HARNESS FOR A GREAT RIVER

RECLAMATION SERVICE HAS BEGUN ITS BIGGEST JOB.

Plans by Which 600,000 Acres in the Sacramento Valley in California Will Be Rendered Fertile—Cooperation of Uncle Sam and Land Owners.

The engineers of the United States Reclamation Service have undertaken their biggest job in the Sacramento Valley project out in northern California. The ultimate aim of these engineers is nothing less than to control the flow from a watershed of over 4,000 square miles and the chaining of the two great rivers of California.

When this is done, and it will be many years before the last construction work is completed, the Government engineers will have provided for the irrigation of over 600,000 acres of rich farming land that now lie parched and sun baked during eight months of the year; they will have reclaimed miles of bottom land now subject to annual overflow and great losses by floods, and they will have made possible the conversion of water power into an electric system sufficient for the needs of almost the whole valley.

F. H. Newell, head of the Reclamation Service, has said that this Sacramento Valley project is to be the most satisfactory as well as the greatest of all the work that the recently established bureau has undertaken, because it will demonstrate more than any of the other schemes proposed the practicability of Government irrigation of private lands through cooperation of the land owners and because in California nature responds more readily and abundantly than in any of the sections of the country where the Reclamation Service is working.

The Sacramento Valley is a great dip between the Coast range of mountains and the Sierra Nevada that stretches 450 miles from Mount Shasta, the pin of the united chains of mountains in the north, to one of the eastward reaching arms of San Francisco Bay. At its widest the valley stretches about one hundred miles from range to range and gradually narrows northward until the foothill spurs of the two mountain ranges choke its expanse into a chain of cañons following the river course down from the Shasta region.

The Sacramento River rising under the shadow of Shasta itself and swelled by confluence with the Pitt River in the north and the Feather and the Yuba lower down, grows from a trout stream to a great river navigable for more than a hundred miles north of its outlet into San Francisco Bay.

This is the ground upon which the reclamation engineers are to work. The reason for their endeavor lies not so much in the topography of the valley, for it is comparatively well watered, as in the climatic conditions that obtain there.

During four months of winter there are heavy rains through the whole length of the valley, in some instances the rainfall is torrential. During the summer months from March to November there is not a drop of precipitation, not even in the form of dew or fog, and the broad acres along the river that are vividly green during the rainy season become seared and baked by the hot breath of a constant north wind.

The problem before the engineers in the Sacramento Valley is of conservation, not of supply, as in the Colorado irrigation scheme. Theirs is the task to establish reservoirs that nature has failed to establish, so that the winter's floods may be stopped and the summer's drought alleviated.

Before the whole scheme is more than half completed the engineers will have impounded 1,227,200 acre feet of the Sacramento's waters for diversion into a great central irrigation canal, and by that much they will have reduced the tremendous flow of winter water which annually breaks levees and does damage amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In this big work of chaining a whole river system the men of the reclamation service have in their favor two strategic points offered by the contour of the valley. In the northeastern part of the State, where the Pitt River has its rise, there is a succession of lakes connected by streams and pouring their waters all into a natural reservoir at Big Valley. A great dam at the outlet of this Big Valley reservoir will hold in check all of the accumulated waters of the Pitt River and permit of the maintenance of a steady summer flow down the valley of the Pitt into the Sacramento.

The second point of vantage which the engineers have seized for their purposes lies in the Iron Cañon on the Sacramento River a few miles above the head of navigation at Red Bluff. This point is in fact the key to the whole valley, and when the Iron Cañon dam is built at an estimated cost of $1,538,382 it will impound 2,500,000 acre feet of water in years of normal rainfall. Here the great central irrigation ditch, which is to run down the whole western side of the valley paralleling the river, will begin.

With the Big Valley reservoir impounding 1,000,000 acre feet of water at the headwaters of the Pitt and the Iron Cañon reservoir situated below the confluence of the Pitt with the Sacramento catching in turn its quota of water, the reclamation engineers will have complete control of the flow through the upper reaches of the main valley stream, checking its floods in winter and diverting its waters to the thirsty land in summer.

At Iron Cañon nature has fixed a site ready for the hands of the engineers. Here the river, descending with rapid flow from the foothills choking the upper end of the valley, is compressed into a narrow waterway between two walls of rock a hundred feet in height. Above the canyon is a broader cañon with retaining walls of lava of a height sufficient to form without artificial aids the sides of a reservoir.

From the reservoir formed by the dropping of the dam into the narrow mouth of the Iron Cañon the central irrigation canal, deep enough and wide enough to float gram boats and barges will lead away along the length of the valley to terminate in the head of Suisun Bay, the eastern arm of San Francisco Bay. From the central ditch radiating ditches, constructed by the land owners themselves, will spread the water over 352,000 arable acres.

The engineers have computed the amount of irrigation that will be made possible by the two reservoirs at Big Valley and Iron Cañon. Taking the average size of the irrigated farms in the Sacramento Valley at twenty-four and a half acres as shown by the last census, the reclaimed area that will be irrigated from the central canal will provide 4,630 farms with sufficient water to raise crops, forming like persons to a family they have computed that a farm population of 23,150 will be supported solely through the Sacramento Valley project.

The fact that already one of the smaller units of the Sacramento Valley scheme is under way of construction indicates the support that is being given to the Government undertaking by the land owners. In 1905 the people of Orland, a town on the east side of the Sacramento River, about midway in the valley's length, started a movement which resulted in the formation of a water users' association, and this body made formal application to the Secretary of the Interior for the construction of the Orland unit of the projected Sacramento Valley reclamation scheme, then already surveyed by the reclamation service. In the course of time the money for the building of the Orland unit was set aside by Congress upon recommendation of Secretary Hitchcock and the beginning of the first and smallest link in the chain of water conservation was begun.

The Orland unit will irrigate 12,000 acres from the 26,000 acre feet to be impounded at the head of a small river situated near the town. It will cost $650,000. When the Iron Cañon dam is completed the Orland unit will be contributary to the whole valley scheme.

The people of Orland have done what the people of the rest of the valley will have to do before the money for the construction of the reclamation work is appropriated. Through the water users' association contracts are made with the Government.

Each contract provides that the Government through the reclamation works that it builds and pays for shall place the water upon the land, maintain and operate the irrigation system and in every way act as the provider of a commodity. The water user, on his part, pays a rental to the Government until such time as the aggregate of rents collected shall have covered the cost of construction, when the system passes into the control of the water users' association.

The land owner also contracts with the Government to subdivide and sell his surplus holdings in small parcels when they shall have become valuable by the application of the water, this to the end that the real purpose of the Government, the creation of homes, may be achieved.

MAY WINE APPEARS.

Real Sign of Spring Noted in the German Quarter Last Week.

There appeared at the proper place in the old German quarter on Thursday morning that authentic and infallible sign of spring, the May wine. Knowing folk had looked for it all the week, had dropped in to ask about it, had telephoned, speaking with signs of impatience.

There was a false rumor that it would be on tap not later than Tuesday, but the fact is that the weather was unpropitious. The brewer of the noblest of earthly punches paused until assured that a genuine spring sun would shine upon his glorious drink.

Despite an envious and mendacious weather prophet midmorning of Thursday was resplendent. Avenue A, aglow beneath a sun two days veiled, seemed to swim in May wine; the inhabitants of the quarter seemed to inhale that delicious compound with the very air they breathed. The captive German quail in his osier cage at the back of the weinstube called lustily for the mate he will never see in that voice of passion and music that moves the heart of every Teuton below the age of 100. It was truly a day for the May wine.

Behind the tiny bar and beside the noble earthen punchbowl stood the sublimated barkeeper, his scholarly skull cap at a rakish angle, serving out the celestial drink to a thirsty public. With it went a fitting free lunch of beef, rich brown gravy and golden corn dumpling. For once the Swabian onion pie was omitted from the bill of fare. Nobody had a palate to waste on just ordinary delicacies.

They all came—the plumber, and the Herr Doctor, and the cockey young solicitor who talks all the time and louder than anybody else, and the forty others for whom the sublimated barkeeper lives, for whom the boss manfully holds the fort in a doomed quarter. They came and they drank the golden liquor, praising it as Odin praises the brew of Valhalla; they received the beef and dumpling with inarticulate gutturals of delight, while the boss moved back and forth in his shirt sleeves, glaring at his guests with a kind of ferocious affection and now and then breaking in upon their talk with a voice to make children tremble.

What was one bowl of May wine to a company like that with a thirst conserved for the occasion since Monday? The ladle sounded on the dry bottom before half-past 12 with everybody crying for more, and the sublimated barkeeper turned the bowl upside down and poured the last drop into a glass just to save the Herr Doctor from choking before his eyes.

Then came a bad quarter hour for the barkeeper and the boss; for they had to compound a fresh bowl of May wine with that critical and humorous company looking. The delicate task was executed to a running fire of advice, comment, taunt.

The barkeeper was on his mettle. He stood by the bowl stirring, stirring with his long ladle, while the boss strode back and forth more ferocious in aspect than ever, fetching one after another the many ingredients. Neither taunt nor comment disturbed the serenity of the barkeeper as he tilted his skull cap just a thought further to the left and smiled with the pleasant inward smile that ripples slightly on his face when he cuts the odorous wedges of the Swabian onion pie.

"Watch now and see if he really puts in champagne," said a pretended sceptic.

Then the barkeeper took a large cold bottle from the icebox, deliberately cut the wires and carefully removed the impatient cork. The steaming mist that came from the bottle was hailed with applause, and then its contents went gurgling thirstily into the punch bowl.

Three bottles of Moselle followed; the compound stood a few minutes to cool and then the sublimated barkeeper was ladling it out again to the friends of the house, as he said:

"Yes, we make the May wine as good here as you can get it anywhere in New York, because we put in everything that belongs in it, and nuddings else."

DISTANCE SENSE OF THE BLIND.

Remarkably Developed in Some Persons—Results of Experiments.

Dr. Howeiffer in Universe.

It has long been known that some blind persons can move about in places that are entirely strange to them with a remarkable degree of certainty and without coming into collision with any large object.

Half a century ago Spallanzani discovered that bats can steer clear of obstacles in total darkness. In order to make sure that the sense of sight was not employed he blinded some bats and found that they flew about as confidently and safely as before.

This experiment proved that warning of the presence of objects is received through some part of the surface of the body other than the eyes. In the case of blind persons it was thought at one time that this warning was given by sound waves reflected by the objects, but this theory is disproved by a simple experiment. When a blind man's ears are stopped completely the sense of distance remains, although it is greatly diminished.

This shows that the sense of distance is not identical with the sense of hearing, and that a distinction must be made between the sense of distance and the directional power of the blind. This power depends chiefly on the sense of distance, but involves also hearing, smell, the temperature sense and perhaps still other factors.

It is a noteworthy fact that the sense of distance is not possessed by all blind persons, but is found only in a few and to very different degrees in these. The blind possessors of this sense locate it in and near the forehead and say that the sensation is vague and somewhat resembles a light touch.

From the experiments of Kunz, Woellfin and others it appears very probable that the distance sense is a function of the sensory fibers of the first branch of the nervous trigeminus, which ramifies through the face. It is still unknown whether the distance sense is served by special nerves or by fibers which also serve the pressure and other senses. An investigation of the conditions which favor this sense would be very valuable, practically as well as theoretically, for thorough development of the distance sense would make the lives of the blind far safer and more easy than they are at present.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Valedictory to a Bivalve.

Adieu, delicious friend, we meet
No more until September.
But joyous midnight hours with you
Till then I will remember.
I must confess for you I spent
Far more than I was able.
But you, were such a good excuse
For suppers late with Mabel.

When next I greet you, stewed or fried,
Or on the half shell pearly,
With lemon slices on the side,
'Twill be in autumn early.
And though instead of Mabel then
It may be Maud or Lucy,
My heart will still be true to you,
O morsel plump and juicy!

MINNA IRVING.

Honey.

Withered the rose and dead the rue
That in Sicilian gardens grew,
Which once Theocritus made rife
With rustic lore and lyric life.

And gone those later gardens still
Where Tuscan poets dreamed their fill;
No romance guard the vine shorn, bare
Gates that now open to nowhere.

Yet bees in search of fragrant brew,
Faring a ruined pleasance through,
Find in some single lonely bloom
Stored centuries of rare perfume.

As we who wander down the ways
Those golden rhymes were wont to praise,
Glean too some ling'ring sweet from these
Ghost gardens of fair memories.

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Jes' Canallin'.

When the warm winds come a-callin' to my Molly thar an' me
That the old Sue's calked an' painted an' it's time to cut her free:
Then I swan life seems worth livin' just to hear the mule boy call
An' the mules start on the towpath for the first time since the fall;
For the winter's long and weary an' it seems an age till spring,
When the fleet of boats start movin' an' you hear the towline sing.

Jes' canallin'—Molly thar an' me.
Never was another life that was quite so free:
Up the stream, down the stream, spring, summer, fall,
Bendin' on the rudder as you hear the mule boy call:
"Whoa! Gee! Ged up! Whoa!"
That's the song of the old mule tow!

Those that like the town can have it, with its bustle an' its noise,
But give me the old boat, with my Molly an' the boys;
It's the only world we know of an' the only world we roam,
An' the cabin with the green roof is our only "home, sweet home";
Jes' to sit an smoke at evenin' when the sun is going down,
An' Molly's cookin' supper an' the mules are grazin' 'roun'.

Jes' canallin'—Molly thar an' me.
Never was another life that was quite so free:
Up the stream, down the stream, spring, summer, fall.
Bendin' on the rudder as you hear the mule boy call:
"Whoa! Gee! Ged up! Whoa!"
That's the song of the old mule tow!

Night along the old canal, an' a full moon overhead,
An' the muddy water shinin' like a slender yellow thread,
An' the white mists in the bushes an' the pale stars in the skies,
The croakin' of the greenbacks an' the dartin' fireflies:
The boy ahead a singin' an' the old boat glidin' down,
I swan I wouldn't trade her for a mansion up in town.

Jes' canallin'—Molly thar an' me.
Never was another life that was quite so free:
Up the stream, down the stream, spring, summer, fall.
Bendin' on the rudder as you hear the mule boy call:
"Whoa! Gee! Ged up! Whoa!"
That's the song of the old mule tow!

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

Reflex.

We see her flash across the fields—
A glory on her waving hair.
Life's afternoon this sunshine yields,
With morning's fleeting colors fair.

Her springtime beauty all aglow
Makes bright our dim autumnal space.
O wintry winds, O rain and snow,
You cannot touch this radiant place

ADA FOSTER MURRAY.

To a Proverb Monger.

O thou who dost with maxim manifold
And jaded proverb seek to lift me up
And drug my discontent with jargon old—
Forbear, I cannot drink an empty cup.

For once the Fool, his jocund manner fled,
Surrendered to a sign of grief and wrath;
Then came the sermonizing Sage and said:
"Lo, every cloud a silver lining hath."

At which the jester shook his bauble gay.
"Good sir," quoth he, "it's that I'm sad about:
To think it's there and not to know the way
To turn the silver lining inside out."

WILLIAM F. MCCORMACK.

The Gate.

Once we turned from its beckon sweet,
Beads we counted and prayers we piled;
Strong of heart and with marching feet,
Valiant of purpose in youth and pride,
To the sky and the stars our songs we cried,
And never a one dare say us nay!
But the stars were false and the prophets lied:
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

Where are the comrades we used to greet
Over the hedge of that great divide:
The laughs they threw at our pilgrim feet,
The flowers they flung when we sought to chide?
Staff and scrip we have put aside
And over the night and across the day
We seek for the gods undeified:
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

Does the archway lurk in some phantom street
Where fancies like knights in armor stride,
Where dreams come true and a glorious fleet
Of ships come in with the sunset tide?
In Villon's alley does it hide?
Wise folk, give us a hint, we pray:
Send us a word as a friendly guide:
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

Gallant sirrahs and dames discreet,
You that with lutes in rose bowers bide,
Help us the fiddler fate to cheat,
The root of the rainbow's end confide!
With tears we have sought it far and wide,
Tired and weary and lone we stray:
Alms we crave: let the good deride:
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

L'ENVOI.

Brave Prince Poet—the Quest decide!
Lead us to where the fountains play!
Leave us not sad, unsatisfied:
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?

KATE MASTERSON.

The Lure of the Game.

From the Denver Republican.

The wearied clown, sans rouge and paint,
Looked his sad faced self in the eyes:
He was sick of the smell of the circus taint
And he said: "I can see no prize:
There is naught ahead—I must change my lot,"
But applause swept in, and cheers,
And his eyes were alight with a flame, youth hot,
And he doffed full twenty years.
For it isn't the money and isn't the fame—
It's the lure, the lure of the game.

From the broker's hands there fell away
The tape, in a heap on the floor;
He said: "I must forswear this to-day.
Though I've garnered a million more:
I must seek a cot in the country side,
Away from the town's unrest"—
But the morrow's bugles were not denied,
And back to the fight he pressed.
For it isn't the money and isn't the fame—
It's the lure, the lure of the game.

So ask of the prospector, on the height,
The cowboy who rides the plain,
Of the engineer who guides the flight
Of the night stabbing, roaring train:
What voice has the god of chance and change
To woo them to callings new?
Away with the roses, 'neath heavens strange—
The thorns of this bed must do:
For it isn't the money and isn't the fame—
It's the lure, the lure of the game!

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

Woe of Young America.

As far as fashions are concerned,
Forthwith at least one thing he'll rue,
And it is this: That fences are
Not cut on lines called peek-a-boo.

POLITICAL NOTES.

"Evidently there isn't much interest in the direct nominations movement in my district," said Assemblyman Harry W. Haines of the First district of Westchester several days ago, "for when the bill was printed and ready for the Legislature I scurried about and got fifty copies of it, which I locked up against requests for copies from my constituents. Up to this time I have received but four letters from my constituents advocating direct nominations and only two requests for copies of the bill."

THE SUN in its news columns printed last Sunday a list of Democrats, Republicans and Independence Leaguers who have been discussed as available timber for Mayor of New York city next fall. To the Democratic list should be added the names of Martin W. Littleton and Lewis Nixon and to the Republican list the names of Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and former Judge Job E. Hedges should be added. Between this writing and convention time in October there will be in all probability dozens of others, Republicans, Democrats and Independence Leaguers, discussed. The Socialists as usual are to put a ticket in the field and the Prohibitionists are thinking of doing likewise.

Now that William R. Hearst has definitely stated that he is not to be the candidate of his organization for Mayor next fall Independence Leaguers are doing some talking of their own. It is the majority opinion of the members of that organization that Mr. Hearst should take the nomination, and they recall that when he was the candidate for Mayor in 1905 he got a rousing vote, while in 1906 as the candidate of the Democracy for Governor he came within 66,000 votes of election. On the other hand, in the national campaign of 1908 the Independence Leaguers put up Thomas L. Hisgen of Massachusetts for President, and his vote was little short of ridiculous, being only 83,193 in the entire country.

These Independence Leaguers contend that had Mr. Hearst been the candidate for President he would have rolled up a far greater vote than Mr. Hisgen. With all the hullabaloo last year as to how the Independence League organization was to cut the Democratic national party to flinders, its total vote was much below that of Palmer and Buckner in 1896—125,000 in the entire country. The Palmer and Buckner vote was the result of but three months campaigning, whereas the Independence League organization was started immediately after the Presidential campaign of 1904 in about every State in the Union. Thus for nearly four years the Independence League national organization was hard at it, only to make that measly showing for Hisgen.

The old report that United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island is to retire at the expiration of his term, March 3, 1911, has been revived. On the other hand as a matter of fact Senator Aldrich receives daily many personal and written requests to reconsider the notion that he should retire from the service of his State at that time. Also many of the Republican Senators of long service say they believe that Mr Aldrich should remain in the Senate.

The terms of the following United States Senators expire on March 3, 1911: Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, Morgan G. Bulkeley of Connecticut, Elmer J. Burkett of Nebraska, Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan, Thomas H. Carter of Montana, Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota, Clarence D. Clark of Wyoming, Chauncey M. Depew of New York, Charles Dick of Ohio, Henry A. du Pont of Delaware, Frank P. Flint of California, Eugene Hale of Maine, John Kean of New Jersey, George T. Oliver of Pennsylvania, Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, Porter J. McCumber of North Dakota, George S. Nixon of Nevada, Carroll S. Page of Vermont, Samuel D. Piles of Washington, Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, George Sutherland of Utah, and William Warner of Missouri, Republicans; Charles A. Culberson of Texas, John W. Daniel of Virginia, James B. Frazier of Tennessee, Hernando D. Money of Mississippi, Isidor Rayner of Maryland, and James P. Taliaferro of Florida, Democrats.

The fact that a number of Supreme Court Justices in New York county some with long terms to serve are being considered as available, if not the most available, timber for the Democratic city convention to select a candidate for Mayor from next fall has created discussion in Democratic circles as to the sacrifices these Judges should be called upon to make for the Democratic party. These Judges are elected for fourteen years with salaries of $17,500 a year. It is known that their duties are most arduous and that most of them burn buckets of the midnight oil, not studying Epictetus, but in preparing decisions in the hundred and one intricate cases which come before them. These questions are now frequently heard:

"Is a Justice of the court with an assured income of $17,500 a year called upon to fling it up for the uncertainty of the result of a political campaign in the city?"

"Especially, is a Justice with a large family and not a cent in the bank called upon to heed the demand of his party and retire from the bench to become the candidate for Mayor?"

"In other words, is a single one of these Justices called upon to throw up a sure thing for an uncertainty?"

The salary of the Mayor is $15,000 a year for four years. Any Supreme Court Justice nominated for Mayor must necessarily resign his place on the bench. There is no law to compel him to resign, but the higher or unwritten law would necessitate his retirement from the bench in order to participate in the hurlyburly and frequently undignified antics of a campaigner.

As a matter of fact, though, it may be said after frequent conversations within the last few days that a Supreme Court Justice would hardly feel like refusing the command of a Democratic city convention to take the nomination for Mayor if the delegates to that convention and their leaders should insist that the party needed him and his services in what promises to be a most memorable campaign in the annals of the big city. Frequently, it is recalled, the demands of political organizations require great sacrifices, and American history records few instances in which they have not been almost cheerfully made.

Because John Kelly in early life was a member of the House of Representatives for New York city certain friends of Charles F. Murphy, Tammany's chieftain, have remarked that it would be a good thing to elect Mr. Murphy to Congress a year from next fall. Mr. Kelly was a Congressman for New York city in 1855-1857 and did not become leader of Tammany Hall until twenty years later.

President Taft's friends in Washington are dropping some of the appointments credited to New York city Congressmen, notably those of Representative William S. Bennet.

What American statesman was responsible for the South American policy of reciprocity with the United States? Charles E. Hamlin, author of "The Life and Times of Hannibal Hamlin," asserts that his grandfather, Hannibal Hamlin, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce in antebellum days, was first responsible for the policy of reciprocal relations between the United States and the South American States at that time. James G. Blaine, a youngster adherent before the civil war of Congressman, United States Senator, Governor of Maine and Vice-President Hamlin, who later was Secretary of State in Garfield's Cabinet and momentarily maintained his place in Arthur's Cabinet, advocated the Hamlin policy of reciprocal relations between the Northern and Southern American continents. The death of Garfield checked his Secretary's progress in this South American policy.

The election of President Harrison in 1888 and Blaine's return as Secretary of State gave Blaine the opportunity to revive his old work on this South American policy which he had taken up under Garfield. At the close of Harrison's administration Harrison differed with his Secretary on the South American reciprocal policy, Mr. Blaine became incensed at his chief's change of attitude, and there was a public quarrel together with an interesting investigation, followed by an acrimonious scene in the White House just before the Minneapolis convention.

With the advent of Secretary of State Root under Roosevelt, Root took up the policy which it is said Hamlin inaugurated and which Blaine tried to carry forward.

Blaine and his friends always claimed that President Harrison through jealousy retarded this work of happy, substantial commercial relations between North and South America. The only point of this little article, however, is to bring to mind the claim of Charles E. Hamlin, grandson of Lincoln's first Vice-President, that Hannibal Hamlin as chairman of the Senate Committee on Commerce for several years before 1860 was the author of the reciprocity idea between North and South America. Meanwhile Europe still has most of the trade with South America.

Politicians, both Republicans and Democrats, and incidentally mugwumps who keep track of the game, are lost in admiration over the Haines-Clement administration of the State Excise Commission. In the Manhattan office of the Excise Commissioner, as well as in Brooklyn and the same facts obtain in all the cities of the State while the local Commissioner is a city man, the stenographers, the private secretaries, the inspectors and all the employees are country Republicans from all the sixty-one counties in the State. The Manhattan Excise Commissioner under State Commissioner Clement, like the Brooklyn Commissioner under Mr. Clement, has no more executive authority, it is declared, than a "pop goes the weasel." The employees are countrymen and they get their orders from Deacon Raines and Deacon Clement, according to specific information yesterday, and what an engine for the Republican party in the State, it was added, is this great excise department!

"What would a State constabulary police bill do for our people were it to be enacted at Albany?" asked a cynical Republican at the Union League Club the other night, and he grimly remarked: "With the Raines country domination of the excise departments in the State a State constabulary bill would make an absolute Republican monarchy of the State of New York."

Under the administration of Mayor Low of New York city many valuable land sites were granted for the building of Carnegie libraries, and these sites were to be forever exempt from taxes. It has been estimated by tax experts that within ten years the taxes on these sites would amount to $10,000,000—quite a figure in the debt limit question. Local Democrats have had a discussion recently—for that matter they have had many discussions—on the policy of attacking the wisdom of accepting these library sites on condition that they were to be exempt from taxation.

Some counsellors of these leading Democrats have told them that they should not make an issue of the question in the approaching Mayoralty campaign for the reason, according to the same advisers and the general understanding of things, that the voters would not welcome an issue which attacked any expenditure for educational purposes.

CAFES OF PROVINCIAL FRANCE.

Their High Sounding Names—Some of the Runners.

Dinan correspondence New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In provincial France cafes are very numerous, and the smaller they are the bigger their names. In many a tiny village you find a Café de l'Univers. I have heard of a village in Normandy where one small establishment called itself "the best café in France," whereupon another proclaimed itself to be "the best café in Europe." But there was a third café, and behold in a few days it put its neighbors quite in the shade by triumphantly announcing itself as "the best café in this street."

Within these pleasant cafés there is much innocent enjoyment, perpetual talk, perpetual laughter, sometimes fierce gambling over cards and dominoes, but gambling is a harmless pastime when two lumps of sugar are the stakes. The stimulants are frequently nothing stronger than coffee or "sorbets," light cider or that "vin ordinaire" which is sometimes little more than colored water.

One morning when we were sauntering idly through the quaint old streets we were accosted by a small boy who politely inquired if we had breakfasted. He was a little fellow with a face of a cherub and was correctly attired in the picturesque Breton costume. As he spoke he bowed so low, sweeping the pavement with his broad brimmed hat, that he nearly tumbled over, but his expression was so extremely serious that we conquered a strong inclination to laugh and replied in the negative. "Eh bien," he said eagerly, "then these ladies will breakfast at the café—Restaurant de l'Europe, n'est-ce pas?" and he immediately produced a "menu" setting forth the delicacies that were offered for consumption on that particular morning. Now, we had no intention of getting a meal at any such place, but once having admitted that we had not breakfasted there was no getting away from the boy, and his flood of eloquence was overwhelming.

He rolled his eyes in ecstasy and his expression was heavenly, then suddenly he became quite businesslike and exclaimed: "Behold it: and behold madame, who will serve you well! Three ladies for breakfast!" And to our astonishment we found ourselves on the threshold of this paragon of eating houses, for the artful little boy had so amused us by his flood of talk that we had not realized that he was skilfully conducting us to the place where he was determined we should go.

The restaurant was not grand, certainly, but it was spotlessly clean. The floor was sanded, the cutlery clumsy in make, the glasses thick, but each little table boasted a snowy cloth and the meal was good enough to satisfy an epicure. We were waited on by one of those delightful French landladies whose genial presence exhales welcome and good will. The place seemed full of sunshine, really and metaphorically, and all the men who came in raised their hats, murmuring "Mesdames" in that charming fashion that makes you feel that if not at home you are in a very friendly land. When we left we found our little guide at the door with a polite inquiry as to whether we were satisfied.

Many Wolves Captured.

Mason City correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Wolves in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota are more numerous this year than in any previous years. In most of the counties large bounties are being paid, and this has put regular wolf hunters at work with their hounds.

The unusual number being captured is due to the fact that the animals were driven out of the forests of Minnesota and Wisconsin last season by the fires which played havoc in those communities. J. B. Sanders of Chapin presented himself at Hampton, the county seat of Franklin county, with what would have been a wagonload of wolves had they been grown, thirteen in number. These were found in two litters.

Horseshoe Competition.

From the Westminster Gazette.

In a thickly populated district of Burnley the clanging of the anvil late at night caused the policeman on the beat to call at a blacksmith's shop. He found a competition in progress between two smiths as to which could make seventeen pairs of horseshoes in the shortest time. Each man was allowed an assistant as striker.

The contest was for a wager and each contestant had his backers, there being nearly a hundred spectators. It was not until 1 o'clock yesterday morning that the competition was over, the winner having accomplished the feat in two hours and a quarter and his rival in two hours and a half.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Bridge. H. B. R. says: There are only two or three tricks to play when it is found that dummy is a card short, each of the other players having the right number. The card cannot be found either as a superfluous card in the tricks already played or elsewhere. A bets it is a misdeal, as the pack must have been imperfect.

The evidence of imperfection in the pack is only presumptive, and it would be a dangerous precedent to establish to admit such a solution of difficulties of this kind. If the deal seemed all right and the last card came to the dealer in proper order, it is only reasonable to suppose that the deal was correct and the pack was regular.

W. L. O. says: Holding four hearts to the J10, four diamonds to the Ak, three clubs to the xxx and two small spades, A bets dummy should make it no trump at love all. B bets it is a diamond make.

Much safer heart than no trump, but never a diamond. Four hearts to two honors and three outside tricks is pretty strong in hearts, but four diamonds to two honors and one outside trick is pretty weak in diamonds.

W. J. de M. says: Where can we find the rules for two hand bridge, once published in THE SUN?

The article appeared in THE SUNDAY SUN for January 6, 1907. Brief descriptions of the game appear on page 123 of the autograph edition of Hoyle's Games and on page 45 of the Stokes Hoyle, latest edition.

N. W. B. says: After the last trick is played A bets that dummy ceases to be dumb and has the right to call attention to a revoke.

If dummy calls attention to the revoke, even after the last trick is turned and quitted, the dealer cannot enforce the penalty. The laws are very clear on this point. Thus should dummy call attention to any incident of the play in consequence of which any penalty "might have been" exacted the dealer is precluded from exacting such penalty. This evidently compels dummy's silence up to the time at which the score is put down. He can make any sarcastic remarks he pleases then. They do not affect the score.

D. C. says: If one player is a card short and one has a card too many, does the deal stand, whether it is the partners whose hands are unequal or opponent's?

It does not matter whether two partners have unequal cards or one player on each side, the deal is void.

E. W. P. says: Player on dealer's right says toward the end of the hand: "I guess the only trick left for us is my ace of spades, but we'll try a heart first, partner." The dealer bets that the ace of spades must be laid on the table as an exposed card, even after the heart has been led, and that he can insist on the spade lead instead of the heart if it suits him better.

The dealer is right.

Cutting Cards. W. W. C. says: A bets that he can take a pack of fifty two cards and in three cuts he will get one of the twelve face cards. What are the odds if the pack is shuffled before each cut?

The probability of drawing any named face card, such as a king, being 1 in 13, and the same being true of a queen and of a jack, we have 3 in 13 for our chances on one cut. If we have three cuts we have 9 chances out of 13 to get a face card. This is odds of 9 to 4 or 2¼ to 1.

Cribbage. C. W. says: The count is 29 when A is told to go. He holds an ace and a deuce and starts to play the ace, but recollecting himself takes it back and plays the deuce so as to score two holes for the thirty one. Can he take back the ace after having shown it?

The rule is that if a card that will come in is played it cannot be taken up again. As the ace would come in it must be played if it has been laid on the table or named. But if it has been exposed only without being laid on the table or named as played—that is, without saying "Thirty,"—it is simply an exposed card, for which there is no penalty in two hand. In four hand the ace could be called. C. W. does not state which game it was, two hand or four hand.

F. W. H. says: A is the dealer when he bets B that the first card played will put him out. A wanting only one to go. B cuts for the starter and A turns it up. Is that the first card played or must A make a pair or fifteen off B's lead?

A loses no matter what happens as the first card played will be B's card, which cannot possibly put A out.

M. T. D. says: A playing first in two hand, the cards fall 7, 2, 6, 4, 3, A, 5. When A plays the last card, a 5, he pegs a run of seven holes, which B disputes.

A is right.

Poker Dice. H. McG. says: Three men in the game for five a corner. A gets three fives, B is next to throw and gets a pair of fours and an ace on his first cast. He picks up the three dice, leaving the pair of fours, whereupon a bystander offers to bet that he should leave the ace and put four dice back in the box. B bets it is a better chance to leave the pair. Who is correct?

The bystander. If B leaves the pair of fours he must get two more in two throws with three dice each, equal to six dice, or he must get a full hand to beat A. If he leaves the ace he has two throws with four dice, equal to eight dice, to get two more aces, or to fill. It is therefore 8 to 6 in favor of picking up the fours and leaving the ace.

Forty five. F. T. B. says: Four hand, each man for himself. A is 35 up and B is 40. Clubs trumps on D's deal. A leads club six, B plays the seven and C D discard. Then A leads seven of diamonds and B plays queen, winning that trick and claiming the game. A had another trump; no other player at the table had a trump. Who won the game?

The manner of scoring is not stated, but it is assumed that each man being for himself each trick was worth 5 points. If such was the case B won the game, because he got to 45 ahead of A. Had A led another trump he would have won the game. As nothing but tricks count in forty-five A has no possible claim on the game.

Euchre. G. H. K. says: Three men are playing off a tie for the club championship. It is Z's deal and he takes up a heart. A leads a diamond, which the dealer wins. Dealer leads the right bower. A and B both play small trumps. Dealer leads club ace, and A passes it, discarding ace of spades and holding left bower and king of trumps. B bets that A must trump the club. A bets he can play as he likes.

A is right. His idea evidently is that B may be able to trump the club and euchre the dealer.

H. J. E. says: Four men are playing for so much a corner, A-B against C-D. D deals and turns it down. A and C pass; B makes it diamonds and leads a trump, eventually winning all five tricks. When he goes to score, D objects that it was not B's lead but A's and that the deal is void. B bets the deal and score stand and that as they won the game on the hand that ends it.

D should have objected to the first lead from the wrong hand. After that trick was turned and quitted without being challenged it was clearly B's lead for the next if he won the first. The rules distinctly state that if all the players follow to an erroneous lead the lead stands and the winner of that trick leads for the next. Therefore B wins the game.

Cassino. R. T. J. says: A wants two points, while B wants nine in twenty-one point game. During the play A takes in two aces and at once claims the game. B says: "Play it out until we see what I get." B gets all the rest of the points, which puts him out. Who wins that game?

That depends upon which aces they were that A won. When the aces have to decide it they go out in the order of spades, clubs, hearts and diamonds. If A did not take in the ace of diamonds he wins, as that ace counts last. B should have known when he saw which aces A won whether or not the game was at an end.

Skat. D. B. C. says: In a ramsch two players tie with forty-six points each. Which one takes the minus twenty? The one that won the last trick had the lowest score.

Each of them loses twenty. It is only when one of the ties takes the last trick that only one is penalized twenty.

Piquet. S. S. H. says: If a player revokes what is the penalty?

None. The cards must be taken back and replayed from the point at which the error occurred.

Poker. E. D. H. says: Do we understand that if the opener of a jackpot is obliged always to put his discard under the chips in the pool, whether he is going to split or not, this discard cannot be touched even if it is necessary to gather up the deadwood to complete the deal for the draw?

That is correct. The opener's discard is still part of his hand, as every player at the table has a financial interest in that jackpot, and that interest may be influenced by what the opener originally held. It is therefore important that the evidence of his holding should be preserved, and this evidence is much more important than getting a card or two extra for the draw.

W. D. says: Are there any circumstances under which a man can play a hand of only four or of six cards?

Not if he has lifted or looked at any part of the hand. If he discovers the irregularity before he lifts a card, he can call on the dealer to set it right.

G. A. P. says: In a dollar limit game, it costs a dollar to come in when it is B's say. He raises it a dollar. To this C objects, saying that it will cost him $2 to come in, and the limit has been fixed at a dollar.

The limit is not the amount that may be put up at one time, but the amount by which any previous ante or bet may be raised; so that B is within his rights. When several players raise one another the limit, it frequently happens that the last one has to put up several times as much as the betting limit to call.

N. P. N. says: A opens a jack pot. B comes in, and all pass round to D who comes in. A draws and bets the limit, and B raises the limit. D then says to B, "How many cards did you draw, any way?" B declines to answer and D appeals to the dealer. Must the dealer tell?

No, he is not allowed to do so; each player must watch the draw for himself. What guarantee is there that the dealer recollects B's draw?

Pinochle. H. T. says: A has four kings, four queens and the A 10 J of trumps. How many can he meld in three hand?

390 points.

Auction Pinochle. H. B. J. says: A is the bidder, and has to get 340 to make good. He gets 310 only, but on one of A's leads, B has revoked. C bets that is none of his funeral, as he played alright and set A back. How is this settled?

It is C's funeral, inasmuch as B is his partner against A for the time being. B, the player in error, loses his entire score for cards, and A cannot be set back, but must be allowed to score what he made, 310; not what he bid.

NEW YORK'S GREAT MAR