The Sun.

WILLIAM M. LAFFAN.

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New Anti-Trust Legislation in Massachusetts.

The short history of the anti-trust or anti-combination bill recently perfected and beaten in the Massachusetts Legislature is another lesson to the hunters of industry who would find a gun to hit their antagonists and miss themselves, even though they be standing side by side and on all fours.

The "Coal Committee," a creation, we believe, of the excitement caused by the anthracite strike, had made a bill, described as the most drastic ever born in Massachusetts, forbidding any person, firm or corporation to influence another in the pricing or selling or distribution of any article, under penalty of fine or imprisonment or both. The Attorney-General, PARKER, had seen that it was put in proper legal shape. The Boston Chamber of Commerce, burdened as it was with its president, moved, in common with other business bodies, to oppose the bill; but nothing could stop it until the farmers came to understand it, and then it was amended so as to "exempt agricultural products and livestock while in the hands of the producer or raiser," and, of course, all connected therewith.

That, of course, ended it. The bill was then seen to be unconstitutional, under the decision of the Supreme Court that its discriminating prototype, the Illinois Anti-Trust law, was unconstitutional, and on Tuesday the House struck out the enacting clause.

When the gander who would give sauce to the goose is required to take some himself, he often throws the whole boat away.

Prospects of the Irish Land Purchase Bill.

It is still a question whether the disclosures of grave differences of opinion in the Balfour Cabinet concerning the expediency of introducing a protectionist and preferential tariff will not cause Parliament to be dissolved before the Irish Land Purchase bill becomes a law. The measure has passed the second reading, and has now reached the committee stage. From certain declarations made by the Prime Minister and by Mr. WYNDHAM, the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, there seems to be ground for the belief that such concessions will be made to the Nationalist members as will assure the passage of the bill in a form acceptable to Ireland.

In the debate on the second reading, Mr. JOHN E. REDMOND, Parliamentary leader of the Nationalist party, indicated the scope and nature of the amendments which, in his opinion, the bill requires. He pointed out, in the first place, that the fixing of a minimum buying price was out of place in a voluntary measure, and would cause great difficulty to tenants of poor lands which did not fall within the range of activity of the Congested Districts Board. He also directed attention to the fact that, if the bonus payable from the Imperial Exchequer were to be distributed as the bill proposed, among the landlords in inverse ratio to the amount of the purchase money, the great estates would be kept out of the market. Desiring to avert such a result, the Irish party advised a uniform bonus all round of 15 per cent. Mr. REDMOND further insisted that evicted tenants must not be excluded from the benefits of the bill. He also condemned an inconsistent feature of the measure, which, while leaving it optional with all landlords to sell, provides that, where three-fourths of the tenants of a given estate agree to purchase, the remaining fourth shall be compelled to buy. He contended, lastly, that the powers of the Congested Districts Board must be largely increased, either by an amendment of the bill or by a separate measure, for a land bill which did not settle the Connaught question would not be worthy of the name. We have pointed out that in parts of Connaught the land is so poor that it is practically impossible for tenants to pay any rent at all, and it would, consequently, be impossible for them to purchase.

Mr. BALFOUR, replying to objections raised against the bill, declared that, in view of the punctual payment of installments since the first practical measure of land purchase was passed by the Conservatives in 1885, there could be no cause for any gloomy forebodings as to the risk to be placed upon the British taxpayers. The new Land Purchase project, comprehensive though it was, involved no danger to British credit. Neither, he said, could the Irish Land question be considered purely local. On the contrary, it was a question of imperial magnitude. Turning to the pressing need of a solution of the problem at this time, he reminded his auditors that Irish land was at present not marketable, for nobody would buy a commodity the value of which was settled, not by the free play of supply and demand, but by three Judges and Land Commissioners who could never give a verdict with which either party would be content. The fact was also recalled that in Ireland the landlords did not contribute a shilling toward the cultivation of the land. Moreover, the land was burdened with an irksome weight of litigation. Under all the circumstances, the solution of the Irish land question proposed by the bill before the House was indispensable. Mr. BALFOUR indulged in no illusions, he said, as to the political effect of the measure. He recognized that emotions which are the outcome of bitter traditions handed down for generations are not easy to blot out. They leave great bitterness long after the causes which have produced them are extinct. There could be no greater mistake, however, than to assume that loyalty would be promoted, and the Union of the British Isles perfected, by keeping up in Ireland anything in the nature of the intolerable and absurd land system which now prevails there.

To Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S request that the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant would tell the House precisely what position he intended to take up in regard to the emendations of the bill proposed by the Irish Nationalists, Mr. WYNDHAM declared his readiness to discuss in committee all the points raised in the Nationalist amendments. He admitted that the House must deal adequately with congestion in Ireland, and must take precautions to avoid in future the delay and the cost which have attached to judicial or quasi-judicial procedure. At the same time, heed must be paid to the obligations, whether of cash or of credit, which are placed upon the general taxpayers. He did not pretend that the bill for which he was responsible had in every case arrived at an ideal solution. On the contrary, he promised, "honestly and candidly, and without a reservation of any kind or description," that he would discuss the first clause (to which most of the objections have been raised) with members representing all interests, and without any predetermination of passing the bill in its present shape.

The auguries are favorable for such a modification of the Land Purchase bill as will make it satisfactory to the Irish people, provided, as we have said, no radical reconstruction of the present Cabinet takes place.

Major Runcie's Statements About Gen. Wood.

The *New York Tribune* recognizes the gravity of the statements which we have been reporting Major JAMES E. RUNCIE as having made during the past two years with regard to Gen. LEONARD WOOD'S participation in the attack on Gen. BROOKE in the *North American Review*. Our neighbor now returns to the subject, remarking with truth and force:

"This is a most serious charge. It is unquestionably true that if Gen. WOOD participated in the RUNCIE attack and then denied his share in it he should be court-martialled. If Major RUNCIE has been bearing false witness against Gen. WOOD he should be punished. If any third party has been circulating injurious libels about either he should be exposed. The truth about this affair should be made known."

This does not put the case too strongly. The truth should be made known, and it is not a matter for newspaper trial, but for investigation by a competent tribunal, with power to compel testimony.

The truth would probably have been made known two years and more ago if Gen. BROOKE'S proper and reasonable demand for the court-martialling of Major RUNCIE, as the responsible author of the article in the *North American Review*, had been granted by the War Department, or by Gen. WOOD, to whom, at Havana, the matter was referred from Washington. Gen. WOOD made some sort of an explanation, which must be of record in the Department, and Major RUNCIE'S military offence went uninvestigated and unpunished.

Being an officer on the retired list of the Regular establishment, Major RUNCIE is still within the jurisdiction of the Department and amenable now, as then, to military discipline. He is just as much subject to military trial now for having libelled Gen. WOOD in private communications to various persons, as he was then for having attacked Gen. BROOKE in a published article to which his name was signed.

At this stage, of course, two separate questions are involved. The first is whether it is true that Major RUNCIE has made the statements which have been imputed to him concerning Gen. WOOD'S initiative in the preparation of the article attacking WOOD'S superior, BROOKE, and subsequent evasion of responsibility for his part. That being true, the second question is whether Major RUNCIE, in those statements, has told facts or falsehoods.

As to the question first in order, our neighbor the *Tribune* said yesterday:

"THE SUN stands to-day as the responsible author of the charge that Major RUNCIE accuses Gen. WOOD of complicity in his offence, and its manifest duty is to publish evidence to support that statement or withdraw it."

For clearness, we here repeat the statement to which the *Tribune* refers. It was made in THE SUN of Tuesday last, June 2:

"The substance of statements which we have reason to believe have been made by Major RUNCIE to various persons at different times, all of them earlier in date than the so-called 'withdrawal of the charge' by the *Evening Post* last month, is that he, Major RUNCIE, then Gen. WOOD'S closest friend and unofficial counsellor and legal steerer at Santiago, prepared the article attacking Gen. BROOKE at Gen. WOOD'S request; that WOOD had told RUNCIE it was highly desirable to get BROOKE out of the island as soon as possible; that RUNCIE, likewise in good faith believing that BROOKE ought to be ousted, wrote the attack at the special suggestion of WOOD and instrusted the manuscript to a person whom RUNCIE had never seen before and never saw thereafter, this person being at that time and for that purpose brought to him and introduced by WOOD; that RUNCIE'S understanding was that his name was not to appear in connection with the matter he had prepared at WOOD'S request; that when the article was published with his name and Gen. BROOKE indignantly demanded that RUNCIE be court-martialled, the demand was, by President MCKINLEY'S direction, referred to WOOD at Havana, who reported back to Washington that his understanding was that while RUNCIE had written the attack, the author had not intended it to be published as an article, but had given it *to a friend of his* (RUNCIE'S) to be used as the basis of editorial comment in some newspaper; and that this attempted evasion by WOOD of his own initial responsibility for the article in the *North American Review* was a shock to RUNCIE, a practical betrayal of him by a friend whom he had trusted implicitly, and the occasion of the break in the close relations previously existing between them."

One of our reasons for believing that Major RUNCIE has given the foregoing account of the origin of the *North American Review* article is this:

We hold the signed declaration of more than one reputable and responsible witness to the fact that Major RUNCIE has to each of them stated at various times during the past two years that he wrote the article at Gen. WOOD'S request and that WOOD knew its contents. If the investigation of the truth is to be conducted exclusively by newspaper trial, our neighbor the *Tribune*, participating prominently in the inquiry, we shall gladly communicate to it and to the public the names and exact terms of the statements of these witnesses. If, on the other hand, the demand of Gen. BROOKE for satisfaction is at last to meet with a response in the shape of an official inquiry under the regular forms of procedure, we are prepared to furnish the names at the right time to the investigating authorities.

A second reason for the belief which the *Tribune* properly challenges is the circumstance that we have seen the statement in Major RUNCIE'S own handwriting, written in personal correspondence prior to the *Evening Post's* publication in regard to the supposed interlineations, and not intended for publication. The aforesaid statement in Major RUNCIE'S own hand was that he, RUNCIE, wrote the article at WOOD'S request, for a man whom RUNCIE never saw till WOOD brought him to him for the purpose, and has never seen since; and that when BROOKE'S demand for a court-martial of the author was referred to the Military Governor at Havana, WOOD thereupon stated to Washington that his understanding was that while RUNCIE had written the attack he had not intended it to be published as an article, but had given it to a friend of his [RUNCIE'S] to be used as the basis of editorial comment in some newspaper.

This is what Major RUNCIE himself has written.

Hygiene of the Automobile.

Some medical authorities hold that the automobilist who allows his desire for speed to render him oblivious of all danger suffers from a delirious intoxication similar to that produced by the use of morphine. Drivers of this sort, says Dr. HACHET-SOUPLET, for example, "develop characteristics which are foreign to them when in the normal state, such as boastfulness, combativeness, crabbedness, mischievousness and hatred." In other words, they possess what may be called a speed mania.

It has also been alleged that to the use of the automobile may be traced deafness, bronchial troubles and certain forms of catarrh, and that the faster one travels the more likely he will be to fall a victim to one or all of these afflictions. The "automobile squint" is said to come from constantly looking ahead for objects in the road when moving rapidly, and several cases of this ailment have been treated in Europe.

On the other side of the question were heard, not long ago, some very interesting views from Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD. In an address to the members of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, Baron ROTHSCHILD spoke in high terms of the automobile as an agent of health. He pointed out that numerous cases of nervous debility known as neurasthenia had been "entirely cured by motor car rides at regular and frequent intervals." Certain forms of hypochondria, also, had been treated successfully in the same way, the fresh air having accomplished the desired result. "With seven hours of sleep daily," said he, "a person may motor for two hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon with pleasure and advantage to health." He recommends, however, that the speed should not exceed thirty miles an hour, if this rule is followed.

Baron ROTHSCHILD admits that "an excess of automobilism may cause nervous troubles, due to long continued vibration, with their usual consequences of insomnia, fever and defective blood circulation." He regards record-breaking as a sport by itself, which should not be confused with the ordinary pastime. The former "is the recreation of sound men who can stand almost anything," and is unsafe for persons of the average strength, not to mention those of inferior powers.

Taken as a whole, the opinion of Baron ROTHSCHILD coincides with that expressed some months ago by the great surgeon, Sir HENRY THOMPSON, in his book, "Motor Cars and Health." As to vibration, however, Sir HENRY holds that the "easy jolting" experienced when riding at a high rate of speed has much the same effect as does horseback riding. Much of the benefit to automobilists of a nervous temperament, he declares, is produced by the air blowing on the face. The nerves of the face are acted upon with beneficial results. "Furthermore," says this authority, "the action of the air on the face and the continual inspiration of fresh air tend to promote sleep." He believes that the automobile assists materially in preventing insomnia.

It is possible to rob any sort of outdoor exercise of its beneficial effects by overdoing it, and automobiling is no exception to the rule. While scorching is bad for all concerned, "motoring" with prudence and in moderation is undoubtedly healthful.

A Trackless Trolley Line.

It was reported some months ago that the experiment of running trolley cars without rails was soon to be made in Germany, and now it appears that a trackless trolley line is in full operation near Dresden. The term "cars" as applied to the vehicles employed on this system is somewhat misleading, inasmuch as they bear little resemblance to what are commonly known as trolley cars. The trackless trolley vehicle may be of almost any shape, so long as it is adapted for use on ordinary highways. Among the vehicles built for this system are omnibuses, large open motor carriages and spacious flat trailers, the latter being designed to carry merchandise of all sorts.

The chief advantage claimed for the trackless system over other trolley systems is to be found in the economy with which it may be constructed and operated. The saving of the expense of laying tracks and keeping them in repair is obviously great, and the cost of the cars required is very much less than the cost of trolley cars made to run on rails. The trackless cars may be used all the year round simply by changing the wheels in winter.

In constructing a line of this sort the wire is strung overhead, as in the case of a track system, and is usually supported by arms projecting from poles. From each car, or, if there are several cars coupled, from the first car, a pole extends upward, and on the end of it is a wheel which runs along the wire in the ordinary fashion. This trolley pole is supported in such a way as to allow the cars to travel from one side of the road to the other, so that a train may always keep to the right, as the law requires, no matter which way it is going. If, however, it happens to be on the wrong side of the road when it meets another vehicle, it can easily turn aside. In order for one train to pass another, going in either direction, it is only necessary to swing the trolley pole around and readjust it on the wire.

These trolley trains are of two kinds, freight trains and passenger trains. The average speed of the latter is from nine to twelve miles an hour, while the speed of the freight trains is from three to six miles an hour. The fare for passengers is a little less than two cents a mile, and the charge for freight is about six cents a mile per ton.

The Rainmakers.

The gods took the cover off the rainbowls for a little while Saturday night and Sunday morning, but this overflow meeting wasn't big enough. If the cows of heaven, to speak in Vedic phrase, will not "give up," why, they must be milked by magic arts. The State of New York stretches entreating hands toward the modern Cloud-Compeller, Prof. CARL E. MYERS of the Government balloon farm in Herkimer county. Prof. MYERS lances the clouds with balloon bombs. Horrendous concussion and repercussion follow and cataracts of rain may be looked for "about this time," as the almanacs say. Prof. MYERS has operated successfully on Texas clouds and made the water gush forth over the dryest counties. Now he has been asked to put out the Adirondack fires. From the top of Smith Mountain he surveys the world. So ZEUS looked from the skyey top of old Olympus. So ODIN from his lid-shelf or private window.

We are inclined to think that the cows will decide to be milked before the Cloud-Compeller gets his balloon half full. We have no patience with the scoffers who assert that rainmakers never come to save a thirsty land until after it has been boiled and baked for months, and rain is sure to fall whether they tap the firmament or not. We venerate science, the modern magic, and magic, the primitive science; and the ancient and noble profession of rainmaking is dear to our heart of heart. In twenty, in a hundred, African villages this very day, perhaps, the rainmakers are pounding and splashing. If the clouds continue to be miserly, some sorcerer in some neighboring village has bewitched and bedevilled them. Find the rascal and open him; and then the windows of heaven will open. If the rain still refuses to drop, swat the rainmaker. Another martyr of science. Fortunately it will rain if people will only wait long enough, and *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, is the universal logic. The rainmaker is usually justified by results and sleek with prosperity.

There are lakes, rivers and brooks, hard to find nowadays, into which you have only to drop a stone and rain, thunder and lightning leap from the sky. But this is an unsociable fashion. The art of communal rainmaking is more cheerful, and just as satisfactory. According to an old German recipe, the villagers undress a little girl, clothe her with grasses, twigs and rushes and set her to plucking henbane with the little finger of her right hand. When she plucks the henbane, it must be tied to the little toe of her right foot. Then she passes through the village and at every household a bucket of water is doused over her. Water brings water. Like produces like, or science and magic are humbugs.

In Servia and Greece even now substantially the same ceremony is practised, although the mysterious detail of the henbane is omitted. The girl in her suit of natural green makes the circuit. Is she the Spirit of Vegetation? Is she the representative and image of that greenness which the rain is asked to give? Anyway, she sings from house to house while her comrades dance in a ring around her; and bucketful after bucketful thrown over her reminds the supernal water department of its duty. These processions may not be so effective as Government balloons, but they are much cheaper and more neighborly.

To our mind, however, the custom of Barenton is best. The Gazetteer that cannot lie puts Barenton in the department of Manche. But Barenton is more congenially situated "in the forest of Breceliande," presumably that enchanted wood of Broceliande, where old man MERLIN, imprisoned in an airy circle by VIVIEN the Fay, gave rise to the expression, "There is no fool like an old fool." When the Barentonians need rain, they have, or used to have, a solemn procession, the clergy in their robes, bell-ringing and chanting. They go to the old fountain of Barenton and there the Mayor doffs a shoe and puts his foot crosswise in the water; and down plumps the rain.

We are far from implying that Mayor LOW has a habit of "putting his foot in it"; but magic is magic and science is science, and the town needs more rain and there is a fountain in the City Hall Park, and the Mayor of New York might imitate even so humble an official as the Mayor of Barenton.

Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has ideas of his own, and many of them are likely to continue to be his own. His latest opinion is that it is wrong for educational institutions to accept money from "trust magnates," such as Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Now, if Mr. BRYAN had ever taken the trouble to read the satires of JUVENAL he would have found in the fourteenth satire these suggestive words:

"Lucri bonus est odor ex re
Qualibet."

Literally, that means, "The smell of gain is good from anything." The educational institutions need the money, and they ought to get it. Whence can they get it more readily than from those who have it to spare? Mr. BRYAN believes that those whom he calls "trust magnates" have more money than they should have. How does he think they can dispose of it better than by giving it to schools and colleges?

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

Amendments of Details Suggested by a Veteran.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* From my political hermitage I write on the Irish Land bill. Preliminary remarks seem to me necessary. The Demon of Discord is busy. So they say. In my complete seclusion, isolated as I have been for the past twelve years from all Irish organizations, I know nothing of the cause or causes of this discord. I do not want to know. I loathe it.

But, as that spirit is unquestionably from hell, I invite all, both clergy and laity, to join in saying, "The Cross of Jesus Christ between us!" and that evil spirit which has been the curse of Ireland since the days of Strongbow.

The question is, Shall we assist Ireland or not? To assist Ireland is to help her in attaining her own object. It is the act of an enemy of Ireland to do anything to prevent or impede the attainment of what the Irish people want for themselves. Ireland, alone, is competent to be the judge of her own wants.

What does Ireland want? How do we know what Ireland wants? Ireland wants the Land bill passed *now*, with such amendments as can be secured in her own interest. We know that Ireland wants this Land bill passed *now*, by the vote of 2,000 to 7, at the national convention, elected by the Irish people recently held in Dublin.

As I advocated peasant proprietorship twenty years ago, and published some letters in the *Dublin Freeman* at the suggestion of Charles S. Parnell, which Archbishop Croke afterward approved as "sound and sensible" in his letter to me, it does not seem presumption for me to suggest amendments now with sincere respect for those who have the matter in charge.

First, the maximum purchase money should not exceed twenty-eight years.

Secondly, the conveyances should be (1) to the tenant, thirteen-fourteenths of the interest in the land for ever; (2) to the County Council, of the county in which the land is situated, one-fourteenth for ever. The tenant and the County Council thus become joint purchasers. The tenant to pay to the British Government a terminable annuity on thirteen-fourteenths, and to pay to the County Council a perpetual annuity on one-fourteenth, which perpetual annuity, then, instead of being a quit rent or Crown rent, would be an Irish county rent. The County Council should then pay to the British Government a terminable annuity as a war indemnity on one-fourteenth of the purchase money, as joint purchaser with the tenant.

Assuming, then, a rent of $100 at twenty-eight years' purchase, the price would be $2,800; and thirteen-fourteenths would be $2,600, on which the tenant should not pay more than 3 per cent., or $78 per annum, an immediate reduction to him of 22 per cent. The County Council, as purchaser of one-fourteenth, would pay $6 per annum, these total payments making a reduction of 16 per cent. instead of 10 per cent, as now proposed.

For many a generation, even for centuries, Irish patriots have longed that they might see this day—the people rooted in the soil. This glorious result can be attained by uniting now for God and Ireland.

MICHAEL CORCORAN.

BROOKLYN, June 6.

What Is the Trouble There?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Here is a clipping from William J. Bryan's *Commoner* of June 5:

Hundreds of women and children have been sold for $2 each in Kwangsi, China, by their starving husbands and fathers, according to a report on the famine, which report has recently been made to the State Department by United States Consul McWade at Canton. The Washington correspondent for the St. Louis *Republic* presents an abstract of this report showing that Mr. McWade says that unless the rice crops for July, August and September are plentiful, the distress now slightly alleviated by American missionaries and others will continue. Consul McWade says: "Reliable information from American missionaries and native sources has come to me from Kwang-ping, Wuchow and other places in Kwangsi, that the destitution and consequent suffering in certain parts were appalling, and that in their desperate condition the heads of families were selling children and women for from $2 to $5. One missionary says the famine is increasing and thousands are suffering and that it is very sad to see the thin, sallow creatures steadily dying. She says boys, girls and women are sold for $2, $3, $5, $8 and $10, and that there are so many offered that it is difficult to find purchasers. From Ping-Nan to Nanning, a distance of 300 miles, there has been no crop for three seasons. Well-to-do people have become poverty-stricken, and household goods, farming implements and clothing have all been sacrificed."

What is the trouble?
Lack of irrigation?
Overpopulation?
Drought?
Lack of "meat" food?
Lack of alcohol?
Lack of other stimulants?
Lack of a robust religion?
Lack of railroads?
Lack of sturdy, yes, turbulent politics—even ward politics?
Lack of substantial currency?
Lack of Pride of Life?
Lack of commercial and social rivalry?

Finally, is there anything in this situation which could not be remedied by anything but clam-shell—sixteen-to-one money? E.

NEW YORK, June 6.

"Dr. Magill and the Body of Richard Smith."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter of C. Klodusky, published in THE SUN of June 6 under the above heading, is founded on such glaring misstatements of facts as to make the correction thereof a duty.

First—The Rev. G. E. Magill (who, by the way, is not a doctor), the rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Hoboken, did not "refuse to allow the body of Richard Smith to be taken to his church," but on the contrary urged that the burial service be held there.

Second—The clergy of the parish not only did not fail "to visit and console the parents of the deceased," but, during his illness, they visited and ministered to the boy, a devoted and faithful chorister.

Third—The fact that the body of a communicant of the parish whom its clergy had brought into the church and who, as far as man can judge, had died steadfast in the faith, blessed in the hope of everlasting life and at peace with all men, should have been buried as it was, in a cause of grief to all of us, and not least of all to the rector.

Fourth—It is to be remarked that Richard Smith's family are not members of the parish; they are Methodists. Their insistence on conditions that involved a violation of duty to the parish and the Church rendered any other decision than the one criticised impossible. Of this sad necessity the agreement of the rector and his people may be taken as better evidence than the opinion of outsiders based on hearsay evidence or the statements of interested parties.

In view of the above may I ask your correspondent to read St. Matthew, vii: 1, before he or she again publicly attacks a man whose life is given up to God's own work among the poor?

HOBOKEN, June 6. E. C. S.

Reason Enough for One Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "Why" asks for a champion of the fair sex to tell him why men should take off their hats in a public place like an elevator.

In the first place, to show your courtesy, an act of a gentleman. Secondly, because they would appreciate it, therefore it is their due, and a gentleman would not question it. To give them that gratification is sufficient for THEREFORE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 6.

Belief in Roosevelt.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We believe in Roosevelt, but we believe that he must steady himself. HIRAM COLLIER.

JUNE 6.

A Prayer for Bessarabia.

You are guilty, Russia, of murder!
In murder's most monstrous shape.
The hand of God's law is upon you;
And the guilty shall not escape.

You shall witness your brutal power
Wrung from your reeking hand,
And the flaming sword of mighty right
Searing your sodden land.

Then the Jew shall sow your acres,
And the harvest, in God's own time,
Shall in truth be a Jewish nation,
As the oncoming ages climb.

And the Angel of Peace shall cover
New Judea with his wings:
For this swift consummation
I pray to the King of Kings.

YONKERS, June 6. TOOK MARRAN.

THE RETURN OF REGULUS, THE PUMPMAN.

The palaces and domes of Gotham were burning with the splendors of noon. The blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a Low murmur, coming from the centre of the city, which sounded like the moaning of the wind before the tempest. And well indeed it might. The whole people of Gotham, joyous, enraptured by the news that Regulus had been returned for Mayor, had poured a mighty tide into the great square before the Hoffman House.

There were mothers in that crowd whose sons were pining in the distant dungeons of Ossining, sent thither by the dastardly minions of investigation; fathers, whose fattening jobs had shrunk to nothing; grayhaired men and matrons, whose graft had gone out into the utter darkness of an impenetrable past. And with one voice, shouting and jeering, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the asphalt pave below him stood Regulus, the Pumpman. He stretched forth his arm over that surging crowd with a gesture as imperious as though he stood at the head of his old brass-buttoned cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased. The half-uttered execration died upon the lip, and the clank of the Pumpman's brazen confidence smote sharp on every ear as he thus addressed them:

"Youse guys thought them fellers down in Fourteenth street was goin' to do you out o' your rights, but while old Regulus is in the game, them stuffs isn't one, two, three. Down an' out is what's the matter with them an' they'll eat sawdust instead o' gettin' fat on murphies. [Cheers.] They said I couldn't do it, but I did, an' now I ain't got no hard feelin's fur 'em, but I'm real sorry they got to be disappointed. Now, touchin' on an' appertainin' to all them things what I said to you before election, do you think I'm goin' back on my word? [Cries of "No, No!"] Right. I ain't no tinplated reformer. There ain't no taint o' that sort on me. I'm a man o' the people, an' you an' me, we're the people. [Cheers.] You all know my platform. Home rule to run things our own way, municipal ownership o' everything on earth, workin' o' city utilities for all they're worth, a liberal form o' gov'ment, what lets every man make as much out of it as he can, proper construction on the laws so's they don't cut any ice ag'in any honest business that puts up the coin for the push, an' no college gentleman's plug hat monkey business. I stood fer them things afore I was returned and I stand fer 'em now. So turn on the steam an' let 'er go."

So saying, Regulus pressed an electric button which was by his side and the era of political freedom began. All the side doors fell off their hinges and left not a screen behind. Ferryboats clanked to their bridges and landed long processions of dignified graybeards, whose eyes were moist with joy at the homecoming, and who hastened to dear old Park Row and seized the telephones with trembling hands. Trains from the northward brought other venerable-looking men, who hastened to long-darkened homes near Forty-second street, lit the lights and started the ball spinning.

The old battered piers along the river fronts were transformed into recreation resorts. On each one a brass band blared and a pipe line poured forth inexhaustible beer. Free excursion boats ran up the river from each pier, and barbecues went on in every square. The police all over the city unbuttoned their coats and smiled rapturously. The Civil Service Commissioners left town by special train, bound for the trackless depths of the Adirondack forests. Columbia University abolished its political department as an utter failure, and the various rooms of the Citizens' Union hung out signs, "To let for an indefinite period." All the baseball clubs in the county abandoned their grounds and started games in the streets. The millennium promised by the great Regulus had arrived precisely on time, and as he proudly surveyed the jocund scene the Grand United Society of Graft Workers assembled before him and sang his favorite serenade, which was upon his ears as the honey of Hymettus on the lips:

A grafter's domicile in Gotham now,
A pint of beer, some Wienerwurst, and thou
Beside me talking on the pump corner—
Oh, Gotham, this were Paradise enow!

The Fifteenth Amendment.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Indians, the original inhabitants of the land, who have never been enslaved and who would seem to have at least as good claims to American citizenship as the negroes, have received no consideration whatever, and are disfranchised in nearly every State. The Chinese, who are more intelligent than the negroes, have not only been denied citizenship, but have had the doors shut in their faces and live among us by sufferance, numbered and catalogued like so many ex-convicts. The Filipinos, whom we recently bought, have not been granted any rights, privileges or ballot as American citizens. Why should the black race be thus specially favored and considered, while the red, yellow and brown races have been treated on the theory that this is a white man's country, not intended to be ruled or governed in whole or in part by the dark races? The people of the United States are too practical to settle this question on sentimental grounds. The war amendments were the fruit of sectional bitterness and ignorance; and this mistake will never be made again. If the country, as a whole, ever takes up again the question of suffrage for the dark races, it will act, not with the passion and prejudice that begot the crime of 1868, but deliberately, intelligently and wisely, accepting anew the doctrine that each State is the best judge of its own suffrage and of the conditions and limitations necessary to protect it.

Can This Be True?

From the Indianapolis Journal.

A letter from Gov. Jefferson Davis of Arkansas, shown to a favored few about the State House yesterday, attracted some little attention and aroused amusement as well, because of its grammar and orthography. It began by stating that the writer was interested in "a matter which involve," continued to speak of "a appropriation," referred to a legal question which had been "ejudicated," and wound up, "Very truly yours, Jeff. Lewis, Governor of Ark."

Brave for a Time.

Belshazzar beheld the writing on the wall.

"Maybe it's only the name of a new breakfast food," he faltered, trying to be brave.

Later interpretations, however, justified his worst fears.

A Terror Tamed.

From the Denver Post.

Dick Deadeye was a bandit bold, a bandit fierce was he, who held up stages, trains and things here in the West countree.
He'd lie in waiting in a place where chaparral grew thick and when the stage came on apace would turn his little trick.
His name would cause a thrill of fear to sweep the country o'er, for rumor said he quenched his thirst on naught but gurgling gore.
The many men that rumor said he'd downed in gun disputes would fill a graveyard to the brim with stiffs yet in their boots.
The cash and treasure he had got from tourists—as a loan—was heap times more than was required to ransom Ellen Stone.
"Hands up!" he yelled one day: the man who drove chewed not the rag: he knew Deadeye would give him ten-percentum of the swag.
"Climb down an' git in line!" unto the passengers he yelled. They quick obeyed as tourists do when they are upward held.
From out the stage a female came. Dick Deadeye quaked with fear, as near him drew the ancient dame and seized him by the ear!
"You good-fur-nothin' wretch!" she cried, "you relic of the past, I've sought you far, I've sought you near, and here you be at last!
"I'm all impatience now to hear what story you kin tell!" And then she pulled him by the ear into the chaparral!
Again the wheels began to hum, the driver scratched his head. "That mus' be Deadeye's wife, jes' come 'yar from the States," he said.

THE WILKES BOOTH "MYTH."

Like the Monmouth and Marshal Ney Myths, It Will Not Down.

From the Boston Transcript.

The story which comes from the West that J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, died so lately as January last, self-slain, in a little town in Oklahoma, is interesting only as showing that a historical myth, familiar to all readers of the history of older nations, is making its appearance in this new land. Otherwise it might be dismissed as simply the advance story of "the silly season."

If ever a man was killed in the manner described by history that man was J. Wilkes Booth. Not only was his identity proved by the incidents of the pursuit, by the papers taken from his body at the time of his death, but the Government took every precaution against any possibility of mistake. When Booth's body was brought to Washington it was identified by many who had known him well, among them his physician, who found the scar of a peculiar surgical operation he had performed in the removal of a tumor. Again, when some years later the body was disinterred and given to the Booth family for final interment, Edwin Booth took measures which placed its identity beyond all possible question. J. Wilkes Booth's body was deposited in the family lot in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, more than thirty-four years ago, and its interment there has been officially certified.

Yet such is the force of myth and the popular love for the mysterious that there are persons in Washington itself who seriously maintain that Booth's body was sunk in the Potomac by order of the Government, and that President Johnson, when he armed Edwin Booth with authority to make the transfer to the Baltimore cemetery, was either the victim of an imposition himself or knowingly participated in a deception.

Myths of this nature almost naturally spring up out of the graves of men who have played a great tragic part in a striking historic drama. Thus, although the Duke of Monmouth was publicly executed in the presence of thousands, though among those who accompanied him to the scafforld were some who had been in happier days his intimate friends, there was a large element, with whom he had been an idol, who insisted that another than Monmouth was decapitated. It was gravely maintained by these deniers of all probability that a follower of Monmouth who greatly resembled him had died in his place.

Still another "theory" was that James II. must at the last moment have arranged a plot by which Monmouth escaped the axe and became the "Man in the Iron Mask"—which mask, by the way, was not iron—Louis XIV. kindly consenting to take upon himself the charge and care of the Duke. Long years afterward historians took the trouble to demonstrate that, whoever the "Iron Mask" was, he could not have been Monmouth. So strong was the popular belief that Monmouth escaped the axe that at least two men appeared in England, claiming to be Monmouth, and for a time ran a course of successful imposture.

The belief that Marshal Ney was not shot in the Luxembourg Garden, but escaped either by collusion with those appointed to be his executioners or by the devotion of one who resembled him and died for him, still has strength enough to survive to this day. Only a few years ago a bulky volume in support of the "theory" that Marshal Ney escaped and came to this country was published. Yet if any historical fact has been established beyond peradventure, it is that Marshal Ney was executed in pursuance of his sentence. To break the force of evidence the believers in the Ney myth have set up various "theories," one that the firing party used only blank cartridges, and another that an officer devoted to him and resembling him "kindly consented" to take his place before the soldiers appointed to fire on "the bravest of the brave."

There is a strong family resemblance in all these myths that is found even in the latest. A man named Ruddy substitutes himself for Wilkes Booth and dies for him, shot down in the burning barn, a rôle which involved his having his leg broken in order to complete the resemblance.

There is this great difference, however, between the Monmouth myth, the Ney myth and the Booth myth—that Monmouth and Ney were immensely popular men, who had long been idolized in their respective countries and who in their last moments were regarded as martyrs for great causes, whereas Booth was held, North and South, to be a criminal of the most detestable character, and was to all Americans a hunted murderer shot by the precipitate action of one of his pursuers. Thousands had risked their lives with Monmouth and Ney, and in the heroic devotion which they inspired is found the origin of the myth that some Englishman died to save Monmouth and some Frenchman to save Ney. Booth had no such followers before he made his leap into infamy; very few had knowledge of his guilty intentions, and his sole associate in his flight deserted him when they were brought to bay.

Still, such is the popular love of the miraculous that some American historian of the future may be compelled to demonstrate to the contemporary public, by examination of dates and documents, that it really was Wilkes Booth who was shot in the burning barn by Sergeant Corbett.

HOW CHICAGO WOMEN CARRY CASH.

In Places Where No Man Could Be Expected to Look for It.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

Women have a constant fear of being robbed of their money, and as a consequence exercise their ingenuity in discovering places in which they can conceal it about their person where a thief would never think of looking for it.

The most common place for a woman to carry greenbacks is in her stocking. Since the days when Eve's daughters began to wear this article of dress it has been a favorite safe deposit vault. It is safe to say that three out of every ten shoppers in a department store will have a little roll of money tucked away in her stocking, and when she decides to make a large purchase she will seek a secluded spot and dive down for the money.

When a woman is calling she usually carries a little change in her cardcase, especially if she is obliged to ride on the street cars. If she is travelling she wears a tiny chamois skin bag about her neck for the purpose of safeguarding her money and jewels. The glove is a favorite place for carrying money, especially on Sunday, when the hands are busy taking care of a prayer book and the train of a Sunday-go-to-meeting gown. The little space between the glove and the palm of the hand holds just enough for the offering and car fare. The schoolgirl carries her change wrapped up in the corner of her handkerchief. There it remains until noon time or recess, when she unties the knot and buys her lunch, candy, chewing gum or a lead pencil.

Now that the sleeves resemble nothing so much as a good-sized satchel they are used for carrying money tied up in handkerchiefs. The full-front shirt waist is a convenient hiding place for money and other feminine belongings. A petticoat pocket often is used by women for their valuables. They know this pocket is an impossible thing to find and would as soon think of having the garment made without a band as without a pocket.

Boss of the Grocery or Nothing.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

A New Yorker lately asked Governor Odell "how he would like to be in the Cabinet, with the result of Lieutenant-Governor Higgins becoming Governor." Mr. Odell quietly replied: "Did you ever suppose that I would like to serve under another man, that I have not always been, and will not always be, the head of any concern with which I am connected, that I would not rather do business for myself than for or under another?" There was much in the words and more in the manner of the Governor, the *Eagle's* informant states, to convince anybody that, while the Governor might like to be a Cabinet maker, no other man would ever make him a Cabinet member.

A Swim 900 Feet Underground.

From the Denver Republican.

Swimming 900 feet underground, Supt. Frank J. May of Cripple Creek attempted to plug big holes through which water was pouring into the Gold King shaft of El Paso. Mr. May was lowered to the 900-foot level, and with him went Henry Benton, Al Winzer and Alexander McLean. All the men looked at the water and concluded it would be safer to have the pumps worked a while longer before venturing into it.

The next morning they were lowered again to the level, and the superintendent asked the men if they would follow him. They said they would, and he struck out into the dark and dismal drift. They swam for seventy feet, and there found that as the level had been raised in driving they could stand in shallow water. Mr. May had carried with him a number of sticks to plug up the holes from which it was supposed the water was flowing, and the men following had hammers. Plugs were driven into the rock where water was shooting out and the flow from those particular points was lessened.