The Sun.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1907.

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

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70

Postage to foreign countries added.

Published by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

A Frank Confession of Error.

No more creditable and honorable thing has ever been done by Mr. ROOSEVELT than his confession of error in the message sent to Congress yesterday. The President now frankly admits that such part of his executive order in the Brownsville affair as disqualified the dismissed soldiers from holding civil office thereafter was "lacking in validity," and it is now consequently revoked.

It requires courage for such a man to say he has been in the wrong, particularly when he or some of his friends for him have been insisting so long and so strenuously that the penalties inflicted by the Executive order were well within the President's constitutional power.

All the more impressive becomes Mr. ROOSEVELT's final recognition of the fact that he has exceeded his powers in this respect when we remember that the idea that he could legally punish soldiers by debarring them from civil employment under the Government was fixed in the President's mind as early as October 4, the date of the mission of General GARLINGTON to Texas to investigate the Brownsville affair.

General GARLINGTON was at that time instructed by the President, through the Acting Secretary of War, in the unfortunate absence of Secretary TAFT, to threaten the soldiers not only with dismissal without honor and disqualification for reenlistment in case they refused to testify, but also with disqualification for all civil employment under the Government. Recall now the language of the order of October 4 to GARLINGTON:

"The President further authorizes you to make known to those concerned that unless such enlisted men of the Twenty-fifth Infantry as may have knowledge of the facts * * * report to you such facts and all other circumstances within their knowledge which will assist in apprehending the guilty parties, orders will be immediately issued from the War Department discharging *every man* in Companies B, C and D of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, without honor, and *forever* debarring them from reenlisting in the Army or navy of the United States, *as well as from employment in any civil capacity under the Government.*"

Well revoked, Mr. President!

Insanity of the Rich.

The very rich are so used to being described as criminals that they must take as a compliment Dr. FELIX ADLER's classification of them among the insane. To be insane is to be a genius, if some modern psychologists are to be trusted. If the composers of golden numbers are mad, they do but rank with the poets and musicians and artists, with the chiefs of the intellectual world. Indeed, gifts of the imagination are a necessary part of the architect of a great fortune. A man who grows rich by city real estate, for instance, must have an almost prophetic insight into the future development of the town. The same is the case on a larger scale with the builder of railroads in a new country. In justice to a persecuted and outlawed class these comparisons and palliations should be made. They are artists; at least they have enough of the artistic temperament to be more or less lunatical.

To be sure, Dr. ADLER's theory, as reported in the newspapers, is a little vague. He speaks of "obsession." He seems to regard the plutocrat as the victim of a fixed idea, the "commercial instinct" as an insane root. Outside of business relations the billionaire may be more or less human, and even a comfortable person, in spite of his monomania. There should be no disposition, however, to quarrel with a diagnosis which shows the Robber Barons as a little touched in the upper story. In so far as they are insane they are irresponsible. The writ *de lunatico inquirendo* is plainly the proper remedy. If they can be sequestered, immured in respectable but not "palatial" asylums, there will be fat pickings for commissioners and trustees. They themselves will be happier, probably, than in their majestic and melancholy houses, half museum, half Pullman car, the pictures of which in the illustrated press do much to reconcile the philosopher with poverty. It may seem a hardship to lock up the very rich as monomaniacs when so many louder madmen are still outside of Bedlam, but it is better to be safe than to be sorry. Once inside of those iron barred windows and the patient will be deaf to the roar of cranks and sociologists and politicians. But would there be any politicians if the supreme artists of accumulation were lugged off the field? What would become of political platforms? There would be nothing to put into them. The *Congressional Record* would shrink in size. Mr. BRYAN's occupation would be mostly gone. Even Mr. ROOSEVELT, for all his wide range of emotion, interest and activity, might find some unoccupied and barren hours.

No; the plutocrats cannot be segregated, however shaky their cerebral chambers may be. The country would be stagnant intellectually. To jab the very rich is the common diversion. To read about their doings is the universal literature. They cannot be spared, but a new fascination halos them since Dr. ADLER has shown that their reason is more or less taken prisoner. They are the indispensable villains of the piece and must play it to the end.

The millions who fail to get the millions: where do they belong in Dr. ADLER's scheme? Do they escape wealth by means of the peculiar soundness of their mental constitution? The conclusion seems reasonable. Let us of the producing classes throw out our chests with fordlier pride and touch the skies with sublime heads. We may not be as rich as some people but, thank Heaven! we're not crazy.

The Remarkable Ethical Stand of the Governor of South Dakota.

In 1867 the State of North Carolina issued its bonds, each for the par value of $1,000, aggregating nearly two and a half millions of dollars, in aid of the construction of the Western North Carolina Railroad. These bonds were secured by a mortgage of the stock of the North Carolina Railroad held by the State, which stock had already been pledged for the security of another bond issue. North Carolina never paid any interest whatever on these bonds of 1867, and in 1879 it had defaulted generally in the payment of the interest on its public debt. North Carolina then appointed commissioners to adjust the State debt, and in 1901 all of these bonds had been compromised with the exception of about $250,000 worth.

The firm of Schafer and Brothers, bankers and brokers in this city, and consisting of SIMON SCHAFER and SAMUEL M. SCHAFER, owned, either individually or as partners or as trustees, nearly all of the outstanding bonds, having held them for about thirty years. These securities, however, were worthless in the hands of the owners, because no action will lie by an individual against a sovereign State, and an ingenious scheme was then evolved which, under the guise of charity, was designed ultimately to inure to the benefit of the private citizens who held the bonds.

Mr. SIMON SCHAFER in September, 1901, gave ten of these bonds to the State of South Dakota, accompanying the gift with a letter in which he said:

"The bonds are all now about due, besides, of course, the coupons, which amount to some 170 per cent. of the face of the bond. The holders of these bonds have been advised that they cannot maintain a suit against the State of North Carolina on these bonds, but that such a suit can be maintained by a foreign State or by one of the United States.

"The owners of these bonds are mostly, if not entirely, persons who liberally give charity to the needy, the deserving and the unfortunate.

"These bonds can be used to great advantage by States or foreign Governments; and the majority owners would prefer to use them in this way rather than take the trifle which is offered by the debtor.

"If your State should succeed in collecting these bonds it would be the inclination of the owners of a majority of the total issue now outstanding to make additional donations to such Governments as may be able to collect from the repudiating State, rather than accept the small pittance offered in settlement.

"The donors of these ten bonds would be pleased if the Legislature of South Dakota should apply the proceeds of these bonds to the State University or to some of its asylums or other charities."

In the previous March South Dakota, on the suggestion that perhaps a donation of bonds of Southern States would be made, had passed an act enabling it to accept such donations. In November of that year South Dakota filed in the Supreme Court of the United States its bill of complaint against the State of North Carolina. North Carolina denied the jurisdiction of the United States Supreme Court and the title of the plaintiff. Finally, on February 1, 1904, the Supreme Court of the United States rendered its decision against the State of North Carolina by a vote of five to four, and ordered that a decree be entered for $27,400, the value of the bonds and coupons in suit, no interest being recoverable.

Mr. Justice BREWER rendered the majority opinion, in which Associate Justices HARLAN, BROWN, PECKHAM and HOLMES concurred, while the dissenting opinion was rendered by Mr. Justice WHITE, with whom Chief Justice FULLER, Mr. Justice MCKENNA and Mr. Justice DAY concurred. Mr. Justice BREWER said:

"There can be no reasonable doubt of the validity of the bonds and mortgages in controversy. * * * Neither can there be any question respecting the title of South Dakota to these bonds. They are not held by the State as representative of individual owners, * * * for they were given outright and absolutely to the State. It is true that the gift may be considered a rare and unexpected one. Apparently the statute of South Dakota was passed in view of the expected gift, and probably the donor made the gift under a not unreasonable expectation that South Dakota would bring an action against North Carolina to enforce these bonds, and that such action might inure to his benefit as the owner of other like bonds. But the motive with which a gift is made, whether good or bad, does not affect its validity or the question of jurisdiction. * * *

"Apparently one expectation of the donor to South Dakota was that in some way the bonds retained by himself would be placed in judgment and relief obtained against North Carolina in the suit commenced by South Dakota. But we think that these individuals are not necessary parties defendant, and that no relief should be given to them or to the classes of bondholders they represent."

The minority opinion held that there was an absolute want of power to render a decree between these two States, because such decree would violate the Eleventh Amendment of the Constitution, providing that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State," and that here was an attempt of an individual, by transferring a claim to another State, to bring into play the judicial power of the United States to enforce such claim, which would make the prohibition of the Eleventh Amendment a mere letter without spirit and without force.

The next step was the payment on April 5, 1905, by North Carolina to South Dakota of the $27,400. Nearly a year later, on March 27, 1906, the committee of North Carolina bondholders in this city, through their counsel, wrote to SAMUEL H. ELROD, the Governor of South Dakota, saying that the committee "desire to donate to the State of South Dakota $50,000 of bonds of North Carolina, which with interest overdue amount to about $150,000." A few days later Governor ELROD, in answer, wrote: "*Your kind offer is declined for the reason that it seems to me to be against public policy and good conscience.*" And in his biennial message to the Legislature of South Dakota Governor ELROD a few days ago, on January 8, recommended the passage of an act returning the money received from North Carolina to that State, and said:

"Morally, we have no right to one cent of this money, and we ought to be brave enough and true enough to give it back.

"This money was clearly intended for our university. She can use it, but it is tainted money. I would send this money back to North Carolina for her university and appropriate a like sum for our splendid university. It will be no burden on our people.

"It is entirely plain that ingenious schemers are using our State for private ends. * * * It is plain that designing individuals would continue to use the good name of the State of South Dakota to collect questionable securities of other States.

* * * * * * *

It is clear to me that our State ought not to become a collecting agency, neither ought it to forget the doctrine of 'comity between States.'

"The decision in the case of the State of South Dakota vs. the State of North Carolina opens up endless opportunities for States to deal in the bonds and other obligations of sister States. It is not possible to exaggerate the scandals, the corruption of Legislatures and State officials, and the possibilities of graft which would follow if States should start to trade on the power which the decision gives them. No State ought to be endowed with the power to speculate upon unenforceable claims of individuals against other States.

"Under the Federal Constitution individuals cannot sue States on such bonds, so the holder gives or sells them to us, and we can sue the State that issued the bonds. The decision in the above entitled case hangs entirely on the fact that South Dakota was the bona fide owner of the bonds in question. There is no magic in the fact that she got them as a gift. She would be equally the bona fide owner if she had bought them."

This action on the part of the Governor of South Dakota raises a nice ethical question which it is not necessary to decide at this time. His message treats the question from a high standpoint and we cannot but admire the position he takes. On the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the primary fault in this whole controversy rests upon the repudiating State. As Mr. Justice STEPHEN J. FIELD in the Sinking Fund cases in 1878, in his dissenting opinion, said:

"If the Government will not keep its faith, little better can be expected from the citizen. If contracts are not observed, no property will in the end be respected; and all history shows that rights of persons are unsafe where property is insecure."

And as the same great Judge some four years later in his dissenting opinion in the Jumel case said:

"When a State enters into the markets of the world as a borrower she for the time lays aside her sovereignty and becomes responsible as a civil corporation. And although suits against her even then may not be allowed, her officers can be compelled to do what she then contracts that they shall do. And as to these consolidated bonds, Louisiana has declared in her organic law that they created a valid contract between her and each and every holder, which she 'shall by no means and in no wise impair,' and that no court 'shall enjoin the payment of the principal or interest thereof, or the levy and collection of the tax therefor,' but that to secure them her judicial power shall be exercised when necessary. These engagements are not imperfect obligations, mere honorary promises, which she can keep or break without accountability.

"If a State can successively repudiate her solemn obligations, can obtain the surrender of a large portion of the demands of her creditors upon pledges for the more prompt payment of the remainder, and then set aside as worthless the pledges given with no possibility of redress to the creditors, either by enforcement of the pledges or by a return of the surrendered demands, what confidence can be reposed anywhere? Public faith will be the synonym of public dishonesty."

While it may be argued on the one hand that bondholders should not give their State bonds to another sovereign State with the ultimate motive or purpose of thus securing a compromise of their claims from the insolvent State, it may be urged that in the absence of any power to recover the value of such bonds, held by innocent individuals for value, resort to this indirect mode of compulsion should be excused if not absolutely justified. Moreover, a State can never be excused for repudiating its debt, for repudiation is under any and all circumstances dishonest, and a State should be compelled to pay its bondholders or creditors. And as the Constitution of the United States fails to provide a remedy, were it not for the relief now granted the repudiating State could laugh at its creditors.

This whole question is not only interesting, but it is a very practical question, because many repudiated Southern bonds are owned in this city. About $2,800,000 of bonds, for instance, were issued by the State of Georgia in aid of the construction of a railroad and the proceeds were used in the actual completion of the railroad. The bonds were repudiated in 1873, and many of them are now held in the city of New York. And yet when the bondholders offered to submit their claims to the State courts of Georgia the State declined absolutely to have the question adjudicated.

In every instance some State in the Union probably can be found willing to accept a gift of repudiated State bonds, and it is not certain that every Executive will adopt the high ethical standard maintained by South Dakota's Governor.

Adding Insult to Injury.

The Roosevelt Third Term League, with headquarters in Chicago, which is flooding the country with solicitations and "organizing" public opinion, must be as a thorn in the President's side. The name it has adopted, impudently disregarding his address to the American people in which he solemnly set the stamp of his approval upon the unwritten law and characterized it as "a wise custom," must be peculiarly offensive to him, and the purpose of the league to canvass the country, with its implied reflection upon his integrity, must rankle like an insult.

The "literature" now circulating in Indiana in significant volume declares that the movement is not political but patriotic, and the assurance is given that Mr. ROOSEVELT "would acquiesce in the desire of the country for his nomination" if that desire were made manifest. So the league undertakes to work it up by the stereotyped electioneering methods which would be employed by the agents of a statesman whose negation was insincere and artful. And the injury becomes cumulative when the argument is used analogically that HORATIO SEYMOUR, who had never been President, consented to accept a nomination which from the platform of a convention he had announced he would not have.

It is beneath the dignity of Mr. ROOSEVELT to notice the doings of the Chicago promoters, but he may derive a secret satisfaction from the thought that the use of such a sophistical appeal makes their profession of an unselfish patriotism ridiculous.

Working the Gilded Satraps.

Representative DE ARMOND of Missouri appears to believe that the officers of the United States army have too little to do. He has introduced a bill in the House authorizing and directing the Secretary of War to detail competent officers of the military establishment "to render engineering and supervising services in the construction of good roads in the several States." Mr. DE ARMOND is kind enough to allow the Secretary of War to use his discretion as to the assignment of the fighting men to road building, but an act such as he advocates soon becomes mandatory in its practical operation.

It has not been suggested that there is any dearth of competent road builders among the civilian population of the country. Engineers capable of designing and constructing highway systems are turned out of the technical schools in droves every year, and their average rate of compensation is not so high as to be prohibitive. In the States that have made greatest progress in road improvement the work has been done without appeal to the War Department, and consequently without expense to the United States.

Mr. DE ARMOND may want to keep idle army men out of mischief; or he may feel that the army is overofficered; or he may believe that sturdy independence is fostered in the States by the process of unloading their natural duties and functions on the Federal Government.

OLIVER DYER, who died in Massachusetts yesterday in his eighty-third year, was a man of many accomplishments and activities. Sixty years ago he was the teacher and expounder of the Pitman phonographic system. He reported the debates of the Senate when WEBSTER, CLAY and CALHOUN were still the living demigods of American politics. He was a lawyer, an author and a Swedenborgian clergyman. More than a generation ago he wrote editorials for THE SUN. He was the literary adviser of ROBERT BONNER in the great days of the *Ledger*. He worked well and conscientiously in many fields. He lived long without surviving his faculties; and he leaves an honorable memory.

SERVICE PENSIONS.

A Union Veteran Proposes to Include Confederate Veterans in the Benefits.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I see by THE SUN that the Senate has passed the service pension bill with no opposing votes. And I suppose that's all right.

Personally I don't believe in service pensions. I think that if a man incurred any disability in the service he ought to get whatever pension is due to him to the last cent. He is entitled to that by the contract; but a service pension strikes me differently.

When Uncle Sam settled with me at the end of my term of service I felt that that closed our accounts definitely and finally. I had agreed on my part to serve for so much a month and a bounty of $100 when I was mustered out, and I got it all, and I considered that that was the end of it. A service pension was something I never dreamed of. A few years after the war Congress gave to all veteran soldiers an additional bounty of $100. Why it did this, I don't know; politics, maybe; but it passed out $100 apiece all 'round and I took mine, though I didn't feel I was entitled to it. To get a hundred dollars in that way was like finding it, and surely I never expected to find any more money that way. But now comes the service pension. As I feel about it now I shall not take it. But you can't tell. I took that $100 additional bounty, and I may take the service pension, but I don't think so.

My service in the army never did me any harm. On the contrary it helped me in many ways and I am prouder of it than of anything else I ever did or ever could do. I don't mean by that that I want to go out and holler about it and stop men in the streets and say: "Here, old man, I served in the army," for as a matter of fact I should feel rather shy about speaking of it at all except among old soldiers or in my own family, whose members are as proud of it as I am. I have served in the army in my country's defence in time of war, and I feel that by that service I have been raised to the highest rank of citizenship; and with that honor I am satisfied. Why should the men of the present generation, who would themselves answer as promptly if a call should come, be taxed to pay more now to the men of that day who simply did their duty?

That duty, as it appeared to me, was not the freeing of the slaves, but solely and only the defence and preservation of the Union. Of course I was against slavery, but that was something to which I never gave a thought in the army. And I have never had any hard feelings toward the South. The South's assumption of superiority over the North did use to disturb me a little, but that feeling has long since disappeared with the cause of it.

The war is over and the country reunited in bonds growing stronger and stronger and knitting us more closely daily. Why not finish the business at a stroke by having Union and Confederate veterans share alike in the benefits of the service pension?

I am aware that this would result in the granting to Confederate soldiers of all other pensions such as are now granted to Union soldiers, but would there be any objection to that?

As to this question of granting service and other pensions to our Confederate veterans I have not yet fully decided in my own mind, for there are many things to be taken into consideration; but I am inclined to think favorably of it. A UNION VETERAN.

NEW YORK, January 14.

A Great Opening for Capital.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It has been stated that Harriman is willing to spend $10,000,000 to rehabilitate Odell. Who is willing to "put up" to rehabilitate Harriman?

NEW YORK, January 14. S.

Hornet Nests as Winter Shelters.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of January 13 is an account of woodpeckers tearing hornet nests to tatters in seeking the dead insects. I think is erroneous to ascribe this to woodpeckers; in fact, I doubt if woodpeckers stay in Maine till after the frosts come. According to my observation, extending over many years, these nests are sought by the small snow birds as a shelter winter nights. These birds can readily squeeze through the entrance hole, and once inside bestow themselves snugly between the combs. The passing in and out of creatures far more ponderous than the agile hornets tends after a comparatively short period to rip the home apart.

NEW YORK, January 14. INGLIS STUART.

The Levelling Sun.

"Boss" and heeler, side by side—
The sovereign and the slave—
In his impartial beams they cast
Twin shadows on the pave.

B.

SOME SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS.

The Union League Club has been ever noted for its artistic hospitality; its picture exhibitions are sure to be *recherché* in quality. The private view last week of paintings from the collection of Senator W. A. Clark was open to one criticism and one only—it did not last long enough. Such a gorgeous display would have attracted a throng for months to come, and naturally; the twenty-three pictures on view included at least a dozen masterpieces from the early Flemish, Italian, English, Dutch—also modern Dutch—and modern French schools. Saturday afternoon saw the spacious galleries of the club actually crowded with ladies. Altogether the display reflected credit upon the taste of Senator Clark and upon the labor of the art committee, Messrs. Henry B. Wilson, Herbert S. Carpenter, Abraham A. Anderson, Paulding Farnham, William E. Benjamin, Thomas E. Kirby and Harrison K. Bird.

The picture that first caught one's eye was Rembrandt's "The Lady with the Fan," a composition before which comment is apt to be as unimportant as a whisper in a thunderstorm. Yet it is a great placid, human representation of a Dutch girl, solidly built, looking directly into your face from the frame, one hand apparently grasping it. The illusion is almost painfully lifelike. Only a voice is needed to complete this creation. The elaborate painting of the accessories does not detract from that gripping glance. The late James Whistler held as a canon of his art that à portrait should stand well within the frame. This is excellent advice, for he first appreciated the fact in Rembrandt, that magician of shadows and of pathetic distances. But this young woman marches boldly out of the frame, and if she were not seated it is a question whether she wouldn't escape and mingle with the mob that admired her. The light showers full upon her, but the master of modulation, the weaver of air and illuminated darkness knew the secret of values; so at no point is there garishness, undue emphasis or a passage that is illogical. The general tone is of a harmonious richness. Such a Rembrandt in this country is worth a hundred acts of Congress. It outweighs even a Presidential message. It is more moral in its bearings upon life than the preachments of all the professional moralists bagged together.

Reynolds's "Kitty Fisher" worked the old charm upon the beholder. His "Mrs. Pradeau" is also very attractive. Sir Thomas Lawrence was seen in his "Lady Aberdeen," a singularly vivid and joyous specimen of portraiture with a blue keyed background that positively recalled Murillo. The draperies and the blue sash are masterly. Some one observed while looking at Van Dyck's "Mother and Child" that it was an excellent Rubens. The gentleman had no catalogue, but his observation did him credit. There are many analogies between this picture and the Rubens school. Van Dyck was evidently under the influence of the great man. The child with its halo of golden curls and its sweet, flaky flesh tones evokes at once Rubens in his most physically glorious moods. The Titian bathing scene was on the whole rather a disappointment. Authentic it is, but the hues have faded and the careless handling of the nudes—the carelessness of genius, be it understood—lends to this canvas an air of the banal. But Perugino's "Saints and Angels" is a compensation. It is a beautiful picture; a picture, in its rich angularities, that would not be amiss in the Uffizi Tribuna. The "Unknown," No. 4, was a portrait of indubitable power and interest. The Carracci "Holy Family" was also an interesting example.

Among the moderns the Corot and the Degas were both superb. The former is one of his familiar silvery landscapes with nymphs dancing, in reality a delicate transposition to a lighter key of Claude Lorraine's classic scenes; a large canvas and a masterpiece. Edgar Degas, the only modern who can be compared in science to Ingres, whose tradition, plus an originality of vision and invention, he has carried on, was represented by one of his ballet pictures. It is the picture of some neophytes learning the painful art of public dancing. How marvellously are the different planes of the scene managed! What air floats! What vitality in the tortured poses of the young beginners! Here is an enchantment as patient and as rare as that which the old Dutchmen could arouse. The Jules Breton set me to thinking, naturally enough! Why outside of a museum should any one wish to have two Bretons? He was a capital painter, though his best work has remained in France. But he was also an insipid painter, a sort of sentimental Millet without the originality of that master—nor was he the equal of the others in the great Barbizon group; yet the extraordinary sum of $40,000 was paid by Senator Clark for a Breton that is not as strong as the one shown at the Union League.

A picture is worth what it brings, in a dealer's eyes. That is business. But there was never a Breton painted worth half of $40,000; furthermore, this inflated price will give a boom to an artist who will be forgotten in a few years. Apollo must have shivered when he heard the auctioneer's gavel fall on that sum. Did he glance over at Homer Martin, hard by in Parnassus? Without wishing to suggest the early morning taste of the day after to such a munificent patron of the fine arts as Senator Clark, it will nevertheless be well to acquaint him with the fact that a weighty burst of laughter, altogether un-Homeric, went up the day the news was received. Forty thousand! Think of the Monticellis, of the Monets, yes, of the Manets, one could buy for the money! Not to mention the American school of landscape. Not to mention an Ingres, a rare find, that can be had in a Fifth avenue gallery. But Senator Clark, like the song, "wants what he wants, when he wants it," and badly. Let us rejoice, then, that it is not a Bouguereau, a Meissonier, a Munkacsy or some of the other horrible soap, sand, metal and ink paintings that a former generation so sadly admired. And a Ridgway Knight fetched at the same sale more than a thousand! After all, the Senator is to be congratulated. [THE SUN's prophecy in regard to the recent sale at the American Art Galleries was fulfilled. An awful ruck of bad pictures brought fabulous prices.]

Let us sum up hastily the rest of this unique collection. There is a Chardin of delicious quality, veritable Chardin; a Fritz Thaulow, executed before this deceased and lamented artist sold his waterways and village streets by the mile to greedy dealers; a good, though not important, L'Hermitte—is he ever very important?—an old Crome—um! Ah! Not so much!—a Mauve without sheep, a pretty affair; a big Gainsborough—lovely; a Daubigny landscape, small, intimate, of a singular charm; a Cazin, and one of the very best, a "low tide" from which is exhaled a whiff of salt air—the sky is magical; a Diaz of the first rank; a Nicolas Maes portrait, not very interesting; and a fine Harpignies, imposing and tender. It is good news, if true, that Senator Clark intends opening the picture gallery of his Fifth avenue house when finished, once a week to the public. This is an idea that is highly commendable. With picture galleries, symphony concerts and libraries, three modern artistic anodynes, a nation of the fiercest malcontents could be placated and ruled. Mr. Carnegie has furnished the libraries—where are the music and picture philanthropists?

Yet another Whistler exhibit in town! There can't be too many of them, for soon there will be none at all, and then we shall have to content ourselves with mechanical reproductions of the famous Venetian series, as, perforce, many to-day feed their souls with joy while listening to the velocious tinklings of grindstone pianoforte music.

That veteran who has fought many wars with public indifference in behalf of his beloved engravings and etchings, Frederick Keppel, has hung a hundred and more of the Whistler etchings on the walls of his gallery, 4 East Thirty-ninth street. The classic single plates and English and Venetian series are strongly represented. Here are the "Black Lion Wharf," "Annie," "The Kitchen," "Street at Saverne," "Old Hungerford Bridge," "Traghetto," "The Long Venice," "Nocturne Palaces" and many other of the masterpieces. Do not forget before leaving to secure Mr. Keppel's admirable little essay on "The Golden Age of Engraving." It is an excellent introduction to a precious art. Mr. Keppel believes that the late Sir Seymour Haden's pronouncement to the effect that steel engraving was an art that misrepresented the classic painters—Sir Seymour holding a special brief for his own art of etching—has hurt engraving in popular estimation. Which is true. Mechanical substitutes accomplished the ultimate downfall. Besides, where is there the artist to-day who will devote his life to engraving with infinite and lovely patience those superb impressions left us by the masters of the art? Time spells money in this age, and money spells success. The only success! So fine engraving is a vanished art. What a pity! No photograph, no etching can render the values of the Monna Lisa like Calmatta's engraving. And what true pleasure there is in the work of the English mezzotinters who interpreted for future generations the portraiture of Lawrence, Reynolds, Hoppner, Raeburn, Romney, Gainsborough and Lely! There is another pamphlet written by Mr. Keppel, "One Day With Whistler," which is worth preserving. The row he had with the redoubtable Jimmie in no wise differed from the rows Jimmie indulged in with others; yet it bore one special feature—Mr. Keppel hit back hard and cleverly, instead of submitting meekly, as did most of Whistler's friends. Unluckily, he never gave to the public his answer to Whistler's classic letter of abuse, though a version is in print, but far removed from the hungry hand of the curiosity hunter. Suffice it to say that when Whistler received the Keppel answer he vowed he would kill the gentle collector of black and white. After you read it there is some slight justification for the deceased painter's homicidal thoughts. Keppel first flays him, then clubs him. It is all very amusing nowadays, this quarrel provoked by Whistler. Fancy any one swift enough to quarrel first with Whistler!

At the Macbeth Gallery, 450 Fifth avenue, there is an exhibition of the paintings of William Sartain, himself the bearer of an honored artistic name; he is the son of John Sartain, the engraver. Mr. Sartain shows twenty-seven canvases. His temperamental tendency seems to be toward the veiled aspect of natural things. He is a poet of half lights, a dreamer of nocturnal scenes, vigorous withal when it comes to seizing the salient point of a landscape. His "Pool by the Shore," No. 17, for example, has a Courbetlike note; it is sober, strong, the trees in marked relief, the water sullen, the total effect of a reality well grasped. In No. 20, "The Meadow," possibly his most significant picture on view, we are given a stretch of dark foreground which we enjoy for the beauty of the sky. "In the Mountains of the Basilicata" the tonal scheme is very novel though not fantastically improbable. The sweep of mountain top with a deep crease in the centre, and of an indescribable attenuated green suffused by delicate gold tones, makes a picture that is original in treatment and envisaged in an original manner. "A Coming Storm," No. 11, is another of Mr. Sartain's effective intrepretations of an ordinary natural occurrence. This storm comes noiselessly upon the land; there is the brooding hush while the trees bend to meet its fury. "First Snow" is capital. So is No. 26, "A Group of Trees," atmospherically depicted. The individual note makes its presence felt in this modest gathering. The outlook is sane, yet the outlook of a man who sensed the melancholy undertones of nature. Mr. Sartain paints simply, directly; and it is often agreeable painting.

Mr. Macbeth still has in another gallery one of Arthur B. Davis's practically conceived and charmingly executed landscapes. There is also a Jerome Myers, a companion to his wonderful little picture at the present Academy exhibition. It is a night piece, with the populace listening to band music. Few artists have portrayed so translucently dark night with living humans moving about. Mr. Myers has a touch all his own.

Pamela Colman Smith is a young woman with that quality rare in either sex—imagination. She is exhibiting at the galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth avenue, a collection of seventy-two drawings, colored and black and white. There is a Shakespeare series, and illustrations to Schumann's "Carnival." You read the titles and dream of Blake, of Fantin-Latour, of the Japanese, of De Groux, of James Ensor, of Beardsley, of Edvard Munch, of Maeterlinck and of Chopin. But your eyes tell you that Miss Smith is in every design, many of them mere memoranda of a spiritual exaltation, of the soul under the influence of music, or haunted by some sinister imagining. "Death in the House" is absolutely nerve shuddering. Yet it is not concerned with the familiar symbols of the grewsome. There is little statement, much suggestion. Munch, himself a master magician of the terrible, could not have succeeded better in arousing a profound disquiet, that is at once the play of the nerves and the inner images of our common destiny. Morbid? Yes, perhaps; but so is Chopin, so is Schumann morbid. The Schumann set is very effective. To the lover of this exotic *cahier* of pianoforte music, miniature poems all, Miss Smith's interpretation of "Sphinxes" will be startling.

There is in Paris an artist known to the *raffinistes*, praised by Huysmans, execrated by the critics, laughed at by the public. His name is Odilon Redon. He had a special *salle* at the 1904 Autumn Salon. A lover of the bizarre, the eccentric, the erotic, the Baudelairian, Redon is a strangely powerful designer. His painting is black and acid, though his lithographs are well worth study. Redon could not have transferred from the key of music to the symbols of design this theme as has Miss Smith. Her sphinxes are females with rampant croups, tails ending in flowers. They smile, these mystic beasts, the sardonic smile of them that know the secrets of all things. They are at once repelling and enticing. "Spirits of Pain," "The Corse," "The Castle of Pain," "The Reeds," reveal the workings of a strangely organized imagination. Poetic in the accepted sense it is, and something more, something more unearthly. But, with her peculiarly plastic mental apparatus and still more peculiar and fluid method of drawing and composition—for the greater part autodidactic and arbitrary—it was to be expected that this young artist could adequately translate Maeterlinck. "Seven Princesses," from a scene in that exquisite and musical play (or threnody of death), would alone indicate the singular endowment of Miss Smith. There is no particular reason why with her intense appreciation of the poetic and musical sides of art she should turn to more realistic study. Her mastery of her material leaves much to be desired. She is naively crude; she often stumbles; she is too hallucinatory; yet she has fantasy, and fantasy covers a wilderness of technical shortcomings. Possibly this is a phase through which she is passing; if it so be, it is a delightful and stimulating one. There is too little poetry in art nowadays and William Blake and his choir of mystics may yet come into their own. Miss Smith surely belongs to this favored choir.

CONNECTICUT'S FINE SHOWING.

Unofficial Tests Indicate That a Government Built Ship Is All Right.

Although the official speed trial of the battleship Connecticut may not be held for several months word received yesterday at the Brooklyn navy yard from Capt. Swift, in command of the vessel, indicates that every requirement will be fulfilled. Rumors that the new warship, the largest ever constructed in a United States Government yard, was not showing up properly in comparison with the Louisiana, built in a private yard, caused much concern to her builders in the Brooklyn yard.

The Connecticut, shortly after leaving this port for a breaking in cruise, is said to have maintained a speed of seventeen knots an hour down the coast, through heavy seas and against head winds. A green crew handled her. She was built for an eighteen knot ship, and the showing she made is considered remarkable under the circumstances. According to the report her engines worked smoothly and there was not the slightest hitch. Everybody aboard was delighted with the preliminary test. The officers say that at the time the Connecticut was drawing eighteen inches more water than the Louisiana. Speaking of the prospects of the new fighter, a prominent naval officer said:

"You keep your eye on the Connecticut. When the proper time comes she will show the Louisiana her stern as sure as I'm standing here. She is as trim a craft as was ever built and has all kinds of speed. Nothing proves this more than the stunts she is doing now while the crew is being trained. The Connecticut may suffer a trifle from the necessity of using ordinary coal and oil. In the speed trial of a ship like the Louisiana, built by a private concern, the builders use hand picked coal and have specially made oil for lubricating the engines and machinery. The Connecticut has no such advantages, but must use common coal loaded from barges, and must use oil from a consignment bought by the Government from the lowest bidder. Then again, when the Connecticut is being unlimbered she has enlisted men manning her under the supervision of naval officers. In a private trial all sorts of expert mechanics are taken aboard to meet every contingency.

"The result of a fine showing on the part of the Connecticut will be particularly significant. When it is shown that a vessel of her class can be built cheaper and speedier by the Government it will be only a matter of time until Uncle Sam will be making all his own fighting machines."

Further unofficial speed trial tests will be made by the Connecticut on the way to the West Indies. The Connecticut will take part in the winter manœuvres of the North Atlantic squadron at Culebra.

INDIANS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Six Members of the Ute Tribe Have a Powwow With the President.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Six Indians of the Ute tribe held a great powwow in the President's office at the White House to-day. They were the chief men of the fighting Utes who went on a rampage last summer in an effort to join the Cheyenne River Sioux and whose people are now held prisoners at Fort Mead, S. D. The Indians came here under guard to lay their grievances before the President and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. On their visit to the White House they were accompanied by Col. Rogers of the Sixth Cavalry, Capt. Johnson of the Tenth Cavalry, Commissioner Leupp and an interpreter.

Through the interpreter two or three of the chiefs made speeches to Mr. Roosevelt. They said they wished to go and live with the Sioux on the Cheyenne River, for they like the Sioux and like their country.

They were asked by the President how they expected to live after they got there, and replied that they had a great white father who was very generous and who would give them rations. The President told them he would reply later to their address and the Indians withdrew, accompanied by the army officers who have them in charge.

NOT FOR THE MEN.

The Uses of a Drinking Fountain in the State of Kentucky.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—A bill was passed by the House of Representatives at the suggestion of Mr. James, the Kentucky peacemaker, giving to a local chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution the right to construct a drinking fountain on the lawn of the custom house at Paducah, Ky. The presentation of the bill led Mr. Payne, the Republican floor leader, to inquire:

"What is the need of a drinking fountain in Kentucky?"

To which Mr. James responded:

"This, I understand, is for the use of the ladies."

Senator Aldrich Calls on the President.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Senator Aldrich called on the President to-day for the first time since last spring, when the Railroad rate fight was on in the Senate. He went to the White House at the President's invitation and talked with Mr. Roosevelt for more than half an hour, while several Senators and Representatives waited in the ante-room for their turn.

Colonel Thomas Grosvenor's Revolutionary War Record.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* There is a mistake in THE SUN's editorial of January 14, 1907, entitled "Training the National Guard for War," in the statement that Col. Thomas Grosvenor, the grandfather of Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, commanded the Second Connecticut Regiment in the Revolutionary War. Col. Grosvenor was never a member of that regiment, but was a Lieutenant in the Third, or Col. Israel Putnam's Regiment, in 1775; a Captain in the same regiment, reorganized in 1776 as Col. Durkee's Regiment; a Captain in Knowlton's Rangers; Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Connecticut Line; and finally in May, 1782, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the First Regiment. The Connecticut archives show that he had a particularly fine record in the Revolutionary War. The Second Connecticut Regiment, however, was commanded throughout the Revolutionary War by Col. Heman Swift.

NEW YORK, January 14. W. J. H.

Jeers From Scrappletown.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Last week a Philadelphia friend, who evidently reads THE SUN, sent me a clipping from its columns relating to the proposed discontinuance of horse cars in this town, and he added these remarks: "This is the greatest thing that ever happened in Lobsteria. Some thirty years ago Philadelphia celebrated her emancipation with bonfires and scrapple pâtés."

Whither are we drifting when a Philadelphian wakes up and talks like this? Or is he talking in his sleep