The Sun.

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THE SUN, New York City.

Five persons are known to have lost their lives in the Hotel Royal fire yesterday morning, and many more are missing. The list of the dead may finally be swelled to twenty or more. The alarm was given from the outside, and the guests of the house received no warning from the office. The fire seems to have started in the wooden elevator shaft, but it is remarkable, to say the least, that it should not have been discovered by the clerk or other employee on duty in time to notify the guests or to send out an alarm. A careful investigation of this point and of all circumstances of the fire will be necessary. If it is true that there was in this town a hotel containing many rooms and much frequented which was yet so inflammable and flimsy a hulk that when it got afire in the elevator shaft it burned so rapidly that access from the office to the stairs was at once cut off, the responsibility should be fixed where it belongs. A terrible responsibility rests somewhere.

It was a bad fire, but the firemen showed the steady courage and skill which make the New York Fire Department unequalled in the world.

The Democrats and the Town Elections.

To-morrow the first of the town elections of 1892 will take place. These elections will continue until the voters of the whole State, exclusive of New York and Kings counties, have recorded their wishes. While these elections are going on, it is very desirable that the Democratic party should present a united front to the enemy. The reasons for this are two:

1. For the first time in many years there is a Democratic Governor in New York having both branches of the Legislature in accord with his political views and course. The Democracy is solely responsible to the people for all legislation enacted, approved, or prevented. The State Government is for the first time in many years wholly in the hands of the Democrats. An expression of popular confidence and support, therefore, by the people of the State, not through the machinery of primary elections, but at the polls, and against Republican candidates, would be a source of incalculable strength and encouragement to the party, not only in New York but in other States.

2. The electors of New York will practically choose at these town elections the canvassers of the vote to be cast for President in November. The powers which the law puts in the hands of these canvassers are so great that if through unfortunate and unavoidable Democratic divisions the Republicans should secure a working majority in the doubtful counties, the danger to the Democratic Presidential candidate of an unjust partisan count would, in the present temper of the New York Republicans, be a serious peril to the Democratic cause.

Do the Mugwumps know this? They do, and while the Democratic leaders are engaged in prosecuting a vigorous canvass to secure from the electors in the several counties of the State, beginning on Tuesday, such a vote of confidence in Democratic administration as will be the pledge and assurance to the Democracy of the country that New York stands solid, the Mugwump marplots are endeavoring in their spectacular, but feeble way, to involve the party in factional fights which can operate only to the benefit of the Republicans. While they would have the Democrats engage in discussing the claims of various candidates and the date fixed for the Convention, the Republicans would be electing municipal and charter officers, Supervisors, Mayors, and Common Councilmen. The Mugwumps are at their old tactics of seeking to divide the party in the presence of the Republican enemy, and of turning over the election machinery to the foes of the Democracy.

It is this that makes the duty of New York Democrats doubly serious, and at the same time perfectly clear.

M. Jules Simon on Americanism.

Some opinions on the influence of American civilization, which M. JULES SIMON contributes to a Parisian journal, are translated in the *Tribune*. Americans, he says, he loves, but Americanism he does not like; he attributes to it changes in the tone and habits of European society which are disagreeable to him.

In former centuries, says this philosopher, men lived and died at home, and domestic virtues were cultivated and preserved. The mother was the angel of the household, "the model and the apostle of virtue." "One aspired to become the founder of a family." Then "there was no question of lax morals, of crimes of passion." "The law, respect, love received and given, honor and probity inherited and treasured, were shields against crime and against error." Now every member of the household is pressing ahead on his own account, disdainful of everything that is not new and impatient of everything that stands in the way of his progress. Marriage is a matter of business negotiation and arrangement, and it is broken up by divorce when it proves unprofitable. The child, instead of receiving maternal care, is handed over to a nurse, and after infancy is sent to a boarding school. The husband deserts his home for his club, and the wife goes her own way, preparing herself by degrees for a divorce.

The responsibility for all this M. JULES SIMON lays on America. Here, as he learns from "the enemies of the great American republic," the people live in huge hotels, which are worlds in themselves, where the conservative moral influences of family life are destroyed or dangerously weakened. Public dinners take men from home and discontent them with its simple pleasures and occupations.

Has the transformation of which this French philosopher speaks really occurred in France, and if so, what reason is there for attributing its cause to "Americanism?" A reading of French history would seem to show rather that it is simply a development, if not a continuance, of past social customs and morals, such essential change as is observable being rather in the [illegible] improvement than deteriora- [illegible] tures of the civilized world the old domestic virtues are honored and preserved. Nowhere is luxurious fashion itself so pure morally. At this time the men and women in that circle lead a life in the glare of the greatest publicity. Nothing is concealed or can be concealed by them; yet the papers which seek to gain currency by publishing their moral delinquencies, the scandals of that society, can only support themselves by manufacturing utterly fictitious tales of impropriety or by ransacking the records of faults and frailties for half a century past. As compared with the European, American fashion is Puritan, and such evil influences as are at all active in it are of European importation. They are not indigenous. Nowhere else is marriage so uniformly an affair of romantic sentiment and not of business arrangement. Men and women marry for love only in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and the majority of marriages take place early, when the romance of the heart is strongest.

Of course, there is nothing in the talk about Americans preferring hotels to homes of their own. Some of them may show the preference, but they are too few proportionately and even actually to furnish a basis for such a generalization. The great mass of the inhabitants of hotels are mere sojourners, of whom the number is always great at this period of general travel. Usually American families prefer their own separate houses to the apartments whose general plan the great American cities have recently borrowed from Paris. Most of their occupants live in them under the pressure of necessary economy only. The club, too, is not an original American institution, but an importation from Europe, and more specifically from England. If many divorces occur here as a result of the facilities for them furnished by the laws of nearly all the States, they are usually an indication of exacting matrimonial requirements rather than of loose conceptions of the obligations of marriage. Offences against marital duty and fidelity which might be tolerated elsewhere are intolerable in a country where marriage is almost invariably entered into from motives of romantic sentiment only. Our divorces, therefore, are not a sign of low social morals so much as a proof of a prevalent exalted conception of the obligations of matrimony or a fanciful expectation of absolute harmony and happiness in a relation so romantic. The great majority of them are not for offences against purity, but for neglect of the marital duties of support and maintenance, or to some form of mere incompatibility of disposition and temperament. The greater ease with which young people can enter into the relation of marriage, together with the more general and more exacting requirements of poetic sentiment as to it, results naturally in a proportionately larger number of disappointments and consequent divorces than in countries where the obstacles to marriage are many, the conception of it more purely practical, and the opportunities for divorce fewer. Set over against these matrimonial disappointments the actual, though not legalized separations of Europe, and the excess is not on our side.

M. JULES SIMON writes of us merely by hearsay, and of his own country with a forgetfulness of its social history which shows that age has come upon him and that he has lost the perception and the insight of the philosopher. What he calls Americanism, so far as the thing exists at all, is simply the tendency of modern civilization as affected by modern invention bringing all the peoples of the globe into close intercourse, and enlarging and extending the range of their interests and employments.

The Three-legged Clams of Tulare.

Everybody in this part of the country has been told of the marvellously rapid growth of nature under the influence of the bland climate and fertile soil of the Pacific slope. We all know that between seed time and harvest in California crook-necked squashes attain the size of swans, cucumbers grow as large as saw logs, and mustard seeds are mistaken for walnuts by persons from the Atlantic States. But it seems that the residents of that favored region have been so absorbed in contemplation of the phenomenal growth of its products that they have failed until recently to notice a far more astounding evidence of its fertility. They have only just discovered that the processes of evolution—a sort of growth in which countless generations take the place of the individual and ages are as seasons—are comparatively as celeritous as are the processes by which the ordinary products of California soil and climate are matured.

Occasional mention has appeared of late in Eastern papers of the recession of Lake Tulare, leaving a broad margin of arable land that for many years had been submerged. Dwelling near the shore of this lake is a Mr. ENNIS, an observant ranchman. When the water receded, he sowed with wheat his land that was left dry. The crop came up beautifully, but after a while he noticed that many of the spears were eaten off as if by cut-worms. He investigated, and the result was startling even to a resident of the Pacific slope.

Mr. ENNIS discovered that the countless clams left high and dry by the recession of the water and exposed to the benign influences of soil and climate had developed legs—three legs to each clam—and were hopping around among the wheat spears. Further observation showed him that the part of the clam's anatomy known in Rhode Island as the snout, had become a fairly well developed mouth, and that the clams were nibbling off the blades of wheat, chewing the succulent fodder, swallowing the juice, and ejecting the fibrous residue. He captured some of these predatory tripeds and stands ready to exhibit them to all doubters of his word. For the facts regarding this discovery we are indebted to our esteemed contemporary, the *Expositor* of Fresno.

Mammals were only foreshadowed by occasional creatures of the early reptilian age. HERBERT SPENCER says that "there is in living organisms a margin of functional oscillations on all sides of a mean state, and a consequent margin of structural variation." But here we have in California living evidences of a celerity of evolution which sets aside the results of all previous observations. Not ages, but only a few months were required for the evolution of these stranded mollusks into a condition which enables them to cope with their environment. Theirs is a development which can be accounted for upon no hypothesis of a margin of functional oscillations. The soil and climate of the Pacific slope did it, and nothing else.

It is interesting to speculate as to the further results of evolution in the three- [illegible] of Tulare under the gracious [illegible] At the [illegible] enal development, the former humble mollusks of the shore should become dudes, with monocles and walking sticks. All this, provided of course that the Japanese warm current is not deflected and the isothermal lines remain as at present.

A Journalist with Long Arms.

A native of the State of New Jersey made the following speech at Atlanta shortly after noon last Tuesday:

"Fellow Citizens: I have refused a hundred invitations to speak. I refused your Governor here when he came to me a few minutes ago, but it would take more backbone than I am said to possess for me to withstand your demands. I take this opportunity to heartily thank you for your cordial greeting and hospitable welcome.

"I have been on a trip given up entirely to pleasure, and conducted in a manner as private as possible, but everywhere the Southern people have been very kind. Such expressions of cordiality surprised me, for I know that they are sincere. I shall go to my Northern home more than ever impressed with the assurance that the people appreciate *that servant whose duty is well done*.

"Were I to speak further I should touch on public questions, and that would be out of place here."

This speech is so characteristic of its author that even if it were printed anonymously everybody would know who he was. This retired servant, who knows and takes every opportunity to say that his duty was well done, and that he possesses backbone, cannot disguise his feelings or his style. In the South, as in the North, he doesn't conceal his self-appreciation or hide from the public his complete and serene satisfaction with himself.

The speech is entirely natural. What seems unnatural, or at least extraordinary, is the assertion made by the *Atlanta Constitution* that while the New Jersey traveller was waiting for an opportunity to speak, Mr. BLACKBURN, the editor of the *Atlanta Journal* (Stuffed), "had his arm familiarly around" the traveller.

Either Mr. BLACKBURN has arms enormously disproportionate to his size or he is one of the tallest men in history.

An earthquake is reported from Omaha. Evidently this is the effort of the respectable State of Nebraska to shake a person of the name of THAYER, who insists upon trying to hang on to the post of Governor in spite of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It appears by the mortality report of the New York State Board of Health for last year that there were only four deaths from small-pox in the State during the year. But nearly thirty cases of the disease were found in this city last week, and we apprehend that there was more than one death from it. It is said to have first appeared among Italian immigrants who had never been vaccinated, but it quickly took hold of other people. The inspectors of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases have acted energetically under the circumstances; they have removed the sufferers to North Brother Island; they have vaccinated thousands of persons, and they have fumigated and disinfected many houses in Sullivan and Thompson streets and in other streets. There is no reason for public alarm, but there is reason for vigilance on the part of the officers of the Health Board and the Quarantine.

When the wheat crop was harvested in Kansas last year the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance raised the cry, "Hold your wheat," and prophesied that its price would rise to an unparalleled height this spring. Now the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture is lecturing to the farmers on the subject in a melancholy tone. He says that he wishes he had sold his own wheat last fall, that he did not know as much then as he knows now, that it was worth more in Osborne county last October than it is worth to-day, and that he now expects to sell it for what it will bring. It is truly hard to tell in any one year what will be the market price of wheat in the next year.

It is not always safe for men living hereabout to rush headlong to those distant parts of the country from which we get exciting reports of the discovery of rich gold fields. Reports of this kind are sometimes sent out by land speculators and town-site or town-lot boomers for the purpose of attracting settlers whose presence will raise the price of real estate; and the settlers are sometimes so unfortunate as to ascertain that the gold fields are not to be found, though prospecting parties may be searching for them. Since autumn last fictitious reports of gold discoveries have been sent out from scores of places lying between lower New Mexico and upper Alaska, and no doubt many people have been deluded by them to their own loss.

It is true that there are gold and silver mines in those regions, and it is true that there are also liars and decoy ducks in them. It is dangerous for greenhorns to go to Alaska or New Mexico to gather gold on the strength of the gilded yarns of land boomers.

The Helena portrait of Col. ABE, reproduced in THE SUN by the kind permission of Mr. RUSSELL B. HARRISON, is a notable addition to the iconography of Slupskosophy.

The conflict between Newfoundland and the Dominion now presents a new feature. The St. Johns Government is exposed to a flank attack or fire in the rear from a part of its own people. The petition from the west coast of the island to Lord KNUTSFORD asking that the Queen will either "unite the treaty shore with Canada or proclaim Newfoundland a crown colony," must be mortifying to the St. Johns Government at this juncture, when so much depends on presenting a united front in its contest with the Dominion over the Bait act. That this appeal to Lord KNUTSFORD should be made by Newfoundlanders after the vigorous denunciation of the Colonial Secretary by the provincial Legislature is itself annoying, but a more direct blow is the assertion of the memorial that "the present Government of Newfoundland is totally incapable of governing the island."

The conflict in interest between the people of the French shore and the rest of Newfoundland is really an old one. Even this very movement in favor of annexation to the Dominion was urged two years ago, when it was proposed to divide the island by a line drawn from Cape John on the north southwesterly to Cape Ray, permitting the western portion to join its fortunes with Canada. In a petition similar to the one now spoken of, history, geography, politics, and commercial interests were all invoked in support of the secession project:

"We are so far distant from St. Johns, the capital of the island, being separated from it by an impassable wilderness of some 400 miles, that we do not and cannot receive from the local Government a fair share of attention, and, while taxes are rigidly exacted from us, the expenditure of public money is almost altogether confined to the eastern portion of the island. While we contribute something like $100,000 to the public revenue, but a very small return is made to us, and we are in almost absolute want for roads, bridges, ferries, wharves, quays, breakwaters, railways, and other necessary conveniences."

The distance between the west shore of Newfoundland and Canada is only about sixty miles at Cape Ray, so that it is not surprising that the sympathies and business interests of the two coasts should be somewhat in harmony. On the other hand, the customs duties imposed by the St. Johns Government against Canada and the United States were declared in the memorial of year before last to be "the cause of great hardship to us and almost ruinous to our principal industries." At that time accordingly, as now, the voice of the west shore was for entrance into the Dominion [illegible] if the island should have to [illegible] that purpose [illegible] ford of all the points contained in the present petition. The island, in fact, is divided against itself in business interests, besides being rent by strong party factions even in the east, where the commercial interests are tolerably uniform.

It is a very queer fight that is going on among our northern neighbors, and the inharmonious working of their political machinery shows that there is something wrong in their colonial system.

One of the puzzles of political geography is the boundaries of the South American States, many of which are in dispute. It is a very delicate subject in South America, and the stranger within their gates who talks about boundary lines is likely to find that he is on dangerous ground. Ecuador, for instance, claims a third more territory than Peru and Colombia are willing to concede to her. Peru says that several tributaries of the Amazon stretching up into territory claimed by Ecuador, run through her own domain as far as they are navigable. Colombia, on the other hand, claims the northern part of the region which the Ecuadorians say is theirs, and does not admit that Ecuador begins until the river Napo is reached.

There is no telling when these questions will be settled, and the only reason why they do not give rise to very serious trouble is that most of the disputed lines run through territory not yet utilized, and therefore boundary questions have not become the burning topic of the day.

COL. ABE SLUPSKY IN MONTANA.

He is Entertained in a Manner Worthy of His Name and Fame.

From the Helena Journal.

Col. Abe has several relatives residing in Helena among early settlers from the classic shores of the lower Missouri. To them his features are as familiar as their own, and it would have been impossible for the *Journal* to foist upon them a counterfeit presentment of the Colonel. Accordingly, our special artist was given a vacation to enable him to study the Colonel's features. The result is a superb and life-like likeness of the Colonel, which is presented herewith. Our artist made several studies of his subject, catching the genial Colonel when he was at rest, on one of the luxurious divans of the Hotel Broadwater, when he was in his bathing suit taking a plunge at the great Natatorium, when he was at his meals, and when he lectured on his great theme of School Reform before the State Teachers' Convention.

COL. ABE SLUPSKY.

As the Colonel visited the *Journal* office in company with State Superintendent Gannon, and the editor had the honor of an introduction to the celebrated apostle of School Reform, we are able to certify to the likeness. The slight abnormality of development above the Colonel's lofty brow is due, no doubt, to his deep and constant thinking on the one absorbing theme of his life, School Reform; but it certainly does not indicate that there is any bias to his mind, since he is known to have taken a lively interest in every subject that was brought to his attention while here.

Col. Broadwater, himself a Missourian, was especially polite to the apostle, and though not related to him, is the intimate friend and neighbor of people who are. He impressed Col. Abe with the grandeur of Montana, by showing him over his six-story bank building, and taking him through some of his silver and copper mines.

Mayor Kleinschmidt took a great interest in Col. Abe, as he is himself an ardent advocate of School Reform. As is the Mayor's habit with strangers visiting the city, he entertained Col. Abe superbly at his Lenox mansion, and had him meet there a company of Helena's choicest spirits.

Gov. Toole, as a small boy in Missouri, had often been patted on the head by Col. Abe when the latter made his famous first tour in the interests of School Reform, and little Joe was among the first to greet the kindly apostle at the schoolyard bars. Finding the erstwhile plump and rosy-faced lad developed into a stately and erudite Governor of a mighty State was a genuine pleasure to Col. Abe, who predicted higher honors in the future.

The princely hospitality of Helena's best citizens was showered on the Colonel with the lavish hand for which it is famed, and as the recipient of all these courtesies was scrupulous to call to pay his respects to each of the families that entertained him before finally taking his departure, he made many friends in whose hearts his memory will ever be green.

A Leader Who Can Lead.

From the Connecticut Catholic.

The recent Democratic victory in New York State is the most brilliant political triumph of modern times. For almost a generation the legislative branch of the State Government had been Republican. It was easy enough to elect Democratic State officers, but owing to the borough system of representation maintained by the Republicans and their prevention of a reapportionment, it seemed impossible to make the State Democratic in its executive and legislative branches. Cleveland tried it and failed. Hill tried it and failed. Then Hill tried it again and failed again. But he tried it again and succeeded. The brilliant victory of last November is due more to the advice and efforts of Hill than any other man. When the Republicans tried to steal the Senate he stood in the breach and prevented it. When their organs and the Mugwump press tried to drive him out of Albany before the end of the term to which the people had elected him, he wasn't to be driven. And when the Court of Appeals decided that the State Senate was Democratic, and it was made clear that at last, after many years of effort, New York State was Democratic both in its executive and legislative branches, it was made apparent why Hill had remained at Albany. The sneers of the Mugwump organs and the abuse of the Republican press were silenced. Results had spiked their guns.

It was apparent that the New York Democracy had a leader who knew how to lead. It was evident that the most skilful political general of modern times had guided the party through a tortuous path to the summit of political possession. It was clear that the leader who can lead, which is the crying need of the Democratic party in the nation, was at hand.

David B. Hill is the leader who can lead!

Col. Singerly's Lament for the Stuffed One.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Ex-President Cleveland will celebrate Washington's birthday by delivering an address before the University of Michigan. He has been tendered a public reception by the people of Detroit on the day following. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

Why, Yes.

I.

Miss Nellie McCarty
At Donohue's party
Was the belle of the ball.
I was not sure, at all,
If in some recess
She'd indulge in an ice,
She was so very nice;
But she answered: Why, yes.

II.

A few evenings later,
With thoughts of the theater,
I ventured to call;
I was not sure, at all,
'Twas with some finesse
I made bold to ask her.
She was cool as Alaska,
Yet she answered: Why, yes.

III.

Far gone was the season,
And quite so my reason,
In the dim-lighted hall
I was got sure, at all,
If one gentle caress
Or one dainty kiss
Would be quite amiss;
Still, she answered: Why, so.

CHARLES LOTON.

SOME QUESTIONS OF ART.

The Water Color Exhibition at the Academy.

FIRST NOTICE.

There is no disputing about questions of color. Arguments may explain and comparisons may prove whether the forms in a picture are right and the composition skilful; whether values are intelligently interpreted, character well expressed, and the story, if there is any, conveyed in a lucid way. But how shall we decide by the reason whether color is agreeable to the eye or not, especially as we cannot ever be sure whether it looks the same to every eye? We all use the same names for the color of the sky or the tree, but who is to say whether green does not affect your eye as blue affects mine; whether what we call red is not the same ocular sensation to which you have been taught to give the name of yellow? Many persons, of course, do not see colors at all, or only distinguish two or three where normal eyes distinguish more. And though it is probable that all normal eyes receive in the same fashion the impact of these varying vibrations which produce varying effects of color, it is impossible to be sure that they do. Therefore there is no disputing about color. Each person may decide for himself whether the color of a picture pleases him or not, and no one can gainsay his decision, although declaring a different one.

All of which means, naturally, that there is nothing about which people dispute so eagerly and persistently as about color. And a conspicuous case in point is Mr. Abbey's interesting water color in the present exhibition at the Academy of Design. It represents the scene from "Measure for Measure," where Mariana is listening to the page's music; and all observers seem to agree that it has certain patent faults and certain conspicuous merits. It is not as skilfully composed as we might expect a work of Mr. Abbey's to be. Mariana sits on a couch toward the left of the picture, the page stands toward the right in a doorway at some distance from her, and between the two rises a great green porcelain stove which is more prominent in the scheme than either of the figures and cuts the composition so decidedly as almost to make two pictures where there should have been one. This being the case, the picture's story is not so well told as it might be. Neither in its expression of Shakespeare's words, nor in pictorial dignity and charm as such, is this conception nearly as attractive as the one in black and white bearing the same name which Mr. Abbey recently contributed to the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. But, on the other hand, nothing could be more admirably skilful than the way in which he has painted his figures and accessories. From the faces of the figures to the rendering of the little mediæval painting which hangs on the wall there is not an inch of this drawing which does not deserve admiration as an example of the utmost delicacy of definition secured without loss of breadth or of vigor and freshness or touch. In all this, we think, every one will agree, but when the color of the picture is named, disagreement and argument begin. There are some who call its color crude and ugly, or hard and common, or cheaply effective, or overcharged; and there are others who think it surprisingly fine, with a rich sensuous quality very rarely achieved in aquarelle. Our own vote goes with the latter class of critics, with the qualification, merely, that the color effect of the picture would be better had its deep and gorgeous notes been somewhat differently distributed. That is, the two strong red notes, one given by the bed hangings behind the page's figure, and the other by the cushion near Mariana's arm form two centres for the color harmony, and thus in color as well as in linear composition the picture lacks unity. But otherwise the color effect seems to us very beautiful, and there are minor passages, as in Mariana's dress and the contrasting cushions, which are so firm yet delicately lovely in their modulations that they could hardly be surpassed in charm by the petals of a flower. However, we may be all wrong—which is to say that other eyes may see colors very differently from our own.

Few other pictures among the 676 which compose the exhibition stand out very conspicuously from the walls. But, as always, Mr. La Farge's do. He sends a study of a half-draped figure, No. 552, and a picture with three figures showing "Samoan Girls Carrying a Canoe," No. 236, which is very interesting in its interpretation of unfamiliar human types and exotic vigor of color. But more beautiful than either of these, and to our minds more interesting, is No. 178, a small square drawing which shows the peak of Maona Roa Morea, one of the Society Islands, at dawn. The dignity of the lines in this picture is as great as the beauty of the color, the huge peak rising purple against a clear green sky with a tiny white cloud touching its summit. This is poetry in landscape painting, and poetry which has an accent of almost epic grandeur.

Even more truly than in former years it may be said that the exhibition is strongest in landscape work. Few figure pictures deserves serious attention. Mr. Joseph Boston sends a cleverly and broadly handled profile head of a child in a brown bonnet, called "Little Miss," No. 104, and a study head of a boy, also in profile, No. 479. Miss Phinney's simple little figure of a girl in white, called "Ennui," No. 64, is nicely painted and good in character. Miss Sears has not attained to the interesting expression of character in her large half figure called "A Canoness," No. 509, but has painted it intelligently and vigorously. Mr. George Wharton Edwards is manly and clever, if not especially individual, in his Dutch scenes, "A Village Sabot Shop," No. 342, "Winter Market Day," No. 673, and "A Dutch Kitchen," No. 523, where girls in blue dresses are working in a strong white light. Mr. Wiles contributes an interesting little half-figure called "A Study of Reflected Light," No. 325, and near by hangs a little head by Mr. Curran, No. 323, which might bear the same title, strong reflections from the purple dress falling on the face. Mr. Francis Day is much below his usual average in his large picture called "Evening," No. 331, where both the landscape and the two idealistic figures are painted in a softly nerveless fashion. Mr. Will H. Robinson's "On the North Sea," No. 408, is a large drawing of fisherfolk unloading their boats with two women carrying a basket between them in the foreground; the effect of white misty atmosphere is well rendered and the figures are vital; and a still better work of the sort, because more agreeable in composition, is the same artist's "Landing the Fish," No. 640.

The most striking of Mr. Hassam's contributions and also one of the best is the "New Year's Nocturne," No. 631, where we have a lighted street with many distant figures, and in the foreground a youth and maiden gazing into a florist's brilliant window. The treatment is as brilliant as the theme, and other excellent examples are a large Parisian street scene, No. 348, and "The White Mist of December, Madison Square," No. 152. But in the "Walk up the Avenue," No. 450, Mr. Hassam has not so accurately caught the local flavor of his theme. With the exception of two or three pictures sent by Dutch painters and very likely what they had sent in previous years, these, we think, are all the figure subjects in front of which a hurried visitor need feel compelled to pause.

A Protest Against an Island of Mystery.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having just glanced over the article in Sunday's SUN on "An Island of Mystery," I am tempted to protest most earnestly against the publication of such romances as matters of fact. The world has real wonders which the ignorant and bigoted ignore, while the credulous swallow everything that is offered.

The tendency of such publications as this is to destroy the credibility of all newspaper statements of anything extraordinary, for fear it may be a Joe Miggetson invention.

I presume Rene Bache is a fictitious name for fictitious writing, which I cannot regard as innocent fun, any more than the manufacture of bogus antiquities. Sorry to see these things in THE SUN. Yours respectfully, J. R. BUCHANAN.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 2.

In Chicago.

From Life.

Stranger—Whose little girl are you?
Florence—I'm papa's little girl.
Stranger—And why aren't you mamma's little girl?
Florence—Cause the degree says me to papa.

AMERICANS ON ENGLAND.

Citizens Express Their Opinions of the Cause of Britain's Hatred, and They Do Not Agree With "M.'s" Expressed Views.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As an American citizen, and more especially as a resident of New York, I cannot refrain from heartily endorsing the sentiments expressed the other day in the editorial columns of THE SUN on England's relations to Americans.

We sadly need other metropolitan journals on the side of true Americanism to echo so fearlessly as you have done those sentiments of patriotism which, in New York at least, have fallen into "innocuous desuetude" for want of a champion—not by any means for the lack of supporters, as a very large class of our people have held these views a long time, in despair of recognition by the press, which seems too busy with more congenial occupations than patriotism. F. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Allow me to congratulate you on your article relative to our relations with England. I, though a thorough Republican, can and do heartily admire a Democrat who is first "an American," and who has the manliness and courage to come out openly as such, first, last, and all the time. Your words have struck a responsive chord in all true Americans, and their echo will be borne back upon you from all parts of our glorious land. Hit them again and again, and keep hitting them, for it is well for our youth to be told the truth regarding these matters, instead of being allowed to form their ideas from so-called American papers, such as the *Herald, Post, Times*, and others published in this city, but owned and edited by and in the interest of European ideas.

Keep up the good work so well begun, and open the eyes of thousands of our easy-going people who admire everything foreign and still think themselves Americans. We need more of the national enthusiasm of the Germans, French, or Englishmen, who never, when away from their native land, try to impress others with the idea that they are anything but what they are. We should be willing at all times to advocate and fight for our country and its manners, customs, and habits, instead of trying to ape those of England. NEVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* You have hit the nail squarely on the head by your trenchant leader, "England's Attitude Toward the United States." No truer words were ever written.

There has never been an occasion when England could gather commercial advantage out of our difficulties that she has not rushed with indecent haste to do so. Blood ties, common origin, and all that twaddle were forgotten in a moment. In the face of so many evidences of England's treachery and hatred for the United States, the admiration for things British, which you believe is confined to "a few hundred silly women of both sexes" in this country, is simply amazing. But I think you are mistaken in attributing this Bull worship to such a small number of your countrymen. It is far more general and most virulent among the travelled Americans, who ought to know better.

There is something despicable in this unnatural taste of Americans for licking the hands of their great secret enemy, but it will continue to flourish unless ridiculed by the press in the forcible style of your leader.

Keep it up, sir; publish a series of such leaders day after day, and you will shame the Yankee tuthunters into the proper American spirit. No more effective way than that you suggest could be adopted to retaliate on England openly. Strike her where she will feel it most by displaying substantial sympathy with the Irish Nationalists. Commercial greed is really at the bottom of England's beastly rule in Ireland, just as it is the root of her secret hostility to the "Yankee." Let all Americans, then, repeat this year what they did in 1885 and 1886, but let them repeat it with interest by sending over to Ireland such a generous Parliamentary Fund as will astound Brother Bull and perhaps settle the question of home rule forever. THOMAS B. CONNERY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The letter which appears in your issue of Feb. 4 over the initial "M." has caused me so much annoyance that I trust you will allow me a little space to reply to it.

The writer evidently belongs to that class of Englishmen who "left their country for that country's good." I am sorry to note that they constitute the majority of those emigrating from England.

Imagine a man earning better wages than he ever dreamed of getting in Europe—enjoying all the advantages of American civilization (so far ahead of the English article) and then turning round like an ungrateful cur and snapping at his benefactor!

I am myself by birth an Englishman and a cockney, but I consider it a great privilege to live in this, the best, the grandest, the most progressive, the most intellectual country in the world.

I must wait three more years before I can get my final naturalization papers, but I shall feel very proud when I do get them. It is, perhaps, rather hard to believe, but an Englishman, if he can only once get over his inherited prejudices and break away from the erroneous teachings of his young days, becomes a very good American.

"M." is evidently a very uneducated man and, most assuredly, no gentleman. He calls Americans "mean," "vainglorious," &c., but does not attempt to back up the assertion by any argument. In speaking of our affairs with Chili, he calls the conduct of our representatives "cowardly" and "mean." Why? Were we to submit to insult from Chili because she is smaller? Does he forget how England bullied poor Portugal (a far weaker country than Chili) a short time ago? Does he forget the English campaigns in Zululand, in Abyssinia, and in the Soudan? Twice the United states have thoroughly thrashed England. Most it be done a third time to shut the mouths of such "carrion" as this "M." seems to be?

England is the hereditary foe of the United States, and, while she eagerly adopts our inventions and ideas, and has to depend upon us for the supply of so much raw material—grain, meat, &c.—she is deeply envious.

I think no Englishman should be allowed to reside here who has not declared his intention of becoming a citizen.

Above all, I want Americans to know that there is at least one Englishman in New York who loves the country of his adoption, and that such sentiments as those expressed in "M.'s" letter are entertained only by the worst class of English "ne'er do wells."

All honor, say I, to the stanch Americans who refused to pass over in silence the insult which Chili offered to our flag and uniform! All honor to the patriotic, clear-headed President who forbore so long and then spoke so firmly and manfully when patience was exhausted! All honor to the representatives of the people, Republicans and Democrats alike, who, throwing aside all thought of party, endorsed the patriotic action of our Government! All hail to the grand new navy—may it soon be powerful enough to resent the insults of greater powers than Chili! And all hail to the Stars and Stripes! PERCIVAL STREET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read in to-day's issue of your great paper an article headed: "What An Englishman Says of It." If your space will permit of it I would like to say a word on the subject. In his statement he characterizes us Americans as—first, vulgar. Well, from a British standpoint we are, and I think we are rather proud of it, though British nobility, so called, doesn't hesitate to link its title to American wealth, with a hundred and some odd pounds of so-called vulgarity thrown in. As I understand it, we are vulgar because we have no aristocracy to bow to whose lineage dates back to the time when the stroke of a sword on the back transformed a swineherd into a noble, and because we have not a prince whose best recommendation is that he can play baccarat to win, and whose favor can be bought by any one who is long enough to let him win a few thousand sovereigns. Next he says we are vainglorious, because we feel a certain sense of exultation over the names of men such as Washington, Paul Jones, and Commodores Hull and Perry, and likewise we may boast a little sometimes that there are as good men to turn to today as those who humbled British pride in '76 and 1812. This man says we are sordid and mean. But who are the most so, the British people who calmly stood by and saw the people of Ireland dying by the score at the time of the great famine, or Americans, who sent them relief by the ship load? I agree that, as you say, we are a deceitful people so far as appearances go; so deceitful, in fact, that it cost England two very sound thrashings to find out just where we were. You say we are bullying in our attitude toward Chili. Do you forget, Mr. Bull, the conduct of your own illustrious Government toward such countries as Portugal, Hayti, and any other small nation that had the ill luck to incur her displeasure and offered a chance of plunder? We are sordid and mean because we took a few millions indemnity money from English pockets once upon a time, but did we stand by ever and extort the last pound of flesh from a starving people as Englishmen did from the Irish? And now see here, Johnnie, aren't you just the least bit at a loss to stay among such hateful people? Aren't you afraid you will be placed in the same category with the vulgar Americans to home, dear boy, lest you run against one of those cowardly Americans who might possibly deceive you in a way you would remember. We don't want you. You make us very weary. As to our character for mendacity, well, we occasionally speak the truth, and here is a little of it. J. H. BARRETT.

BIRMINGHAM, Conn., Feb. 6.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Of course it is not necessary to say that what the writer of the letter signed "M" in this morning's SUN says is not of the slightest consequence, excepting as representing the opinions of a certain class. It is rather tiresome sometimes to have these fellows, who, most of them, are dred out of their country for their country's good, come over here, get a better living than they ever dreamed of getting on the other side, and then turn around and abuse the grandest country God's bright sun ever shone on. I can assure M. and all of his kidney that there is really nothing to keep them from leaving here at any time. They never will be missed. If they haven't the price of a steerage passage they can easily work their passage on the cattle steamers. I suggest this as an idea to proverbially saw in forcing an entrance into the English skull.

Though England will fight her equals if driven into a corner, there is no doubt that she is the most brutal and cowardly nation of civilization. She never yet attacked a nation as strong, or stronger than herself (not for many hundred years any way), for repeating rifles against assegais and spears is her boasted bravery—a bravery that not so long ago was dispelled by some long rifles in the hands of a few brave Boers. A nation whose boasted "first gentleman" is the patron of

Cranby Troft; whose aristocracy, so-called, is largely composed of the descendants of kings' courtesans, who do not belie their descent in the "pleasures" they indulge in (as witness the columns of THE SUN that printed some seven years ago some account of them, copied from an English paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*), can hardly plume herself much on "honor," or anything else that decent people respect. She is our enemy now, as she has always been, and always will be, till we thrash her for a third time, and teach her, if we can, a little common sense. No "kin beyond the sea" nonsense! THE SUN said the other day in that grand, ringing, American editorial, "the opinions of a few hundred silly women of both sexes do not represent America."

FEB. 4, 1892. PURITAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* While it is perhaps a waste of time to notice the absurd vaporings of "M." in to-day's SUN, in which he acknowledges that the Briton hates Americans because they are "so vulgar, so vainglorious, so sordid, so mean, so mendacious and deceitful," yet at the same time, it is refreshing to the enlightened masses of America to have set before them so excellent an example of the ingrained and self-assertive stupidity of the monarchical factors of Mrs. Cineiph's household. Little did poor "M." when penning the words "vulgar," "vainglorious," "sordid," "mean," "mendacious," and "deceitful," recognize in his crass ignorance what lay between his lines or what in the full light of truth those words really meant. If he could clear his eyesight and brain of the fogs natural to his hitherto little island he would read his words far differently. For "vulgar" he would read plain, straightforward, considerate, loyal, firm; for "vainglorious," proud of valorous deeds, patriotic, rejoicing in the ownership of American citizenship and the knowledge that no metal-jeper's heel is foreordained to be planted on such owners' necks; for "sordid" he would read open-handed, generous to brother and alien, champions of the oppressed, and so on through the list. Had "M.'s" communication emanated from a lunatic asylum other than England, those having him in charge would need little other proof to prove him incurable; but possibly his rancorous frothings have been the