

The Sun

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The Garfield Doctrine.

Worthy of reverent attention are all utterances of our neighbor the Outlook that concern the renou of its Contributing Editor. Therefore this pointed intimation in the columns of the Outlook for the present week is of interest on other accounts than as an extraordinary specimen of naïveté.

Friends of the present Administration are anxious not merely to conserve resources for the future but also to make sure that nothing in any bill commits Congress to the theory that administrative acts of the recent past for the conservation of resources have been without warrant of law.

If not official this is at least semi-official. Whatever disregard of lawful procedure may have distinguished certain acts of the Roosevelt Administration in the matter of withdrawal of public lands, friends of the present Administration—meaning primarily, we suppose, friends of the past Administration—insist that any enabling legislation by this Congress shall be so contrived as to avoid the faintest suggestion of that unpleasant fact.

But is there really occasion for solicitude? We recall the celebrated discussion of the extent of Executive power and the judgment of acquittal pronounced by President ROOSEVELT's own Secretary of the Interior in his annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908:

"Full power under the Constitution was vested in the Executive branch of the Government, and the extent to which that power may be exercised is governed wholly by the discretion of the Executive unless any specific act has been prohibited either by the Constitution or by legislation."

This may be called the Garfield doctrine, without injury to the fame of a greater than GARFIELD: In the absence of specific prohibition in the Constitution or the laws the power of the Executive is unlimited and no warrant of law is needed for his action in what he believes to be the interest of the public. Secretary GARFIELD proceeded to elaborate his simple and beautiful theory of public welfare:

"In the exercise of this power it is the duty of the Executive to take such action as will protect the interests of all the people of the United States in their property rights, and if the occasion requires and the facts warrant it is the duty of the Executive to prevent the acquisition of the public domain by private interests if such acquisition be detrimental to the public welfare."

We fear that our admirable friends of the Outlook have not mastered the principle laid down in this opinion or decision of the Hon. JAMES R. GARFIELD. If Mr. GARFIELD was right, if Mr. ROOSEVELT's Administration did not surpass its lawful powers in the matter of the withdrawal of public lands, what need to implore Congress now to shape enabling legislation in such fashion as to preclude "the theory that administrative acts in the recent past for the conservation of resources have been without warrant of law?" What need of delicate treatment of the facts of the recent past?

And, we may add, if Mr. GARFIELD was right in his theory of Executive power, why in the name of the great horn of the rhinoceros is not JAMES R. GARFIELD Secretary of the Interior in Mr. TAFT's Administration?

The Name "National."

Continuing the short studies in Federal incorporation, we find in section 35 of Mr. WICKERSHAM's bill the following seemingly unimportant provision:

"All corporations not organized and transacting business under this act are prohibited from using the words 'national corporation' as a portion of the name or title of such corporation; and any violation of this prohibition committed from and after the passage of this act shall subject the party chargeable therewith to a penalty of \$50 for each and every day during the continuance of such violation, to be recovered in an action by the United States in the district where the principal office of the corporation is situated."

The directory of corporations and corporations contains a list of more than five hundred concerns, exclusive of national banks, doing business in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx with titles in which the word "national" occurs. Is it the purpose of Mr. WICKERSHAM's bill to afford protection and a preferred status to federally incorporated concerns by punishing the use of the word "national" in the case of all corporations remaining under State charters? Take the National Biscuit Company, for instance. If it declines to reorganize under the Federal law, can it continue to do business as the "National" Biscuit Company without incurring the penalty of fifty dollars for each offensive day? This depends upon the view which the courts might take of the spirit of Mr. WICKERSHAM's section 35 and the extent to which its prohibition should be interpreted broadly and thus applied.

But even in the narrowest, most literal construction of Mr. WICKERSHAM's

text there are several corporations of New York and New Jersey, and doubtless many more in other parts of the country, which are now using the prohibited style. For purposes of illustration we select the National Corporation Securities Company, a corporation created by the New Jersey Legislature and doing interstate business, with a capital of \$250,000.

The words "national corporation" are used as "a portion of the name or title" of this corporation. The chartered right to use these words as a portion of its name or title has been conferred upon the company by the power that created it, the State of New Jersey. Now, if Mr. WICKERSHAM's bill becomes law in its present form, is it not certain that the National Corporation Securities Company will commit a punishable offense against a Federal statute unless it does one of two things? To escape a heavy Federal penalty it must either surrender its State charter and reorganize as a Federal corporation, or it must amend its State charter and relinquish without compensation a name properly acquired, innocently held, and legally established as a property right.

We wonder what would be the Supreme Court's view of this process of deprivation.

The 1910 "Model."

The present direct nominations scheme, Governor HUGHES's 1910 "model," will not excite the interest that fell to the lot of his plans that have now gone the way of all exploded theories. A system of perfection that has to be patched up and tinkered every ten minutes to save it from internal collapse must ultimately arouse suspicion as to its own state of perfectness.

Precisely here the Hughes project will have to face a damaging attack. In three years its distinguished author has been on all sides of the same question. He has advocated permissive direct nominations; he has demanded mandatory direct nominations; he has advised small committees, and now in his latest plan he commits himself unhesitatingly to a large committee.

If Governor HUGHES is right now, he was wrong three times before. But if he has been wrong three times, how can you help fearing that he may be just a bit mistaken now? If he is sure now, who could have been more certain than he last year, when men were driven out of public life for criticizing a plan now rejected by its author? If this bill is better than that of last year, is it not wise—even more, is it not essential—that we wait for next year's bill, which, whether better or not, will show us perfectly the dangers incident to this year's scheme?

In time it is even conceivable that a direct nominations scheme that would commend itself to public intelligence as well as emotion might be devised. Accordingly the present measure will be accepted as a report of progress and Governor HUGHES will be permitted to sit again. Curiosity, if nothing else, will be piqued by the prospect of next year's proposition.

Prussia Remains Unreformed.

Whatever light may be dawning on the German Kaiser with regard to the increase of Social Democrats in the empire, the King of Prussia does not intend to tolerate them any more than he can help within his own private Hohenzollern preserves. From the meagre cable reports it seems that no concession to popular demands, no extension of the suffrage, is made in the Prussian Landtag by Dr. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, who appeared not as Chancellor of the Empire, but as the Prussian Minister of State. The modifications affect only professional men and officials; they give no new privilege to the workingman.

The opposition of the Social Democratic members was noisy and irritating, but of little effect. The volume of sound cannot have been great, for the electoral law makes the path of the Social Democrat into the Landtag extremely strait, and few are chosen. The Pfui of the Reichstag would be incomparably louder, and the authorities have evidently no desire to measure the outcry of the Social Democrat of the Berlin streets.

To the student of comparative oburgation it must be striking to note that Dr. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG turned pale when his few opponents said "Eye, fye" to him as they pointed their fingers in scorn. He would not have turned a hair had they shouted something Teutonic in nature, like kreuz himmel donnerwetter sapperment noch einmal! At any rate, for the present the qualification for voting for members of the Prussian Landtag remains far more restricted than that required to elect to the German Reichstag.

The Safety of Abdul Hamid.

At the time the Young Turks sent ABDUL HAMID into retirement at Salonica, AHMED RIZA, one of the party leaders, advised that the prisoner be carefully watched, for should anything serious happen to him the world might not hold them blameless. The reported attempt at suicide of the former Sultan, of which the despatches give only meagre particulars, recalls this warning and also brings up the question as to the accountability for his safe keeping to which the Young Turks are likely to be held.

ABDUL HAMID has had an enviable degree of neglect since his virtual imprisonment at the Villa Allanti. The reports have been most assuring of his contentment. Pleasing pictures have been painted of the former autocrat in the enjoyment of his seclusion with his white cows and chickens, his Angora cat, some of his children and his deplored harem. As a pastoral scene nothing could surpass the former master of the Ottoman Empire discussing over the fence the state of crops and weather with a neighboring farmer, while few studies of industry would be more interesting than that of ABDUL HAMID working far into the night at his carpenter's bench.

We have also been asked to believe in his enthusiasm for the new Government and that this spirit found expression

in gorgeous illumination of the villa on the first anniversary of the Constitution. This report, however, was followed almost the next day by another that disguised as a woman he had attempted to escape. Likewise we had scarcely acclimated ourselves to the vision of ABDUL HAMID free from fear of assassins and intrigues, quietly enjoying the fruits of literature that his active life at the Yildiz Kiosk had denied him, when we were told that he was conveying with a gardener to get beyond his prison gates. While some of these reports may lack verification, there has been no fact evident to any one in Salonica, and that is that the walls around Villa Allanti have been growing higher until now they have reached the height of those ABDUL HAMID built around Dolma-Baghtcheh palace, where his brother, the present Sultan, was so long confined.

Another unpleasant circumstance has recently been brought to notice by the European press. When the Young Turks did not find in Constantinople the wealth that they had believed ABDUL HAMID possessed of, their investigation turned to Germany. Large deposits were discovered there, but when they were demanded for State expenses ABDUL HAMID confessed with Oriental innocence that he had lost the seal which was necessary to withdraw the fund. A number of times since this money has been urgently needed and insistently called for. ABDUL HAMID's wealth has been the means of bridging over several difficulties in Turkish financial affairs. The seven and a half million dollars recovered from the Yildiz Kiosk came as a blessed relief when troops were clamoring for their pay, and another three millions was no small contribution to the new navy. What the old gentleman has remaining would be most welcome in these trying times, and perhaps later on he may find the misplaced seal. It would be a bungler who would wish to accomplish his death; while to suspect that his life was attempted by the Young Turks shows a lack of appreciation of the sagacity that the party has so far shown.

The Great Forgetting. The proceeding at Albany to-day is not in any large sense a thing of contemporary meaning. It is rather the rattle of halibones in a graveyard than a storm that threatens living men. ALDERS and CONGER, to be sure, are alive, the visible objects of pity and contempt; but not ALDERS, not CONGER, not any Republican now sitting in Albany, could have exerted commanding influence in the days now the subject of relentless review.

The trial itself, the solemn proceeding in the Senate chamber, does not, like the insurance investigation, mark the end of an era. It is a little back eddy of that great tidal wave of five years ago. That investigation attacked men of real strength, and when its fury had subsided, if indeed it ever has fully subsided, the Republican party in this State had passed completely out of the hands that had held it so long. The party seemed to have escaped, and only the party leaders have been punished.

Now, however, when death or obscurity has removed the men who directed affairs at Albany, the ancient evils suddenly acquire present importance. Two men, insignificant tools in an old time order, fall out, quarrel, begin to talk publicly, and suddenly all the scandals buried in dust and oblivion are thrown open, become visible to the astonished eye of a public to which their existence was once too well known to cause comment and by which they now are well again forgotten.

For half a dozen years centering about the time now discussed every day in the session of the Legislature at Albany was filled with the authentic report of the purchase and sale of legislation. Not mere Albany correspondents, but the whole State knew each day from every plain to be misread that buying and selling was in progress in the State Capitol. Whoever looks over the files of the press of seven or eight years ago will find there testimony that is an instant refreshing of memories now grown dim.

In that time it was a matter of commonest knowledge which honorable legislator represented insurance corporations, which "took care" of traction interests. The nice distinction between corporation legislation paid for by campaign contribution and therefore sacred beyond "strikes" and ordinary measures was never concealed. The legislation that was "open," that was fair game for committees and on the floor, the functions of the "system," of the several committees, were facts so established as to find no challenge anywhere. Poor men grew visibly rich; the people looked on with a calm not now easily understood.

This condition, known of all men who followed even languidly the course of Albany events, subsisted until the insurance investigation, grew stronger each successive year. The actual price of votes on individual measures was set forth with a detail that could not be mistaken. Forty thousand dollars for a single vote against the eighty cent gas bill, for example, was a charge set forth in the closing days of this regime and never challenged.

Then came the Hughes inquiry, the revelation of the sources of income of politicians and the profit from those in power. Thereafter, almost with the completeness of an official order, came the banishment from power of all who had even slight influence, a process that has continued until there are left only ALDERS, CONGER and a handful of others, all save the man now under accusation inconsiderable seat warmers, not even minor fractions in the ancient registry. Yet upon them bursts the whole fury of the storm too long delayed to be an instrument of justice now.

It is because the public has completely forgotten what it once knew so well that the present emotion is so profound. A "sensing" of \$6,500 to Albany in 1901, 1902 or 1903, what would it have achieved in the way of public surprise or interest in those years? Who, we wonder, knew in Albany in the winter of 1901 that the Hon. BENN CONGER was there? State leaders, Governors, the dictators of both

houses of the Legislature are gone; the system, the machine of legislation, has vanished, and to face the fury its memory now renewed provokes there are left CONGER and ALDERS, the mannikins of departed masters.

The New Court House.

Of the proposed new court house on the Chambers street front of City Hall Park it may be said that the problem for the architects was most difficult. The site faces the Stewart Building, the new Emigrant Savings Bank and the Hall of Records, while the city office structure will be nearly in line with it on the east. This hodgepodge of buildings will render the task of making a harmonious whole of the park and its surroundings exceedingly hard.

There has been considerable sentiment in favor of building the court house further uptown, but the strong opposition shown to every site suggested has practically forced the authorities to fall back on City Hall Park in spite of the general desire to clear this spot of all buildings except the City Hall. The need for the court house is pressing, and with the approval of the bill designating the present site by Mayor GAYNOR its construction seems assured, with the destruction of hopes that the park area now to be occupied might be kept forever open to green grass and oxygen.

On his first visit to the Capitol since his election as chairman of the New York State Republican committee in place of HARRIS PARKSON, J. EDWARD HUGHES spent two hours this evening at Albany despatch.

And this is a government "in the open."

Mr. CANDLER's reason why Uncle Joe could not be elected to Congress from the First Mississippi district is not the real one. We suspect that Mr. CANDLER was laughing in his sleeve. As a matter of fact, there are no Republicans in his district at all, not one who vote. At the last election the poll stood: E. S. CANDLER, Jr., 8,043.

The Fire Tax.

The United States census buildings that cost more than \$200,000,000 and are spending \$30,000,000 a year for new buildings. Not one of these buildings is insured against loss by fire. Insurance at the ordinary rate would cost more than \$600,000 a year, and the Government avoids this great tax by constructing buildings that are securely fireproof, says the Geological Survey. The survey tests all the materials before they are used, and the results are available for general use, and the Government avoids this great tax by constructing buildings that are securely fireproof, says the Geological Survey. The survey tests all the materials before they are used, and the results are available for general use, and the Government avoids this great tax by constructing buildings that are securely fireproof, says the Geological Survey.

Investigation showed that the total cost of fires in the United States in 1907, excluding forest fires and marine losses, but including excess cost of fire protection, was \$466,465,000, a tax on the people greater than the total value of all the gold, silver, copper and petroleum produced in the country in that year. Building construction in 1907, according to the census of building cities, with 18,000,000 population, cost \$661,000,000, and for the entire country in that year is conservatively estimated at \$1,900,000,000. Nearly one-third of the buildings erected in that year is destroyed by fire. In addition to this waste of wealth and natural resources 1,440 persons were killed and 5,654 were injured in American fires in 1907.

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AROUND THE GALLERIES.

The Hispanic Museum in West 156th street has new treasures; a new Velasquez and several new Grecos.

We remember hearing a well known lover of art, a man who owns Whistlers and wonderful Sheraton and Chippendale, say that it would be easier to buy a Raphael than a Velasquez. Yet Mr. Huntington found a Velasquez of great artistic value. Of the new Velasquez, the portrait of a little girl, we had heard much from Señor Beruete, the greatest living authority on the subject; but we were unprepared for the beauty of the picture. It is an authentic Velasquez. No one else could have painted the flesh tones, the indescribable tonalities of the dress, the silvery gray of the background, and the firm, delicate modelling of the head. The shock of hair, velvet black, cut in true Spanish fashion; the calm regard of the large black eyes, are from the hand of the master.

His closest imitator, his son-in-law Mazo, could never have produced the exquisite harmonies of the bodice, a shimmering mass of cool pink gray with points of smothered luminosity; nor did he in his work reveal the synthetic power of this composition. Mazo is heavy, commonplace of touch, when compared side by side with Velasquez. In the Royal Vienna Gallery there is a cabinet in which hang a number of Mazos and Velasquez and there it is easy to see the wide gap which separates their work. At the Prado are abundant opportunities for like comparisons.

This girl watches you with the speculative interest of a live child. Boast of your miracle! Here is one for you, and well within the credible. The painter by virtue of his art was enabled to transfuse his vitality into these counterfeit eyes on a flat piece of canvas. The operation was accomplished by material means, yet the result is in the territory of the spiritual. We leave the psychology of the painter to the mercy of Mr. Alfred Binet, who is able to explain the Doppelgänger of art. Velasquez, like Vergil, may have been a magician.

Who is the girl? Beruete says that she was once in the collection of Arthur Sanderson that was exhibited at the Guildhall, London, in 1901. Then she went to the late Edouard Kann of Paris, and is now the permanent guest of Mr. Archer M. Huntington. She is a life size portrait; her gaze between sand 9. Beruete further remarks that "the model is not one of the Princesses of the House of Austria, who are of such different type; on the other hand one cannot help noticing its resemblance to some of the grand-children of Velasquez to be seen in the picture at Vienna, 'The Family of Mazo,' which leads one to believe that the child is probably the same as the one depicted in this picture, who appears there to be between 14 and 16 years of age. If this is the case, the date of the work would be about 1842 to 1843, at which time the eldest daughter of Mazo and Françoise Velasquez would be about 7 or 8 years old. If we take into account the characteristics and technique of the work, this is the date at which the picture was painted."

As it does not in the least suggest the brushwork of Mazo, the learned professor of painting hints at some clever Frenchman; Boucher, or perhaps a later counterfeiter—who knows? A picture in the Prado called "The Wife of Velasquez" bears a strong family resemblance.

The new El Greco is a canvas that is positively astounding. It may be found reproduced as Plate 54 in the exhibition study by Señor Manuel B. Cosío on the painter of Toledo. "La Sagrada Familia" is the title, and the picture belongs to Greco's second epoch, by some critics considered his best period, certainly his sanest. The Madonna is a sweet faced Spanish lady, of more aristocratic dignity than the rustic models employed by Murillo for his Virgins. She wears a lace scarf on her head, and her neck and one breast are bare. She is suckling the divine infant. St. Joseph looking affectionately on the mother and child is said by Cosío to be a portrait of Greco. The canvas exhales a charming domestic peace. It does not evoke, as do Greco's compositions in general, spiritual atmosphere, nor are the limbs of the faces elongated. A normal Greco of much beauty of coloring. This picture was formerly in the Madrazo collection.

There is a small Greco, a "Christ." It represents a tall man with a staff. It easily might be any saint. The large "Christ and His Disciples" is a puzzling Greco. He once painted a "Jesus at the House of Simon," now or until recently the property of Ivan Stokouine; but the Huntington specimen does not contain so many figures in the scene. Christ sits at the head of the table, and with Him are six disciples, six too few for a Last Supper and four too many for the composition to be named "Jesus at Emmaus." However, it is a striking Greco in the last so called manner. Really Madrid would be surprised to see such an assemblage of great Spanish masters—Greco, Velasquez, Goya. In another room are portraits of distinguished living Spaniards, Beruete, Cosío, Albanes and others, by Sorolla y Bastida, also a self-portrait by Ignacio Zuloaga, not too flattering. We prefer the portrait by Jacques Blanche.

At the Lotus Club, West Fifty-seventh street, there is now being held the opening exhibition of the season, paintings and European ivories from the eleventh to the nineteenth century, from the collection of George A. Hearn. Only a careful survey can make you realize the completeness of the collection, which are varied by Barry and Meunier bronzes. The painters represented are J. Augustin Brown, D. Y. Cameron, Francisco Collares, John Crome, Diaz, Dou, George Fuller, Gainsborough, Guardi, Hobbema—not a very Bohemian example—George Inness—which shows the influence of Corot—Sir Thomas Lawrence, Jacob Maris, Mauve, Reynolds (two examples), Romney, Il Sassetto, Salvi, Turner, Jan Victors—very Rembrandtish—and Alexander Wyant. A strong showing, this. The Turner is a rich interior, Fitzalan Chapel, Arundel. The two Reynolds, "Mrs. Bernard" and "Mrs. Hollingsworth," and the Lawrence, "Miss Baring," are excellent pictures; even that much disputed "Boy Blue" is agreeable, though the head is no longer fresh. The original "Boy Blue" by Gainsborough is of course in the Duke of Westminster's collection. Altogether this is an admirable exhibition, and it is a pity that it closed so soon.

The First "Uncle Tom."

Daniel Worcester of Roxbury, who has the distinction of being the first actor to play the part of Uncle Tom in the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is now in the Vermont soldiers' home at Benning, Vt.

He is a native of Warren, where he was born seventy-six years ago. He joined the original "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company at Lowell, Mass., in 1852 and was with it for several years. Later on he was the partner with other companies in the United States and in the West. He was enlisted with a Connecticut regiment at the outbreak of the civil war and attained the rank of Lieutenant.

The Chaperon.

It really is extremely queer. When she's alone and I draw near. It's ten to one there will appear Her chaperon.

BELDEN R. McALPINE.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Belden R. McAlpine, who died February 11, at the age of 91, was a man of many talents and great energy.

Of Scotch ancestry, he was born in western New York near Rochester, upon a small farm owned and tilled by his father. In this he grew into a sturdy, energetic, and integrity were his earliest lessons, he grew to robust manhood. Appreciating at an early period in his life the value of education as an important factor in a successful career, when farm work was of necessity suspended he took advantage of every opportunity which the country schools of his section afforded.

He did not, however, rely upon the limited school facilities of his immediate neighborhood, but, strong of body and tireless in energy, he missed no opportunity of acquiring a higher education. He then studied law in the office of a well known firm in Rochester and was in due course of time admitted to the bar. His legal training and his great business ability soon attracted attention, and although young in years he was a lawyer of no ordinary standing as his high position placed at the head of one of the largest banking institutions, as well as the leading spirit and director of the first hospital built in that city.

He was one of those enterprising men who founded the Western Union Telegraph Company, and later transferred his field of usefulness to this city, where he became an influential officer in that corporation. By his ability and without entering the field of speculative enterprise before he was advanced in years he amassed a large fortune, retiring from active business more than twenty-five years ago to devote his time and means unostentatiously to kindly humanitarian offices. To such an extent did he carry his charities that against the protests of his family and friends he continued to deprive himself of every luxury and even some of the necessary comforts of life to enable him to give more to those whose needs were greater than his.

His views of life were broad and liberal and without sectarianism, in religion and in politics. He was a man of simple and honest, his courage unquestioned, and his charity unbounded. JOHN A. WRETH. NEW YORK, February 10.

BRITISH LIGHTHOUSES.

Why Scotland's Pea Bunch Chief Engineer is a Success.

From the report of the Lighthouse Board. The lighthouse service of England is controlled by a board composed of thirteen "Elder Brethren." When a vacancy occurs one of the "Younger Brethren" is elected to fill it. The position is for life and the salary is £500 a year. Any commanding officer of the navy or master of the merchant marine is eligible for election as one of the "Younger Brethren" by the "Elder Brethren" if he has not less than six years' experience at the age of 13 and has worked up to the position of master on board of a steam tender. They are selected for the position of superintendent by the "Elder Brethren."

A superintendent has control of his district and light keepers are appointed for life. They enter the service between the ages of 18 and 28 and are employed on a permanent basis, but are pensioned when too old to perform duty. There is a regular lighthouse service, also for life, in which officers are selected from the men. The men enter between the ages of 18 and 28, but must have had not less than six years' experience to work up to lampighter, mate and master. These men are pensioned when too old to perform duty.

The lighthouse board in Scotland is composed of twenty-four members, and the superintendent of the English lighthouse board, eighteen of these members are appointed by the "Elder Brethren" and the other six either are or have been Judges of seacoast districts. The six other members are appointed by the "Elder Brethren" and are either a "Reverend" and his family have held this position for many generations.

All light keepers, officers and men of the light vessels and tenders are pensioned at the age of 60, according to the length of service.

Swiss Alps.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I wish to draw attention to the general statements of the article appearing on the editorial page of to-day's SUN entitled "How the Swiss Get Rich."

Of such assertions as "Switzerland is naturally poor," "the roads are made by the people," "the material of her wealth," the best refutation is the fact impressed upon us by the consular reports on Switzerland for the year 1907 issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C., that the value of the exports from Switzerland to this country in 1907, as returned by the consuls, amounted to \$3,045,269, an increase of nearly \$4,000,000 over 1906.

Moreover, Switzerland has been one of our countries such as Germany, France, Austria and Great Britain, the value of the exports to the latter being nearly four times as much as to the United States.

The fact that the United States of America always nearly equal the amount you give as the total receipts from the tourists. NEW YORK, February 9. H. P. SOMMER.

THE PAPABOTTE.

An Aromatic Louisiana Bird Beloved of the Epicureans.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Speaking of "high class" game and game, how long that great Louisiana bird—the papabotte—its life has been sung by thousands of its fans, its aroma penetrates all walls and confines. And from the consumption of it with a flask of good old burgundy the diner leaves back in a luxurious contentment, with disintended waistcoat and unseeing eyes, and dreams of chivalry and adventure, of castles, moats, raised drawbridges, imprisoned maidens and moving accidents by flood and field. The papabotte with magic touch transfers the prosperous citizen into a palatial domain.

The papabotte of Louisiana is merely the upland plover of these regions, but it is a migratory bird of strange energy and appetite. When it reaches the southern Louisiana in March or April, according to the season, it at once proceeds to chase and to consume the Spanish or cantharides fly, a long, brown bug with yellow stripes which in those months swarms over the kitchen gardens devouring the foliage of such vegetables as the potato, the tomato, etc., and producing devastation in the track of its procession. The natives fight this fly with more or less ingenious devices, but meanwhile the papabotte goes blotted on its chosen diet, and along in June, July and August the papabotte gets in his annual moult. You must be in New Orleans in time to know the bird in all its indescribable magnificence; and as New Orleans through some mysterious conjunction is a sealed book to tourists during those particular months, the outside world knows little or nothing of the papabotte, its ineffable fragrance and its rejuvenating influences on the imagination.

Heretofore all efforts to transport the Louisiana papabotte to New York have failed. A former expert of this city in March or April, according to the season, show him how to get the bird to New York with its aroma quite complete, its flavor undiminished. PELICAN. WASHINGTON, D. C., February 10.

DEATH OF THE BIG MOOSE.

Remarkable Luck of Pennsylvania Hunter in the Woods Near St. John.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The pranks occasionally indulged in by Diana, goddess of the chase, at the expense of her devotees were never more clearly shown than in the case of the recent death of J. M. Gilliland and W. O. Reardon of Blumbrun, Pa., while moose hunting in New Brunswick. The result of their adventures shows that the fickle divinity will occasionally bestow her richest favors upon those who show indomitable pluck and perseverance in the face of every discouragement.

These two gentlemen started from home late in September for the purpose of killing a moose, and after obtaining licenses took a guide and went into camp in the Chipman wilderness, about 150 miles from St. John, making the journey by the route of the coast and by carry. Two weeks of incessant hunting did not give them even a glimpse of the game, and it was with regret that they were forced to return to the city, running the rapids of swollen streams and several times narrowly escaping the clutches of the Indians. Good natured sportsmen at St. John did their best to make the stay of the strangers in town agreeable, and one night while they were enjoying their cigars before a blazing fire at their hotel an old Indian told a story of a big moose which he had seen in the woods while berry picking back of Lepreux a few weeks before. He said that his horns were at least seven feet from point to point, because he had measured the distance between trees marked by them while the animal was in the act of stripping the bark of a tree. The 45,000 inhabitants started an incredulous laugh among the hotel guests, but the old chief quietly maintained the truth of his narrative. He further declared that the moose horns of the animal made in soft earth were fully five and three-quarter inches in breadth, and that he had never seen so big a moose in his life.

The visitors listened quietly to this story and agreed to go to the location indicated by the Indian and that it had been hunted for years without success, so crafty had the Indians been.

Finding that their steamer for the States did not leave for St. John until the 10th of February, they decided to go to Fairville, and drove with him to a deserted camp only ten miles from the moose signs. The evening was spent in making