singer's dream than I knew.

AN OLDISH YOUNGSTER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In Friday's SUN the cut of what your correspondent "Old Times" calls a "Roley Poley," used to be known as a "Rake" here in Boston. I played marbles sixty years ago on Park street wall in marble time (early spring) in this city often. A white marble was called an "allie" and was valued at six of the common clay or colored marbles. The red tippet was also in use—some boys had a tippet that fitted on over the head as well as the neck, a comfortable thing in cold weather.

BOSTON OLD TIMER.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.

Christmas Carts in Fulton Street.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Two or three months since the city legislature passed an ordinance which was signed by the Mayor excluding the pushcart men from Fulton street, much to the satisfaction of the tenants and owners of property on that street. The new law went into effect at once, thus making Fulton street a perfect paradise compared to its former condition.

Blocks of horses and trucks had become things of the past, and everybody concerned in the welfare of the street breathed a great sigh of relief. Now, what has happened? Why, the carts returned a week or more ago in spite of the law, but, presumably, with the consent of the city official whose business it is to regulate such matters. This new invasion is a gross outrage upon the rights of property owners and their tenants, and it is a pity that the man above referred to who has permitted the ordinance to be thus violated cannot be reached in some way and compelled hereafter, by whatever means might be considered proper, to respect the will of the people. Such action on the part of an official is, at least, calculated to cause him to be charged with interested motives. It is said, however, that the violation of the law is to extend till Jan. 3 next. Many people on Fulton street are suspicious of this, and are inclined to believe that the fakirs have come to stay. If so, then what?

G. MCK.

FULTON ST., Dec. 21.

Jews from Russia the Most Intellectual and Religious.

From the American Hebrew.

In our Jewish community financial and social supremacy still rests with the Portuguese and Germans, but numerically, intellectually and religiously the Russians are at the head.

NEW HEAD FOR ALCOHOLIC WARD.

State Charities Board May Take a Hand in Bellevue Investigation.

Otto W. F. Lutts, head of the staff of nurses at the City Hospital on Blackwell's Island for several years and a graduate nurse, was appointed yesterday by Commissioner Keller head nurse of the alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital. Mr. Lutts is to have charge of the pupil nurses from the Mills Training School, and his appointment is in keeping with Commissioner Keller's new policy of putting none but graduate nurses in charge of the wards where abuses have occurred.

Commissioner Keller had a long talk yesterday with Dr. R. W. Hill and Byron Childs, representing the State board of Charities who are to make a report to the committee to be appointed by the Board to investigate the hospital should it be decided that Commissioner Keller's inquiry has fallen short of anything. The Commissioner laid before the board's representatives all the testimony taken by him and it was decided to submit it to the committee. William Rhinelander Stewart, President of the Board of Charities, said yesterday that unless Mr. Keller's investigation was satisfactory the whole hospital would be overhauled. Mr. Stewart said that the report of the State Board's inspector which will be presented at the meeting of the board in January, contained charges of cruelty against some of the nurses. It did not, however, contain any specific complaints such as have recently been made, he said.

"There is something to say," said Mr. Stewart, "on the side of the nurses in the matter of the charges against Bellevue, for we should bear in mind the nervous strain and excitement under which the nurses work. I believe that Mr. Keller is making an earnest attempt to get at the facts and we do not wish to hamper him with another investigation at the same time that he is conducting his until we are sure that this is needed. I have discretionary power in this matter and Dr. Hill is observing for me the course Mr. Keller's investigation takes."

Secretary Hebberd of the board said yesterday that there was much need of an investigation of the help about Bellevue, among which, he said, there was a great deal of drinking and other evils. This he attributed to low pay and poor living quarters. Supt. O'Rourke of Bellevue yesterday had the hospital records looked up for the case of W. A. Sutter who died in Utica and whose death, his relatives assert, was the result of abuses in the alcoholic ward. Sutter was treated for chronic gastritis and alcoholism. His physician, Dr. Adreance of 105 East Thirty-ninth street, said yesterday that he was a chronic alcoholic and that this disease had brought on a liver trouble that had probably caused his death.

The trustees of the Mills Training School, of which the nurses suspended are pupils, will hold a meeting this week for the purpose of examing these nurses and deciding whether or not they shall be dismissed.

Heroism in Medical Investigation.

From the Chicago Record.

A remarkable example of nerve and self-sacrifice has been exhibited in the experiments that are being conducted with mosquito inoculation by the army surgeons in Cuba. There has been no doubt in the medical profession for several years that yellow fever could be communicated by flies, mosquitoes and other insects, and it has recently been discovered that inoculation can be used to protect people from yellow fever just as smallpox can be prevented by vaccination. The matter is still in an experimental stage and has not yet reached that development under which medical men generally can safely use it.

In order to accomplish practical ends and ascertain how the discovery could best be utilized for the human welfare in countries subject to yellow fever epidemics, Dr. Jesse W. Lazear and Dr. James A. Carroll, Assistant Surgeons of the United States Army, offered their lives. It was quite as heroic as the act of Hobson in sinking the Merrimac to obstruct the channel of Santiago harbor, but comparatively few people will ever hear of their heroism. They fed mosquitoes upon the bodies of yellow fever patients in the hospital at Havana and then deliberately allowed these mosquitoes to attack their arms. The infection of both was promptly discovered and they were treated with all the skill and care that their associates could devise, while the study of deep symptoms and the course of the disease was carefully observed. Dr. Lazear died, but Dr. Carroll survived and his report is one of the most important contributions to the vast literature concerning contagious diseases.

Too Old Firemen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Please state for me and for every private in the Brooklyn Fire Department that the person who wrote that article in last Sunday's issue of THE SUN in regard to the old grandfathers in the department that his remarks are heartily indorsed by all of us. That it is high time that a physical examination was held is not only known at headquarters, but by the citizens and taxpayers as well, who have witnessed the manner these "Old Dopes," as our friend termed them, have conducted fires, have seen their incoherent heads being carried around by their legs, like a hen with her head cut off. What can be expected of the rest of the company with such men as leaders for their foremen? If Commissioner Scannell and Chief Croker would order the big ladder from Concord street and run it up in some public place and have these old officers climb to the top of it they would buy you a Christmas present before they would attempt it, and still these men are held in office by political influence. If the department were non-partisan and promotions were made according to time of service, ability and meritorious deeds, how much more efficient the department would be.

A FIREMAN.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will you please say for many members of the Fire Department, the man that wrote that letter to THE SUN that was published last Sunday did every private in the Fire Department a great favor, for it is ridiculous to allow these old foremen to have charge of a fire company. Sooner or later there will be a disaster in their district that may cost two or three hundred lives.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 21. A CONSTANT READER.

Phenomenal Poker Hand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A most remarkable thing in poker hands astonished a card party last evening. Six gentlemen were playing ten-cent limit for amusement. The pack of cards had been in use over an hour. After the deal A stood pat, B drew one card, C drew one card, the others dropped out. A bet, B raised, C raised, A raised again, B raised him and A raised again so quickly as to crowd out C, so he dropped. Then A and B hammered away at each other till all their chips were exhausted and B called, proudly exclaiming that he didn't want to get rich, but had drawn the interior four spot and showed 2-3-4-5-6 in spades. We supposed he won of course, but the "pat hand" said it is good, but too small, and he laid down ace, king, queen, jack and ten of spades. Honest deal with cards in use over an hour, a royal flush sequence and a straight flush, in the same deal and both hands spades. I doubt if it ever occurred before and it surely will not happen again in this century.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 19. SEVEN STARS.

Paper Money and Smallpox.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The widespread prevalence of smallpox in the United States, together with the many instances of its attacking persons where there has been no known exposure, it being a disease depending upon a certain definite poison, suggests a review of those media through which contagion may be transmitted, and we are brought to the one common to us all—young and old, rich and poor, and throughout the world—viz., paper money. Is not this a good time for thoughtful people to accept only new bills from the banks, and thus cause the retirement of the old, soiled, filthy stuff we have now in circulation? When one thinks of the number of hands through which an old bill has passed, and the disgusting places in which it has been kept, and the various diseased people who have handled it, it is astonishing that a warning has not been sooner called. If the readers of THE SUN will make a start in the matter a most needed reform will be at once inaugurated.

H. H. S.

WATERFORD, N. Y., Dec. 21.

"Thought Parties."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Is it not probable that Mr. Bryan's determination to start a weekly newspaper had its inspiration from the news items in THE SUN of a few days ago which suggested the possibility that a new form of entertainment, known as the "thought party," is about to become popular?

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21. C. H. PIERAS.

Expansion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Baldwin Locomotive Works now employ 9,000 persons, have a monthly payroll of $120,000 and shipped 112 locomotives during November.

Twelve hundred locomotives will be made and delivered during the present year.

Messrs. Burnham, Williams & Co. are expansionists.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 21. JAMES M. HIBBS.

"Coaf, Coaf"—C'up, C'up.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I think your correspondents who state they have heard cattle called with "Coaf, coaf," have mistaken the words for "C'up, C'up" (evidently short for "come up, come up"), and especially used for horses. In England the call for sheep is "Wo-ee, wo-ee," rather long drawn.

As to marbles, some of your English readers have doubtless heard the principal pieces used for attack called "taffs" and "alleys" and the small common ones "swiedkers."

EAST NINETY-SIXTH ST., Dec. 21. W. F.

SKELETONS OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

Four Hundred of Them Found in One Apartment in Arizona.

From the Denver Evening Post.

A strange story of the suffocation of an entire village of cliff dwellers about four thousand years ago is told by Sergeant George L. Price of the local recruiting station.

In picturesque Arizona, among the White Mountains, not far from Fort Apache, the peculiar race of little climbers once reigned supreme. Among the almost inaccessible cliffs of red sandstone they lived like lizards, in natural fortresses. The caverns they once inhabited are to-day as they were centuries ago, and in many cases have apparently never been trodden by human foot since the death of their ancient inhabitants. The petrified remains of 400 prehistoric little people were found by Sergt. Price in a vast cave. The Apache Indians, who now inhabit that district, regard the cavern with superstitious dread, and cannot be induced to enter its gloomy portals. No white man had ever set foot there before Sergt. Price, and he found its contents undisturbed.

During the spring of 1899, when he was with Troop G, Seventh Cavalry, and stationed at Fort Apache, in his researches about the country the young soldier discovered the great cave village, with its strange legend. A few miles east of the fort, on the White River, rise some immense cliffs of red sandstone. From the glistening stream the cliffs rise almost perpendicularly to a sheer height of 200 feet. Crevices and little edges of rock form the only footholds for daring climbers. While fishing for trout one day, Sergt. Price noticed high up on the cliff a black hole.

Believing it to be a cave, he at once determined to scale the cliff, and several soldiers volunteered to accompany him. The ascent was exceedingly hazardous and difficult, but after a long climb they reached the hole. Jutting out from the face of the cliff was a natural shelf, about eight feet wide and twice as long.

Just back of the ledge was the entrance to the ancient cave. Under the sergeant's leadership the party entered the cave with torches and lanterns. They explored over four and a half miles of passages and corridors. Many people had once inhabited the winding passages of the cave village. The soldiers penetrated into the innermost recesses and found a big council chamber far back in the interior of the cliff. As the flickering light of the torches pierced the gloom of the large room the grewsome scene was revealed.

Huddled together on the cold, damp floor of stone, as if for mutual sympathy and protection, lay the ghastly skeletons of over 400 little cliff dwellers, petrified by the experience during ages past. A short distance apart from the others lay the fr