The Sun

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The Moral Regulation of This Great Town.

The Mayor's very proper veto of the bill proposing a vice commission for New York has for the present put a stop to a mistaken method of dealing with a most difficult problem in the city's life. It naturally does nothing to solve that problem.

The well intentioned people supporting the proposed bill have been prevented by that veto from applying to municipal morals "the get rich quick theory" that in every single department of life we Americans are too sadly and foolishly inclined to follow.

Growth of any sort, to be permanent and valuable, must be slow. The principle applies as inevitably to a city's concept of its duty to itself in the sphere of morals as to a stick you cut to walk with. Even a moral majority is not able now, any more than it has been in the past, to force its moral conclusions on a less moral though considerable minority.

We may establish prohibition by law in seven States of this Union, still, in spite of prohibition, the consumption of liquor to the unit of our population is larger than in England, where saloons are almost everywhere open for fixed hours on Sunday and where there is far more evidence of drunkenness in the streets.

You can browbeat a minority for a time. In the long last it revenges itself on the tyrannous majority by reaction; and reaction, more than anything else, thwarts moral progress. All good citizens want to restrain vice. All sensible citizens know beforehand it is impossible to abolish vice.

The Mayor has wisely said: "The policeman's duty is to keep outward order and decency." His marching orders are the laws enacted by the citizens.

These laws inevitably in many respects lag behind, and do not precede, the moral consciousness of the public that makes them.

This is essential, for if they are to be obeyed they must of necessity represent a compromise between a majority of good citizens and, let us say, a minority of less good citizens.

No matter how theoretically good a law may be, unless it can be enforced it is worse than inoperative, for social moral consciousness is debased and demoralized by its non-observance.

These are mere truisms, but truisms we are constantly forgetting. When New York is ready for more drastic legislation against vice it will get such law. Till it is, and when it is, the duty of keeping outward order and decency should rest in the hands of the legal guardians of the city, the magistracy and the police. Of course it is the fashion in many quarters to speak of our police as inferior and corrupt. Equally of course no travelled American who has studied at leisure the faces of the men composing the police forces of the great cities of the world can bring himself to believe it.

If intelligence, sobriety and character are not usually stamped on our policemen, where shall we find signs of intelligence, sobriety and character?

The truth is, the New York policeman has never had a fair show.

The ordinances under which he is appointed, promoted and disciplined are ridiculous. Till these are changed, and changed radically, our police cannot do for our city what good citizens inside and outside "the force" firmly believe they are anxious and able to do.

Young and Old Judges.

Ex-President TAFT, who was a guest of the graduating class of the Harvard Law School at a dinner in Cambridge on Thursday night, agreed with one of the speakers who said that "we have too many young judges who get their experience on the bench." Mr. TAFT thereupon made this confession:

"I went on the bench at 29, and that was the first real legal training that I got. I regret to say that I learned much of the law at the expense of the people."

Mr. TAFT, however, has the judicial mind and temperament, and the appointment in his case had the color of expediency. But it was not defensible, any more than terminating a Judge's usefulness too soon is. On this latter point the opinion of Lord Chief Justice ALVERSTONE of England is pertinent:

"I should certainly not retire a Judge as long as he can do his work. I am quite satisfied that the best years of the Judges' lives in my lifetime have been the last ten years of their work. You want to learn to be a Judge. It is astonishingly difficult. A man may be a great lawyer and yet not a great Judge, and a man may be a poor lawyer and yet be an excellent Judge."

Lord ALVERSTONE, who was testifying before a Royal Commission, added that the great Judges he had known did their best work "between the ages of 65 and 80, or certainly between 65 and 75." It is just as important to retain an experienced and wise old Judge whose mind is stored with case and precedent as it is to refrain from appointing or electing to the bench lawyers who are young. The testimony of Lord ALVERSTONE, Lord ST. ALDWYN and Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE before the Royal Commission could be read with edification by President WILSON, who is inclined to think that at 60 a lawyer is too old to be appointed to the bench and that at 70 a Judge should retire.

Titled Americans.

Sociology is indebted to this *Herald* advertisement:

"Titled Englishman, returning Europe shortly, wishes to meet two or three Americans who would join him in European tour in his 90 h. p. car."

Ninety h. p. is in the reach of thousands; it is the dream of millions; all or most of Kansas has that steed of strength at first or second hand. Ninety h. p. is the prosperous side of Populism; it is the formula substituted for 16 to 1. How is it with that candid joy in titles, that passion for orders and buttons and letters and "handles" wherewith nature revenges herself on republican simplicity? Is it the French Republic or the American that loves the better the palm, the ribbon, the mysterious, magnificent long titled tail?

There is some magical, liturgical, lulling abracadabra in these things, and we are not in the least inclined to say that Americans are snobs, though "the titled Englishman"—possibly a mere City knight—may so believe. There is a mocking humor, an innate irony, in many or most Americans. They jeer and they joy. There comes to us—and be the sender duly thanked!—a beautifully printed pamphlet on "Sphinx Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., Hartford, Conn." The Sphinx and Nobles in evening dress and fez, one of them with his hand in the Sphinx's mouth, are pictured. A handsome genial face, WILLIAM F. LOOMIS, Illustrious Potentate, is on the next page. On the last leaf are glorious ornaments, Chief Rabban, High Rabban, Oriental Guide, Alchemist, Trap Shooter and Interpreter, Executioner, Captain of the Guard, Captain of Arab Patrol, High Priest, First Ceremonial Master, Arabic Dispenser of Herbs, Master of Transportation, Astronomic Observer, Boss Canvasman, the last a little too burlesque for even those solemn burlesquers of solemnity.

Noble the Hon. EVERETT J. LAKE, once a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, is an Assistant Director. But let these grave blasphemers of gravities and dignities talk:

"You all know what a Shriner should wear. No Noble should come out of the desert without clothes. It is traditional that all Nobles should wear some clothes, so we are pleased to hand you this Recipe:

"Take one hard-boiled shirt of any standard make, one hard, high collar, and a white tie for the neck. Stir slowly around in the button box with the forefinger until you find suitable buttons and studs. Place buttons and studs in shirt, seasoning with appropriate remarks. Talk to the buttons, not to yourself. After adjusting your underwear (some do not use these and really are not obligatory), add silk sox and patent leathers, get into the shirt feet first, unless you are married; adjust the collar and tie (more talk), put on the 'pants,' which are really as necessary as a Green and White card, hang the 'dicky' vest over your manly shoulders, drape the joke coat about your frame, let your trick hat out of its cage, dress the whole outfit liberally with gusto, THEN with a couple of clean kerchiefs you are ready to flirt with the heroine of the show."

If it occurs to some of these Nutmeg Nobles to take the tour with the titled Englishman aforesaid, Sir BEDIGAR or Lord MARTIGNY or Lord SAXON PAPGOOD or whatever be his style or title, had better hire a driver. His ears, his hands, his throat will be full.

Senator Norris and the Poodles.

The poodle dog controversy between the junior Senator from Nebraska, the Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS, and the ladies of Washington who make pets of the little creatures might be referred to arbitration. The Senator knows nothing about poodle dogs and the incensed ladies know nothing about him except that he condemned them for their attachment in a public lecture and insinuated that it interfered with their parental affection. He has received numerous letters of protest and antipathy, to which he has only replied: "I am going on pitying children whose mothers are the constant companions of lapdogs whether the mothers like it or not."

There were no poodle dogs on the farm in Ohio where Mr. NORRIS when a barefoot boy did the chores. If he had a dog companion it was Shep or Rover, who had no pride of long descent and was simply a farm dog, a boy's dog, cordial, faithful, frowsy and flea bitten. Little GEORGE NORRIS and that pup were chums—in the harvest field, at the swimming hole, by the logwood fire. He thought a great deal of the dog, and the dog thought more of him, much more. He would have fought for the dog, and the dog would have given up the ghost for him. How, then, does it happen that the Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS, now a Senator of the United States, can see nothing in a pet dog but a pampered mass of hair, and nothing in its mistress but imbecility and indifference to her children?

It was once written of Mr. NORRIS with no idea of disparaging him: "Get on any train in the corn and hog States anywhere between Chicago and Lincoln, Neb., and you will see a dozen men like GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS." That is to say, he is the average man in the granger States with the local prejudice against any outward and visible sign of wealth. To any one of those dozen men in the corn and hog country a poodle is not so much a dog as an evidence of unearned increment, and it is an easy transition from that thought to the notion that a well dressed woman accompanied by a pet dog loves her children less than the dog. Therefore from the throbbing heart of Mr. NORRIS commiseration for the neglected children bursts upon the view like an iridescent waterspout. He cannot restrain the emotion, and he doesn't want to; way back home his contempt for poodles and his scorn for their mistresses will enhance his prestige as a champion of the unpoodled people.

No pity need be wasted upon the children of the woman who possesses a pet dog. The children would be the first to resent it, for they stand up for the dog as little chore doing GEORGE NORRIS used to stand up for Rover. It is common observation that most women who are fond of pets, dogs, cats or canaries, have a great fund of love and compassion for children. Really the junior Senator from Nebraska ought to know better, he ought to know women better, and also dogs. Fie upon the maligner of Fido and the libeller of the sex! If we had any pity to exercise it would be upon the poodle; perhaps he should have more freedom to roll on the grass, to get himself wholesomely dirty, to sniff the diversified odors of outdoors, and to know the relish of gnawing a chance bone.

The Hudson River and Governor Sulzer.

The people of New York owe commendation and gratitude to Governor SULZER for vetoing, as most good citizens believed he would, the bill turning over to trolley enterprises a fine section of the old Albany Post Road in the river towns of Ossining, Mount Pleasant and Greensburg.

The road is saved for ordinary vehicular traffic. The protection afforded to this historic highway by the Burns law of 1906 is not undermined and overthrown. The way is yet open for the fulfilment of the Highway Department's comprehensive plans for a splendid boulevard from this city to Albany and thence across the State to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

All this has been done by Governor SULZER'S intelligent action; and the Spirit of the beautiful Hudson comes forth to call him blessed.

Truth and Filth in Plays.

The enduring success of the French drama which is practically a thesis in favor of the publication of certain facts concerning contagious disease of a sexual nature has revealed a new viewpoint on the part of the New York public. This drama by a famous French playwright contains none of the elements of entertainment commonly thought indispensable to success in our theatres. It is a straightforward proclamation of the necessity of teaching the young the path in which danger lies. No tract was ever balder in its statement of fact. There was never less attempt to sugarcoat the pill or make the lesson any less direct than it is.

To the surprise of those who consider themselves informed as to the taste of New York playgoers the public interest in "Damaged Goods" has rendered it necessary to extend the performances set down for the play from week to week. And this happens in face of the predictions of the knowing that there would be little response to a series of ordinary theatrical representations of EUGENE BRIEUX'S work. There are certain unusual circumstances, however, surrounding the performance of the play at the Fulton Theatre. It was introduced by a sociological organization and the interest of physicians in the outcome of the experiment was keen. From this section of the community there have come constant praise and encouragement for the success of the undertaking, which seemed to them to possess valuable educational qualities. Their support has doubtless been effective in keeping up interest in the play. There has been in the minds of many others the belief that the effect of the drama's public performance may be advantageous.

But from what quarter of the community could come praise for other plays which have recently been presented to the public with no other idea than to appeal to the lowest and most ignoble instincts of public taste by offering, as a direct transfer from life, altogether fictitious combinations of horror and indecency? To strain probability only to combine in a drama both the lubricity of the streets and the sacredness of paternal love in a father so besotted by drink, to mention one current example of the kind, is to reach far down into the mire for some attraction which may fill a theatre. Between immorality of this kind and the frankness which may reside in the presentation of a truth such as "Damaged Goods" teaches is all the difference between disagreeable fact and the kind of filth which has no excuse for being dragged onto the stage of a theatre which respectable people may enter.

A Warning to the District Attorney.

A civic reformer who carefully suppresses his name, but whose efforts to obliterate the return card on the envelope enclosing his helpful contribution are insufficient to hide the fact that he has access to the official stationery of the District Attorney of New York county, has taken the trouble to send to THE SUN a transcript of part of section 889 of the New York Charter, as follows:

"It shall be a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than one year nor exceeding two years, or by a fine of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, or the forfeiture of his position, for any member of the police force to wilfully neglect to make an arrest for an offence against the law of the State or any ordinance in force in the city of New York."

Our secretive correspondent is moved to this citation of the Charter by the publication of Mayor GAYNOR'S sensible and consistent foreword written for the book on city ordinances soon to be distributed to policemen by the Merchants Association. In this Mayor GAYNOR repeats what he has often said before about avoiding arrests by use of the summons or by sending the participants in minor rows and the like along about their businesses. The person who contributes in one of the envelopes of the District Attorney's office this selection from the Charter apparently never heard of the introduction of the summons into the police system. As the motive prompting his intervention is obvious, it is unnecessary to refer to the wisdom of those peace officers who are conveniently blind to many misdemeanors in their neighborhoods.

We give this publicity to an anonymous contribution not to gratify its cowardly author but for the sole purpose of warning District Attorney WHITMAN that some malicious ass is using the official stationery of his office.

Baltimore and Kansas City are now seeking to develop their city clubs along lines that have made the Boston City Club a model for similar organizations everywhere else.—*Boston Herald.*

What a distinct source of pleasure it must be to be always the arbiter of municipal fashions! Has Boston outgrown her pride in believing from the first that New York copied her subway? And her State House, the sun never sets upon imitations of it. But when it comes to her Mayor, he is inimitable.

The State Auditor of Ohio sent Senator FRIEBOLIN of Cuyahoga county a bill for $3.45 for telephone calls of "FRIEBOLIN to FRIEBOLIN." In explaining why he should not restore this amount for "a family call" to the State Treasury the Senator says: "For my part I consider every call made by me as an expense incidental to my service in the Senate; otherwise, of course, I should not have made it."

Here we have a frank, full fledged patriot with no pin feathers to lose. The State of Ohio can hang that bill for "FRIEBOLIN to FRIEBOLIN" in the State ice chest, where it may keep indefinitely. And from the force of this piece of Cuyahoga county logic it ought to follow that the State Auditor may expect to settle further little accounts for new shoes, bat wing ties, silk hose as expenses "incidental to his services in the Senate, for otherwise, of course, he should not have made them."

When is Richmond to celebrate the bicentenary of the discovery of the mint julep?—*Richmond Times-Despatch.*

Why should Richmond celebrate a Norfolk invention?

I think it is all right to have some ships, some army, but I would not like to have at the head a man who is not only prepared but burning to test his guns on living targets.—*Secretary* BRYAN.

"War is hell," said SHERMAN. "Let us have peace," said GRANT. American Generals have not been professional soldiers in the sense implied by Mr. BRYAN. Nor have American Admirals desired war for its own sake. Does he know of any living officer of either service who is "burning to test his guns on living targets"?

Just before he sailed for Europe yesterday Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE in an interview given to the *Evening Post* said that it was a pity to spend so much money on American battleships because for "the price of one battleship we could build sixty American embassies at $250,000 each." As many as sixty American embassies at $250,000 are not needed, but more battleships may be needed if men like Mr. CARNEGIE in discussing alien land tenure provoke the jingo spirit by such loose talk as the following, which may be found in the interview: "If Japan should force the issue and war should come, there are twenty-two million men in America to repel her. In the first place, she could never land. If, by any chance, she did land, she could never get back."

Should a Minister of the Gospel Believe It?

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Should a minister assume and profess to preach a gospel he does not believe or assent to? A body of Protestant clergy of a great and highly respected denomination in this city some days ago accepted into ministerial relationship several young men who, it is reported, acknowledged that they are agnostics and could not or would not assent to belief in the virgin birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the great foundation truths taught by the said denomination. Is it honest to ask congregations to accept and support those young men as ministers of a gospel they have already rejected as inspired truth?

Is it any wonder that disbelieving Protestant ministers preach to empty benches and that thousands of Protestant churches have been closed in this Christian land the last few years, as reported by the different Protestant denominations? And is it any wonder the Catholic Church has been increasing so rapidly in America since that great church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation? While yearly reports show many of the Protestant clergy groping about in the dark, feeling for some solid Biblical foundation stone upon which to build their religious belief, the old church stands firm, as it has done for ages; it has never repudiated the great foundation truths of the Christian religion, the virgin birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Though I am a member of a Protestant church in this city and do not believe in much of the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church, yet I admire this great religious body for being able to withstand the fierce assaults of agnosticism, infidelity and so-called new thought, and to be to-day a lasting defence of the fundamental truths of the gospel of Christ.

When we read annual reports of the various Protestant denominations showing the meagre results of all the expenditure of capital and effort, we are led to ask the question: Are we spending our money for that which is not bread and our labor for that which satisfieth not? H. SHERIN.

NEW YORK, May 24.

First Lesson in Musical Anatomy.

Eve was singing.

"Caruso has nothing on me when it comes to musical bones," boasted Adam as he listened to his better rib.

"The Ills We Have."

O gemini!
Blasphemy nigh!
Some say,
I ween,
Fair May
Has been
Unfair
This year.

But the twins past
Heltos spins fast
Full soon
We'll be
In June.
Then see,
The crab
Will grab!

Then will cancer
Growlings answer
His claws
We'll feel,
So pause
And kneel,
Beg May
To stay!

GEORGE B. MORSWOOD.

THE CAMERA IN THE TYROL.

Amusing Experience of an American Traveller at Franzenfest.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: An experience befell me day before yesterday at Franzenfest which may be interesting to SUN readers as illustrating the extreme caution observed at the present time when Italy and Austria are apt to become open enemies as a result of the Balkan trouble. In the course of a trip from Paris through the Austrian and Swiss Alps I alighted from the train day before yesterday at Franzenfest, a small town in a narrow pass between the high mountains almost on the Italian border. Leaving my baggage at the station I went into the town with my camera.

Evidently the gods had decided to have some fun with me, for I failed to see signs at various places, "Photographing Absolutely Forbidden." Up the road I walked and finally sat down to view the magnificent gorge with its tumbling stream, the distant snow covered peaks and the bit of masonry, mostly hidden by trees, that marked the fort. I drew out my camera and took a picture. Scarcely had the shutter clicked when a man rode up behind me on a bicycle, alighted and inquired whether I didn't know that photographing was prohibited. I said no and inquired why, though by that time I realized why. He told me and informed me that I would have to go with him to the fortress.

At the gate of the stronghold were several soldiers, and my captor bade me wait while he went within. He returned soon with a young officer in the high crowned cap, the blue suit and light blue cape of the Austrian army. He told me he would send a soldier to conduct me to Franzenfest, where I would give my name, &c. A mere formality, I thought. But when the soldier had brought me to the room on the second floor of a house in Franzenfest, when I had been confronted by a blond officer whose solemn, serious, hangman face must be the reason for his holding the position he does, when I had answered fifty questions, some of them impertinent, when I had submitted for the first time in my life to being thoroughly searched, I decided it was not a mere formality.

Among my possessions was a receipt for the baggage I had left at the station. Another soldier, a handsome, affable chap with a ready smile, was sent with me to get this. Every article in my valise, clothing, books, papers, letters, was thoroughly examined. Among the stuff were seven dozen films exposed but not developed. I certainly did look like a big catch.

The blond death's head sat down at his table and wrote, stopping occasionally to ask me such pleasant and leading questions as "How often have you been arrested before?" Every possible question about myself was asked.

The second officer became rather friendly while his superior was out of the room. He asked me about America. But maybe even he was merely trying to see if I knew anything about my alleged native land.

Later I was told that I would have to go to Brixen, a small city eleven kilometers distant. It was two hours until the train left. I asked for food and they brought it. In the words of the well regulated reporter, "the condemned man ate a hearty dinner consisting of boiled beef, potato salad and bread."

A third officer entered while I ate and, after reading the facts set down by the saturnine blond, was more cheerful than either of the others.

At 3 o'clock drew near the young officer entered. He wore a light helmet and his rifle hung from his shoulder by its strap. He had also a leather bag in which he placed my camera, films and railroad ticket. The rest of the stuff I carried in the valise.

In the third class compartment he made himself very agreeable to a pretty girl during the short, down grade run to Brixen. In that ancient city a ten minute walk brought us to our destination and we entered a palatial office where a middle aged man with quiet manner sat behind a flat desk. The soldier told him my "crime" and gave him the papers written at Franzenfest. He also laid on the desk my camera, films, &c.

This man (I found later he is the Bezirkshauptmann) then asked me numerous questions and spoke of the seriousness of photographing this fortress, especially at this time. He called in another man, who is the Bezirkskomisar and who wore a gray knickerbocker suit (this is Tyrol). He too gave me that reserved for desperate criminals look. To the Komisar the Hauptmann gave some orders of which I only understood the not very reassuring words "lock him up."

My guard and I then went with the knickerbockered man to his office, where he questioned me, setting down my answers. When had I left America, from what port, on what ship, to what port, stopped at what hotel, &c., giving in exact detail my entire trip down to the moment. Had I ever been in Austria before? No, I said, and never would be again if I got this sort of reception. I smiled, for I really was enjoying it, and he unbent a little. He rolled a cigarette with a little machine he had for the purpose. He told me two men from Munich had been arrested several weeks before for photographing the fortress just where I was taken up. All this time the soldier stood at attention with his gun at his side.

Presently came an order to return to the Hauptmann's office. A photographer was there. He had been summoned in accordance with my suggestion that we have two or three rolls of films developed to prove that I was not a spy. I questioned him to make sure he knew how to develop these films, for I was much more concerned about them than myself. Nine unexposed films were in the camera following the one that caused all the trouble. These I snapped at scenes out of the window and even at the office.

My first guard had departed and I was now in charge of an older man. Scarcely had the photographer gone when the door swung wide and a most magnificently arrayed officer appeared. He bowed almost double, then took several strides across the room, shook the Bezirkshauptmann's hand and bowed again.

My guard and I were told to wait in another room. At the end of fifteen minutes I was summoned. The photographer had returned with the films developed, though still wet.

Now the magnificent officer, who was the highest of them all, began questioning me. He spoke quickly and smiled sarcastically all the time. He was the only one whose manner nettled me and I had a sharp tilt or two in words with him. Finally he decided to pick three rolls of film at random from the seven and have them developed, these to decide whether I was a harmless traveller or a dangerous spy.

The question of what to do with me during the night was settled in accordance with my suggestion that I leave with them my railroad ticket, my money, excepting what change I would need, and my baggage, excepting such toilet articles as I would require. The guard then took me to a hotel, where he told the proprietor the reason for my visit to their "fair city," and after announcing that he would call for me at 8.30 A. M. he saluted very nicely and went off.

At the time named he called and we proceeded to the Bezirkshauptmann. The photographer arrived soon with the films and after the Hauptmann and the Komisar had examined them I was called in. My guard was dismissed. Smiles and good nature had replaced the looks of suspicion on the faces of my erstwhile inquisitors and they showed how really delightful Austrian gentlemen can be.

I had to wait until the magnificent officer came, but occupied the time in looking over my negatives, which had come out well.

The magnificent officer went through all his bowing again when he came. He is higher in authority than any of them. He must like to do this sort of thing, for he is far more obsequious than any of them. In leaving he even bowed to me.

The Bezirkshauptmann wrote for some time and then announced rather apologetically that he would have to fine me two crowns. I had considered the possibility of a fine of 200 or 500. So I paid very cheerfully. "The war is over and peace reigns again," as we shook hands.

In spite of the trouble they put me to I must confess the Austrians are a splendid people, physically and mentally. This affair shows how wide awake and on their guard they are. A. R. GROH.

INNSBRUCK, Austria, May 10.

THE ART OF RIFLE SHOOTING.

It is Declining Because No Winter Range is Provided for Sportsmen.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: "J. G. H." in a letter to THE SUN of May 20, and Mr. Hamilton's informing article, "Rifle Shooting Becoming a Lost Art in America" in THE SUN of May 18, deal with a subject in which many sportsmen are interested. Of the hundreds of hunters who go into the woods from this city every season after big game probably not 5 per cent. have fired their rifles once since they were last actually in their hunting togs, simply because there was no place within reasonable distance where they could use their weapons.

I believe that the great majority of these men would be glad of the opportunity to keep on more familiar terms with their rifles during the unconscionably long periods between the hunting seasons, not only because such familiarity is a highly important factor when the deer or the moose actually appear, but for the sake of the mere sport of rifle shooting. Trap shooters can easily find a place where they may burn their powder and slaughter lifeless clay, but the rifleman's infinitely finer art is probably hurt more than it is helped by trap shooting, which in the last analysis is likely to resolve itself into a question of who has the stronger nervous system and therefore can stand the most pounding from his gun.

"J. G. H." echoes Mr. Hamilton's warning that the growing disuse of the rifle means dangerous unpreparedness for war, and certainly Mr. Hamilton's statistics as to the use of the weapon in the regular army and the militia would be altogether ludicrous if they were not a bit disquieting. One need not be accused of being a calamity howler because he is disturbed by official records which show, according to Mr. Hamilton, that in 1910 17,473 out of 29,230 members of the regular army, and 29,630 out of 51,749 militiamen, failed to qualify even as marksmen, the lowest of the three grades, while 40,000 militiamen had no range practice at all! What kind of defence or attack could such troops make, especially in these days of long range fighting with the modern high power rifle?

But it is in rifle shooting for itself that many of us are keenly interested, though it may be borne in mind that, as the hunters would probably make use on the range of their hunting rifles, a good deal would be added to the country's available fighting strength, since many of the sporting weapons have virtually the same mechanism as the military arm, that is, the bolt action. However, as a means of cultivating control of the nervous system nothing perhaps is superior to the intelligent and persistent use of a rifle. This is proved by the fact that many constitutionally nervous persons become first rate shots.

BROOKLYN, May 24. G. G.

Education at High Pressure.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The other day a high school girl of my acquaintance, perhaps sixteen years old, accosted me as presumably a person of some schooling and emitted a Macedonian cry for assistance upon the following list of questions:

1. Classify the chief human occupations under five groups and give an example of each.
2. Give a description of the probable effects of the completed Panama Canal on the trade of (a) North Atlantic States, (b) Gulf States, (c) Pacific States.
3. In what way did the invention of the Bessemer process for making steel contribute to the lowering of railway freight rates?
4. Discuss the advantages of the control of interstate transportation by the national Government. What are the objections to Federal control?
5. In what sections of the country and in what industries has there been presented a demand for tariff review? Why?
6. What are the relative advantages of electricity and steam as motor power for railways? Explain fully.
7. What physiographic conditions of the northern Mississippi valley tended to make large farms profitable in spite of lower yield in bushels an acre?
8. In what respects are the British and the German empires commercial rivals? Explain fully.
9. What natural advantages for commerce has Germany? In what ways has the German Government tried to stimulate commerce? Explain fully.
10. What is the largest export from Chile and where is it sold? Explain how the climate makes this profitable trade possible.
11. In what respect were the terms of the treaty of Ghent of importance to the United States, and why?
12. Compare industrial conditions in the Southern States in 1860 with those of the present time.

I think you will agree with me that there is a day's work for a practised investigator and writer in each of these questions if he is to report anything decently worth while. How was I appalled to learn from my little friend that she was expected to bring in the answers and the "full explanations at half past eight next morning, she being then on her way home at half past one! This list was all from one teacher. But there were "hors d'œuvres" from others, trifles like "A character sketch of Marcus Brutus," an "Outline of the history of the two triumvirates," and a "Life of James Fenimore Cooper." These were all to be done in the interval before the morrow, chemistry and other avocations being provided for school hours.

And mind you these twelve questions did not pertain to a review of anything the pupils had had in text book or lecture. They were to be answered from the knowledge of the current newspaper gained outside of school hours.

After a year or two of this monstrous nonsense what can that girl possibly know about anything? OLD FOGY.

NEW ROCHELLE, May 24.

The Hottest and the Coldest State.

From Farm and Fireside.

From Weather Bureau data covering a period of fourteen years it has been discovered that the average temperature of the United States is 52.9 degrees Fahrenheit, and the annual amount of rainfall is 1,308 cubic miles.

The State of Arizona had the lowest amount of annual precipitation, 5.8 inches, of any State during the fourteen years which extended from 1891 to 1904 inclusive. Alabama had the greatest amount of rainfall, 71.6 inches.

The State having the lowest average temperature was North Dakota, 35.5 degrees. Florida had the highest temperature, 71.8 degrees.

No Road.

No road for me, but just the open moor
Where the great winds and the wide skies allure,
By day the striding sun, and then by night
The white stars marching up and down the height.

No road for me, but springy under foot,
The velvet grasses and the bracken shoot,
The kingcup's gold, the flush of wild briar bloom,
The tansy's tang, the balsam's keen perfume.

No road for me, but climbing crests that lead
Onward and upward like some noble deed
To far horizons looking out on life,
Above its moil, above its strain and strife.

Whate'er the hour and whatever the tide
(Frost time or flower time) I'll cheer or chide,
Ungyved, untrammelled, fetterless and free,
No path prescribed and hemmed—no road for me!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Brief Graduation Ode.

Scalps.
Alps.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for June Senator Lodge tells of some great men he has known, while the C. E. Norton letters are about English friends. Mrs. Wharton's and Mr. Galsworthy's serials are continued, there are two short stories and three poems. In well illustrated articles C. L. Freeston describes new passes that are open to motorists in Tyrol, Ernest Peixotto describes Peru, and H. G. Dwight the picturesque side of Galata.

NATURAL HISTORY TRIBUTE TO MORGAN

Museum Will Call Rooms Containing Gifts of Gems the "Morgan Halls."

BEST KNOWN COLLECTION

President Osborn in the "Museum Journal" Makes Public the List.

As a tribute to the late J. Pierpont Morgan, one of the founders of the American Museum of Natural History and one of its greatest benefactors, it is planned to perpetuate his memory by naming the halls containing the gems and precious stones presented to the institution by Mr. Morgan the "Morgan Halls."

The extent of Mr. Morgan's gifts to the museum and his liberal contributions to the endowment fund, covering a period of forty-four years, are enumerated for the first time by President Henry Fairfield Osborn of the institution in the current number of the *Museum Journal*, made public yesterday.

"He was the chief supporter of Mr. Jesup's great administration," says President Osborn, "and was second only to Mr. Jesup as a benefactor of the museum. His interest was extended to the museum as a whole, as shown by his contributions of $25,000 to the endowment in 1890 and of $300,000 in 1904. His love of the beautiful led Mr. Morgan to take special interest in the collections of minerals and gems."

In the list of gifts mentioned by President Osborn are: The great boulder of jade from New Zealand, the Bement collections of minerals and meteorites, the John Warren Collins collection, including the Warren mastodon, and Charles R. Knight's restoration of extinct animals, reproductions of which are found in many of the museums of the old world.

The Garces collection, given by Mr. Morgan, come from the prehistoric sites of the islands of Lake Titicaca, Peru, and Copacabana, Bolivia. It numbers about 500 objects of beautiful design in gold, silver, copper and bronze. The Lenders Indian collection numbers more than 1,200 pieces and contains many old and rare examples of Indian costumes, beads, shields, ornamental pipes and weapons.

One of his unique gifts is that of the ancient miner, known as the Chilean mummy, wonderfully preserved with copper salts.

Several months before his death Mr. Morgan presented to the museum a collection of precious and semi-precious stones. Honorary Curator of Gems George Frederick Kunz has made an estimate of the Morgan collection of gems installed in the museum and says:

"The two collections as eventually completed consist of 2,476 specimens of gem stones and 2,442 pearls. Taken in its entirety the present collection is the most extensive and carefully selected display of rough and cut stones in existence.

"The collection is especially remarkable for the many unique things it contains, among which are the nearest perfect large sapphire known, a Babylonian axe head of banded agate, 4,000 years old, and a wonderful series of sapphires of blue, pink, salmon and brown. There is also a magnificent series of beryls, a large series of tourmalines, an immense section of jade—an entire boulder, but so thin that it measures not more than one-eighth of an inch through. The great hyacinth with the portrait of Christ on it, a gift of a Vatican Cardinal to a friend, is in the collection.

"Magnificent cut specimens of morganite must also be noted, as well as a mass of quite transparent aquamarine, the heart of the great crystal found at Marambaya, Brazil. It is the largest piece of gem beryl known. The sapphire collection numbers 166 specimens, many of them magnificent examples.

"No single specimen is of greater importance from an archæological point of view than the ancient axe head of banded agate. This was obtained by Cardinal Borgia. It was offered by the Countess Ettore Borgia to the British Museum, but was eventually acquired by Count Michael Tyskiewicz for 15,000 francs.

"Very notable is the great Persian turquoise engraved with 2,000 words, an entire chapter of the Koran. There is a turquoise matrix from Persia, a bone turquoise from France and a magnificent turquoise from Los Cerrillos, N. M."

The cover of the current number of the journal published by the museum is designed from objects of antiquity and historic value in the Morgan gem collection. Babylonian cylinders dating from 4,000 to 400 B. C. are combined in the border.

CORTLANDT STREET NOT CITY'S.

Justice Greenbaum Decides That It Is Private Property.

Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum decided yesterday that the title to Cortlandt street belongs to the abutting property owners and that the city of New York has only an easement for street purposes. The court accordingly holds that property owners who have constructed vaults underneath the sidewalk are not using space belonging to the city and they are not required to take out a license from the city for that purpose.

The question arose in a suit over the vault space at the northwest corner of Cortlandt street and Broadway. To decide the question of the city's claim to title to the space underneath the sidewalk Justice Greenbaum examined ancient records. He found that owners of property between Broadway and the Hudson River petitioned the City Council in 1783 for permission to lay out a street forty feet wide through their land, and this was done. After the great fire of 1784 the City Council decided that the safety of the city required a widening of the streets in the burned district, and Cortlandt street was widened five feet on each side.

The city will appeal from Justice Greenbaum's ruling.

FIRST PENNSYLVANIA RECALL.

Socialist Constable Resigns by Agreement With His Party.

COUDERSPORT, Pa., May 24.—The first actual demonstration of the recall principle in practice in this State is furnished by the Socialists of Roulette.

When J. P. Hall was nominated and elected constable by the Socialist party he signed a resignation in blank and an agreement to resign when a majority of his party demanded. By unanimous vote the party is said to have demanded that Hall resign. Hall recognized it. So did Judge Ormorod, who appointed Charles Knowlton to succeed him.