

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1910.—Copyright, 1910, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

## AT RODMAN DRAKE'S TOMB

## THE PARK ON HUNTS POINT TO BE OPENED TO-MORROW.

Henceforth New York Will Care for the Long Neglected Grave of the Author of "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag"—The Kerekes Planned.

Out on Hunts Point the little private cemetery where lies the body of Joseph Rodman Drake, author of "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag," has become the nucleus for a small park named in honor of the poet, and to-morrow Rodman Drake Park will be formally opened. Henceforth the tomb, long neglected, will be under the care of the Park Department.

Until the building of the subway Hunt's Point was remote. Few persons knew that Joseph Rodman Drake was buried there. The spot was overgrown with briars and brambles, tangled vines and second growth trees. It was half surrounded by swamp land and many of the stones that marked the graves of early New Yorkers were broken and crumbling. The cemetery could be reached only by boat up the East River or by a long tramp over Hunts Point road, winding beneath huge old forest trees but rocky and difficult.

In 1891 a group of Bronx young people, known as the Brownson Literary Union, became interested in the place and renovated the tomb. When the city began laying out streets in The Bronx the little cemetery was brought into more general notice and demands were made for its preservation. Little was done until about two months ago when T. J. Higgins, Park



TOMB OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE IN FOREGROUND. BESIDE IT TOMB OF CAROLINE MATILDA TILLOU. IN BACKGROUND, AT RIGHT, TOMB OF SARAH, MARGARET AND ELIZA, AGED 70, 80 AND 90, DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE THOS. HUNT.

Commissioner of the Bronx, interested himself in the matter.

Within the last month the underbrush has been cut away, trees have been removed, unsightly features have been removed, old monuments have been removed and the place is now assuming a dignified appearance. In time, the swampy spot will be drained and filled, a hill which commands the river view will be somewhat lowered and the entire park will be landscaped.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since Joseph Rodman Drake roamed in the woods and rowed his boat on the waters around Hunts Point. His ability is indicated by the fact that he was a poet, as well as a poet, although he was not when he died. Charles De Kay, who was a grandson of Joseph Rodman Drake and was formerly Consul-General in the United States at Berlin, says of the poet:

"My grandfather was the last of the poets of fairy lore, represented by Charles Spenser, Shakespeare and Campbell. 'The Culprit Fay' is pure poetry, the spontaneous expression of a fancy that thought in pictures and spoke in musical numbers. He had genius."

He was handsome, sensitive and gifted. Having lost both parents at an early age, he was under the care of a guardian, and he was not well treated. He was a devotee of being away from his home.

He loved to row his boat among the trees of the upper East River, and there he found the life of the delightful family whom he was slightly connected. Some of the ladies of the family, especially, were extremely fond of him and he spent his last days with them, finding a freedom of expression and a sense of appreciation that he thought he had never known in his own home.

When he married the daughter of Henry H. Drake, he became into the still richer life of the delightful family whom he was slightly connected. Some of the ladies of the family, especially, were extremely fond of him and he spent his last days with them, finding a freedom of expression and a sense of appreciation that he thought he had never known in his own home.

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## BUSY TIME FOR YACHTSMEN

## OWNERS OF SMALL CRAFT AT WORK ON THEIR BOATS.

Fun as well as labor in getting the Yachts Ready for the Water Again After They Have Been Laid Up All Winter—Season About to Open.

These are happy days for the yachtsmen. Every basin and yacht yard along the coast from far down East to the Florida Keys is the scene of work and fun; work for men who have been hired by wealthy owners to fit out their yachts for the season and fun for those owners who take just as much pleasure in fitting out their craft as they do in sailing them. There are probably more of the latter class than of the former, for there are more owners of small craft than of large, and it is only a small boat, say up to about 40 or 50 feet in length, that an amateur can afford to overhaul and fit out.

When the fine weather came in March some of the enthusiasts took the covers off their vessels and started the work of fitting them out; but then came more cold, wet days, and temporary covers had to be put over the hulls again, and their owners

to use too much or it will spoil the deck, which on a well kept yacht should be spotlessly white.

On the underbody, that part submerged in the water, a special paint is used. Each owner has his favorite. The paint is specially prepared to give a very smooth surface and not to foul in the warm water of summer. Some paint will give a fine surface but will foul so quickly that the yacht must be hauled out every few weeks to be cleaned and repainted.

Then the top sides must be painted. White is the favorite color, but some yachtsmen still keep to black. A black yacht looks well, but it needs a lot of care to keep it looking well, and black is not nearly so cool as white in the hot summer months.

A good deal of skill is needed to paint the top sides so that they shall not look streaky, and this skill can only be acquired by practice. It will need two or perhaps three coats to make the top sides look well, and the last coat should not be put on until everything else is done and the yacht is ready for launching.

The deck fittings and spars then need attention. If the fittings are finished in the natural color of the wood, which may be oak or mahogany, they must be varnished, and varnishing can only be done when the weather is suitable. It is no use to attempt to varnish when there is any dampness in the air. A day when a northwest wind is blowing will dry selected, and then the varnish will dry properly. The work must be done quickly and care should be taken not to put too much varnish on at a time or it will look ugly.

If a fine finish is wanted as soon as the varnish has dried it should be rubbed down with powdered pumice stone and water, using a haircloth or a piece of coarse canvas for the rubbing. This will give a smooth polish, and after rubbing a second coat can be applied and another rubbing follow as soon as the varnish is dry.

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## TRAVELLERS TOBACCO.

Amount Admitted into France Free of Duty Has Been Cut Down.

Paris corresponds London Globe.

The French customs officials have become much stricter of late in the matter of travellers' tobacco. I sat in a motor, or so, ago as I was made about twenty or thirty cigars or a good sized packet of tobacco so long as the owner did not attempt to smuggle, but declared them frankly and openly.

Now that the taxation of tobacco is about to be raised to help in meeting the deficit in the national finances the amount allowed free to travellers has been reduced. It is now limited to ten cigars, twenty cigarettes and forty grams about one and one-half ounces—of tobacco for a male passenger.

Women and children are not allowed to bring in any tobacco at all without paying duty, and very heavy fines are inflicted when any attempt or supposed attempt at smuggling is detected. A lady recently brought over a box of cigars as a surprise for an English friend residing in Paris. He got the surprise in the shape of a command to pay a fine of £10, the authorities having made up their minds that he was the instigator of the crime. The British Chamber of Commerce, of which he is a member, intervened and he was let off, but it is to be feared that other British officers are not so fortunate.

I have heard of a man who was called upon at the Gare du Nord to pay nine francs duty on seventeen cigars and another who was told that if he had only one cigar he would have to pay duty on the rest of the box. Many people take a positive dislike to smuggling, which they seem to regard as particularly detestable form of sport, but in France it is apt to prove even more expensive than golf.

Mounting Colors.

From the London Chronicle.

There is poetry even in mourning colors. Black typifies the solemn midnight gloom, the total deprivation of light and joy occasioned by the loss of friends. The Persians mourn in pale brown, the color of withered leaves.

The Ethiopians affect a grayish brown, the color of the earth to which the bodies of the dead are committed. In Syria sky blue is the color of mourning, indicative of the despair that the deceased has gone to heaven. Purple, the mourning of China, is doubtless derived from the purple garment which the Roman soldiers put upon their victims when they mockingly hailed them as kings of the Jews.

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## PAINTING THE TOPSIDES.

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