The Sun.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1909.

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

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 70
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.

Due to the Worthy Jurist.

We permitted ourselves yesterday, in an impulsive moment, to observe that "a worse man than Judge GAYNOR might have been chosen, but that it would have entailed a good deal of trouble to find him." A more mature consideration convinces us that we have been unjust to Judge GAYNOR, a decision which is in no wise impaired by a thoughtful perusal of the nominating address of Mr. EDWARD M. SHEPARD, than whom there is no living man whose deglutition of his own sense of decency and self-respect more challenges our wonder. We hasten to make amends to W. J. GAYNOR, Judge: We shall not again so egregiously err as to assert that a worse man than he might have been chosen.

Mr. Taft's Plan for Governing Alaska.

From frigid Fairbanks, far in the interior of Alaska, in fact 300 miles north of Mount McKinley, a message praying for self-government was sent by the mayors of cities and others to President TAFT at Seattle on the very day he took up the needs of Alaska in a public speech.

The petitioners asked for "the creation of a government by the people of this Territory and in aid of the development of its natural resources," and indicated the bill introduced by Delegate WICKERSHAM at the recent session of Congress as the kind of legislation desired by "press and people." That bill provided for a legislature of twenty-four members, eight Senators and sixteen Representatives, to sit sixty days at Juneau every second year. It was referred to the Committee on Territories. President TAFT has another plan for the government of Alaska. He does not believe, as he said at Seattle on Thursday, that the unorganized Territory has "a population of sufficient number or sufficient ability and permanence of residence" to warrant the creation of such a form of government as Arizona and New Mexico have. This is the President's plan:

"The only way properly to develop Alaska for the benefit of everybody in it is to bring the Territory under the management of one bureau and department in Washington so that all the officials in the Government shall have to respond to one head, and so also that the interests of the entire Territory shall be centred in one responsible bureau chief in Washington, whose business it shall be through his department chief to present to Congress the needs of the Territory, to follow legislation, and to attend to everything at the national capital in which the people of the Territory are interested."

Mr. TAFT would entrust the legislative power to a commission of five or more members appointed by the President to act with the Governor, also appointed by him. This was the Philippine plan before an elective assembly was organized in Manila; but it will be noted that Mr. TAFT says that it would not be wise, or necessary, to give to an Alaska commission as much legislative power as was vested in the Philippine commission. When the Alaskans hear of this alternative they will understand that the Wickersham bill is doomed, or at least they will realize that the President in his message to Congress will recommend the commission form of government—unless he changes his mind meanwhile.

Opposition in Congress to the Taft plan of adapting Philippine methods to the needs of an American continental territory may be expected. We should not be surprised if there were a devil of an uproar over it. It will be said with deep resentment that freeborn Americans engaged in developing the untold and prolific resources of Alaska are not to be classed with Filipinos, if they do live up near the Arctic circle, and that the President should discriminate between them and the Eskimos. Alaska is now governed from Washington, although the President and Congress have the help of the Federal officeholders in the Territory, including the Judges, and, of course, of the elected Delegate, a representative of very recent origin. The census of 1900 disclosed a population of 63,592, of whom 30,507 were whites, 29,536 natives, and the rest negroes and Asiatics, including Russian subjects. The white population is still less than 50,000. Some authorities estimate it even lower. But at any rate Alaska contains a good many more white men than could be counted for Nevada when admitted as a State in 1864.

In his very last annual message Mr. ROOSEVELT recommended that some form of local government should be provided for Alaska, but beyond saying that it should be as simple and inexpensive as possible he advanced no ideas on the subject. It was in the same message that Mr. ROOSEVELT impressed upon Congress that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition "is not sentimental in its conception, but seeks to exploit the natural resources of Alaska and to promote the commerce, trade and industry of the Pacific States," &c. The Alaskans evidently were expecting a different solution of their problem of government from that which with great boldness Mr. TAFT has offered, presumably from a notion that to allow Alaska a local Legislature would be to abandon it to the tender mercies of predatory capitalists. We fancy that the Alaskans will hold out sturdily for self-government on the elective plan, and that they will tell Mr. TAFT that under any previous form of organized territorial government the Governor elected has the power of veto and the field of legislation is restricted by Congress. Moreover, Congress may exercise a right; set aside the laws enacted by the Territorial Legislature.

Another Moroccan Affair.

The Moroccan affair seems to have entered upon an American stage. At all events, this is the view the French newspapers take of the presence in Washington of envoys of MULAY HAFID. They are here, the French assert, to request this country to become the protector of Morocco, to guarantee its territorial integrity against French and Spanish aggrandizement. As a reward Morocco is to give this country the port of Mogador, to be a naval base as well as a commercial port. The whole incident, moreover, is the matter of the most serious consideration on the part of the French journals.

The port of Mogador, of course, is the great prize of western Morocco. It was the object of German ambition for many years. That it was offered to Germany on the same terms that are now alleged to be within our reach is the common belief in Europe, but at Algeciras, England and France, as well as Spain, effectively blocked this plan. There was to be no German "sphere of influence," no Kiao-chau in Morocco, these nations affirmed, and indicated their readiness to resist such a proposition even by actual war. This declaration seems to have almost ended the German experiment in the rôle of protector of Morocco.

It is hard to believe that the proposition now presented in the French newspapers will receive more than humorous attention on this side of the Atlantic. Of all the problems demanding solution in the world there is none to compare with Morocco at the present moment. Spain has tried. France has tried. Both have employed armies to make even a little progress, and the idea that an American army will be sent to Morocco is quite as absurd as the idea that an American army will be despatched to protect the neutrality of Tibet. Granted that the envoys of MULAY HAFID were sent for this purpose, the failure of their mission is of course foreordained.

About the present value of Mogador as a naval station, moreover, there is much to be said in the way of argument. Admirably situated of course it is. Whether its harbor could be made available for the modern super-Dreadnought without enormous expense, however, may well be doubted. That it would be in perpetual stage of siege the history of Melilla indicates. Of its commercial value under the present régime in Morocco there is also grave doubt. The port of the city of Morocco, the natural outlet of all southwestern Morocco, it certainly is, and in days of tranquillity it has known very great prosperity. But in recent years this has vanished with the long series of civil wars. Nor could it be revived unless the task of organizing the hinterland were undertaken by the nation occupying it.

Interesting as a novel development of international affairs, the present incident cannot warrant even a passing glance as a serious proposition. That the United States could ever undertake a colonial experiment in Africa passes the dream of the wildest expansionist. But the incident is interesting as it suggests a final effort on the part of the rulers of Morocco to avoid the inevitable. The spectacle of the last great ruler of an independent African kingdom sending his envoys to this country to seek aid to resist the invasion of civilization, the sight of his Sheriffian Highness observing the discovery of the Hudson and of steam navigation in America, is not the least amazing incident of the whole Hudson-Fulton celebration.

The anxiety of the French newspapers in this affair, however, is as unnecessary as it is amusing. With the ultimate fate of Morocco the United States can never be concerned. That it will presently follow the course of Tunis is the view that finds widest acceptance on this side of the Atlantic. If French order and system can repeat in the Moghreb their work in eastern Barbary the satisfaction in America will be complete, but in any case the American interest must remain academic. Whatever obstacles lie in the pathway of France in North Africa, they will be found in German and not in American interference.

A Respite for President Taft.

Charleston and Savannah are keeping very quiet these days. They stand aside while other cities do the shouting. President TAFT will come to them exhausted after a long course of railway travel and mysterious entrées. Even in New Orleans, under the auspices of the Progressive Union, he will be oppressed by strange dishes unfit for weary tourists. If New Orleans would summon to her councils M. PAUL CAPDIEVILLE and others like him all might yet be well, but New Orleans will not, and so the dreary procession of strange plots will go on and Mr. TAFT emerge from them more distressed than ever. But Charleston and Savannah, saying nothing, are lying quietly in wait, and the President's much abused stomach will come into its own at last, we think.

It has already been given out that the Chief Magistrate is sore on Lucullan tidbits, whatever that may mean; and various communities in the West and South are accordingly preparing "beef and" with the usual quick lunch accessories instead. What they will do to him in New Orleans we do not know. The last time he went there they talked of "alligator steaks"—just a trifle worse than the Georgia possum—and he sat down to a feast composed chiefly of a more or less agreeable company and some palatable "tail ends." The approaching perihelion is involved in mystery, but we may be sure that it will be distinguished by unmeaning noise and the finest triumphs of the florist's and the decorator's art. Our heart goes out to Mr. TAFT, likewise to New Orleans, capable of supreme achievement in the gustatory line; but what is he to do enveloped in a cordon of committees and delivered over to a regimen of well meant but unsanitary pièces de résistance?

If, however, he survives to visit Charleston and Savannah we may expect good humor, rest and eventual recuperation. Evidently the committees in those towns are lying on their oars, so to speak, although they say nothing. As it happens, Charleston has no restaurant of which wise men will take notice. Savannah has Thunderbolt and other refuges; but both have sources of delectable things for feasting purposes, and both, we do believe, possess the good taste to set forth the results in simple but attractive form. What with whiting and with shrimps and pillau and hot bread and fried chicken and a dozen other things originally intended for the gods, they can both invite and soothe the Presidential stomach and at the same time expedite the Presidential digestion. They know, or if they don't they ought to know, that he doesn't want the stupid entrées he gets in Washington, and in a more or less depraved condition in the provinces. And even if they didn't know, their own convictions and intuitions should be enough to warn them from a foolish path.

We look forward to Charleston and Savannah with an expectation which it were futile to describe as anxious. We expect, in fact, that one or the other of them will "do the trick." At all events Mr. TAFT'S alimentary tract should have a much needed rest.

Forgotten by the Committee.

When men have worked as hard, and generally with success so great, as have the managers of the Hudson-Fulton celebration it seems ungracious to criticise. Yet there are many citizens who are unable to understand the neglect of the management to include in its list of entertainments a sample of the recreation which Collector LOEB provides at this port for home-coming Americans.

Mr. LOEB himself has assured the public that those who are privileged to receive the ministrations of his subordinates enjoy their experiences most heartily. He testifies that their submission to the process of unclothing is marked by "amiability and good nature," and he particularly recommends for children of tender age, by whom the novelty of undressing under Federal auspices is highly esteemed, a half hour with his accomplished searchers. And yet the Hudson-Fulton celebration, designed to commemorate two famous men and to depict the advances of civilization, takes no heed of this surpassingly effective method of making life better worth the living.

It is fortunately not too late to repair the error of omission into which the promoters of the Hudson-Fulton show have fallen. There is to be a carnival to-night, in which the process of welcoming an American home might fittingly be illustrated. The principals in this commemorative episode might be drawn from the numbers of those who have participated in such incidents. The jocular inspectors, the care free, laughing, happy voyagers might reproduce the scenes on the steamship piers, and Collector LOEB himself might most appropriately deliver an address, the title of his "offering" to be, for instance, "The Lark of the Holdup; Happy Hours Under Suspicion."

After Mr. ORVILLE WRIGHT's feats with his aeroplane in Berlin—on Thursday he rose to a height of 900 feet in the presence of the Empress—New York expects something record breaking from his brother WILBUR. Hitherto Hudson-Fulton celebration aeronautics have been disappointing to a rapt community that cranes the neck at every mote in the sky and takes it for an oncoming or receding aeroplane.

How will any one prove that COOK and PEARY did plant the American flag upon an igloo at the pole?—*The Duke of* ORLEANS.

Goo! Goo! Who cares now?

Mr. BRYAN, refusing to discuss the tariff with JOE BAILEY on a public platform, says:

"A debate might be pleasing to the participants and entertaining to the audience, but I think that the subject which I am endeavoring to present is worthy of calm and serious consideration."

We can't conceive of the audience being entertained unless the disputants put on the gloves.

I had thought to pass my life in my present exalted office, but man proposes and GOD disposes.—*The Hon.* WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

But why leave MURPHY out?

The Hon. EUGENE N. FOSS on a Democratic State ticket in Massachusetts! Has there not been fighting enough in the ranks of the Bay State Democracy?

Samaritan Indeed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why is it so hard for an honest man to get a lift? Several years ago I helped a man to get a start. I was living in South Dakota. Crops were poor; work was scarce in consequence. I could have turned him off with half a dozen excuses; but instead I signed a note for quite a sum. He got the money and paid the note in the specified time. It made a man of him too.

I believe there are men now who might be assisted if they were only known. I did not think then I would ever wish for such a favor, but I would be glad of it, and would pay it too, every cent. REX.

NEW LONDON, Conn., September 30.

Miss 1910.

She used to give him The Mitten,
Then changed it into The Sack.
Still later, when he was smitten,
She Turned Him Down with a whack.
But the up to date maid of the fable,
When she sees him beginning to pop,
Will gracefully sever the cable
And give him The Parachute Drop!

ROBERT E. INNIS.

PORTO RICO'S LATEST WOE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—An arrangement which was called an "additional commercial agreement between France and the United States" became effective on February 1, 1908. It was a supplement to the earlier trade agreements dated May 28, 1898, and August 20, 1902. By its provisions France admitted certain products of the United States, "including Porto Rico," at the rates of its minimum tariff "or at the lowest rates applied to the like products of any other foreign origin." In exchange this country reduced its rates on French wines. In the approval of the agreement in this country the benefit accruing to the Porto Rican coffee industry was almost if not quite the determining influence.

As a result of the Payne bill these agreements will terminate on November 1. That they will be renewed in some form on or soon after April 1 next is little short of a foregone conclusion. France could ill afford the penalty of the 25 per cent. increase, to be imposed under section 2 of the Payne bill, for failure to grant the United States its most favorable tariff rates. Such an increase would reduce materially the $100,000,000 market which France now finds in this country. In the meantime, between November 1, 1909, and April 1, 1910, Porto Rico is a victim, and is likely to find trouble in disposing of the coffee crop which will be picked during the next two months.

Shipments of Porto Rican coffee to the French markets show a considerable fluctuation, but the yearly average is represented by hundreds of thousands of dollars. Just how heavy the five months burden will be it is impossible to say, but it will at least be a burden, and wails and protests will doubtless be heard during the coming winter. In spite of a considerable pressure for a duty on coffee the unwisdom of imposing such a duty either for the benefit of the Porto Ricans or as a source of revenue was recognized by the Congress and coffee was left on the free list, where it belongs. That did not suit Porto Rico, where coffee raising has been a leading and a profitable industry for generations. One of the unfortunate incidents of American control of the island has been the decadence of the industry through loss of markets, the loss being the result of adverse tariff conditions in Europe. The French agreement afforded a temporary benefit, and presumably the advantage will be restored a few months hence. Meanwhile the industry will probably suffer.

The proper adjustment of the whole Porto Rican coffee question would be through a market in this country. The sale here at fairly remunerative prices of every pound the island produces is no more than a matter of business. A market can be made for the coffee of the island, just as markets are made for hundreds of other desirable commodities.

WHAT THE SOCIALISTS WANT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Will it not be good for us all to make a memorandum now and then, "lest we forget," of the things which the Socialists say they are endeavoring to get? In its last national platform that party declared that it sought:

1. An extension of inheritance taxes.
2. A graduated income tax.
3. Unrestricted and equal suffrage for women.
4. The abolition of the Senate.
5. The abolition of power by the Supreme Court to set aside laws forbidden by the Constitution.
6. A constitution amendable by a majority vote.
7. All magistrates to be chosen by popular vote for short terms, and the curbing of judicial power to issue injunctions of unlawful acts.

Which of the two great parties, with its officers, leading men or newspapers, is now bidding highest for Socialist votes?

CONSERVATIVE.

NEW YORK, October 1.

BEET SUGAR IN ENGLAND.

Further Plans for Securing Material and Building a Factory.

From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

Several reports have been made in recent years by Consul Frank W. Mahin of Nottingham regarding projects to produce sugar from beets grown in England, particularly in Lincolnshire. The Consul now writes as follows on the further development of the enterprise:

"After due investigation experts pronounced these various projects entirely practicable. The chief obstacle has been the lack of Government encouragement by way of exempting home made sugar from the national tax on that commodity. The Government has declined to take such action, on the presumed ground that it would be inconsistent with the policy of free trade. However, the Lincolnshire promoters have now formed the Sugar Beet Syndicate of England, Ltd. To the Lincolnshire farmers they propose that in consideration of a guarantee that 3,000 acres of land will be devoted five years to the growing of sugar beets they will build a sugar factory at Sleaford in that county. Half the required area has now been promised, and it is hoped that the factory may be built before next winter and the industry be in full operation next year. The farmer is offered 14s. 6d. ($3.52) a ton for his beets, and a market is guaranteed. The promoters are prominent and reputable residents of Lincolnshire.

"A large meeting of farmers and other interested persons was recently held at Sleaford, when all phases of the subject were discussed. It appears from the remarks made that England imports annually nearly $100,000,000 worth of sugar, more than half of it refined, and is, so one speaker thought, the only country which does not produce some quantity of sugar; and yet, he said, experiments proved that England could produce sugar beets as well as any other country in Europe. This statement was amplified by another speaker, who testified that experiments showed the English beet to be superior to the German, containing 17.3 units of sugar, against the German 15 units; that, in fact, the English beet contained a larger percentage of sugar than was required. It was also stated that some of the experimental crops yielded twenty-five tons to the acre, the average being about eighteen tons.

"The syndicate wishes to make the business cooperative, the beet growers to take shares. It is intended to make further proposals to the Government, but if these fail it will not mean, the promoters declare, that the project will be abandoned."

His Limit.

There isn't any puzzle
That the human mind has planned
So hard he cannot do it
In a jiffy and offhand.
The tricks of the magicians,
He can do them all himself,
And the others he's invented
Simply put them on the shelf.
He makes an egg stand endwise,
And stacks four billiard balls
In the centre of the table,
And the top one never falls.
He knows the mystic features
Of the numbers nine and seven,
And can write eleven thousand
'Leven hundred and eleven.
He works the mental problem
Of the two geese and a half,
And the theorem binomial
Just simply makes him laugh.
He dopes it out by calculus
About the fox and dog,
And to calculate eclipses
Is like rolling off a log.
But here's a stunt he cannot do
However hard he tries:
To back his wife around toward the light,
make her stand still, and along up
about the middle of the back of her
princess gown, where she can't reach
them overhand or underhand, connect
up those
Three pesky hooks and eyes.

E. M. R.

FALL IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

The Capture of a Giant Pike and Other Fish Yarns by a Sojourner.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The summer season here is ended and the sad evening note of the lingering whippoorwill is accented at dawn by the patter of the chickadee, which passes its winters here. Another arrival is the winter wren, which is found in the recent brush piles among the dead leaves. Its morning pipe has displaced the merry song of the early rising robin. These plump little brown fellows, resembling a very young grouse, are so cheerful and confident of their ability to last out the winter's cold that they cure the homesickness of the city man compelled by a doctor's orders to remain in this beautiful land, now given up to the pursuit of game. The robins and cedar birds have been gone a fortnight, and the silvery trill of the white throated sparrow in the island pines is all that reminds us of the soloists in the summer forest symphony.

Large catches of horned pouts are being made these cool evenings, and this sort of fishing is indulged in by those who can be lured from their comfortable chimney corners.

While in pursuit of these fish the other night a guide employed at one of the island lodges hooked and boated an eel weighing five and a half pounds and three and a half feet long. It was a dark colored specimen and must have been very old, as no one, even the oldest resident, had ever seen one caught in Eagle Lake before, although tradition has it that a man from Ticonderoga put a few eels and suckers into these waters more than forty years ago. The stranger attracted much attention, and the owner of Island Cottage took the fish to his home in Flushing, N. Y. It is believed that this eel found its way into our lake by scaling the falls and dam between here and Paradox Lake, where these fish abound, or that it took a short overland journey from Put's Creek through the marsh grass on the mainland, as this species is said to do.

Much excitement was lately caused by the capture near the Eagle Lake Hotel of an enormous northern pike weighing twenty-one and a half pounds by Mr. Flemming, a farmer residing in the vicinity, fishing from a boat held by two anchors and using an eight ounce steel rod. The monster, which measured just four feet, nearly equalled in length the height of our assistant postmaster, and its mouth when opened would have easily taken in the head of the captor. The fish seized a small shiner impaled through the lips upon a small perch hook attached to a gimp leader about a foot long.

In raising his line the angler felt a strong resistance and feared that his hook had become entangled in the old tree roots which line the lake shore at that point. Just then the great fish awoke to the situation and made a rush for a submerged log and went under it, but, as is often the case, the game was coaxed back under the dangerous obstacle and the fisherman breathed more freely. Once before and almost in the identical place a great pike had taken his trolling spoon, only to shake itself clear just as he had it near the boat and was about to shoot.

The veteran angler plied all his arts, but was unable unassisted to weigh anchor and drift into deeper water where he could fight it out to a finish. He called to a Cincinnati man who happened to be looking on from the porch of his cottage, but as the latter had no boat he could afford no other relief than amateur advice, although the contest was going on almost within reach of his hands, the light steel rod bending and straining and the reel singing merrily as the big fish kept up its rushing fight and showed an evident intention to plough out the bottom of the lake. From this exercise the angler could occasionally divert his prey by vigorous "pumping."

The fisherman now began to look for some way to secure his prey. The nearest sand beach was a mile distant. He had no gaff or landing net, and even his trusty revolver, often used in subduing a recalcitrant pike, was absent from his belt. The expected boat failed to arrive, and the great fish was now quietly floating awash the gunwale of the little skiff, its fierce yellow eyes full of hatred toward its captor and quite ready to play its trump card and take advantage of the slightest fumble of the angler or any snarling or fouling of the line.

An experienced pike man had told him only a few days before about the way employed by Canucks down on Lake Champlain when fishing without the proper implements of the craft. This man said that the Indians had probably first used it because they never carried an ounce of unnecessary baggage when hunting or fishing, their light tomahawk, bow and arrows being their entire armament.

It was a method so simple that he wondered why he had never thought of it before. He accordingly ran his opened left hand forward from the pike's neck toward its eyes, making a sort of crane or tongs, and then with a sudden tightening of the strong thumb and middle finger, accompanied by an upward spring from the thighs, the game was swung into the boat and the forty minute contest was over. Both man and fish were nearly exhausted with the struggle. A crowd from the whole lake soon gathered and the prize was exhibited on the hotel piazza. The season's record of fifteen and one-half pounds by the Island Cottage had been broken, and the hotel guests were jubilant. The captive was at once expressed to Kentucky to be mounted, and will adorn the living room of a cottage next season.

A number of anglers were talking about the presence of strange fish in Adirondack lakes the other night and a hotel proprietor at Hague, Lake George, told about a strange catch made up his way last year. He had some friends were out near Waltonian Island trolling for lake trout when a pull was felt on the line, and after a pretty skirmish a beautiful fish of about six pounds weight was landed, and as it lay in the skiff each man in turn was asked to give its name, but none could do so. Finally all hands went to Alexandria, near Ticonderoga, and there put on the hotel porch, asking the proprietor to tell what it was, as none had ever seen such a fish before. The host, himself an old angler, pronounced it a "Lake Champlain pike" without a moment's hesitation, and then thoughtfully added "I can tell you just how that fish came to be in Lake George, and it is probably the only one of its kind there.

"About forty years ago there was a storekeeper in town named Baker. You boys all remember the old firm of Baker & Wilkie, that used to do business in the old wooden building near the present hotel. Well, the senior member of that firm was a great lover of sport of various kinds and used to fish in Lake Champlain as well as in Lake George. He was a great hand for stocking lakes and ponds around here with perch, bass, eels, pouts, pike and suckers. I remember that he once told me of having planted a few 'pike' in Lake George, 'just to see how they will do there,' as he put it. I have fished there for forty years myself, but have never heard of one of Baker's pike being caught before this one, although I have made frequent inquiries from time to time. That fish is undoubtedly one of the original lot, for they live many years, I have been told, and he is about as large as they grow. We call them 'pike' all around Lake Champlain, although they have no right to the name. Our pike are universally termed pickerel here, being confounded with the smaller true pickerel which abounds in Champlain, both the striped kind and the sort havingright angled markings. The pickerel lives in rather warmish water about the mouths of weedy creeks and in shoal water, and rarely if ever weighs more than four pounds, while the pike, which inhabits colder waters, has been taken weighing as much as thirty pounds in both lakes. The muskallonge is never seen in our vicinity, for some reason or other. The fish on the plaque there, you will notice, has a spiny back fin and is really a great perch. He is scaled like one, but is not yellow in color. In fact, he is properly called pike perch or wall eyed pike.

"Now," went on the genial proprietor, "I'll tell you all just how to pick out a pike from a pickerel. The former has scales on only one-half of his gill covers; the latter has a full beard, scales on both covers. The muskallonge has no scales at all on his face. So you will know him when you are lucky enough to take one. Of all Champlain fish the pike perch is considered the best eating, even excelling the favorite horned pout or bullhead, the delicate ice fish taken through the ice in the channel at Port Henry and further north and sent in large quantities to the New York market."

About the end of September a few hundred black bass fry arrived from the National Hatcheries and were carefully planted in Eagle Lake by two members of the local property owners' association. The young fish were about two inches long and appeared to be in fine condition as they swam about in the shallows under the rays of the lantern.

It is many years since this lake has had any new bass stock introduced, and it has been feared that our fish have lately been "running out," as it is locally termed. This introduction of the fry of vigorous adult stock grown in foreign waters will surely result in an increase in our catches, as has been the case where trout fry have been placed in our depleted streams. The new fish seem to grow faster than the old stock.

The residents hereabout for some strange reason dread the introduction into Eagle Lake of the large mouthed black bass so often taken in Greenwood Lake and in Lake Champlain. They have an idea that it is not a game fish, and in Paradox Lake near by this splendid fish is actually called "carp" by the natives. There have been many sturdy defenders of the large mouthed fish at the lake this year, and one angler held forth in the hotel office in its favor, saying that he once caught a five pounder of each kind in Greenwood Lake, one after the other, and added that the large mouthed bass fought much harder than his cousin. There is an outlet full of grass and water lilies containing at present only a few shiners which would make a fine home for the large mouthed species, which never invades the rocky shores or reefy retreats of its more aristocratic relative.

SPORTSMAN.

TICONDEROGA, N. Y., September 28.

THE SONG THAT GUSHED.

Dr. van Dyke's "Oh, Europe Is a Fine Place" Touches a Heart.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We forgave you for the dreary monotony of attacks on Roosevelt. We have put up with the cloying sweetness of your praise of Taft; but when you begin to make errors of taste and your judgment of literary art becomes cloudy we who have admired THE SUN must protest.

Are you going to continue in a narrowing spiral until you whirl into the sea of oblivion with a mere plunk, a bubble and silence?

Your last offence was the attack on Henry van Dyke's poem in the *Outlook* of last week. His was the song of the simpler van Dyke that "gushed from his heart."

The jaded literary appetite is ours, so the newspaper criticism of yours gives us confidence to state that we are taking no sporting chance when we wager that van Dyke's few lines on America will live. They have that fine quality of "charity toward all, and malice toward none," and a due love for home and home people that make the great folk song. However, van Dyke needs no champion, but you need in your editorial columns a broader view and keener appreciation of what makes America and what makes the American love his land and his people. E. S. WRIGHT.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, September 30.

THE REJECTED COMIC OPERA.

The Disappointed Author Turns to Rhyming Advertisements.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It must be a year since I wrote to you about my comic opera, which had a story and not a trace of slapstick. Despite the compliments showered on the work I never expected it to be accepted, and my expectation has been realized. One experience through which it went may be worth relating.

I determined to try one of those Thespian philanthropists who essay to teach stage playwriting. I was willing to sacrifice two dollars for the privilege. The lady to whom I went wanted five, but seeing I was obdurate moderated her demands. She is worth describing. Being strangely idle she looked as if all her sentiments and feelings were absorbed in silks and worsteds. She was sewing. Her manner impressed me with the idea of that negative goodness which is so extremely disagreeable, that hopeless nonentity of mind so often found in very excellent people, in whose bosoms, if the passions calmly slumber, the soul stirring and endearing virtues are certainly sound asleep. Her face was not humorous; still, were all the photographs of our humorists placed in a row, with all due deference, they would emulate the countenances of so many undertakers. I left my comic opera with her and called again in two weeks. Looking at me as I entered she sighed and in a plaintive way said: "Why don't you write like J. M. Barrie?" As I had no answer to this idiotic conundrum—she might just as well have asked me what the Latin was for "chignon"—she went on: "Your opera is clever, but it has no 'star' part and no slapstick."

Now I heard this very same criticism from twenty other sources. It was like trying to pawn an article for a sum more than "uncle" would give you. As a rule every pawnbroker names the same price until you think some one must have gone before and told them you were coming. However, this convinced me that the powers that be and all their myrmidons are in a rut, and so—well, it was like parting from a favorite child—I gave my production to one of those curious creatures who write musical comedies. He was in the seventh heaven of delight. He's going to cut it and slash it and mark it with all sorts of idiocies, and he promises I won't know it again, but he is sure it will be accepted after he has tinkered with it, and then I shall receive a modicum of the royalties.

Sir, I have been dubbed a poet, and poetry is proverbially unremunerative. With my comic opera experiences in view I shall now relinquish poetry and devote my time to rhyming advertisements. Art is too long for my short purse. Me mihi!

NEW YORK, October 1. THESPIS.

Poisoned Food and Moral Fibre.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I beg that you will keep up the attack on poisoned food. It keeps me awake at night, thinking of my helplessness against this monstrous wrong. People are exposed every day to ptomaine poisoning, and there is no protection for us. Is not the safety of the people the supreme law? Why are the cold storage companies allowed to do business without proper control? Is government by the people really a failure? So it would seem.

Every day I hear enthusiastic Americans proclaim that we are the greatest people on the earth. I protest; no people are great who submit to unmerited wrong; no people are great who cannot maintain good government; no people are great whose criminal record is as bad as ours. It is not great crops that constitute greatness, it is moral fibre; and I do not know where to look for it among our politicians. It is only now and then we have a Governor Johnson or a Governor Hughes.

AN UNHAPPY AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, October 1.

In the Governor's Room.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It seems a great pity that of the thousands of visitors to the city during the last week so few took advantage of a visit to the Governor's room in City Hall. In this room is unquestionably the most interesting collection of articles connected with our early history to be found anywhere, and thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Sage they are most attractively presented. I feel sure that the reason there were so few visitors to the Governor's room is entirely owing to the fact that it is not generally known what treasures it contains.

In the southwest corner of the room there is a portrait of Washington woven in silk in France. It is a beautiful piece of work and is elaborately framed, but the glass which covers it is defective and gives the appearance that the portrait is damaged. So won't you see to it that some one (whoever attends to such things) puts a new glass over the portrait? D. P.

NEW YORK, October 1.

A Single Beam North America.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have read in to-day's SUN the letter of "Old Greenwich Village" about the steamer North America, a vessel with two beam engines. There may have been such a vessel previous to my time, but I have no knowledge of it, and would be glad to know when and where such a boat was in service. The steamer North America of my recollection had a single beam engine and in the early '40s ran as a night boat to Albany. About 1855 she was owned by Romer & Tremper, and ran to Rondout until 1862, when she was condemned as a passenger boat and sold to be broken up. During the civil war, when the Government was buying or chartering everything that would float, the old boat was fitted up and sent South, I think to New Orleans, from which place she never returned. OLD FIFTH WARD.

NEW YORK, September 30.

Increasing Population of the German Empire.

From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

The Statistical Year Book for the German Empire, the 1909 edition of which has just been printed, gives the population of Germany on June 30, 1909, at 65,866,000. The population of the empire on June 30, 1908, was 64,982,000. The year thus shows an increase of 896,000. This is slightly less than the increase for the year ended June 30, 1908, which is given at 899,000. The last census of the empire was taken in December, 1905, when the population was found to be 60,641,278. Later population figures are arrived at by adding the excess of births over deaths and emigrations. By this method the population on June 30, 1906, was 61,177,000; in 1907 it was 62,063,000. In the three and a half years since the last census the increase in population has been 3,250,000, and since the founding of the German Empire in 1871 it has been, in round figures, 25,000,000.

Illumination Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It would be a grand finish to the week's celebration if all the big downtown office buildings, especially those facing the rivers, would illuminate on Saturday night.

Just this once, and we won't ask it again for a long time.

It would delight the residents as much as the visitors. A. C.

NEW YORK, October 1.

NEW BOOKS.

A Vigorous Tale of Alaska.

The reader will feel early in Mr. Rex Beach's story of "The Silver Horde" (Harper & Brothers) that this is to be an eventful and exciting tale. It will be plain to him that Boyd Emerson and Fingerless Frazer, the latter a very keen card player and, we may say, a "crook," trudging along in an Alaskan snowstorm with a sledge team of six weary dogs and with a tremendous desire for a stove and supper, both hot, are fit men in a place fit for strong adventure. He will remark that Frazer is a wag of no mean order, and presently he will discover that Emerson is an exceedingly forcible and dominating fellow.

Kalvik, the fishing and cannery village to which they came in time, showed itself singularly inhospitable. They entered a house. A large and threatening Swede presented himself. "By Yingo, I trow you out!" he said. Emerson was obliged to knock him down, deposit him in the snow outside and bolt the door against him. "These scenes of violence upset me something dreadful," said Fingerless Frazer, seated, smoking, his feet on the table, while the clothes of the travellers were drying. But when the two fared forth again it seemed as though no householder in Kalvik would sell them food and shelter. Happily, they came at last to the house of Miss Cherry Malotte, who was beautiful, young, amiable, with golden hair. They dined at a shining mahogany table, furnished with fine linen, silver and wine, and after dinner Miss Malotte sat at a piano and after a period of ragtime sang a rich and serious contralto, while Emerson sang barytone and Fingerless Frazer relaxed himself with entire appreciation and cracked jokes of a softer nature than he condescended to ordinarily.

It is fairly astonishing to learn that Miss Cherry Malotte lived alone in that rude country, quite veneerless thereabout except for her own glittering and delightful contributions. She had a grub stake and a crew out in the hills, and she owned a site for a cannery. Emerson took fire at the cannery idea. To be sure, there was a "trust" to fight against, and the head of it was the father of the girl he hoped to marry. The wise old man in Chicago, the parent of his dear, arrogated the right of putting all the salmon in Alaska into cans, but this, as may be thought, only helped to make the situation interesting. Emerson went in to do independent canning in company with Cherry Malotte and George Bolt, the gigantic fisherman, whose fortunes had been ruined in the wickedest manner by Willis Marsh, the sleek agent of the trust. A number of others were included in the independent group, all of them interesting people. We were glad that Fingerless Frazer stayed along.

Great doings followed upon the enterprise of the independents. It would not be proper for us to relate what happened when the agent Marsh came back from his visit to Chicago to apply the pressure that a trust is able to exert. It is not for us to show in detail that Marsh was a scoundrel; that he was capable of not stopping short of trying to procure the assassination (may the shade of Charles Reade forgive us for our indirect English) of Boyd Emerson; that he was thwarted; that his personal as well as his business immorality was exposed; that he was stabbed by the brother of the Indian mother of his baby; that the "union" workers had their hands full when they attacked the "scab" employees of the independent cannery; that both the gigantic Bolt and the compact Emerson were tremendous in war; that a few armed in a holy cause are invincible and so forth; that when the Chicago trust magnate and his daughter, the greatest heiress in the world—whom Emerson for a blind period thought that he loved—came to Alaska they met with experiences that they accounted distressing as well as unusual; that Cherry Malotte was well worthy to survive her "past," and that Fingerless Frazer continued in undiminished and distinguished interest to the end.

We must not let Fingerless go without a word of illustration. He had known Cherry Malotte in earlier days, but, essential gentleman that he was, he had never opened his mouth concerning her. Irresistibly called upon to speak at last, he said: "For my part, I can't stand for an ingénue. If ever I get married Cherry's the sort for me. I'm out of the kindergarten myself, and I'd hate to spend my life cutting paper figures for my wife. No, sir! If I ever seize a frill I want her to know as much as me; then she won't tear away with the first dark eyed diamond broker that stops in front of my place to crank up his whizz buggy. You never heard of a wise woman breaking up her own home, did you? It's the pink faced dolls from the seminary that fall for Bertie the Beautiful Cloak Model." Surely there could be no heartier commendation. The story is thoroughly Alaskan and interesting.

The Latest From Graustark.

In Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's story of "Truxton King" (Dodd,