

The Sun

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The Fall of the United States.

When I see the deserted shrines of your forefathers," Count Tolstoy is reported as saying to a visitor to whom he predicted the downfall of the United States. "I think it will come more swiftly than the fall of Rome."

Perhaps it is unnecessary to point out to Count Tolstoy that one great difference between Rome before its fall and the United States of to-day is that Rome had been cursed with several crazy Caesars, notably CALIGULA and NERO, together with an ignorant and violent populace. This combination accelerated the destruction of the empire.

In the case of the United States the populace consists of some ninety millions of sovereigns, mostly sane, mostly right, and representing the highest average of the world ever known of conservative thought, intellectual energy and patriotic obedience to law.

The Kaiser as an Archeologist.

Three years ago the Emperor of Germany became interested in a question that was vexing archeologists. Some eminent students have asserted that the poet of the Odyssey drew upon his imagination for his description of the island home of King ULYSSES, who had ten years of harrowing tribulation while endeavoring to return to his native island of Ithaca after the Trojan war. Other distinguished archeologists have been equally positive that the little island now known as Ithaca, one of the smaller of the Ionian islands, is the Ithaca of the Homeric story. Within a few years other authorities, such as DORFFELD, CAUER and DREHUP, have advanced the view that the much larger island of Leucas, to the north of Ithaca in the same group, is the Ithaca described in the Homeric poem as the home of ULYSSES.

The Kaiser read all the pamphlets and discussions relating to this controversy and decided to take part himself in the quest for a solution. He held with some of the controversialists that descriptions of Ithaca in the Odyssey were so circumstantial and full of detail that they were probably drawn from nature, hence the most profitable line of research would be to ascertain if one or another of the islands might have any striking resemblance to the Ithaca of the Greek hero.

As very plausible reasons had been advanced for the theory that Leucas is the ancient Ithaca, the Kaiser decided to have it surveyed by the most thorough topographic methods. He supplied the required cash, gave the survey into the charge of Captain WALTER VON MAREES of the army, and appointed as his colleagues Professor DORFFELD, secretary of the German Archeological Institute of Athens, and Lieutenant NONNE. This was in August, 1904, and in March, 1905, the work began.

The results of the investigation have just been published in a style worthy of an imperial patron. The folio is not a thick one, for Captain VON MAREES's report covers only forty pages. It is accompanied by a portfolio of six large maps in colors produced in the best German style. The work is entitled "Karten von Leucas. Beitrage zur Frage Leucas-Ithaka" (Contributions to the Leucas-Ithaca Question). A considerable number of beautiful photographs of various parts of the island illustrate the conclusions which the investigators have reached, and there are meteorological tables covering the seven months of the research; for Captain VON MAREES, mindful of the weather lore relating to Ithaca which the Odyssey records, compares it with the conditions as he observed them.

Probably few islands have ever been made the object of a more minute and careful study. Most persons who may master the contents of this folio and the accompanying maps will very likely gain a more accurate knowledge of the island in all its scientific aspects than they would be able to acquire by a personal visit; and the most casual reader will be interested in the accumulation of striking facts that seem to agree with the bits of description of the Homeric Ithaca that are scattered through the pages of the Odyssey.

The data adduced for the identification of Leucas with the island of the Greek poet would fill several newspaper columns. It would suffice to give here a few illustrations. DORFFELD's excavations convinced him that he had found the site of the ancient capital in the plain of Nidri, somewhere between three-fourths of a mile and a mile from the present shore and sixty feet above the sea. The Odyssey says the plain slopes from the city to the sea. The mountain of Skaros (Homeric, Neios), at the foot of which the city was sheltered from the cold north and northeast winds, according to the famous epic, overlooks the site of the buried ruins. The mountain is still covered with oaks, as when the poet sang.

Near the city were two large springs, of which it is asserted unmistakable traces have now been revealed. Two indentations in the harbor coast line, a larger and a smaller one, and also a peninsula, all of which figure in the poem, are still a part of the conformation of the shore. The caves described in the poem

appear also to have been discovered. Many other facts relating to this small part of the island are adduced in support of the new theory, together with a great amount of data collected in other parts of Leucas and the neighboring mainland.

Captain VON MAREES regards the proof as conclusive. He says that the present appearance and conditions of the island of Leucas prove that it must have been the topographic background which was in view when the Odyssey was composed. The landscape and other descriptions of HOMER agree so perfectly with the present aspects of the island that the Kaiser's representative entertains no doubt that Leucas is the Homeric Ithaca and that the poet of the Odyssey knew that island well.

The Law Relating to Private Portraits.

Our learned contemporary the Evening Post, in an article, relative to the new law regulating the ownership in works of art or photographic portraits in Germany, declares that our statutes—presumably meaning the statutes of the State of New York—"in no wise prohibit the unauthorized publication of the portrait of a living person." The same journal goes on to suggest that there ought to be a legislative remedy for the invasion of personal rights in this respect, and proceeds:

"When Judge PARKER was Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of this State refused damages to a young woman who sued because of an innocent use of her picture for advertising purposes. The lower courts held the contrary opinion. So offensive have the mistakes of the instantaneous camera become that some effort to protect the public ought to be made by our jurists and legislators."

We respectfully beg leave to call the attention of the Evening Post to a statute of the State of New York which it will discover by consulting the first volume of the Session Laws of 1903, where on page 308 will be found Chapter 132 of the laws of that year, which is entitled "An act to prevent the unauthorized use of the name or picture of any person for the purposes of trade."

This law provides that a person, firm or corporation which uses for advertising purposes or for the purpose of trade the name, portrait or picture of any living person without having first obtained the written consent of such person, or if a minor of his or her parent or guardian, is guilty of a misdemeanor. The same statute authorizes the person whose portrait is so used without the requisite written consent to maintain a suit in equity in the Supreme Court to restrain the use of his picture; and the plaintiff is also expressly empowered to sue and recover damages for any injury resulting from the use of his portrait, including punitive damages if such use has been willfully persisted in with knowledge that it was forbidden.

This statute would seem to be a sufficient compliance with the suggestion of our esteemed contemporary. Its enactment was due to a decision by the Court of Appeals rendered in June, 1902, in which that court held that the right of privacy so far as the photograph of a young woman was concerned was not enforceable by injunction where there was no claim that the picture was libellous in any respect or of such a nature as to reflect upon the person whose features were portrayed. In that very case, however, Chief Justice PARKER, who wrote the prevailing opinion, used language which amounted to an unmistakable declaration in favor of legislative regulation of the subject matter. We quote his words:

"The legislative body could very well interfere and arbitrarily provide that no one should be permitted for his own selfish purpose to use the picture or the name of another for advertising purposes without his consent. In such event no embarrassment would result to the general body of the law, for the rule would be applicable only to cases provided for by the statute. The courts, however, being without authority to legislate, are required to decide cases upon principle, and so are necessarily embarrassed by precedents created by an extreme and therefore unjustifiable application of an old principle."

We have only to add that it is conducive to accuracy in discussing questions of statutory law occasionally to refer to the statute books.

The London Olympic Games.

Now that the British Olympic Council has issued its programme, as sanctioned by the International Olympic Council, for the fourth modern Olympiad, some idea may be formed of the size of what will undoubtedly be the most gigantic athletic contest ever held.

The stadium is to seat 70,000 spectators. The original Greek Olympic games at their zenith—to compare ancient things with modern—never drew more than 40,000. The "events" on the London programme, keeping to the general classes, number twenty-eight, and the subdivisions of the classes amount to close on ninety, which is probably more than four times as many as figured in the ancient programmes. In 1908 there will be no chariot races or competitions for herald trumpeters, but with these exceptions all the ancient contests will be duplicated and many new classes added, as for archery, cycling, fencing, football, flying machines, motor boats, automobiles, golf, hockey, lacrosse, lawn tennis, court tennis, polo, racquets, shooting, rowing, skating, yachting and swimming.

In the number of competitors the increase will be still greater. We do not know exactly how many entered for the several events in the ancient Olympiads, but we may conjecture a good deal from the facts that the games lasted only five days, that only four ran in a heat, and that there were seldom more than four preliminary heats before the Olympionics of final. In the London games the average limit for entries in each event is twelve competitors from each country. If three countries on the average participate in each, the entries will be more than double those of antiquity for the same number of events; and since the latter are to be four times as numerous, the London stadium should see at least eight times as many competitors as appeared in that of Greece.

This is not the only respect, of course, in which the modern games will differ from the ancient. Women were not permitted to be even spectators in Greece, and after one woman had been caught

looking on a rule was passed, to prevent a recurrence of the crime, that the spectators must appear with their persons for the most part nude. On the other hand, women were allowed to enter for the driving contests, where the prize was given not to the human performer but to the horses, and on more than one occasion, beginning with the triumph of a sister of the King of Sparta, a woman drove the winners. In the modern Olympiads there is no veto against female spectators, of course, or against female contestants in any event, while in some—in archery, for instance—special subdivisions are reserved to them.

One of the regulations appended to the modern Olympic programme runs: "The games are exclusively confined to amateurs." There was no such restriction in Greece. The driving contests involved so great an outlay that they were virtually confined to members of noble families, but in the other events the competitors seem to have been on the whole something like what we should call professionals. The training was so long—ten months at least—and so rigorous that it could hardly be undertaken as an amusement, and its victims were in all probability subsidized by their native towns. We hear of the better families refusing to pit themselves against these highly trained specialists.

The winning of the ancient competitors was of a different kind. Before their entries were accepted they had to prove their ability before a jury, who turned them down unless their speed or strength came up to a fixed standard.

In distinguishing "amateurs" from "professionals" among the ancients we are merely speaking analogously. The distinction did not exist then in its present sense, and this suggests that England is for one reason a specially appropriate place to hold the modern games in. For it was in England that this distinction was created and also that athletic contests as we understand them came into existence.

These contests are so popular and well established nowadays that we are apt to forget their extreme youthfulness. In reality they have been in vogue for hardly more than half a century. The very expression "athletic sports" is no older in the modern world. Up to 1880 or so foot racing and jumping contests were termed "pedestrian," the competitors "pedestrians," and the whole pursuit "pedestrianism." All prizes were in money; the "professional" came earlier than the "amateur." Gradually those who ran for the sake of the stakes were joined by others who ran for love of the sport. As the latter kind increased in numbers they began to separate themselves, though at first all were mixed. The pure sport lovers developed a fastidiousness about accepting money prizes or competing with those who did, and the result was a division into "pedestrians" and "athletes," the latter term being thus in the first instance a synonym for "amateurs." Hence arose that definition, about 1880, which has sometimes struck the present age as supercilious: "An amateur is any person who has never competed in an open contest or for public money or admission money, nor has ever at any period of his life taught or assisted in pursuit of athletic exercise as a means of livelihood, nor is a mechanic, artisan or laborer."

The birthplace of "athletic sports," so defined—and they are so defined in the modern Olympic games—was the great English schools, Rugby, Eton, &c., and the English universities and military colleges; and the forms of many of the modern events, such as the hurdle race, which was evolved from the Rugby steeplechase, had their origin from the same source. From the middle of the last century onward the development of the institution was so extraordinarily rapid that both in the United Kingdom and this country it had assumed national proportions by 1870.

The modern Olympiads have started by being cosmopolitan. The ancient ended so. After a duration of a thousand years the institution, which was originally exclusively Hellenic but was afterward broken in upon by the Macedonians and then by the Romans, showed an Armenian as its last recorded prize winner. Before it was suppressed it had undoubtedly become the most potent international "mixer" of antiquity, and its performances were always accompanied by a race. It is interesting to note that the place at which the present Olympic programme has been finally formulated is The Hague, where the international council met.

Poverty Lane.

I've read quite a number of essays of late on Homes of the Famous and Homes of the Great. The Banglow fine of J. Willshire Jones. The Radium Cottage of Mrs. Van Jones. The Spanish Palace of A. Carnegie Wiggs. The Roman Inside of Horatius Briggs. We've pictures that give us an external view of four—seven—forty-four Fifth avenue. The roof of eleven Central Park West by picture and pen has been doubly impressed. On water-side bungalows, houseboats galore. We've papers and articles score upon score.

But where is the wight who will show us the rear Facade of the tenement—also the rear. With fire escapes from the roof to the pave. That old dot dot duty on human life and all speed to the next stopping place. But the explorer, penetrating the heart of things, gives us the real atmosphere and life of this tiny human centre, and what he tells is worth holding fast as something seen with scientific insight.

It is Rodin at his best—nervous the touch, sinewy the figure, the planes of which melt into the ambient atmosphere no matter from which angle you approach. It is much more inferior to the Luxembourg original. Its stark power carries, however, no message for the Sunday guests, though you may note an occasional look of awe. But to the multitude it is one naked man the more, therefore to be circled warily. What charm lurks in the new bronzes of Jules Dalou—same room! "Mother's Love" evokes the most admiration. George H. Smille's landscape is also a centre of attraction. As for the lace collection they were difficult to reach because of the women. The marble of Monet or Whistler or Manet may be left to critical mankind; but every woman who enters the building, whether she wears a shawl on her head or rides to the person in a \$10,000 motor car, is authority on lace. Go and judge for yourself. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given a creation in Brussels applied, once the property of Isabella, the Queen of Spain (a lake-like lady in her diaphanous day). As it is a baptism dress with "let us be women" literally mad over it. But let us light our way upstairs.

On the main staircase we saw a family party quietly settled for luncheon; the cold hard shell eggs had been tapped when an attendant, on the verge of righteous apostrophe, came to the rescue, and wails of indignation arose from the lungs of six hungry children. Art be hanged, is what the father muttered in Czech, as he piloted his crew out to the green and more hospitable park. The museum men have their troubles. Some one recently wrote to a newspaper complaining that he was shadowed in every room of the museum. If the writer had been French he would have said he was shadowed and suffered from the imperfections of the official cicerones, who blindly—for revenue—inform you that Raphael painted the unmistakable Raphael in front of you, or that Michael Angelo sculptured the Medici Tomb—you walking slowly all the while amid the brooding figures—his feelings might be tempered in regard to the Metropolitan Museum's working staff. Our men are silent until spoken to, and if they are on the alert the reason is not far to seek. Sundays the occupations are safe. The great volume of people protects them. But on some weekdays the galleries are often empty. The vandals who infest every public place are always ripe for the work of destruction. Hence it is that any one is seldom alone in a gallery. Though we have no Chambre Carré, no Tribuna, there is Gallery No. 24, and with its priceless Rembrandts, Halses, Van Dycks, a fiendish iconoclast might play fast and loose.

It is an excellent room to live in, this gallery. Straw rushes on that cippolino marble table in the centre and with the two small Rodins for company regard the lady of Hale and her sober faced husband. Or there is the Rembrandt Sybil, or the well fed gentleman in the turban. Facing you, if your feet are against the extraordinary vital figure without a head, of Rodin—it walks, it always walks, it always will walk—you may see the new loan of Henry C. Frick—a self portrait by Rembrandt, said to have been painted in 1658. It was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Innesburgh, at Milnburg Park. Mr. Frick, oh, he's omnipotent! Pittsburgh millionaire!—heard of it, saw it, bought it. As one would say, Jack Robinson. It is in good preservation and is typical Rembrandt solidly painted, shadowy, mysterious. The Goya next door is faintly brilliant in comparison, and the Jan Steen with its jolly cook and grinning butcher boy seems very mundane. One of the Rodins is a reduced copy of the "Age of Bronze." It is finer in technical touches than the life size downstairs. And it suggests disconcerting to observe the blank air of non-recognition with which the mob presses through to the adjoining room, there to admire pink sunsets, silly flower girls, horrible nannies—a conglomerate

of the most indigestible pictures in the museum. The attendant of Gallery 24 is a sensitive man, an erudite man of few words. He is surely dying of a broken heart, superinduced by the neglect of the Sunday afternoon folk. What is to be done? Let us suggest that the new Winslow Homer canvas be placed in 24. It won't destroy the Holbein-Rembrandt-Hals-Velazquez-Van Dyck-Goya trust, and it may avert a tragedy in art centres. It is the picture which attracts the throngs. All the afternoon you hear the babble, and if you are a linguist you will remark the similarity of the questions and exclamations:

"Oh, my! Look at the negro. He's dead. No, he's not dead, but he soon expects to be swallowed by the sharks. What sharks? Why, he's fishing, there's his line, that colored rope. Unain! It's an octopus. See it wriggle its arms. The waterspout! The ship, the ship! Ain't the water green?" About ten keepers of a Sunday succumb in answering the questions put to them. Mr. Homer has painted better pictures than this framed melodrama of pictorial horrors, but never one so popular. The new Renoir is comparatively neglected, the new Manet—badly hung—absolutely overlooked. Possibly the rich harmonies of the Charpentier family do not appeal. We saw many young persons study the little girl sitting on the dog, but whether the child is not pretty enough—she is adorable, as a matter of fact—or the blue tone distracts, a shrug of the shoulder is a common happening before this masterpiece. It probably denotes suspended opinion; or, such as we see them all, clear as glass or brass. Their ion creases in pink lace. They sigh for marble halls by Leighton and Tadmara. Life is dull, drab, cruel, vile; in art let us get away from life as far as possible. Thus do Laura Jean Libbey, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine and the East Side touch hands with Fifty-seventh Street West. A little touch of pink paint makes all the world kin.

With a notebook a likely reporter could glean columns of stories Sunday afternoons at the museum. Students of character, the sociological sleuth, would be embarrassed by the richness of examples. There are girls enough to people our barren moon? They are, for the major part, broad of girth, squat of figure, bright as to eyes, and possess a pretty wit. Said one before that too, too voluptuous Cabanel's "Birth of Venus" (a capital soap ad): "Say, Tillie, what's she called?" "The Bath of Venus," replied Tillie. No one smiled. The newly improvised title fitted. Whistler's "Falling Rocket" is not popular. "It's too damn dark to see the sparks," said a man— "why? And answer me the Metets off the map of his acquaintance. But someone's body's forging of the shaft with its glow of molten metal is a perpetual object of interest. No one stops in front of the "Spanish Lady," by that very great and now neglected artist Mariano Fortuny. Possibly the coolness with which this beautiful painting is viewed by some of the museum officials may be reflected in the attitude of the crowd. Why not send it to the lumber room and replace it by an Eastman Johnson "coon" subject? The Vanderbilt gallery is always crowded. The variety of themes and painters makes it beloved. Here, as elsewhere, it is the picture that tells a story, the pictorial anecdote which best pleases. Nor should the supercilious critic wave ineffectual protests. There is deeply implanted in the human soul a craving for the tale. The Vanderbilt collection supplies many examples of tales well told. The innocent Daubigny, some cows meekly following a patriarchal bull, was forced to yield up its story. A smug boy Sunday, hastily noting the fact that the cow seemed slightly called aloud to his mother, "Ma, it's 23 for the cow!" Dear old Daubigny.

The altar piece attributed to Luis Borrada is much looked at, though St. Andrew is voted cross. The remarkable Spanish altar piece, a sterling example attributed by Mr. Fry to Jaime Verges II., always boasts its most curious humans. Again it is the subject—the archaic beauty of the piece doubtless counts for naught. The portraits of Lady Hamilton and of a Lady by George Romney, lent by Mrs. Payne Whitney, are excellent specimens. The Manet Guita, lent by William Church Osborne, as is the Pointe Sainte Adresse of Claude Monet. Mrs. Whitney has also a Lady's Portrait by Watteau, and a colored print, "The Good and Evil Angels," by William Blake—a remarkable Blake in every way. August Jaccaci has lent a characteristic John Lafarge and Mr. Thatcher Adams a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, by Thomas Gainsborough, and a Landseer, "Alexander and Diogenes." There are also many other important purchases and loans.

Decidedly the Metropolitan Museum is our strongest summer exhibition, particularly on Sunday afternoons.

Who Are the Aftable New Yorkers? TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Some days ago one of your correspondents who has been long in the city and who has been joined in print that he had found New Yorkers much more affable and friendly than he had been led to believe they were, and he said that those he met while riding were very gracious and that he had built up quite a speaking acquaintance from them. This sounds well and it should be true, but I fear your correspondent is wide of the mark. The men who have been so kind to him are not New Yorkers. I come to this conclusion from the knowledge I had of one class of men at a riding academy near the Park consisting of twenty-four members, not one of whom was a New Yorker to the man born. The men who have been so kind to your correspondent are like him they earn for friendly recognition and a passing bow, and they see it in him, and a fellow feeling does not appeal to the park riders to call one of their leading products "Snakespits" or "Snake-baiting boys," as now prevails. BARRY NEW YORK, July 13.

Retaliation. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—I met a literary person from Chicago the other day. He informed me that in his city there was a movement on foot among the local lovers of the Bard of Avon to appeal to the park riders to call one of their leading products "Snakespits" or "Snake-baiting boys," as now prevails. BARRY NEW YORK, July 13.

AT THE MUSEUM.

There are warmer places in the city on a summer Sunday afternoon than the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This fact is appreciated by a large number of folk, hailing principally from the East Side. You meet them there any time after the dinner hour—German mode—and in any of the side streets from Sixtieth to One Hundredth, starting at Avenue A. They wear holiday clothes and they beam with satisfaction. A treat is ahead of them. To wander in the grateful cool twilight of the lower galleries, to flirt in the face of Egyptian mummies, to giggle and gossip among the monster plaster casts of the Parthenon groups, to stare at the marbles or sit placidly before bright colored pictures—what joy for the "uninitiated" classes of the East Side! And isn't it odd that these same "foreigners" seem to be in the majority among the visitors to our noble museum in Central Park? You see them streaming up Fifth avenue. Their faces are shiny. It is hot, the weather. No matter! Fathers and mothers with families, sometimes numbering eight (ask the doorkeeper, who groan and growl as the entire misopogah attempt to push through the turnstile), Russians, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Serbs, Croats, Hebrews many of them, file in and ramble about, content to be reminded of some European city where once they looked at pictures with the same appreciation and on their native heath.

A Walt Whitman catalogue alone could sum up the ethical and kaleidoscopic variety of the mobs that besiege the museum gates on summer Sunday afternoons. A decorous, at times reverent crowd—especially before pictures with sacred subjects—and sometimes startlingly garbed. The children prefer the ground floor. It is of stone and cooler, and there are "queerer" things to be seen. Sleights shaped like boats, and dead men and women in marble, and churches, above all, Notre Dame and the Pantheon. How delightful they would be for toys at home! How the babies would crawl in and out the big doors! Perhaps they might bring in enough straw to be gathered. The mummies—what a jolly set of ugly mugs in painted canoe-like coverings! What a glorious ride on that Colleen horse, whose feet must wear invisible seven league boots, so magnificent the possibility of their stride! The George Bernard Shaw always elicits puzzled remarks at a wrestling match with the under man down and out forever, is the usual verdict. But before Borglum's horses of Diomedes there is no such doubt expressed. A good run for your money, says a sporty youth, with hair plastered on forehead. His girls nod. It is an object lesson in the psychology of sex to watch the procession pass before Makart's monster panel with its riot of females in their dazzling nudity. The girls always gaze unaffectedly at the explosive static and large limbed creatures. They discuss the scene and look carefully away. Why? It may not be amiss to state that the museum authorities are displaying admirable common sense in their refusal to cover modern statuary. Even at the Louvre, at the Vatican, this distressing and needlessly offensive custom prevails. New York, with all its internal prudery, has not disfigured Rodin's superb bronze, "L'Age d'Airain," now on view in the room of the recent accessions.

It is Rodin at his best—nervous the touch, sinewy the figure, the planes of which melt into the ambient atmosphere no matter from which angle you approach. It is much more inferior to the Luxembourg original. Its stark power carries, however, no message for the Sunday guests, though you may note an occasional look of awe. But to the multitude it is one naked man the more, therefore to be circled warily. What charm lurks in the new bronzes of Jules Dalou—same room! "Mother's Love" evokes the most admiration. George H. Smille's landscape is also a centre of attraction. As for the lace collection they were difficult to reach because of the women. The marble of Monet or Whistler or Manet may be left to critical mankind; but every woman who enters the building, whether she wears a shawl on her head or rides to the person in a \$10,000 motor car, is authority on lace. Go and judge for yourself. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given a creation in Brussels applied, once the property of Isabella, the Queen of Spain (a lake-like lady in her diaphanous day). As it is a baptism dress with "let us be women" literally mad over it. But let us light our way upstairs.

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It is an excellent room to live in, this gallery. Straw rushes on that cippolino marble table in the centre and with the two small Rodins for company regard the lady of Hale and her sober faced husband. Or there is the Rembrandt Sybil, or the well fed gentleman in the turban. Facing you, if your feet are against the extraordinary vital figure without a head, of Rodin—it walks, it always walks, it always will walk—you may see the new loan of Henry C. Frick—a self portrait by Rembrandt, said to have been painted in 1658. It was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Innesburgh, at Milnburg Park. Mr. Frick, oh, he's omnipotent! Pittsburgh millionaire!—heard of it, saw it, bought it. As one would say, Jack Robinson. It is in good preservation and is typical Rembrandt solidly painted, shadowy, mysterious. The Goya next door is faintly brilliant in comparison, and the Jan Steen with its jolly cook and grinning butcher boy seems very mundane. One of the Rodins is a reduced copy of the "Age of Bronze." It is finer in technical touches than the life size downstairs. And it suggests disconcerting to observe the blank air of non-recognition with which the mob presses through to the adjoining room, there to admire pink sunsets, silly flower girls, horrible nannies—a conglomerate

of the most indigestible pictures in the museum. The attendant of Gallery 24 is a sensitive man, an erudite man of few words. He is surely dying of a broken heart, superinduced by the neglect of the Sunday afternoon folk. What is to be done? Let us suggest that the new Winslow Homer canvas be placed in 24. It won't destroy the Holbein-Rembrandt-Hals-Velazquez-Van Dyck-Goya trust, and it may avert a tragedy in art centres. It is the picture which attracts the throngs. All the afternoon you hear the babble, and if you are a linguist you will remark the similarity of the questions and exclamations:

"Oh, my! Look at the negro. He's dead. No, he's not dead, but he soon expects to be swallowed by the sharks. What sharks? Why, he's fishing, there's his line, that colored rope. Unain! It's an octopus. See it wriggle its arms. The waterspout! The ship, the ship! Ain't the water green?" About ten keepers of a Sunday succumb in answering the questions put to them. Mr. Homer has painted better pictures than this framed melodrama of pictorial horrors, but never one so popular. The new Renoir is comparatively neglected, the new Manet—badly hung—absolutely overlooked. Possibly the rich harmonies of the Charpentier family do not appeal. We saw many young persons study the little girl sitting on the dog, but whether the child is not pretty enough—she is adorable, as a matter of fact—or the blue tone distracts, a shrug of the shoulder is a common happening before this masterpiece. It probably denotes suspended opinion; or, such as we see them all, clear as glass or brass. Their ion creases in pink lace. They sigh for marble halls by Leighton and Tadmara. Life is dull, drab, cruel, vile; in art let us get away from life as far as possible. Thus do Laura Jean Libbey, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine and the East Side touch hands with Fifty-seventh Street West. A little touch of pink paint makes all the world kin.

With a notebook a likely reporter could glean columns of stories Sunday afternoons at the museum. Students of character, the sociological sleuth, would be embarrassed by the richness of examples. There are girls enough to people our barren moon? They are, for the major part, broad of girth, squat of figure, bright as to eyes, and possess a pretty wit. Said one before that too, too voluptuous Cabanel's "Birth of Venus" (a capital soap ad): "Say, Tillie, what's she called?" "The Bath of Venus," replied Tillie. No one smiled. The newly improvised title fitted. Whistler's "Falling Rocket" is not popular. "It's too damn dark to see the sparks," said a man— "why? And answer me the Metets off the map of his acquaintance. But someone's body's forging of the shaft with its glow of molten metal is a perpetual object of interest. No one stops in front of the "Spanish Lady," by that very great and now neglected artist Mariano Fortuny. Possibly the coolness with which this beautiful painting is viewed by some of the museum officials may be reflected in the attitude of the crowd. Why not send it to the lumber room and replace it by an Eastman Johnson "coon" subject? The Vanderbilt gallery is always crowded. The variety of themes and painters makes it beloved. Here, as elsewhere, it is the picture that tells a story, the pictorial anecdote which best pleases. Nor should the supercilious critic wave ineffectual protests. There is deeply implanted in the human soul a craving for the tale. The Vanderbilt collection supplies many examples of tales well told. The innocent Daubigny, some cows meekly following a patriarchal bull, was forced to yield up its story. A smug boy Sunday, hastily noting the fact that the cow seemed slightly called aloud to his mother, "Ma, it's 23 for the cow!" Dear old Daubigny.

The altar piece attributed to Luis Borrada is much looked at, though St. Andrew is voted cross. The remarkable Spanish altar piece, a sterling example attributed by Mr. Fry to Jaime Verges II., always boasts its most curious humans. Again it is the subject—the archaic beauty of the piece doubtless counts for naught. The portraits of Lady Hamilton and of a Lady by George Romney, lent by Mrs. Payne Whitney, are excellent specimens. The Manet Guita, lent by William Church Osborne, as is the Pointe Sainte Adresse of Claude Monet. Mrs. Whitney has also a Lady's Portrait by Watteau, and a colored print, "The Good and Evil Angels," by William Blake—a remarkable Blake in every way. August Jaccaci has lent a characteristic John Lafarge and Mr. Thatcher Adams a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, by Thomas Gainsborough, and a Landseer, "Alexander and Diogenes." There are also many other important purchases and loans.

Decidedly the Metropolitan Museum is our strongest summer exhibition, particularly on Sunday afternoons.

Who Are the Aftable New Yorkers? TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Some days ago one of your correspondents who has been long in the city and who has been joined in print that he had found New Yorkers much more affable and friendly than he had been led to believe they were, and he said that those he met while riding were very gracious and that he had built up quite a speaking acquaintance from them. This sounds well and it should be true, but I fear your correspondent is wide of the mark. The men who have been so kind to him are not New Yorkers. I come to this conclusion from the knowledge I had of one class of men at a riding academy near the Park consisting of twenty-four members, not one of whom was a New Yorker to the man born. The men who have been so kind to your correspondent are like him they earn for friendly recognition and a passing bow, and they see it in him, and a fellow feeling does not appeal to the park riders to call one of their leading products "Snakespits" or "Snake-baiting boys," as now prevails. BARRY NEW YORK, July 13.

Retaliation. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—I met a literary person from Chicago the other day. He informed me that in his city there was a movement on foot among the local lovers of the Bard of Avon to appeal to the park riders to call one of their leading products "Snakespits" or "Snake-baiting boys," as now prevails. BARRY NEW YORK, July 13.

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