HIRSCH'S UNIQUE NATURE.

THE MAGIC CHANGE WROUGHT IN IT BY HIS SON'S DEATH.

Once a Hard-Sted Money Maker, He Was Turned in a Twinkling Into the Most Open-handed Philanthropist—His Sympathy with a Socialist—Anecdotes.

LONDON, April 25.—Neither history nor fiction presents any counterpart of the remarkable character of Baron Hirsch, whose sudden death this week surprised all Europe. He held the record as a philanthropist—if an expression more applicable to his well-known hobby of racing may be applied to his charitable performances—and at the same time no man was more cordially hated for his alleged cruelty and unscrupulousness in financial dealings. A man who has given away in charities no less than $15,000,000 in a single year, and yet who is accused of vindictive, relentless proceedings, which have ruined his more generous rivals, is a personality which commands the world's attention and furnishes a fascinating subject to the student of human nature.

The general features of Baron Hirsch's life have of course been as fully detailed in the American press this week as they have been in the European journals, but there is a fund of anecdote illustrating the strange character of the man which is worth drawing upon. The fact which above all others distinguished him among the rich men of this and all other ages is that he was almost the only possessor of an immense self-acquired fortune who deliberately undertook to distribute the bulk of his wealth among the needy while he yet lived. Andrew Carnegie is the only other man, within my knowledge, who is acting on the same policy. Baron Hirsch left property amounting, according to the most reliable estimates, to about $105,000,000. When, about eight years ago, he became a distributor instead of an accumulator of wealth, he was probably worth $150,000,000. He himself said that if he lived long enough he would die a pauper.

The cause of the sudden change in him, the transformation from a hard, inexorable, greedy money maker to a generous, kind, but cynical philanthropist, was the death of his only son, a grief from which he never recovered. The father's love of money died with the death of his boy. He became known as the "Millionaire Moses" of the oppressed Jews of the present day. Before he entered upon his great colonization scheme for the relief of Russian Jews, Baron Hirsch had offered $500,000 to the Russian Government for the education of the Jews in that country. M. Pobiedonostzeff, the Minister of the Interior, received the money, but it was diverted to the purpose of teaching young priests the beauty of orthodoxy and the horrors of the Mosaic law. Hirsch made no complaint, but bided his time. When he had perfected his plans for the colonization scheme, he sent an agent to Russia for the purpose of obtaining the Emperor's consent to the necessary measures. The only credential furnished to this gentleman by the late Baron was a letter to M. Pobiedonostzeff, in which the latter was gently reminded of the former transaction, and a hint given that some compensation was due. The effect of this letter was magical. Pobiedonostzeff sat down and wrote with his own hand a long, open letter of recommendation and introduction to every Governor and official in Russia. The Minister of the Interior telegraphed to all provinces in which the Jews were congregated, that every facility was to be given to Baron Hirsch's agent to investigate matters on the spot, the only condition made being that the report to the Baron should be shown to the Procurator of the Holy Synod before being transmitted to Paris. The final report was shown to the Emperor by Count Voronitsoff Dashkoff, much against Pobiedonostzeff's will. But Baron Hirsch knew his man, and although the letter of introduction had virtually cost him £100,000, he always said he had had value for his money in the extraordinary support given by the Russian court and Ministry to his project.

A close friend of the Baron's writes thus about his Jewish colonization project:

"His great scheme of Jewish colonization was not a success—a fact he recognized during the last few years of his life. M. Blowitz, whose hereditary faith in the Cross is a matter of European fame, once carried his anti-Semitism so far as to hint that the new exodus was nothing but *blague*. I have had the opportunity of reading some of Hirsch's letters to his agent in Russia while the negotiations were being carried on for the administrative release of the poor Jews from the passport and prison regulations which prevented their emigration. These letters showed the most extraordinary grasp of a most complicated sated situation, and at the same time revealed a force of character and a tenderness of heart with which the majority of the Newmarket world would not have credited him. No detail was too small for his attention, and yet at the same time he knew whom to trust. Naturally suspicious, his distrust was increased by the naprs in high places by whom he was surrounded; but where he trusted he gave his whole confidence. The secret history of his dealings with Russia in connection with the emancipation of the Jews cannot be written, but he had hard words for coreligionists who denounced Russia on paper for persecuting the Hebrews, but nevertheless guaranteed the last Russian loan."

The same intimate friend says of the Baron's social and political ideas: "Hirsch was no student, except of men. He never read a book except a French novel. In politics he was a Radical, and in some things an advanced Collectivist. He believed that the key to our English character was our extravagance and idleness. He was never tired of inveighing against the British land system, and often declared that unless a system for the subdivision of property were carried out promptly and successfully we should have revolutionary times over here. He regarded with admiration the patience and docility of our wage earners in allowing so small a class to absorb the majority of the land. On one occasion I accompanied him to one of those vast meetings in Hyde Park, where 80,000 or 100,000 people demanded the abolition of the House of Lords, or some equally simple political boon. After marvelling at the absence of troops or police, we drew up to listen to one of the Socialist orators who was addressing the crowd in a really able manner. After listening for some time Hirsch turned to me and said: 'I agree with every word that man has said. I will talk to him.' And so he did, and an excellent thing it was to see the Not-Have and the Have colloquing over the wrongs of the people."

Baron Hirsch was personally almost an ascetic. He used to say with pride that he could live on $2.50 a day. Although "upon the indulgences of the idle rich he was bitterly satirical," he maintained a striking style of hospitality. He had numerous residences, among which may be mentioned Bath House, Piccadilly, London; a beautiful mansion in the Champs Elysées, Paris; a residence at Budapesth, and another at Eichhorn, near Brunn. At his estate in Hungary he has been visited by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Randolph Churchill, and many others of the English nobility. Fabulous hospitality was displayed at those gatherings, from which, however, the Austrian aristocracy held aloof.

Some forms of the Baron's generosity were rather embarrassing. He was fond of playing cards with the ladies he met at country houses, and losing money to them; not a few sixpences, but ten, twenty, fifty pounds at a sitting. At first sight there may not seem anything very embarrassing in this. But the fact is that the Baron would take pains to lose, and it was a common thing for onlookers to say that such and such a lady with whom he was playing bezique, or whatever the game might be, would be richer that evening by fifty pounds or so. Fairly won, no lady would object, perhaps. But the Baron would carefully stop, or play badly, just so as to leave his opponent the victor; and then what he had enjoyed was paying out a few bank notes and passing them over. Not a very vicious taste in a multi-millionaire; still it is not every lady in society who can take what is practically a present of money without feeling uncomfortable. The worst of it was that the Baron was such a bad hand at deception. Everybody knew his little game.

We shall know more before long, probably, about the financial assistance which the Baron gave to the members of more than one royal house in Europe. At one time he gave millions of francs to Queen Isabella and her late son to restore the monarchy. He once poured money into a fund created by the Comte de Paris to upset the republic, with Gen. Boulanger's aid. He paid a gambling debt of an Orleans prince of £28,000, refused a receipt for the money, but said he would like to be a member of the Club of the Rue Royale. Though every Orleans prince was for him, he was blackballed. In return he purchased the house which the club holds on a lease that was soon to expire. Sooner than go elsewhere those who blackballed the Baron yielded.

Jersey City's Reform Movement.

Although the police reported that Jersey City was entirely dry last Sunday orders have been issued to make it drier to-day. Not only will the saloons be closed, but groceries and butcher shops will be forced to take a half holiday. Bootblacks and newsboys will also come under the ban. Drug, candy, and cigar stores will not be required to close.

[Pennsylvania Railroad Announces

That for the accommodation of those desiring to attend the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Professorship of Rev. William Henry Green, D. D., at Princeton, Tuesday, May 5, a special train will be run to Princeton without change, leaving New York at 8.30 A. M., stopping at Newark, Elizabeth and New Brunswick. Returning the train will leave Princeton about 5:45 P. M.—Adv.

UP THE HIMALAYAS BY RAIL.

Story of a Remarkable Railway Journey in India.

From the Baltimore Sun.

After spending some days sightseeing about Calcutta and after witnessing a fine display of the Indian tactics at a brilliant military tournament, it was with pleasure that we boarded a coach on the East Bengal Railway and, crossing the Ganges at Damookdea, resumed our journey by the North Bengal State Railway until we reached Siliguri, where the Himalayan Railway was taken, which has a gauge of only two feet and which is the most wonderful piece of engineering in the world, not excepting the railway up the Pilatus, near Lucerne, Switzerland, or the one running up Mount Washington, in New Hampshire. The locomotives are sturdy little engines weighing ten tons. Each open carriage holds six in comfortable armchairs, and the railway is a light tram, the rail weighing about forty pounds a yard. The four-wheeled bogies wind in and out along the hillsides, running at times excitingly near the edge of tremendous gorges and precipices, assuming the shape of the letter S for two-thirds of the journey. At one place the train crosses a bridge, which a moment after it runs under, and rising again the line makes a complete figure 8.

On this toy railway you are now passing through dense primeval forests, now you look out upon dark green tea gardens that spread for miles along the slopes of the mountains. A moment afterward you are looking thousands of feet below you upon the vast fertile plain of Bengal, the meandering rivers rolling through it, flashing like molten silver in the sunlight, and further on, as the train commences to make the steeper ascent, you are carried through jungles of cane 50 or 60 feet high, grasses that shoot their blades 15 feet, and seedstalks 25 feet from the ground, with great feathery tops.

As the ascent is made it is interesting to notice how the vegetation changes. For the first 3,000 feet oaks, banyans, mimosas, acacias, fig, india rubber, and the giant bamboo, 60 feet high, with stalks as thick as a man's thigh, are seen in every bend of the serpentine road. About 4,000 feet above the plain the spraying chestnut and the blooming almond and mango trees come in sight, and now you come into a wilderness of graceful Himalayan tree ferns from 15 to 25 feet high.

The attention is now divided between the natural scenery, which is becoming transcendently grand, and the new types of people that gaze from the doors of their dirt shanties or lie about smoking iron pots hanging over the fire by tripods, quite in gypsy style, partaking of their midday meal. By the dress, physiognomy, and figure three nationalities could be easily distinguished—the people from Thibet, Nepal, and Cashmere, which countries are separated from this part of northern India by the Himalayan Mountains. The men were all armed with long swordlike knives, which they carry in the belts which support their single garments. The women, with their brilliant costume and more brilliant ear, nose, and toe rings, are more attractive looking than their southern sisters, and the children, they wear no artificial adornment except rings about their ears, noses, and ankles.

The wild country through which we passed abounds in ferocious animals, and our talkative conductor has just given us a description of a great Bengal tiger that was seen by him yesterday lying near the railroad track, which as the train approached leisurely arose, quietly gave a parting glance at the noisy engine, and disappeared in the thick jungles.

When the ascension is very steep and the curves are sharp we can see from our coach, near the rear, two natives sitting on the conductor's platform sprinkling sand on the rails to prevent the busy little wheels from slipping, and while passing over the many horseshoe turns about the cliffs we frequently find ourselves exactly opposite the scarlet-turbaned man at the throttle of the engine.

We wind in and out, around and about, up and down, and as our snake-twisting train passes the white board that marks 7,000 feet above the sea level, the puffing little machine at the front, which has fought bravely and can claim a noble victory, sends forth a shout of triumph. Sweeping around a sudden turn, we see the hundreds of white houses of Darjeeling perched upon the sides of the Himalayas as if they had been dumped from the floating sheets of clouds above, and, lifted far over tier after tier of moving sky vapors, which hide from view over 20,000 feet of the range, the sunlit, snow-covered Kinchinjunga stands forth like the pearl-white palace of the king of kings in the heaven of heavens.

Words seem quite inadequate to describe the stupendous magnificence of the view as we entered Darjeeling, which signifies "up in the clouds." It is located at the end of a long wooded spur of Sinchul, a mountain about 9,000 feet high, and from the peak near my hotel the eye sweeps over a perfect amphitheatre, resting in turn upon the snow summits of Janu, 25,300 feet above Calcutta; Kabur, 24,000; Pandim, 22,000; Chomiamo, 24,600, and then a succession of unnamed mountains, which lead on to Donkhia, 26,000, and towering above all of them, in those irregular snow peaks can alone be seen, is the Kinchinjunga, which is more than 28,000 feet in height. In the valleys of these mountains, which stretch in a chain of over 200 miles in extent, are unbroken successions of snow fields and glaciers, and in the centre of the whole range rises the hoary monarch just spoken of, whose dazzling crown is lifted more than five miles over the plain of Bengal.

In the early morning I was disappointed to find Kinchinjunga buried under a thick mass of cloud, but my disappointment lasted only for a short time. As the rising sun gathered strength, arrows of light pierced the vapory night robe of the sleeping giant; a glow of glory rested upon the snows, changing into mingled gold, ruby, and purple, and as the king of day kissed the white-turbaned peaks good morning, a brief smile spread from summit to summit, and leaping down the stairway of snow, the early morning light spread a veil of gold upon the dewy lap of the valleys.

To see Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is the supreme desire of every one who visits Darjeeling, and in order to have this pleasure one must take an early morning ride to Tiger Hill, a distance of eight miles, and frequently, after taking the ride, the desired object is not attained.

Accompanied by two gentlemen and one lady, I took the trip about daybreak, and we all agreed that this delightful ride up the Himalayas (which means in Sanskrit "Halls of Snow") amply repaid us for the inconvenience of rising so early on a cold morning, although we might not see the king of mountains. Our path at times led about the mountain ranges, with only a few feet between the perpendicular granite walls and the gorges of unmeasured depth, at others in depth; but our sure-footed little ponies, with the exception of one slight accident, did their work well, and in due time we were standing on Tiger Hill, 2,000 feet above Darjeeling. A deep mist enveloped us, and after straining our eyes in vain to get a glimpse of the part of our globe that reaches nearest to the skies, we were about to descend, when our lady companion, whose intuitions are worthy of her superior sex, insisted upon a delay, declaring that the mist would be a break in the misty clouds, and we would be rewarded shortly. Of course she was right, and of course we were wise in following the lady's advice.

Far out and up in the direction where our guide said Mount Everest was located a brightness appeared, then a patch of blue, and as speechlessly we watched for the appearance, the pure dome of Mount Everest, 29,000 feet above the sea, stood against the deep blue sky, unsupported, apparently, by any base; and a moment afterward it was wrapped again in the clouds. The picture is as impossible to forget as it is impossible to paint.

Accepting the invitation of an English gentleman, I visited his tea plantation and factory and from his gardens, covering about 200 acres I was informed he ships over 50,000 pounds of tea leaves every year. This tea, in the Himalayas, has a distinct flavor of its own, and with the exception of that tasted in Ceylon, I have found none so delicious as this.

The peoples that are found in these mountains are of peculiar interest. The Lepchas of the Sikkim race, who have no religious rites; the Limboos, whose outdoor temples are seen on the hilltops; the Moormis, of large stature and originally from Thibet; the Nepaulese and Cashmere people, with short, stout frames and the long-haired unnamed men of the hills, present types and habits of mankind that cannot but elicit attention and interest.

The native bazaar here in Darjeeling is one of the sights of the place, and at noon the noise of the peddlers and more important tradesmen can be heard for squares away.

The old saying that "it takes two to make a bargain" does not apply here, for before a trade is closed scores of merry women and children gather about you, shouting, pushing, and gesticulating like so many lunatics.

The open market place is crowded with traders, many of whom have come from Thibet, Cashmere, and further distances, and heterogeneous assortments of goods, consisting of brass Buddhas, ironmongery, pottery, skins, flashing jewelry, coins, curios of every description, besides tamed snakes, birds, and monkeys, are offered for remarkably low prices. To stand on an eminence overlooking this bazaar and watch the brilliantly colored costumes and excited manners of the people as they mingle in a great labyrinth of noisy confusion is a wonderfully interesting study.

The most attractive person in all the throng is the Bhutia woman, with a great circlet round her head formed of large beads of coral and turquoise, four necklaces of amber, agate, coral, and moonstones; enormous earrings, pulling down the lobes of the ears, and a massive silver girdle about her loosely worn garment, with hanging ornaments like a chatelaine. After all, is not the most charming creature in every land a woman?

Liberty at Home.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Some Irishmen send you $10 for liberty, and to put it where it will do the most good. I would suggest to keep it right in this city, as New Yorkers have no liberty, being governed by a lot of bayseeders from Albany. "Charity begins at home." F. H. KELLY.

THE HUMBLE ANGLEWORM.

DON'T DESPISE THIS WRIGGLING BAIT WHEN YOU A-FISHING GO.

The Patrician Fly Is All Right, but Sometimes You Get Hungry for Fish—Then Happy Is the Man with a Bait Box—And There Are Other Fish Besides Brook Trout and Black Bass.

"That fly-fishing for trout is the very poesy of angling, calling for the exercise of the finest artistic instinct, there can be no doubt," said a veteran angler, "but if you are going fishing let me whisper in your ear that you mustn't despise the humble angleworm. It is the proper thing nowadays among scientific fishermen, I know, to affect horror at the mention of killing a trout with an angleworm, or a black bass with any lure not coming under the head of 'feather', but he is a foolish and short-sighted fisherman who goes on his outing without his bait box and a good supply of the real old-fashioned wriggling fish worms of the garden soil, particularly if he is going into camp.

"There are often times in camp when fish are needed, and if the camping party feels itself above the angleworm or other plebeian baits, there will be times a-plenty when fish will be a scarce article and hunger will abound. Especially is this true of black bass. One day this game fish will take your flies with an eagerness and sportive grace that are simply balm in Gilead to the troubled soul of an angler. The next day you may trail every fly you have in your book—and the chances are that you will have a dozen or so too many—whipping with all the skill you can employ, and the bass will pay no more attention to them than if there wasn't a bass in that water.

"If you are of the guild of 'true sportsmen,' you will, of course, return to camp disgusted and disappointed, and go fish-hungry to your bunk, if there is not some one in your party who does not fear your scorn and will go out and try the bass with a dobson, or a big, acrobatic angleworm, or even a strip of fat pork from the camp larder. That day will be sure to be the black bass's day for one or the other of those baits, and the fisherman who is your true sportsman in the proper sense of the term will hit the capricious appetite of the fish before he gives up, and will have his reward in a good catch. No one knows what a black bass will take one day after another, and the only way to find out is by experimenting. The man who fishes only with a fly should remember that it requires not only just as much skill to be successful with bait as it does with flies, but also a great deal more study and observation of the fish's ways.

"Brook trout are queer, too, but not as queer as the black bass. The angleworm seems to be a natural bait for the trout. Some days this royal fish will refuse the fly, no matter what kind is offered, but will take the angleworm with avidity. Other days he will favor the fly, but he never entirely ignores the worm. The very large brook trout are the only ones that seem to ignore the angleworm habitually, except early in the season. Then even the biggest ones will accept it, and appear to be glad of the chance. The largest trout I ever saw, taken from a mountain stream, was captured with a worm immediately after one of the most expert fly fishermen in the country had whipped the pool.

"The trout weighed over four pounds. Then, again, I have known large trout to scorn the fly day after day, and to turn their backs on the wriggling angleworm, and promptly succumb to fat white wood grubs presented to them in an artistic manner by anglers who know there is something in fishing besides effigies in feather of nondescript insects. Trout know what they want better than the nattiest sportsman that ever flashed a hundred dollars' worth of tackle on a stream can tell them, no matter if he can cast a fly ninety-nine feet. In deep pools there are always big trout that will neither rise to a fly nor take a worm or a grub. If a live minnow, or the pink belly fin of one of their own kind, trolled through their haunt, will not tempt them to your book, you may as well give up all hope of taking those trout by any legitimate means.

"It is a good thing to remember, if you are going to a fishing camp in the woods, that water may yield you minnows, dobson, or crawfish; the woods and the forest soil will provide you with worms; neither the water nor woods nor forest soil will turn out to you an angleworm. So never go into camp without a good supply of these. Take two quarts at least. Keep them in damp moss and in a cool place. I know a club of fishermen in western Pennsylvania who make a pilgrimage annually to their quarters in the Georgian Bay region, Canada. Every member is an expert angler with the fly. For some days before they start for their fishing resort they have boys out in all directions digging fish worms for them.

"These are the earthworms that they go, and they rarely take less than a barrelful of these worms along, snugly stored in their native earth. These fishermen say they have better success with black bass with angle worms in the waters near which they camp than with any other bait they have used.

"Even so enthusiastic an expert, partial to the fly, as my friend, Col. A. N. Cheney, New York State Fish Culturist, says that bait fishing is not to be sneered at, and his ideas of how bait should be used in trout fishing are worth knowing, if you have tried them, and know they can't be improved on.

"'Take your angleworm or earthworm,' says Col. Cheney, 'after it is scoured in damp moss, and pass your hook through the neck half an inch from the head. Then gather up a loop of the body and pass the hook through again and again, until you have the shank as well as the beard of the hook well covered, with half an inch of free worm over. Should your worm loop or the head or tail of the worm be taken off by a fish, put on a fresh bait. Fish up stream.'

"'If you use live minnows, pass your hook through the minnow's back, under the dorsal fin, but not so low as to break the backbone. Should you use only a portion of a minnow, cut off the tail just at the dorsal fin, and then put in at the thick end along the backbone until the point of the hook nearly reaches the place cut. Your bait will then be curved to correspond with the bend of the hook, and will whirl nicely when drawn against the current. There are holes in streams where it would be folly to attempt to cast a fly. If a person wishes to pass them by because he never fishes with other than a fly, all right. Some one not so fastidious may come after and bring a basket some of the oldest inhabitants of the brook.'

"And you can bet your life he will!

"I remember seeing a pretentious and costly oil painting in the window of a swell Broadway store two or three years ago, which represented a brook trout in the act of seizing an angler's fly. The picture was the work of an artist who is, or was, a member of a famous fishing club, and one of the most learned and enthusiastic talkers about the beauties of fly fishing I ever heard laud the feather and delry fine bait. He painted this picture, I imagine, under the inspiration of his love for his other art, the art of fly casting.

"It was a beautiful piece of work, and is now in the collection of a well-known high-class sportsman—one of the lines that can tell simply by the smell of a trout whether it is cooking whether the fish was killed with a fly or with a worm. The artist depicted the fly as cast on the troubled surface of a swift rapid, which, in nature, would have swept the light feathered lure down stream so quickly that the line and leader would have been taut from the rod in a second. But in the picture the leader was represented as lying on the water in a careless loop above the spot where the fly had dropped, while the latter defied the velocity of the rapid and seemed actually to be floating up stream to meet the trout, which had risen half out of the water, and was poised in a graceful curve ready to swoop down on the patient and obliging fly, like a hawk pouncing on a chicken. Scores of people stopped at the window every day while the picture was on exhibit on, and evidently were delighted with it, for, undoubtedly held their breath to see how that trout was going for that fly. If the artist had ever seen a trout rise to a fly in that way and failed to capture it, he made a great mistake. It would have been a curiosity worth having stuffed.

"The real, every-day brook trout doesn't play the part of a chicken hawk in taking his prey. He rises to the fly from the bottom of the water, rushing upward like a rocket. He takes it with a sweep and a whirl from beneath, and if he shows himself at all it is when he turns to go back to his haunt at the bottom. That painting was an excellent illustration of the knowledge that exists among the average 'gentleman sportsman' of the habits of the fish they talk about so knowingly.

"Speaking of the way the trout rises to the fly reminds me that his lordly cousin, the salmon, has a much different manner when he deigns to respond to the tempting trailing of the angler's feather over his head. The salmon doesn't come up with a sweep and a swirl. He darts from his hiding place with the same sky-rocket rush that characterizes the trout's assault, but just before he reaches the fly he pauses a second beneath it, only for a second, though. Then he rises, opens his great jaws, draws the dry fly and hook into his mouth, and drops like a plummet toward the bottom. In dropping, he buries the hook deep in his jaw, and it is the fisherman's own fault if the salmon gets the hook out before he is tired out and gaffed by his captor.

"The black bass, again, doesn't rise to the fly at all. If the angler for bass is using flies, he must let them sink nearly to the bottom, and then draw them up diagonally through the water to the surface. I have heard fishermen tell about taking their bass by flies trailed on the surface, but I have never been able to get a single bass to rise thus to my flies, nor have I ever been fishing with anyone and seen bass take his flies on the surface. But then, maybe I'm a hoodoo.

"The camper-out, who seeks his forest haunt with the idea that it isn't good form to fish for anything but brook trout or smallmouthed black bass, had better stay at home. He will miss a lot of fun, and often go to bed hungry. Remember that there are pickerel and perch and catfish, and none of them is to be despised. Then there are frogs. The party is fortunate that has its camp in fair proximity to a colony of frogs. Frogging is not only a novel and an amusing pastime, but what greater delicacy can you imagine than fried frogs' legs, crisp and juicy, for a breakfast in the woods.

"A frog will never fail to snap at a hook baited with a bit of red flannel, if you are smart enough to get it under his nose; and when he snaps he takes in hook and all. Hunting frogs at night by the light of a jack is great sport. The frog never moves after the glare of the jack is on him, but sits on his bog and stares in bulging-eyed wonder. All the frog hunter has to do is to pick him up.

"Then you are lucky, too, if there are pickerel where you fish. There is sport in catching the pickerel, and its flesh is sweet and grateful to a hungry man. Live bait is always killing for pickerel, and they are the most certain of all fish that take the troll. A narrow strip of fat pork deftly fastened to a gang of three hooks is a better troll for pickerel than all the high-priced ones that were ever made. The capricious black bass seldom turns up its fastidious nose at the pork-strip troll, either. Catfishing at night is another delight to the camper who is out for enjoyment, and ready to take all the pleasure the woods and waters offer him. The angle worm is the catfish's favorite, but he will come readily to fat pork."

THE RESERVE SHIP SYSTEM.

Why Building New Vessels Will Not Proportionally Increase Cost of Maintenance.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The argument of Mr. Gorman, in the Senate, against the increase of the navy, might have more force were it proposed to keep in commission the entire force of ships on the list. But as a fact the whole modern naval system of nations is based on a division of available resources between active and reserve lists, analogous in some respects to the like division of military strength between troops that serve with the colors and those that are trained and ready to be called upon if needed.

Secretary Herbert has set forth fully the practice of the four leading European countries in this respect, as a safe model for us to follow. England maintains a reserve force of ships and torpedo boats, of which one division includes those that are ready for mobilizing, and another such as require moderate repairs or alterations, and when these are completed the ships pass into the first named division. A Lieutenant, an engineer officer, and two or three warrant officers are usually assigned to such a reserve ship.

Besides these, there is a dockyard reserve, comprising ships that require prolonged repairs or alterations, and such ships have no officers or men assigned to them. Last year, for example, at a given time, it was found that of the armored ships 38 were in commission, 41 in the fleet reserve, and 5 in the dockyard reserve. Of the unarmored vessels, exclusive of torpedo boats, 105 were in commission, 55 in the fleet reserve, and 28 in the dockyard reserve. Thus it will be seen that, although the number of British ships is very great, the expense of maintaining them is in this way reduced, and this particularly applies to the battle ships, which average large crews.

The French system is somewhat similar. It has three categories of reserve vessels. The first, comprising the Mediterranean reserve squadron, and also the northern squadron from Oct. 1 to April 1, is fully officered and manned for a part of the year, and one-half to three-fourths for the remainder, being ready to put to sea at a day's notice. The second category includes vessels that can be made ready in eight days, and an armored ship keeps aboard from one-fourth to one-sixth its complement, with its commanding officer, a Lieutenant, a surgeon, twelve warrant officers, and half the engineer force.

Ships of the third category can be made ready in twenty days, and are cared for by thirty men, each from a reserve station or receiving ship, who live aboard the ship to which they are assigned, but take their meals on the central receiving ship. The commander of this latter has charge of all the other reserved vessels. In 1894 there were shown in half these ships, half the armored cruisers, and all the coast defenders held in reserve. Of the unarmored vessels, taking all classes together, 61 per cent. are in reserve, and of the torpedo boats 70 per cent. It is thus evident how great a part the reserve system plays in France. The first category is certainly the largest of the three, and that requires part of the complement; still, the gain is marked over having all the ships in commission.

Germany also has a system of three classes of reserve vessels according to readiness for service. Here, too, the ships of the first reserve have reduced crews, with the most important persons remaining aboard. Several ships are united in a reserved division, and their combined partial crews are all quartered on the *Kommaschiff* or parent ship, which is fully officered. In commander seeing that his division is kept ready to give battle after not more than five or six days of preparation. Coal for a day's steaming must be aboard, and the engines in such condition as to be ready in forty-eight hours.

The torpedo boat reserve divisions contain each eight boats, besides the division boat, and this, with six of the others, must be ready to go to sea at ten hours' notice. The ships of the second reserve are to be ready for battle in less than three weeks, while the third reserve needs more repairs, or is not considered desirable for keeping equipped. Out of thirty-three German armored ships, only eight are in commission, and twenty-three are in the first reserve. Out of fifty unarmored vessels, only twenty-four are in commission, while, out of the torpedo boats, only nine are in commission, with fifty in the first and sixty-two in the second or third reserve.

Italy shows practically the same results, and in fact, her finances have caused her to carry the reserve system to a great extent. Thus she has no fewer than 83 per cent. of her armorclads in reserve, and 63 per cent. of her unarmored vessels, exclusive of torpedo boats. And, taking all these four great powers together, it is found that much the larger part of all the vessels are in reserve, and fully two-thirds of the armorclads, which are expensive to maintain.

It is important that these facts should be recalled, now that the question of largely increasing our navy is before Congress. Our country, from its position, is peculiarly well fitted to establish and carry out the reserve system, because its distance from any maritime country likely to make war upon it will give plenty of time for bringing into service ships that are not in commission and that can meanwhile be left simply under the charge of a few caretakers. Our armored fleet consists very largely of coast line battle ships and monitors, and it is evident that such vessels are peculiarly adapted to the reserve system. Even large cruisers like the Brooklyn, New York, Minneapolis, and Columbia, after their efficiency has been well demonstrated, may properly be held in reserve, giving way to small craft, or lighter draught, including the gunboats, for routine station service. Besides, in trying new battle ships and other large craft, which must be subjected to one or more long cruises in order to test them thoroughly, a sufficient ratio of large and powerful vessels will always be in service. But it is believed that at least three-fifths of our battle ships, coast defenders, and torpedo boats may properly be held in reserve, following the European practice.

Such a system, when established, will have three clear advantages. First comes the obvious one of general economy; second, that of rendering the personnel now provided for in the pending bill sufficient, even when other ships and torpedo boats shall have been added. Finally, a new system of local floating defences for the leading ports will be established, which will allow not only greater assurances of defence, but also the use of the port reserve vessels and torpedo boats for the training of seamen, including the naval militia. One such station could certainly be established at Boston, another at New York, a third possibly at Norfolk, a fourth on the Gulf of Mexico, and a fifth at San Francisco.

A Watchman for Cyclers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I arise to ask why a policeman should not be stationed at the northeast corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street to give warning to cyclers going northward of the dangers ahead of them?

Owing to the arcade along the front and sides of the "Garden," the cyclers cannot see around the corner; neither can the pedestrians walking down and intending to cross the avenue.

This morning, having reached that point and wishing to cross to the park, I stepped down from the curb cautiously to reconnoitre before making the attempt, and found a cycler of the scorching variety full upon me, and turning the corner not two feet from the curb. By a hasty spring backward up onto the curb again I saved that cycler from, perhaps, serious injury and, incidentally, myself from destruction. In answer to my hasty inquiry, "Why don't you ring your bell?" he promptly derisively laughed for almost a block, and I trembled for his safety.

It is entirely due to the surprising agility of pedestrians that cyclers do not more frequently receive serious injury, but sometimes pedestrians are old, feeble, or rheumatic, and it is against these that the cycler should be protected. But at the particular point I speak of the cyclers who are making the turn on the inside track are in peril of their lives, and I would suggest that a bumper, if not a policeman, should be placed there at once. "PEDESTRIAN."

New York, May 1.

NO CLUBS PAY LIQUOR TAX.

EXCISE BUREAU HOLDS THAT THEY WILL HAVE TO PAY.

Likely that a Test Case Will Be Made to See if the Legislature Can Create "Traffic" by Using the Word—The Rush for Tax Certificates Temporarily Over.

The rush at the new excise office is practically over, for a short time at least, and Special Deputy Commissioner Hilliard and his subordinates will now have a breathing spell and an opportunity to get into shape for the bigger rush which will come with June. The May day crowd was made up mostly of the men who had to secure renewals from the old Excise Board between March 23 and April 30 and those men who were so anxious to sell liquor on Sunday that they secured short-term hotel licenses. On June 30 all the licenses granted by the old Board which might have run for months but for the Raines law will lapse and there will be fully 5,000 cases for Mr. Hilliard and his force to look after.

The total receipts for tax certificates up to the close of the office yesterday were $1,043,275.01.

As was told by THE SUN yesterday, none of the clubs has applied for a certificate, and they all propose to serve liquor to their members to-day as usual. They maintain that they do not traffic in liquor and are not amenable to the Raines law. Special Deputy Hilliard said yesterday:

"This bureau holds, on the advice of counsel, that the clubs do traffic in liquor, as the law especially defines the transactions of clubs with their members as trafficking, and because the evident intention of the law was that clubs should pay the tax. Because the law defines the transactions of clubs with their members as trafficking for the purposes of the law we hold that the case of the Albany club recently decided by the Court of Appeals does not apply under the new law. We will not take any steps against the clubs to-morrow, though. Mr. Page, our counsel, has the matter under advisement, and he may agree to make a test case. Of course we can say nothing about what view the police may take of the matter, or whether they will interfere with the clubs, or if the District Attorney will proceed against the clubs should information against any of them be lodged with him."

Mr. Hilliard was asked if his department would move against the saloon hotels. He said that these will probably be left for the police and the District Attorney to look after for a while until the Excise Department gets into better working condition. He said that he did not think "fake" hotels or dives will flourish under the new law, as Commissioner Lyman may at any time mass all his special agents in this city, and they would soon secure convictions, which would act as a deterrent to others who would like to violate the law.

Acting Chief of Police Cortright said that no instructions in addition to the general ones which have been issued regarding Sunday excise violations would be given to the police for their guidance to-day. As to clubs, he did not think they would be bothered, and he said he thought it would be a difficult matter to get evidence against them.

Special Deputy Hilliard said yesterday that one fifth of the applicants for tax certificates profess to run hotels. Hardly an applicant hailing from north of the Harlem owns up to a saloon. Sunday privileges under the new law account for these professions.

It was stated at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night that a test case for clubs has been made on an agreed state of facts, and is already on its way to the Court of Appeals. The case was made by the White Law Club of Rochester.

The Republican leaders who were afraid to estimate a greater income to the State from the liquor tax than $3,000,000 a year are now satisfied that $5,000,000 will be nearer the figure.

This means more money to spend next year, and no difficulty to be experienced in keeping the State tax rate down.

THE RAINES LAW IN BROOKLYN.

Commissioner Lyman Names a Confidential Clerk for Col. Michell.

Col. Henry W. Michell, the Deputy Excise Commissioner in Brooklyn, has issued 900 certificates and received over $800,000 in fees. He has notified the police authorities not to interfere with hotels having licenses which do not expire until the close of the month. Of the 1,700 saloon keepers whose licenses expired on April 30, over 300 have decided to retire from business. Commissioner Lyman has appointed Charles M. Davison confidential clerk in the Brooklyn office, in place of Capt. John W. Nutt, who had been temporarily installed in the place by Col. Michell. Henry D. Kerr has been appointed expert mathematician. Police Superintendent McKelvey has instructed the Captains to pay special attention to the saloon-hotels today.

Barkeep Sold Beer; Proprietor Indicted.

Charles Gunter, a collector for the Kress Brewing Company, was arrested yesterday charged with a vicarious violation of the liquor tax law. He was bailed in $1,000. Clerk John F. Carroll of the General Sessions qualified as surety for him. Gunter has a license for a saloon at 556 West Forty-fifth street, which is run by Thomas Brady. A few days ago George Williams, a bartender in this saloon, was arrested for violation of the excise law, and Gunter was indicted under the new law as proprietor.

LEONCAVALLO'S "CHATTERTON."

The Opera a Great Success at Rome, Gloomy Though the Drama Is.

The latest opera of Ruggiero Leoncavallo's to be produced was his "Chatterton," which was given last month in Rome, and evidently has achieved a genuine success. It has been performed several times at advanced prices, and the theatre has been crowded. The opinion of Roman audiences, particularly as it is likely to be expressed at first performances, is proverbially unreliable, and no case ever indicated this as strongly as the second of Mascagni's operas, "L'Amico Fritz," which was given first in Rome with such enthusiasm that the composer was called thirty-three times before the curtain. Everywhere else, and even later in Rome, the opera was a dead failure. But there are indications that the success of "Chatterton" is genuine.

Leoncavallo wrote the opera before he did "I Pagliacci," and it has since been revised and in a measure changed. The success of his popular short opera made it easy for him to find a hearing for "Chatterton," despite the failure of the more ambitious "I Medici."

The story of the opera is taken from a play on the subject of Chatterton's life, written by Alfred de Vigny, and acted in Paris first sixty years ago. The resemblance between the real Chatterton and the hero of the drama is slight. In the play the poet is a matured man, not a youth. In his wretched poverty the charge of literary forgery and his suicide are to be found the only points in the play that are identical with the historical features of Chatterton's career. The piece in its dramatic form succeeded at its first production, but at a later revival attracted little attention.

The scene of the libretto is laid in London in 1770. The first of the three acts is devoted to explaining the relations between the characters. *Chatterton* is lodging in the house of *Lorkin*, and in this home the wife *Jenny* is of far more importance than her husband. The whole plot of the piece turns on the affection of the wife and the husband. A long soliloquy at the opening of the second act reveals the despondency of *Chatterton*, who appears in the opera dressed in shabby black clothes and looking pale and woebegone. This act shows the stage divided into two rooms. On one side is *Chatterton's* lodging and on a lower level is seen the living room of the *Lorkins*. *Chatterton's* trust in and his affection for *Jenny* are shown in this act. In the last act comes the accusation of literary forgery, and after a love scene with *Jenny* the poet drinks a phial of poison, and, overcome with terror and agony, *Jenny*, too, dies at the close of the scene, which sends the opera with the discovery of the two dead