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Instruction From Kentucky.

Inasmuch as it half clung to the Democratic party when the cause of honest money was on trial in 1896, and since then has been hovering around the old camp with stronger symptoms of longing to reenter it in full uniform, the *Louisville Courier-Journal's* views of Democratic policy and possibilities for to-day have an interest all their own. The anniversary of ANDREW JACKSON'S birth moved our contemporary to make these recommendations to the Democracy, for the latter's ultimate good and for our contemporary's greater comfort in its companionship:

The money question should be ignored; it is settling itself through the increasing product of gold. Expansion should be accepted. In national development there must be no "retrograde movement." The country must be assured that "the soldiers who have fallen in battle have not died in vain;" that "territory acquired by treaty and by arms shall be properly defended and disposed;" that the "honor of the nation and the flag must be maintained in all lands," and that, "having grown to be a world power, the United States of America should be respected by the world." Since the new issues arising upon the scene are "destined to hold the stage the better part of the coming century," it is "better for the Democracy to administer them themselves than to abandon them to the Republicans."

That is to say, the Democratic party is to outstrip its rival in advocating the foremost ideas with which its rival is identified. Having adopted the principles of Populism four years ago without success, the Democracy is urged to take its stand on the broadest planks of the Republican platform—in short, to become the hot and progressive faction of the Republican party.

Although the *Courier-Journal's* revolutionary advice is of course vain, it is good for general instruction. It shows that the one idea capable of retaining for the Democracy its distinction as a party is free silver, and that all serious voters of 1900 will have to vote for BRYAN and silver or MCKINLEY and honest money.

Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson Flouts the Norwegians.

Norway is in a peck of trouble. The country is very anxious to show its independence of every one, especially other Scandinavians, and a little while ago it succeeded in obliterating from its flag the symbol of a former close connection with Sweden. Now enthusiastic fatherlanders wish to go further and to efface from the language the traces of a past connection with Denmark, a rather difficult task, for Norwegian and Danish are as much alike as two peas, and though they have won over the Storthing they have aroused the wrath of the formidable BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. While to foreigners BJÖRNSON is only an author, greater, equal or inferior to his countryman IBSEN, to Norwegians he is above all a politician ever ready for a fight, especially when Norway's independence is in question. He has made Norwegian town meetings and legislative sessions lively for forty years, and no exhibition of independence seemed genuine unless BJÖRNSON took a hand in it. To a change of language, however, he is opposed, and for good reason.

The difference between the Scandinavian languages is not very great. It would seem possible, were the three nations to form a real union, for the languages to become welded into one in a generation or two. Norwegian or Danish is hardly further removed from Swedish than literary German is from Plattdeutsch, for instance, or the Italian of Lombardy from that of the southern provinces. A Dane, a Swede and a Norwegian in a conversation where each talked in his own tongue could understand the others with a little trouble. An educated Dane and an educated Norwegian speak and write practically the same language, Danish. It is in the Norwegian form of Danish that BJÖRNSON has written his poems and stories and that he and IBSEN have attired the products of their soul-problem manufactory. He has been an earnest reformer of language as well as of politics and psychology, and has indisputably given modern Scandinavian literature a place in European culture. It should not be forgotten that BJÖRNSON held the field ere IBSEN became the cry. It is safe to say, too, that if their names and that of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN be barred, it would puzzle most readers to give the name of any Scandinavian writer of this century, though elderly people might recollect Miss BREMER. BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON has the right, therefore, to feel that he is a good part of modern Norwegian literature.

Although educated Norwegians talk Danish, in the secluded valleys and farmsteads a dialect is spoken that has no literary charm. It delights philologists, of course, as all dialects do, but if it preserves any traces of early Norse they are much corrupted, and the admixture of Swedish is large. This dialect the out-and-out Norwegians wish to substitute for the "foreign" tongue now in use, and the Storthing, believing, like the Emperor CLAUDIUS and the German Post Office, that language can be regulated by legislation, has passed a law putting for the present the peasant dialect on an equality with the literary Danish in official matters. That started BJÖRNSON. "What has struck you," he said in the newspaper he controls, "that you are now trying to tear up, root and branch, the Danish language, with whose help our poetry has bloomed into splendid flower? Can you believe that the repulsive jargon spoken in dirty peasant huts is fit to become at once a national literary and social language?"

Instead of heeding the great Norwegian, the partisans of the change called a mass-meeting in Christiania to protest against his words, and members of the Storthing and of the Cabinet sat upon the platform. BJÖRNSON'S berserker blood boiled and he decided to beard his refractory opponents in their own meeting. Not in the best of tempers, probably, when he left his house, in passing before the National Theatre the sight of his statue, which he had asked the people of Christiania to remove as a libel on his person, further roused his ire and he reached the hall in a proper oratorical mood, muttering his own name. He told the Norwegians plainly what he thought of them. A fragment of the speech has been preserved in German newspapers:

"The degree of civilization of a people is best measured, according to a very ancient law, by the point reached by its love of cleanliness. Precisely in those districts where the old Norwegian dialect is chiefly found, it is notorious that the most dreadful conditions are the rule. People who do not possess self-respect enough to keep their persons and their houses in a state of cleanliness fit to live in are no bearers of civilization. As donors of a new national language I have no use for them. Or am I to seek instruction of people who oblige me, after they have called on me, to throw wide open every door and window in order not to be stifled?"

The audience did not like the speech. It hooted and called out to BJÖRNSON that he might consider himself turned out of the hall, whereupon he bowed, smiled sardonically, took out his handkerchief, and with it shook off the dust from his feet and walked out.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON and the people of Norway know each other pretty well by this time, and the tiff between them will not last long. When the hot-headed poet cools off he will go on writing plays and stories, a better antidote for the "old Norwegian" folly than many speeches, and his countrymen will keep on reading them. The Storthing law, too, will go the way of other linguistic legislation. It does seem a pity, however, that valuable Scandinavian energy and ingenuity should be expended in trying to find differences between nations that have so much in common in blood, in language and in political and material interests. Surely the race whose sailors conquered Britain and Normandy, ravaged the coasts of Europe to Constantinople for centuries and first traversed the Atlantic, and whose soldiers under GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS and CHARLES XII. overran northern Europe should hold a higher rank among nations than the fourth-rate powers into which it has split have now. A united Scandinavia would mean something. The idea that has raised Germany and Italy from insignificance in this century might occupy Norwegian thought more profitably than efforts at linguistic eccentricity.

His 'Eart Is True to Poll.

At the dinner of the Travelling Men's Bryan Club at Lincoln last week, Col. BRYAN, whose eagerness for new issues has made a few of his partisans fear that he was backsliding, convinced the doubters that his 'eart is still true to POLL. His subject was "The Outlook." It should have been "The Backlook," for inevitably his eyes reverted to 1896, the year of his apotheosis and of the new Declaration of Independence:

"We are now near enough to the National Convention to feel assured that there will be no considerable opposition to the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform. The late elections destroyed the last hope of those who sought to modify or subtract from the creed enunciated at Chicago in 1896. * * * The Democratic party still contends for the restoration of bimetallism at the ratio of 16 to 1, the only ratio advocated by those who believe in the double standard."

Col. BRYAN talked against Trusts and imperialism, as he has been talking on the circuit. His assumption that the commercial travellers don't want to sell goods in territory obtained by conquest was in that gentle childlike vein which he often shows in talking business questions. But his eager clinging to the old platform was noticeable. The younger issues are not promising. As everybody is against the Trusts, the Democrats cannot hope to make those monsters their especial meat. The prospects of anti-expansion among the Democrats are very cloudy. Expansion means bread-and-butter and money in the bank to the South. The number of Southern Democratic expansionists is alarmingly great, self-interest coinciding with the traditional Democratic policy. The majority of the Southern newspapers of the first rank are expansionists as commercial bodies and merchants, planters and manufacturers generally seem to be. One important Democratic journal, the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, speaks rather bluntly and treads without apology or remorse on the Colonel's toes:

"With the Philippines we have command of 800 miles of Asiatic coast, and this advantage is not going to be surrendered to pleasure the whims and vivify the expedients of political empiricists."

Plain talk and calculated to make the Colonel—if he ever reads—a little more doubtful of his experiments and gropings. After all his wanderings he comes back to the old home. The same old house, with only a new shingle or two. The "paramount issue," as the Colonel called it in his cross-and-crown speech to the Chicago Convention, must still be the main question. That, as he then declared to his frenzied hearers, includes all other issues. "If they ask," he said, "why we do not embody in our platform all the things we believe in, we reply that when we have restored the money of the Constitution, all other necessary reforms will be possible; but that until this is done there is no other reform that can be accomplished."

Free silver is the all-comprehensive matter. Everything is in it and nothing good is possible without it. In trying to lug in minor issues while the supreme question is still unanswered, the Colonel would be a truant to his own principles.

Canada's Forests.

Woodlands cover more than one-third of the area of the habitable parts of Canada. The Dominion's forest domain is the largest in the world and about a third greater than that of either the United States or Russia, whose timber resources are nearly equal. With proper care, the timber supply of Canada should be inexhaustible. The people, however, are now anxious about the rapid depletion of their forests. Mr. SEYFERT, our Consul at Stratford, writes that forest fires and the enormous lumber and wood-pulp industries have so far denuded the timber lands of Ontario that the inhabitants are alarmed over the future of the fuel supply. Hard wood is now worth from $6 to $8 a cord and soft wood from $3 to $5. These prices make fuel a very expensive item in a country where the winters are long and severe. Consul-General BITTINGER writes from Montreal that the industrial tax upon the forests is as nothing compared with the terrific scourge of fire which has left millions of blackened trunks from the shores of Nova Scotia to the Lake of the Woods, a distance of 2,000 miles, to say nothing of the great destruction in British Columbia.

The Canadian Government is taking new measures to conserve the forests. The office of Chief Inspector of Timber and Forestry was created in August last. The Inspector's duties include the study of methods for preventing forest fires, the introduction of the practice of reproducing forest trees, and the setting apart of timber reserves in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory before they are encroached upon by settlers. Some of the lumber and wood-pulp interests are beginning to see the need of replacing the timber they consume. The owners of a number of Canadian pulp mills have learned to supply themselves by decennial cuttings, which give time for young spruce trees to grow and enable manufacturers to draw their supplies continuously from the same timber limits.

In the five years ending in 1898, we imported from Canada about $5,250,000 worth of wood pulp, and we depend more and more upon this paper stock from the Canadian forests. One advantage of our paper mills in New England and New York is their proximity to the Canadian supply of wood pulp. A number of our paper interests have made large investments in Canadian timber lands and produce much of their own raw material in that country; and as the largest paper manufacturers and consumers of wood pulp in the world, it will be to our interest to set the Canadians a good example by covering our cleared spruce areas with a new growth of timber.

Mr. Rockefeller on Trusts.

In the matter of industrial combinations, loosely known as trusts, it is well to hear the views of the most conspicuous and most successful embodiment of them, the genius of the Standard Oil Company, Mr. JOHN ROCKEFELLER. On Wednesday he made these remarks to the Industrial Commission sitting in Washington:

"In my judgment the advantages from industrial combinations are the advantages which can be derived from a coöperation of persons and aggregation of capital. Much that one man cannot do alone two can do. It is too late to argue about advantages of industrial combinations. They are a necessity, and if Americans are to have the privilege of extending their business in all the States of the Union and into foreign countries as well, they are a necessity on a large scale and require the agency of more than one corporation."

We are at the beginning of one of the many great strides in American expansion. The unlooked for opportunities now awaiting us have found us ready to make the most of them, the enormous growth of our powers for production within the last few years having prepared us for meeting demands even greater. One of the chief agencies in creating this prosperous and fortunate condition has been industrial combination on a vast scale. If we were not thus equipped for international competition, we should be compelled at once to create trusts, or to leave all foreign fields to other competitors. Mr. ROCKEFELLER and his brothers in combination would have to be sent for.

If any anti-trust party imagines that the opinion of the president of the Standard Oil Company on a great question of business is to be rejected by the American public in favor of the ravings of calamity agitators they make a grave mistake.

It would be a pity indeed if the Bronx Zoölogical Garden were injured or constricted through the city's unwillingness to provide for its maintenance.

On Wednesday the Kaiser Wilhelm surpassed all previous performances of transatlantic steamers by finishing an ocean voyage at the rate of nearly twenty-two and three-quarter knots; the Deutschland was launched at Stettin with the promise of a speed of twenty-three knots, which, judging from the achievements of her builders, it is marks to pfennigs she will fulfil; and the British turbine torpedo boat Viper reached a speed of thirty-five knots and a half. It was a great day for the water.

We venerate the Hon. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR and he venerates himself at least as much as is necessary, but really a man of his age and opportunities ought not to be so ignorant of the facts as to write stuff like this:

"AGUINALDO was the chosen leader of the people of the Philippine Islands."

Is it possible that the Worcester PICKWICK supposes the inhabitants of the Philippines to be all Tagals? He might as well say that Worcester is Massachusetts. And here is more ignorance, such as a Worcester schoolboy would deserve breeching for. We quote from his reply to Mr. BEVERIDGE:

"Where did the United States get the right to buy and sell people like sheep?"

In moments when he is not under Aguinaldian suggestion Mr. HOAR remembers the Louisiana Purchase, for example, and other instances in which the United States bought people "like sheep." Just at present he seems to be unable to remember much of anything save that he had an ancestor in the Continental Congress and five ancestors at Concord fight. He has forgotten American history and that of the war in the Philippines he writes to suit himself.

The republic is in the throes of a crisis of incalculable moment to its future.—*Springfield Republican.*

The republic is all right and the *Republican* is all wrong. Gen. SAMBO BOWLES is in the throes of a crisis, but he has throes and crises in quantities to suit. By the time the robins sing again he will be seen strolling along the meads of Agawam, writing his usual pastoral prose poem for the *Sunday Republican.*

The Bryanite devil chasers are always howling about the destructive effect of the Trusts upon private enterprise and independent small businesses. Now it happens that more Americans were in business on their own hook last year than ever before; and it happens that some 33,000 more concerns were doing business in 1899 than in 1898. Such is the paralyzing touch of the Octopus.

In the Senate yesterday PETTIGREW pettigrewed vigorously. He repeated this patriotic remark, originally calculated, we believe, for the latitude of Sioux Falls:

"If I were a Filipino, I would fight until I was gray against this policy of criminal aggression."

He has been a pale gray pettigrew for years.

America will be thankful that Lord SALISBURY'S answer to Mr. CHOATE regarding the seizure of flour is described as satisfactory. We trust it is so, and that no further cause for friction will arise. This country could only look with regret equal to its amazement at being deliberately forced into a quarrel with England by British statesmanship.

Public Debate on Rats.

From the Nashville Banner.

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 6.—The debate at the Court House last night between Rev. M. A. Mathews and Hon. A. W. Stovall on the question of rats proved an occasion of much enjoyment. Mr. Mathews, President of the Humane Society, challenged Mr. Stovall, President of the Association for the Extermination of Rats, to show why his association was not in contempt of the law prohibiting cruelty to animals. There was a large crowd present, including many ladies, and after Mr. Stovall had asserted the association was entirely within the limits of the law and that there were a number of Supreme Court decisions on the subject, it was unanimously resolved to proceed with the war, beginning at 6 o'clock this evening. A premium is offered to the person who kills the largest number of rodents during the week of war.

Indoor Orange Groves in Florida.

From the Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

ORLANDO, Jan. 7.—Among those who are trying the experiment of building sheds over their orange groves are Isaac A. Hopper, who lives half way between Orlando and Winter Park, and George Frost of Altamonte Springs. Neither has undertaken to cover his entire grove, but only a portion of it. They set the trees within the inclosure closer than in open culture, and will endeavor to dwarf them, believing that this method will secure best results.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

The report that Gen. Methuen is about to be superseded in command of the Modder River column is less surprising than was his appointment. Of mediocre capacity he is at the same time an assiduous student of the conventional theory and art of war, and an expert on the Kriegspiel board and at holiday manœuvres. It was to the reputation thus acquired, with such experience as he was able to gain with Lord Wolseley's staff in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 and later in the trifling operations in South Africa that followed the peace with the Transvaal, added to social influence, that he owed the nomination to the responsible post he at present occupies. The dissensions that were known to exist among his staff have already been referred to and the consequences were seen in the Magersfontein defeat. The exact story of that affair has yet to be published, but it would appear from what has already leaked out to have some resemblance to the history of the Balaclava charge that has never been made clear. Gen. Wauchope, who could have given his account of it, having, like Nolan at Balaclava, been killed in the execution of the movement.

The failure at Magersfontein is generally attributed to neglect of scouting, inefficient reconnoitring and faulty tactical formation. With such a distribution of responsibility for the disaster it is not likely that any official inquiry, supposing one should be instituted, will fix the blame on any one individual, and the matter will, as usual, be left to die away amid the angry recriminations of the friends of the living and the dead who were concerned in it.

How far the shortcomings of the War Office and Intelligence Department are responsible for a good deal of the trouble the British are meeting in this South African campaign, may be judged by the following extract from a letter written by an officer of rank with the army out there. He says:

"To begin with, there are neither roads nor highways, unless one likes to consider such the tracks made by the first vehicle that passed in a particular direction, which all those that came after followed. That in itself, after all, is only half an evil; what is worse is the inexactness of our military maps. Where they mark a level country one meets a number of small streams, called spruits by the Boers, which present great obstacles on a march. Then the deep ruts made by the first vehicles make the roads almost impracticable."

Inaccurate maps and a difficult country, when unknown to those traversing it, are sufficient to bring to nothing the best plans of the ablest Generals; and when to these are added the uncertainty of a reconnoissance of a position that may be apparently only lightly held when examined, and occupied in force when attacked, it is hardly necessary to go much further to look for causes of the British defeats. Night attacks, in which the British have so frequently indulged during the campaign, are always risky operations; but all those, with the exception of that against the Isambulwana battery near Ladysmith, that have been undertaken, from the one at Nicholson's Nek to the last near Colesberg, have proved disasters. The only guarantee for the success of such adventures is an accurate knowledge of the ground, perfect discipline, the most careful leading, and negligent performance of picket duty by the enemy. The training at Aldershot and Salisbury Plain through which the British regiments were put in anticipation of this very war, has proved to be worthless under the special conditions of South African warfare.

With regard to the situation in Natal we are still without details of the fighting at Ladysmith last Saturday from the British side, but the despatch of twelve hundred hospital bearers from Durban to the front on Monday night points to early fighting. There is one thing in connection with the accounts received of the conflict at Besters and Wagon Hills on Saturday which is of interest, namely, that the attacks on the Boer side are said to have been delivered with the bayonet. As the Boers are not armed with that weapon, it is probable that the most of the men engaged belonged to the foreign legions in the Boer army.

Gen. French is said to have manœuvred himself on to the Boer communications on the Colesberg bridge road. That bridge, however, was destroyed by the Boers immediately after the opening of the campaign, as also the Van Zyl bridge on the line between Norvals Pont and Colesberg.

The arrival of Lord Roberts and Gen. Kitchener at Cape Town may be expected to give a new impulse and direction to the campaign, but the effect of their decisions will not be apparent until after they have had time to thoroughly examine the whole situation, and to establish such connection as they can between the corps acting at the different points of operation.

Pessimism Defended.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* At church last Sunday, a prominent minister said, "a pessimist is one who takes the worst possible view of things." He advised them to be tolerant, and assured them that things were working out all right. But is toleration, the policy of the optimist, a means of progress and rapid development? Have not all great progressive movements been conceived and brought about by those who, at the time, might be called pessimists? Mind you, the pessimist always has ideals which he thinks are the nearest approach to perfection.

An optimist said to me recently: "We should be tolerant, if people are contented in delusions let them continue so. In time they will learn the truth and apply it." But if man's duty is the highest development of his kind should he not hasten the development all he can? Some intelligent men say that the development of humanity has been retarded several centuries by the inculcation and prevalence of delusive ideas.

Things will work out all right in the end, we know, but under the policy of the optimist may not our race die, as others have before, undoubtedly because they went wrong at some time, to be superseded by barbarians or those less developed, yet still with arms for other and natural truth? Would it not be an eternal honor to the race that first reaches the goal of perfection? And vice versa if they fall by the wayside?

Endowed with all the faculties that are requisite, we must calculate every foot of the course as we would a problem in figures, search for errors, expose and eradicate them, then go ahead. The enthusiastic philanthropist who does this is called a pessimist, but he should not falter.

S. S. BRYAN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.

Marshal Ney's Son.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am greatly interested in the article published in last Sunday's SUN regarding the son of the late Marshal Ney—Eugene Ney. Is it possible that this Dr. E. M. C. Neyman is the same person? I am devoted to the collecting of autographs of distinguished men and have in my possession a note as follows:

PARIS, Aug. 6, 1828.

"MY DEAR WILLETT:—It is fitt I should * * * to our Senior Revolutionary Comrade a Son of the illustrious and unfortunate Marshal Ney—who intends to visit the U. S. I am to thank you, my dear friend, for the introductory letters I now and then receive, and doubly rejoice in every opportunity to Hear from You and to offer the best wishes and tender regards of

"Your affectionate brother soldier,

"LAFAYETTE."

"WILLETT.

(Old-fashioned sheet paper folded several times—sealed and stamped with his seal—directed:)

"Col. WILLETT,
"New York.
"58 Broome st.?

"By Mr. EUGENE NEY."

Can it be that the Dr. Neyman is the same man, who presented this letter?

Some clew might be obtained from it.

JAN. 10, 1900. MRS. JOHN STANTON.

French Express Trains the Fastest.

From the Scientific American.

The French railroad system, which in point of size and importance ranks about fourth among those of the world, stands easily at the head of the list in respect of the number and speed of its express passenger trains. A recent tabulation of these trains shows that Le Chemin de Fer du Nord operates no less than 45 trains a day with an average running speed, including stops, of from 50 to 60 miles an hour. Of these 11 have a speed of 50 miles an hour, 9 of about 51 miles, 11 about 52 miles, 3 of about 53 miles, 10 of from 54 to 57 miles, and one train has a timed running speed of 60½ miles an hour.

While this country and Great Britain have a few trains of from fifty to fifty-four miles an hour speed, and the United States runs two summer trains at rate of about sixty miles an hour, such speeds are not characteristic of the whole of the express service. Mr. Charles Rous-Marten, who is the best known expert abroad on the question of express trains and their performance, states from personal knowledge that the trains are not by any means mere racing outfits, but weigh from 150 to, in some cases, as high as 300 tons.

ART NOTES.

Pictures at the Union League Club—The Henry Mosler Collections and Japanese Art at the American Art Galleries.

The January exhibition of the Union League Club began last night on the occasion of the annual meeting and will be open to lady visitors to-day and to-morrow. It is entirely composed of works by American artists, fifteen of which are portrait heads and genre studies by Eastman Johnson, N. A. These are hung together in the southerly end of the art gallery. The north half of the room and the smaller room beyond contain the other pictures. The most interesting things in Mr. Johnson's collection are the portraits. There are six of these and all are good in character and in color. None is more successful as an interpretation than that of the late President Porter of Yale, while that of the late Peter Folger is ruggedly virile. The portrait of the late Sanford R. Gifford, N. A., is broadly laid in and left in that state. It is striking in aspect and more qualified in color than any of the other heads. The other portraits are those of Dr. McCosh of Princeton, Charles O'Conor and Edwin Booth. The large study for Mr. Johnson's well-known picture "The Corn Huskers," is here, as well as that for "The Cranberry Pickers." More interesting than either is a large canvas with many figures, entitled, "A Maple Sugar Camp in Maine." It is more interesting, not because it is better, but because the picture has never been painted. The composition and color as indicated in this study are excellent and it is to be hoped that Mr. Johnson may yet find time to bring it out as a finished work to be added to his series of American life in which "The Corn Huskers" and "The Cranberry Pickers" are such notable numbers.

The twenty-nine pictures composing the main part of the exhibition are by twenty-eight artists and consist of landscape and figure subjects, the landscapes predominating, as is generally the case in American shows. Nearly all of these pictures are new, but "Sita and Sarita" No. 19, by Cecilia Beaux, A. N. A., is an old acquaintance, and Mr. Tryon's two pictures, "Evening in New England," No. 17, and "Salt Marshes in December," No. 43, if they have not been seen before in New York, are not recently painted. The latter is the more interesting of the two and is agreeable in color and truthful in effect. "The Harvest," No. 26, is a characteristic work by Charles Melville Dewey, and "Sussex Village—Moonlight," No. 20, by Carlton T. Chapman, who painted landscape in England last summer, giving up for the time his favorite coast subjects and battleships, is a new departure. It shows truth of observation, picturesque composition and color agreeably warm, but not hot. "A Moonlight Night," No. 16, by Ben Foster, shows a road with double line of tall trees and is effective in aspect. Whether the road is too light in value is a relative question that could only be decided when the picture is seen by daylight. The pernicious American fashion of building picture galleries without skylights, and of turning on a blaze of electricity whenever and where ever opportunity offers, not only makes a reviewer's task a difficult one, but prevents many discriminating visitors to exhibitions from seeing pictures as they should be seen to be most truly appreciated and enjoyed. "Early Summer—Essex," No. 38, Mr. Van Boskerck's contribution, presents a pleasing composition with an English cottage and garden, the white walls glittering in sunlight; and "Afternoon," No. 44, by Mr. Jones, a representation of one of his favorite themes in New Jersey meadows, is strong in effect and notable for good construction and tree drawing. "Essex Valley," No. 29, by Arthur Hoeber, is a remarkably good study of summer greens with a well-drawn sky, and Mr. Murphy's "Foggy Morning," No. 39, is a charming piece of blond color.

"The Mirror," No. 42, by William M. Chase, N. A., is a half-length seated figure of a girl in a Japanese robe of black, her back turned to the spectator and her face reflected in a looking-glass, which is a thoroughly sound piece of painting and very attractive in ensemble. This and the picture of young women in classical draperies regarding a newcomer, by Francis C. Jones, N. A., are the principal pieces in the exhibition contributed by figure painters. Mr. Henry, however, is in evidence with an outdoor view with figures in "The Early Days of Rapid Transit," No. 31, and Mr. Watrous signs a small canvas with a single figure of a young woman at a writing table. It is carefully drawn and microscopically finished, and is called "She Who Hesitates," No. 24. Other interesting works are by W. Verplanck Birney, Charles C. Curran, A. N. A., and E. A. Bell. The collection was brought together by the zeal and labors of the Committee on Art, of which Mr. Thomas B. Clarke is Chairman and Dr. A. E. M. Purdy, Secretary.

The changes on the walls of the American Art Galleries, Madison Square, are almost kaleidoscopic. They are now filled with the pictures, studies and studio effects of Henry Mosler, N. A.; Japanese and Chinese art objects and bronzes, and Japanese prints, which are all to be sold at auction about the eighteenth of this month. When these are taken away the William T. Evans collection of American paintings will be placed on view.

Mr. Mosler's pictures include some four or five of his larger and important compositions, many works of medium size—genre, landscape, heads and single figures—and a number of minor canvases. There are ninety-eight in all. Besides these, there are fifty-four pictures, sketches and drawings by various artists, such as Henry Bacon, Harry Chase and J. C. Arter, among Americans, and Julien Dupré, Pelouse, Elie Delaunay and Boulanger, among the foreigners. His own best and most important work in the exhibition is "The Ghost Story," No. 97, which depicts a scene at the fireside of a Brittany interior with an old woman at her spinning wheel as the central figure in the composition and a numerous and much-awed company of women, girls and little children listening to her tale. It is strongly handled and is very good in general effect. Next to this ranks "The Last Moments," No. 96, wherein we see an aged Breton expiring in his chair while two country doctors consult by the window and the members of the household are grouped about in despairing attitudes. It, too, is vigorously and soundly executed. A third large salon picture is a realistic study of a "Normandy Garden, Grandchamp," No. 98, with an old woman at a cottage door and the foreground filled with cabbages. The chief of the pictures with American subjects is "Invoking God's Blessing," No. 94, a scene in Puritan times which was exhibited a few years ago at the National Academy. "Helping Grandpa," No. 63, is another American work which took the Clarke Prize at the Academy in 1896. "A Brittany Beauty," No. 74, "The Broken Sabot," No. 59; "The Dinner Call," No. 44; "Normandy Milkmaid," No. 36; "Harvesters' Repose," No. 41; and "Thoughts of the Absent One," No. 61, titles of some of the other works, afford an index to the general character of the subjects of most of the pictures in the collection. Among the studio furniture, costumes and properties are two large Gobelin tapestries with historical subjects (Nos. 127 and 128), a large buffet dated 1650 and 1658 and carved in Byzantine style (No. 123), and another of Breton make (No. 124) with incised carving and turned spindles. There is an interesting lot of Apache Indian costumes and relics, and some Alaskan trappings and curiosities are also among the studio effects.

In the Yamanaka collection there are 500 lots, including the usual forms of Japanese and Chinese art and craftsmanship. A notable exhibit, quite remarkable in its richness, is an old family shrine (No. 450), all wood carving delicately worked and finished with gold lacquer and gilt. The interior is furnished with bronze pieces necessary for devotional service. It dates from the sixteenth century. A pair of old temple lanterns (No. 490) and a very large one, not catalogued, are the most interesting among a number of such pieces which are now brought here to be used as lawn and garden ornaments. "Aurida," No. 456, is a Buddhist figure standing on lotos, carved from wood and gilded. It is of the fifteenth century workmanship. There are screens and kakemonos in plenty and a good display of porcelains and pottery. A large jar (No. 421) of deep blue glaze, an old Satsuma jar (No. 253), and a hawthorn jar (No. 172) are worthy of special notice and there are some nice pieces of white with soft paste and crackle.

The Brinkley-Conder collection of Japanese prints forms a beautiful exhibition in the topmost gallery. They number 560. They are quaint and delicate in drawing and almost without exception most attractive in color. "Cherry Blossoms at the Yoshiwara," a five-leaf print; No. 3, "Procession of Girls at Base of Fujiyama;" No. 4, ditto, "Procession of Girls Representing Daimyo's Procession;" No. 25, three-leaf print; "The Emperor Genso Playing the Flute," No. 32, ditto; "Girl Playing at Ball," No. 64, large vignette print, and "Poetical Representation of One of the Six Tamagawa or Famous Rivers," No. 64, are a few specimens that attract the eye as one follows the walls, but the variety is infinite and the prints must be seen to be appreciated.

The Importance of By-Products.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"This is the day and date of the by-product," said a cotton seed oil buyer. "Instead of launching into new lines the tendency is to go back over the ground and gather up what we have wasted. I could name scores of industries that are at present actually paying their running expenses by the utilization of something they used to hire people to carry away.

"The cotton seed oil business is a good illustration of modern economic methods. It is all the development of a few years, comparatively speaking, and to-day the demand for what was formerly a waste material is far ahead of the supply. In 1894, for example, I had 250 oil mills on my list, located within certain boundaries in the cotton belt. At present I have 580 in a considerably smaller territory. Meanwhile the uses to which the seed is applied have been steadily increasing, with no signs of reaching a limit. The oil enters into a dozen different food products and has practically replaced olive oil for ordinary table use. Thousands of gallons are exported and come back with Italian labels on the bottles as good or better than the real thing. Every part of the seed is now saved except a few chemical elements of the outer hull that pass away in smoke; in fact, we do nearly as well as the Chicago packers, who utilize all of the pig except his squeal."

"We have just organized a company," said a Chicago man, "to take the squeal down on phonographic cylinders for use in toy pigs."

The Heroism of a Vienna Physician.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Speaking of the bubonic plague," said a New Orleans physician, "I doubt whether the entire history of the world affords a more remarkable example of personal heroism than was exhibited by Dr. Franz Mueller of Vienna, who fell a victim to the disease when it was first under bacteriological investigation in that city, in 1897. Dr. Mueller contracted the malady from the bacilli in 'culture tubes' and when he became certain that he was infected he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and posted a message on the window pane, reading thus:

"'I am suffering from plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as, in any event, my end will come in four or five days.'

"A number of his associates were anxious to attend him, but he refused to admit them and died alone, within the time he predicted. He wrote a farewell letter to his parents, placed it against the window, so it could be copied from the outside, and then burned the original with his own hands, fearful it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious germ. Mueller was a young man, on the threshold of a brilliant scientific career, and there was a chance that he might have been saved by treatment, but he refused to take it, because it entailed the risk of spreading the contagion abroad."

Oom Paul's Berlin Forbears.

From the London Standard.

According to a widely-credited legend President Kruger's family originally came from the town of Mehrin, in the province of Brandenburg. Some people have even professed to point out the house where his forefathers lived. As a matter of fact the founder of the family was really born in Berlin. According to a work just issued in Berlin and entitled "Paul Kruger, and the Origin of the South African Republic," he traces his descent to James Kruger, son of Franz Kruger and Elizabeth Kruger, née Hartwigs, who was born in Berlin in 1680. This James Kruger entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, and went out to Cape Town in 1713. Later on he settled down at Stellensbosch. He married Johanna Kemp and by her had children, of whom the youngest, Hendrik Kruger, was born on April 8, 1725. This Hendrik had a son, Gert Kruger, who, on Nov. 12, 1768, married Susanna Laelja Roys and resided at Graaf Reinet. There a son was born to him, Stephanus Johannes Kruger, who was the grandfather of the President. Stephanus Kruger married Sophia Margaretha Steenkamp on Jan. 28, 1798. Of his six children, Casper Jan Hendrik Kruger was born in 1804. He married Elsie Francina Steyn of Bulhoek, near Colesberg, and settled down at Bulhoek. Here a son was born on Oct. 10, 1825, who was christened Stephanus Johannes Paulus, and is now the President of the Transvaal Republic.

Encouraging Ambition.

From the Washington Post.

"Yes, we get into county jails occasionally," said the tramp, "but the trouble is they don't keep us long enough. A jail is a home-like place, with plenty to eat, no work and good treatment. We are generally sentenced for three months, but after about four weeks the sheriff picks out three or four of us and says:

"'Now, boys, them iron bars on that winder is loose and it's goin' to be a dark night. Hev some ambition about you.'

"An old tramp knows what that means, and he is ten miles away before daylight. A tender-foot figgers to stay on, and next morning the sheriff comes in and finds him there and says:

"'What, hain't you got no ambition! Then I'll give you some!' and he boots him out into the yard and sets him to promenadin' around with a log fastened to his leg."

Belgian Hare Trade.

From the Florida Times-Union.

We commend the Belgian hare to our growers. Every trucker has enough waste left from his vegetable shipments, together with our free-growing legumes, cowpeas, velvet beans, &c., to grow quantities of the finest meat.

To Kill the Octopus.

When a man operates a trust against the public good don't invite him to dinner. (From the address of President Hadley of Yale before the Candlelight Club of Denver.)

Oh, Hadley, head of Eli,
Oh, President of Yale,
You've named the power pulsant
Which by no means can fail
To down the hideous monster
That lurks in every trust
And feeds upon a nation
Completely outstripped.

The Octopus, dear Hadley,
Is built somewhat like man,
At least, if not exterior,
Then on its inside plan;
For to maintain its being
And all demands to meet,
The Octopus, dear Hadley,
Has simply got to eat.

These premises admitted—
And who will dare deny
Their trueness?—it must follow
An Octopus will die
If he is not permitted
To dine with us or sup,
And two or three times daily
To fill his insides up.

He's got to do it, Hadley,
No ifs or no perhaps;
Unless there's something in him
He can't help but collapse.
You learned that much in college,
And though you never came
To Yale to get your knowledge,
You got it just the same.

But Oh, how cruel, Hadley,
How painful to a beast
To see you and the others
Indulging in a feast,
While he, outside the portals,
Best be a can of slops,
Must sit upon his haunches
And lick his ungraceful chops.

Must lick and go on licking,
And licking every day,
Until the starving creature
Has licked himself away.
And can you sit serenely—
Say, Hadley, can you sit
Serenely at your dinner
With not a word to it,
Out there without its dinner,
Except to lick and lick?
Say, if you're bound to kill it,
Why don't you kill it quick?

W. J. LAMPTON.

DEWEY BEFORE HE SAILED

Expressed Confidence That He Could Capture the Spanish Fleet in One Day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—The Secretary of the Navy to-day, in response to a request of the Senate, transmitted a letter written by Admiral (then Commodore) Dewey, from Hong Kong, before he sailed to Manila, in which he expressed confidence that he could capture the Spanish fleet and reduce the defences of Manila in one day. The letter is written on the flagship Olympia and is dated March 31, 1898. It reads:

"SIR: On the receipt of your telegram of Feb. 26, the Olympia, Raleigh and Petrel were at this port, and the Boston and Concord were at Chemulpo, Korea. The two latter vessels were ordered here at once and arrived five days later. Since that time the vessels have been kept full of the best coal obtainable, provisioned and ready to move at twenty-four hours' notice. From inspection during the past month I find the squadron in a high state of efficiency. I have been in communication with reliable persons in Manila, and am able to give you what I believe to be a true account of the defences of that place, which are as follows:

The cru