The Sun.

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The Necessary Priority of the Republican Convention.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, by all present indications, is to control the next Republican national convention. He is to control it absolutely. He is to write its platform, to dispense with its deliberations and to nominate its nominee. It is everywhere conceded that the choice of the convention necessarily will be Mr. ROOSEVELT himself, but that inasmuch as the nomination cannot be forced upon him a man must be chosen who will be satisfactory to Mr. ROOSEVELT, who can be depended upon to perpetuate Mr. ROOSEVELT's ideas, practices and policies—a man who will be, so far as we may say without impiety, a repetition of Mr. ROOSEVELT himself.

The entire and the sole duty, therefore, of the next Republican national convention will be enthusiasm coupled with alacrity. At the present time there is no dispute as to these conditions. They are of universal acceptance wherever they are not obscured momentarily by the insistence that Mr. ROOSEVELT himself must be the nominee.

This last we have regarded as a form of popular paranoia, transitory rather than chronic, and certain to dissipate itself long before the convention meets. For holding this opinion we have been called gravely to account by many persons, but we continue to adhere to our conviction. We have pointed out repeatedly that Mr. ROOSEVELT could not accept the Presidency again without personal dishonor, and a very gross and repellent form of dishonor at that. We are met by the imputation that our estimate of Mr. ROOSEVELT's character is both narrow and unintelligent, and that we are incapable of understanding his exalted sphere. No question of personal dishonor can attach to Mr. ROOSEVELT. One might just as well think of impugning his Veracity, or, indeed, any of his other spiritual endowments. We are to understand that he moves and has his being in a higher realm, where merely parochial considerations of honor, truth and integrity do not intrude. We presume that it is our moral perceptivity rather than our intellectual stability which it is sought to impeach.

Adhering, therefore, to our conviction, in which we are sustained by a restricted but highly intelligent minority, we hold that it is impossible that Mr. ROOSEVELT should be renominated, but we unreservedly admit that he will utterly control the convention; and we find ourselves forced to accept the authoritative programme which includes and defines the functions of that body and the quality and the duties of Mr. ROOSEVELT's successor.

May we venture to take it for granted that Mr. ROOSEVELT will see to it that the Republican national convention is held before the Democratic national convention? He has doubtless foreseen the grave embarrassment that would otherwise be entailed, because it is impossible—at least, impossible at this juncture—to conceive how, in the event that the Democrats met before the Republicans, they could avoid nominating Mr. ROOSEVELT.

Calamities that are foreseen seldom happen, but it must be confessed that such a contingency might impair Mr. ROOSEVELT's control of the Republican convention—that is, if any merely human or mundane influences could have any effect upon it.

Great Decrease in Congo Mortality.

Fifteen years ago only half of the white men in the employ of the Congo State had a chance of living to the end of their three years service. In other words, the appalling proportion of approximately 50 per cent. of the men died before their contract time expired.

That was before the scientific investigation of tropical hygiene had evolved the rules of right living now commonly observed in equatorial Africa; it was when medical men on the Congo were still hundreds of miles apart, the dwellings were mere huts, unsanitary and comfortless, and most of the food was tinned. A great change has come about, for the problem of living in tropical Africa seems to have been solved.

The report of Viscount MONTMORRES to the British Foreign Office on his eight months journey of inquiry in the Congo State, during which he travelled 3,400 miles afoot and afloat, has recently been printed. It shows a decrease in the rate of mortality that is scarcely credible, and it is doubtful if any other tropical colony in the world is to-day showing so small a death rate among the white officials.

He says that 2,000 white men are now in the State service and that the mortality has been reduced, during the average term of three years, to about 2 per cent. a year. This includes deaths from sunstroke, usually the result of carelessness, and also the suicides that are sometimes induced by the trying conditions of pioneer tropical life. This is not greatly in excess of the death rate in many towns of our own country.

The majority of the men, to be sure, are in the prime of life, but there are also many men of advanced years, whose constitutions have suffered by long terms in hot climates. MONTMORRES attributes this remarkable improvement to the fact that the whites have learned how to live, that the conditions of existence are sanitary and comfortable, and that the men are freed from all difficulty in provisioning themselves.

In his opinion, almost all the stations are admirably planned. The principal buildings are of brick with wide verandas, the grounds are laid out with an eye to effect, the wide, straight avenues are bordered by shade trees and are well made and finely maintained, and every station has its luxuriant flower garden and a kitchen garden that constantly supplies all kinds of European and other vegetables. The sanitation is excellent, every station has a shower bath in a specially constructed house, the native quarters are kept clean and wholesome, and every day the station grounds are cleaned and garnished.

Many of the stations now have cattle supplying beef and milk, and the State not only pays its men well, according to the Belgian standard, but it also rations them completely as far as European supplies are concerned. Each man throughout the vast domain receives his supplies once in three months, and they embrace all the necessities and many luxuries, including a bottle of red wine a day, and all on a lavish scale.

The State finds that this pays, for the excellent care that it takes of its officials makes them far more efficient than they could otherwise be, and thus enhances the value of the whole service.

Some Fine Old Virginia Words.

The glories of Virginia are so many, so various and inherited and perpetuated in so many States sprung from her stock that the little treasure which has come into the language through her is remembered by only a few specialists and dryasdusts. A small thing, perhaps, but her own; nor is apology needed for speaking of it even among the noise of cannon and the spouting at Jamestown. Mr. W. R. GERARD has just reprinted from the *American Anthropologist* an article on "Virginia's Indian Contributions to English." All these are of Algonkin origin. Some of them, for example, "tomahawk" and "moccasin," borrowed in the first years of the Jamestown colony, have made their way around the world. Naturally most of them are the names of animals, plants, foods and other articles new to the settlers, and a few Indian titles now for the most part as dead as their sometime bearers or only surviving in a sort of catalepsy in the dictionaries. These words smack of the soil. They are original and aboriginal. However disfigured in the borrowing, they are full of sap and strength; they are of the too scanty memorials of the real F. F. V.'s.

Who knows not "hog and hominy," the primate of Virginia dishes? The colonists were indulgent spellers. "Hominy" appears also as "homony," "homini," "homine," "hommony" and in the Cockney form of "omini." Summary makers of words and manglers of Indian syllables were these Virginians. They crushed and pounded "usekutehemea," "crushed by pounding," into "hominy." The English talent for foreign language is no new thing.

Old Hickory, Indian fighter, got his best title from the Tawnies. The name of a "milklike emulsion," prepared by the Virginia squaws from hard nuts and used to flavor their foods, was applied by the colonists to the nuts themselves, to the tree and finally to all trees of the genus. To the happiness of CARNEGIE the Pacificator and Professor BRANDER MATTHEWS this study in spelling retrenchment is dedicated:

"Hickory, hickorie, hickery, hicory, hiquery, hiccora; earlier, pecickery, pieck hickery, poktkerie, pockickery, pokahichory, pocohiquara, pawcohiccora, powcohicora."

Does "hickory head," a synonym of "ruddy duck," survive? "Hickory" as an adjective expressive of strength, toughness, firmness, flexibility, elasticity, occurs or occurred in such excellent good phrases as "hickory Catholic," "hickory Quaker," "hickory shirt," "hickory shad." So "hickory" is at once as inflexible as ANDY JACKSON and as elastic as the Constitution up to date.

"Moccasin," alias "moccason," "moccassin," "mockasin," "moggizon": spell it as you please, but why is it applied to snakes, especially to the cottonmouth, said to be the ugliest snake in North America except the Old Serpent? In Tillmania the negroes call all water snakes "moccasins"; and to be "moccasined" in that State is to "see snakes."

"Opossum," "opussum," "opassom," "apossume," "apossoun," "possown," "passoune" and at last "possum" from "apasum," "white beast." We should love to dwell on it; also on "racoon," "raccoon," "rackoon" (*vulgo* "coon"), "arocoun," "arachkone," "aracoune," "arrehacoun." This last euphonious form reminds of what was said to be EDWIN FORREST's fine rolling Indian pronunciation of "repose," "arrapahoes." "Coon" and "possum" both come to us from Virginia, with "pone," immortal pone, pone and molasses. The Virginians got it by cutting off the head of "apan," "baked." Is "a long, slender oyster" still called "coon heel" in Connecticut? Now for a bit of copper colored domestic genre:

"The animal, which is nocturnal in its habits, sleeps in the daytime in some hollow tree, during the successive climbings of which to seek its abode the sharp nails with which its forepaws are provided leave long scratches upon the bark. Such a tree is hence called by the Indians by a name signifying 'raccoon tree.' According to Abbé Cuoq, the Nipissing humorously say of a man who has had a misunderstanding with his squaw and bears the mark of her finger nails on his face: 'She has made a raccoon tree of him.'"

This tree scratching habit gives the raccoon its name from "arakuuem," "he scratches with his hands."

"Terrapin," the pride of Maryland, bears a Virginia name. "Tomahawk"—why can't we linger with these old favorites? Neglected grandeur has the first claim. "Werowance," "wirowance," "wiroance" is dear to us, however much forgotten by the general:

"In the monarchic form of government of the Virginia Algonquians, (1) an absolute ruler of a town; (2) of several towns constituting a wirowancedom; (3) of several wirowancedoms forming a nation or a confederacy (such as that of POWHATAN), having at its head a great wirowance to whom the wirowancedoms paid tribute and who had the power of appointing or deposing the latter's ruler. When the ruler of a wirowancedom was deposed from 'office' he appears to have been allowed to retain as a retreat in the country of his former jurisdiction a small village to which was applied the term 'kasun,' or 'place of concealment' (place of political oblivion, as it were), from 'kasu,' 'he hides himself.' The dignity of wirowance was not elective or attainable by superior intellect or bravery but was entirely hereditary, the sons succeeding the father in the order of their birth and upon the death of the last son the succession devolving in the same order on the sons of the wirowance's eldest daughter. In the event of a wirowance's death during the minority of his eldest son the latter was committed to the care of his mother or of some other relative, who acted as regent till the boy's majority. Of such an 'infant' in the eyes of the Indian law it was said 'tatakopisu,' 'he continues tied,' that is (figuratively), he remains confined to the cradle board. Owing to the tribute in the way of peltry, shell beads, pearls, copper, &c., constantly paid to them by their people, the wirowances were, from the Indian point of view, men of affluence."

The wirowances were plutocrats, and so their name has perished by a just doom. Like books, words have their fates. "Mugwump" still rules and "wirowance," as good or better, has been deposed.

The honor and service of adding this new world of words to English belong in large part to the most engaging, brilliant and sagacious of the founders of Virginia, Captain JOHN SMITH.

Another Reactionary.

To Mr. BRYAN's reflection in his Jeffersonian address at Boston a few days ago that the most perplexing questions of government become simple when one considers that they are largely moral questions, Mayor CHARLES NEAL BARNEY of Lynn says something that sounds like "Gammon!"

Mayor BARNEY denies that because one man's vote counts for as much as another man's vote his judgment is presumably as sound as any or every other man's. That is a favorite campaign sentiment of Mr. BRYAN's. Mayor BARNEY bids us beware of it, and he says:

"Government is a science based on other sciences, and while every scientist should be honest, every honest man is not a scientist. Most of us are no more competent to settle the questions of economic and sociological science involved in the problem of government than we are to prescribe medicine for a sick man or design a bridge. The time will come when we shall treat the tariff, railroad regulation, and even the matter of restricting the sale of strong drink, not as popular questions, but as problems in governmental science not to be settled by all of us, but by those among us who may have particular knowledge of economics and sociology."

All these are moral questions with Mr. BRYAN, and can therefore be settled by those who feel but do not think about them. Out in Nebraska, for instance, where immigrants can vote who thirty days before election have declared their intention of becoming citizens, every man is a sociologist, scientist and railroad expert—and a good and inspired man if he votes Mr. BRYAN's way.

As for CHARLES NEAL BARNEY, he must be one of those reactionaries who are addicted to going under the skin of a public question and not testing it solely by maxims. His appeal is to the reason and not to the sensibilities.

"He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

Let Mr. BRYAN have men about him that are fat, like himself, sleek headed men who sleep o' nights. Away with BARNEY the reactionary!

After Dinner Entertainments.

Of the thousands of after dinner speeches that have been delivered since the summer of 1906 ended, how many are remembered to-day? That certain gentlemen imbibed too much before their names were reached on the programme has not been forgotten. That other persons of more or less consequence lost their tempers and behaved most discourteously to their hosts and fellow diners has not passed from memory. But of the addresses made, some of them unquestionably prepared with the greatest care, not more than a scant half dozen will be recalled by the most persistent diner out.

Within a few years the character of large public dinners, in New York especially, has changed greatly. Where once it was regarded as essential that at least one big and solemn gun should be fired to make the evening a success, the presence of a Cabinet officer or a Governor or a United States Senator is no longer looked on as necessary, and he must be a strong man who ventures on a serious deliverance after the board has been cleared. Amusement is what is wanted with the cordial and cigars to-day, and, sad to say, the supply of amusing persons is far below the demand. Three reasons account for this unhappy condition: the great number of dinners of all kinds and classes, the actual shortage of really entertaining after dinner speakers, and the disinclination of many truly witty men to become known as jesters.

Too often the lawyer or physician whose overflowing spirits have kept long ranks of white shirts in roars of laughter awakens to find his reputation impaired and his practice in danger. Clients fear to trust so frivolous a creature. The very men who delighted in his lightning sallies while the candelabra burned pause irresolutely when it comes to intrusting serious business to him, and often pass him by in favor of some dumb and solemn rival. A fate in some ways more terrible awaits the good natured chap who disregards this danger and allows full play to his humor. Discovered, he is in constant demand, and answering every summons he soon wears out his welcome. His stories wear threadbare. His quips and jibes become familiar. His most original quirks are overworked and worn out. Before he realizes his downfall he is a bore, and the expectant silence that once greeted his uprising has changed to a clattering of chairs and shuffling of feet as the crowd passes out to the bar in the earlier phrases of his remarks.

What are dining societies and clubs to do about it? The public dinner habit does not show signs of waning strength: on the contrary, its ravages are more terrible than ever before. Probably in professional vaudeville the answer will be found. Already dinners are given with scenery, before which amateur entertainers rehearse carefully prepared parts. Occasionally a professional or so is added to strengthen the programme. Alas for the amateur! The professional does his "stunt" so well, his work is so finished, that to him goes the applause and the gratitude of the audience. The competition is unfair. One is contributing gratis an unusual performance; the other is doing for pay something to the preparation of which he has given years of study and hard work.

Thus the end of the great public feasts seems to be in the hands of the variety stage, except those gatherings that give opportunity for really important outgivings by really important persons, who, after all, speak for the press and not for their auditors. Reduced to this, the meetings will unquestionably deteriorate. The expenses will increase, and there will be a cry for the small and intimate dinners, at which each contributor knows every man before him, and may discuss frankly any subject in which he is interested. Such dinners are not worth reporting in the newspapers, and therein lies the hope that they may continue unspoiled and unprofessionalized.

In a recent report the American Consul-General at Singapore said:

"What is absolutely necessary in order to build up American trade east of Suez is the establishment of a regular fast American line of steamships from New York to Manila, stopping at Indian ports, Penang and Singapore, connecting here with the vast number of coast lines running to Siam, Java, Sumatra, Borneo and the other islands of the Netherlands and southern Philippines."

The imports of the region here referred to are not far from three-quarters of a billion of dollars annually. Our share of that trade is about two per cent., and Consul WILBER touches the key to our pitiful little percentage in his comment on our lack of shipping facilities. At about the time of his writing of the report from which the above is taken, Consul-General MILLER of Yokohama wrote in a report from Japan:

"The Nippon Yusen Kaisha is contemplating establishing a regular line between Japan and New York, via Suez, after the completion of the six new steamers, of 8,000 tons each, now building at the Nagasaki and Kobe shipbuilding yards."

Should this plan be carried out it may be assumed that the vessels would stop at intermediate ports, just as the English, French and German lines between Europe and the East now do. The "Yankees of the East" seem to be a little more wideawake than the Yankees of the West.

Confessions of a South Brooklynite.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am a Brooklynite, a South Brooklynite at that—one of those who have migrated from a Manhattan flat to a two story and basement house on a side street—built for two families—first mortgage for 65 per cent. of cost at 5 per cent.—$500 down, balance of purchase money payable as rent, &c., just as easy.

With all proper humility and deference I have admitted my residence at Bay Ridge until last Monday evening—now I am ready to proclaim it, from the housetops, assertively, boldly, aye boastingly.

This is how it came about. I am a Mason, Odd Fellow and Royal Arcanumite, am connected with a church for the sake of the family, and a member of the local board of trade. During the season I go to a few dinners and do as others do in Brooklyn. Nuf sed. But I was not satisfied; I had heard of the jinks of certain high rollers in Manhattan, and I longed to revel, if only for once, to see what it was like.

Opportunity came at last. I received an invitation to attend a banquet at Hotel Faster, the occasion being the twenty-third anniversary of Ancient Guardians. I had my suit case and glad rags conveyed to the hotel in the afternoon, and secured a room with bath, so in case of need I could reach port without much ado and boil myself out in the morning.

At 7:15 I ascended by the lift to the reception rooms adjoining the banquet hall, and there found a very jolly party—somewhat fatigued by a parade of nearly a mile, but making up for it with cocktails and punch. At 7:45 we sat down to a pretty fair spread, and there was considerable hilarity, with the occasional popping of a cork—for all the world like a dinner of the Brooklyn League, barring the uniforms. Of speakers there were four—a retired naval officer, an ex-Borough President, a General, and a militia Colonel who said that if his duty to the State conflicted with his sympathies for organized labor, &c. Then the meeting adjourned at 10:30.

That's all. AN EXPERIENCED PERSON.

BAY RIDGE, April 27.

The Citronella Treatment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I beg to record the capture of the first real mosquito of the season here, and he was a big insect, or beast, at that. It is a wonder to me that he hadn't been asphyxiated by the fumes of the Constable Hook oil and chemical works, with which we are favored. I haven't yet been to the region around Prince's Bay, which is described as truly rural. I don't intend to go until I get more or less immune from the bites of these summer pests.

I remember on my first visit to India being attacked on the night of my arrival by hordes of mosquitoes. They nearly annihilated me, and I was only saved by an uncle, who bade me undress, and then and there with a big brush painted me all over with vinegar. It hurt, but it relieved my sufferings considerably.

There is only one thing that I know of which will keep mosquitoes away, and that is oil of citronella. If they catch a whiff of it they will make a bee, or mosquito, line to the window immediately.

CONNOISSEUR.

NEW BRIGHTON, Staten Island, April 26.

The Lunatic's Catechism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Are there any mice on ferryboats?

Which is the worse crime, to rob a bird mother of her nest of eggs or rob birds of their prospective mother by making a hat of her?

Which would be most profitable to a cat, to be owned by a fish or a milk dealer?

Do you suppose that women are aware that large bows on their shoes exaggerate the size of their feet?

Which is the more important, good grammar or good morals?

Ever observe that everybody in a hurry was up too late the night before and the morning after?

Has any liar ever known a large family of brothers and sisters in loving accord?

Wouldn't you love to cut out the heart of the man who denies that impulse and procrastination cause most of the troubles of life?

Did you ever meet any one more amiable than the devil? PRIVATE LUNATIC.

NEW YORK, April 26.

The Progress of Civilization in Our Insular Possessions.

From 'O le Fa'atonu o le Kolone o Unaite Setete 'o Tutuila ma Manu'a.

Court was holden upon Fu'a on the charge that he wanted to kiss the wife of Mataese, Sala to-wit, that then and there he did kiss her and made her kiss him back. The court tried the cause and established that the charge was a true one and found the prisoner guilty and sentenced Fu'a to pay a fine of $15.

The Exhibit.

Knicker—Where will you spend the summer?

Bocker—I don't know whether my wife will select a twenty or a thirty gown place.

A Sociologist.

Knicker—I understand Smith does settlement work.

Bocker—Yes, he's a bill collector.

Parliamentary.

Knicker—Are you going to move?

Bocker—Yes, and the landlord will second the motion.

Wanted It Easy.

When Johnny was told of the "golden stairs"
That led to the "golden gate,"
He said, "Mamma, when you say your prayers,
Just ask if they escalate."

INFANTRY MARCHING.

Length of the Pace and Speed in the Armies of the World.

The average rate of march of the armies of to-day, so far as drill is concerned, is about 120 paces a minute, or about two steps a second. However, there are some small differences in the different arms, and a few troops are trained to march at a much higher rate of speed.

The Russian soldier takes 112 to 116 steps a minute, the German 114, the Austrian 115, the French, Italian and United States 120. The French chasseurs, however, make 145, and the Italian Bersagliere 150.

The length of the pace should, of course, also be considered. The Russian pace is 28 inches, the Austrian 29½, the French and Italian 30, while the German is 31½, and therefore surpasses all the others.

The Russian soldier can therefore cover in one minute from 77.1 to 90.2 yards, the Austrian 93.5, the French and Italian 98.4, while the German covers more than any—very nearly 100 yards.

But in modern battle it is a question of utilizing cover, rapidly moving over short intervals from cover to cover, climbing over hedges and other obstructions, more than marching. Witness the small and agile Japanese and the tall, robust Russians. Marching power comes into play in getting troops into position, but it is usually more staying power than the capacity to march well at drill or manœuvres that counts in the long run. Nevertheless, troops can be intelligently trained to do both, and both will come into play in action.

REENLISTMENT.

Some Reasons Why Soldiers Forsake the Army.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Those in authority are troubled over the refusal of soldiers to reenlist in the United States Army. Why should they when every firm and railroad is offering all kinds of inducements to discharged soldiers with "excellent character"? Why should they remain in the army when they can get work in any city in the United States, either on the police force, fire department or street railways, with pay from $60 to $100 a month? That is something of an improvement over $13 per. Had Congress passed the two bills affecting the army they might have been able to keep the most of their best soldiers.

First and most important was the twenty-five year retiring bill; second was the twenty per cent. increase of pay measure. Congress didn't pass the bills, and the soldier is not to blame.

But the man that invented useless hikes has more to answer for than anybody else. He ought to see the result of his work. At Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., it is laughable to watch our battalion drill. Out of five companies the only way they can make one squad is by putting all non-commissioned officers in the ranks. It has come to such a pass that the cooks have to do guard and garrison duty. Walking post eight hours three days a week is not enough; the twelve mile hike does the rest. SOLDIER.

PLATTSBURG BARRACKS, April 25.

Old Books and Magazines Wanted for the Army.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The United States Soldiers Christian Aid Association, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York in 1861, appeals to the public for books to send to the soldiers of the Regular army and also for magazines of late date, paper bound books, &c. At this season of the year, when families are changing quarters or going abroad or to the country, the stock of such matter must be large. Any packages sent to 23 Park row, New York city, will be gratefully received and scrupulously applied to the foregoing purpose.

JOHN B. KETCHUM,
Corresponding Secretary.

NEW YORK, April 27.

The Slighted Postlude.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On a Sunday morning recently I attended one of our large churches on upper Fifth avenue, and noticing on the leaflet that the final number was Bach's great fugue in D major I rubbed my hands in pleasant anticipation, and after the benediction had been pronounced sat still and listened to the organ as the congregation filed out. The organist belongs to that type which is usually able to hit the right keys but whose playing suggests an automaton. In playing the D major fugue he not only skimmed over the most beautiful and dignified passages in a perfectly shameless manner, but every little while he omitted whole bars, continuing his mad race to the end; and when the fugue was played (?) I heaved a sigh of relief and cheered myself with the reflection that my poor little orchestrelle had often played it better.

It seemed to me a shame that such an insult should be cast on the memory of the great old cantor and father of a numerous family. One does not expect to find in every church organist an Alexandre Guilmant or a Ch. M. Widor or a Frederic Archer; but Bach was "the father of music," and even such mighty ones as Wagner and Beethoven looked up to him, and his music should be played in a dignified and fitting manner, especially by organists who know how to play.

The playing of the postlude should be considered as dignified a part of a church service and as important a musical part as any other.

NEW YORK, April 27. THOMAS L. ELDER.

A Call for a Sir Galahad.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In these days when woman's courage is impugned and she is called upon to bear arms if she would deserve the ballot, Mrs. Barbauld's voice comes from a past century, and bears noble testimony to the courage of her sex:

Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung;
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
Nor when Apostles fled, herself would save.
Last at the Cross and earliest at the grave.

Long and patiently has the American woman waited for a place in the councils of her country; a place not denied by the aboriginal to the woman of his race, and which is conceded to be her due by such men as the late George William Curtis. "As revolutions never go backward, woman's suffrage will come," were the words of an eminent jurist now gone over to the majority.

Surely all the Sir Launcelots and Sir Galahads are not dead, and some champion will be found to break a lance in behalf of her who is judged by laws which she has had no part in making.

NEW YORK, April 26. E. F. V. R.

Wytopitlock.

From the Bangor News.

Any one of the Indian names of Maine is a terror to the postal clerks, but there is one that the men of letters particularly abhor, because of the many and often absurd ways in which people spell it. This is Wytopitlock—seemingly simple enough, but in everyday affairs a name strangely twisted and tortured. Wytopitlock is a little post office in Reed Plantation, Aroostook county, and the postmaster up there has kept a record of some of the more remarkable attempts at spelling its name. Here are a few: Whitplock, Winter Pitlock, Widow Padlock, Witter Petlock, Witter Pelog, Whytlock, Wytlock, Witter Pistlock, Wylapittock, Wypticlock, Witeopitelock, Wittipetlock, Psytolock, Pwytopetlock, Anytopetlock, Flytopetlock, Wytopills, Wyte Pedlock, White Oak Padlock, Wytoporetock, Wittpidlock, Westapitlock, Whetlock, Wytopillock, Mitaplock, Westapitlock, Wadopitloes, Peadlock and Weetopedloock. The place is commonly known among the woodsmen as Pitlock.

As a Church Should Be.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A "Church of Welcome" was the Fifth Avenue Baptist last Sunday morning, and the able and thoroughly impartial manner in which the ushers handled the crowds who gathered to hear Dr. Aked, an hour before service time, certainly deserves praise. Then when the ushers despaired of seating any more it was noted that all the pewholders crowded themselves together, and wherever space could be made for one or two more held up one or two fingers to the ushers.

If this church ever had a reputation for exclusiveness such a reputation is forever lost.

NEW YORK, April 26. R. H. DAVIES.

Old Age Pensions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I see that English Laborites and Socialists want to adopt a plan for old age pensions.

I can understand taking care of the indigent old in almshouses, but why should they be pensioned?

Will not such a system work to the detriment of habits of industry and economy? SELF HELP.

NEW YORK, April 26.

In the *World's Work* for May there are character sketches of Governor Hughes and H. C. Frick. Illustrated articles treat of photographic feats, the mosquito, the fur trade, tropical medicine and the immigrants to this country. Mrs. Fraser writes about Japan, and Gen. Funston about army discipline.

RODIN.

I.

Rodin, the French statuary, deserves well of our new century; the old one did so incontinently batter him. The anguish of his own Hell's Portal he endured before he moulded its clay between his thick clairvoyant fingers. Misunderstood, therefore misrepresented, he with his pride and obstinacy aroused—the one buttressing the other—was not to be budged from his formulas and practice of sculpture. Then the world of art swung unwillingly and unamiably toward him, perhaps more from curiosity than conviction. Rodin became famous. And he is, more misunderstood than ever. His very name, with its memory of Eugène Sue's romantic rancor—you recall that impossible and diabolic Jesuit Rodin in "The Mysteries of Paris?"—has been thrown in his teeth. He has been called *rusé*, even a fraud; while the wholesale denunciation of his work as erotic is unluckily still green in our memory. The sculptor, who in 1877 was accused of "faking" his lifelike "Age of Brass"—now at the Luxembourg—by taking a mould from the living model, also experienced the discomfiture of being assured some ten years later that, not knowing the art of modelling, his statue of Balzac was only an evasion of difficulties. And this to the man who had in the interim wrought so many masterpieces.

To give him his due he stands prosperity not quite as well as he did poverty. In every great artist there is a large area of self-esteem; it is the reservoir which he must, during years of drought and defeat, draw upon to keep his soul fresh. Without the consoling fluid of egoism genius must perish in the dust of despair. But fill this source to the brim, accelerate the speed of its current and artistic deterioration may ensue. Rodin has been called, fatuously, the second Michael Angelo—as if there could ever be a replica of any human. He has been hailed as a modern Praxiteles. And he is often damned as a myopic decadent whose insensibility to pure line and deficiency of structural power have been elevated by his admirers into sorry virtues. Yet is Rodin justly appraised? Do his friends not overdo their glorification, his critics their censure? Nothing so stales a demigod's image as the perfumes burned before it by his worshippers; the denser the smoke the sooner crumble the feet of their idol.

However, in the case of Rodin the fates have so contrived their malicious game that at no point of his career has he been without the company of envy, chagrin and slander. Often, when he had attained a summit, he would find himself thrust down into a deeper valley. He has mounted to triumphs and fallen to humiliations, but his spirit has never been quelled, and if each acclivity he scales is steeper, the air atop has grown purer, more stimulating, and the landscape spreads wider before him. He can say with Dante: "La Montagna che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti." Rodin's mountain has always straightened in him what the world made crooked. The name of his mountain is art. A born noncomformist, Rodin makes the fourth of that group of nineteenth century artists—Richard Wagner, Henrik Ibsen and Edouard Manet—which taught a deaf and blind world to hear and see and think.

Is it not dangerous to say of a genius that his work alone should count, that his life is negligible? Though Rodin has followed Flaubert's advice to artists to lead ascetic lives that their art might be the more violent, nevertheless his career, colorless as it may seem to those who better love stage players and the watery comedies of society—this laborious life of a poor sculptor—is not to be passed over if we are to make any estimate of his art. He, it is related, always becomes enraged at the word "inspiration," enraged at the common notion that fire descends from heaven upon the head of the favored neophyte of art. Rodin believes in but one inspiration—nature. He swears he does not invent, but copies nature. He despises improvisation, has contemptuous words for "fatal facility," and, being a slow moving, slow thinking man, he admits to his councils those who have conquered art not by assault but by stealth and after years of hard work. He sympathizes with Flaubert's patient toiling days, he praises Holland because after Paris it seemed slow. "Slowness is a beauty," he declared. In a word, Rodin has evolved a theory and practice of his art that is the outcome—like all theories, all techniques—of his own temperament. And that temperament is giantlike, massive, ironic, grave, strangely perverse at times; and it is the temperament of a magician doubled by that of a mathematician.

Books begin to appear about him. De Maupassant describes him in "Notre Cœur" with picturesque precision. He is tempting as a psychologic study. He appeals to the literary, though he is not "literary." His modelling arouses tempests, either of dispraise or idolatry. To see him steadily, critically, after a visit to his studios in Paris or Meudon, is difficult. If the master be there then you feel the impact of a personality that is as cloudy as the clouds about the base of a mountain and as impressive as the mountain. Yet a pleasant, unassuming, sane man, interested in his clay—absolutely—that is, unless you discover him to be more interested in humanity. If you watch him well you may find yourself well watched; those peering eyes possess a vision that plunges into your soul. And the soul this master of marbles sees as nude as he see the human body. It is the union of artist and psychologist that places Rodin apart. These two arts he practises in a medium that has hitherto not betrayed potentialities for such almost miraculous performances. Walter Pater is quite right in maintaining that each art has its separate subject matter; nevertheless, in the debatable province of Rodin's sculpture we find strange emotional power, hints of the art of painting and a rare musical suggestiveness. All this is not playing the game according to the rules of Lessing and his "Laocoön."

But let us drop this old æsthetic rule of thumb and confess that during the last century a new race of artists sprang up from some strange element, and, like flying fish, revealed to a wondering world their composite structures. Thus we find Berlioz painting with his instrumentation; Franz Liszt, Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss filling their symphonic poems with dramas and poetry, and Richard Wagner inventing an art which he believed to embrace the seven arts. And there is Ibsen, who used the dramatic form as a vehicle for his sociological ideas, and Nietzsche, who was such a poet that he was able to sing a mad philosophy into life, and Rossetti, who painted poems and made poetry that is pictorial. Sculpture was the only art that had resisted this universal disintegration, this imbroglio of the arts. No sculptor before Rodin dared to break the line, dared to shiver the syntax of stone. For sculpture is a static, not a dynamic art—is it not? Let us observe the rules though we preserve the chill spirit of the cemetery. What Mallarmé attempted to do with French poetry Rodin has accomplished in clay. His marbles do not represent but present emotion, are the evocation of emotion itself; as in music, form and substance coalesce. If he does not, as did Mallarmé, arouse "the silent thunder afloat in the leaves," he can summon from the vasty deep the spirits of love, hate, pain, despair, sin, beauty, ecstasy; above all, ecstasy. Now the primal gift of ecstasy is bestowed upon few. In our age Keats had it, and Shelley; Byron, despite his passion, missed it, and so did Wordsworth. We find it in Swinburne, he had it from the first; but few French poets have it; not the stormy Hugo, nor the elegiac Lamartine. Like the "cold devils" of Félicien Rops, coiled in frozen ecstasy, the blasts of hell about them, Charles Baudelaire can boast the dangerous attribute. Poe and Heine knew ecstasy, and Liszt also; Berlioz did not. Wagner was the master adept of his century. Tschaikowsky followed him close; and in the tiny piano scores of Chopin ecstasy is pinioned in a few bars, the soul often rapt to heaven in a phrase. Richard Strauss, the sphinx, has in "Don Quixote," "Salome" and a few of his lyrics shown us a rare variation on the theme of ecstasy; voluptuousness troubled by pain, the soul tormented by stranger nuances.

Rodin is of this tormented choir; he is master of its psychology. It may be the decadence, as any art is in decadence which stakes the parts against the whole. The same was said of Beethoven by the followers of Haydn, and the successors of Richard Strauss will be surely abused quite as violently as the Wagnerites abuse Strauss to-day—employing against him the same verbal artillery employed against Wagner. That this ecstasy should be aroused by pictures of love and death, as in the case of Poe and Baudelaire, Wagner and Strauss, must not be adjudged as a black crime. In the Far East they hypnotize neophytes with a bit of broken mirror, for in the kingdom of art, as in the Kingdom of Heaven, there are many mansions. Possibly it was a relic of his early admiration and study of Baudelaire that set Wagner to extorting ecstasy from his orchestra by images of death and love; and no doubt the temperament which seeks such combinations—a temperament commoner in mediæval days than ours—was inherent in Wagner. He makes his *Isolde* sing mournfully and madly over a corpse and, throwing herself upon the dead body of *Tristan*, die shaken by the sweet cruel pains of love. Richard Strauss closely patterns after Wagner in his "Salome," there is the head of a dead man, and there the same dissolving ecstasy. Both men play with similar counters—love and death, and death and love. And so does Rodin. In Pisa we may see (attributed by Vasari) Orcagna's fresco of the Triumph of Death. The sting of the flesh and the way of all flesh are inextricably blended in Rodin's Gate of Hell. His principal reading for forty years has been Dante and Baudelaire. The "Divine Comedy" and "Les Fleurs du Mal" are the keynotes in this white symphony of Auguste Rodin's. Love and life and bitterness and death rule the themes of his marbles. Like Beethoven and Wagner he breaks the academic laws of his art, but then he is Rodin, and where he achieves magnificently lesser men would miserably perish. His large tumultuous music is for his chisel alone to ring out and sing.

II.

The first and still the best picture of Rodin as man and thinker is to be found in a book by Judith Cladel, the daughter of the novelist [author of "Mes Paysans"]. She named it "Auguste Rodin, pris sur la vie," and her pages are filled with surprisingly vital sketches of the workaday Rodin. His conversations are recorded; altogether this little study has much charm and proves what Rodin asserts—i. e., that women understand him better than men. There is a fluid, feminine, disturbing side to his art and nature very appealing to emotional women. Mlle. Cladel's book has also been treasure trove for the anecdote hunters; all have visited her pages. Camille Mauclair admits his indebtedness; so does Frederick Lawton, whose big volume, recently published, is the most complete life (probably official) that has thus far appeared, either in French or English. It is written on the side of Rodin, like Mauclair's more subtle study, and like the masterly criticism of Roger Marx. We confidently recommend Mr. Lawton's exhaustive investigation, for in it one learns how close are linked the art and life of this sculptor. Born at Paris in 1840—the natal year of his friends Claude Monet and Zola—and in humble circumstances, not enjoying a liberal education, the young Rodin had to fight from the beginning, fight for bread as well as an art schooling. He was not even sure of a vocation. An accident determined it. He became a workman in the atelier of Carrier-Belleuse, the sculptor, but not until he had failed at the Beaux Arts (which was a stroke of luck for his genius) and after he had enjoyed some tentative instruction under the great animal sculptor, Barye. He was never a steady pupil of Barye, nor did he long remain with him. He went to Belgium and "ghosted" for other sculptors, indeed it was his privilege, or misfortune, to have been the "ghost"—anonymous assistant—for half a dozen sculptors. He learned his scales by the sweat of his brow before he began to make music at his instrument.

How his first statue, The Man With the Broken Nose, was refused by the Salon jury is history. Mr. Lawton gives us the details. He designed for the Sèvres porcelain works; he made portrait busts, architectural ornaments for sculptors, caryatides; all styles that are huddled in the yards and studios of sculptors he had essayed and conquered. No man knew his trade better, although we are informed that with the chisel of the *praticien* Rodin was never proficient—he could not or would not work at the marble *en bloc*. To-day he handles his creations only when they need the last touches. How he overcame public and partly critical indifference one may read in the Lawton biography. Now his works are in the leading museums of the world and he is even admitted to have "talent" by the academic men. Rivals he has none, nor will he have successors. His production is too personal. Like Richard Wagner, Rodin has proved a upas tree for many lesser men—he has deflected or else absorbed them. His closest friend, the late Eugène Carrière, warned young sculptors not to study too curiously Rodin. Carrière was wise, but his own art of portraiture was influenced by Rodin; swimming in shadow his enigmatic heads have nevertheless the quality of sculpture—Rodin's—not the mortuary art of academic sculpture.

A profound student of light and of movement, Rodin, by deliberate amplification of the surfaces of his statues, avoiding dryness and harshness of outline, secures a zone of radiancy, a luminosity, which creates the illusion of reality. He handles values in clay as a painter does his tones. He gets the design of the outline by movement which continually modifies the anatomy—the secret, he believes, of the Greeks. He studies his profiles successively in full light, obtaining volume—or planes—at once and together; successive views of movement. The light plays with more freedom upon his amplified surfaces, intensified in the modelling by enlarging the lines. The edges of certain parts are