The Sun.

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Not Just Yet.

In one of the shortest and most straightforward messages he has ever sent to Congress the President both recognizes and deplores the fact that the Federal Government "at present" lacks power to supervise and control the life insurance business throughout the country.

The Federal Government, however, can supervise and control the life insurance business in the District of Columbia. Congress can pass laws for the regulation of the life insurance business in the District. Laws enacted by Congress for use in the District of Columbia can, as the President suggests, be made so comprehensive and so just that they may well stand as models for imitative legislation in the States. That is all true and sound. But the President then proceeds to make a further recommendation. He wants the "Department of Insurance of the District of Columbia," so called, created into a bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor in the Federal Government.

This is certainly both novel and interesting. The administration of public affairs in the District of Columbia is a matter of local government, vested by law in a municipal corporation. The Bureau of Commerce and Labor is concerned with Federal functions affecting the whole country. If there were to be any extension of Federal control over the life insurance business in the States the old fashioned method would be by the regular process of constitutional amendment. To prepare the way for the enlargement of Federal supervision and influence by setting up the present local establishment of the Superintendent of Insurance of the District of Columbia as a bureau of one of the great departments of the United States Government, to serve there as a model and mentor to the several States, is a conception worthy of genius.

We do not think it will be done very soon. If experiments are to be made in this direction let us begin by erecting the Washington police into a bureau of the War Department, so that there may be a useful link between centralized Federal power and the uniformed forces of law, order and safety in the various municipalities of the United States.

Nevertheless, the bare proposal illustrates the fecundity of President ROOSEVELT'S political imagination and the enterprise of his initiative.

France Honors an American Citizen.

The people of the country, irrespective of political party or particular residence, will heartily approve, when once they understand its motives, the special message which President ROOSEVELT sent to the Senate on Wednesday, recommending an appropriation of $25,000 in order that the United States may be fittingly represented at the International Maritime Exposition which will be held in Bordeaux from May until November of the present year. Among the nations which we understand have agreed to erect pavilions for exhibits, to send warships to Bordeaux and otherwise take active part are Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, Belgium and Mexico.

The formally declared official object of the exposition is to honor the memory of an American citizen by commemorating the "centenary of ROBERT FULTON'S successful application of steam to navigation."

The exposition is to be held under the auspices of France, and associated with the enterprise are many of the most distinguished statesmen, patrons of the arts, scientists and business men of our sister republic. Manufacturers, inventors, designers and dealers in all that pertains to shipping, yachting and navigation are expected to send exhibits, and there is little doubt that America will be represented in such things. There also will be on view a collection of Fulton relics, and both the army and navy are expected to contribute.

It may not be remembered that ROBERT FULTON made his first experiments with steamboats on the River Loire, and that NAPOLEON was at one time inclined to lend him definite encouragement, being dissuaded therefrom, however, by officers of his own navy, who contended that French engineers could certainly excel an unknown Yankee in this field of work. It is said that NAPOLEON, with prophetic imagination as to the worldwide revolution which would result should FULTON finally succeed, hesitated before dismissing this "unknown Yankee" from his mind and his favor. But finally he did so, and FULTON, after a brief sojourn in England, returned to his own country where, on the Hudson River, in 1807, he realized his dream by demonstrating the success of his steamboat. It is because FULTON'S first efforts were made on the Loire that France is giving an international exposition in his name.

There is little doubt that American citizens interested in marine construction, foreign commerce and yachting will be glad to send exhibits to Bordeaux, and the Federal Government will unquestionably act promptly in its own behalf. France has reserved the place of honor for the American pavilion, which will contain exhibits of our Government; has prepared plans for a structure along classic lines; has arranged to provide building materials and workmen, so that it can be erected without further delay. The small appropriation suggested at Washington is sufficient, we understand, to pay for the pavilion, for the salary, transportation and maintenance of a United States Commissioner, for clerk hire, for packing, shipping, unpacking and returning to this country whatever exhibits the army and the navy, as well as the State Department and the Department of Commerce and Labor, wish to send. The Bordeaux exposition will be thrown open to the public in about three months.

That FULTON'S own country should fail of being adequately represented is simply preposterous. The Senate should, and doubtless will, take favorable action immediately regarding the President's recommendation.

Mr. Beveridge on Good and Bad States.

There is an appropriate artlessness in Senator BEVERIDGE'S arguments for his bill to prohibit interstate common carriers from transporting the products of child labor in mines and factories. Whether there is or is not some unconscious sociological exaggeration of the facts or alleged facts about child labor, Mr. BEVERIDGE'S theory of the remedy makes the Federal Government the moral guardian of the children in the several States:

> "These children, reaching what ought to be manhood and womanhood, become the parents of offspring inheriting their degeneracy, and these children in turn grow up to produce other children still more degenerate. This ruin of American citizenship, upon which alone this republic, 'the last experiment of freedom,' rests, is too high a price to pay for making still richer a few men who are already too rich.
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> "The States, acting separately, are not competent to stop the evil. First, because if one State passes a good law and other States do not, the manufacturers in the good State are at a business disadvantage with the manufacturers of the bad State; for the latter can employ cheap child labor and the former cannot. The manufacturers in the good State suffer because of the very righteousness of that State's laws; and the manufacturers of a bad State profit by the very wickedness of that State's laws. And American business men should have equal opportunities.
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> "If one State enacts and enforces good laws, and other States do not, the making of good citizens in the former State is neutralized by the making of bad citizens in the latter State. For these latter are citizens not only of that State which permits their ruin, but also citizens of the nation. If New York produces annually a hundred thousand degenerates, they are not citizens of New York exclusively, but of the republic also. They vote not only at State elections, but at national elections. Also, they travel into other States, and these become the parents of bad citizens."

If a State does not try to secure by legislation its moral health, the United States must do it, thereby protecting the "good" States from the "bad" States. This is queer doctrine, if any doctrine can seem queer in this age. If the protection of children is to be undertaken by the Federal Government for the sake of the general welfare, and specifically to prevent the debasement of the general electorate, what limit can be set to the sphere of that central moral guardianship? It is likely enough that many of these child laborers will grow up into capitalists and become "too rich," like their present oppressors; but admitting that these child laborers are degenerates and destined to become the parents of degenerates, are there not many other and more children for whom the same fate may be predicted? There are plenty of "bad" parents even in "good" States; and a certain percentage of children in all States, even Indiana, will go to the bad. Why should not the Federal Government take charge of these corrupt citizens, present and to come? The 100,000 degenerates of this State, for instance; and the round figures make us think of another inspired young mathematician, the Hon. ROBERT HUNTER of this town. One hundred thousand degenerates a year: what will that amount to in fifty years at compound interest? Clearly New York is a "bad" State, and the all-wisdom at Washington needs to take it in hand.

We cannot believe that even the citizens of "bad" States want to have children ill treated. What is the actual genesis of this excitement about child labor? Did it originate in "good" States, New England cotton manufacturing States, that fear the competition of the "bad" South?

Two Resignations.

On Sunday, June 25, 1905, WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, Secretary of War, and JOHN F. WALLACE, chief engineer of the Panama Canal Commission, met in the Hotel Manhattan in this city. In the course of the interview between them Mr. WALLACE made known the fact that private employers in the United States had offered to him a salary much larger than the pay he received from the Government, and declared his intention to leave the Government service. In answer to this announcement Secretary TAFT read Mr. WALLACE such a lecture as few grown men have ever been compelled to hear.

The unfortunate engineer was reminded of the smallness of his income previous to his engagement by the Government. He was also reminded of the courtesy with which he had been treated by the President and by other important Federal officers. Although Mr. WALLACE had offered to help out until his successor was found, he was accused of changing his place overnight "for mere lucre, without thought of the embarrassing position" in which he placed the Government. He was told that he had exceeded his rights, abandoned his task and that he was "in honor bound to perform" his duties; and he was condemned for being "influenced solely by his personal advantage."

Mr. WALLACE testified later before the Senate Interoceanic Canal Committee that Secretary TAFT "crushed" him by the sternness of his denunciation. This might well have been the case.

Now THEODORE P. SHONTS has resigned from the chairmanship of the Panama Canal Commission to take private employment in this city, for the avowed purpose of bettering his financial condition. He quits the Government just as the contract for the canal is to be let, while a controversy over the suitability of the site selected for one of the most important works is unsettled, at a time when any disarrangement of the machinery of the commission must be troublesome. What is the attitude of the Administration toward him? Does he receive a chastisement of the nature that overtook Mr. WALLACE? Is he held up to contempt and scorn as a traitor? Is he punished with the severest lashing that one of the Administration's strongest men can inflict?

On the contrary, Mr. SHONTS is bid godspeed in the most friendly and kindly phrases. He is helped on his way with Executive good will and compliments. He is thanked for his services, and his course in quitting for more pay is approved in generous terms by the highest in the Government.

Why this distinction between Mr. WALLACE and Mr. SHONTS? What explains the differing expressions of Administrative sentiment on the occasion of their retirement? Has there been a change in the official attitude toward canal builders generally? Or is the calmness and lack of hostile emotion which marks the departure of Mr. SHONTS from the Canal Commission an unintentional, but highly significant, compliment to Mr. WALLACE?

The Death of General Alger.

The lot of this distinguished, able, and, as we believe, sincerely patriotic American was uncommonly hard in at least two particulars.

A gallant soldier of the Union army, there is now no more doubt of his personal courage in the field and military fidelity than there is of his devotion to the cause for which he fought. Yet it was his fate to leave the service under a cloud and to figure in the technical record as an officer whose dishonorable dismissal had been recommended by PHILIP H. SHERIDAN for absence without leave.

One of the hardest and most intelligently useful workers under MCKINLEY during the period of our war with Spain, it was General ALGER'S lot as Secretary of War to serve as the lightning rod of the Administration and to draw upon his own head in concentrated vigor and venom the main force of the opposition to the Administration's policies.

The value of his services as an executive officer at a post of the greatest importance during a time of the utmost difficulty came to be generally recognized later, just as the truth about his record in the civil war finally prevailed in the minds of candid men.

And, be it said to his honor now that he is dead, no public servant of the past quarter of a century has borne the persistent assaults and misrepresentations of bitter enmity with finer dignity than was exhibited by RUSSELL ALEXANDER ALGER, peace to his memory!

Mr. Letchworth's Gift.

It was neither obstinacy nor selfishness that caused WILLIAM PRYOR LETCHWORTH to insist that the State should accept his gift of land on his own terms, or not at all. Mr. LETCHWORTH was well aware of the existence of the Genesee River Company and of the terms of that corporation's charter.

Had the Letchworth property passed to the ownership of the State as anything but a trust the Genesee River Company might have acquired, by condemnation proceedings, land within its boundaries for the erection of power houses and the right to use the water flowing through it for commercial purposes. Under the deed of trust now in the possession of Governor HUGHES, and which he has been authorized by the Legislature to accept, such despoliation of the property will not be possible, except by the success of methods of attack both roundabout and cumbersome. Mr. LETCHWORTH has not only given to the State a magnificent park; he has assured its preservation to the public in its present beauty for all time.

Titles in the Navy.

Our valued correspondent Mr. JOSEPH C. STEBBINS, whose communication appeared in THE SUN of Wednesday, January 23, appears to be mistaken when he says: "Staff officers hold certain naval grades established by law, which have the same designation, and in fact are the same, as those established for naval officers of corresponding rank in the line." The personnel act of 1899, which still stands, gives staff officers "relative rank," with corresponding pay, emoluments, &c., but it specifically provides that "nothing in this act shall be construed to *change the titles*," &c.

Mr. STEBBINS goes on to say that "the staff officers of the navy object to the deprivation of their rights by abuse of Executive power, and propose to submit their grievances to Congress and the American people." We should advise them to wait until the department takes up the question of the staff personnel, when they will get a patient and respectful hearing. At present there is no deprivation of rights, either through Executive power or otherwise. If Mr. STEBBINS really represents their attitude and sentiments, they are merely demanding something which the law has not thus far given them, and which in our opinion it is not likely to give.

When I ran for Governor last year I decided definitely to give up working for money.—*The Hon. Hoke Smith.*

Henceforth this voluminous statesman will work for love, for the pee-pul, for art and for HOKE.

The liveliest little man
That has kicked since Time began:
Our twirling, whirling,
Hurling, swirling,
Mouth unfurling,
Jibbering JOHN MORAN;
Our smiting, biting,
Fighting, indicting,
Letter writing MORAN!
—*Song of the Boston Exchange Club.*

Lieutenant-Governor DRAPER of Massachusetts has been summoned in a wide open letter by the Hon. JOHN BUTIN MORAN to give him the names of the miscreants who were on duty in the Boston Exchange Club the night of December 15, when $600 worth of rum was sold in that wicked institution. If his Honor doesn't give the names Mr. MORAN writes:

> "Your sense of propriety would naturally suggest your resignation from the office of Lieutenant-Governor."

As BUTIN and the days roll on we feel more and more the absolute congruity of him and Boston. They were born for one another.

The Raleigh *News and Observer* calls on the Democratic party to be true to its pledges. The Hon. JOSEPHUS DANIELS should not ask too much. The banned old party has taken so many pledges so many times.

Is ambition harmful?—*Louisville Post.*

It doesn't seem to harm Mr. BRYAN; and in spite of a large dose of it Mr. FAIRBANKS is as happy and peaceful as the champion milch cow.

An Austin despatch gives another glimpse of that great Captain of the Texas Rangers and the Tartarus Extinguisher Bucket Brigade, BILL MCDONALD:

> "His fine boots, without the usual high heels, were polished until one could use them for a mirror if need be. His gray suit was freshly pressed, and was spotless. His shave was the latest from the shop, and he held in his hand a beautiful specimen of the hatter's art—cream of color and broad of brim. The most vivid imagination cannot fancy Captain MCDONALD in a derby hat."

BILL MCDONALD in a derby hat! It is as easy to think of ATTILA nibbling fudge.

It has taken Tammany Hall longer to obtain control of the Board of Aldermen than seemed probable a year ago. The Republican and Municipal Ownership alliance was so preposterous that from the beginning its failure was inevitable. That it held together a year and three weeks is cause for wonder.

During the period in which Tammany was in the minority in the board several changes in procedure were brought about that increased considerably its usefulness. Its committees made reports that meant something. Its records, instead of giving the bare parliamentary bones of its doings, provided real information on city affairs. Several of its members displayed in debate knowledge of municipal matters. It gave promise of development into a useful department of the town government.

POLICE COURT METHODS.

A Defence of the Procedure in a Case Recently Described.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In a letter signed "Lawyer" and published in THE SUN of January 22, the writer complains of justice as administered in the Centre street Magistrate's Court, and inquires whether conditions such as he describes prevail or whether his is an exceptional case.

To one familiar with police court procedure "Lawyer's" letter is an indictment of his own ignorance as a practitioner at the criminal bar. A slight knowledge of Magistrates' court methods would have saved his client from the inconveniences to which he was subjected. "Lawyer" alleges, among other things, that on the morning of January 3, at 11:30 o'clock, a client of his was arrested on four complaints charging him with a violation of the labor law; that the case was not reached until 4 o'clock, when the Magistrate set bail at $2,000 and gave him five minutes to obtain a bondsman; that the bail was reduced to $400 on the day following; and that when he appeared in court with the cash at 11:45 o'clock he found that his client could not be bailed out until 2 o'clock, when the Magistrate returned from a two hours recess. "Lawyer" concludes that bail was excessive and that the "scales of justice are pretty well rusted" in that court.

Now let us consider the facts. Where a misdemeanor, such as in the present instance, is charged bail is usually fixed at $500. If four complaints are made, bail is fixed at four times this sum. The fact that the Magistrate subsequently reduced the bail to $400 was not an admission that $2,000 was excessive; it simply showed that upon going into the merits of the case he considered $400 sufficient security for the appearance of the defendant at the trial. Had "Lawyer" been experienced in police court procedure he would have come to court with a bondsman able to qualify in the usual amount.

It appears from "Lawyer's" own statement that the Magistrate offered to accept bail out of court, in the evening. Inasmuch as court adjourns for the day at 4 o'clock the Magistrate was willing to take bail in his leisure time for the accommodation of "Lawyer," a courtesy which he evidently did not appreciate. At any rate "Lawyer" made no further effort to obtain bail for his client that night. On the day following, when "Lawyer" appeared in court with the cash, he should have known that the Court had no authority to accept cash; that it must be deposited at the office of the City Chamberlain and a receipt obtained therefor. Had "Lawyer" pursued this course and presented the receipt at the city prison, where his client was being detained, he would have obtained his immediate release without further order from the Magistrate.

It therefore appears that "Lawyer's" client was not kept in jail three hours longer than necessary because of the absence of the Magistrate, but because "Lawyer" did not know his business. If any injustice was done to "Lawyer's" client he had only himself to blame.

ATKINS B. CUNNINGHAM.

NEW YORK, January 24.

THE NEW SUBWAY.

It Will Not Repeat the Mistakes Perpetrated in the Old Structure.

The Rapid Transit Commission has not neglected the advantages of the first railroad built under its direction as an educational institution, and the form of contract for the Lexington avenue route is designed to avoid the repetition of some of the most apparent mistakes that were made in the present structure. Most of the stations, local as well as express, are to be a block long, with entrances from two streets, as in the case of the present station at Fulton and John streets. Each station will be 435 feet long, enabling ten car trains to be run both on the express and on the local tracks. The road will be able to carry 112,000 passengers an hour each way, more than twice the capacity of the existing subway.

The road bed will have a smooth surface to facilitate cleaning. Water pipes with fire hose attached will be installed at short intervals. Reserve conduits for power and light will be built. A footpath will extend along each outer wall from station to station on a level with the car platforms.

Midway between stations will be air chambers in each outer wall, communicating with the street above. The chambers will contain automatic louvres, permitting the outflow and preventing the inflow of air. The uptown and the downtown tracks will be separated by a wall, instead of by columns, to provide ventilation through the piston action of the trains. Each chamber will have a motor fan, to be set in operation when the temperature rises above that in the street in summer and when the automatic ventilators fail to renew the air every fifteen minutes. Each air chamber will have a ladder, and may be used as an exit for passengers in accident.

Between the roof of the subway and the street pavement will be galleries for water and gas pipes and for electric conduits. The galleries will do away with the necessity of tearing up the street whenever a house is to be connected with the street mains and when the mains are to be laid or repaired.

There will be no curved station platforms. No advertising or slot machines will be permitted at the stations. News stands will be allowed.

Fiction is to the fore in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, with Mrs. Wharton's serial and five short stories, among the authors being Mr. T. N. Page and the Rev. Dr. H. van Dyke. Of unusual interest is the account of the White Fathers in Africa by Mr. C. W. Furlong and Mr. W. C. Brownell's essay on Lowell. Gen. Alexander tells about Petersburg; there is an article on the bears of Alaska; there are poems, and a paper by Prof. Brander Matthews.

THE PHALANX OF 1830.

At the American Art Galleries in East Twenty-third street there is on view a collection of Barbizon masters and others collected by Mr. H. S. Henry of Philadelphia. Thirty in number for the names of Géricault and his mighty successor Delacroix are represented. Alexandre Gabriel Decamps, who did not belong to the Fontainebleau group, is also in this gathering—a notable one. There are seven Corots, three Daubignys, one Decamps, four Delacroix, two Diazes, two Duprés, one Fromentin, one Géricault, two Millets, four Rousseaus and three Troyons. Mr. Henry must have been wise in his generation, for whether prompted by natural taste, aided by experience, or the recipient of excellent critical prompting, his pictures are eloquent testimony to some one's faculty of selection. And this is not meant to insinuate that the collector was himself lacking in tact and vision; in the absence of testimony to the contrary he may be credited with both. At the time he bought these pictures, mostly from New York dealers, the representatives of French and English houses, there were still collectors, survivals from the Tar and Tallow period, who spent their hard earned cash on Bouguereaus and Meissoniers and Gérômes, or those Alma-Tademas in which human beings look like marbles and the marbles like soap.

But it must not be supposed that the Henry pictures are of equal artistic value. Out of the seven Corots only three are striking exemplars. "Château Thierry" (1) is rather commonplace for Corot—were it not for the sky. That sky is a luminous miracle. A peasant woman stands in the foreground. The canvas was exhibited at L'Exposition des Cents Chef-d'Œuvres, Paris, 1892. The Mantes picture (2) is an exquisite study in spring foliage. It is signed "Corot" on every tender leaf, on every spar of tree. The same miraculous clouds and shimmering sky! "The River" (3) will by some be acclaimed the masterpiece of the seven. The tonalities are suave, a tree rears itself in the centre without rhetorical emphasis, the "reflects" of the heavens are mirrored on the water; there is balance, there is a divine lucidity. Over all hovers peace. The mood is Chopinesque—the Chopin of the Andante Spianato or the third Prelude. Without the style and finish of this canvas, but richer and more rhythmic, is the "Nymphs" (4). You are back to the days of Claude Lorrain, with a hint of Poussin. But the tree grove, the sky, are Corot's. We are transported out of time, out of space without a note of the self-conscious interrogation dear to the later men of the nineteenth century. The tonal harmonies are rich. It is a painting that will be accepted by amateurs as far more characteristically Corot than "The River," because of its dainty little comedy and its denser woven composition. Yet "The River" offers a sincerer mood.

"Morning" (6) is a charming eclogue, less Virgilian than suggestive of Lamartine. Liszt could have composed his "Lac de Wallenstadt" here without altering a bar of his music. The mood is sentimental; nature has her mood sentimental for the poet as well as her prosaics for the stupid man. A goat, a four footed melomaniac, listens gratefully to the piping of a shepherd. The delicate greens of the foliage and the diffused light are very seductive. One of Corot's figure pieces with a pleasant landscape background is called "Meditation" (5). It is a well balanced composition. A girl with her right hand to her chin sits dreaming. The fabrics of her dress are unobtrusively handled; her overskirt of dull salmon red forms a symmetrical passage above her knees, where it is gathered. A petticoat shows beneath. The picture will intrigue the fancy of the amateur. It is not a masterpiece. When Millet remarked that Corot should substitute for his eternal nymphs flesh and blood peasants, had he seen "The Glade" (7) with its gossips? Here the charming jewelled meadow, the lofty trees, the summer atmosphere vibrating with heat and light, the clouds and the soft sward form precisely a theatre for the joyful dalliance of mythologic beings. Instead the painter has introduced three peasant women, heads touching, exchanging their slanders and their small talk. Yet you long for the nymphs; the air is too full of enchantment for homespun and sabots. No doubt the transcript of an actual scene. Corot was justified in his decorative interludes, decorative motives that would be singularly misplaced in a canvas by Millet. To every man his fantasy. And like the little girl of the Wordsworth poem, all these pictures might sing in unison: "We are seven."

Daubigny is always good to feast the eye upon. His "First Shades of Night" (8) is a twilight, a pool of water and the old familiar duo between it and the sky. The sun is behind the horizon; the broken lights and scattered wisps of cloud forms are artfully suggested. A different mood is reflected in "The Harbor" (9) with its cool, dripping beach, its wet lights, its notation of a thriving, populous town. It reminds one of Boudin. Jongkind has painted the like. The third is a "Farm at Villerville" (10), a moonlight, with a romantic moon and a flash of far-off sea. The grassy foreground is of velvety greens, various shades of interlaced greens. It is a large canvas and an excellent one. Following the order of the catalogue we come to a Decamps (11). A genre piece, an interior, shows us a peasant seated. The table holds a wine flask. There is another man and a child. A sharp passage of sunlight focusses the eye above the child's head. A very interesting picture.

The Delacroix! They are fine specimens all, dating from 1851 to 1862. No. 12 is a lion, one of those beasts, slouching and ferocious, that set the pace for the latter day painters and sculptors. The tints of its sleek coat, the syncopated rhythms of its stride, the concentrated cruelty of eye and of mouth leave the spectator in no doubt as to Delacroix's superb mastery. He has in No. 13 a tiger and a serpent preparing for combat. The incarnation of suspense is in the canvas. You forget its tones, its lines and masses; drama is in the air. Pure Orientalism is in No. 14, an Arab mounting his horse. It echoes the period that Delacroix spent at Algiers. It is gorgeous in hue and design—and alive! "The Release of the Princess Olga" (15), with its dissonant harmonies of gold and blue and white and black and salmon pink, revives the story of Delacroix's search after what to-day we call impressionism. Here are juxtaposed broad touches and shadows show complementary colors. It is a big canvas, the acme of romanticism and charged with the powerful genius of its creator. New York has seldom seen four such Delacroix together.

Neither of the two Diaz pictures is very remarkable. No. 16 is a Fontainebleau reminiscence, the blue in the sky and the reflections in the water being the more agreeable notes. Of course the trees, that have seen rough weather, are capitally portrayed. "Whisperings of Love" (17) is an artificial but pretty idea. Monticelli could have painted it and it would not have been superior Monticelli. It is not superior Diaz. Jules Dupré is to the front in his "Twilight" (19), a poetic conception, redolent of the mystery and sweetness at sundown. The cloud-shine on the stormy looking clouds, chipped and beaten by the wind, does not attenuate the essentially dreamy quality. No. 18, "Sunlight," with a peasant guarding sheep under a clump of trees, is interesting chiefly for its sunlight in an autumnal atmosphere. The sheep are not particularly vital. The touch throughout is a trifle heavy. Eugène Fromentin is disappointing. His "Falconers" (20) is not vividly conceived, nor is it colorful. His crying deficiency is here accentuated: the canvas is airless. The Géricault (21) is of historic value, one of his athletic performances, "Starting the Race at Rome"—a pack of leashed horses struggling with their grooms, eager for the riderless plunge along the Corso. Above are boxes holding sporting and fashionable folk. There is animation, but no air. Yet it is a Géricault, and such a name should score.

The two Millets are not of equal worth. "The Retreat From the Storm" (22) has a touch of the tragic commonplace, and the *tempo* of the picture is fascinating. Vigor and delicacy are both expressed in the peasant mother and her child. The large pastel (23) is a shepherdess, with its satisfying perspective, and the protagonist, a large, loosely modelled peasant girl, knitting at the head of a brigade of woolly sheep. There is a solitary dog. The light suffuses the figures and gives to the stubbly ground a carpetlike aspect. The entire composition quivers with this subdued radiance. The girl is characteristic Millet—an acolyte in the vast and immemorial service of labor. A museum picture if ever there was one, with its gently uttered parable of work and days.

What lovely Rousseaus! Some of us, irrespective of the claims made by the other canvases in this collection, claims artistic and pecuniary, would hold to these four Rousseaus against the rest. The very small landscape by this master (24) is a gem, rich in color, in composition very simple. A road, several figures, sunlight, a note or two of blue—but what sunshine, what blue, above all what concentrated harmonies! The sky is Rousseau. "Paysage en Sologne" (25) is warmer in tone—Rousseau has been compared to the Dutchman, Hobbema, and he was a Hobbema who had known Delacroix. And he also drew from his palette the most silvery chords that paint has ever known. Not Ruysdael, not Cuyp, not Vermeer, boasted the magic silver tone of Rousseau. His "Sunlight" (26) is brilliant and truthful. "Twilight" (27) is not without an Oriental flavor to its glowing sky from which the sun is absent. Here the master speaks and all Barbizon and its genius must be silent. Rousseau was the dominating figure of a group that is arbitrarily arranged for critical convenience. Its members painted the same landscapes, as Mozart and Beethoven composed symphonies in the same key. But with what different results! We say Bach and Handel. We say Mozart and Beethoven. We say Goethe and Schiller, Byron and Shelley, Schubert and Schumann, Raphael and Michael Angelo. How absurd are all such bracketings. They are ready made formulas for ready made minds. These men had no more to do with each other's art than has Richard Strauss with the rococo prose of Oscar Wilde or the Titanism of Nietzsche. (But Strauss would set a broomstick to music.) Indeed, not so much. Rousseau is as unlike Millet as Raphael was unlike Angelo. Diaz patterned after him. Monticelli developed one side of him—the decorative. Corot, the Chopin of French landscapists, had no correspondence with Troyon or Rousseau, Dupré or Millet. Yet we shall always speak of the "Barbizon painters," though they were so many men of variously endowed pictorial gifts who happened to spring up at the same time and place. What did unite them was a hatred of academic conventions; they loathed the blacks and browns of studio paint. They strove to see Nature face to face. There were poets in the group that read beautiful meanings into her, like Corot; there were the strong men like Rousseau and Millet, who strove with her and extorted from her marvellous harmonies and veiled messages of patience and misery. Yet they were each man different from his fellow. In 1877 came men with still greater aptitude for painting—Manet, Whistler, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Pissaro, Rodin and the rest—and the Barbizon group became history. Their work is idyllic in comparison with that of the so-called impressionists—idyllic, poetic, wholly charming, without a trace of brutality, "verism" or "modernity." Yet are the Barbizonites history. The new comers had laid bare another sort of truth. Painting no more than music may dare halt, may hold fast to outmoded conventions, conventions that were once stirring gospel truths. The painters discover this fact for themselves; then the public follows, and in the rear troop the conservators of the Good, the True, the Beautiful. This is well. Criticism is not prophecy.

To conclude: Three Troyons (29, 30, 31) attract much laudable curiosity. The scene (29) "Going to Market" seems to be the public's favorite, though the cows in 30 are, to commit a Hibernianism, "bully." It is "La Retour à la Ferme," and was acquired in 1896 at the sale of the late William Schaus. It is a sterling example, painted with all the solidity, breadth, richness and verisimilitude of the artist. A picture with the memory of which to leave the gallery. The sale takes place to-night at Mendelssohn Hall.

The Enlistment Contract.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A soldier, white or black, enters the army by a contract of enlistment, unless he be conscripted. An officer enters therein by a commission issued by the President.

Who has read an enlistment contract?

It is to be hoped that the Foraker committee will publish a copy of the negro enlistment papers, so that we may all read the martial stipulations therein made by the United States and the negroes contracting on equal terms. What did each party promise?

The contract was presumably for a term of years, but what could happen meanwhile? Under what circumstances could the negroes sunder the contract?

It is not at all likely that the contract specifies the conditions under which the United States can set aside its stipulations, but yet it is possible. Nor is it probable that a definite tenure of service is assured to the enlisted men, and yet it may be.

CASUAL.

NEW YORK, January 24.

Swettenham's Soliloquy.

(After reading the papers.)

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of jungle,
Where I may hide me from my soul's distress,
And seek Nepenthe for my sorry bungle!

Ye kindly fates that o'er the egregious ass—
Yea, even o'er the dismal donkey—hover,
Oh, take me somewhere, turn me out to grass,
Where nevermore mankind may me discover!

Oh, set me somewhere east of Suez now;
Translate me straightway into Hindustani;
Transmogrify me to a pig or cow—
Or let me lapse forthwith into Nirvani!

For I am such a sorrow,
And I am such a jay,
I ought to seek to-morrow
And merely melt away.

ROBERTUS LOVE.

Short Poem From Boston.

Of all our would-be genteel rot
The most inanely rotten
Is changing simple honest "got"
To namby-pamby "gotten."

SWETTENHAM AND OTHERS.

What Happened During Secretary Root's Absence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is a great pity that the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, was compelled by previous and important engagements to leave Washington just when he did. A day or two before his departure for Canada he addressed to the Hon. Esme Howard, Chargé d'Affaires of Great Britain, a very polite and sympathetic note, expressing the national sentiment of sorrow in respect of the calamity in Jamaica and offering any services and ministrations within this country's power. It was a kind, considerate and felicitously tactful communication and might well have set an example for all subsequent proceedings on our part. Unfortunately, and perhaps because of Mr. Root's absence, it obtained no recognition as a guide and keynote, and for this sufficient reason: Chargé d'Affaires Howard replied to Secretary Root's note, thanked him cordially for the friendly, not to say fraternal, overture, and stopped short at that. He asked nothing, suggested nothing in the way of charitable intervention, and had Mr. Root remained in Washington to preside over the emergency it is entirely safe to say that the deplorable clash at Kingston would not have occurred.

In view of the Root-Howard correspondence, it was manifestly our duty to restrain the sympathetic impulse and content ourselves with a strictly receptive attitude. To send our warships with offers of relief was well enough, perhaps. To insist upon benevolent mediation was in many and important ways a questionable expedient.

W. R.

WASHINGTON, January 24.

Criticism of the Resolutions of the Prince Eitel's Passengers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It must be balm indeed for an Englishman, suffering from the ridicule caused by Governor Swettenham's letter to Admiral Davis, to read the resolutions of "We, a company of American refugees of Kingston, January 14 to January 17, 1907, on board the steamer Prince Eitel Friedrich," and the interviews with the signers, as published in this morning's issue of THE SUN.

I have no comment to make, of course, on the conduct of the women and of those men who had women dependent upon them, but for the rest of them—let's see what they did and suffered that they should complain of the treatment given them:

> Father John O'Donovan, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, seemed to be the hero of the crowd by common consent. He was one of the first to take shelter on the pier of the Hamburg-American line.

Here heroic Father O'Donovan and the crowd stayed, except when they were trying to better their own condition, so far as we can learn through two columns of interviews with them in THE SUN:

> On Tuesday morning, as Father O'Donovan and the others described it, their plight on the pier was awful. They had to break open bags of fruit and barrels of crackers to get anything to eat.

With the wounded still lying uncared for in the streets, these men, in addition to the above mentioned hardships, had to go hunting for water. I have looked in vain through the two columns of interviews for one act of helpfulness on their part to any one outside of "We, a company of American refugees."

Father O'Donovan and one other man did leave the pier long enough to go in carriages in search of the Governor, in company with the American naval officers, and no doubt gave the Assistant Colonial Secretary a piece of their minds when they failed to meet the Governor.

When Captain Parsons tried to put a little courage into the panic stricken crowd he happened to strike the wrong man on the back, one who had never played through a football game with a couple of broken ribs, and the uproar over the bluff captain's cruelty is like unto another earthquake.

Either the horrors of the Kingston earthquake have been greatly exaggerated or these people fail to realize the exceptional good fortune they have had, and have allowed themselves to be made ridiculous in aiding to twist the British lion's tail.

At a time when two nations are trying to keep their tempers to have such a mess of silliness as the resolutions referred to brought into prominence justifies any rebuke THE SUN is willing to print.

B. W.

NEW YORK, January 23.

RELIGIOUS PLAYS.

Usually Failures, Pleasing Neither Clergy Nor Laity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Last night, in the production of Richard Strauss's opera "Salome," the religious play reached its climax. The play was staged with consummate skill, and yet the audience was horrified and disgusted. Not even the talent of an eminent actress could tone down the scene which represented *Salome* gloating over the head of the decapitated prophet, as she reached, step by step, the front of the stage. It seemed as though the horrible sight would never end, and a number of the audience left the theatre. All this in the face of the experiences of the religious play in the last few years.

Charles Frohman, who ought by this time to be able to gauge the public taste, brought across the ocean Ben Greet and his mystic play "Everyman." It was a failure financially. It presented mediæval conceptions of death which are certainly not sanctioned by the Christian teaching of the present day. A few years before we had "The Sign of the Cross," indorsed by Mr. Gladstone and the Archbishop of Canterbury. It fell flat. It was a chamber of horrors, in which we had, in truly realistic fashion, the immoralities of Nero's court, disgusting to any pure mind, and the agonies of a young Christian torn limb from limb on the rack within the sight and hearing of the audience. A scene even more horrible than that of *John the Baptist's* head last evening. "Quo Vadis" and the "Magdalen" were of very doubtful morality. Not bad enough for the evil minded nor good enough for the religious. The story of "Judith" was presented at Daly's to empty houses. "The Shulamite," where a miserable old boor quotes Holy Scripture as he thrashes his young wife and female slave within the hearing of the audience, never secured an attendance much beyond a baker's dozen.

"Mizpah" was a pleasing and artistic representation of the Biblical narrative of Esther, but it was played to an empty house. "Ben Hur," to be sure, was a great financial success. This was very largely due to the mechanical skill used in placing the drama on the stage, which reached its climax in the chariot race. Presuming upon the success of "Ben Hur," "The Prince of India" was produced at the Broadway Theatre, and proved a financial failure. Wright Lorimer, encouraged by the success of "Ben Hur," produced his "Shepherd King" with considerable artistic skill, and with great expenditure of money. But after all, in the judgment of a theological student, it was not very much more than an expensively illustrated Biblical lesson.

"Light Eternal" was brought to the Majestic Theatre a few weeks ago and staged by Henry Miller, but it did not take. Ministers of religion were appealed to. Hundreds of tickets were given free to churchgoers, but it made an unpleasant impression. There was nothing in it to attract the people of the world, and churchgoers were horrified when they saw an actor on his knees "performing" prayer, and entering the arena to be torn to pieces by lions with a cross in his hand. Even the spectacle of the idol of Jupiter, illuminated by a cross, ridiculously similar to the cross on the Washington Square Baptist Church, made little or no impression. The play was a failure from the box office standpoint, and it certainly was not a success as a means of ethical instruction.

Yet I understand that there are more religious plays in store for us. The question arises: Why do ministers of religion and members of churches ignore the religious play?

The answer is this: The educated clergyman does not regard the theatre so much as a place of instruction as a place of entertainment and amusement. When the overworked clergyman gets "a night off" he wants to be amused, and he would rather go to one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas or to such a play as the "Message From Mars" than witness a young Christian on the rack of torture, or *Salome* gloating over the head of *John the Baptist.*

The proprietors of plays and those who stage them must remember that thirty or forty years ago the theatre was pretty generally denounced from the pulpit. A change of feeling was brought about, very largely through the influence of the late Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, England. This change of attitude does not arise from the feeling that the theatre is a teaching power which will supplant the pulpit, the lecture hall and the magazine, but simply because clergymen feel that in the strenuous life of the present day the people must have healthy recreation, and the theatre seems to be the only means of giving this on an evening at the close of a business day. It is therefore held to be the duty of ministers of religion to see as far as possible that the theatre is free from that which is repulsive and immoral. We certainly did not reach that standard at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening in the presentation of Mr. Strauss's setting of Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

A CLERGYMAN.

NEW YORK, January 23.