The Sun.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70

Postage to foreign countries added.

All checks, money orders, &c., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Published by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President of the Association, William M. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Treasurer of the Association, M. F. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Secretary of the Association, D. W. Quinn, 170 Nassau street.

London office, Effingham House, 1 Arundel street, Strand. The daily and Sunday SUN are on sale in London at the American and Colonial Exchange, Carlton street, Regent street, and Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green street, Leicester Square.

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Kiosque 12, near the Grand Hotel; Kiosque 77, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opéra, and Kiosque 19, Boulevard des Italiens, corner Rue Louis le Grand.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

The New Jersey Constitutional Amendments.

It appears from the early returns that all the proposed amendments to the constitution of New Jersey were defeated at the polls on Tuesday, and that the total vote cast was only about 15 per cent. of the registration. In other words 85 per cent. of the voters did not have interest enough to make known their wills in regard to a radical change in their fundamental written law.

The outcome of the election, while fatal to the proposed reforms, is almost farcical. It came at the close of an intelligent and active canvass in behalf of the amendments, in which the most respected and presumably most powerful men in the State urged the citizens to support them. The opposition was not so apparently well organized, and the vote shows that neither side was effective in getting men to the polls.

In some cases the amendments were opposed without regard to their desirability, on the ground that no such general revision of the constitution as the defeated provisions contemplated should be undertaken except by a convention elected for this express purpose and having no duties or obligations beyond redrafting the constitution. That the condition in the courts of the State is serious no one will deny, and this alone should result in the prompt calling of a constitutional convention.

Not a Massachusetts Mugwump.

No man of feeling will refuse to squeeze a sympathetic tear over the wrongs of the Republican "organization" of the Fifth North Carolina Congress district. Apparently with malice prepense and being thereto instigated by the Devil, Mr. TAFT has appointed as census supervisor for the district not a true blue "organization man," not a patriot ready to serve his country to the last drop of his blood and last instalment of his salary, but a miserable, finicky professor, the Hon. WILLIAM HENRY GLASSON, who holds the chair of political economy and social science in Trinity College, Durham. Here the secretary of the Republican county executive committee comes in and cries:

> "We were voting the Republican ticket when it was considered a disgrace to do so. Yet a Massachusetts Mugwump gets the plum which worthy men worked hard for."

We should be the last to say a word for college professors, a class justly despised by the directors of politics, and often unreasonably intelligent. Let them stay where they belong and not take the bread from the mouths of hardworking Republicans. Besides, we dare say that nine-tenths of them are free traders and therefore fit subjects for deportation now and damnation hereafter. GLASSON may be and probably is a Mugwump, but he isn't a Massachusetts Mugwump. Do not make him worse than he is. He was born in Troy. He enjoyed in his younger youth—he is only thirty-five now, confound him!—the advantages of a political education in this State and this town. He is a Trojan Mugwump.

Even with this mitigation, his sentence must be severe. North Carolina can fill all the offices with her native sons. Still, all great men were born in North Carolina. They are the Tar Heel specialty. Now, a Census Supervisor is a great man in North Carolina. Therefore Professor GLASSON was born in North Carolina. We will leave it to Elder CALDWELL of Charlotte if there's any screw loose in this syllogism.

Restoring Africa.

Of a newspaper that could find palliation for the shame and sacrilege of Plymouth anything might reasonably be expected. From a journal that felt for the history of its country neither veneration nor affection, who could well expect any recognition of the nicer accuracies of geography? If we are not actually surprised, however, we confess to some measure of astonishment at meeting with the following illuminating and original contribution to contemporary geography in the editorial comment of the Boston *Advertiser* upon the Spanish operations and opponents in Morocco:

> "The forces of the desert consist of about 50,000 or 60,000 warriors, who have spent a large part of their life in various forays after the usual manner of those tribesmen, sons of ISHMAEL, their hand against every man and every man's hand against them. The land in which they live is for the most part desert and mountainous. The water holes are known only to the Arabs, and an army might march for days without finding a sufficient supply. Experts say that Spain needs an army of at least 100,000 men to prosecute the campaign with signal success."

The discovery of the hitherto unsuspected contiguity of Melilla to the Sahara will of itself merit a new and extraordinary session of the Royal Geographical Society. As to the complete identification of the Riffian Berbers as Arabs, it will make all ethnologists eager to have the *Advertiser* direct its inspired intelligence to the Basques. Even the water holes, "known only to the Arabs," which are doubtless situated on the summits of the lesser Atlas, that form such an impressive semicircle from Tetuan to the mouth of the Muluya, potently demand attention from the makers of the next Moroccan geography.

That the *Advertiser* had no respect for ancient landmarks its tragic betrayal of Plymouth Rock proved fully. But does its latest operation in the vicinity of the Pillars of Hercules indicate that it is equally contemptuous of the ordinary conventions of contemporary geography?

The Immutable Democratic Party.

From Waterloo out in Illinois comes the intelligence that a forgotten tariff reformer, Colonel WILLIAM R. MORRISON (Horizontal BILL), celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on Tuesday. Mr. MORRISON is not of this day, and has never taken advantage of his opportunities. San Juan in our generation has effaced the memory of Buena Vista, in which WILLIAM R. MORRISON fought as a private soldier, and it is almost beyond conception in these materialistic times that a veteran should insist upon his name being erased from the pension roll, as this hero of Buena Vista did when an enabling law was enacted for the benefit of Mexican veterans.

But the emergence of Mr. MORRISON from obscurity, characteristically by no act of his own, reminds us of something more relevant to the present than an independent man's refusal of a pension to which the law entitled him; we refer to the reception of the Horizontal tariff bill by the Democratic party of 1884. It proposed a reduction of 20 per cent. from the duties levied in a law enacted the previous year, and placed salt, coal and crude and manufactured lumber on the free list, in addition to articles already exempt from duty. The House decided to consider Mr. MORRISON's bill by a vote of 140 to 138, and upon final passage it was defeated, 155 to 159, forty-one Democrats being recorded against the measure and four Republicans in its favor.

The tariff schism in the Democratic party at the last session of Congress when the Payne-Aldrich bill was before it did not appear so much in the final vote as in the votes on separate schedules, but in its attitude toward revision the Democratic party does not change—the tail always wags the dog when the question of revision is squarely presented for action. If a reform bill is not defeated it is modified out of its primal shape, and we have lately seen that if the Republican party wants help in maintaining or raising duties there are always Democratic volunteers. Hence the tariff cannot be regarded as a party question.

A veteran chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and an ardent and indefatigable reviser, Horizontal BILL MORRISON, with a bouncing Democratic majority to appeal to, was impotent to realize his life's ambition. Obviously an even cut of rates on dutiable articles was not a scientific proposal, but that is to beg the question. The Democratic party no more wanted the Wilson brand of revision than it desired the Morrison kind, and it split upon the Payne and Aldrich Republican versions, although the mandate of a platform stared it in the face.

Mr. Hazeltine.

It is with profound and sincere regret that THE SUN records the death of MAYO W. HAZELTINE. For thirty years he had been in its service, an indefatigable writer, bringing to his task a store of learning and of knowledge of mankind almost incredible in its dimensions. He possessed a gift of industry akin to genius, and a retrospect of his work in the columns of the paper reveals a mass that would fill a library. He was a man of admirable personal qualities, self-contained and retiring in his habit, but sharing freely in the agreeable associations of life and endearing himself to many. His loss is a grave one to his profession, and to THE SUN irreparable.

Amundsen's Next Expedition.

When Professor EDWARD C. PICKERING of the Harvard College Observatory proposes that the United States Government maintain a floating station in the polar regions for scientific observation he must be aware that FRIDTJOF NANSEN, who is now professor of oceanography in Christiania University, said in an address before the Royal Geographical Society in London on April 29, 1907:

> "By far the most important task left for geographical research to perform in the Arctic regions is the exploration of the extent, depth and character of the polar basin. A great part of this work could be accomplished by drifting through the unknown part of the polar basin, as the Fram expedition did in 1893-96, north of the Fram's route."

Furthermore Professor PICKERING is not unmindful of the fact, we assume, that Captain ROALD AMUNDSEN has planned an expedition to the polar basin to do the work outlined by his famous countryman, and expects to have the use of the Fram, which belongs to the Norwegian State. Built to withstand the pressure of the ice pack, this stout little ship, which was NANSEN's home for so long a time, suffered no serious damage from her memorable voyage, or drift, in the Arctic region. Her soundness has lately been certified to by COLIN ARCHER, her builder. Lecturing before the Royal Geographical Society on January 25 of this year Captain AMUNDSEN said:

> "My plan is as follows: With the Fram equipped for seven years and a capable crew, I shall leave Norway in the beginning of 1910. We shall make for San Francisco round Cape Horn, taking in coal and provisions at the former place. We shall then shape our course for Point Barrow, the most northerly point of North America, which I hope to reach by July or August. From this place the last news will be sent home before the real voyage begins. On leaving Point Barrow it is my intention to continue the voyage with as small a crew as possible. We shall then make for the drift ice in a direction north by northwest, where we will then look for the most favorable place for pushing further north. When this has been found we shall go as far in as possible and prepare for a four or five years drift across the polar sea. Throughout our voyage up to this point I intend to make oceanographic observations; and from the moment the vessel becomes fast in the ice a series of observations will be begun with which I hope to solve some of the hitherto unsolved mysteries."

As an Arctic navigator there is no man more competent than the discoverer of the Northwest Passage. His equipment for the scientific work of such an expedition is equally beyond dispute. Captain AMUNDSEN has his own theories of what he would find during his long drift in Arctic waters, but wisely refrains from divulging them, although it may be conjectured that he does not expect to meet with land in large masses. Dr. NANSEN, who has a great admiration for AMUNDSEN, "both as a scientific explorer of the right stuff and also as a leader of men," expects to see him reappear on the coast of Norway "with his ship loaded with unique material of scientific observations"; but, reasoning from the fact that the American drift cask placed on the ice northwest of Point Barrow took six years to reach the Norwegian coast, Dr. NANSEN believes that Captain AMUNDSEN must resolve to dedicate as many years of his life to the researches he contemplates. Since NANSEN's voyage in 1893-96 there has been great improvement in instruments designed for deep sea sounding and dredging, as also in devices for meteorological observation. Captain AMUNDSEN intends to keep a complete record of temperatures at all depths of the sea, to make a study of its currents as well as of strata at the bottom, to determine salinities and gases in solution, and to give particular attention to plant and animal life on the ocean bed and in suspension. He has said that no one can doubt that there is a remarkable force at the back of "the magnificent auroras in the deep, gloomy, polar night," and he hopes to bring back information concerning them of interest to scientific men.

Captain ROALD AMUNDSEN is so well qualified by training and experience for such researches and so ardent an investigator that no one either in this country or in Europe will be disposed to steal a march on him and anticipate his adventure. If he emerges from it with valuable scientific data the question of establishing a drifting meteorological station in Arctic waters might then be seriously considered, but at present the proposal would hardly interest the gentlemen in Congress who are under the responsibility of making appropriations.

Police Punishment.

Commissioner BAKER has discontinued the system which his predecessor put into operation of punishing delinquent policemen by extra tours of duty, and there is nothing now to indicate that he will reestablish these penalties, although the Corporation Counsel has decided that they may legally be inflicted. Yet they seemed to constitute a just and humane method of making violators of the rules suffer for their misdeeds without involving innocent persons in the punishment and without inciting the policemen to further wrongdoing.

It is perfectly well known that fining a policeman results in one of two things: his family must suffer, or else the policeman will make up the amount of his fine, and probably a liberal commission for handling the money, by extortion of one kind or another. Which of these means the policeman is forced to adopt it is difficult to see wherein any person benefits, and the effect on the policeman himself is bound to be detrimental.

The extra tour of duty falls on the guilty man himself, and cannot be evaded. It does not deprive his family of needed money. It cannot be performed vicariously. It does not injure the man's standing or debar him from promotion. It is an excellent institution, worthy of readoption for the improvement of discipline and the sake of the men themselves.

An Attack on the Soldiery.

Every student of the art of war, every admirer of the most seasoned of American veterans, is pained by the decision of a Connecticut Judge that the Governor's Foot Guards of that State are not "soldiers." After this we are prepared to hear anything. Even that honest JACK FALSTAFF was no soldier.

The standing or footing of the Governor's Foot Guards is that of all those thunderbolts of war, those immortal companies of heroes, those picked and Tenth Legions, whose prowess is dear to every true American heart and stomach. In this hour of trial the Foot Guards do not foot or stand alone. Reenforcements and old reserve stocks of martialists troop to their relief amid the music of a thousand honking devil wagons. The Putnam Phalanx stretches bellicosely its pillared legs. The Worcester Continentals, the Amoskeag Veterans, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, all have drawn the cork. One equal temper of heroic hearts, they stand or fall with their brethren.

In this hour of trial the skies are still rosy. The director of the Lick Observatory reports that there is little or no water on Mars. The red god is worthy of his worshippers.

After Mr. TAFT's remarks at the Boston dinner upon the subject of his "swing around the circle" to see and be seen and to get in touch with his fellow citizens there ought not to be a critic left, fearful, censorious or cynical. He has no illusions about the undertaking. It is going to be hard upon his intellectuals and his digestion. He is not sure that he will be able to think of the right things to say or say them clearly and acceptably. He is sure that he has much to learn from the people about their needs, and has no doubt he will be a wiser man at the end of the ordeal and a better President. He is willing to be seen because the people like to look upon their President and "size him up." It is their right in a sense, and he won't flinch.

Mr. TAFT is not unmindful of his value to fairs and expositions as a drawing card, and he is glad to swell the box office receipts, and perhaps produce a surplus. But he dreads the brain fag and is afraid that he will repeat himself and be prosy, as to which he throws himself upon the mercy of the newspaper correspondents who travel with him. Thus he intimates the public will be saved from much suffering. Naive, frank and delightful is Mr. TAFT's apology for doing his duty, as he conceives such a round of speechmaking and sightseeing to be, and the humor of his regret that the itinerary will make a big hole in the Presidential allowance for travelling expenses will not be lost even upon those economists who sternly opposed the appropriation.

In the interests of domestic peace we sincerely trust that Canada will not merely claim the north pole but get it.

Is the Hon. JOSEPH WELDON BAILEY haunted? Are the wicked pursuing instead of fleeing? Three mighty streams of oil are reported to be "bubbling from the surface of the Gulf of Mexico, 160 miles southeast of Galveston" and moving rapidly toward Texas. Their purpose is only too plain. The vindicated, revindicated and ever to be vindicated statesman-pugilist has a deadlier foe to face than BRYAN.

Now that the City Hall statue of Justice has been whitewashed we are ready for the campaign.

We observe at the very head of a published list of guests at the Boston dinner to President TAFT the name of Captain ARCHIBALD W. BUTT. Robust, serviceable, ubiquitous and seasoned as the genial Captain is, he must blush to lead the clerics, diplomats, justices, secretaries, Senators and Governors on such an occasion.

> Public Service Commission wants more. Finds it will need another extra $150,000 for expenses.—*News headline.*

Another reduction of transfers is in sight.

PEARY'S MUSK OXEN.

A Friend of Arctic Fauna Rises to Ask an Explanation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* An intimate knowledge of things and conditions and flora and fauna in the Arctic regions, which was once the exclusive accomplishment of the very well read, is now the common property of the multitude. This is an admirable addition to the sum of popular knowledge, and particularly so as it enables us to challenge with some confidence certain inexplicable doings on the part of Arctic explorers which would formerly have been accepted meekly in dumb, uncomprehending submission.

We read that among other little souvenirs from the polar plains Commander Peary brought with him on the Roosevelt several musk oxen; also that the latter became so recalcitrant as the ship advanced to the south that it was necessary to slay them; finally, that after the slaughter the heads of these unfortunate exotic creatures were placed in the ship's rigging to be thoroughly cured. All this a few years ago might well have seemed plausible as a sad but inevitable incident to Arctic exploration; but we know better now, and I write to you in indignation to ask what possible excuse the explorer can bring forward for so depressing a "holocaust."

Musk oxen, as the smallest child can tell us nowadays, live in Ellesmere Land, and in the cold winter when sustaining food, food rich in calorific properties, is appropriate, they feed heartily and unstintedly on the great, rich, luscious pastures of vintage ice. In the summers, however, when the hot weather sets in and the thermometer not infrequently rises to 8 degrees and sometimes even so high as to 10 degrees, nature, universal mother, impels them to a change, as she impels her wild children of all spheres, and they browse lightly and sparingly off the delicate spring snow.

Now how did Commander Peary expect to reproduce these conditions for the musk oxen in our uncertain and treacherous climate? If he surmised, as a man of his intelligence should, that a reproduction of Arctic conditions would be well nigh impossible here, why, why in the name of the S. P. C. A. did he ship the animals? Let him answer that if he can.

Two years ago I was walking through the Bronx zoo and was much struck by the extremely well bred expression of amiability on the countenance of a polar bear. It was the expression of amiability often seen on the faces of royalties abroad. It seemed to indicate an immense detachment from the ordinary incidents of sublunary existence, together with a really sweet and gentle nature. And what was this polar bear doing? He was standing on his hind legs in the uttermost shadow of a high rock in his cage, perfunctorily but fastidiously nibbling at a loaf of bread which he held in his paws. As I gazed at him in sympathy and respectful admiration, two small dark eyed boys, evidently from the lower East Side, suddenly decided to choose me as umpire in a dispute. They wanted to know what was the staple food of polar bears in the Arctic regions, bread or fish.

Poor polar bear! He was unable to raise his voice in nostalgic plaint, but how I would have loved to put him on board the Jeanie and at Etah to land him, and amid the cheers of the befurred inhabitants to hand him a final loaf of bread in front of the principal igloo, and to see him find his bearings and

The Bronx forgetting, by the Bronx forgot,

shamble off amiably and joyously toward Ellesmere Land, the drift ice, the open leads and the north pole. K.

NEW YORK, September 14.

The Loeb Laying On of Hands Intolerable to Freemen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Like "J. R. W.," who dealt with the customs holdup by Collector Loeb's men in a letter to THE SUN, I am a stay at home and a free trader, but somehow I can extend my compass of reason beyond the line of distinction between the "fortunate" traveller and the "unfortunates" of my class, and I can view the matter as one of a vast number of American citizens who, while law abiding, object to being treated by their own public servants as thieves and robbers.

Protection as understood by me relates to trade, and admitting the popularity of the principle, however repugnant it may be to some of us, I can approve of such a just administration of the law as will preserve our commercial and manufacturing interests from foreign interference. To that end the pursuit of a real object of suspicion is admissible, nothing more.

That Collector Loeb or any other customs official should "frisk" a homecomer on the mere chance of proving him a perjurer is an assumption of arbitrary power not to be tolerated by free people, whether they are "free traders" or "protectionists." J. W. E.

NEW YORK, September 14.

Oliver Yale Found.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Yale of Saugerties, N. Y., saying that they have heard from their son, Oliver H. Yale, Jr., and that he is well. They asked me to notify you and to thank you and your valuable paper for the interest you have taken in the matter. L. V. STIMUS.

BROOKLYN, September 15.

To a Two-Year-Old.

So you're two years old to-day!
Heavens, how time does fly away!
Even I am growing gray.
I know it!
No one seems to mind a bit,
Though I am a sorry wit,
And—you needn't mention it—
A poet!

Don't you follow in my shoes,
For 'most any one who woos
What they call "the merry Muse"
Will rue it!
Lines of verse look very nice,
But the usual market price
Is so bad—take my advice,
Don't do it!

And when you have made your pile
Give a thought once in a while
To this bard who with a smile
Advises
That you'll never, never let
Poetry become your pet,
Or in life you will not get
The prizes.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

THE NATIONAL LAND LAWS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—During its existence as a nation the United States has given or sold to private owners hundreds of millions of acres of public lands which to-day represent in their total a valuation expressed in billions of dollars. The policy adopted and pursued in the early days was defensible and even commendable. Settlers were wanted in the great West and inducements were necessary. Free land or cheap land proved an irresistible attraction and settlers swarmed westward. Railroads were needed, and land grants on a gigantic scale made railroads possible. Under this system endless miles of wilderness became one of the world's greatest producing areas and the home of millions of industrious and prosperous people.

The change in conditions was not attended by change in the laws. There was a continuance of the policy of treating public land as of little or no value, to be given, or at best sold cheaply, to those who applied for it. Under these antiquated laws petty frauds and gigantic swindles came into existence and flourished mightily. All attempts to remedy the evil, to adjust the laws to the new conditions, were fought by the representatives of those who were making money by processes which were in fact the equivalent of robbery of the American people. All efforts to punish offenders were blocked and delayed, in spite of the courage and the fidelity of such men as the late Ethan Allen Hitchcock, until the prosecution of land fraud cases has come to be almost a farce.

Last year the General Land Office reported the United States (the American people) as the owner of 754,895,296 acres of "land areas unappropriated and unreserved." This includes Alaska's 368,021,500 unsurveyed acres. Leaving out the Alaskan area and the appropriated and reserved areas of the country proper it appears that the United States is now the proprietor of 386,873,787 acres of the least valuable land out of an original possession of 1,441,436,160 acres. Out of this 226,690,938 acres are reported as "surveyed" and 160,182,849 acres as "unsurveyed." Very little farming land remains for distribution. Much the larger part of the timber land has been either distributed or included in the national forests. The mineral resources of the unsurveyed regions are either little known or quite unknown.

Naturally States like Montana, Wyoming and Nevada, in which there are still considerable areas of public land, desire a continuance of the old system as an inducement to settlers. The people of such States are vigorously indignant because the national forests include tracts on which there are no trees and which are suitable for farming. The quarrels over lands in Alaska suggest the probability of other quarrels to come as a result of new discoveries in regions about which little or nothing is now known. It is certainly possible that there are other mineral deposits of great value in that corner of our possessions. There are forests of size and value and there is more land suitable for cultivation than is generally supposed. It may be well enough to encourage settlement by offering the farming lands on generous terms, but there should be conservation of the timber and the mineral lands.

The gift or the bargain sale of highly valuable forest and mineral lands for the enrichment of the few by the careless liberality of the many is now a national folly. Every possible acre of public land should be reserved until by proper survey a fair valuation can be determined and a fair price set on the property. About three-quarters of the original national holding has passed into private hands. A considerable percentage of the whole has undoubtedly been acquired by processes of doubtful legality, and much has been acquired by glaring fraud. For what remains as national property new laws should be devised in the interest of the present owners, the people of the United States.

Rough on Cats.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your hearty expression of pleasure at seeing the evidence once more of the intense mental activity of Dr. Clinton Hartt Merriam on rats is most natural. We too out here in the heart of Taft Land have been overjoyed, like yourself, with a nice copy of this beautiful and instructive monograph on Mus rattus; this rodent will certainly now rise up and call on the great ruler of animal life to bless Merriam, for has not this grim scientist advised his fellow men to get rid of all tom and tabby cats?

That success which followed the planting of thousands of essays by Merriam on the Geomyidæ, out in those gopher smitten regions of the West a few years ago, has made this pouched rat very popular among the Hoosiers and the Suckers there. That "dynamic energy" of the gopher's teeth, as described by this student of natural history and humble follower of T. R. (as a faunal naturalist) has aroused among the savants of Indiana and Illinois the most affectionate regard for these rats.

That recommendation of this learned naturalist as to cats solves the rat question sure, that is if the cats only go; but there are toms and tabbies who may defeat this scientist's recommendations, eh?

REUBEN SYLVESTER.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, September 13.

Bavarian Beer.

From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

In 1908, despite the complaints of depression from the brewers, the beer production of Bavaria was 466,261,369 gallons, or only 4,179,503 gallons less than in 1907. Only 73,289,502 gallons, or 1½ per cent., were exported, and as an offset to this export there were imported 2,241,455 gallons of foreign beer. The home consumption was therefore 248 quarts of beer for every man, woman and child in the kingdom. Only 12,154,356 gallons of the exports went to foreign countries, the balance being consumed by the various other German States. The United States during 1908 bought, in round figures, about 2,000,000 gallons of Bavarian beer, which was invoiced, including freight to Bremen, at about $395,000. This is slightly less than 20 cents a gallon. Of this amount a little more than one-third, $125,414, was invoiced at the Nuremburg consulate, but it was mostly brewed at Wuersburg. Munich sent over to America slightly more than Nuremburg, invoice value $169,071, and the balance came from Kulmbach, also a Bavarian beer town, but which belongs to the Coburg consular district.

The 1908 Bavarian beer statistics indicate that the steady absorption of the smaller breweries by the big brewing associations still continues. During the past two years the number of breweries has dropped from 10,889 to 10,465. Of the total number, 9,501 breweries make the well known dark Bavarian beer, and only 964, most of which are in the Kulmbach district, make light (pale) beer. The total malt tax paid by the Bavarian brewers for 1908 was $9,503,734, or $346,658 less than for 1907.

A Hungarian Pompeii.

From the London Globe.

A despatch from Budapest announces that a Hungarian archæologist, M. Duday, in certain excavations which he was superintending near Zalbo, in Transylvania, has discovered the site of the ancient Roman city of Porolissum, and is enabled to reconstruct the town. The houses have resisted the ravages of time, being substantially built of brick and adjoining one another. The rooms are very small, but regular in form. M. Duday has also come upon the ancient theatre, of great dimensions, which should give some idea of the size of the town. The archæologist considers that Porolissum had a population of thirty thousand.

DUPLICATION OF BUREAUS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—The official agencies for promoting and investigating our foreign trade relations are in no little danger of becoming injuriously confused. The work is now scattered among three departments, the Department of Commerce and Labor, the State Department and the Treasury Department. The Treasury work is generally limited to matters affecting the customs service. The Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor records and publishes the figures of import and export trade and issues books, pamphlets and leaflets reporting commerce and commenting thereon. The Bureau of Manufactures of the same department has its agents abroad investigating and reporting trade conditions and trade opportunities. Its daily bulletin is made up in part of the reports of those agents and in part of consular reports obtained through and from the State Department. It also furnishes directly through correspondence information wanted by exporters or wouldbe exporters.

The State Department has its Bureau of Trade Relations, which through a special appropriation made under the urgent deficiency bill approved August 5 is now expanding its scope and increasing its activities. The State Department under the same appropriation is also creating divisions for special attention to relations with Latin America and with the Far East. In addition to these bureaus and divisions there is the Bureau of American Republics, through which much excellent work is now being done.

To the interest and the activity thus displayed by the officials there can be no possible objection. The country needs a larger foreign business, and the need of new markets for our increasing output becomes more and more emphatic every year. It is virtually impossible to leave the investigation of the foreign field entirely to individual effort. A few large concerns do their own investigating and their sales represent an important part of our total export trade. There are, however, thousands of smaller concerns for which the cost of the enterprise makes investigation an impossibility, and to some of them this official work has brought business that represented profit and increased payrolls. In 1900 our shipments of "manufactures ready for consumption" and of "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" were valued at $484,885,800. In 1908 they were valued at $750,575,000. An important part of this increase is due to official activity.

The present system of scattered forces and duplicated work is clearly open to many serious objections. It is costly and confusing. There should be consolidation and undivided control.

BEAN PORRIDGE HOT.

The Voice of Boston Weeping for its Children is Heard.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is evident that many New Yorkers were afflicted with a bad case of Sun burn on September 11, at least those who remained under the influence of THE SUN long enough to peruse the editorial article in the issue of that day which sought with mathematical precision to prove that since Boston is equal to the occasion and since Beans are equal to the occasion, then Boston must coincide with Bean and Bean with Boston. Alas that the facts should be otherwise!

Years, aye eons agone, that article would have voiced the whole truth and nothing but the truth; yet since the influx of New Yorkers, inland New Jerseyites, Fenians, Eskimos, strange tribes from every clime, the family of Bean has become decadent in this its native hamlet, and its members have been scattered far and wide over the face of the earth. Our great city, grieved at the defection of one of its famous first families, like the moping owl "doth to the moon complain of such as, wandering near her sacred bower, molest her ancient, solitary reign." In strangest guises, in strangest lands, members of the Bean family are presented to travelling, nostalgic Bostonians as "The Men From Home," but a word or two of deft catechizing and presto! the alleged Beans shamefacedly admit that they never were named with that sacred name, but were born into such common families as Lima, Schell, Kidney, Wax and others of the bourgeoisie.

It is thus that Boston, through the heartless acquisitiveness of the lesser cities of the world, has come to lose its prestige as the home, sweet home of all the Beans that stalk the earth. Hence we citizens of the good old town raise our voices in condemnation of all who have enticed the family of Bean away from the Hub of the Universe, and in protest against such a rub it in editorial as the above article referred to.

JAMES A. FINN.

BOSTON, September 15.

The Years of the Biblical Patriarchs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The synopsis in THE SUN of the article in the *Jewish World* on the ages of the Biblical patriarchs is interesting, but the hypotheses there given are not new. There are two fatal objections to all such theories: (1) If we apply the years of one month to the ages of the patriarchs at the birth of their sons we have a *reductio ad absurdum*, for 130 (months) years old according to the Hebrew text, or even 230 according to the LXX. version, when Seth was born we get 10 plus and 19 plus; the former impossible and the latter barely probable. But when we take the thirty-odd years of the postdiluvians, we have the absurd result of about two and a half years, which is "going some" even for Orientals. (2) The account of the Deluge in Genesis shows that the narrator assumes a year of 365 days as in use then.

In 1851 a German Catholic priest published a book entitled "Chronology of Genesis," in which he put forth a most ingenious theory to reconcile the conflicting chronologies of the patriarchs in the Hebrew, LXX. and Samaritan versions. He assumes a year of 216 days, or six-tenths of a solar year. Unfortunately there is no proof that any such year was ever used. The only years we have any record of are three: (1) The lunar year; (2) the vague year of 365 days, and (3), the fixed year of 365¼ days. Therefore we must either reject the chronology of Genesis as fabulous or accept it as meaning years of the usual length.

MIANUS, Conn., September 14. MIANUS.

An "If" in the Night Riders' Case.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A farmhand took a neighbor's horse out of his barn one night and after working the animal for six months, from early spring to late fall, on his boss's farm was returning it to the owner's stable when he was arrested by a constable and accused of grand larceny. The farmhand maintained that he had no intention of stealing the horse and was sure the law would so hold. The owner of the horse in the meantime not only lost the use of the animal but was at considerable expense employing officers of the law to hunt for it.

Suppose a policeman had happened along when the stablemen were taking the horse out of the barn at Sheepshead Bay and he had arrested them and they were brought up in court for horse stealing, would the plea that they had no intention of stealing the horse have saved them from the charge of grand larceny? Could the policeman or the court tell what they intended to do with the horse?

PERRY LUKENS, Jr.

NEW YORK, September 15.

Aristhiou.

From the Manchester Guardian.

In a small village in Switzerland is a comfortable old inn much frequented by English, and the menu generally includes one dish supposed to be specially British. Though the orthography is peculiar, the meaning is generally obvious, as, for example, "rost bif rôti," "rumesteck"; but "aristhiou de mouton à l'Anglais" was puzzling. The first word had a distinctly classical appearance which suggested a Greek origin. But when the dish appeared the meaning flashed into the guests' minds. "Aristhiou" was the Swiss chef's attempt to render phonetically the words "Irish stew."

Speeding Kansas.

From the Shoe Retailer.

Over ninety automobiles have been sold to Atchison county farmers within the last three months.

JULIUS KRUTTSCHNITT.

A Nephew of the Famous and Brilliant Judah P. Benjamin.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, one of the three or four important men in Mr. E. H. Harriman's former entourage, has a history behind him which may account for some of his intellectual traits. It is not generally known that he is a nephew of the famous Judah P. Benjamin, once a United States Senator from Louisiana, afterward a member of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet, and still later a Queen's counsel in London, and for many years easily in the front rank of British barristers. This because he was born in the British West Indies and was therefore a British subject.

Judah P. Benjamin was a Jew, a man of extraordinary brilliancy and power, an advocate of special equipment and authority. It is told of him that after he had left Jamaica to reside in New Orleans and was in fact conducting his campaign for the Senatorship at Washington, he visited the northern part of Louisiana, and there, among the wool hats of that day, he was assailed by a competitor on the score of his religion and his race. Benjamin waited until his accuser had quite done. Then he arose from his seat, advanced to the front rail of the platform and said in those melodious tones which the world afterward learned to know so well: "The honorable gentleman has denounced me as a Jew. In truth and fact I am one, and I am proud of it. And when my ancestors were worshipping the true God and fighting under the white banners of the Maccabees, his forebears were feeding swine upon the Scandinavian hills, and, history tells us, were little better than the hogs they fed." He was a short man and oleaginous, but there was fire in his eye and thrill upon thrill in his carrying voice. As the result he "got an ovation" and a solid majority in the district of which he was most doubtful.

Julius Kruttschnitt is Judah P. Benjamin's last remaining nephew. He is 55 years old. He took a degree as mining engineer at Washington and Lee University in Virginia in 1873, afterward taught school, and in 1878 entered the service of the Louisiana and Texas Railroad.

I make this mention of Mr. Kruttschnitt not because there is anything unusual in his rise, for Americans are repeating that every hour of the day, but in the interest of a history which is rich in material and needs occasional reminders. PELICAN.

NEW YORK, September 15.

MOTHER GOOSE'S FATHER.

Suggestion for a Celebration of the Bicentennial of John Newbery.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The month of July in the year 1913 will see the 200th anniversary of the birth of John Newbery, the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Church Yard, whose life by Charles Welsh was published about thirty years ago under the title of "A Bookseller of the Last Century." Newbery was immortalized by Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield," by Dr. Johnson in the "Idler," by Washington Irving in "Bracebridge Hall," and by many other writers who have recognized the influence of the first man who published, wrote, edited and compiled books for "all those little masters and misses who are good or intend to be good."

We have travelled a long way since Newbery and Goldsmith cooperated on that famous list of books of which "Goody Two Shoes" and "Tommy Trip" may be taken as among the best examples, but if it were only for the fact that Newbery was the first to give the "Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose" to the world in collected form his memory should be kept green by English speaking children wherever they may be found.

Newbery's original collection of "Mother Goose's" melodies has, moreover, an added interest, for there is no doubt that Goldsmith had a hand in the editing, annotating and arranging of the first edition while he was living with and working for John Newbery.

Neither in London at the scene of his labors, over against the north door of St. Paul's Church Yard, nor at Canonbury House, Islington, where he and Goldsmith lived and worked together, nor at his birthplace, Waltham St. Lawrence, is there anything of prominence to keep John Newbery's name in remembrance.

"Mother Goose" has enriched countless publishers who have banished both the name of Goldsmith and of Newbery from their editions, and has delighted children innumerable on both sides of the Atlantic, and the year of the 200th anniversary of his birth would be an appropriate time in which to commemorate in some enduring way the life work of a man who was, as Goldsmith said, "not only the friend of the children but the friend of all mankind."

This would seem to be the more necessary, for a claim to have been the originator of this collection was made about forty years ago on behalf of a Mrs. Goose, or Vergoose, the mother-in-law of one Thomas Fleet, a printer who flourished in Boston, U. S. A., during the eighteenth century. The absurdity of this contention was amply demonstrated by H. W. Whitmore, a former City Register of that city, in his preface to a facsimile of Newbery's edition which he published in 1892; but ancient superstitions and modern myths alike die hard, and there are thousands in America to-day who cling to the idea that Mother Goose was an American lady, instead of a nom de plume borrowed by Newbery from Charles Perrault's "Contes de ma Mère L'Oye," published in the seventeenth century, and which had an origin still more remote, as any one may learn who will read Longfellow's "Ancient French Romances."

The Marquis of Northampton, the owner of Canonbury House, where as a contemporary poetaster has it:

> Learned Chambers treasured lore for men,
> And Newbery there his A B C's for babes,

has recently restored it and made of it a museum of North London Antiquities, and a movement is on foot to secure subscriptions to raise some enduring monument, either in Canonbury House or elsewhere, to the memory of the father of children's books, a most laudable enterprise, for the rhymes and jingles of "Mother Goose" have laid the foundation of the love of literature in all of us, and a monument or memorial of some kind to the memory of the man who first put them within the reach of everybody seems to be as worthy an object as the erection of a memorial to the immortal Shakespeare himself.

In doing this let us not forget our great American publisher whose name forever deserves to be linked with that of John Newbery, for he reprinted all the Newbery-Goldsmith books in America as fast as they came out in England, among them the famous "Mother Goose's Melody." The memorial to John Newbery by grateful English and American children should in some way enshrine with the name of John Newbery that of Isaiah Thomas.

CHARLES WELSH.

WINTHROP, Mass., September 13.

Nationality in China.

From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

A Chinese newspaper states that the law of nationality, consisting of twenty-four articles, has been decided upon. By this law any person who has lived in China over ten years and is above twenty years of age, of good moral standing, being helpful to China, may be allowed to assume Chinese nationality, if asked for. Unless one has lived in China more than twenty years he will not be allowed to serve in the Grand Council, Imperial Household Department, or as a military official in any position above the fourth grade, neither can he become a member of Parliament nor of the Provisional Council. When one wishes to abandon his nationality as a Chinese he must first get the consent of the board concerned or he cannot lose his nationality. Only a person who has no official position or has not failed to pay taxes is allowed to abandon his nationality. When a Chinese woman marries a foreigner she will abandon her Chinese nationality, and when a foreign woman marries a Chinese she will become Chinese. In either assuming or abandoning nationality the wife and children will follow the husband's nationality. A woman who is married is not allowed to change her nationality alone. Women who are divorced and persons who have abandoned Chinese nationality before the laws are enforced will be treated as Chinese so long as they live in and enjoy their rights in China.

A Kansas Reformer.

From the Emporia Gazette.

There is a nice little row brewing at Atchison. Mayor Allaman, the greatest reformer of modern times, is accused of drawing $15 a month from the city treasury in the name of his stenographer and putting it down in his jeans.