The Sun.

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The Trivial Value of the Church Property Confiscated in France.

When M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU in 1900 began the campaign against religious associations, a campaign which culminated in the measures subsequently carried by M. COMBES, he insisted that the national welfare demanded the confiscation of the vast amount of property held in mortmain for religious purposes, the value of which, he said, was already in 1880 seven hundred millions and two decades later exceeded a billion of francs. He suggested that this property might be made the nucleus of an old age pension fund for working people. Seven years have passed, but nobody now expects that any money will be forthcoming from the confiscated property of religious associations for old age pensions. On the contrary, it turns out that the value of that property was absurdly exaggerated, the liquidation of it having thus far cost the Treasury far more than it has yielded. This is proved by official statistics which have lately been published by the Minister of Justice, and which we find summarized in the Paris *Matin* and the London *Tablet*.

The Minister of Justice himself concedes in a report on the subject that there never was any justification for the assertion that a billion of francs could be realized out of the property of the congregations. The alleged billion of which so much was said in 1900-01 included the property of all the congregations, authorized as well as unauthorized. Only the latter and such others as were exclusively devoted to teaching could and have been put into liquidation. At the outset, therefore, a sum of nearly eight hundred million francs had to be deducted from the total of about eleven hundred million francs representing the estimated value of the assets of all the congregations. Then, again, some of the property liquidated was burdened with encumbrances valid in law, for which further deductions should have been made, and finally some of the congregations succeeded in reducing their property to cash and transporting it abroad.

What, then, is the net outcome of the supposed billion wrested from the Church by the State? The liquidation of 677 congregations has been ordered under the law of 1901 and that of 1904. In only 115 of them has the process of liquidation been completed. The gross assets of these 115 congregations were found to amount to 3,062,000 francs in round numbers, against which had to be set liabilities to the extent of 2,872,000 francs. These figures show a net profit of less than $38,000 after five years work on 115 liquidations, or an average of less than $320 on the property of each congregation concerned. Of the completed liquidations, indeed, 69, or more than half, produced nothing, yet against these are set considerable liabilities, which were not debts contracted by the congregations which owned the property, but expenses incurred by the liquidators. If, now, we ask how matters stand between the Treasury and the liquidators we learn that the sums advanced by the former to the latter from 1902 to 1906 amounted to upward of 8,268,000 francs, more than half of which remains unrepaid. It appears that at least an eighth of the money advanced represents fees paid to counsel. The official report discloses the fact that 37,000 francs were disbursed to a former Senator and Minister of Justice for legal services, while 61,000 francs were paid to M. MILLERAND, a Deputy for the Seine district.

We have, then, a measure of the danger on which M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU and M. COMBES laid so much stress, the danger of allowing Catholic religious orders full liberty to go on amassing property in mortmain. The accumulation of property for religious purposes, the French people were told, threatened the existence of the republic and civil society. The figures show that the Third Republic must be unstable indeed if it can be made to tremble at a shadow. Manifestly the billion of francs credited to the unauthorized congregations never existed, and the liquidation of their property has taken place at the expense of the taxpayer, without profiting anybody except members of the legal profession.

The Voyage to South America.

We publish in another column a letter from the agents of a British firm engaged in the carrying trade between New York and South American ports. Their criticisms and information, supplemented by some independent excavation, reveal the fact that within the last few weeks a notable increase has been made in their fleet, and sailings hereafter will be more frequent. The addition was made so unostentatiously that it escaped our notice.

Our latest information is that vessels of 5,000 tons carrying capacity sail on the fifth of every month for Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and Santos, the voyage to Rio consuming about eighteen days. This gives a sailing rate averaging eleven knots an hour for the run. Allowing for a twenty-four hour halt at Bahia, the sailing speed is increased to nearly twelve knots. On the twentieth of every month vessels of 11,000 tons carrying capacity are now despatched through to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, reaching the latter port in about twenty-five days. These are the vessels added to the fleet. Their average speed for the run appears to be ten knots, with some increase in that for actual running time. This is hardly to be regarded as a fast mail or an express passenger service.

Our esteemed correspondents object to our use of the term "tramp" in any reference to their vessels. We take it all back. They may call their ships what they will, liners, packets or yachts, and we shall be glad to adopt the prescribed term. Yet with all this flood of light on the question, we stubbornly adhere to a wish to see a line of high class, sixteen knot ships flying the American flag and making frequent trips between North American and South American ports. The fact that this company has so greatly increased its fleet within the last few weeks is full evidence that increasing trade is demanding an improved service. We respectfully urge a further improvement with a consequent inevitable further increase of business with our South American neighbors.

John Wesley Gaines's Retrenchment Commission.

Where is JOHN WESLEY GAINES, the human devil wagon of Tennessee, the wild huntsman of the tobacco trust, the palladium of liberty, the wide open bag of ÆOLUS, the Grand Cañon of wisdom, the Niagara Falls of oratory? So millions murmured with white lips when the House of Representatives of the Sixtieth Congress met for the first time. Had the tobacco trust kidnapped him? Had another attack of suppressed oratory laid him up? From that day the alarm grew. He has not been seen, his hoary hair streaming in disorder, sprinting down the aisle in pursuit of some soothless insulter. He was not concealed in the pocket of the Hon. OLLIE JAMES, the Kentucky Og. The ladies in the gallery looked in vain for the Nashville Narcissus. The Capitol guides couldn't get any business, since there was nothing to see. Hushed were the torrent and the thunder of his many voices. With agonized heart the nation wailed:

> "JOHN WESLEY GAINES, JOHN WESLEY GAINES,
> Thou monumental pile of brains,
> The world's a frost if thou art lost,
> JOHN WESLEY GAINES, JOHN WESLEY GAINES!"

Dr. GAINES is not lost. He comes back to us; and sweet gales as from deep gardens blow before him. The air of greatness rustles in H. R. 7551, his measure brought in the other day and now keeping busy the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service. It is a bill to "create retrenchment commission" and so on. A heaven born statesman's way of retrenchment is to spend more money. Mr. GAINES proposes that Congress appropriate not more than $250,000—but of course that sum is only a beginner—to the organization of retrenchment. The retrenchment commission is to consist of "five persons of high practical business experience, one each to be selected from the five political parties, to wit, a Republican, a Democrat, a Populite [sic], a Labor Party man and a Single Taxer," to be appointed by the President and to retrench at $10 a day and expenses. Dr. GAINES loves to forget the Prohibitionists and the Independence League. Doubtless he has good reasons, but might not the retrenchment commission be itself retrenched? TOM JOHNSON, for example, is a Democrat and a Single Taxer, and Mr. BRYAN is a Roosevelt Republican, a Bryan Democrat, a Populist or Populite and a Labor Partyite.

The commission is to investigate the departments to find out among other things "what bureaus, divisions or subdepartments may be abolished." Congress loves to create a bureau; to destroy one is impossible. Meanwhile the chief end of government is to provide for commissioners at $10 a day or upward. Dr. GAINES'S Jeffersonian Democracy, purer than the mountain brooks of Tennessee, is faithful to that essential principle of five or five hundred parties. He does not forget a liberal number of clerks, stenographers and assistants to the commissioners, and he retrenches further by arranging for a full house of sub-commissioners, duly provided with clerks and assistants:

> "It shall be the duty of the retrenchment commission to appoint or employ three honorable and capable men, one each a Republican, a Democrat, and a Populite in politics, for each pension district as now established by law: Provided, that neither of them shall be appointed for the district in which he resides or has resided, and all of them to be ex-United States soldiers and pensioners, whose duty it shall be to investigate the pension roll in their respective districts, person by person."

You can't pry into this bill anywhere without finding gold. The commissioners are to bring about "the readjustment of salaries on the basis that obtains in private business and in keeping with the general and universal diminution in prices under the single gold standard."

The general and universal diminution in prices! Dr. GAINES is scarcely more illustrious as a general statesman than as a specialist in political economy. As with new admiration we leave him, another stanza of the Tennessee hymn smites gayly on the ear:

> "Compared with GAINES, JOHN WESLEY GAINES,
> That monumental pile of brains,
> Old ADAM SMITH'S a lurdan dense, RICARDO looks like thirty cents,
> And e'en COIN HARVEY'S glory wanes,
> JOHN WESLEY GAINES, JOHN WESLEY GAINES!"

The commissioners of the five parties are to have even more important functions than retrenchment and subretrenchment. They are to lend a hand to Congress and the Supreme Court. It shall be their duty:

> "To inquire particularly into the constitutional power of Congress to appropriate money for internal improvements, and also the utility and advisability of exercising such power if it exists, and to formulate a system that shall limit the indiscriminate practice and bring it within the bounds of national necessity, with a view to curtailing to the minimum appropriations for local purposes and to limit within narrower bounds the expenditure of public moneys upon local benefits; and in order to facilitate its work in this particular the retrenchment commission shall appoint three persons learned in the law, of high practical business experience and of the three different political parties, to investigate and report to it on the matters provided in this section."

Observe the wisdom of the requirement: "Three persons learned in the law."

Thus are the Labor Party men, who may have a certain prejudice against law, relieved from unpleasant labor. So are the Populites or Populists. Wasn't it TOM WATSON who burned his law books, thus making a great renunciation of his own; and the Chief Justice of North Carolina calls himself a Democrat, we believe.

We are glad to hear that during the long vacation Dr. GAINES greatly enlarged his billery plant.

Help Graduates?

Mr. RUBINOW, lecturing at the Teachers College on the servant girl problem, offered some solutions for which a good deal may be and has been said in one sense and another, such as more definite and shorter hours, greater freedom, including "sleeping out," better wages. He was more original when he expressed the opinion that "the popular mind had greatly exaggerated the 'social stigma' as a contributory cause to the dearth of hired girls." He said the prevalent idea on this point was altogether wrong.

An English authority on such matters, Miss FLORENCE B. LOW, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, does not agree with Mr. RUBINOW. After declaring herself "strongly in favor of domestic work as offering an excellent and remunerative field for properly trained girls and women," a much better and healthier field for prospective wives and mothers, she thinks, than clerking or teaching, she mentions as one of the most necessary reforms, if girls are to be attracted to it, "raising the status of domestic workers, who now stand very low in public estimation." It can hardly be said that they stand lower in England than they do here. Domestic servants on the other side form a sort of hereditary caste, and JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE and his kind have no mean opinion of themselves, nor are they particularly looked down on by the community. It is only when they reach this democratic land that they awake to full consciousness of the contemptibility of their calling. Yet even in England, according to Miss LOW, the "social stigma" is one of the chief reasons why the calling is not so popular as it might be.

This difficulty, which Mr. RUBINOW poohpoohs, Miss LOW makes an earnest attempt to overcome by a somewhat original proposal. On her way to the question "How is the status of the domestic worker to be raised?" she asks another: "What has raised the status of the teacher and the sick nurse?" She replies:

> "Training, surely. In earlier days nurses were regarded as belonging to the Sairey Gamp school, while the typical teachers were humble, downtrodden beings, worse paid than servants. It is only since teachers and nurses have been trained through a recognized course to qualify for their professions that their social position has been raised. Would not the same thing happen with the domestic worker?"

Miss LOW would remove the social stigma from domestic help by making it a regular profession with diplomas at its gateway. She suggests the establishment of domestic training colleges with a two years course in every branch of domestic work and management and recognized diplomas at the end of it. She even suggests "a four years course, to include also infant management, hygiene and elementary science." The County Councils, she urges, might offer scholarships. She would have these training colleges affiliated with the popular universities, so that the students at them might rank with the other students, mingling with them on equal terms in work and play, and then at last on the hockey field and lawn tennis court "the social barriers between domestic workers and other workers would be broken down." Presumably wages would be more or less exactly graded according to the diplomas.

Miss LOW thinks her scheme is "by no means Utopian." We may feel doubtful about that while our household help has to be largely supplied by newly landed girls from Old World wilds, though to be sure if Miss LOW's scheme were realized over there some of them might arrive at the Battery with diplomas in their pockets. But at this point Mr. RUBINOW offers some support to Miss LOW. He quotes figures showing that more American women proportionately to those of foreign birth are now doing domestic work than there were thirty years ago. In that case, with our profusion of universities, there would seem to be a possibility at least of "help graduates" coming into existence here sooner than in England. Purdue University by opening a course in "scientific bakery" this fall has taken a step toward this ideal. Grave economic obstacles are only too evident, but it is an interesting suggestion.

The Italian Theatre.

New York at last has a permanent Italian theatre, although the beginnings of the institution are modest enough. There are prospects that before long an attempt will be made to house the Italian drama in more ambitious fashion. Its present abode will serve in the meantime to show whether or not an established Italian playhouse will prosper here.

It has certainly been hard to kill the effort to provide our Italian citizens with drama in their own tongue, unassuming as the manner of its performance has always been. For more than a decade these players have moved about from one unoccupied theatre downtown to another, offering their services in the interval in assembly halls or other available shelters of equally unpretentious character. The outlying districts of Greater New York have not been neglected, for to them also the Italian actors have carried their talents. During these years they have presented a comprehensive répertoire. From farces in the Neapolitan dialect to the comedies of GOLDONI and from GIACOMETTI to D'ANNUNZIO the choice of national dramatists has ranged, while the foreign stage has supplied such a wide variety of drama as the names of D'ENNERY and SARDOU suggest. No taste has been ignored in the broad appeal made to their compatriots. If the melodramatic "The Hyena of the Graveyard" was presented on one night, "Hamlet" was likely to follow on the next.

Such persistent vitality on the part of an institution so meagrely endowed in a material sense seems to indicate a demand for what it offers. The players have struggled against great difficulties, but have been able to exist, until they now find themselves with a roof over their heads that seems likely to remain there for more than a few hours. Whether or not their compatriots will continue to support them in their new environment remains to be seen. Hitherto only the Germans have been able to maintain their playhouse on an artistic level in any way comparable to that of the English speaking theatres. In the opinion of many persons the highest achievement of the actor's art was to be found in the German theatre of this city, administered as it was in the golden days of its existence.

The patronage of the Italians in New York is already important to operatic managers. Both Mr. CONRIED and Mr. HAMMERSTEIN have had cause to be grateful for the presence of these demonstrative lovers of their own music. They purchase the less expensive places in both opera houses with enthusiasm when the programmes are to their liking. They are the most sensitive of all auditors. They must have just what they want. Mr. CONRIED with his German and Mr. HAMMERSTEIN with his modern French operas can scatter them so completely that there is not a bravo or brava to be found in either opera house from parquet to gallery. Yet so long as their tastes are deferred to the Italians are generous patrons of music and a faction on which prudent managers count. In their own theatre no foreign influences will dispute the sovereignty of their taste, which is not so exclusive in the drama.

Italian operatic enterprises have never been dependent wholly on the support of Italians, and the new theatre will probably find other patrons. The growing interest in all matters of Italian art and life and the consequently increasing number of New Yorkers who are learning the Italian language are favorable auguries for the new enterprise, although they did not operate so effectively as they might have done during the recent visit of ERMETE NOVELLI to this city.

The events of the past season have shown clearly the enormous economic importance to Egypt of the Assuan dam and the Assiut storage works completed within the past few years for the conservation of the Nile waters. The stand of water in the Nile last summer was at a lower stage than at any other time in the history of modern Egypt, excepting in 1877. The peasantry of the country in that year were actually in need of food; but not only has this calamity been averted this year, but the crops have been fairly abundant and the cotton yield is expected to exceed the highest earlier figures. This is due solely to the fact that an immense volume of the waters of the high Nile that formerly went to waste in the Mediterranean was stored behind the new dams and was turned into the irrigation canals when the lower stages of the river failed to yield their usual supply.

A whole nation has been saved from dire calamity by the efficiency of the great engineering works that were erected to supply water when it is most needed. On August 22 the stage of water at Cairo was higher than has ever before been recorded on that date, though the natural height of the Nile was then lower than in any year save one since reliable records were introduced. It was a distinct triumph for the new scheme of water conservation.

But greater things yet are expected. The purpose of increasing the height of the Assuan dam, authorized a few months ago, is not to give more water to the present cultivated area during the months that the storage supply has been utilized. It is intended rather to increase the tilled area to a considerable extent and to make water available the year around, so that Egypt shall have perennial irrigation and her capacity for production shall thus be greatly augmented.

The December Burlington Magazine.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art holds a prominent place in the *Burlington Magazine* for January. The leading art article is M. Léonce Bénédite's interesting account of Renoir's "Madame Charpentier and Her Children," recently purchased by the museum, which he regards as the painter's masterpiece. A beautiful photogravure of the picture forms the frontispiece. In the "Art in America" section Mr. George Leland Hunter describes the Burgundian tapestries presented to the museum by Mr. J. P. Morgan. Other American items are the reproduction of Mr. R. B. Brandegee's fine portrait of Miss Sarah Porter of Farmington, and the important chronological list of the works of Augustus Saint Gaudens compiled by Mr. W. Walton.

An unusually long article is devoted to "Some Italian Medals" by Max Rosenheim and G. F. Hill, and is very fully illustrated. The Great Yarmouth church plate exhibited at the late Church Congress is described by E. Alfred Jones. Mr. D. S. McColl contributes a note on two Wilkie landscapes in the Tate Gallery, and Mr. Neale one on a picture by Hugh van der Goes in Christ Church, Oxford. The editor again discusses the proposed decoration of the houses of Parliament.

This issue contains a large number of book reviews. Notable among them is that of Mr. Edward Dillon's recent book on "Glass." The usual notes and letters on various topics of art will also be found in it.

The Whereabouts of Three Old Locomotives.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When the late Horatio Allen was about, as chief engineer, to open the railroad of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company near Honesdale, Pa., he ordered three locomotives from England. The three arrived on the same ship at New York city in the fall of 1828. Two were made by George Stephenson and were exact replicas of the noted Rocket, which was victorious the following year in the great locomotive contest at Rainhill. The third was the Stourbridge Lion, made by Foster, Rastrick & Co. The two former locomotives were blocked up in some ironmonger's yard on the East River front and placed under steam to show New Yorkers how the "wheels went round." The Stourbridge was taken to Rondout and thence up the Canal and placed on rails. Mr. Allen then ran it—the first locomotive to run over rails in America—a few miles. It was too heavy for the 4 feet 3 inch gauge, and this was its first and final run.

The two others were not brought up from New York. Had one of them been brought and tried in the place of the uncouth, rail racking Stourbridge, doubtless locomotives would have been adopted at once by the Delaware and Hudson, and thus the Rocket type would have been at work in the United States antecedent to the Rainhill trial.

The question I wish to ask is: What became of these two Stephenson locomotives? Writing in 1886 Mr. M. N. Forney uttered the same query, and I am curious to learn whether since he made this inquiry their career has been ascertained. Were they placed on some American railroad or utilized as steamboat boilers or returned to England?

NEW YORK, December 21. I. S.

Walt Whitman's Title to Fame.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A few days since you published a letter from a correspondent who referred in slighting terms to Walt Whitman and his poetical effusions. It seems to me that if the poet had produced nothing else of merit, the lines of "Captain, My Captain!" alone entitle him to the respect of all men and endear him to some. JOSEPH C. SIBLEY.

WASHINGTON, December 21.

Puzzled Republican.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Please, who is Big Bill? Is it Taft or Ward or Barnes? Up State we don't know, but we do know Tiny Tim, every inch of him, as well as we have known Tom Thumb or Commodore Nutt.

Tiny Tim doesn't count for much in the Hughes column, but every little helps. REPUBLICAN.

ROCHESTER, December 21.

ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Second Notice.

John W. Alexander sketched the venerable artist Worthington Whittredge (President of the Academy, 1874-1877) at a single sitting. It hangs in the centre gallery (No. 170) and is easily the most vital bit of portraiture in the exhibition. How all the romantically conceived mediæval bric-à-brac portraits pale when compared to this strong, sinewy honest notation of a white bearded old artist, pausing in front of his canvas—which is not shown—skull cap on head, bespectacled, palette and brush in hands, the pose a critical one—the painter is evidently considering his work. (At least all this is suggested.) There is a lot of study here for the young men. A lot of study it took before Mr. Alexander could place such an economy of strokes before us and achieve such a victory. It does not suggest the facile; it has all the *brio*, the hotfoot swiftness of a sketch. Perhaps to finish it might rob it of its primal freshness.

We must hasten. Paul Cornoyer's "Moonlight at Moret" has been praised by us before. The view recalls a certain Whistler etching. This Cornoyer is full of charm. F. D. Millet is to the fore in one of his dramatic anecdotes. W. Verplanck Birney gives us specimens of the same genre. Lawton Parker's "English Girl" is alluring in her shimmering fabrics. The Kenyon Cox portrait—"In Memoriam"—of Augustus Saint Gaudens is a literal likeness. Guy Wiggins presents a morning sunlight and E. L. Henry a real old fashioned subject, "Waiting for the Ferryman." It and several other pictures of the sort in this exhibition recall Mount and his "Goose Raffle," now at the Metropolitan Museum. Hard, flat, almost miniature in finish, these pictures are pure anecdotage, yet bring back to us a whiff of a past mid-century's days and ways, when a leisure manner was considered good breeding and people slept comfortably of nights. Louis Loeb holds the principal position on one wall with his allegory "Twilight" (calm refuge of Day). It is very Loebian, with its familiar golden model and grouping; also very decorative. In Henry A. Ferguson's "City of Orizaba, Mexico," you feel at once the painter's intention, which is not merely to present the physical sensations of the scene—the heat, or the glaring sunlight or the sharp dissonances of sandy soil and blue sky; it is rather a generalization of the landscape set forth in the reserved terms of Mr. Ferguson's art. Clear, serene, with delicate definitions, the city, its background bounded by mountains, gently unrolls itself before one. There is fine detail, but harmonious in its synthetic presentation. In a word, the reverse of all that we admire in landscape to-day; the tonalities are not emotional, the aspect is linear, but not lacking in poetic evocation. Karl Anderson shows a woman with a fan, rich in textures. Katwyk turns up, so does Moret. Why is it that the moonlight at Moret is always ghostly green? August Franzen's portrait—owned by the Hon. William G. Choate—is dignified. Van Boskerck has a wood. Cornoyer's Madison Square after a rainstorm is sound impressionism. We do not care very much for Childe Hassam's "Evening Bells," though the canvas does not lack light and air. The theme has become banal. The best of Hassam just now is to be found at the Montross Galleries.

There is much to ponder in the Vanderbilt Gallery. Your eyeballs are blistered by the chromatic fantasia called "Encore," the work of Marion Powers, a title not inappropriate to the gesture of the subject, though if there were many encores of this variegated kind blindness might be a resultant. A screaming scheme, yet a jolly picture—a dark skinned young lady holds a mandolin and is smiling her thanks. Orange, black, a green fan—still life all, but amusing. Chromatic, too, is Lillian Genth's "Pool." There is a portrait by Juliet Thompson of Judge Morgan J. O'Brien. A big, elemental picture, the strongest one in the exhibition, is "The Surf King," by that surprising young athlete in paint, Paul Dougherty. Rocks, naked, and the wild sea, swirl, foam, foundational power—you feel the weight and wet of the waters. Since the veteran Winslow Homer has privately, it is said, declared his intention of leaving the field free for the young fellows, the name of Dougherty is the one which comes to the tip of your tongue as an artist who has a similar feeling for the rugged, stormy aspects of sea and shore.

There is an interesting portrait of Timothy Cole by W. Cole, and one of James C. Knox by Sergeant Kendall. Mr. Kendall's "Reflection," a nude child sitting before a mirror and gazing into it, is sure to become popular. We much admired W. L. Lathrop's "Road by a Canal" (No. 272) for its sweet sobriety and undertone of wistful melancholy. An artist with a rare touch is Lathrop. Albert Herter might have painted his young lady ("Le Moyen-Age") in brave old Venetia. Hugo Ballin will have to look to his laurels. Here is a dangerous rival in the fair field of the decorative. Deming, Waugh, Ben Ali Haggin, Beckwith, Miss Content Johnson and Barse, Jr., are hanging on this wall. "Among the Dunes," by Charles Warren Eaton, and "The Evening Meal," by Freeman Clark, are attractive out of doors pictures. Bryson Burroughs shows two nude youths pulling up sail—"The Start Before Sunrise" it is entitled—and a third lazily yawning. It is strongly modelled, vital in movement.

The contiguity of the Lawson snowscape and F. S. Church's "Mists of Stonehenge," the latter probably painted while the artist was in England a year ago, suggests comparisons between the old and the new in both composition and handling. Mr. Church is an idealist. No fault can be found in his treatment of his theme; even its immateriality, its apparent lack of substance, is forestalled by the title. All is poetic, dreamy. The Lawson, vivid, sparkling with life, seems at first to be the product of unreasoned selection; that is, the artist painted the first thing he saw on his day's tramp. But study the canvas, "Snowbound Boats" (No. 301). In his most disorderly array of trees or rocks or stretches of meadow and mountain there are subtle relations of pattern and color; there is a unifying logic and the unity of tone. In brief—selection, composition, in the sense of refusing certain details, of grasping others. It is the specific quality of all superior impressionistic art to evoke this accidental, haphazard, vagrant quality which we recognize in nature. Lawson is a master in such matters.

The two Charles Rosens are extremely interesting. "The Mill Race" is individual. Couse is at his best in the dramatic Indian subject, "On the Warpath." "The Book Lovers," by W. T. Smedley, is the winner of the Carnegie prize. It is an agreeable anecdote nicely drawn and colored. The mother reads to the children. Here is an "important" landscape by E. W. Redfield named "March." Spring is not afar. A blue river runs between narrow banks. Turkeys dull of hue parade on one of the banks. The tree forms convince. An attractive picture George Bellows presents—a stark, harsh, ugly and powerfully felt portrayal of the Pennsylvania excavation. There is the great gaping wound in the dirty earth made by the machines. Snow, smudgy snow, is seen. A few dots stand for the busy humanity below—a picture to make rosewater idealism shiver and evaporate. But it is real. It is truthfully painted. If Mr. Bellows went to war, it is certain that his pictures would not show us heroic marionettes gracefully waving flags. The horrors and the hell of war he would show us. He proves this by his characteristic "Stag at Sharkey's" over the door. It is a brutal boxing match (surely four ounce gloves) about to degenerate into a clinch and a mixup. One pugilist is lunging in the act of delivering a "soaker" to his adversary. You hear, you feel the dull impact of the blow. A sodden set of brute "mugs" ring the circle—upon the platform the light is concentrated. It is not pleasing this, or edifying, but for the artist and amateur the play of muscles and the various attitudes and gestures are absolutely exciting.

Mr. Ballin's "Bath," with its sensuous charm of color and pose, was described in THE SUN several weeks ago. His "Seamstress" is the Vermeer gambit—the lighting, the pose, the atmosphere: larger in form, in spirit it is the Dutchman. Cimiotti's romantic canvas, Paul Dougherty's "Twisted Ledge," which Maufra would not disdain to sign—striated rocks rooted firmly in the soil, and Rosen's "Frosty Morning," are on the other side. Wilhelm Funk is brilliant and virile in his portrait of Capt. Ivy-Davis, while Alfred Hertz's bearded features and bald head are seen in the portrait by S. J. Woolf. The Wagnerian conductor is at his music desk; the light just illuminates the lower part of his face. His eyes gleam through the thick spectacles. It is a likeness. Mr. Millet shows a Chinese diplomat, and W. J. Whittemore the portrait of a young girl in yellow, a harp close at hand.

The contributions in sculpture, bronze and marble are made by Karl Bitter, Charles Louis Hinton, Humphries, Poller, Mabel Conkling, Edith Woodman Burroughs, J. Scott Hartley, A. Sterling Calder, Robert Aitken and others. A new comer, Chester Beach, one evidently fresh from Parisian influences, shows genuine plastic skill and a fantastic invention. His bronzes are graceful, grotesque and rhythmic. The large marble piece, "The River's Return to the Sea," is Rodin, but not lacking in an individual touch. It reveals the strained ecstasy of the great Frenchman and also a hunched up croup of a female. There is stuff in Mr. Beach.

THE JEWISH BADGE.

Distinguishing Mark That Was Required by European Countries.

From the American Hebrew.

To the Jews of to-day it is fairly well known that their ancestors in Europe were forced to put up with a great deal of humiliation. One of the most insulting methods was to require the wearing of a badge which would stamp the wearer as an "infidel Jew." The wearing of a badge was made a general order throughout Christendom in the year 1215, but it must have been required in isolated places before that date.

The most usual form of badge was that of a ring of distinctive color attached to the upper garment. Any one of French Jewish ancestry will know that his forebears wore a ring of this sort, varying in size and in color—now red, now yellow and white, according to the whims of municipalities and monarchs. It was generally worn upon the breast, and at one time it was ordered to be worn likewise upon the back, so that a Jew might be known "fore and aft." When a Jew was found without the badge he was fined. Evidence of the wearing of this badge is found as late as 1592 in France. The forefathers of the Spanish Jews carried a yellow and red badge—the men on their breasts, the women on their foreheads. The wearing of the badge was not so prevalent in Italy, but the municipalities almost all required them. The badge was known as the "o" from its shape, resembling probably the ring in France. English Jews should feel the distinction of having had a peculiar sort of badge forced upon their ancestors. It was first in the form of a band—first white and then yellow; and later Jews were required to wear a badge with the shape of the Tables of the Law. In Germany yellow badges were worn, but here the hat was the chief means of identification. In Austria and in Poland there are few traces of the badge, but in Hungary Jews wore a badge on their left breast. It is interesting to know that in Crete at the present day some of the houses of Jews are marked with the "o."

SOUTH AMERICA.

Friendly Corrections and Criticism From a Firm of Steamship Agents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Our attention is again called to the polite editorial in to-day's SUN referring to our letter sent you on December 13. The fact again becomes prominent that our duties lie somewhat in an educational line. We take due respect of your kindly reference under the head of "owned and chartered tramps." We do not quite know in the mind of the layman where the difference between "regular lines" and "tramps" comes in, but in the shipping fraternity a boat that is employed exclusively in a regular trade is known as a "line steamer," however humble her individuality, and a "tramp" is a boat that has no fixed trade, but travels as inducement offers; the vessel herself may be of the highest type of modern steamers.

We have pleasure in enclosing a list of the passenger accommodations on the Verdi, showing accommodations for about 150 cabin passengers, 50 to 60 second class passengers and 200 to 300 steerage passengers, all up to date and meeting, we trust, with the approval of our travelling public.

Regarding the mails, we think that your statement is partly in error that these go via Europe; and the Post Office will be able to give you the figures, showing that the bulk goes by our steamers.

Regarding the figures that you give covering the exports and imports, the bulk of the trade between the countries is export, the imports being of higher value in proportion to their bulk; in other words, there is one inward cargo of coffee worth three cargoes of lumber, kerosene and other rough goods which constitute the principal exports from the States. BUSK & JEVONS.

NEW YORK, December 17.

Canada's Oldest Physician Dead.

From the Daily Sun of St. John, N. B.

Dr. William Bayard, the oldest physician in Canada, if not in America, died last evening. The common ancestor of Dr. Bayard of St. John and the late Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, for many years United States Senator from Delaware, four years Secretary of State and afterward first Ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James's, was Samuel Bayard, a wealthy merchant of Amsterdam, Holland, who married Annie Stuyvesant, daughter of the Rev. Balthazar Stuyvesant and sister of Peter Stuyvesant, one of the early Governors of New Amsterdam.

Section 382 of the Charter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of yesterday was the declaration that it was not necessary or the law did not require that a person of the same political faith be elected to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Borough President Ahearn. Will you kindly state the law covering that point? GEORGE B. LOUD.

NEW YORK, December 20.

Perplexity.

From the Somerville Journal.

What shall I give her? Tell me, pray,
What shall I give her Christmas Day?
A set of furs,
Or just a muff?
A handkerchief?
That's not enough.
A photograph—
New—of myself?
She'd surely put
It on the shelf.
A set of books—
What does she read?
A silk umbrella?
No, indeed!
A brooch or locket,
Solid gold?
A jewelled purse,
Her change to hold?
A box of gloves—
What is her size?
A comb of jet
To match her eyes?
Some silken hose?
I wouldn't dare!
My heart of hearts—
But would she care?
What shall I give her? Tell me, dear,
For Christmas Day is almost here!

THE PILOT OF THE FLEET.

Thoughts That Come to Deep Sea Sailormen on the Army's Guiding Hand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The statement in to-day's New York *Herald* that a pilot will take the Atlantic fleet through the Straits of Magellan has caused great consternation on the part of naval officers as indicating an unpardonable lack of nerve. "It's a damned outrage!" said one of them. They who have made that passage assert that there is no more need of a pilot there than between Sandy Hook and Land's End. "If this is true in time of peace," they say, "what may we expect in time of war?"

To add to the humiliating confession of incompetency, it is the despised army transport service which supplies the talent the fleet appears to lack.

Hurrah for the army! PHANTY.

NEW YORK, December 21.

A PAINFUL CONTRAST.

As the Fleet Sailed Congress Was Petitioned to Raise the Maine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A more striking contrast in the circumstances of a great national event has seldom happened than that which occurred while the great fleet of battleships ordered to the Pacific was the conspicuous object of praise and admiration both ashore and afloat, than the fact that a concurrent appeal was prepared and forwarded to Congress by survivors of the Union armies and soldiers of the Spanish war for the raising of a famous wreck and for the proper sepulture of its dead.

The petition calls attention to the fact that on February 15 next ten years will have passed since the destruction of the United States battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana, together with 266 of her officers and men, and declares that scores of her dead have never been recovered and now lie entombed with the hulk in the ooze and increasing pollution of a tropical harbor, the objects of national neglect and heartless indifference unparalleled in the annals of our army and navy.

NEW YORK, December 21. GUIDON.

CHRISTMAS TREE SPOLIATION.

A Lumberman Takes Issue With Forester Pinchot About Its Being a Small Matter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In a recent issue of THE SUN Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the United States Forester, is quoted as saying that "it is estimated that 4,000,000 Christmas trees are used in this country each year, and that there is no more reason for an outcry against using land to grow Christmas trees, than to grow flowers."

No one can possibly object to the use of land for the production of Christmas trees and I do not understand that any one ever has objected to it. It seems to me that the business, under favorable conditions, would prove both pleasant and profitable. But Mr. Pinchot has overlooked the fact that the use of trees for this purpose has almost annihilated the supply of spruce for pulpwood, particularly in the West, where the manufacturers of print paper are now compelled to buy their raw material in the Canadian provinces by the cord and haul it by rail to their mills.

If it had been the custom during the last ten years to set aside each year the "400 acres of land" suggested by Mr. Pinchot and to plant thereon the 4,000,000 young trees required for each year's Christmas supply present conditions would not exist; but that has not been done, and practically all of the trees used for the purpose have been taken surreptitiously from widely scattered growths by people who have no interest whatever in preserving or perpetuating them, and in consequence the supply of spruce for pulpwood and lumber is exhausted in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan.

Mr. Pinchot also says that "the use of 4,000,000 trees for Christmas each year is utterly insignificant when compared to the other great drains on the forest." There are but four "great drains" on the spruce growth that I know anything about, namely: fire, wind, lumber or pulpwood and Christmas trees. Nearly all of the spruce is a swamp growth, where the ground is wet the year round, and since the pine which once surrounded these swamps has been cut there is little or no loss from fire. The loss by wind is unimportant, for the cedar, tamarack and balsam which grow with the spruce serve as a very efficient windbreak. There can be no "great drain" by the lumber or pulp mill people because the remaining spruce is altogether too small for their purposes. The only real "great drain" is the Christmas tree thief, who enters the swamps in the fall of the year and cuts and slashes right and left and destroys not only the small trees but the larger ones as well, and of the larger ones he takes only the tops and throws the rest away to rot.

If Mr. Pinchot is correct in saying that there are 4,000,000 Christmas trees required each year to meet the present demand and that "only 1,400 acres of land are sufficient to supply that number" it would be necessary, of course, to provide a plantation for each year's requirements, and as it needs about five years of favorable soil and climate to produce a tree of the character demanded, it can readily be seen that considerable land and considerable intelligence and capital will be needed in the business.

Thus far there is no indication that any one, not even Mr. Pinchot himself, has given this matter much thought, for surely the preservation of the raw material upon which the newspapers depend for their supplies of print paper is of vastly more importance to the general public than the two or three days use for the pleasure of the children of a very scarce and valuable forest product, and especially when it is so easy to produce a satisfactory substitute out of non-inflammable materials. In the face of an advance in cost during the last three years from $3.50 a cord to $14 a cord for spruce for pulpwood, not because of any "corner" in spruce but because of actual scarcity, it seems to me not unreasonable to expect from the forestry bureau at Washington (which is supposed to be above political considerations) a suggestion that the Christmas tree industry if continued along present lines is apt to still further increase the cost of our morning and evening newspapers.

ST. CROIX.

ST. PAUL, Minn., December 19.

Four Hundred Millions a Year Well Spent.

According to Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, very nearly $400,000,000 was spent on American education in 1906, and more than three-fourths of that vast amount was spent on the common schools. This is the account:

Common schools	$307,765,650
Private elementary and secondary schools	21,370,309
Universities, colleges and technological schools	44,783,326
Normal schools	6,748,924
Professional schools	3,000,000
Schools for the defective classes	7,639,303
Reform schools	5,381,189
Commercial schools	3,000,000
Total	$399,688,910

If the cost of all the other many forms of private and public education could be ascertained and added the total would doubtless reach $500,000,000—a sum very far greater than the outlay for education by any other country (or several countries combined) in the world, benefiting 19,193,513 pupils directly and 85,000,000 people directly and indirectly.

The 1905-6 school year enrolment was:

Public schools and colleges	16,783,564
Private schools and colleges	1,651,283
Public special schools	456,271
Private special schools	302,395
Total enrolment	19,193,513

This is practically one-fourth our entire population of that year. It is a record of which the American nation may well be proud.

Chance for George Eliot.

From the London Evening Standard.

Mr. Fisher Unwin published recently a finely illustrated edition of "Romola." He has since received a letter addressed:

"George Eliot, Esq., care of Messrs. Fisher Unwin, 1 Adelphi Terrace, W. C."

On opening the envelope it was found to contain a circular from a London press cutting agency inviting George Eliot to become a subscriber.

Good Bread Maker's Reward.

—Clay City correspondence Indianapolis News.

Mrs. J. West of Cory, who won first prize for best bread in the contest under the auspices of the Clay County Farmers' Institute in the spring of 1906, invested the $5 which she received in a pig, from which she has realized up to the present time $60.

Speeding the Departing.

From the Big Horn County News.

A man was given hours to leave town by the police Judge at Meeteetse the other day. His many friends were highly gratified to see him depart on Thursday morning's stage. They wish him much joy and a long absence.

An Unanswerable Question.

The Sphinx propounded a riddle.

"How can you tell the price of a present by the price tag?"

Unanimously they gave it up.