The Sun.

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The Legislature Can Stop the Canal Steal Without a Referendum.

The canal situation is stated with brevity and with reasonable accuracy in the following paragraph from the *News-Press* of Poughkeepsie:

"There are already let contracts amounting to $17,000,000 for the construction of the barge canal. There are $18,000,000 more in contracts ready to be let. The State of New York has thus far been unable to sell its 3 per cent. canal bonds at par, much to the embarrassment of the present Administration. The most that it can do is to cut down the amount to be paid on contracts during the ensuing year to either $7,500,000 or $5,000,000 and to use this sum for the sinking fund to be set aside this year under the law for the redemption of these bonds. Delay in payment on contracts means delay on the part of contractors and probable difficulty in letting other contracts in future. The Administration has as yet evolved no plan worthy of consideration to quicken the sale of the bonds. The public hesitates to take them at 3 per cent. and the submission of a proposition to the people to pay more than this is not likely to be met with much enthusiasm."

Yet it is not exactly true that the most that can be done, or the best plan that can be suggested, is contained in the proposal to whip the devil around the sinking fund.

The State Constitution provides another method of dealing with the whole question of the barge canal swindle; and this without any referendum.

We are now pointing out to the intelligence of Governor HUGHES and the honest part of the Legislature at Albany a fact that perhaps has not been generally considered. Section 4 of Article VII., after describing the process of legislation and reference to the people by which the barge canal law of 1903 was passed and adopted, goes on to say:

"The *Legislature* may at any time, after the approval of such a law by the people, if no debt shall have been contracted in pursuance thereof, repeal the same; and may, *at any time, by law*, forbid the contracting of any further debt or liability under such law."

Obligations already contracted under the law thus nullified remain valid, of course; and the provisions of the law remain in force just so far as is necessary to discharge the interest and principal of the debt already contracted; but with that exception the power of the Legislature itself to stop the theft and waste of from one hundred to two hundred and fifty millions of New York's good money is at all times absolute.

The responsibility is undivided. Although for the initiation of such a scheme of Graft and Futility as is now fluttering between hope and doom a referendum is required, and although no amendment of the details of the scheme, even to so small a matter as the rate of interest on the canal bonds, can be effected without a similar reference to the people, the waste can be blocked, the graft defeated and the scheme abandoned at any time, without the ceremony of a referendum, by means of a law passed by the Senate and the Assembly and signed by the Governor.

The remedy, therefore, is at all times ready for a fearless Executive to recommend to an honest Legislature.

The Situation in Rumania.

According to telegrams from Vienna and Bucharest the uprising of the peasantry which began in northern Moldavia is spreading over the whole of that principality, and is even extending southward into Wallachia and northeastward into the Carpathian region of the Bukowina (literally the beechwood), which once formed a part of Moldavia but now belongs to Austria. The revolt, which already has developed to formidable proportions, is evidently agrarian in origin and aim and only incidentally anti-Semitic, though Jews have been made the victims of spoliation and massacre because they have acted as the lessees or middlemen between the great land owners and the cultivators, and because they have in their hands almost all the traffic of the country.

Moldavia, in which there is reason to believe a Rumanian speaking population existed as early as the first half of the twelfth century, became an independent principality soon after the expulsion of the Tatars in 1352. In the first half of the sixteenth century, however, it became a tributary to the Porte and like Wallachia remained in a certain sense a vassal, although self-governing, until the complete independence of the twin principalities was recognized by the Congress of Berlin, a recognition which was followed by their conversion into a kingdom under the name of Rumania. The industries of Moldavia, the more northern principality, are almost exclusively connected with the land, the principal exports being timber, horses, oxen, grain and wine. The pure blood Rumanian inhabitants are concentrated in the cities and towns; the peasants, by whom the agricultural work is done, are mostly of Little Russian or Hungarian stock. The latter, although they were relieved from forced labor and enfranchised about forty years ago, still occupy a position analogous to that of the rack rented Irish tenants and agricultural laborers during the first half of the last century. Their plight, indeed, has been worse, because almost all of the great land owners in Moldavia are absentees and are accustomed to farm out their estates to middlemen, whose interest it is to grind the peasantry. As it happens, most of these middlemen are Jews—indeed, it is computed that about half of the cultivated land in Moldavia is now leased to a trust formed by three conspicuous Jewish families. It is probable enough that their exactions are not more intolerable than those imputed to many French landlords before 1789, and to some Irish landlords in our own day, but they seem to have been peculiarly exasperating because made by men of alien race and religion.

Of course the first business of the Rumanian Government is to enforce order and protect the Jews and the inhabitants of the towns generally from agrarian violence. This may not prove an easy task if it be true that the uprising has been carefully planned and is thoroughly organized. According to reports the peasants are distributed in bands of 1,500 men, under designated leaders, who know what towns can be most quickly taken through an understanding with the administrative and police authorities. The total strength of the peace army of Rumania is only about 36,000, though there are about 210,000 men in the first and second reserves. To what extent the soldiers can be relied upon to put down the peasantry, whose grievances are notorious and with whom they may incline to sympathize, remains to be seen. The Rumanian sovereign, if he could bring himself to ask for it, could probably secure assistance from the Austrian Government, which, of course, has no desire to see the infection of disorder reach its own province of the Bukowina.

It speaks well for the good sense of the Rumanian Ministers that they have not confined themselves to military measures, such as the concentration of the active army in Moldavia and the calling out of the first reserve. They are trying simultaneously to strike at the root of the trouble by framing a bill providing for the compulsory sale of land to peasants throughout Rumania. The mere promise of converting the landless cultivator into a peasant proprietor should have a reassuring effect, and if the promise is promptly carried out there is no reason why Moldavia, which is one of the most fertile regions in Europe—comparable from the point of view of fertility with the "Black Earth" zone of southern Russia—should not have a prosperous and happy population.

Brownsville Up to Date.

The idea that the shooting up of Brownsville on the night of August 13, 1906, could be fastened on the dismissed battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry by firing two cartridges from each of the rifles issued to the three companies and comparing under a microscope the exploded shells with the shells picked up in the streets on the morning after the raid was ingenious, but it may be doubted whether the scientific theory will work out to the satisfaction of the War Department.

The test was made at the arsenal in Springfield, Mass., and Lieutenant W. J. HAWKINS of the Ordnance Department and A. C. SPOONER, expert inspector of gauges, were in charge of it. After the rifling of a gun "ring bolts," or small scratches, plainly to be seen under a microscope, remain in the chamber. They are said to differ in appearance as human thumb prints differ, and after a cartridge is fired through the barrel the empty shell is seen to be scratched or indented by these "ring bolts." Army experts say they cannot be mistaken in associating a discharged shell with a particular rifle when they make the microscope test. After two cartridges had been fired from each of the rifles issued to the negro battalion the test showed that the thirty-three telltale cartridges picked up in the streets and alleys of Brownsville on the morning after the raid which terrorized the peaceable inhabitants must have been exploded in four of the new Springfields issued to Company B.

The next step was to connect the four rifles with the four men to whom they had been issued. But according to the testimony given at the Penrose court-martial by Lieutenant G. C. LAWRASON, who commanded Company B, and at the Senate committee hearing by Quartermaster Sergeant MCCURDY, two of the rifles from which nineteen of the picked up shells were fired (assuming the microscopic test identified them) were in a nailed down box which lay under a pile of iron cots in the locked storehouse of Company B when the shooting began in the town. The evidence on this point seems to be conclusive, and Secretary TAFT admits that neither of these rifles had been given out to men of Company B. The other two rifles were issued to Privates THOMAS TAYLOR and JOSEPH L. WILSON, who if they were engaged in the raid must have fired fourteen of the telltale shells. The Senate committee has subpœnaed TAYLOR and WILSON. When examined by Lieutenant-Colonel L. A. LOVERING, Acting Inspector-General, at Oklahoma City, in the end of September, the evidence given by these men was brief and very much to the point. We quote from the examination of Private THOMAS TAYLOR:

"Q. Where were you on August 13, 1906, when the shooting commenced? A. In bed, asleep; Fort Brown, Tex.

"Q. Whereabouts in Fort Brown? A. In quarters, Fort Brown.

"Q. Anybody ever abuse you in Brownsville? A. No, sir; never went around them."

WILSON also swore that he was asleep when the shooting began, and he also averred that nobody in Brownsville had abused him.

The ordnance test is further complicated by the difficulty of proving that the thirty-three shells submitted as evidence of the guilt of soldiers of the battalion were used on the night of the raid. There is evidence that empty shells could have been picked up about the barracks, and cartridges were surreptitiously sold in the town. The shell test having developed features that seem to reduce the raiders to two—residents testified at the *ex parte* citizens' hearing that there were ten or more raiders—and the two soldiers indicated having sworn that they were asleep when the town was shot up, the Department has rather deepened than lit up the mystery by its Sherlock Holmes stratagem.

Upon the evidence elicited or extracted by BLOCKSOM, GARLINGTON and LOVERING of the Inspector General's Department, brought out at the Penrose court-martial, and taken by the Senate committee, no man can say that a case has been proved against the battalion, while on the other hand the evidence that the shooting was done by the riff-raff of the town is slight, circumstantial and unsatisfactory. That the negroes who were to take the place of the Twenty-sixth Infantry (white) were not wanted, and that ugly threats were made against them before and after their coming; that night shooting at Brownsville was of frequent occurrence; that there was a feud between the police and the white as well as the negro soldiers; that the Mexican policemen wore khaki suits, and that one or more of them talked of shooting negro soldiers; that 75 per cent. of the residents were Mexicans, many of them of a low class; that commissioned officers give Brownsville a bad name, and that there is a conflict of testimony about the direction of the bullets fired in the early stage of the raid, was testified in behalf of the battalion at the Senate hearing.

But what shall be said of the remarkable fact, if it be a fact, that Brownsville has been able to hold its tongue and keep the secret about its attack on Fort Brown on the night of August 13? A conspiracy among a few soldiers to conceal their crime is comprehensible; a successful conspiracy of town ruffians to hide the outrage is a tax on credulity.

Whoever was guilty of the bloody business, we believe the impression is now general that very few of the negro soldiers could have been engaged in it, and that the great majority of them did not conspire to shield the guilty.

Esperanto and Others.

A little while ago a number of earnest and hopeful persons were grinding hard at Volapük, the universal tongue. Now Volapük is mute, and many of its former devotees are working and playing at Esperanto, the language of hope. That, too, we may suppose, will have its destined hour and go its way. Its great merit, according to its propagandists, is the ease with which it can be learned; but, as its critics say, that ease is only for the persons who know a good deal or a little of French or some other Romance language. We are not concerned, however, to deny the virtues of Esperanto. We venerate it and hope it will last and be quite as useful as it is beautiful. Some observations made by Professor WIENER of Harvard are not without interest and must be our apology to the faithful Esperantists.

Professor WIENER insists that Malay and Chinese are simpler than simple Esperanto. This assertion might be thought to smack of paradox, but the Cambridge man says it is a matter of arithmetic, Malay and Chinese having no declensions or conjugations. Professor WIENER regards Esperanto as too provincial of composition to serve as a world language. He suggests that Greek, Latin or Persian, purified of Arabic slag, would be better mediums. Moreover, there are difficulties of pronunciation which the excellent ZAMENHOF did not see:

"For example, 'b' is unpronounceable in modern Greek, except after 'm,' and Saxonian Germans pronounce it 'p,' in every position; 'd,' as intended by Esperanto, does not exist in modern Greek, except after 'n' and is greatly restricted in use in Spanish, Danish, Norwegian; 'f' is a difficult sound for Japanese, who can pronounce it only before 'u,' and is greatly restricted in the Slavic languages; 'g' does not exist in modern Greek, sounds variously in many European tongues, and is the shibboleth of German, sounding as 'y' in Berlin, as 'k' in Saxony, as 'ch' (in Scotch 'loch') in the southwest; 'h' does not exist in Russian, modern Greek, Spanish, Italian, and many other tongues; 'ch' (in 'loch') is unpronounceable to a Frenchman and an Englishman; the 'l' of the Esperanto is indefinite, as there are many totally unrelated 'l's' which are utterly inaccessible to other speakers, and Japanese changes all 'l's' to 'r's'; 'r' does not exist in Chinese, and a German 'r' is totally different from a Russian 'r'."

Professor WIENER holds that Volapük, which steers clear of consonants as much as possible, is preferable to its successor. If a lay opinion may be tolerated, we suggest that standardization and codification of the organs of speech are the conditions precedent of a world lingo. The reform should, and doubtless will, be begun at Washington. Meanwhile, there should be efforts for the standardization of so-called English speech, the adoption of a common English in the States. In this State, in this town, for instance, there are strange dialects of something resembling English and pronunciations to make Dr. MURRAY stare and gasp. Pronunciation in the public schools in New York and New Jersey, and presumably in other States, is really directed and decided by the pupils, by an unconscious majority vote. Vulgarisms are multiplied. Pronunciation and intonation are harrowing. Perhaps we shall never know whether Dr. WIENER is right in asserting that there are twelve participles in Esperanto. We put aside that made-up language and ask: What sort of English are the public school children and graduates talking? Yes, and when you are about it: What sort of English do the public school teachers use or know, since they seem to permit without rebuke, perhaps without notice, the maimed, deformed and ear offending vulgar enunciation of their scholars?

Poor old English language!

The record seems to be like this: Captain LEWIS M. KOEHLER and Major SCOTT did not get on together at Jolo and disliked each other, and each filed charges; KOEHLER'S charges were thrown out; KOEHLER was court-martialled by order of Major SCOTT'S superior and friend, Major-General LEONARD WOOD, and was found guilty and harshly reprimanded by WOOD; whereupon KOEHLER protested to the War Department that he had not had a "square deal" from General WOOD, was court-martialled again for the reflection upon WOOD, and this time was acquitted; finally the President disapproved of the acquittal of Captain LEWIS M. KOEHLER and called the conclusion of the second court-martial a "poor showing." But under the regulations the acquittal must stand, and Captain KOEHLER returns to duty unscathed and no doubt elated. Not a good thing for discipline, perhaps; but General LEONARD WOOD, helped over the stile again, himself escapes a court-martial.

THE RESCUE OF GENERAL WOOD.

An Impartial Legal View of the Proceedings in Captain Koehler's Case.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read in this morning's SUN with considerable astonishment a letter addressed by the Secretary of War to the President of the United States in reference to the court-martial of Captain Lewis M. Koehler, Fourth Cavalry. I had no previous knowledge of the facts of the case and my only information is derived from Secretary Taft's letter.

It appears that Captain Koehler had been found guilty by a previous court-martial under charges preferred by Major Scott and had been sentenced to be reprimanded, and that General Wood in imposing the reprimand characterized the conduct of Captain Koehler, or rather his conception of duty, in severe language. Captain Koehler then took an appeal to the Secretary of War, specifying four grounds of appeal:

1. That he was practically denied counsel.
2. That the department commander was the accuser or prosecutor and that the courts erred in overruling the plea based upon that fact.
3. That the reprimand imposed in pursuance of the sentence was harsh and excessive.
4. That an application for a court of inquiry was denied.

It appears from Secretary Taft's letter that Captain Koehler in his appeal further characterized the acts of the department commander as unfair, unjust and illegal. The appeal was forwarded by the division commander, General Wood, to the Department of War, with a letter inviting attention to the language used in it and submitting the question of disciplinary proceedings for such language to the Department. The Department directed the division commander to file charges against Captain Koehler and to bring him to trial before a court-martial appointed by the President, which was accordingly done. In his letter Secretary Taft says:

The second court-martial has acquitted Captain Koehler, and the finding of the approval now comes before you as the reviewing authority for action either in approval or disapproval. I have no hesitation in saying after full consideration of the matter that the finding of the first court-martial, that Captain Koehler was guilty of filing captious and unnecessary charges against his commanding officer, was fully sustained. You, as the reviewing authority, are put in the position that if you approve the finding you necessarily affirm or approve the statement derogatory to General Wood contained in the appeals, and if you do so approve these statements, then it would become your duty as commander-in-chief to order General Wood before a court-martial for perverting his power as department commander to accomplish an unjust and unfair purpose against his subordinate officer. You cannot in justice to General Wood find any evidence in the record to sustain the bringing of such proceedings or the finding of a court against him.

A reviewing authority may mitigate a sentence but it cannot change a finding of acquittal to one of conviction. It can, however, in any case disapprove the entire proceeding and refuse to confirm a finding of acquittal. The effect of this is to set aside the proceedings as if they had not been commenced. By this course you, as the reviewing authority, are not involved in the logical consequences with respect to General Wood which must follow an approval of the sentence as already explained, and Captain Koehler is simply restored to duty.

I believe there is a growing feeling in this country that too much latitude has been allowed subordinate officers in the criticism of their superiors, and that such criticism, however well founded in fact, should not be permitted, as being subversive of discipline and good order. But a court-martial, like any other court, in trying a particular case is bound to pass upon the evidence before it, and its findings should be in accordance with the evidence and uninfluenced by any outside considerations. In this sense Secretary Taft's reference to the incidental effect which Captain Koehler's acquittal would have upon General Wood seems to have been peculiarly unhappy. If the evidence before the court-martial warranted the acquittal of Captain Koehler, the court did right in acquitting him. It would have been manifestly improper for the court to have been influenced by the fact that such an acquittal, though justified and required by the evidence, would entail certain unpleasant consequences to General Wood.

But I cannot see, after a careful reading of Secretary Taft's letter, that Captain Koehler's acquittal could by any possibility be considered a reflection upon General Wood or require his court-martial. The second court-martial was convened, as appears by Secretary Taft's letter, for the purpose of determining whether Captain Koehler should be subjected to punishment for certain statements made in his appeal to the Department. In other words, the sole question before that court-martial seems to have been whether the specification of certain grounds of appeal constituted conduct unbecoming an officer or was subversive of discipline. The truth or falsity of these specifications was not in question. It may be that they were entirely unfounded in fact, and yet from that it would not necessarily follow that their statement as grounds of appeal constituted misconduct. So far as Secretary Taft's letter shows, the acquittal resulted from a finding that the specification of grounds of appeal did not constitute misconduct. If such were the case, it is obvious that the fears expressed by Secretary Taft that "the logical consequences with respect to General Wood which must follow an approval of the sentence" were without any foundation.

An examination of the President's statement, in which he disapproves of the acquittal and says "I entirely concur in all that the Secretary of War says of Captain Koehler and of General Wood, *and of the poor showing made by the court which last passed on the case*" raises a very strong inference that he has read the record of the proceedings about as carefully as he had the beef bill when he wrote to Mr. Wadsworth that the bill was "bad, bad, very bad." J. L., JR.

NEW YORK, March 23.

Wants to See More of Our Fine Guardsmen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Would it not be a good plan to have the various regiments of the New York National Guard hold drills, in turn, on Saturday or Sunday afternoons, in Central Park? This would be of immense advantage to the regiments themselves, as it would permit them to indulge in manœuvres on a large scale, which in the comparatively small area of an armory cannot be executed. Furthermore, these public drills would stimulate the members of the regiments with an increased enthusiasm and thereby increase their interest in their duties. The public interest would also be awakened, and no doubt there would be a large increase in membership resulting from this. It could also be arranged to have once a year on some holiday a general turnout and review in the Park of all New York's citizen soldiers, where the people would have a chance to see all together the troops to whom they look for protection in times of trouble. NEW YORKER.

NEW YORK, March 23.

Who Is the Wisest Man in America?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "The venerable young man of 73," as you correctly describe the President of Harvard University, is the wisest man in America, and in wishing Mr. Roosevelt a similar position twenty-five years hence you seek the unattainable. Why not wish that Dr. Eliot may be translated to the White House in 1909?

WASHINGTON, March 22. W. S. H.

Le Printemps d'Habitant.

Ba gosh. Ah'm glad for see de Crow sing "Caw! Caw! Caw!"
An' Cow seem satisfy for heat jus' leetle more pea straw;
Ma hole wite 'orse 'e keek hees foot, and start for t'row hees hair,
An' w'en dat hair pass on ma mout', ba gosh me I don' care!
Ah'm glad see good hole maple tree wit' pipe stuck on hees mout',
He give siro' an nice latire ma girl can't do widout.
De chicken sing an' start make haig, de snow ees goin' fas',
An' everyt'ing say "Dieu Merci, de spring she's come at las'!"

J. D. MCLAURIN.

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

The mild inebriation which follows a cup of tepid tea slowly swallowed is the sensation nearest akin to that evoked by a view of the spring Academy pictures. The exhibition is now in progress at the Fine Arts Building, 215 West Fifty-seventh street, and is the eighty-second annual affair of the National Academy of Design and the second since the amalgamation of the Society of American Artists with the present body. So there is nothing standing in New York art between flat mediocrity and the public but the Upper Ten—the American painters at present holding forth in the Montross Galleries. Let us not mock tea. De Quincey, who occasionally swallowed laudanum by the pint, has declared that the Chinese herb is the beverage of the intellectual. It can be both nerve soothing and a mental astringent; at the current Academy exhibition it acts as a slight excitant, though even in large doses it will not create sleeplessness. This comparison must not be taken in a symbolic light.

We have always held a brief for the Academy against those who expect from its walls miracles of paint. It is not in existence to further the few exceptional talents. Starvation, neglect, contumely furnish the best soil for the blossoming of genius. The Academy knows this fact and has never interfered with the wisdom of nature. Therefore let us not demand the impossible. Besides, if all these exhibitors were swans, where would be the unique joy of discovering a black swan or white? There are some excellent pictures at the spring Academy, but no remarkable ones; even John S. Sargent fits well into the general scheme of respectable dulness and amiable gentility. His portrait of a Reverend Somebody was seen at Philadelphia and described in THE SUN. At least a dozen canvases in addition to the Sargent were also at the Philadelphia and Washington exhibitions. The New York function displays 429 entries, 378 of which are paintings, the balance sculpture.

We will accept the catalogue as a critical fingerpost. Its first illustration is that of Sergeant Kendall's "An Interlude," which has the place of honor in the Vanderbilt Gallery. It is in the usual key of Kendall, a variation in tone, though not in sentiment, of the picture at the Metropolitan Museum. A little girl stands by her mother, who is sitting and showing us only her profile. A book is opened and lies on the maternal lap. The mother is pressing her lips to the head of her daughter, who with dreamy eyes looks out of the frame into futurity. Perhaps it is only a tiny pain in her stomach, children are so deceptive in their expressions. The hands of the two figures are dismissed in a summary manner. The canvas exhales the charm of maternal affection and of sweet childhood. Its effect, however, is rather flat and photographic.

H. Bolton Jones is represented by his "Old Willows" (No. 89), which is so very Boltonish Jonesy that further comment would be needless. Irving Couse shows one of his Indian subjects, "The Mirror Signal," which is an interesting anecdote. C. Y. Turner's portrait sketch is a capital illustration of a man seated as he comfortably puffs his cigar and, no doubt, congratulates Mr. Turner on keeping up the standard of the hanging committee. W. H. Howe's "Home After the Rain" depicts some cows at the water trough. Van Boskerck's "On the Seine" is a very pleasing landscape, with the true French note. The prominent position on the west wall of the Vanderbilt Gallery is held by William Cotton, whose "Princess" has attracted and will attract much attention. It is a theme better handled by Mary Cassatt; in fact, theme and pattern are so Cassattish that one halts in the doorway of this gallery and exclaims: "More of Mary's babies!"

Mr. Cotton is a young talent. He manages his draperies with skill, and his color is smooth and attractive. If he had been frankly realistic or frankly decorative and had not attempted the touch of mysticism—in the eyes of the lady holding the powder box—his picture would have made a stronger single appeal. There is too much sentiment of a certain obvious sort. Why should the lady wear such a brooding expression? The little princess with the pretty little tumtum will soon be powdered and ready for the fray—her supper. Yet, a promising work. W. S. Robinson's "New England Pasture" is a seemly composition. Leonard Ochtman's "November Sunrise" is charming in feeling and design. F. S. Church in a more ambitious vein presents a large canvas of a German animal tamer, a lady in black conducting two big felines into the arena. The scheme is green and black, and if the lions are more real than the lady that is because Mr. Church so felt his subject. The fabrics are very well done, but the picture is airless. It is a picture bound to attract the eye. A wholly charming, withal artificial, arrangement is the portrait of Miss Vivian Gould by Benjamin C. Porter. The very sweet young miss advances toward you bearing a basket of flowers. She is in the centre of a conventional eighteenth century landscape; the picture recalls Reynolds, Lawrence, any of the favorite eighteenth century modish portraitists. There is no mistaking, however, its effectiveness. The tonal pattern is sumptuous.

Frederick Ballard Williams has an open air composition near the Porter. It is "The Gorge," and in it Mr. Williams is more sparing of his Monticellian harmonies; the chord sounded in the torrent that gushes over the rocks is more like Ruysdael. It is a very agreeable picture. At the last Academy Gustave Cimiotti, Jr., had a small landscape exotic in color and of artistic quality. His big canvas now hangs over the Kendall; it is called "The Family Outdoors" and is a scene on a sparsely wooded height overlooking a great expanse of flat country. There are several figures, though they seem to be introduced as color notes. The sky is of that hard blue dear to Segantini and Boecklin. It is a breezy, brilliant picture and well deserves its position.

"The Church at Old Lyme" is one of Childe Hassam's favorite models, a sort of pious still life, which he last showed us bathed in moonlight. This time the church vibrates under the attack of sunlight, the secret of which is all Mr. Hassam's. We like De Witt Lockman's anti-race suicide pictorial gathering, portraits of Mrs. C. W. Throckmorton and four children. That baby ought to go down to posterity; if you can look at it without smiling in sympathy then you are a hardened celibate. John Da Costa's plaintive little "Pierrette" is one of his dainty creations in black, with Pierrots in the background. Admirably well painted are the details; the hands are noteworthy. The last illustration in the catalogue—which has helped us to thread a labyrinth of mediocrity—is a ship, full rigged in the trade winds, by William E. Norton. The painter probably clapped on all sail to enable his vessel to escape from the front gallery. We wish her luck!

Is that all? as Stendhal asked after his first battle. Certainly not. There are at least half a dozen distinguished canvases. opposed to more than three hundred "machines." But to enumerate them all would be a task too trying in this renaissance of the season. Of course we refer to the machines, not to the half dozen superior canvases. "Morningside Heights," by Ernest Lawson, is a delicate vision, snow covered, of a familiar enough spot; the artist gently compels us to see what he sees; it is full of the beauty of atmosphere. His "Spuyten Duyvil Creek" is in a less spectral key. We cannot truthfully admire Robert Henri's large portrait of a military man in the Vanderbilt Gallery. The head is solidly painted, but the principal impression is that of a fierce dwarf slipping down a very shiny surface. "The Three Ages," by Hugo Ballin, is a decorative picture, tapestrylike in effect, of a maiden, a child and an old woman. It is not so rich in tone as was his "Sybilla Europa," "important" as it undoubtedly is. Mr. Ballin exhibits in addition a small head, badly hung, and in the Vanderbilt Gallery "A Child Offering Fruit," very enticing to the eye both because of its decorative quality and warm hues. E. H. Potthast's "Winter in the Suburbs" is vividly portrayed snow. C. A. Platt is another excellent painter of winter. George Bellows's "River Rats" is a "slice" of New York wharfside life. It is carefully observed. Luis Mora's portrait of Albert L. Groll is a well realized head. Mrs. Mora in black, by her husband, is vital as to countenance, though details are neglected. It is graceful, nevertheless. Guy C. Wiggins has a pretty "Road to Saybrook." One of Paul King's Katwjk pictures with its wet beach and horses is very enjoyable. Charles Warren Eaton is full of sentiment in his "Sand Dunes." Matilda Brownell's portrait is more successful than her last Academy contribution. The portrait of Mr. Safanoff by W. V. Scheville makes the famous Philharmonic conductor look as if he had been reading THE SUN'S musical criticism. We prefer the Hanatschek portrait of Safanoff; therein he has been reading the *Evening Post*. Paul Cornoyer's "Winter" is one of his impressionistic, interesting studies. It deserves a more favorable environment. Oakley's "Lampman" in the same room is almost a monochrome. Some wag said that it belonged to the "Howard Pyle school."

Emil Carlsen is usually worth studying. His "Canaan Mountain" with its rough greens is no exception. Warren B. Davis shows a female nude, recalling at a distance Fuller's atmospheric fluidity of handling. It is "The Law of Life." It reveals poetic feeling. Albert L. Groll fairly dazzles the eye with his New Mexico picture, a stretch of hot sunshine and baked earth, with a Groll sky and clouds—delicious blues and whites. We repeat that since Julian Rix no one has painted sky and clouds of such ethereal and azure tonalities as Mr. Groll; and he has, in addition, a manner all his own. We note young Gilchrist's canvases and refer our readers to our mention of the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition. John Sloan does not make us forget his Fifth avenue dust storm with his "Picnic Grounds," though he has coped successfully with the problems of atmosphere and of white against white; of the giddy movements of the girls as they play around trees—the trunks are painted white half way up. Edith M. Prellwitz displays nocturnal feeling in her "Pool." "The Colonial Door," by Frank Wadsworth, is owned by Mr. Chase, who evidently could not resist the luscious greenness and freshness of the canvas. Childe Hassam is again seen in a New York winter bit. M. Petersen's "Little Shops" with its spots of sunlight is very real. Ryland's "The Dyers" is a carefully studied Venetian effect. Barse has the same pleasing young lady in the same kimono at the same table as at last winter's show; but now she is eating an apple. Victor Hecht is less fuliginous in his portrait. J. Alden Weir walks away with the wall. His little girl in a doorway is charming; greens and whites predominate, with the relief of an opposed tone on the edge of the door. Above all—light, air! Chase sends a still life, which is magnificent—and fish; also a portrait, sober and solidly painted, of the Vassar College president.

Rosen's "Creek" is broadly executed. Miss Barrymore, by Francis Houston, is unfinished, the artist having died. In the morgue there is another brilliant Groll and a curious and well painted Japanese landscape with violet tones and white for background, by Genjiro Yeto. Calder's pictures were in Philadelphia. They are decorative. Turner's Quaker picture might be a snapshot of some service in the old North Twelfth Street Meeting House, Philadelphia. It is very literal. Rehn, Birge Harrison, J. Campbell Phillips—a strong, sympathetic female portrait—G. H. Smillie, J. C. Nicoll, Walter Satterlee are here. Moschowitz's "On the Heights," with its scale of dark greens and its intimate yet intense naturalism, is not to be missed.

Redfield's "The Elm" is in the western section of the morgue. It deserves a better fate. It is strongly conceived and realized. If we mistake not we recognize in James Hopkins's "In the Morning" a Philadelphia exhibit. It is Japanese in its decorative feeling. Thomas Eakins's portrait of a clergyman—a man who looks as he would chain a Christian Scientist to a fire hemmed stake—should have been hung in the Vanderbilt Gallery. It is Eakins at his analytical best—as we wrote once before of this identical canvas. And it is as cruel in its analysis as never was the redoubtable John Sargent. Julius Golz's realistic "Blackwell's Island" is another picture already reviewed by THE SUN.

There are some horrors in the Vanderbilt Gallery. Let us pass them by in blinkers and silence. Smedley's portrait is happily handled. The influence of Glackens and Myers is beginning to be seen in the outdoor studies of Gotham's humble life. J. Francis Murphy has a "Golden Wood"; Mrs. Murphy, a "Joy of Autumn." The Murphys paint in domestic time and tune. John Lambert's "Albert Chevalier" is a characteristic study. Kenyon Cox's "The Silver Hand Glass" was recently seen at a loan exhibition in this city. It is full of icy perfections, yet a picture to linger over. Little need to add that Mr. Cox's treatment, if austere, is also masterly. Louis Loeb is ever decorative; his version of the eternal sex duel is not very striking in design, though rhythmic and warm in hue. That veteran, W. H. Lippincott, shows a sheep pasture tonally well undulated and refined in handling. Albert Herter has a large canvas, "The Hour of Discouragement"; Redfield, a "Winter"; Louis Cox, a "Breakfast"; Eleanor Winslow, "The Necklace" (betraying Tarbell's influence); H. W. Watrous, a "Mascot"; Irving Wiles, a portrait of Julia Marlowe as *Juliet*—unsatisfactory in paint, while Julia is too much "made up"; F. W. Hutchinson, an attractive landscape; Jerome Myers, "Summer Night"; W. J. Glackens his "Sixth Bull"—a Spanish, not an Irish bull, and we hope his last; Jonas Lie, several of his original snow scenes—and canvases by Daingerfield, Shirlaw, Bryson Burroughs, Augustus Koofman and others are all in this gallery. You see there are more than half a dozen after all! The Shirlaw is in his earlier style. It recalls Defregger in banality of motive, and it is a picture that the public will understand.

The sculpture is not altogether negligible, though by no means representative. The names of Roth, Eberle, Konti, Louisa Eyre, Potter, J. Scott Hartly, Grafly, Karl Bitter, Herbert Adams, Donato, Richard F. George and R. Hinton Perry imply that excellent work may be looked for; portraits and small pieces in low relief and single figures—anecdotal generally—abound. Hartly's boy making music is graceful. The Perry group, the only contribution of size, reveals this ambitious young sculptor most favorably. His "Primitive Man" wrestles with a giant serpent. It is a duel with death for one or the other; perhaps for both. The modelling is broad, fluent and in modulation; there is tense action, and the grouping, taking into account the violence of the theme, is decorative as well as realistic. Those who have heard of him but have never seen his classic features will be interested in the portrait bust of the Hon. Tom L. Johnson, with its mask of a sham statesman, that familiar mask to be seen in the front ranks of native politicians, notably William J. Bryan—with its touch of *baroque* Roman and more than a moiety of Celtic, and its insincere mouth of the orator. The Johnson lips wear the mysterious self-satisfied smile of a three cent fare reformer (says the *Shan Van Vocht*).

Altogether this spring Academy is neither so bad as it might be nor yet so good as it should be. Many distinguished members are not represented. But we do not object to the general mediocrity, a mediocrity which furnishes a wall (O fatal word) for the more gifted men; just as a clever, pretty woman sometimes selects the companionship of some obliging plain female soul. Fine feathers need relief.

VINDICATION OF THE OLD MAN.

An Old Time Steamboat Captain on Greenhut's Admirable Qualities.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Let 'Old Man Greenhut' have his talk. He's all right; not only for his knowledge of poker, but because he also represents the real thing in that neck of woods. Many of his readers doubtless think that Arkansas City is a myth. Not so. It exists to-day even as it did in the days of the Belle of the Bayous, and the earnest seeker for a little "red liquor" and a friendly game to "set into"—likewise a little scrap if he hankers for it—need not go away disappointed. I submit that in this regard the little town on the Arkansas and the Walnut doesn't differ from little old New York so awful much.

Away back in the old days "befo' the wah," the town of Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, held the "edge" in poker and "red liquor." Among my passengers one trip was a chap who found the boat dull; the friendly games on board were "not lively enough." When we landed at Napoleon he inquired how long we would be there; I told him half an hour, and he immediately hit the trail for "uptown." In about twenty minutes I saw him making his devious way back to the boat; he was without a hat, had a bloody nose, a black eye, and the knot of his cravat was under his starboard ear. He came immediately to me, saying, "Captain, she ish livelyish place on river; got drink 'n' got licked all in twenty minutes."

The town of Napoleon is no more. The remorseless Mississippi washed it off the map forty years ago. Arkansas City became the emporium of southeastern Arkansas, and is so yet; and if "Gambler" will make a pilgrimage there he can find anything he wants, "all in twenty minutes."

AUSTINBURG, Ohio, March 21. W. B. M.

The Expedition of Postal Matter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your editorial article to-day in reference to the new law that will make ordinary postage stamps available for special delivery purposes you say that it is obvious that the new arrangement will add vastly to the nation's income. But why not use a little sense in the delivery of such matter? If a special delivery letter or a postal card is received here at 4 P. M., after the last delivery, and there is no one at the place of address authorized to receipt for it, although there is a letter box to receive other mail, a notice is left in the box that there is a special delivery letter at the post office, which "could not be delivered because no one was at home to receipt for it." The addressee arriving home at 6 P. M., when the post office is closed, will be unable to get the letter until the next day, when, if not called for previously, it will be delivered by carrier by dropping it in the letter box and no attempt made to get a receipt or to deliver personally.

Why should the department insist on a receipt in the first instance when it could be delivered in the same manner as it was subsequently delivered twelve hours later, and when the sole object of special delivery is to deliver as quickly as possible? An improvement in this respect would add greatly to the special delivery business.

EDWARD C. RANPZ.

NEW ROCHELLE, March 22.

Both Were Proud.

From the Washington Herald.

Ben Daniel, United States Marshal of Arizona, was a guest of the President at luncheon Wednesday. So was the Right Hon. James Bryce, the new British Ambassador. The President presented to King Edward's Ambassador his friend Daniel with a touch of real pride, and the erstwhile cowboy and Rough Rider and the famous British statesman and publicist are said to have got along famously together. Mr. Bryce is familiar with the manners and customs of the early West, and surprised Daniel with his minute information on this subject.

"Mr. Ambassador," the President is reported to have said, "allow me to present to you my friend Ben Daniel, of whom I am genuinely proud."

"The President ain't no prouder of me than I am of him," is said to have been Ben's remark, as he grasped the hand of the British Ambassador.

The Young Stepmother.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* "Interested" asks in THE SUN of Friday how best to address a young stepmother when the stepchildren feel friendly. I see no way but one. Address her by some diminutive of the word mother. "Mother" sounds elderly, and to my notion should be given only to one's mother, although it is usually applied to one's mother-in-law. But there are many diminutives that sound both respectful and friendly. If one is too unfriendly to address the stepmother as "mamma" or "ma," they should address her as would a stranger, as "Mrs. So and So." It is a pronounced mark of disrespect to address a stepfather or stepmother by the given name.

BROOKLYN, March 23. M. M.

Silver Mace in South Carolina House.

From the Columbia State.

Visitors to the hall of the House of Representatives doubtless notice, not without some curiosity, the handsome silver, gold burnished mace that hangs against the front of the Speaker's desk. That mace is just a century and a half old, and has more of a history than the average mace of that age. As is shown by the hallmarks thereon, it was made in London in 1756 by Magdalen Feline, a plate-worker then well known in London.

During the Revolution this mace was carried off by some British sympathizers to Nassau, New Providence, where it was offered for sale to the House of Assembly of the Bahama Islands.

Jewsharp Corner.

From the Astorian.

With an extraordinary outlay of about $150 in gold coin, Dell Scully cornered the jewsharp market here yesterday, buying the last 500 of those instruments known to be in existence. These he distributed broadcast among the youngsters of the town and among the relic hunters of maturer age, and the festive twang of the hideous things was heard on all corners last night, to the discomfiture of all the cats and dogs in Astoria Christendom.

Flax in South Dakota.

Miller correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It is estimated by careful observers that 15,000 acres of new prairie will be broken tributary to this town this spring and sowed to flax. The question of the scarcity of labor may reduce the acreage some. There will be only a little more wheat sown than last year. There will be little macaroni wheat sown. It only yielded two or three bushels more last year than the common wheat, and the price was so much less than the common variety that it did not pay.

The Unwritten.

Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall.

"It's only unwritten law that goes," he remarked airily.

Being fully up to date, he had no fear.

Knicker—What was the defence?

Bocker—Unwritten law and unwritten medicine.

Not Emulative.

Mrs. Knicker—I want you to beat this rug.

Weary Willie—Can't do it, mum; I ain't got any as good.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for April the future cathedral of St. John the Divine is described by Mr. C. G. La Farge, with many pictures. Prof. Henry van Dyke sings of Longfellow and also tells about moose hunting by locomotive. Mrs. Wharton's serial continues, as does Prof. Barrett Wendell's on France. The short stories are by J. B. Connolly, R. F. Hoffman, C. Goodloe and W. S. Moody. Among the numerous contributors of poetry are Edward N. Teal and G. Cabot Lodge. There are illustrated articles on winter gardens and on the paintings in the Harrisburg capitol.