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THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. It remained the sole property of its founder until his death, in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which remained in his hands until his death, in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey, its present owner, in 1920.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1921.

"A Wise Bunch."

New York's police are a "wise bunch." They are so wise as to what goes on in this old town, the good as well as the bad, smug as well as slippery, that nobody worth noticing can ever be sure they don't know as much about him as he knows, or thinks he knows, about his next door neighbor.

The members of that "wise bunch" know of the junk man who is reputedly willing to buy anything from a wedding ring to a twelve cylinder limousine without asking its history. They know the shady druggist who sells forbidden narcotics but who is wary about falling into traps. They know the hours at which the stuss game opens in what pretends to be a coffee house; they know of the habitual poker game in the apartment; of the house that nobody enters by day; of the family quarrel that may lead to something more tragic; of the car that stands half the night before somebody's door. They know that Mr. Gotrocks, millionaire manufacturer of pickle forks, lost $143,000 in a single sitting at pinochle, and they know the callous striplings of our best families who write big checks in front of the roulette wheel and then stop payment on them at the banks. They know, or come near enough to knowing, if it were worth while to go further into it, what happened to the necklace which Dolly Smirk of the Gray Dawn Dancers lost, or said she lost.

All in all, the police are so wise that if they let out all they knew this town would rock with a succession of earthquakes. If they set their heart on it they could make violators of the law fear them more than most people fear any fiery furnaces in the next world. And as there are nearly 11,000 of the "wise bunch" which constitutes New York's police Commissioner ENRIGHT has not such a hard job on his hands as he makes out in enforcing prohibition. Every one of the "wise bunch" of 11,000, we venture to say, has either heard where rum may be bought or knows somebody who can tell him. When they all get to work with the spirit which the Police Commissioner professes to exude, John Barleycorn won't have a chance.

At the Hub of New York.

Even though the MacMonnies fountain in City Hall Park, with its figure of a man armed with a sword typifying Truth and Justice, does not spout until September there will be no lack of inspiring and thought compelling memorials and associations in that interesting reservation this summer. The expounder of history could spend days in recounting incidents of significance and others of capital importance in the development of the country which are commemorated or suggested by the structures in the Park.

Two great Americans are presented in effigy in the Park: NATHAN HALE, the schoolmaster who regretted only that he had but one life to give for his country, and HORACE GREELEY, an editor great in his influence not only in New York but all over the nation. On City Hall itself is a tablet recalling the fact that near the spot where it is affixed to the building the Declaration of Independence was read in the presence of GEORGE WASHINGTON and the American army on July 9, 1776. On the Park Row side of the Park is a tablet recalling the provost prison in which patriot soldiers captured in the Revolution were held in captivity. Directly in front of City Hall is the inscription which establishes the point at which ground was broken for the first of New York's underground railways.

The ceremony included a bit of byplay which should not be forgotten. Mayor VAN WYCK, to turn his spade of earth, took his handsome plug hat off and set it, crown down, on the pavement. JOHN B. MCDONALD, the general contractor, when his turn came to dig, deftly deposited a shovelful of soil in the Van Wyck topper. Men who fare forth to dig should not wear silk hats.

Justice surveys the Park from the cupola of the Hall with its historic bell, her back to that persistent monument to graft tolerated by civic laziness, the Tweed court house. She faces the Mullett Federal building, which reminds the world of a day when monolithic pillars were cut in courses to add distinction to public buildings. Wise, kind, hard working BEN FRANKLIN observes the picture from his private safety zone near the head of Spruce street.

Among all the structures which arise within or about the Park City Hall itself is dominant. Its architectural beauty has been preserved, its century and more of life sits light on its firm foundations. It is a treasury of authenticated history and of traditional tales which may be true, and should be if they are not. The hurrying worker as he passes to his task, the mother seeking an open space in which her children may play, the lazy man who loafs and invites his soul; all the good, the indifferent and the bad, the great and the obscure, the merry and the sad, who throng City Hall Park every day may be deprived of MACMONNIES's art for a brief space, but they will not lack worthwhile things to look at and to think about in City Hall Park.

Better Wear Than Rust.

The results gleaned by Dr. A. L. GOLDWATER in his survey relative to the influence of activity on length of life are not surprising. Only the night before the conclusions of the survey were made public New York had a very good exhibition of active old men. We saw on the stage of the Town Hall, discussing the older city as compared with the new, six New Yorkers whose longevity is not as remarkable as their industry: Dr. STEPHEN SMITH, 98; Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT, 85; Dr. SIMON BARUCH, 81; HENRY HOLT, 81; Dr. C. H. PARKHURST, 78; Major PUTNAM, 78.

Half a century ago Dr. SMITH, who had established public sanitation in New York, could have retired with more glory than the average professional man ever wins. Dr. ABBOTT was famous as pastor of Plymouth Church more than a generation ago, and at that very time Dr. BARUCH had national fame as a diagnostician. The other veterans could have retired twenty years ago with enough distinction to satisfy most men. These six men have continued to be interested in life long after the traditional seventy years. All of them are still more or less active in their chosen professions.

Perhaps the fact that these wise and happy oldsters are professional men has a good deal to do with their pleasant longevity. Most successful professional men, and particularly doctors and writers, continue to be interested in their special fields long after activity therein has ceased to be a necessity. They—and the public—are fortunate in the fact that their work is their hobby. When the Town Hall called witnesses on the subject of this city's improvement the six who stepped forward were ministers, physicians and writers. Where were the famous old business men?

Maybe the octogenarian business men were too busy in their counting rooms or on the golf courses. There are many of them who still stay in harness. There are others who have retired and are happy in some chosen activity. It may be golf, fishing, travelling, philanthropy, collecting or farming. So long as it keeps them active mentally and as active physically as their bodies require, any hobby will do the retired business man who cannot keep up his interest in white goods, sole leather or raw sugar. But if he cannot find a hobby he is doomed. It is the history of retired men, as several of Dr. GOLDWATER's informants testify, that they soon disappear to the society of the angels.

Nature does not do all the dictating in man's intercourse with her. Man can name to nature, to a great extent, the period of his existence. When he drops his old work and sits down to that most killing of tasks—doing nothing—it is a signal to nature that the end may approach. In spite of this there are thousands of business men who retire without a thought of what they are going to do to occupy the mind and the body. They take the brain and the muscles that have served them well and store them in the damp of idleness to be consumed by rust.

If any man of 60 or 70 who has acquired a competence thinks of retiring without having planned a good campaign for his later years let him ride up Riverside Drive and look at the men who retired just because they thought it was time to quit. They sit on the benches in the sunshine or ride back and forth in their cars. Their faces are the saddest in the world. They might be amateur gardeners, book collectors, almoners, workers for civic betterment, fly casters, chess fiends or amateur cabinet makers. Or they might be happy back at the factory. But they are nothing but waiters on the inevitable.

If Caruso Comes Back!

If, as is confidently asserted and then emphatically denied, CARUSO's voice has in fact suffered no discernible impairment by the illness he has suffered; if it has indeed lost nothing of its richness and strength; if, his period of recuperation over, CARUSO can once more take his place upon the stage of the opera house, what a welcome awaits him!

The first night of his restoration to the scene of his triumphs will be an occasion in musical history to stir the enthusiasm of even the most hardened of critics. There will be a crush unprecedented, an attendance beyond the wildest dreams of impresarios. The democracy of music lovers will turn it into a mass meeting of Caruso followers. The police will find it wise to put on extra patrolmen to hold back the crowds, and the motor cars should be ordered late, for the tributes of the audience to the great tenor will prolong the performance beyond all experience.

This tribute will be the reward of that popularity ENRICO CARUSO has earned and retained. It displayed itself before his illness in numerous flattering ways. When he was stricken it was disclosed in universal solicitude for his welfare. With the beginning of his long convalescence it turned to hope that the consequences of his disease might not deprive his art of that service he had before given to it. Now comes the report that this hope is to be fulfilled; that CARUSO will be once more the supreme singer he was.

If CARUSO has come back, what a comeback it is!

The Polo Championship.

With all the American poloists who are to play in the international matches, with the exception of DEVEREUX MILBURN, either in England or on the Atlantic, interest in the series is increasing. There will be time enough to get men and ponies into condition before the opening. They should be thoroughly acclimated when the first game begins. One of the best players is THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jr., who is a student at Oxford. He has been in England for some time and has earned the praise of the British polo critics, who predict that he will be a tower of strength to his team.

This is the same THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jr., who, when refused permission to join the American air forces because he was only 17, went to France and before his eighteenth birthday had accounted for two German machines and earned a money prize and the Croix de Guerre with two palms. He was captured by the Germans and held prisoner for several months. He made his escape and reached Switzerland. His father, Major THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Sr., was in the air service of the United States and was for a time in command at Roosevelt Field. He is said to have been the oldest aviator in the service, flying a scout type of machine, and he won the admiration of his associates by his skill.

When his son was taken prisoner by the Germans Major HITCHCOCK had difficulty in finding him. His appeal to a kinsman, M. A. DU BOS, a prominent French sportsman, brought information of THOMAS, Jr.'s, whereabouts. Then came the matter of getting into communication with the young soldier, and this was done through the kind offices of King ALFONSO of Spain.

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jr., comes by his horsemanship honestly. His father was a daring rider cross country and on the flat all through the period when amateur sport was at its highest. He was a contemporary in the old Meadow Brook and Cedarhurst days of GEORGE WORK, HARRY MORRIS, FOXHALL P. KEENE, JOHN E. COWDIN, STANLEY MORTIMER and JAMES E. KEENOCHAN, and when there was nothing else in the way of excitement he did not hesitate to ride his own horses against the best of the professionals, all of whom declared that he was quite their equal in the saddle.

He was a fair polo player too and was a member of the best team in the early days of the game hereabouts. The junior HITCHCOCK's mother, who was Miss EUSTIS before her marriage, is an intrepid horsewoman and rides to hounds at Aiken every winter besides showing her own thoroughbred hunters in the jumping classes at the Long Island horse shows in the autumn. If there is anything in heredity the youngest member of the American polo team, who has been playing ever since he was able to swing a mallet, is destined to make a name for himself in this best of all outdoor games.

The quality of the mounts which will be used by both the English and American players during the coming test will be of the highest. Nearly all are thoroughbreds, and many of them were bought in England, where the breeding of polo mounts is an established industry. Small thoroughbred sires are employed in the work and there is a stud book in which the lineage of the various families is recorded.

The employment of such mounts means a faster game than ever before. The element of bottom will enter into the contest also and out of this great test of horsemanship, no matter which team wins, will come results that must be beneficial to the horse breeding industry of Great Britain and the United States.

The Stolen Madonna.

The recovery in this city of the fifteenth century painting of the Madonna and St. Francis, one of the best known works of the Bolognese master Il FRANCIA, which was taken in September, 1919, from the Bologna art gallery, furnishes another instance of the impossibility of the thief successfully disposing of his stolen works of art. Thefts of this sort frequently have a romantic interest, for paintings by old masters often have as strange a fascination for the fanatic, the religious and art enthusiasts and the insane as they have for the professional thief. The janitor of an Italian church took a Raphael from one of the chapels, erected it into a shrine in his room and worshipped it for twenty-five years in secret; an insane artist stole a small Velasquez from the Madrid Museum and successfully concealed it in his hut until his death years afterward, and VINCENZA PERUGIA, the half crazed house painter who took the Mona Lisa from the Louvre ten years ago, declared that he was bewitched by the painting and that he had to take it back to its home in Italy.

The theft of the Francia seems to have been prompted entirely by a desire of profit. The thief took it from the gallery and brought it to America because he thought he would find here a better sale for it. New York has not proved a safe haven for stolen masterpieces. The Murillo Madonna, which was cut out of its frame in a Spanish cathedral and brought to this city by the thieves, had scarcely more than been exposed for sale when it was identified and returned to Spain. The stolen Duchess of Devonshire by GAINSBOROUGH was brought to America, but the thieves feared to offer it for sale. When the head of a notorious gang who robbed churches and museums was put on trial in Paris a few years ago he said that one cause of his failure was that he could not sell to Americans. They always demanded, he said, proof of the genuineness of a painting as of the fact that it had not been stolen.

The most famous art theft, one which was of international interest and in which some of the most notorious American crooks were implicated, was that of the Gainsborough stolen in London in 1876. The painting had sold a few days before it was stolen for $52,500, but when, twenty-six years afterward, it was restored to the owner, the thief ADAM WORTH, said that it had been a white elephant to him and never paid for its theft. Another carefully planned theft was that of PINTURICCO's Madonna and Child from an Italian church. It was wonderfully successful until the thieves attempted to sell their loot in London, when they were arrested and the painting restored to its owners. VAN DYCK's Raising of the Cross, which was stolen from a Belgian cathedral and for which an extensive search was instituted in this country, was finally found in a caravan of itinerants; the thieves had carried it around for years, always fearing to offer it for sale.

One reason, perhaps, that there have been so many thefts of this character is the lack of proper care in guarding art treasures. Just after the disappearance of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre French authorities reported that 323 paintings, many by distinguished artists, had mysteriously disappeared; the manager of a Bavarian art gallery reported that twenty-three of its best paintings had been taken by thieves, who left no clue; a Florentine gallery reported that through lack of proper surveillance one of Fra ANGELICO's paintings, valued at $500,000, had been stolen, and directors of the Haarlem Museum, Holland, announced that an investigation showed that drawings by old Dutch masters, its greatest treasures, were gone.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has been peculiarly fortunate in this respect. It has suffered from only one theft of importance, that committed about two years ago by an East Side boy of fifteen, who pocketed antique jewelry and rare books to the value of $50,000. He was arrested and the stolen property recovered when he tried to sell some of it. As the records of these thefts show, this is the usual result—the thief is caught and the property recovered—but it would seem that a much more economical and satisfactory course would be to insure against the thefts by a sufficient and competent guard.

Is This Art or Science?

Just when we were beginning to think that New York was in advance of Gopher Prairie, some grownup New Yorkers who gather together under the name of the Society of Arts and Sciences held a dinner to discuss whether marriage is a failure!

There are so many comparatively sensible topics which might be debated that it seems too bad to revert to a discussion which was sidetracked by the Thursday Afternoon clubs of 1888 as being a little too stale, flat and unprofitable for live persons to waste time over. Men and women who go to the expense of having a dinner in a fashionable hotel should pick a grownup subject for talk. Should relativity be taught in the public schools? Is canned spinach better than fresh? Why are car seats double? On which side should an artichoke be eaten? Discussion of these questions might lead to something.

This chatter about careers interfering with marriage and marriage interfering with careers is too much. If the dinner debates do not improve there will have to be a censorship for them. They are so dull as to be utterly wicked.

White collar workers are now said to be benefiting by the decrease in the cost of living. Their spokesmen will say it is high time they had a turn, and that a good many months must pass before they even up on the hard times they have known. Even under present conditions school teachers, for example, will not grow rich with unbecoming haste.

It is announced that KNUT RASMUSSEN will go north this year to study conditions of life among the Eskimo tribes, who at least do not have to face the problems presented to innocent bystanders in nationwide strikes.

Bereaved.

So you have lost the child you held so dear!
I grieve with you, dear friend, in sympathy—
I sense your loneliness, the agony
Of empty arms; of silent spaces where
The voice you loved you used to hear;
Of tidy playthings, resting quietly,
Untouched by little hands that restlessly
And carelessly once flung them here and there!

Ah, yes, I sense your grief—but do you guess
My own, the bitter pain of barrenness?
For, though you grieve, you have your memories
To mellow and enrich the coming years.
My heart knows but the grief that sears.
You do not dream I envy you your tears!

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

Sign Posts.

As daily up and down I fare,
Drinking in the mountain air,
I have my joy in many things
Like bosky nooks and wayside springs.
At every corner there are signs
With arrows drawn in level lines,
And letters clear by which one heeds
Whither each curving highroad leads.
These sign posts cheer me on my way
And give my fancy nimble play.
I pause and wonder what of luck
There might await at Webotuck,
And I conjecture what renown
There might be had at Onion Town;
Pigtail and Dogtail Corners make
My sides with bubbling laughter shake,
And I imagine something good
Must light the Mount of Candle Wood;
In Sharon I am sure the rose
In radiant beauty buds and blows.

One day, when journeying, I may see
The sign post for To Eternity,
And follow with the leading wind,
And find—who knows what I shall find?

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

From Cork in Ten Days.

Supposed Record of the Sailing Ship Mary Ogden.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I have known a few old sailing masters and have always understood from them that the record for the fastest trip across the Atlantic belonged to the late Captain Isaac N. Hathaway of Marion, Massachusetts, master of the merchant or clipper ship Mary Ogden, who in the early '60s sailed from Cork, Ireland, to her pier in New York in 10 days 5 hours, which stood as the sailing record for many years.

The Mary Ogden had been repaired at Cork and on coming out of the harbor Captain Hathaway spoke a Cunard steamship bound for New York, requesting her captain to notify the owners of the Mary Ogden that she had been into Cork for repairs and was now on her way over. With favorable winds Captain Hathaway outsailed the Cunarder and was enabled to report to his owners several hours before the steamship reached port.

J. FORSYTH.

ALBANY, April 9.

Golf Rules.

St. Andrews as the Final Authority on the Royal and Ancient Game.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The letter entitled "Uniform Golf Rules" calls for an authoritative reply, one which will endeavor to dispel a current misconception regarding the rules of golf as established by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, and in a lesser degree those adopted by the United States Golf Association.

Mr. Bowles says in his letter: "Mr. Lincoln's letter is refreshing after being told all these years that we must blindly follow St. Andrews."

Told by whom? As a member of the Rules of Golf Committee permit me to say that the Royal and Ancient has never made a statement of that character nor even implied anything of the kind. St. Andrews, when approached in the past, usually by English clubs, in effect has simply replied: "For centuries we have played a game in Scotland called golf, which our forebears have handed down to us, and we have been taught it along with our education and our manners from childhood. It has pleased us that England, and later America, adopted the game with enthusiasm, and that to-day in almost every part of the world there is a golf course. However, it is not our desire to dictate to any one. When asked we are happy to tell those in other countries who are interested what the rules of golf are as played here in Scotland."

Now clubs or associations that care to play a game similar to golf must not blame St. Andrews for any Bolshevik game they wish to adopt. St. Andrews is simply and honestly sorry that all others cannot understand the charm, the nobility of the game, as it is known in Scotland. There is no reason why one should not eat with one's knife, but it isn't done in polite society.

Such an operation may wound our susceptibilities, but why object? Happiness is all that counts. So why should not clubs or associations abolish stymies, abolish bunkers, make the hole six, eight or ten inches in diameter, or do anything else if it makes their community happy or pleases them? But don't blame St. Andrews for the schism or criticise St. Andrews for playing a Scottish game in the spirit embodied in its ancient and honorable traditions.

I was partially instrumental in organizing the United States Golf Association in the fall of 1894. I believed, with my fellow officers, that Anglo-Saxon Americans desire to play the royal and ancient game of golf. Drawing up the constitution the committee adopted unanimously the following bylaw:

> Section 12—The competition shall be played in accordance with the rules of golf as adopted by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland, with such special rules as are in force and published on the green over which the competition takes place, and with such modifications as the executive committee may from time to time adopt.

It was with this understanding that the United States Golf Association was formed and Theodore A. Havemeyer presented the amateur championship cup.

Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Bowles are misinformed if they think "Englishmen"—why not Scotchmen?—"will never be happy without the large floating ball." The following is an extract from the minutes of a meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club last September:

> 1. That on and after 1st May, 1921, the weight of the ball shall not be greater than 1.62 ounces and the size not less than 1.62 inches in diameter. The Rules of Golf Committee and the executive committee of the United States Golf Association will take whatever steps they think necessary to limit the power of the ball with regard to distance should any ball of greater power be introduced, and that the rules of golf be amended accordingly.

This dictum will be followed by all golfers in Great Britain, and I believe by all Americans loyal to the United States Golf Association and the royal and ancient game.

CHARLES B. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, April 9.

To California by Ox Team.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: A few weeks ago you gave an account of a farmer in Maine whose house was burned down and who instead of rebuilding decided to go with his wife to California, where they had two married daughters. They started in an ox cart.

Last Sunday my family discovered them camping in the woods near here. They seemed to be having a good time, with a fair prospect of reaching California before winter.

T. F. BRADLEY.

CRANFORD, N. J., April 9.

A Museum of Art, Indians and Cowboys

Frederic Remington's Collection to Be Suitably Displayed Near His Boyhood Home.

In a picturesque town on the St. Lawrence, where the mighty river runs free after its devious course through the Thousand Islands and before its plunge into the swirl and sharp rocks of the rapids, will be permanently housed an important collection of records of the American frontier. The relics Frederic Remington gathered during his sojourns among the pioneers of the West are to remain in Ogdensburg, New York, near his boyhood home, and there are to be suitably displayed for the entertainment and instruction of the public.

Mr. Remington was peculiarly qualified for his life work. Born October 4, 1861, he early developed skill in sketching, of which in his school days in Canton, New York, his slate bore many examples. In preparation for his career he studied at the Yale art school and at the Art Students League in New York city. As a cowboy and stockman in Montana he participated in the life of the frontiersmen, bronco busters and cattlemen, and his sketches, paintings and tales of adventure won for him both popular fame and the commendation of the critics.

Later his talents found a new field in magazine illustrations dealing with military subjects and ranch life. The Spanish-American war furnished him with subjects for many pictures. Among his most famous paintings are "Conjuring the Buffalo Back," "The Last Stand" and "Past All Surgery." His canvases do not merely delineate Western scenes; they present the very atmosphere and spirit of the plains.

In his sculpture and writings he likewise imbued his characters with the same savage energy and reckless courage seen, for instance, in "The Bronco Buster" and "The Wounded Bunkie." To magazines he contributed narratives of hunting, fishing and camping exploits in Canada, Florida, Texas and the West. He also published several books, among them "Pony Tracks," "Frontier Sketches" and "Crooked Trails."

In his travels he accumulated many curios and relics of the cowboy and the Indian. Upon his death the collection was sought by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Mrs. Remington refused the offer made for it, as she did not want the unity and individuality of the collection to be destroyed. Instead, she presented it to the city of Ogdensburg and personally supervised the cataloguing and arranging of the various curiosities.

Mr. Remington was a friend of the Indians. Despite their coldness to his early advances he finally won their confidence to such an extent that they prized his friendship, and during his stays among them he acquired the articles of the collection, many of them tokens of their esteem.

The collection affords an excellent opportunity to study the dress and weapons of various Indian tribes and nations. The student will find buckskin clothing from the Cheyenne, Sioux and Ogallala. Many of the specimens were made especially as gifts for Mr. Remington and contain much decoration executed at the cost of prolonged labor. Particularly noticeable among the costumes is an Ogallala dress of delicate texture and workmanship, which consumed three years of careful toil in its evolution. There are other similar and striking examples of the skill of the Indians of the plains, some of which are highly valued for their beaded decorations. The collection also includes specimens of the medicine pipes, masks and rattles with which the Indians worshipped the Great Spirit.

There are also specimens of the picturesque garb of the fast vanishing cowboy and the Mexican vaquero. The saddles, sombreros and rawhide lariats, relics of a passing type, suggest the irrepressible dash and boldness of their wearers on the ranch, roundup and lonely picket.

The mementos of Frederic Remington give the collection a touch of the personality of the artist. His cowboy hat, his canes, palettes and brushes bespeak a life of varied activity and achievement.

Several antiques in the collection have historical value. A magnificent bit belonging to the last Spanish Governor of California and an African spear brought out of the jungle show the wide range of the exhibition. A birch bark canoe displayed has seen a century and a quarter of use, while there is a copper canteen of the days of the Revolution. Reminders of more recent wars are a pair of gleaming shells, one of which was fired by a United States cruiser at Santiago, while the other was the last shell discharged at Mukden in the Japanese-Russian war. Gathered from many countries and covering many periods of time and history, the objects making up the collection have deep significance for the student.

The very complete display of firearms never fails to arouse interest. It includes specimens of guns of many types and periods up to the time of Mr. Remington's death; an old hand made cap rifle of a century ago is alongside a Spanish Mauser of the nineteenth century.

A miscellaneous collection of pottery from Peru, the Zuñis, Russia, China and Mexico, and a group of skulls and skeletons make up the last department of the collection. Of these several are very old. There is a pewter communion pitcher from Nova Scotia which dates back to 1700. A three piece pottery set of the fourteenth century was secured in New Mexico.

To this collection will soon be added a group of Mr. Remington's last sketches, paintings and bronzes. The set of bronzes for this exhibition will be the last ever cast, for after their casting these objects will be withdrawn from the market, as provided by Mrs. Remington's will.

After the collection had been presented to Ogdensburg steps were taken to find a permanent and suitable home in which it could be adequately shown to the public. Temporarily housed in the second story of the Ogdensburg Public Library, it was imperative to provide a better place of exhibition. At this time George Hall and John C. Howard each offered the sum of $25,000 for this purpose. After Mr. Hall's death it was decided to purchase the historic Parish residence. The relics and art works will in the future be displayed to better advantage in the larger and more suitable quarters thus made available. The citizens of the north country naturally feel special interest in the collection owing to the fact that Mr. Remington came from their part of the State.

Tidings of April.

Much alloy exists with the truth. The gold of nature does not look like gold at the first glance. It must be smelted and refined in the mind of the observer. And one must crush mountains of quartz and wash hills of sand to get it.—*"A Sharp Lookout," by John Burroughs.*

I. RHYTHM AND CLIMAX.

For rhythm and climax,
Embodied,
Give me this straight-bodied, lithe ascent
of the hotel staircase,
That I see between green curtains of
the corridor,
By a girl who seems to float up the carpeted steps,
So strong and resilient
Are the slender ankles,
Rosily aglow through their thin black silk
(Pink shell through the glister of jet byssus).
Or else,—
This gray squirrel,
Undulantly climbing the maze of maple
branches at the lake shore,
And venturing dangerously far out over the water
On the swaying leafless twigs of early April,
To nibble the tree's newly-opened flowerets
That gleam in the sunset light,
Against the steel plate of the lake surface and neutral drab of the opposite shore,
A vivid spatter of crimson-maroon.

II. WILLOW BRANCHES.

Ah, these long, pendulous, weeping willow fronds,
Quiveringly aflow to the April breeze
and sunlight,—
They will not let me rest!
Reaching fringes of tenderest citron
green
To their reflex in the burnished lake,
Where along the shore the rippling
water is clear amber,
Merging to the rich tannin-brown of
Scotch cairngorm,
And yet deeper to the blackish-purple of
mulberry.
Never before did the flexile drift and
sway of their delicate trailing
emerald
Lay such hold on my response of delight as this year.
They are in one nature-chord of vernal
melody and shy elation
With new-shaping creamy rondures of
adolescent grace,
With the flute and lisp of these April
bird-notes,
And plaintive piping of hylas in the
marshy pools;
With the restless play of the lake wavelets over the tawny sand,
And timid caress of these pine-sifted
sunrays after the winter austerities,
In the one immense innocent ecstasy of
self-bestowal
That is the Spring.

ELIOT WHITE.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., April 9.

The Faithful Delaware Firemen.

From the Wilmington News

The city firemen fought the fire for more than one hour before the blaze was extinguished, this being done only after the entire structure was completely destroyed and nothing was left to burn.

Defiant Finger Town.

Finger Town correspondence Conway County (Ark.) Unit.

Hope there will not be any more laughing at this place we call "Finger Town." If you don't believe it is a real town, just come and see for yourself.

Central Park.

Increase of Motor Car Traffic a Source of Complaint.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Will you allow me to add my word of praise to that of John A. Judge relative to what is being done under the direction of the present Park Commissioner in the way of the upkeep of Central Park?

I am of course not blind to some of the shortcomings for which the Park Commissioner can hardly be held responsible. For instance, it seems to me that there exists a deplorable lack of playgrounds for the exclusive use of very young children.

More police protection at dangerous crossings on account of the increasing automobile traffic is also desirable. As a matter of fact, though I am aware the suggestion is not a popular one, I wish some means could be devised to lessen the automobile traffic in the park. Why not keep the automobiles out of the park altogether on Sundays and holidays?

NEW YORK, April 9. R. D.

Saving the Colosseum.

Steps Taken by Three Popes to Prevent Its Destruction.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Your article on the Roman Colosseum is somewhat misleading to people whose knowledge of history is limited.

In the fourteenth century, while the building was used as a granary for the construction of the port of the Pipetta and the Cancelleria, Venezia and Farnese palaces, Pope Benedict XII. (1740-1758) declared it sacred to the memory of the martyrs whose blood was shed within its precincts. Popes Pius VII. and Leo XII. prevented its disintegration later by strengthening it with the immense buttresses which stand to-day.

Of course the Italian Government has kept it in repair more or less all along, but if it had not been for the Roman Pontiffs' attention and action at the time there would be little of the great Colosseum left to-day.

M. A. HOLDEN.

NEW YORK, April 9.

Inns of Dusk.

Midnight; the low fire brightens in the
blue;
The shaken cinders light the clockface
gray,
The bell strikes, sweetheart, and I walk
with you
In dreams, the glamoured dreams of
yesterday.

This way and that; slow swings the
pendulum,
Bearing worn hands around a circle
big;
For me, bereft, the dull to-morrows
come;
Alone in this long trench, so hard to
dig.

But yet a little while; a whispered
word
Tells me that all the hunger and the
husk,
The prayer unceasing, in some heaven
heard,
Shall end beside you, in your tent at
dusk!

J. J. MEEHAN.

Lincoln in New York.

Recollections of Men Who Greeted the President Here in 1861.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The writer, a lad at the time, living on East Broadway with a widowed mother, was one of those who formed in line from Broadway and Chambers street through the park and up the steps of the City Hall to the rotunda when President Lincoln was received there during his passage through New York on his way to Washington in 1861.

Mr. Lincoln was standing and the visitors were introduced to him by Fernando Wood, then Mayor of New York. Mr. Wood would ask the name of the visitor and would repeat it to Mr. Lincoln, who would shake hands with each one, and then the visitors passed out to the east side of the City Hall to Park Row.

The sexton of the Willett Street Methodist Church, Mr. Relyea, had the contract for the catafalque which was used when Mr. Lincoln's body lay in state at the City Hall. He was a friend of the writer and cut off a piece of the black cloth with silver fringe and gave it to the writer as a memento.

LAURUS LOOMIS.

NEW YORK, April 9.

Voted for Lincoln Twice.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Harry G. Marsh is right when he says Lincoln passed through New York in February, 1861, on his way to Washington for his first inauguration.

I was in Broadway between Spring and Prince streets and had a grand view of President Lincoln standing in his carriage and bowing right and left to the great crowd which greeted him. Nobody of mature age who saw him there and then could help admiring the man, so calm and cool; showing no fear in his manly face.

I voted for him in 1860 and 1864, giving my first vote to John C. Fremont in 1856.

A. S.

NEW YORK, April 9.

A Handshake and Its Sequel.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: The incident of shaking hands with Lincoln related by Mr. Marsh in his letter recalls a somewhat unusual experience which I have often told in private.

At the White House reception on New Year's Day in 1865, which I attended with a boy friend, I got in line and on reaching Mr. Lincoln extended my hand and received a hearty handshake from him. Not content with a single experience of this kind I started in on the second round and again had the pleasure of his handclasp, but, boylike, I did not know when to stop and so made the third effort.

On coming into his presence I did not dare look him in the face, so with downcast eyes I reached out my hand, which he took, at the same time remarking, "Young man, haven't I shaken hands with you before?" It is needless to say I did not reply, but hurried on to get away as quickly as possible.

The second chapter in this incident occurred many years afterward when attending a college men's dinner in a neighboring town on February 12. The principal speaker of the evening was one who had lived in Washington in his early life. One of the incidents of his reminiscences of Lincoln that he related was that he attended a White House reception on a certain New Year's Day, and when he extended his hand to Mr. Lincoln he heard the question "Young man, haven't I shaken hands with you before?" He replied that he had not had that pleasure and passed hurriedly on.

This question of Mr. Lincoln's had always been a mystery to him, as he could but think that somehow "his double had undid him." After the speaker had concluded his remarks I related my experience of the third handshake, which of course solved the mystery. Mr. Lincoln's question was intended for me and not for the speaker, who must have been immediately behind me in the procession.

EDWARD F. MYERS.

NEW YORK, April 9.

No Military Display.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I remember Augustus Saint Gaudens, then a schoolmate of mine, said he saw Lincoln when he passed through New York in 1861, and I am positive I also saw him. There was no military out and no police except the men on regular posts.

H. H. BREWSTER.

NEW YORK, April 9.

Lincoln's Route to Washington.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: John E. Woodward of Brockton, Mass., errs in supposing that Mr. Marsh was mistaken when he said he had shaken hands with Lincoln in New York as the latter passed through there en route to his inauguration in 1861, and also in his belief that Mr. Lincoln reached Washington from Harrisburg through Philadelphia.

Mr. Marsh's recollection was keen and vivid and pleasing to every Lincoln student interested in hearing from anybody who saw the Great Emancipator. It is true that Mr. Lincoln reached Washington in the way Mr. Woodward stipulates, but the fact is that Mr. Lincoln reached Harrisburg from Springfield via Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Poughkeepsie, New York, Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, and that he spoke in every one of these places besides others on the way. He made four addresses in New York on February 19 and 20, 1861, as Mr. Marsh says.

With the exception of his farewell at Springfield and his noble avowal at Independence Hall none of these talks, to be sure, was of any particular importance and did him no great credit, but they should prove of more educational worth to Mr. Woodward than the foolish schoolboy story of Pinkerton's fright in getting the new President safely to the White House. Why is it, anyhow, that space is given in school histories to this Harrisburg-Philadelphia-Baltimore trip by night and no space in history to the great, brief patriotic talk at Independence Hall?

The history I read in the public school gives a paragraph to this incident and not a word about the Lincoln farewell at Springfield. It was originally recorded by Lincoln's enemies as an evidence of "cowardice," and yet it is well known Lincoln opposed the plan, was in no sense a party to it and finally was forced to agree to it. Of what possible interest can it be to civilization how he got to Washington as compared with some of the never dying things he said on the way there?

HARVEY THOMAS.

NEWARK, N. J., April 9.

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