The Sun.

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The President's Unpaid Railroad Bills.

If it has seemed fit to the Congress to alleviate in part the scandal created by Mr. ROOSEVELT's proclivity for demanding that the railroads of this country should transport him and his retinue free of charge, it is proper that a further step in the same direction should be taken without delay. In June, 1906, a bill was passed making a provision of $25,000 annually to defray the President's travelling expenses. It seems to be understood that since July 1 in that year, when the aforesaid appropriation became operative, Mr. ROOSEVELT has acquired the habit of paying for his railroad travel.

Prior to July 1, 1906, Mr. ROOSEVELT incurred various and considerable obligations to the railroads, amounting to many thousands of dollars, and these obligations were identical with those which he now discharges out of his new annual allowance of $25,000. These obligations remain unsatisfied. They comprise charges for many thousands of miles of transportation, for whiskey, for cigars and for other refreshments, and their existence amounts to an offence against and a scandal upon the Presidency of the United States.

It is obviously the duty of the Congress, in the furtherance of its object in voting the sum of $25,000 a year to pay for the President's travelling expenses, to call for and liquidate his previously incurred indebtedness of the same character. The liability—the moral obligation—in respect of the one is identical with that in respect of the other. There will be no difficulty in ascertaining the amount; the railroads mulcted have the accounts ready, and except perhaps for a certain not unbecoming delicacy regarding the itemization they will be very glad to submit them and receive a check upon the Treasury.

We trust that some self-respecting and public spirited member of the Congress will introduce the required measure and obliterate forever this intolerable and contemptible scandal.

Mr. Bryan Will Speed the Plough.

An amusing argument set up by those helpless persons who accept Mr. BRYAN's candidacy as an inevitable disaster is that even in the unimaginable event of his election he could do no harm. "The Senate is Republican," they say with a truly pathetic infatuation; "BRYAN would be powerless. And that is much better than having ROOSEVELT with his infinite capacity for mischievous initiative and a servile and complacent Congress to do his bidding." Mr. BRYAN in effect is reduced to the hypothesis, even among respectable Democrats, that he would not count in practical affairs; that as President he would still be a nonentity because of his inability to consummate incendiary legislation.

Nevertheless the "commissions" still go on. Far from the madding crowd's observant eye the President's "young men," active, grateful, reverent, loaded to the "gunnels" with thanks and expectation, continue to exercise the functions of real government. To all practical intents and purposes they make laws, pronounce judicially upon their constitutional validity and then proceed to execute them with an unrestricted hand. Capital, industry, enterprise, property —these and more are at the mercy of "commissions" appointed by the President, subject to no effective restraint by Congress and accountable only to the source of their wages and preferment. They have proved to the entire satisfaction of the most incredulous that the "commission" as devised by THEODORE ROOSEVELT, appointed in star chamber, responsible only to the President, paid out of secret emergency funds controlled by him and turned loose upon a business and financial situation, with no duty other than that of gratifying the caprice of their creator, is capable of quite as much mischief as any crazy legislative body with an insane judiciary behind it.

We envy the ingenuous optimism which contemplates with calmness the possibility of WILLIAM J. BRYAN's elevation to the Presidency. It is evident that the disciples of this philosophy ignore the radical changes in our political machinery achieved during the last five years. Evidently they suppose that the checks and balances adjusted by the Fathers are still in honored and efficient operation; that the standards of free government which served the nation well enough up to the moment of MCKINLEY's martyrdom have survived the cataclysm. Do they imagine, for example, that BRYAN in the White House would be less courageous, less fatuous and less resourceful than ROOSEVELT has been throughout those tragic years?

Of course it will not disturb the serenity of the Nebraska prophet to hear that wretched persons are accepting his Democratic leadership on the theory of his imbecility in the miraculous event of his election. BRYAN has made it plain enough that he desiccates his following and regards it as an ass. He does not resent the apparently contemptuous postulate that he can do no harm. Nothing about BRYAN is more obvious than that he pities—and despises—the reverent, long eared multitudes on whose besotted loyalty he thrives.

What this country needs for its restoration to law, order, safety and self-respect is a rehabilitation of the constitutional limitations, bulwarks, safeguards and sane observances that were ordained in the beginning. There seems to be no hope of this delectable consummation under ROOSEVELT. Does any thinking citizen tell himself that it will be brought nearer under BRYAN?

Of Whom Was the Speaker Thinking?

What was in the Hon. JOSEPH G. CANNON'S mind when he departed so far from the unaggressive conventionalities proper to the occasion as to inject into his speech accepting the Republican caucus nomination for Speaker this illustrious precept of sanity?

> "In my judgment it is not wise to increase the revenues of the Government, nor is it necessary or advisable to transfer burdens from the local and State treasuries to the Federal Treasury—to foster a centralizing power and responsibility which of necessity develops quite fast enough."

This utterance is very significant. What proposition of folly or misguided enthusiasm was it intended to counteract? Who has recently advocated an increase in the revenues of the Government? Who has favored a transfer of any burden of taxation from local and State treasuries to the Federal Treasury? Has anybody worth Mr. CANNON'S powder fostered in this way the process of centralization, which, as the Speaker aptly remarks, develops quite fast enough without fostering?

We conjecture that when Speaker CANNON uttered this calm and statesmanlike rebuke of the advocates of foolish, unnecessary and centralizing taxation he had recently read the remarks here subjoined:

> "Now as to the matter of taxation. Most great civilized countries have an income tax and an inheritance tax. In my judgment both should be a part of our system of Federal taxation. I speak diffidently about the income tax because one scheme for an income tax was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court by a five to four vote; and in addition it is a difficult tax to administer in its practical workings, and great care would have to be exercised to see that it was not evaded by the very man whom it is most desirable to have taxed, for if so evaded it would of course be worse than no tax at all, as the least desirable of all taxes is the tax which bears heavily upon the honest as compared with the dishonest man. Nevertheless a graduated income tax of the proper type would be a desirable permanent feature of Federal taxation, and I still hope that one may be devised which the Supreme Court will declare constitutional.
>
> "In my judgment, however, the inheritance tax is both a far better method of taxation and far more important for the purpose I have in view—the purpose of having the swollen fortunes of the country bear in proportion to their size a constantly increasing burden of taxation. * * * I believe that the tax should contain the progressive principle. * * * This plan is peculiarly adapted to the working out of the theory of using the inheritance tax for the purpose of limiting the size of inheritable fortunes, since the progressive increase in the rates, according to this mode, may be carried to its logical conclusion in a maximum rate of nearly one hundred per cent. for the amount in excess of a specified sum without being confiscatory as to the rest of the inheritance, for each increase in rate would apply only to the amount above a certain maximum."

This production of inchoate thought, of perverted political philosophy, of socialistic imaginings, of a fatuous misconception of the constitutional purpose of taxation, was contained in no official document, in no bill now before Congress. It is part of an unofficial speech delivered in June last at Jamestown by the President of the United States.

"In my judgment," said Mr. ROOSEVELT twice in the foregoing passage. "In my judgment," replies Speaker CANNON, with the counter proposition.

It appears that the sentiments in the Jamestown address so irritated Speaker CANNON'S usually tolerant common sense six months ago that he resolved to exhibit this folly at the earliest opportunity; and he has accordingly administered the rebuke most publicly, most magisterially and most effectively, on the occasion of the assembling of that branch of the Federal Legislature which is invested by the Constitution with the initiative in all measures for raising Federal revenues.

Russia's Premier Says Czar Is Still Autocrat.

The Ministerial declaration made before the third Duma by Premier STOLYPIN on November 29 had naturally been awaited with anxiety. Men were anxious because during the debate on the address to the Throne that assembly, by a large majority of those present and voting, had averred that the manifesto of October 30, 1905, by which Russia has been supposed to have received a Constitution, was irreconcilable with the sovereign's retention of the title and functions of an autocrat. Would the Czar's acquiescence in this averment be announced by his Prime Minister, they wondered.

The question was answered in the negative on November 29 amid exultant applause from the Monarchists of the Right and despondent silence on the part of the Octobrists and Constitutional Democrats. Premier STOYPIN evidently foresaw the dismay with which his assertion of the Czar's right to break his plighted word would be received by those who have honestly desired to combine loyalty to the sovereign with constitutional guarantees and devotion to enlightenment and progress. He began, therefore, by outlining the more acceptable features of his programme of strong armed reform. After emphasizing his resolve to put down disorder with an iron hand he assured the Duma that the Government had no love of arbitrary methods—drumhead courts-martial, for example—but desired to replace them as quickly as possible with regular judicial procedure. He seemed to aim a blow at the reactionists when he called on the people's representatives to help him in uncovering illegal acts of Government officials. He was determined, he said, to punish the arbitrary use of power as severely as slackness of administration. The Jews at Odessa, Kishineff and elsewhere have been victims of both kinds of misconduct in office.

The Deputies were also informed that the Stolypin Government had set its heart on the internal development of the empire, and as a primary and indispensable step thereto on the solution of the agrarian problem. The Premier added, however, that the solution must be based not on the principles demanded by a majority of a previous Duma but on the assumption of the inviolability of private property. This means that only such lands as are spontaneously given by the Crown or are purchased from the present owners will be distributed among the mujiks. In the hope of conciliating the Poles, who by the last electoral law saw their representation in the national assembly cut down by about two-thirds, Mr. STOLYPIN promised the extension of the zemstvo system to border lands. He also tried to strike a patriotic chord by advocating measures for the expansion of the army and navy to a degree commensurate with Russia's position among the nations of the world.

Such are the objects of legislation in attaining which the third Duma will be permitted to cooperate, provided it is docile and subservient. The proof of its docility is to be the immediate voting of money. Its first task is to be the ratification of the budget of 1908. Doubtless its second task will be the sanctioning of a new foreign loan. Then unless the Government should change its mind the Duma may be consulted concerning other legislation. This is precisely the tenor of the summons addressed in the Middle Ages by the French monarchs to their States-General. "Give money first. Talk reform afterward!" Of course dissolution promptly followed a vote of supplies. If the English Parliament escaped the fate of the French States-General and the Castilian Cortes it was because the first named body insisted that a redress of grievances should precede a grant of funds.

Premier STOLYPIN practically defies the new Duma to withhold supplies. That is what he really means when he avers that the Czar is as much an autocrat to-day as he ever was; when he says that "the historic autocratic power and the unhampered will of the monarch shine out as the dearest possessions of the Russian imperial family"; and again, that "solely by this power and this will, which were created to defend existing institutions, can Russia be saved." That is to say, if the third Duma shall refuse to authorize the budget of 1908 and to sanction another foreign loan Mr. STOLYPIN will levy taxes by the sovereign's arbitrary fiat, as BISMARCK did in Prussia during the early '60s, and he will effect a loan abroad on the security of the Czar's private resources.

Henceforth it will scarcely be possible for the Octobrists and Constitutional Democrats to entertain any illusions. The manifesto of October 30, 1905, is now confessed to have been a fraud, devised for the purpose of extracting a large loan from the liberal nations of the West. The moment the indorsement of the Czar's paper by a national assembly ceases to be needed the manifesto is a dead letter. In a word, the Russian revolutionists seem to have been right. No compromise with the autocracy is possible. NICHOLAS II. can no more be trusted than could CHARLES I.

Mr. Bryan's Latest Conquest.

Colonel HENRY WATTERSON, the grand and sagacious leader of the 100,000 Democrats who could not be induced to be led to Washington by him in 1876, again puts the trumpet to his lips. He gives his blessing to another wise and prudent Democratic hero:

> "He will surely be in the next Presidential campaign its leader, and so, going back to the midsummer of last year, we recall the acclaim with which we welcomed his homecoming and in perfect good faith we repeat: 'Hurrah for BRYAN!'"

Ever faithful to somebody else's convictions, ever ready to stand like a tower of jelly for Democratic principles, ever reaching with passionate hands at the flying coattails of opportunity, Colonel WATTERSON is the model of the ambisinistrous politician.

See the smile of charity widen over the face of the Perennial as Colonel WATTERSON whistles blithely to the Democratic donkeyry:

> "The practical and sensible thing for Democrats to do now is to close ranks and keep step to the drumbeats of destiny which announce the third coming of the man from Nebraska."

Colonel WATTERSON supported Mr. BRYAN in 1900, but this reiterated faithfulness is none the less gratifying. We congratulate the Nebraska Jefferson on his conquest.

Blow to the Sentimental Argument.

The outrush of alien laborers from this country to the lands of their birth indicates that one argument heretofore much used by those who favor the slightest possible restriction of immigration is of very small weight with the individuals to whom it might be supposed to appeal most strongly. This argument is based on the supposition that a large proportion of the foreigners who come here are inspired to change their living places by reason of the greater freedom afforded to citizens and residents of this republic as compared with the subjects of European nations. It has been powerful in the past, because political freedom was assumed to be the dream of every man who "groaned beneath the yoke of monarchical institutions."

In the past it has been observed that a large proportion of immigrants returned to their native countries as soon as they had acquired here what would be a competency there. The hold of American institutions on these thrifty and industrious men has been small. Now, when a slackening of prosperity threatens to reduce chances for employment, apparently all who can figure out a profit on the transaction are returning home, utterly regardless of republican freedom, the "outworn theory of the divinity of kings" and in fact all sentimental considerations. They came here to make money, and fearing a curtailment of the opportunities they are going home in every case in which they can see a saving to be made by the transfer of their abiding place.

While no one would contend that our institutions have not attracted many useful and valuable citizens, it is incontestable that the vast bulk of immigration has been drawn here by the hope of better material conditions, just as the superior advantages of Canadian wheat lands are now attracting from this country an emigration it can ill afford to suffer.

The Loyal Servitor in the Kremlin.

Whatever else be said of the Russian Government, there is an Oriental subtlety and refinement in its official politeness and attention. The Moscow despatches show us the Hon. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT wandering "through the famous halls of Czars ANDREW, ALEXANDER and GEORGE," gazing upon pictures of the ROMANOFFS and their "royal contemporaries," feeding his eyes full of "jewelled crowns, rich costumes, jewelled sceptres, maces, orbs and thousands of jewelled baubles that accompany royalty," standing before the treasured relics of the mighty and self-willed heralds and precursors of Genius:

> "Empress CATHERINE'S saddle in gold, which was the present of the Sultan of Turkey, and NAPOLEON'S field cot, that was left behind in his disastrous retreat, were displayed, together with plate from a hundred friendly sovereigns; the golden coach which Queen ELIZABETH sent from England, standards and armor and arms from a hundred battlefields, and trophies wrested from Tartar, Turkish, Polish and French enemies."

Whereat the ingenuous Colonel TUFFY GUFFLES pours this reflection:

> "The spectacle of the representative of the young republic moving among the trophies and baubles of centuries of despotism must have been impressive and perhaps illuminating even to the Russians who observed it."

Doubtless these Muscovite officials were able to master their impressions and to control their illuminations. The psychologist seeks rather the thoughts and emotions of that most amiable and most enduring of travellers among those symbols and memorials of absolute authority and audacity effrenate. Was any Tartar, was any so-called autocrat, more imperious and imperial than the master whose errands Mr. TAFT rushes over land and sea to do? Could any of those dead and gone lords of the world receive from their servants a clearer sacrifice of will, of personal belief, initiative, individuality, a more unconditional surrender of volition and conduct than Mr. TAFT, the new Loyal Servitor, has made to his master? In the Kremlin was Mr. TAFT still grateful for the sacrifices he has made; or did even that true heart chafe a little at these reminders of his long subjection?

Meanwhile in this town an elephantine cigar, whose label is adorned with the effigy of Mr. TAFT, was offered to a cynical public; and heaven knows with what as ridiculous puerilities the Hon. ARTHUR I. VORYS, who is, we believe, Ohio's State superintendent of vaudeville, was trying to revive and urge on that foundered "boom."

Representative HAYS of California is primed with a Japanese exclusion bill which he will fire off at the first opportunity. It may be good Pacific Coast politics to introduce such a bill at this time, but it is mighty poor statesmanship.

> We had more than 25,000 bills before the House in the last Congress. If we have as many in the Sixtieth Congress it will of course be impossible to do more than select from this great mass of proposed legislation that which is necessary and wise.—*Representative* CANNON *to the Republican caucus.*

Are the Representatives to understand that with a smaller number of bills introduced a different course might be pursued?

On the Sidereal Stage.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The fourth act upon the sidereal stage has begun, and the curtain rises on the constellations Auriga, Taurus, Gemini, Orion, Canis Minor and Canis Major. The stage is situated above the southeastern and southern horizon, with the first magnitude star Capella (in Auriga) at top, and incomparable King Sirius (in Canis Major) at bottom. Taurus the Bull, with his ruddy "eye," Aldebaran and the hazy Pleiades above, lies southward below Auriga. Orion and his six suns glitter southeast of Taurus; and Gemini (the Twins) and Canis Minor (Procyon) shine and sparkle northeast of Orion. Although the curtain rises early with Capella, the Pleiades, Aldebaran and the Twins upon the scene, the whole company, including King Sirius, is not called until about 11 o'clock. CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

BROOKLINE, Mass., November 30.

Superfluous Words.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Speaking of superfluous words, there is one nauseous solecism, hitherto unmentioned by your correspondents, against the use of which I ask space for a protest of outspoken urgency. This one is at once an affront to intelligence, good English and a noble sport. I refer to the term "pleasure yacht." Nowadays it is rarely seen in the newspapers of New York and Philadelphia; in those of Boston, never! But from May to October it blooms and blossoms in Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee and other centres on the frontier of civilization.

The city of abattoirs and blizzards has much to answer for. In Chicago originated that tautological gem, the "full dress dress suit."

TUXEDO PARK, December. 2. G. R. P., JR.

A Parsee's Longing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Does any faithful Parsee know what it is to be deprived of THE SUN? If not, no Parsee knows what is meant by "the abomination of desolation." For the last three months my eyes have been in such a state that I could not read ordinary newspaper print. To-day, thank goodness, I have read THE SUN, and its healing rays have warmed my heart.

But can any one tell me how to make up what I have missed during my many weeks of inability to read? W. R. C.

PHILADELPHIA, December 1.

Commodore Barry's Family.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As to the assertion of a Chicagoan who says he is a direct descendant of Commodore John Barry, it may be pertinent to say that Commodore Barry died without issue at Philadelphia in 1803. Commodore Barry was twice married—having no children by either marriage—and both wives were buried in the grave with him. WILLIAM B. MEANY, M. D.

NEW YORK, November 30.

Anti-Chinese Sentiment of a Whisker Breeder.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* One of your correspondents suggests a diet of rice as a cure for baldness, reasoning that one never sees a bald Chinaman. He evidently overlooks the fact that one never sees Chinese whiskers. So in curing one trouble one is apt to bring on another. I'd rather be bald than to lose my Galways. LI LOX.

PASSAIC, December 1.

"The Jews and Jesus."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I desire to thank Mr. Isidor Singer for his letter in THE SUN of December 1. Surely the spirit expressed by our Saviour is in the hearts of all men and shines forth when not bidden by ignorance.

NEW YORK, December 2. GEORGE LLOYD.

The Eliminated.

As advocate of Brownsville troops
Fired uninvestigated,
On Foraker the doom was sealed—
He was eliminated.

As fighter of the rate bill passed
With votes so heavy freighted,
Again he earned oblivion—
To be eliminated.

That he'll accept the White House job
Is what he now has stated,
And Brother Taft will have to down
The much eliminated.

All men love one who fights alone
With ardor unabated,
Who faces odds and never knows
He is eliminated.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

AROUND THE GALLERIES.

Mr. John La Farge is showing at the Macbeth Gallery, 450 Fifth avenue, a number, thirty-eight in all, of his watercolors, sketches and also a few oils. Some have been seen here before, but the majority of these souvenirs of this veteran artist's crowded life are better known in Boston than New York. How interesting, for example, is the copy of Rembrandt's "Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus," which hangs in the Royal Gallery at Copenhagen, executed by Mr. La Farge in 1856. It betrays the assured hand of a young master. The painter's vivid color sense finds ample opportunities in the Samoa and Tahiti pictures. The Taupos dancing the siva, female figures semi-nude, seated as they are, they reveal sinuous movements; such is the suggestive art of La Farge. Mount Tohvea, in the Society Islands, south Pacific, is a magisterial landscape. And as still life what could be more engagingly realistic than the Samoan parrot fish? This exhibition is a record of Mr. La Farge's wanderings in exotic climes. Among American artists he is the true cosmopolitan.

At the Tooth Galleries, 299 Fifth avenue, there is a J. M. W. Turner, an unusual landscape, "Oxford from Abingdon Road," painted in Turner's earlier manner, about 1812. It is a cool colored canvas in browns and grays and blues with hardly a hint of the later Turner. The modelling of earth and vegetation is rather dry and hard and the sparsely filled foreground is barely relieved by the distant view of Oxford's spires. It is the sky that comes stealing to you first as genuine Turner, suffused with silvery light, though not radiant. A tree or two high up in the middle distance might be signed "Turner." This picture is engraved by Ware.

Harrington Mann has been a visitor to America several times during the last two or three years. He is a Scotchman and a portraitist. His exhibition at Knoedler's, 355 Fifth avenue, comprises seven or eight figures, the best of which are the children. There is an extra portrait of a little girl which is very well painted, recalling Sargent in the broadly and loosely brushed dress. "Diabolo" is a pretty picture of a girl who has evidently tired of her play. The legs, however, are wooden. "The Fairy Tale" is a painted anecdote, very enjoyable. A girl with dolls is engaging. Mr. Mann is hardly to be compared as an interpreter of childhood with Mr. John Da Costa. He neither is so dextrous nor is he as keen a psychologist. His large portraits of grown up humans, of Lady Maud Warrender, Mrs. Francis Howard and Mrs. Huntington Wilson, are conventional affairs, skilfully as is the paint handled—the scarlet in Mrs. Wilson's robe is very brilliant. Yet the old conundrum and its cynical answer occurs to one when looking at the every day portrait of commerce. When is a picture not a picture? When it is a portrait.

Charles Austin Needham has an interesting exhibition at the New Gallery, 15 West Thirtieth street, of oils and watercolors, dreams, visions, nature seen in her most secret moods, memoranda of intimate communings with the sky, the evasive spirit that lurks beneath trees, near remote melancholy pools and under starlit skies. Mr. Needham paints to please himself, and his technical mastery is sadly limited. He abhors definitions, preferring the filmy mass, vague hints of form. Hence his work as a whole is monotonous. But when he has captured his mood he is singularly suggestive. "The Mystery of Night," "Wild Cat Hollow"—containing some poetic cloud effects—"The Nightingale," "Silence of Sleeping Trees," in the same admirable greens, and "Whistling Winds"—the titles betray Mr. Needham's symbolic cast of imagination. His "Cyclone" (No. 1), which should be called Tornado as it is a local not a general whirlwind, is the first picture of this monstrous storm that we recall. Waterspouts are often delineated, for they may be safely sketched from afar; but a tornado is not an agreeable subject for a "life class," and its representation is usually left to the truthful photographer, who sees that the roaring funnel is as neatly outlined as a dry point. Mr. Needham reports otherwise. His tornado is an ominous, ragged, globular cloud mass, not the inky black of the newspaper recital. It is rather light colored and steamy, and in its interior may be discerned sinister electric flashes. The picture, small as it is, conveys feelings of dismay and terror, and the cloud seems to growl like a beast of prey. Two figures in the foreground are agitatedly fleeing in front of the ominous apparition. A dramatic moment, and very unlike the artist's idyllic effects. We prefer his watercolors to his oils, though they are too often spotty and difficult to decipher.

At the Powell Gallery, 983 Sixth avenue, Miss E. R. Finley has on view copies that she made from the old masters; also some original paintings, chiefly portraits. The masters copied are Sir Joshua Reynolds, Boucher, Watteau, Rembrandt, Pater, Lancret and others. Reynolds's "Innocence" is an excellent reproduction.

Gregory S. Allen is a young sculptor, the son of Rudolph Allen, the well known decorator. A specimen of his skill may be seen at the Gorham company warerooms on Fifth avenue. It is called "The Wounded Ranger." A well modelled horse stands in repose as its rider, sitting on the ground, binds a wounded arm. There is not as much attempt to relate an anecdote as to model in their mutual relations a horse and a man. The plasticity of the little group is admirable. The group was executed when Mr. Allen was 21 years old. He has had no foreign training, working under several sculptors here, though intermittently. At present he is making a bust of the late Prof. R. Ogden Doremus.

Lovers of rare books in rare bindings have been revelling over the feast prepared for them at Charles Scribner's Sons, on Fifth avenue. Engraved books of the eighteenth century in sumptuous bindings, copiously illustrated by engravings after Eisen, Cochin, Moreau and many others are to be seen; also a collection of modern French books unique in editions and bound exquisitely. The engravings and etchings in the old French books are by Lebas, Basan, Wille, F. Rops, and are all in a state of capital preservation. Marillier, Bouchers, Choffard, Monnet, Freudenberg and Quervedo are names that need no word of explanation; their art in this genre of frontispieces, vignettes, &c., is unexcelled. There is an Ovid, full of brilliant plates, that makes the book lover alike envious and happy. There are masterpieces in little that ravish the eye by their stamping and tooling. A rare little volume is Eisen's "Etat des Troupes," Mme. de Pompadour's copy, which is yours for the modest sum of $750. There is Napoleon's Racine, a magnificently printed tome. And Callot, and Dorat, and Boccaccio—a gem this. The modern books are in their fashion quite as delightful. They seem to say that the noble art of printing and binding is not a lost but a lapsed secret—lapsed because of modern haste and neglect.

At the Hotel Drouot, Paris, there will be sold on December 18 paintings, aquarelles, pastels and designs composing the collection of M. Alfred Robauh. This collection is rich in specimens of the art of Corot, Delacroix, Millet, Troyon, Daubigny, Bonvin, Lépine, Jongkind, Constant, Dutilleaux, Brebon, Vernier and others. Richest of all are the Delacroix and Corots, no less than twenty-two of the latter artist being represented; in fact this Corot group is one of the most important that have been put on the market in years. Doubtless American collectors and dealers will be to the fore at the sale.

A YULETIDE REMINDER.

Opportunity for All to Enjoy the Real Spirit of Christmas.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Great as is the need of the men in our prisons, some may condemn them, some may pity, some may not stop to give a thought to their welfare; but all must sympathize with the plea for help which comes to us from the wives and mothers and helpless little ones whom the law has had to rob of their support and natural guardian.

As the stores shine out with the glories of Christmas and little tongues begin to prattle of Santa Claus, many broken hearted women have to tell their babies that they can have no Christmas and that Santa Claus's sleigh must pass them by "because papa is away." For many years it has been our joy and privilege to dispel this sorrow and to resurrect the dear old saint they saw vanishing into the grave of a lost yesterday.

I wish I could tell your readers what we saw of the poverty and suffering last Christmas as we went from home to home delivering the boxes we had packed for our many little friends. Let one picture suffice:

Climbing the stairs of one tenement we knocked at the door of a room, which on being opened showed only darkness. We were told by its occupant, a frail woman with a tiny child of two or three years, that she had shut the blinds and shutters with the hope of keeping out the cold, for she had no fire. There was no food in the house and no comfort. There she sat alone with her child and her sorrow on the eve of the great Christ's festival. While we were there a man came in with a pail of coal, for which she had borrowed the money from a neighbor. Our packing cases could be used for firewood, and warm clothing and groceries and chickens soon brought a more cheerful aspect to the desolate home.

Our plan is to make the Christmas gifts as useful and lasting as possible. We do not give a big Christmas dinner promiscuously to the poor, but we try to take good cheer into each home. Chickens, groceries, oranges and a supply of fuel give the touch of festivity to the empty cupboard, but the warm stockings, shoes, coats and dresses prove a blessing that lasts on through the whole winter, warming many a little body that would otherwise suffer cruelly.

We must not forget that these children in the shadow are just as eager for toys and dolls as those who are playing in the sunshine of a happy home, and we welcome the chance to bring them back from a life of premature care to the joys of childhood.

In the past your readers have helped me most generously. May I again ask for donations of money, groceries, clothing or toys? The gifts may be sent to the Volunteers of America at our new headquarters, 34 West Twenty-eighth street. Our organization is an incorporated society, our books are audited regularly and our treasurer will send a receipt for every dollar received and will hold vouchers for every dollar expended.

In the name of the dear Christ whose birth we celebrate, I plead for these His little ones, for "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." MAUD B. BOOTH.

NEW YORK, December 2.

HELP WANTED!

Facts About the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* During the past year the department of relief of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has given material aid to 2,653 families and has assisted with advice and direction 4,033, an estimated total of 34,440 individuals. The total cost of the department was $82,026.80.

These figures represent the profound change which has taken place in our interpretation of the word "relief." When a family is found in need food and clothing are immediately furnished. At the same time, however, we take action to restore the unfortunate to self-support. To this end the department at present employs, in addition to its twenty-two relief visitors, three visiting cleaners, two cooking teachers and five nurses, whose expert knowledge of all the resources of the city is brought to bear upon the correction of the evils which cause distress. Besides this field force the department maintains a sewing bureau, which gave employment to 491 women.

Moreover, the experience of the department of relief was responsible for the organization of the committee on physical welfare of school children, which has been largely instrumental in making thorough the medical inspection of school children; of the milk committee, which is exercising an energetic supervision over the milk supply of the city; of Junior Sea Breeze, a summer camp for sick babies, whose staff gave personal instruction to the mothers of 35,000 children under two years of age; of the stay parties at Sea Breeze, and of Caroline Rest, a home for convalescent mothers at Hartsdale, N. Y.

All this work is supported by voluntary gifts, without city or State aid.

By aiding this work, therefore, one will have a part not only in an important charity, but also in an educational force of far reaching influence for good. Owing to the serious disturbances in the business world we shall be called upon to aid an unusually large number of poor during this winter. To meet this pathetic situation the association bespeaks your generous support.

R. FULTON CUTTING, President.

NEW YORK, December 2.

USE FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Mr. Washington Can Use Them to Advantage in the South.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For a number of years I have enjoyed the privilege of making an appeal through your paper to friends for the gift of various kinds of Christmas remembrances for use among the negro children in the plantation and rural districts of the South, where they have little, if anything, to cheer and brighten the Christmas holiday season.

Such gifts in the past have been widely distributed through the medium of teachers who are at work in these rural districts, and have carried good cheer and happiness to hundreds. I should be very glad to serve as the medium of distributing any additional number of such gifts this year.

Anything sent to me at the address given below will be used as indicated.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, Ala., December 1.

$10,000 a Year in England.

From a letter in the Spectator.

I do not keep a carriage nor a motor car, nor even a governess cart. My wife is not extravagant, but my three children cost in education and clothes about £450 a year. My rent is £120 a year, and repairs average £80. There are four maid servants and one gardener. I keep very little company, yet to my disgust and despair I find I cannot make both ends meet on £2,000 a year. The worst of it is that any one item of expenditure taken by itself seems not only reasonable but inevitable.

Lived 83 Years in One House.

From the London Standard.

Joseph Phillips, the oldest tenant farmer on R. C. Gosling's estate at Hassobury, Farnham, Essex, has died at the age of 83 years. Mr. Phillips was born, lived the whole of his life and died in the same house.

Recognition.

It always was his youthful dream
In life's great race
To win some very noble goal,
Some honored place.
Then relatives and friends, he planned,
Would 'round him crowd
And claim acquaintance, ties of blood,
So pleased and proud.

Time passed; to Congress he was sent,
Ambition's end.
He thought how glad they all would be
To hail him friend.
Alas, when he arose to speak
With wisdom's flow,
He was not even recognized
By Uncle Joe!

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

BRYAN'S "NATIONALISM."

Why Do Southern Democrats Tolerate It by Tolerating Him?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is not to be wondered that the attitude of Southern Democrats toward Bryan is for conservative New Yorkers an exasperating enigma.

The political posture of Southern Democratic Congressmen toward the President seems to be better understood in the North as caused by a desire to obtain money appropriations and offices for constituents and to prevent the success of rivals seeking nominations in the districts. But Bryan has not control of "spoils" distributed at Washington.

It is natural for New York Democrats to think that Southern Democrats, who suffered so much during the reconstruction and Ku Klux periods from the sort of nationalism, including the Fourteenth Amendment, which Roosevelt and Bryan now represent, would angrily turn their backs on both, and stand by the Supreme Court, which stood by them, notably in the slaughterhouse, Cruikshank and Reese cases, against the Southern policy of Grant and his partisans.

Had it not been for the firmness of the court in the "civil rights cases" and in the "Granger cases," as they are popularly known, the control of the fundamental rights of citizens of the Southern States would by the Fourteenth Amendment have been transferred from the States to the United States—a transfer which Roosevelt and Bryan seem to be bent on accomplishing.

As it is now—thanks to the fidelity of the court in preserving a continuity of judicial opinion from Marshall's day—that amendment has left each Southern State free, as before its adoption, to regulate in its own way its own interstate industries, as well as the individuals, partnerships and corporations that conduct those industries, subject to the single new restriction that the State shall not confiscate any property within its jurisdiction. Surely that is not Federal tyranny nor even Federal hardship!

The Supreme Court has again and again declared that neither Congress, nor Roosevelt, nor Bryan shall under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution interfere with individuals, partnerships or corporations carrying on exclusively in any State farming, planting, mining, manufacturing, buying, selling or transporting. If any individual or corporation shall engage in trade or transportation across the State boundary it must not be in articles declared by Congress injurious to such trade and prohibited to it.

The Supreme Court may be described, if one would imitate Bryan's ostentatious and turgid rhetoric, as saying in effect that Congress shall not crucify the industries of any State on the cross of nationalism and socialism.

The question recurs: Why do Southern Democrats, chafing and restive under the Fourteenth Amendment, which forbids confiscating railway rates by any State, tolerate Bryan, who is endeavoring to put each Southern State under the power of Congress to dictate the origin, life and conduct of State corporations for production or transportation, and prescribe the conditions under which they shall engage in interstate business, the right to do which, subject of course to Congressional police regulations regarding deleterious articles that are not arbitrary, the Supreme Court has said is not derived from the United States?

An exposition of answers from a Maryland point of view would be to make this letter unduly long, and so with your permission I will on another day write more thereon.

BALTIMORE, December 2. PINCKNEY.

THE SUICIDAL TENDENCY.

Recollections of One Often Consulted by the Despondent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As there seems to be an epidemic of suicide it may be of some help if I record my experiences as well as my opinions of that "poor souled piece of heroism" which we call suicide, a modern term used for self-murder. Among the ancients it was considered a mark of valor, but, as Lecky says, the introduction of Christianity in the West and Mohammedanism in the East undoubtedly diminished suicide. Even among the Jews it was a rare occurrence, for while a dread of the future was not inculcated there were special blessings associated with long life. The materialism of the age in which we now live has perhaps something to do with the increase of suicide.

During a ministry of very nearly half a century on three continents I have been frequently brought in contact with intended suicides, and in not a few cases have I averted the act, but not always. In one instance a wealthy Belgian nobleman informed me that he would end his life, and at 2 o'clock the next morning he shot himself. It was a clear case of self-murder. The man was perfectly sane. In another case a poor, wretched fellow came to me and said that if I did not relieve him at once he would jump into the Hudson. I told him to jump as the world did not need him, but he never jumped. He was so horrified that a minister of the gospel should take such a view of his case that he reformed. In another instance a woman of education took poison and by special messenger invited me to be with her at the hour of her death. But the doctor got there first with the stomach pump. I once received a most pathetic letter from a young woman who had grown weary of life on account of her trials, asking me if it would be wrong to "end it." I sent her a blue pill and a seidlitz powder with instructions to take them at once. The next morning the world looked brighter. It was only her liver!

Suicidal intent arises from various causes. Sometimes it is insanity clear and simple; in this case the suicide usually employs means of destruction which are intended to horrify. Sometimes it is an impulse. A man is in the act of shaving, the impulse seizes him and he cuts his throat; another is seated at a window and on the impulse of the moment throws himself down, and so on. But suicide undoubtedly is the negative answer to the oft repeated question, "Is life worth living?"

> When all the blandishments of life are gone
> The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

In dealing with men and women who in their sane moments have contemplated self-destruction I have always found it helpful to direct their attention to the views of really great men on the subject. Even in a heathen age Aristotle wrote, "To die in order to avoid the pain of poverty, love or anything that is disagreeable is not the part of a brave man but of a coward." The poet Cowper was a great mental sufferer, but he wrote:

> Beware of desperate steps! The darkest day,
> Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

During his imprisonment at St. Helena it was thought that Napoleon might destroy himself, but on one occasion the great warrior said, "Suicide originates in a sort of fear which I call poltroonery." The Saviour of mankind taught us this lesson when in the moment of agony He refused the proffered anodyne (He "would not drink," Matt., xxvii., 34) and faced the end with clearness of intellect. The world always admires a brave man; consequently it is possible for a man to rise superior to adversity, and our bravest lessons are learned not through success but through misfortune. It is easy to demonstrate this by reading the lives of eminent men and women.

I have often discovered that people who have contemplated suicide have no reserve force. Life is very much what we make it, and if men live only for one thing, when that one staff of life fails them all seems to be lost. For instance, men engaged in money making have seldom any other recreation. Rousseau is reported to have said that happiness is a good bank account, a good cook and a good digestion. But if the bank breaks, what then? It seems to me that God in the divine allegory of Job has taught us what a noble thing it is to rise above the adverse circumstances of life. They are "the mighty hopes that make us men," and consequently it is more brave to live than to die. D. D., LL. D.

BROOKLYN, December 2.

Guaranteed "Dowsing."

From a letter in the Spectator.

The employment of the twig is not the only method by which water finders work, and that in our own case, at least, we guarantee the quantity and the depth predicted at the time of our visit. Should this depth be exceeded our clients only pay for the agreed cost of the work up to the depth predicted; and on the other hand, should it be found at a less depth, then our clients only pay for the work actually done. Thus a client is assured of a specified quantity of water a day within a specified depth, or he pays nothing for the work.

His Season.

Now Santa Claus so jolly
Upon us starts to move,
The only stocking hoarder
Of whom we all approve.