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The Murderer at the Door of the Closed Shop.

The Colorado dynamite atrocity puts the real issue before the American people. It is the first and foremost issue now and until it is determined.

Euphemisms of statement are as much out of place as considerations of political expediency or the convenience of political managers and aspirants. Neither the deeds of the selfishness of corporations nor the legitimate and beneficent purposes of combinations of organized labor are concerned. The history of the controversy over eight-hour legislation in Colorado has nothing to do with it. Even the horror of this special instance and the general principle that crime must be punished and anarchy be put down at any cost, in Colorado or elsewhere, are but incidental to the main question.

That main question, that overshadowing issue, is Free Labor—the right of the American citizen, in any department of lawful industry, to sell his work at such price as he is content to accept for it, and to be protected to the fullest extent of the powers of government and the sentiment of society in the unrestricted exercise of his right.

No man arises to exonerate dynamiters of human life or to defend crime of any degree in the graduated scale of outrage which has measured the persistent attempt to close the shop to free labor. No decent American, unionist or non-unionist, will hesitate to denounce murder. The promoters of the cause which the crime is intended to benefit will be the first to repudiate it and to express their abhorrence of the methods adopted by their followers or sympathizers. It requires no courage on the part of any public man to declare, as Judge GRAY of Delaware was reported yesterday as declaring, that "men who resort to such things ought to be treated as the Mohawk Indians were treated more than a century ago. The first thing to do is to bring these men to a realizing sense of their true position toward society."

No courage in saying that, for there will be no dissent expressed in any quarter. The time when Judge GRAY might best have displayed his American fearlessness and patriotism was when it was proposed to him by President ROOSEVELT to evade and postpone the issue of Free Labor by means of a temporary expedient of Federal interference unwarranted by our Constitution or by any law of the land. That was the ripe time for bringing all assailants of the rights of Free Labor—not merely the murderers at the shop door—to a sense of their true position toward society.

Judge GRAY meant well in 1902. Mr. ROOSEVELT persuaded himself that he meant well, likewise. But the obscuration at that time of a great constitutional right, the temporizing on that occasion with the encroachments of a tyranny of lawlessness which unless overthrown must destroy our form of government, did more than dynamite can ever do against the liberty of contract which is at the very foundation of the social structure.

Tottering Dramatic Art.

There is something deeply affecting in the continued efforts of sincere men and women to establish a theatre for the performance of plays which the great mass of theatregoers does not desire to see. The theory is that the most artistic plays appeal only to persons of cultivated tastes, of innate refinement, of intelligence, and that there are too few of these in the community to make the production of such plays profitable. The typical theatregoer is a mere amusement seeker, and the qualities of high art are not perceived by him.

There is a substantial foundation of truth for this theory. People do go to the theatre for amusement—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, for their pleasure. Those of lofty ideals would naturally find most pleasure in a drama genuinely vital, poetic, symbolic of the temper of the time, or in that which could fairly be regarded as made for all time. But the truth is that the successful play of to-day is the comedy, and the very light comedy at that.

It might be interesting for the sociologist, who can investigate anything from the ethics of newsboys to the objective realism of united pastry cooks, to inquire into the nature and causes of the difference between theatregoers and music lovers. How is it that no small and devoted body of persons is compelled to go about begging for pecuniary aid for an artistic opera house or the Philharmonic Orchestra?

Last season the distinguished Herr CONRIED, of Irving place, conducted a series of highly profitable performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. He performed there the most solemn and ponderous of all works of modern lyric art, the music dramas of RICHARD WAGNER, and made money by so doing. The Philharmonic Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the most imposing compositions of the symphonic répertoire, and the people paid them liberally for doing it. The Kneisel Quartet played the finest creations in chamber music, and the Musical Art Society sang the purest productions of the older masters, and both had splendid audiences.

Furthermore, it is an incontestible fact that any lowering of the standard of all these enterprises at once lowers the receipts. Some persons cherish a delusion that great masses of people are clamoring for "more popular" music. They are not. Whenever any of the representative organizations offer it no one goes to hear it. The musical public demands the best and nothing but the best.

How is it that the lugubrious advocates of a subsidized Ibsen and Maeterlinck house cannot find such a public? Can it be that all these ardent, intelligent and cultured music lovers never go to the theatre? Or are the plain dramas of commerce, the creations of PINERO, THOMAS, LONG and that lot, really very much better than the peripatetic pessimists would have us believe? The people who go to hear Beethoven and Wagner go because the music gives them pleasure. Why does not the artistic drama give pleasure, too? Why must it be supported by societies and subscription funds? DAVID BELASCO would probably have some pregnant ideas on this subject.

The New York of Fact and Fiction.

A clergyman of Brooklyn, the Rev. CORNELIUS L. TWING of the Episcopal Church, said some very true things about New York at the dinner of the Hotel Men's Association at the Waldorf on Tuesday evening. They are the more remarkable as coming from a clergyman, for they present a view of this town which professional teachers of religion and morals are rarely broad minded enough to take.

The fashionable view of preacher and Mugwump reformer is that New York is sunk in iniquity and is the victim of a terribly wicked government provided by a great majority of its citizens. Mr. TWING told the hotel men gathered from all parts of the Union that if they expected to find that alluring depravity here they would be disappointed, for actually they were visitors to a community distinguished for order, for decency and a high standard of public morals. New York, said the Brooklyn clergyman, "is to-day the best governed, the best peopled and the best hoteled city in the world."

That may seem a boast of local pride, but it is simply a calm statement of indisputable facts. It is the fashion of certain political philosophers to assume that popular government—government by universal suffrage—has failed in the great town, no matter how well it may have turned out generally. The fact is just the other way. The most difficult of modern political problems is urban government, and nowhere else in the world has it been so difficult as in New York; yet it has been solved by popular suffrage—so far at least that, all things considered, the department of American government which is best administered, so far as concerns the welfare of the individual, is the municipal.

The best governed community in this State is its greatest city, the second city of the world in magnitude. As its population has increased, and chiefly by additions from immigration of the peoples of many races, the improvement in its municipal government has more than kept pace. In its order, sobriety and decency, in its provisions for the health, comfort and convenience of its inhabitants and of the millions who are visitors to it, New York has improved much faster than it has grown in population.

In 1850, when New York was a town of only about half a million inhabitants and the population of Brooklyn was less than one hundred thousand, the conditions here, moral and social, were far inferior to those now prevailing, when the population is toward four millions. At the earlier period the town was receiving great and rapid additions to its inhabitants by immigration, chiefly from Ireland. In the ten years from 1840 to 1850 its population had nearly doubled because of this Irish accession, and also by German immigration, not yet so great, but even then large. By 1860 the population had increased by about three hundred thousand more, and in that decade the German immigration exceeded the Irish.

The condition of New York then, as respects everything essential to a high civilization, was low. The town was badly paved, insufficiently lighted and poorly policed. The habitations of the great mass of the people were shamefully deficient in provisions for their comfortable and even decent existence. The health of the town was inadequately guarded by a then undeveloped Health Department, so that the death rate of New York was the highest of any of the great cities of the civilized world. Drunkenness prevailed, disorderly gangs infested large districts and offences against public decency were frequent and glaring. The moral tone of the community was low, relatively.

Since that period the greatest growth of the town has taken place, and the accessions to its population by immigration have been largest. Before 1860 the greatest immigration to the United States had been in 1854, when the number of aliens arriving was more than four hundred thousand. During the whole decade between 1850 and 1860 it was about two and a half millions. But in 1882 the number was nearly eight hundred thousand, almost twice the total for 1854, and between 1880 and 1890 it was more than double that of the earlier decade.

The condition as regards a rapid increase of the population, therefore, has been aggravated greatly of recent years; yet as regards the housing of the people, regulations for protecting their health, the policing of the greater community, the order, the sobriety and the decency of the town, there has been an improvement so marked that every citizen here whose recollection goes back for a generation must be impressed by it. The schools are better, the behavior of the pupils in them and abroad is better, and the average of comfort among the people has increased greatly. The death rate has fallen, until from having been the highest in New York of any great city of civilization it has fallen nearly to a level with the lowest.

That is, under popular suffrage this great cosmopolitan community has improved steadily and vastly. Scandals touching the municipal government have come out meantime, but it is an infinitely better and more efficient political machine than it was when New York was a town of not one-sixth its present size. People complain of inadequate accommodation for interurban transit. If they were forced to go back to the means and methods used a generation ago they would feel as if they had been dropped back into a barbarous age.

The Rev. Dr. TWING spoke words of truth and soberness. Of course, there is depravity in New York. It may be found by those who crawl beneath the "lid" to revel in it, but in no other great capital is so little of it discoverable on the surface as in this community, the most varied in its race composition of any in the world.

Quay's Influence in the White House.

President ROOSEVELT's desire for the election of his Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, to membership in the Republican National Committee from New York State is unquestionably the result of the President's long and intimate association with the late Senator MATTHEW S. QUAY of Pennsylvania. Mr. QUAY was the last chairman of the Republican National Committee who retained while occupying that post the membership in the committee from his State. This he did in 1888, when BENJAMIN HARRISON was the party's candidate for President and the chances of his success were not encouraging.

Mr. QUAY fought a wonderful campaign in behalf of Gen. HARRISON and won the election for him in the city of New York. Four years later President HARRISON had great difficulty in enlisting a man to serve as chairman of the National Committee. At length he obtained the services of the Hon. THOMAS C. CARTER of Montana. Mr. CARTER was not the Montana member of the National Committee, that office being held by A. C. BOTKIN. In 1896 Mr. HANNA was elected chairman of the committee, and C. L. KURTZ was its Ohio member. In the last campaign Mr. HANNA again served as chairman of the committee, and the present Governor of Ohio, MYRON T. HERRICK, was the representative of that State in the committee.

It will be remembered that one of the last pieces of advice that Senator QUAY communicated to President ROOSEVELT was the injunction to place a practical man at the head of the National Committee—a man versed in all the ins and outs of political campaigning.

This advice, coming under such circumstances, from such an accomplished party manager as Mr. QUAY, must have made a deep impression on Mr. ROOSEVELT. Undoubtedly he believes that as National Committeeman from New York Mr. CORTELYOU will obtain that experience which he now lacks and which Mr. QUAY believed to be indispensable to the man who should bring Mr. ROOSEVELT's first contest for the Presidency to a successful issue.

Mr. McGrath on Mr. Munroe.

Mr. JAMES JEFFRIES and Mr. JACK MUNROE are to engage in a literary debate and symposium on June 17 in San Francisco to decide the heavyweight championship of the world. Mr. JEFFRIES to-day wears the belt, and Mr. MUNROE aspires to take it from him. Mr. MUNROE, when not amusing himself in the squared circle, engages in mining as a pastime and at present is in San Francisco, where Prof. TIM McGRATH, commonly known as the "Old Trainer," is preparing him for his contest with Mr. JEFFRIES. Mr. McGRATH has put his charge upon an egg diet. Mr. MUNROE eats five raw eggs three times a day. A clear eyed observer on the spot, whose impressions we are privileged to see, remarks that the Old Trainer "got a hunch that raw eggs were all to the good." It seems probable. Mr. McGRATH possesses a rich vocabulary, a sparkling vein of satire, an ironic indirection. He is encouraged as to Mr. MUNROE's chances for success:

> "We don't raise anything but short-enders out here; but we get away with them, don't we? In the last three fights we had RODENBACH, NELSON and OTTS, all on the dinky end of the betting at 3 to 1. Where did they land, son? Did not we cop the cush!"

Mr. McGRATH is convinced that if "a few more eggs are crowded into" Mr. MUNROE he will "be able to lick JEFF and all the rest of his training camp." He adds, appropriately, "the steak is on pow and the short-enders are having their day." Mr. MUNROE is regarded more highly than Mr. SHARKEY, who twice "went the distance" with Mr. JEFFRIES. Mr. McGRATH says:

> "Watch this guinea, MUNROE, fellers. He is all to the merry and will surprise a few."

"Guinea" is not a term of endearment in the East. Is it in the West? Surely even the Old Trainer would not apply an opprobrious epithet to a man of such prowess as he represents Mr. MUNROE to be, particularly after a sufficient number of eggs had been "pushed into" that distinguished public character.

BATHOEN, Chief of all the Bangwaketse tribes of British Bechuanaland, has sent to the Colonial Secretary at London a remarkable protest against the importation of Chinese labor into the Transvaal. The protest is in the form of a letter by the intermediary of the Secretary of the Anti-Chinese Committee of Cape Town. In it the Bangwaketse chief calls the attention of the British Colonial office to the fact that the natives of South Africa get their living by working in the diamond and gold mines, and he asks: "If the Chinese come into South Africa, what will become of us?" With the money earned in the mines, he says, the natives feed and clothe their children and pay the hut tax; and if "these Asiatics," as he calls them, are allowed to come into South Africa it will be an exceedingly grave matter. "Poverty," he declares, "will be great and the Government will not be able to get the hut tax from any of us, as there will be no work for us." He, therefore, is opposed to the importation of Chinese into South Africa.

In substance this pronouncement of Chief BATHOEN is somewhat like an ultimatum, and he will be lucky if it is not so regarded by the British Colonial Office.

So many interesting and very important political questions have arisen from our possession of the Philippines that not a few Americans have lost sight of the efforts the United States Government is making to improve the material condition of the people of the islands and the success which is rewarding these efforts. The *Manila Daily Bulletin* issued on May 1 a special edition, consisting of fifty-six pages, describing the progress of the islands under American rule, in which is much to interest and gratify every man who believes that the experiment in the Pacific can be carried to success. The Government departments, the industries of the islands and the business enterprises are treated at length, without partisan spirit, and the conclusions reached by the authors of the various articles are usually encouraging. It is rather disheartening to learn, however, that American business houses generally pack goods for the Philippines so carelessly that the articles arrive smashed almost beyond repair. A careful study of this edition of the *Bulletin* will give a much clearer idea of what Uncle SAM is doing on the other side of the world than most of his nephews and nieces now possess.

The man who knows most about the finances of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is the Hon. DAVID R. FRANCIS, the president of the enterprise. Mr. FRANCIS announces that the Government loan will be repaid in full and in exact accordance with the terms of the law under which the advance was made. Mr. FRANCIS is a cool, level headed, experienced man. He knows his business, and every one will hope that his management of the fair, in general as well as in this detail, will be a distinct and complete success—and most people believe that it will be.

From the frightened utterances of those who fear that the $10 steerage fare across the Atlantic Ocean will flood the United States with undesirable immigrants, it might be imagined that the gates to the United States were controlled in the offices of the transatlantic steamship companies. Since this is not the case, there seems to be no reason to fear that the men and women who settle here after paying $10 each for their passage will be any less valuable than those who have paid more. Besides, it is the business of the steamship companies to carry as many persons as they can at a profit and of the United States to admit to this country only such persons as meet the requirements of the immigration laws. It doesn't seem probable that any great damage will be done because it costs less to cross the ocean now than it did a year ago.

The best locomotion to be recommended for the body is, in my opinion, walking, and going up mountains until you have become tired.—*Philosophy of Herr* GEORGE DEUTSCHEL.

Hope for McHUGH, philosopher of Forty-second street. Customers may yet take up the mountain climbing idea and eventually reach his place of business so exhausted that they will stay a while. And let him consider the boost for the better that his constitution gets every time he toils over the peaks of the Subway Mountains.

THE ANDREW HASWELL GREEN MEMORIAL.

Statue, Forum or Bridge Terminal?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What kind of a memorial should be erected to Andrew H. Green is not a question to be answered with ease or speed. Fortunately, the matter is in the hands of men who will give it due consideration. The suggestions laid before the sub-committee at its meeting last Monday served to illustrate the difficulties of the proposition. Eleven ideas were discussed, and the poverty of most of them seemed to be their most conspicuous feature.

Most of them failed to take full cognizance of the fact that the subject of commemoration was not simply the name of Andrew H. Green, but of him as the father of the amalgamation of places known as Greater New York. Obviously, to erect a memorial which would be seen by only a small portion of the inhabitants of the greater city and so situated as to appear localized to one only of all its boroughs would be unsuitable.

For example, what interest could a public forum at the north end of Union Square have for the great majority of the people of New York? In what way could it be made pictorially to signify a union of cities and towns? A rearrangement of the Mall in Central Park would reach the eyes of a larger number of people than a forum in Union Square, but it would equally lack the element of pictorial significance. Yet such suggestions as these are much wiser than those looking toward the erection of a monument.

The civilized man of frock coat and trousers is not a monumental object, and unless he is to appear as equestrian he is well nigh hopeless for the sculptor. We ought not to be put in danger of any more such embodiments of immortality as our statues of Sunset Cox and William Earl Dodge.

The best of the suggestions before the sub-committee were those proposing a memorial bridge terminal or a memorial bridge. Such a memorial would come before the eyes of immense numbers of people and would be pictorially significant of the union of New York and Brooklyn, the foundation of the greater New York. It might also relieve us of another such unsightly edifice as the present terminal of the East River Bridge No. 1. However, details need not be considered at present. The principal thing is to decide upon a form of memorial which shall be most beautiful, dignified and appropriate. Let us not indulge in a forum which we do not need and which few will see, nor a statue which will be a monument of ugliness. H.

NEW YORK, June 7.

Poe's Prophecy of the Lid.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For the vindication of literary history it should be recorded that the present situation in New York, in oolroom circles, was distinctly referred to by Edgar Allan Poe in his poem "Dreamland":

"For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region—
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—oh, 'tis an El Dorado!
But the traveller travelling through it
May not, dare not, openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid."

Thus did genius prophecy our stanch Commissioner!
HOMER DANTE.

NEW YORK, June 8.

The Grooms of June.

Oh, what is so small as a groom in June?
No one ever was known to care,
Or even to wonder in casual way,
What Harold is going to wear.

No intimate friends, confidential, select,
Ever call and beg Jimmy to show
The beautiful "things" that are up in his room—
The cream of his wedding trousseau.

And newspapers, seemingly, never inquire,
When giving Society space,
If Rollo's regalia at church will include
"A bit of his grandfather's lace."

There are portraits of matrons and pictures of maids,
The altar and aisle all abloom;
Suggestions for table, and hints to the bride,
But nowhere a hint to the groom.

You'd imagine a man would be vexed with a lot
So bare, but there isn't a doubt of
The fact that the parts they forbid him to play,
He is glad, mighty glad, to get out of.

ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

BLACK READERS IN AFRICA.

Several photographs that have just come from Uganda, on the north shore of Victoria Nyanza, are of unusual interest in view of the fact that only seventeen or nineteen years ago King Mwanga of that country was burning his subjects for the crime of learning to read. One picture shows twenty Baganda boys sitting on the earth floor of their schoolroom studying the school readers and other books printed in their language. In another a lot of natives are seated around a long table learning to write under the supervision of one of the many women teachers from England. Another view shows forty or fifty natives at a book shop in Mengo, the capital of Uganda, waiting their turn to buy one or more of the books on sale there, and in another view is a young man with an armful of cowrie shells on strings which he is exchanging for a copy of the Bible that the black merchant is holding out to him.

The teachers in Uganda have had wonderful success. About 50,000 natives can read and write. Many may be recognized as "readers" by the little cloth or skin bags in which they carry their precious books around with them. Only recently has the quantity of printed books been sufficient to supply the demand, but the opening of the railroad made it easier and cheaper to buy books. As long as they were carried from the coast on the heads of men they were very expensive and in limited supply. A thousand cowries, which will buy five weeks food for one man, were often given for a school reader or a copy of the New Testament. When a fresh supply arrived the reed walls of the house in which they were stored sometimes threatened to give way under the pressure of the crowds. At last there is an abundant supply of books at low prices.

The work of translating the entire Bible into Luganda was completed in 1897. In the first few editions the book was ugly in appearance, three inches broad and of the same thickness and was called "the biscuit tin Bible"—for it was said that the book was made to fit into one of the two pound biscuit tins which were then plentiful in Uganda. The shape of the book was, however, accidental and temporary, though the tins were largely used to protect it against white ants and other book loving insects. The entire Bible was translated in six years, the most rapid work in the history of Bible translation into the language of a barbaric people; and yet rapidity was not secured at the expense of care in the translation.

The remarkable work in Uganda started from a graphic and eloquent letter from Henry M. Stanley which was printed on Nov. 15, 1875. In this letter of many columns, written from the heart of Africa, he called for missionaries and teachers to go to Uganda, than which, he said, a more promising field could not be found in the world. The Uganda missions have had their years of terrible trial, but their final success has never been surpassed in the history of philanthropic effort. The Government census at the end of 1902 showed 1,070 churches for Protestant worship, 38,844 members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and an average attendance at the church services of 52,471. The Roman Catholic missions have been even more successful, and altogether about 90,000 natives now profess the Christian faith around the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza. The largest church, the brick cathedral of the Episcopalians at Mengo, seats 4,000 persons. Many scores of mission stations are scattered along the coasts of the lake and as far as 100 miles away, and nearly all the work is done by native teachers.

The work of the white missionaries has taken more and more the form of teaching the native teachers and superintending the labors of these eager students. It has been fortunate for the work of enlightenment in Uganda that the language presented no unusual difficulty, that the students included many men of capacity for leadership and that unfavorable European influences did not appear upon the scene until the work of the teachers had taken a firm hold upon the people.

Proposed Successor to Sir Henry Irving.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your issue of this morning I read with interest, and at the same time regret, the letter signed "W.," which announced Sir Henry Irving's retirement from the stage, to take place in two years time.

As a Britisher I have ever felt proud of Sir Henry, while as a playgoer my admiration for him knows no bounds; and, as I said above, I regret very much his contemplated, and to all appearances, decided retirement.

"W." asks, Who will take his place? He also says, "There is no great actor, except Irving, before the footlights of either English or American theatres"; and further, "there is no one in evidence now who promises to take any one of the places filled by the old-time stars."

I am glad to be able not to agree with "W." there. On the British stage we have an actor, Mr. Frank R. Benson, who, it is freely acknowledged, will eventually take Sir Henry Irving's place.

Mr. Benson is as yet very little known in London, having had only one season there and then in Irving's old theatre, the Lyceum; in the provinces, however, he is as well known and thought as much of as the great Irving himself.

Mr. Benson devotes himself almost entirely to Shakespearian drama, and he and his company have, for many years, been selected to give the Shakespearian Memorial Performances at Stratford-on-Avon, and every year he revives a Shakespearean play that had fallen out of sight.

His rendering of *Hamlet* is considered in Great Britain to be quite up to that of Kean, Booth or Barry Sullivan, and better than Irving's; his répertoire also includes "Macbeth," "Richard the Second," "Henry the Fourth," "Henry the Fifth," "Richard the Third," "Henry the Eighth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," &c.

So "W." will see that playgoers will be compensated for the loss of Irving by the advent of Benson.
BRITISHER.

BROOKLYN, June 7.

The Stroudsburg Police Force.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The police force of Stroudsburg, Pa., is one man, who fills all the stations from patrolman to inspector. Aside from his duties as guardian of the peace, Dorey has a key to every hotel in the town; and as all the hostelries close up tight at midnight, the belated guest has to hunt up Dorey to get to bed.

Coming back about one o'clock Sunday morning, from a drive over the mountains, I located the finest in front of one of the hotels, leaning against the veranda post and smoking a cigar. On the way to my inn we passed three young fellows who were still celebrating Saturday. Dorey said:

"Come, boys, you'll have to be quiet and stop yelling; it's Sunday," and one of them replied:

"Ah, you go to hell, and mind your own business!"

Knowing what this would mean for a New York cop, I broke for cover, but Dorey only answered:

"Now, you do as I tell you, son, or I'll have to fan you"; and there was something in his tone that brought silence. He almost caught a burglar once.

The city man who visits Stroudsburg will find nothing countrylike in the people. They are progressive, industrious in business, refined and educated, and in touch with the best interests of life and living. They buy most of the things they wear in New York, and their frequent trips there are full of appreciation and value.
C. L. L.

NEW YORK, June 7.

Summer Standard.

Knicker—How high is the thermometer?
Bocker—Half a column on the front page.

At Tuxedo.

What cooling dreams come laughing with
Each vigorating quaff,
And as we keep on quaffing, how
We linger, love and laugh.
Oh, how we drift, and drowse, and dream,
And watch the humdrum pass,
When the mint is in the julep,
And the frost is on the glass!

TUXEDO PARK. G. R. P., JR.

THE VISIT OF CARDINAL SATOLLI.

The Subject Treated With Severity by a Distinguished Roman Catholic Priest.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It would be difficult to overestimate the intensity of curiosity with which well informed Catholics in the United States are regarding the visit of Cardinal Satolli. Everywhere one finds people asking two questions: Why is he coming? What set of opinions about us is he importing this time? This latter question arises from the remarkable diversity which his Eminence's mind has exhibited in the last few years concerning us.

It will be recalled that when Francesco Satolli, then poor in means and insignificant in dignity, first set foot upon our soil, as Leo XIII.'s representative at the opening of the Catholic University, he seemed rather smitten with America. When, soon after, he returned as Papal Delegate, higher in office but as impecunious as ever, he talked and acted as though superlatively smitten. His friends of predilection were progressive men like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. He told us American Catholics to love our American spirit, and to go on in our good way, with the Bible in one hand and the Constitution in the other. He sternly counselled foreign Catholics in the midst of us to learn English and become true Americans. He frowned upon Bishops who were prodigal of excommunications against public school children of Catholic parents—a hundred things he said and did which made us grateful for virtues so rare in an Italian Curialist as broadmindedness and benevolent common sense.

Then the world turned upside down. One morning we awoke to find Delegate Satolli an ally of the foreign element, bitterly hostile to our typically American prelates, and at the behest and disposal of the Mazzellas, Del Vals and Padre Martins, to whom the thought of free America has always brought nausea and nightmare. In these sentiments, without a word of farewell to Cardinal Gibbons, Satolli sailed for Rome.

He took with him a Cardinal's hat, and fairly adequate resources for keeping the wolf from the door. In Rome he became the leader of those that hate the United States. He procured—oh, that the deed might perish from history!—the degradation of Bishop Keane from the University rectorship. He sent a letter of approval to the Abbé Meignan for the latter's book on Americanism—a book of truly diabolic malignity—and in conjunction with the Jesuit Mazzella he drew up Leo's letter on Americanism, which held up the vigorous and prosperous Catholicity of this country to the gibes of infidel France, superstitious Italy and illiterate Spain. And now he returns to us preceded by despatches which assure us of his deep and devoted love. It is hardly to be wondered at if we are apprehensive to know what form his blandishments are going to assume.

Only the extremely innocent imagine that this visit is a mere pleasure trip. Even the marriage of a rich man's daughter, however strong an inducement it is for a man of his Eminence's well known propensities, is not an altogether sufficient reason to account for so great an event. Perhaps the Catholic University will soon point once more to red marks upon its throat. Perhaps a great see will get as Coadjutor-Bishop a prelate whom that see emphatically does not want, but who, having been outspoken against his country during the Spanish war, while he held office in Rome, is particularly acceptable to our distinguished guest. Perhaps, finally, we shall see a grand coup d'état attempted, which will bring to Satolli a prestige in the Curia that he is badly in need of, according to reliable rumor, since the death of his patron, Leo. At any rate, we shall soon see, and may the Lord have mercy upon the hapless American Church! Meantime, on with the genuflecting and kowtowing! STET VERITAS.

"Picket" Duty in New York City.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A phase of the strike situation in this city which has been very successful in intimidating honest, hard working, non-union men is the "picket system" adopted by the various unions and supplemented by the performances of their so-called "entertainment committee."

This system is used to force workmen who are supposed to be industrious to join the strikers, and consists in detailing and so placing a number of groups of "pickets" that it is almost impossible for a workman to enter or leave a factory or building where he has found employment without passing through one of these many bands and being subjected to insult or injury.

These pickets are generally composed of the most desperate characters in the union, and are often reenforced by employing professional "thugs." The latter generally operate as the "entertainment committee," and their special duty is to threaten a workman and, in the event of failure to intimidate, to render him incapable of working by a well-directed kick in the stomach or a blow on the head with a blackjack or piece of lead pipe.

The local leader who has been appointed to direct operations against a certain firm usually selects a saloon in the vicinity of his headquarters, at which place the pickets report each morning about 6 o'clock or earlier. Active duty commences at half past 6, by which time the various pickets are properly stationed. The men composing the "entertainment committee," already being instructed and, at the leader's expense, primed with several drinks, are posted and hidden in various doorways and alleys along the route usually taken by the intended victim. As the workman arrives near the scene of his employment he is greeted by the pickets with jeers, insults and threats. Usually some one non-union workman is selected as an "example" for the day, when he receives a little more honored attention, which leaves him ofttimes in a physical condition that culminates in the man's occupying a bed in the hospital.

Here is the method employed, as told me by several reliable workmen who have been victims to these outrages. On leaving his family early in the morning on his way to work, he is approached within a short distance of his home by a stranger who endeavors to impress upon him that he is doing himself and his fellow workmen a great injustice by remaining at work when others are striking. The result of this conversation is reported to the leader of that detachment of pickets. Should the first man have failed in persuading this workman to throw up his job, another, also a stranger, is assigned to speak more strongly; and if the "scab" still refuses, the "entertainment committee" is instructed to "entertain" him. This committee usually consists of three members. Their favorite plan of operation is for the leader to walk up to the intended victim and engage him in conversation, while the two others come up from behind and administer the treatment prescribed.

Pickets are usually withdrawn at 8 A. M., and are ordered to report at the headquarters of their district, where they give a detailed account of their morning's operations. The leader usually distributes a certain amount of money among the gang, and after a few drinks they are instructed to take their various posts just before noon, in the hope of catching some workman who is fearless enough to leave his place of employment or factory for lunch. Again, at 5 o'clock they are stationed in full force, and disperse only when they are sure that the last man has gone home.

The foregoing is a statement of facts and shows that to-day in this great manufacturing and commercial city there exists an organized system of intimidation that is bringing distress and ofttimes starvation into the homes of intelligent and would-be industrious families.

The cry goes out from these thousands of innocent women and children: "Is there no means at hand by which our fathers, husbands and brothers can be protected in their honest labors for our support?"

NEW YORK, June 8. J. S. C.

Solos in Public.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Now that the whistling habit has been discussed pro and con., why not start a crusade against public humming and the breaking forth into song, much to the annoyance of those who happen to be near the offender—say, for instance, in a crowded car?

I enjoy whistling, but the singing and the accompanying grimaces under the above named conditions are most undesirable, to say the least.

NEW YORK, June 8. H. E. K.

The Fatal Ninetieth.

Othello had just smothered Desdemona.

"I couldn't help it," he exclaimed. "It was the ninetieth cosy corner pillow she had made that I wasn't to lie on."

Herein we may see to what lengths even a brave man may be driven.

THE MODERN SUNDAY.

Legislative Changes Proposed by a Clergyman and Cosmopolitan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "As a clergyman who has studied the question of Sunday observance in all parts of the world, and under varied conditions of society, and, above all, through the remarkable changes of public opinion which have taken place in the religious world during the last forty years, I should like to state that, in my opinion, if a Sunday as a day of rest and recreation is to be retained some very radical change must be effected, and the citizen of the world on the one hand and the church as distinguished from the world on the other, must "give and take" in order to effect the desired end.

Yesterday I had occasion to visit one of our most popular seaside resorts, where I had an opportunity of seeing the way in which the New York citizen is determined to enjoy himself. Dancing halls were crowded, vaudeville shows were open, and sandwiches and beer were very greatly in evidence. There was absolutely no semblance of what the Puritan would call "Sabbath observance." It certainly was not "a day of rest." For when the day was over the people came back in crowded trains, heated and excited, many of them standing and holding on to the strap, hastening back at midnight to crowded tenements, where they would spend hot and restless wakeful hours and breathe the polluted atmosphere of the "air shaft" until Monday dawned on a week of toil. If things go on just as they do at present the Sunday will be lost to the community. In Asia, where I resided for many years, there is practically no Sabbath. Business is carried on for seven days, but then the daily life of the Oriental is one of intense repose, and a never ending routine of work without worry does not affect him. But how different the condition of things in our American life.

But is there no remedy? Can no legislation be effected which will conciliate both the religious and the pleasure seeking masses of citizens? I think it is possible. I would suggest that in a large city like New York business should be suspended (as it is in London) at noon on Saturdays. That the Saturday half holiday should exist all the year round. That on Sunday all places of amusement, all avenues of business, with saloons and restaurants, should be strictly closed until one o'clock and that after one o'clock there should be absolutely no restriction, not even to the opening of places of business or even of theatres if it were deemed necessary. This suggestion will appear very radical to many religious minds. But we must bear in mind that already in several very large cities in the States this freedom exists. I would have absolute suspension of work the latter half of Saturday and the first half of Sunday, thus giving "a Sabbath of rest" of twenty-four hours and leaving the way of spending the latter half of Sunday to the discretion of the people.

Forty years ago there was in many families a quasi-religious observance of the Saturday evening. And even now there are many families who never enter places of amusement on Saturday evenings. The legislation which I propose would probably bring about the extinction of the Sunday evening service, but it would give church people an opportunity of meeting for religious worship on Saturday evenings, thus restoring the original day of the evening and the morning.

I am merely making this suggestion, but my personal observance of yesterday convinced me that it will be impossible to provide sufficient lunatic asylums for the next generation if something is not done to check the present state of things. In a train of six cars crowded to suffocation I counted sixty babies in arms and about fifty more little children who did not reach the Bridge until twelve o'clock midnight and who could not possibly have enjoyed that sleep which is "nature's sweet restorer" until the small hours of the morning. A CLERGYMAN.

NEW YORK, June 8.

Proposed New Park for Jamaica.

At a hearing yesterday in Long Island City, John O'Donnell petitioned President Cassidy and the Aldermen to begin proceedings to have Nassau Lake and forty acres of meadow land surrounding it south of Jamaica village, and near the clubhouse of the Metropolitan Jockey Club, transferred from the Water Works Department to the Park Department of the city, to be turned into a public park. The lake itself has an area of sixty acres. The proposed park is a part of a scheme for a parkway extending from the Long Island City ferries to the ocean front at Far Rockaway. The matter went over until the next meeting.

New Bronx Postal Station Opened.

The new branch postal station in 16[illegible]th street, near Willis avenue, will be opened to-day. The station was established to relieve the heavy work at Station R, at 150th street and Third avenue, which has handled all the mail in The Bronx.

Roosevelt in 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In the face of the well known fact that Roosevelt spent all his time at the Chicago convention of 1884 fighting the nomination of Arthur, why did Senator Depew say that Roosevelt was there to beat Blaine? Surely, Senator Depew must know the truth about this. George William Curtis, Roosevelt and others supported George F. Edmunds and did all in their power to prevent Arthur from getting the New York delegation. They succeeded and broke Arthur's heart. GOOD MEMORY.

NEW YORK, June 7.

The Decalogue and the Church.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your editorial comment this morning on Bishop Lawrence's baccalaureate sermon reminds one of your readers of a remark made by an old gentleman several years ago, when there was some discussion in the General Convention of the Episcopal Church as to the frequency with which the Decalogue would continue to be recited in public worship.

Although he had been for some years an invalid confined to the house, he kept up his interest in the topics of the day, and was fond of discussing them with his many callers—clerical and lay. To one of the former he said, one day: "I hear the Episcopal Church is going to stop reading the Commandments. Well, I'm not surprised; they are not kept much nowadays, anyhow."

NEW YORK, June 7. ALBERT D. WILSON.

Will Richard Ever Be Himself Again?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* With the coming of sunshine and warmth, does not the hibernation of our gifted and scholarly friend Dithyramb Dick end, and does he not beg in to restring and tune his lyre preparatory to a burst of delicious and ravishing song?

Eagerly and longingly have we watched for some manifestation of an awakening at Pilduzer Park since the first days of spring; but April and May have passed, bringing us no message, leaving only disappointment.

Cannot the soulful poet, whose lightest words are as the chant of angels, and whose murmurs are the apotheosis of melody, be again aroused from his long slumber, to gladden the hearts of an adoring and impatient multitude? WAR WEARY.

NEW YORK, June 8.

Mysterious Printed Card From Pennsylvania.

EX-GOVERNOR ROBERT E. PATTISON,
of Pennsylvania,
will be the next President of the
United States.
JUNIUS II.

As the key to my identity is in the hands of ex-President Cleveland, this card is not anonymous.

Card Playing and Refreshments in Church.

From the Reliquary and Archæologist.

Family pews were introduced at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some of these had a table and fireplace, also curtains and window blinds, so as to secure the utmost privacy. This led to abuses. In some of the closed pews card playing was not uncommon, and the tedium of a long service was sometimes relieved by light refreshment.

The Magnetism of Genius.

Michel Angelo was asked the secret of his popularity.

"That is simple," he replied. "I merely label them 'Paint,' and people cross the street to touch them."

Hereupon the keen observer of human nature knocked together another masterpiece.

Foiled.

Candidate—I never saw such a bouncing baby.

Boston Infant—Sir, I must distinctly decline any osculatory greeting. Ignoring the hygienic violation, my opposition to the principles you represent would render the proceeding extremely hypecritical.

Time Limited.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"What do you think of this world, anyhow?"

"Bless God, I ain't got time to think! Six-dollar house rent, an' de grocery bill 'takes' up all my spare time!"