The Sun.

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The Swamp Lands.

THE SUN has expressed its cordial approval of President TAFT'S attitude in the matter of draining the swamp lands of the country. These lands, covering not far from 80,000,000 acres in the aggregate, are now owned either by the States or by private individuals. A large part of this vast area, about equalling the combined area of the six New England States, New York State and New Jersey, was in possession and control of the Federal Government sixty years or so ago. Under the swamp land law of 1850 more than 60,000,000 acres have been ceded to the various States in which the land is situated. The cession carried a general agreement that the transferred districts would be reclaimed by the States. Some of the land has passed into private ownership. A very small part of it has been reclaimed by individual enterprise. The States have done little except to beseech and to urge the Federal authorities to do for them that which for moral, legal and economic reasons they should do for themselves.

The frequently advanced argument that if the Government can bring water to arid lands it can with equal propriety drain water from swamp lands is utterly untenable. The lands in process of reclamation by irrigation are owned by the Government. The swamp lands belong to States and to private individuals. The situation would be changed if the present holders would turn back to the Federal Government the land given them under the law of 1850. The arid lands now being made fertile by the Reclamation Service are in the western half of the country, and a very large percentage of the swamp land is in the eastern half. Florida has nearly 30,000 square miles of such land, and Louisiana about 15,000 square miles. Michigan has 7,500 square miles, Minnesota has 6,000, Maine 4,000, Illinois 3,500, New York 2,500, New Jersey 900, Massachusetts 500, and Vermont 400. Nearly forty States are on the swamp land list, from Florida with its nearly 30,000 square miles down to Rhode Island, with thirty square miles.

The estimated cost of reclaiming most of these lands is $5 to $10 an acre, and the estimated value of land so reclaimed is $50 to $100 an acre. Most of the land after reclamation would be of marvellous fertility. It is the accumulated humus and decayed vegetation of centuries. There is nothing experimental, nothing uncertain about the work. Surveys, highly efficient mechanical appliances and agricultural chemistry determine results with almost absolute accuracy. There is reason to believe that some of the States at least would undertake the work of swamp reclamation if it were not for the hope perpetually dangled before their eyes by Mr. ROOSEVELT and by "progressives" of his type that the Federal Government will at some early day do their work for them. Meanwhile land of a potential value of at least $4,000,000,000, capable of producing crops of an annual value of not less than $1,500,000,000, lies idle, unproductive, practically wasted, waiting for that happy day when the nation shall assume any and all of the duties and obligations shirked and evaded by the individual States.

The New Theatre Experiment.

The generosity of the New Theatre directors in giving a series of performances at prices which in comparison with the usual tariff make them practically free is unprecedented here, although common among the subventioned theatres in Europe. Both at the National Academy of Music in Paris, more often called the Opéra, and at the Théâtre Français there are annually certain representations to which the public is admitted gratuitously. In Germany these popular performances have not yet become altogether free, as the intendants of these theatres believe the people enjoy most that for which they are compelled to pay some charge however small it may be.

Only recently the director of the Comédie Française suggested that the State build for that institution a second playhouse which should be devoted altogether to the classic drama. This would leave the present theatre at the disposal of modern authors who complain that their works are sometimes excluded from the repertoire when there is still public desire to hear them. Then there are many actors in the historic House of Molière who have small opportunity to show their talents. Naturally they are in favor of the new scheme or its alternative, which looks to frequent productions of the classic French drama in the cheaper theatres of Paris by the actors of the Comédie who may not be employed in the current play. Already this plan has been adopted in a modified form by the administration of the Opéra and the Opéra Comique, which lend some of their famous singers, as well as their scenery and costumes, to operatic theatres that charge very low prices for tickets. Such artistic benevolence is of course possible only where subventioned theatres exist.

The purpose of the New Theatre is doubtless philanthropic. Even if these performances at cheap prices make a new public acquainted with the institution and extend its clientèle to a new quarter, these newcomers will be much more benefited than the New Theatre itself can hope to be. It is the small number of these cheap priced representations that makes it somewhat uncertain whether they will achieve their highest possible utility. Four performances of the kind which the forces of the New Theatre are capable of offering will create the appetite for more in the persons privileged to witness them.

The tendency of the theatre is always educational. Familiarity with one style of drama creates a desire for something better, and thus comes a growing ambition which only the best will ultimately satisfy. Those pilgrims from the East Side who journey up to Central Park West will never again be satisfied with the style of dramatic representation now available to them. Four such productions this season will assuredly be inadequate to supply the demands for tickets. It is unfortunate that the directors cannot see their way to giving ten times as many plays in what they call their East Side subscription series. There are other ways, however, of giving the downtown public the advantage of its resources at cheap prices, and the example of the Paris institutions may suggest one method to the New Theatre's directors.

The Strongest Battalions.

The old maxim that GOD is on the side of the strongest battalions is up for review among the military theorists of Germany and France. It is not surprising to find that the Kaiser's strategists have an abiding faith in it, while the French opinion is that it has been absurdly overworked in recent appraisals of the fighting capacity of armies. The French dispose of it with a sneer: it is the craze of numbers, they say.

Colonel GÖDKE of the German army started the discussion. After a cheery reference to the 65,000,000 people behind the German army he makes an onslaught on the French muster roll. It is always based, he asserts, on purely theoretical calculations. The levy should afford a certain number of men, according to law, therefore there is that number of men in the ranks; so he describes the French method of figuring. There are deaths, desertions, dismissals, shortage in the annual draft; the actual number of men with the colors never comes anywhere near the number on paper as published by the French Government.

On the other hand, says Colonel GÖDKE, the German force is actually larger at all times than the "budgetary estimate." An allowance is always made of 9 per cent. for the difference between the number of recruits each year and the theoretic possibility; large allowances are made for losses from the ranks through various causes, and no allowance whatever is made for the 12,500 men who, on an average, enlist voluntarily each year in the army.

The net result is that the German Colonel scales down the effective French force with the colors at any given moment to not more than 544,000 men, instead of considerably more than 600,000 as it is given in the statistical manuals. The German efficiency he reckons at 694,000 men, a figure which, by the way, is not in excess of the total of about 621,000 appearing in the latest text book, but which gives Germany a prima facie advantage of 60,000 men, or more than 11 per cent., at the outset of a struggle. However important this superiority may be, the Colonel goes on arguing, it is as nothing to the numerical differences in later levies. When it comes to the last call to arms Germany is ready to place 2,000,000 men more than France in the field. This, he seems to think, means neither more nor less than that Germany could eat France alive in the long run, assuming that the latter country should survive the "shock" of first collision.

Now here comes that dashing soldier of France "Le Colonel X.," who hardly thinks it worth while to question any of his adversary's figures, but who by a process of reasoning all his own demonstrates that all the indications they afford point to certain victory for the armies of the republic. In the first place, as he shows, a trifling difference of 60,000 in the troops on active service is a weakness remedied with a scratch of a pen. In case of mobilization it simply means the ordering out at once of 60,000 reserve troops. Surely nothing can be easier.

But the number of men enrolled in the army on a peace footing is only a minor matter anyway. The moment war is declared the force with the colors is swamped by the calling out of the first reserve. The number of "men under arms after this call constitutes the true fighting strength of a country, and upon this call, Colonel "X." insists, France and Germany are about on an equality. The number of men that each can oppose to the other is a million more or less, and it is in the encounter of these two millions that the fortune of the war is to be decided. The question is not of numbers; it is of equipment, training, courage, fighting power. In these qualities, though he does not say it in so many words, the French officer plainly considers his own army equal if not superior to that of Germany.

As for the subsequent levies, he attaches small importance to them. For internal defence they may have some value; they are useful as a source upon which to draw in filling up the broken units of the "first line," but as a fighting machine no authority so far has ventured to frame a plan for utilizing them. Imperfectly drilled, of inferior mobility, incredible as it may seem, they would be more of an embarrassment than a weapon to a commander in chief, and then the difficulty of feeding them, of supplying them with ammunition in the field, no body has ever attempted to foresee or define their share in the campaign of the future. "Colonel X." goes so far as to quote from "The Nation in Arms" by VON DER GOLTZ, another German theorist, the question whether a new Napoleon or Alexander with an army of 200,000 professional soldiers would not easily be able to rout these unbeaten droves of men, only superficially organized. He thinks it beyond the need of demonstration that the handling of even 1,000,000 men, including the problem of communications and supplies is too vast for a single human brain to grasp, conceding all the facilities of modern times. The genius of NAPOLEON himself became inadequate when he had 600,000 men to command with the means and appliances of his day.

From these premises the French critic reads a lesson to the politicians who are tampering with the efficiency of the French soldier in order to win popularity for themselves. The popular argument that the country's strength is in its reserves and "in the reserves" is a mere fallacy, and it is criminal to impair the strength of the first fighting line in reliance upon the second and third, but the strength of the first line depends upon the fighting pitch to which it is keyed up, its ability to march, to resist fatigue, to handle weapons, to keep its nerve in the hour of trial, to fight desperately despite punishment, to lie still in the trenches or to rush the enemy's lines. These are the points that make for victory, and these it is not common sense to expect in reserves, who are seldom called to the colors, and then only for short periods.

Of course, the Colonel is despondent over the recent legislation which shortens enormously the period of service in the regular peace establishment and greatly diminishes the periods of instruction of even the first class of reservists. The French army is equal in training and spirit to that of Germany to-day, but what will it be when the full effects of the recent innovations are experienced?

Two Springfield Poets.

Hear Envy yap from her loathsome cave.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: Please take home these lines written by Dr. DAVID WAGNER for the Springfield *Republican*. Take them home, read them carefully, ponder them prayerfully, and then just put your hand on your heart and tell us, squarely and fairly, where is SAMBO BOWLES now?

SAMBO is not in it with Dr. WAGNER and besides Dr. DAVID WAGNER is as real as he is earnest, whereas SAMBO BOWLES is as fake as Osiris, rather better than anybody else, and nobody is dotty enough to say he is a prophet.

CLARK HOPKINS HITCHENS.

HARTFORD, CONN., September 9.

We have only commendation for Dr. DAVID WAGNER'S works, and do not find his verse less sweet for music in some neighboring street. Whether our merit, fortune or diet is to be thanked therefor, biliousness and prejudice cannot cloud our literary loves. The world has room and welcome for DAVID WAGNER and for SAMBO BOWLES. See the former son of song, sweeping statistics from before him and singing nobly a noble State:

"The sun never shone on a country more fair
Than beautiful, peerless Massachusetts;
There is life in a kiss of her rarefied air,
In Massachusetts, prolific Massachusetts.
Her sons are all noble and valiant and bright;
Her beautiful daughters are just about right;
And her babies (God bless them) are clean out of sight!
The crop never fails in
Massachusetts.

"Our homes are alight with a halo of love
In Massachusetts, contented Massachusetts;
We cheer in the smiles of the heavens above,
No clouds ever darken Massachusetts;
Our grain waves like billows of gold to the sun;
The fruits of our orchards are equalled by none;
And our pumpkins, some of them, weigh most a ton.
We challenge the world in
Massachusetts.

"Our girls are sweet models of maidenly grace
In this modern Eden, Massachusetts;
They are perfect in figure and lovely in face;
That is just what they are in Massachusetts;
Their smiles are bewitching and winning and sweet;
Their dresses are stylish, yet modest and neat;
A Tribby would envy their cute little feet
In peerless Massachusetts.
When burdens of life I am called to lay down,
I hope I may die in
Massachusetts."

"Surely if skill in song the shears may stay, and of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss," Dr. DAVID WAGNER is immortal. His graceful simplicity, his manly tenderness, his artless art cannot beset too high, yet thereby shall the Sambonian laurels be clipped not the least poor trillionth of the diameter of a hair of Queen MAB'S. As Mr. SWINBURNE sang of him, the years have been filled and brightened as a forest with birds with the fruit and the flower of his song; the shy pilgrim of Agawam, a brother of the pussy willow, a cousin of the hepatica, the liver flower, the comrade of the chickadee and the catbird, than his there is no more gracious voice in Nature. There are times when he almost scares us with his metempsychosis and we can't tell his chant from the guinea hen's. Does Mr. CLARK HOPKINS HITCHENS listen to this:

The oriole flutes from the elms, and in the maples the catbird

Or this other Sambonian lay:

There are the cirrous, too, brilliant and strong,
and the meadow
Lark, with its plaintive simplicity, the clotous
bobolink does not
Care if the catbird steals from him, knowing
no doubt that the mother
Never can get quite that joyous rapture that
SAMBO imparteth.

One more, and let all Wagnerians as well as the prosing progeny of Hartford lend their most sympathetic ears:

The hepaticas, which sometimes forget the fall, and begin their harbinger beauty even on the edge of February, are now to be found in their exquisite delicacy, smiling at the snowbirds, even as it retreats, thankful for the called rays of early relation."

Through this bicoloured grass of Parnassus sigh all passionate winds of welcome and farewell." And around this charmed minstrel of the mean and wold legend has grown even as around Orpheus. He is "made one with Nature." His living bodily existence is doubtful because his canorous soul may be heard or seen in every bobolink and butterfly, tasted in every chicken patty or glass of root or dandelion beer. Go to Springfield, Mr. HITCHENS!

San Francisco is ready to raise $10,000,000 more than New Orleans to finance the Panama exposition. New Orleans has only $7,500,000 in sight, supposing that the people of the State vote to tax themselves at the approaching primaries, but San Francisco, in addition to her own $7,500,000, has now obtained from the California Legislature the provision of an impost that would produce $10,000,000 more. New Orleans, therefore, cuts no figure worth mentioning, and if the respective "rolls" of the two contending cities are to be considered San Francisco will get the exhibition.

After all, what are these huge sums of money for? How are they to be used? Certainly after the Brussels calamity no sane person will be inclined to entrust articles of beauty and artistic value to the keeping of an exposition, no matter how august its prospectus or how abundant its financial responsibility. Things that cannot be reproduced can hardly be paid for. What, therefore, will be left for San Francisco or New Orleans to spend money on beyond the old familiar exhibits and the midway and the side shows that would look as well in tents as in the best papier mâché kiosks or chalets or even imitation palaces?

In the spectacular performances of the aeroplanes Mr. WALTER WELLMAN'S flight by dirigible balloon to Europe, yet to be made, has not attracted general attention, but that illustrious Arctic explorer is tremendously in earnest, as may be gathered from his refusal of three offers of $5,000 each from as many wealthy young New Yorkers to be permitted to act as mechanician, and from his resolution not to let the balloon be taken from the shed until he is ready to sail to Europe. "We are here [Atlantic City] for business," he says, "not for exhibition purposes, and when the America takes to the air she will be in readiness for the transatlantic dash."

If Mr. WELLMAN is also in readiness, and nothing happens to the balloon at the start, Count ZEPPELIN'S laurels will be in danger. Veteran aeronaut as he is, the Count has never attempted anything as daring and dramatic, and he must be consumed with envy when he reads of the preparations at the American summer resort. We wish Mr. WELLMAN favoring winds and a frictionless motor, but would it not be more prudent to try the perils of Atlantic City before venturing out on the broad Atlantic and cutting loose for the continent of Europe?

IMPOSTURE IN RESTAURANTS.

Substitutes for Dishes on the Bill of Fare Often Served to Patrons.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: The proper man a chemical laboratory is his stomach. Mayor GAYNOR'S Commissioner of Weights and Measures has done noble work in correcting many abuses in that line, but the cheating of deception is inconsiderable in comparison to that done in substituting one food for another.

The butcher often gives you lamb's liver for calf's, roosters for fowls, and the fowls for roasting chicken. Ask him for good Canadian lamb and you are sure to get fat State mutton. Go to any East Side restaurant and you will get coffee made from almost anything but the real bean. New York restaurants are notorious for these shameless cheats. The writer has handled fish and meats and vegetables for nearly forty years, and is familiar with nearly all foods. Yet he has been imposed upon at restaurants. Pollock has been set before him for haddock, haddock for cod, and even cod for halibut. Recently some white fish was served to him as baked blue, and at another time baked weakfish for baked blue. The cream served with berries is in a great many cases condensed milk diluted.

Such petty deceptions are in most cases beyond the reach of the authorities. It would be to the public interest to have more food inspectors and less chemists and medical inspectors.

J. M.

BROOKLYN, September 10.

Woman's Minor Part in Colorado Election Frauds.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: Miss Molly Elliot Seawell in a recent magazine article attacking woman suffrage is guilty of some surprising errors of fact. For instance, she says that Colorado has had suffrage for more than thirty years. Equal suffrage was granted in Colorado in 1893.

Miss Seawell devotes much space to the election frauds committed in Denver six years ago when Mr. Shafroth was a candidate for Congress. She says that in these frauds the women voters held their own gallantly. The District Attorney of Denver in a letter to Mrs. Charles Park of Boston has stated officially that seventy-eight persons were informed against for taking part in those frauds, seventy-six men and two women. Of the men sixty-six were convicted. Eight more fled the State, and so were presumably guilty. The two women turned State's evidence.

In Massachusetts at the legislative hearings on woman suffrage it has been the custom for the attorney of the Anti Suffrage Association to read long extracts from the confessions of the two women and to say nothing about the sixty-six men who were convicted of doing the same things. Miss Seawell has taken a similar course.

No one in Colorado with a reputation to lose will assert that women have been responsible for more than a very small proportion of the fraud. And of the four equal suffrage States Colorado is the only one where women are charged with any election frauds at all.

If Miss Seawell could show that in Colorado more women than men cheat at elections she would score a fair point against equal suffrage. If the number of men and women cheating were about equal it would not be an argument either way, but since election frauds are much rarer among the women this is distinctly an argument in favor of woman suffrage.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

CHILMARK, Mass., September 9.

Two Solemn Questions Answered Solemnly.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: In yesterday's SUN H. N. wishes to know why the press prints so much about millionaires, who cannot be compared to dog catchers. It is because they cannot be compared that the press prints so much. Also, Inquirer, in to-day's SUN wishes to know why if the Board of Health can stop the sale of paregoric it cannot stop the sale of whiskey.

Because the first is a quick poison and whiskey so slow a poison to the most susceptible that those who take it have even been known to live to die while to an equal number of addictants it has been known to very much prolong their lives. Paregoric has not an equally creditable record in any stretch of imagination, and produces no revenue to Uncle Sam worth mentioning. Ideas sons enough.

C. O. J.

NEW YORK, September 10.

The Distinction Between Luxuries and Necessaries Must Be Maintained.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: A correspondent writing to THE SUN to-day says: "If the Board of Health can stop the sale of paregoric why does it not stop the sale of whiskey?"

The reason is because people can do without paregoric, but they cannot do without whiskey.

NEW YORK, September 9. JOSEPHUS.

A Royal Privilege.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: The list of guests to dine with royalty must first be submitted for approval, &c. Had this been done by the Hamilton Club it would have avoided the humiliation of a Senator in a crude and needlessly cruel manner.

CLUBBER.

JERSEY CITY, September 10.

FATHER PROUT'S PICNIC.

Proceedings and Diversions of the Brotherhood of Ballet.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: Can any of the Prouters tell me anything of the source of the humorously inclined translation of the Bard? The following lines are all of it which I can now recall and are supposed to translate part of that canto which sang the love and woes of poor Queen Dido:

Yesterday we met by chance at the proper time
And very much impressed that Carthaginian
Other
When thou her water-jugs one entreated
Water my nightly joys filled with wild unrest
Thus she young man who is stopping here
Unto my affections growing dear
Alas how many ships that man has by
And how genteel he can get up and go!

Then when Eneas sailed away if I continue
Into a boat with mickle consternation they hear
Their stricken queen.

These read the homeopathic book while those
Hold the cologne bottle to her nadid nose.

Perhaps this seems too flippant a parody for so serious a poem, but at the time my teachers kept me busily employed in translating the Æneid in strict, me as a pleasant oasis in the midst of a weary Latin desert.

REDDING RIDGE, Conn., September 8. MAC.

"It" in Mainz.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: In Mainz, Germany, a cosmopolitan city for the last 2,000 years, the boys choose who is "it" in the following troll song:

Heumüdlich, heumüdlich, ist dich, du
Saprilment mo, saprilment Dalen, an deix do
Meinst ich sass wie ein ewandig Zaiten
Zwanzig steht schon do
Den dip, den dap, du bist zwelmal
Plotich und getreulich ab.

A MUENZER BUB.

NEW YORK, September 8.

The Faithful Poetess.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: The name of this poème is "Le Souvenir."

Je me souviens encore
En dépit à l'amitié qui me trompe
Car, malgré toute ma douleur
Je suis sincère
Et fidèle
Et le pense au cher absent
Qui m'aime encore.

SOUTHAMPTON, September 8. M. L. T.

"Linguistic Snobbery."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: For God's sake close the "linguistic snobbery" column on your editorial sheet; it is as uninteresting as it is foolish.

RICHARD BURTON.

NEW YORK, September 8.

Go and Return.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: Has Father Prout ever seen the distich that can be read both ways? The thought may be insignificant, but the combination of words must have cost the author time and patience:

In girum imus nocte
Et consumimur igni.

ITALIAN.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., September 10.

He Hailed the Judge in Spanish Speech.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: At the time of the Virginius troubles I was a special correspondent at Key West and there became acquainted with the dashing Commander Cushing of Albemarle fame. One night he told the following story:

An American corvette had been ordered to the mouth of the Rio Grande to arbitrate a frontier wrangle between some citizens of Brownsville and Matamoras, situated upon opposite sides of the river. A boat's crew was sent ashore, with orders to land at Brownsville, but the river was running flood and a landing had to be made at Matamoras.

At that place an Irishman kept a ship's store, dealing in everything from liquor to anchors. The seamen escaped to his place and proceeded to get drunk. When their money was gone the old man put them out. The boys were hilarious. A lot of adobe bricks were near by and the sailors playfully tossed these through the windows. One brick, entering an upper window, struck the proprietor's daughter, Margaret, when she came to see what was doing. The men were arrested, locked up overnight and taken before the alcalde next morning. The proprietor appeared to prosecute. He was asked if he desired an interpreter, but declined the service. He then kissed the Book and testified as follows:

Señor Judge (Ay, Sir, dispense me, si vous plaît). Last noche eight hombres, all Gringoes, entradoed me casa, romptodoed me chairs, broke me vasos, y knocked me Marguerita down, tam poco (meaning tambien, also).

The alcalde could not make out the exact charge, but the men were held without bail. The captain of the ship had to go ashore, but the intervention of the State Department was required to secure the release of the men. The damages were assessed at $10 Mexican, and the men were ultimately liberated.

A fine touch in this is "vasos," which means drinking glasses, not window glasses. Also, the past tense formed from a gerund.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

DENVILLE, N. J., September 5.

Sala Bala III.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: Intertwined with the language which is not of the heavens above nor of the earth below is this song that my mother used to sing:

Shoo lacker acker acker shoo lack oo,
Shoo lacker acker acker shoo lack oo
If e'er he fought for Sala Bala III,
Muska calla, lala boo, (four syllables forgotten)
slow reel.

Then another verse:

O my lover's gone to France
Seeking his fortune to advance
If e'er he fought, &c.

C. W. DOBBINS.

FLUSHING, L. I., September 10.

"Three Little Kittens" and "Jack and Jill."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: Your "Father Prout Picnic" may not thus far have contained the enclosed verse, a sheet of which has turned up in some oddments in my possession, out of a collection of trifles that were sold at the Great Central Fair of the Sanitary Commission in 1864. Thinking some of the verses might interest those who have contributed others to the columns of your paper, I send the sheet with my compliments.

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

PHILADELPHIA, September 7.

TRES FELINES. Mediæval Latin.

Leunnie tres chirotheels amissis,
Tum miaulizantes cœpere
O mater amanda, res est suspicanda
Chirotheca quod abiere.
Quid? pedidistis, nâ cum latis,
Catulilule malæ? artocreata habere
Mihi heu! mihi heu! mihi heu!

Felinule tres chirotheels invenitis,
Tum adhiandientes cœpere
O mater amanda, res est condonanda
Chirotheca, en, redire.
Quid? invenistis, nâ cum latis,
Catulilule bellæ? artocreata habere
Oh proh cuge! proh cuge! proh cuge!

Felinule tres chirotheels indutis,
Artocreata statim edere
O mater amanda, res est suspicanda
Chirotheca quod equitare.
Quid? squainistis, nâ cum latis,
Catulilule nequam? Tunc cerpentur tugere,
Mihi heu! mihi heu! mihi heu!

Felinule tres chirotheels absterdis,
Ad slecandum eas suspendere
O mater amanda, res est condonanda
Chirotheca laute sunt, verè.
Quid? mundastietis, nâ cum latis,
Catulilule, vosmet. Sed mus erpit obere?
Au st! au st! au st!

J. H. A.

CAPUS ET CATA.

Caius cum Calâ montem peregit,
Ad amphoram aquæ portandum
Capus, delapsus, calvariam fregit,
Et cala pervolvit lofandum!

J. H. A.

John Smith and Another Hero.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: The collection of Father Prout is getting more and more interesting every week. May I suggest that it is hardly complete without the history of Captain John Smith as recorded long ago by an anonymous writer:

Johannes Smithus walking up a street met two ingentes Injins et parvulus Injin. Injinus dos capul sent ab Johanne, sed Johannes rapuit et ab ingentibus Injinibus, Parvulus Injin run off bullerin', et terrificatus est, sent to death. Big Injin remonit Johannem ad tentum, ad campum, ad magnify placem, napoonem, pipe a peacem, bughers, squawque. Quum Johannes examinatus est ab Injinibus, they condemnait him to be crucified on capitem, ah chiblibus. Big Injin was going to smashatus over Smithum with a clubbe quum Pocahontas came trenching down at bullerin'. "Don't ya do it, don't ya do it." Sez Johannes non pertit, sed grew fat on corn bread et bushiny.

Another episode more tragical in its conclusion was thus recorded:

Tres fratres stupidi
Took a boat at Niagr.
Stormus grose et studus sea
Magnum fretium surgebat
Et boatum overturnebat
Et omnes drownididerunt
Quia swimmers non poweros!

Yet another specimen is worthy of a place as being, like the two foregoing, a true macaronic, not merely a burlesque translation, "Ich Bin Dein."

In tempus old a hero lived
Qui loved puellas dear,
He se peavait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit il Si même on been main
Non possem both avoir
Sed si address Amanda Ann
Then Katie and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin
Sed Kate has aureas curls
Et both sunt very agatha
Et quite formosa girls.

Fain, the youthful anthropos,
Philoun the duo maids,
Resolved proponere ad Kate
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo
Il trouve Amanda there.
Kai quite forgot his good resolves
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed, smiling on the new tapis
Between puellas twain,
Cœpit to tell his flame to Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever and anon
At fair Amanda's eyes,
Dim non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi vow
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And offering each a milk white hand
Both whispered "Ich bin dein."

DAVID A. CURTIS.

SEAFORD, L. I., September 9.

Sing a Song of Science.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Here is an essentially macaronic "Song of Science":

Trilobite, Graptolite,
Nautilus pie,
Seas were calcareous,
Oceans were dry,
Eocene, miocene,
Pliocene, tuff,
Lias and trias,
And that is enough.
Oh! sing a song of phosphates,
Fibrine in a line,
Four and twenty follicles
In the van of time,
When the phosphorescence
Evoluted brain
Superstition ended,
Men began to reign!

FLINDERS SNAPE.

NEW YORK, September 10.

China.

There is one who insults, threatens and excludes
thy sons
Yet claims to be thy best friend.
Oh, China, of even such ones
Must thou accept as the best one yet?
China, what unpleasant name is it.

Three thousand years has gone quite
Civilizations of Confucius dead long,
And the West, pupil of thy olden times,
Now treat thee as if thou were a born slave.
China, what unhappy name is it.

For thy hands are tied by treaties,
China, what sorrowful name is it.

When thirst with desire for railroads development
Have to sheds thy own tears and make little wet
For those which foreigners offer
Were nothing but fatal prey.
China, what pitiful name is it.

America, South Africa and everywhere,
Thy sons excluded from all "white man's country,"
Yet of thy own country
Thou cannot say it was the "yellow man's country."
China, what feeble name is it.

Great qualities of Japan has changed
Even the meaning of the word Orient
Oh, dying kingdom!
Spelled people!
Who it will be that may change the meaning of
the name China?

SHEWEN SHIEIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 4.

Three Frenchmen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The following, which I heard many years ago, may sound a little "Prouty." It would doubtless be funnier if given in French:

Three Frenchmen went a-hunting,
And nothing could they find.
But the moon a shining in the river
And that they left behind.
One said "It's the moon, sir," another he said "Nay."
The third said "It's a Cheshire cheese, but the rind
has worn away."
Refrain—Ooley, Ooley, Ooley,
Through the woods we go.

Three Frenchmen went a-hunting,
And nothing could they find.
But a toad a-sitting on a stile,
And that they left behind;
One said "It's a toad, sir", another he said "Nay,"
The third said "It's a canary bird, but the feathers
have worn away."

Three Frenchmen went a-hunting,
And nothing could they find,
But a bear a-standing in the road,
And that they left behind;
One said "It's a bear, sir", another he said "Nay,"
The third said "It's a fox, sir, but the hair has
turned all gray."

Three Frenchmen went a-hunting,
And nothing could they find,
But a barn a-standing by the road,
And that they left behind,
One said "It's a barn, sir", another he said "Nay,"
The third said "It's a church, sir, but the steeple
has worn away."

Tradition says that the people of Wiltshire, England, once raked their rivers to capture the moon, and they are still called "moonrakers."

W. FENWICK.

NEW YORK, September 10.

A Prout Cocktail.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In case the arduous labors of your Prouters cause an extreme dryness, I recommend the enclosed prescription:

Caudi Galli Spts. Frumenti
Capiat cyathus glaces, frangere, percolare
aquam residuum, et adde:
℞ Vino Vermouth, zj
Spts. Frumenti, zij
Amare, mlij

M. bene simul, deinde caplas cyathus vinosus caudi galli cum cerasus Maraschini et siruptus cerasii semi drachmas.

Percolare vinum et spiritus in hoc et bibe. Repetatur si opus sit, usque ad semi gravis secundum usum.

Caudi Galli "Martini."

Ipsissimus processus substitutio Amare Angustii quo Amare et Spts. Juniperus "Tom" Sicus, quo Spts. Frumenti.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

BROOKLYN, September 10.

The Almond Eyed "Loreley."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: In the English translation of Sudermann's "Hohenlied," "The Song of Songs," is this Chinese version of the beginning of Heine's "Loreley":

O my belong too much sorry,
And can me no says, what kind.
Have got one olo piecy story
No won't she go outside my mind.

NEW YORK, September 10. TEUTON.

DICKENS STAMP FUND.

The Novelist's Receipts from Sales of His Books in America Were Considerable.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Are we required that the public purchase stamps for the benefit of the living descendants of Charles Dickens convey an impression that the novelist derived no benefit from publication of his works in the United States? This is very far from being the case, the best witness to a contrary state of affairs is Mr. Dickens. He complained bitterly of the pirated and often earlier versions of his stories which appeared in the American newspapers, but as to his books in this here he was fairly well satisfied.

With respect to the newspapers, I am writing to his friend Professor Felton of Cambridge, Mass., he said:

I am bent on striking at the pirates newspapers with the sharpest edge I can put upon my axe, and hope in the next session of Congress to stop their entrance into Canada.

Later, in writing to Mr. Fields, his Boston publisher, denying the truth of an alleged interview published in the New York Herald, he says:

For twenty years I am perfectly certain I have never made any other allusion to the pirating of my books in America than in a humorous remark that if there had been an international copyright between England and the States I should have been a man of fortune instead of a man of moderate means always supporting a very expensive publication; nor have I ever been so ungenerous as to disguise or suppress the fact that I have received handsome sums for advance sheets.

Dickens got a thousand pounds for one story which was written for the Boston magazine *Our Young Folks*. Whatever the merits or demerits of the stamp project, the scheme cannot be helped by the suppression or distortion of facts. Perhaps it is proper under the present circumstances to ask how the Dickens fortune disappeared. The sale of his library and collections brought in a good deal of money, and large amounts in royalties must have been paid for a long time after his death.

GEORGE H. RICHARDS.

NEW YORK, September 10.

RAILROAD RATE SITUATION.

Substantial Reasons for the Advances That Are Now Under Investigation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* During recent years the prices of everything that the railroads buy, including labor, have advanced considerably, the product which they sell, transportation, has not. Economy and increased efficiency of operation have probably had their full expression, and the country finds itself confronted with two alternatives: allow a slight increase in rates carefully graded in accordance with the value of the goods transported (what the "traffic will bear") and enable the railroads to maintain the advanced wages and extend their facilities; the other alternative involves a temporary throwing out of work of a lot of wage earners and a general curtailment of expenditures on the part of the railroads.

It is absurd to imagine that railroad rates are the result of deliberate legislation or conspiracy; they are organic and vital; they are constantly changing in accordance with the vicissitudes of business; they frame themselves on the value of the service performed; they tend when unhampered by unintelligent interference to produce the largest amount of traffic at lowest cost to the shipper and greatest profit to the carrier. In the long run no law or commission can stay the expression of natural or economic law. If the country is confronting a diminishing demand for transportation, a really serious advance in rates cannot be made effective. If, on the contrary, business conditions improve to the extent that a moderate advance in rates could be borne, and the commission refuses it, it will simply mean an artificial retarding of the country's development.

For these reasons it seems absurd to talk of the railroads "proving their case": they are not on trial, and nobody seriously thinks they are. I make so bold as to affirm that little will be brought out in the present investigation that will actually bear on the final decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The sole results which may be expected from it will be an increase in the feeling of animosity between the people and the railroads, and an increased output of sensational and muckraking articles in the cheap monthly magazines, based on garbled and distorted interpretations of the facts brought to light during the "trial."

ALBERT R. GALLATIN.

NEW YORK, September 9.

THE BANJO.

Opinions and Experience of a Distinguished Teacher.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Are you sure that knows anything about the banjo will tell you a negro does not understand a banjo and never could be taught to play one save in his own style, which he acquires in all other instruments he seeks to master. How many negro players are musicians? So few that they can be counted easily.

I do not wish to be egotistical, but I can truthfully say that the Dobson family made the banjo a musical instrument, and if your discouraged banjo teacher was a musician and knew the banjo he could make it the same. I have been teaching not only the banjo but mandolin and guitar practically all my life, and in that time have always had and have at the present time numerous pupils on the banjo that play it.

I will frankly admit that I have had others in the gutter that never did and never could make more music in one vibration of the D string than one hundred banjos strummed in colour. The sum and substance of the whole argument is, have you or have you not natural musical ability? If you have you are sure to succeed.

EDWARD C. DOBSON.

NEW YORK, September 10.

The Manhattan Philosopher on Music.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN, Sir: A correspondent in this morning's SUN bewails the coming of the banjo, at the same time praising and acknowledging that no one but an expert can play it properly.

The fact is that there never was and never can be any music in the banjo, and I for one am glad to find it is passing away so rapidly. There is as much music in a Chinese tomtom, or in "Throw Him Down, McCloskey" or "Has Anybody Seen Kelly" or in "A Little Bit off the Top" of it in "ragtime."

New York is really