The Sun.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1908.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70

Postage to foreign countries added.

Published by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer of the Association, William M. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Secretary of the Association, Franklin Bartlett, 5 Nassau street.

The daily and Sunday SUN is on sale in London at Murray's Exchange, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland avenue; Pall Mall American and Colonial Exchange, Carlton street, Regent street, and Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green street, Leicester Square.

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Kiosque 12, near the Grand Hotel; Kiosque 77, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opéra, and Kiosque 19, Boulevard des Italiens, corner Rue Louis le Grand.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Diplomatic and Other Amenities.

In the conditions in which we find ourselves just now it is becoming that our *suaviter in modo* supersede our more familiar *fortiter in re*. The well regulated fortuity of a Presidential year may have many surprises yet in store for the country, but it is safe to assume that none of them includes a serious disagreement with our European brethren. The absence of our navy and the somewhat vague prospect of its return have already engendered a certain nervous sensibility up and down this coast which will in time have its due effect upon the public at large.

It should result in convincing a large part of the people that we need to double our naval strength as soon as it may be possible to do so, and perhaps a correspondingly large part of the people that we need no navy at all. That very definite and momentous consequences will ensue from our capricious and arbitrary disposition of our fleet is, we think, beyond dispute.

The Hill-Tower episode is closed and never could have reached proportions of international consequence. It is chiefly interesting in that it serves to fix needed attention upon our diplomatic service and its political vicissitudes. For some years it has distinctly retrograded from the high standard which had previously been unconsciously established. Preferments have been distributed with little or no regard to character or personal distinction, but with a very keen reference to and appreciation of political barter and advantage. It would be superfluous to adduce instance or specification, because the fact is patent and no one disputes it.

The Emperor WILLIAM, whose indiscretions are often admirable, has turned a wonderful light upon the curious regard in which an American representative is held. No one can impugn his sentiments of amity toward us; they are absolutely genuine; and when he deplores the departure of his "dear TOWER" and deprecates the advent of that gentleman's ascetic successor it must not for a moment be understood to imply that the one is too congenial an Ambassador to be really useful to his own country or that the other is inherently and specifically *persona ingrata*. Nothing of the kind. The true inference is that the one realizes the ideal which has lately been formed of a satisfactory American representative and the other does not.

Mr. TOWER, whom we hold in profound esteem, has a large house in an appropriate neighborhood; he has an admirable cappelmeister in his propitious kitchen, a properly caparisoned retinue, and a fine proficiency in the art of making *savoir vivre* go hand in hand with *savoir faire*. His roof covers neither a dwelling nor a palace. It is an establishment; at once grateful and safe. The man who administers it knows his *métier;* it is to be agreeable; to reflect lustre and ease of mind upon the monarch to whom he is accredited, and never to intrude upon him an intellectual proposition or a problem in ethics which is any less candid than a pane of glass. Mr. TOWER has plenty of money and he spends it without offence or effrontery and with the same shrewd and commendable judgment that he showed before he was chosen to his place.

If the Emperor WILLIAM preferred that TOWER should remain rather than that HILL should come, who can blame him? The transition from the man of agreeable and tasteful prodigalities to the scholar and recluse was markedly abrupt, and if we may credit one-half of the spiritual and intellectual endowment now ascribed to Mr. HILL by a sympathetic press, his virtues attain dimensions that are almost repugnant. We can understand perfectly, but we refuse firmly to partake of, the Emperor's mood. His indiscretion, which we trust he will never recall, was in giving open utterance to his natural sentiments and in having them conveyed to his distinguished but uncertain Contemporary in Washington. Speech is the frailty of kings. Should we be misunderstood, and even held to be of defective breeding, if we presumed to intimate that it were better that the frank ruler of Germany took a leaf out of the book of his illustrious Uncle? There are things innumerable which we know EDWARD VII. would like to say about Ambassadors and things of lesser degree, but which his royal obligation of reticence will never permit him to divulge. Much rather would he perish outside a window at Whitehall.

The Proposed Italian Railway in the Balkans.

Austria's determination to connect her Bosnian line with the Turkish railways by means of a link traversing the district of Novi Bazar and the almost simultaneous arrangements effected by Servia, backed by Russia, for a railway between the Danube and the Adriatic have been followed by the projecting of a third line, a concession for which we learn will shortly be the subject of an official application to the Porte on the part of the Italian Government. This third line, much shorter than the others, will open a hitherto benighted and seldom visited section of southeastern Europe.

The proposed railway will run from Avlona on the Albanian coast just opposite Brindisi to Salonica. It will follow the valley of the Voyutsa to the source of that river, cross the Pindus range by a tunnel and then take the course of the Vistritza to the Ægean Sea. The distance is but 250 miles, and but little time will be occupied in crossing the Adriatic from Brindisi to Avlona. By this route the journey from Paris to Constantinople would be materially shortened, while by the construction of a branch connecting the line with the present northern terminus of the Greek railways at Larissa, Athens would be brought into direct communication with Italy and western Europe and be placed on a possible shortest route to Alexandria for Indian mails and passengers. It is believed that this line would prove remunerative from the start, whereas the projected railway from the Danube to the Adriatic is avowedly designed for political rather than for commercial purposes.

The Sultan ABDUL HAMID may be expected to welcome this scheme, because if carried out it will greatly facilitate his power of controlling his Albanian subjects, who have always given him a good deal of trouble. Neither is it easy to see how any European Power can oppose the project in view of the declarations recently made with respect to the Austrian and Servian lines. It is calculated that an iron road between Avlona and Salonica will cost comparatively little, and the capital needed for construction will be found in Italy.

Less than half a century ago people used to talk about "exploring" the Balkan peninsula, but with three new railways added to the existing Turkish lines the day is not distant when every part of that interesting region will have become accessible.

The End of the Fifth Avenue.

Fine and impressive are the lists of the great and famous men who have put their names on the register of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Half a century of history is written in those battered books. Two wars, a great one and a little one, might be reconstructed from their pages. Every political campaign from the first Lincoln canvass to the deadlock between Odellites and Parsonites last week left its impress on this "old" inn. This is an awesome thought.

Moreover, there was never a cash register behind the bar of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When it opened such engines for the promotion of honesty were not known. When the last drink was paid for they had never been introduced. Their virtues, the necessity of using them, the gain through the adoption of "modern business methods" were explained at length to the proprietors of the establishment, but to the end the Fifth Avenue bar was one to which a man could go, order his drink, pay PAT, or JIM, or JOHNNIE for it, and get his change without hearing a bell ring or walking over to a cashier's desk. And the change was not put down in the wet spot on the bar either.

In the main corridor was the Amen Corner. It was interesting to know that many important persons had sat in it. More to the point was the fact that interesting men continued to si in it. BARNEY BIGLIN told there of the rebuke CHESTER A. ARTHUR administered to him. They went together from a meeting of the county committee to the Gilsey House. Mr. ARTHUR asked what Mr. BIGLIN would drink. Mr. BIGLIN gave his order. They drank. "Will you have another drink?" said Mr. BIGLIN to Mr. ARTHUR. "BARNEY," said Mr. ARTHUR, "never ask a gentleman if he will have 'another' drink. Ask him only if he will have a drink." Old? Perhaps Mr. ARTHUR started the story on its travels.

What was the atmospheric peculiarity of the long corridor that drove the uninitiated out of the Amen Corner? Many of them invaded it; to none of them was impoliteness shown; yet soon the stranger found himself in another seat and the Ameners were by themselves. A curious assortment; the needy and the well to do, the generous and the miserly, the stupid and the witty, the important and the completely inconsequential.

Once the hotel proprietors put in their restaurant besides the portions of bread —where will such pulled bread be got now?—crullers of the kind and texture every country bred man believes he ate in his boyhood. Delicious they were, and they were furnished for a time without cost. Then the supply ceased. No regular needed to ask why. There was one who regularly ordered only a cup of coffee and ate with it crullers in such quantities as to threaten the house with bankruptcy. This was a subject of conversation, surmise and bitter regret in the corridors for months.

It is said—the report is hard to believe —that a barber in the hotel shop, the shop that was mostly art gallery and picture salesroom, once addressed to a customer an unsolicited and unnecessary remark. The customer never returned. The report spread and caused great scandal. Such a thing had never been heard of before. Many substantial citizens denounced it as baseless, and asserted that JIM GRAY could have explained the causes that led up to its circulation if that most discreet of men could be got to talk. Of course JIM had nothing to say. TOM GAY, who went to Colorado to avoid seeing the house close, always held that the story was baseless. It may have been true. The man who told it is a respectable person, and soon after the date of the alleged incident a number of manicure girls were hired by Mr. SCHREIBER. Soon afterward the Republican State committee moved away.

Mr. VILAS apologized personally to most of the guests of the hotel when the increased cost of meats made it necessary to raise the prices on the bill of fare. That was soon after two guests had bought new hats, worn them from the shop with the white price tags still in sight, and fined every man who called attention to this apparent oversight a drink. Mr. VILAS was caught and paid his own money over the hotel bar to settle the account.

The hotel desk had always a generous supply of matches for whomsoever cared to fill his pockets. They were parlor matches, of the kind that explodes with striking. Mr. DARLING was told that money could be saved by substituting for them matches that struck only on the box. Mr. DARLING refused to make the change, but he did give prompt attention to the complaint of a casual visitor who said the matches were of unsatisfactory quality.

The so-called American dining room of the hotel was one of the handsomest apartments not only in the city but in the country. Its graceful lines and appropriate decorations were a welcome relief from the too bright and too painstakingly "artistic" rooms that the newer hotels boast. Especially when it was cleared of tables were its noble proportions impressive. Standing in one spot, the visitor could see his own reflection in every one of the dozens of great mirrors that covered its wall spaces. The only trouble was that every one had forgotten which was the spot on which the visitor must stand.

This fine room will be destroyed now in the tearing down of as excellent an example of fire resisting construction as the town has, for the hotel was as near fireproof as any of the later buildings in the city. Other things besides the building are doomed to go with it, and no place in town is likely ever to fill exactly the place held by the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was, in fact, a relic of an older New York, which in passing has taken with it many good and desirable things.

Mr. Bonaparte No Lawyer?

What does this young Mr. CLARK mean by saying that the Hon. CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE, at present Attorney-General of the United States, knows nothing about law, is in fact no lawyer and has not appeared in the courts of Maryland except upon rare occasions, and even then in very insignificant cases? We refer of course to the Hon. FRANK CLARK, representing the Second Congress district of Florida and still well on the sunny side of fifty.

Mr. CLARK attacked the Attorney-General in connection with the peonage prosecution. He showed, or perhaps we had better say he alleged, that Mr. BONAPARTE during the last five years has not appeared as counsel for anybody before the Supreme Court of the United States. This proves nothing, because for the most of that time he has been one of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S Cabinet officers. But Mr. CLARK goes further and declares that during the last ten years Mr. BONAPARTE has appeared only thirteen times in the Maryland Court of Appeals, on three of which occasions he was party to the suit and on another of which the issue was "repairs of seventy-five cents to a spigot in a house he had rented to a poor woman."

Mr. CLARK'S resolution was tabled, as it should have been, and the House of Representatives went upon its large, important way.

This comparatively young man from Florida seems to know mighty little about the Hon. CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE of Maryland. It is quite true that the latter does not appear very often in the courts, either of Maryland or the District of Columbia. But what of that? The man who figures at the bar, with his orations and gesticulations, is not always the one who really manipulates the stage effects. Some years ago Mr. BONAPARTE was chosen by President ROOSEVELT to prosecute the robbers in the Post Office Department. It is true that his coadjutor, the Hon. HOLMES CONRAD of Virginia, was most in evidence and seemed to do the work, but how about the touch of genius behind it all—the thing that sent the delinquents to the penitentiary, or all of them excepting one CRAWFORD, convicted but still at large—how about that? Moreover, has Mr. CLARK ever heard of the great Waggaman case in Washington? Mr. BONAPARTE does not actually appear in that litigation either.

It will not do to appraise men by the standard of their proclaimed performances. For all Mr. CLARK can say, the present Attorney-General of the United States may know everything about law. He may be fairly saturated with legal knowledge and wisdom. He has been engaged, invisibly to be sure, in one or more Government cases recently. There is reason to believe also that he manipulated WAGGAMAN for at least two years. And yet here we have the Hon. FRANK CLARK of Florida ramping around and saying that the Attorney-General of the United States is no lawyer.

This year the Cambridge crew made oranges a prominent article of diet. The Oxford crew seems to have trained on lemons.

From the hot springs at Paso Robles comes an outburst of gratitude for the popular interest which the Pacific Coast has manifested in the fleet and its Admiral:

> If this is the way the American people feel toward me and toward my men, that bunch of politicians in Congress who are opposing the proposition to grant me a commission of Vice-admiral can take their old commission and bury it in the stokehole of hades.

Hades! Hades! Who ever heard a naval officer use such an expression?

Hurrah for the cruiser Albany, which wins the trophy for the highest score in target practice at Magdalena Bay! But isn't sixty-five hits out of sixty-six shots at a distance of 1,600 yards while the cruiser was steaming ten knots rather a strain upon credulity?

> He (the President) said that he regarded General FUNSTON highly, but he believes that he should wait a while longer before being appointed to the Major-General's grade.—*From a Washington despatch.*

General FUNSTON has been a brigadier more than seven years. The President is right in regarding the General highly, for he has learned his duties thoroughly and always acquits himself like a regular. The stars in their courses are not fighting for him, however. Perhaps it is because he was made a Brigadier on the first of April.

The Ends.

KNICKER—The railroads have spent a lot of money on terminals.

BOCKER—And now they are trying to make them meet.

GOYA.

I.

Goya was a Titan among painters. He once boasted that "Nature, Velasquez and Rembrandt are my masters." It was a perfect self-criticism. He not only played the Velasquez gambit in his portraits, the gambit of Rembrandt in his sombre imaginative pieces, but he boldly annexed all Spain for his magnificent, sinister, turbulent art. He was more truly Spanish in the range and variety of his performances than any Spanish born painter since Velasquez. Without the sanity, solidity, nobility of Velasquez, whose vision or voice he never possessed; without the luscious sweetness of Murillo, whose naiveté and faith he lacked, he had something of El Greco's fierceness, and much of the dash, breadth and vigor of Ribera. He added to these influences a temperament that was exuberant, fantastic, morose, and pessimistic yet humorous, sarcastic, sometimes melting and ever masterful. He reminds one of a natural overwhelming force. The man dominates the painter. A dozen comparisons force themselves upon you when the name of Goya is pronounced: comets, cataracts, whirlwinds and wild animals. Anarch and courtier, atheist and decorator of churches, his "whole art seems like a bullfight," says Richard Muther. One might improve on this by calling him a subtle bull, a Hercules who had read Byron. "Nature, Velasquez and Rembrandt!" cries MacColl in a too brief summary. "How inadequate the list! Lucifer, Beelzebub and Legion had a hand in the teaching."

Goya incarnated the renaissance of old Spain and its art. Spanish art has always come from without, for its foundations were northern and Flemish. Van Eyck and Van der Weyden were studied closely; Van Eyck visited Madrid. The Venetian influence was strong, and El Greco his life long, and a pupil of Titian as he was—though not born in Spain—this gloomy painter with the awkward name of Theotocopulo endeavored to forget his master and became more Spanish than the Spanish. How Spanish, for example, is his use of green. How rugged and bizarre he is in conception. Ribera, emotional, dramatic, realistic, yet religious, could sound the chords of tenderness without the sentimentalism of Murillo. A follower of Ribera, Murillo is, like Mendelssohn, underrated to-day. The rediscovery of Velasquez caused a perceptible dimunition in the old worship of Murillo. He is not far removed in the artistic balance from Zurburan, who, realist as are all the Spanish painters, is essentially religious. Goya stems more from Caravaggio and Salvator Rosa than from any of his predecessors, except Velasquez. The presence of Tiepolo, the last of the Venetians, in Spain may have influenced him. Certainly Raphael Mengs, the "Saxon pedant," did not—Mengs was associated with Tiepolo at Madrid. It is in company with the bravos of the brush, Caravaggio and Rosa, that Goya is closely affiliated. We must go to Gustave Courbet for a like violence of temperament; both men painted *con furia;* both were capable of debauches in work; Goya could have covered the walls of hell with diabolic frescoes. In music three men are of a like ilk: Berlioz, Paganini, Liszt. Demoniacal, charged with electric energy, was this trinity, and Goya could have made it a quartet.

But if Spain was not a country of original artists—as was Italy, for example—she developed powerful and astounding individualities. Character is her *leit motic* in the symphony of the nations. The rich virility and majestic seriousness of her men, their aptitudes for war, statesmanship and drama are borne out in her national history. Perhaps the climate plays its part. Havelock Ellis thinks so. "The hard and violent effects, the sharp contrasts, the strong colors, the stained and dusky clouds, looking as if soaked in pigment, may well have affected the imagination of the artist," he writes. Certainly the landscapes of Velasquez could not be more Spanish than they are; and, disagreeing with those who say that he had no feeling for nature, the bits of countryside and mountain Goya shows are truly peninsular in their sternness. It may be well to remark here that the softness of Tuscany is not to be found in the lean and often arid aspects of Spain. Spain, too, is romantic—but after its own fashion. Goya revived the best traditions of his country's art; he was the last of the great masters and the first of the moderns. Something neurotic, modern, disquieting threads his work with devilish irregularity. He had not the massive temper of Velasquez, of those men who could paint day after day, year after year, until death knocked at their ateliers. As vigorous as Rubens in his sketches, Goya had not the steady, slow nerves of that master. He was very unequal. His life was as disorderly as Hals's or Steen's, but theif saving phlegm was missing. In an eloquent passage—somewhere in his English literature—Taine speaks of the sanity of genius as instanced by Shakespeare. Genius narrowly escapes nowadays being a cerebral disorder, though there was Marlowe to set off Shakespeare's serene spirit, and even of Michael Angelo's mental health his biographer, Parlagreco, does not speak in reassuring terms.

Goya was badly balanced, impulsive, easily angered and not slow to obey the pull of his irritable motor centres when aroused. A knife was always within reach. He drove the Duke of Wellington from his presence because the inquisitive soldier asked too many questions while his portrait was being blocked out. A sword or a dagger did the business, and Wellington never returned to the studio of the dangerous artist. His exploits in Rome may have been exaggerated, though he was quite capable of eloping with a nun from a convent, as is related, or going around the top of the Cecilia Metella tomb supported only by his thumbs. The agility and strength of Goya were notorious, though in a land where physical prowess is not the exception. He was picador, matador, banderillero by turns in the bullring. After a stabbing affray he escaped in the disguise of a bullfighter.

If he was a *dompteur* of dames and cattle he was the same before his canvas. Anything that came to hand served him as a brush, an old brown stick wrapped up in cloth, a spoon—with the latter he executed that thrilling "Massacre, July 2, 1808," in the Prado. He could have painted with a sabre or on all fours. Reckless to the degree of insanity, he never feared king or devil, man or the Inquisition. The latter reached out for him, but he had disappeared after suffering a dagger thrust in the back. When on the very roof of his prosperity he often slipped downstairs to the company of varlets and wenches; this lover of the Duchess of Alba seemed happier dicing, drinking, dancing in the suburbs with base born people and gypsies. An unrivalled *genre* painter, Goya delighted in depicting the volatile, joyous life of a now vanished epoch. He was a historian of manner as well as of disordered souls and an avowed foe of hypocrisy.

Not "poignantly genteel," to use a Borrovian phrase, was he. Yet he could play the silken courtier with success. The Arabs say that "one who has been stung by a snake shivers at a string," and perhaps the violence with which the painter attacked the religious may be set down to the scene of his youthful fears and flights when the Inquisition was after him. He is a sort of Voltaire in black and white. The corruption of churchmen and court at this epoch seems almost incredible. Goya noted it with a boldness that meant but one thing—friends high in power. This was the case. He was admired by the King, Charles IV., and admired—who knows how much!—by his Queen, Marie Louise of Parma, the royal drab of Europe. Goya painted their portraits; also painted the portraits of the royal favorite and prime Minister and Prince de la Paz, the detestable Manuel Godoy—favorite of both King and Queen. Him, Goya left in effigy for the scorn of generations to come. "A grocer's family who have won the big lottery prize," was the witty description of Théophile Gautier when he saw the picture of the royal family.

Curiously enough this Goya, who from the first plucked success from its thorny setting, was soon forgotten, and until Gautier in 1840 recorded his impressions in his brilliant "Voyage en Espagne" critical literature did not much concern itself with the versatile Spaniard. And Gautier's sketch of a few pages still remains the most comprehensive estimate. From it all have been forced to borrow; Richard Muther in his briskly enthusiastic monograph and the section in his valuable "History of Modern Painting"; Charles Yriarte, Will Rothenstein, Lafond, Lefort, Conde de la Vinasa, and Goya's latest eulogist, Albert F. Calvert—all have read Gautier to advantage. Valerian von Loga has devoted a study to the etchings, and Don Juan de la Rada has made one of the frescoes in the church of San Antonio de la Florida; Carl Justi, Sterling Maxwell, C. G. Hartley should also be consulted. Yriarte is interesting, inasmuch as he deals with the apparition of Goya in Rome, an outlaw, but a blithe one, who, notebook in hand, went through the Trastevere district sketching with ferocious rapidity the attitudes and gestures of the vivacious population. A man after Stendhal's heart, this Spaniard. And in view of his private life one is tempted to add—and after the heart, too, of Casanova. Notwithstanding, he was an unrivalled interpreter of child life. Some of his painted children are of a dazzling sweetness.

II.

Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes was born March 30 (or 31), 1746, at Fuentetodos, near Saragossa, Aragon. He died at Bordeaux, France, where he had gone for his health, April 16, 1828—Calvert, possibly by a pen slip, makes him expire a month earlier. He saw the beginnings of French romanticism, as he was himself a witness of the decadence of Spanish art. But his spirit has lived on in Manet and Zuloaga. Decadent he was; a Romantic before French romanticism, he yet had borrowed from an earlier France. Some of his gay Fêtes Champêtres recall the influence of Watteau—a Watteau without the sweet elegiac strain. He has been called a Spanish Hogarth—not a happy simile. Hogarth preaches; Goya never; satirists both, Goya never deepened by a pen stroke the didactic side. His youth was not extraordinary in promise; his father and mother were poor peasants. The story of his discovery by a monk of Saragosela—Father Felix Salvador of the Carthusian convent of Aula Dei—is not missing. He studied with José Martinez. He ran away in 1766. He remained, say some, in Italy from 1769 to 1774; but in 1771 he appeared in Saragossa again, and the year 1772 saw him competing for the painting about to be undertaken in the Cathedral. He married Josefa Bayeu, the sister of the court painter. He has told us what he thought of his jealous intriguing brother-in-law in a portrait. In 1775 he was at Madrid. From 1776 he executed forty-six tapestry cartoons. In 1779 he presented to the King his etchings after Velasquez. His rise was rapid. He painted the courtesan queen, with her false teeth, false hair and her infernal simper, and this portrait was acclaimed a masterpiece. It is, for the psychology is as true as it is vile.

His religious frescoes, supposed to be *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, were really for the greater glory of Goya. They are something more than secular, often short of blasphemous. That they were tolerated proves the cynical temper of his times. When the fat old scoundrel of a Bourbon King ran away with all his court and the pusillanimous Joseph Bonaparte came upon the scene Goya swerved and went through the motions of loyalty, a thing that rather disturbs the admirers of the supposedly sturdy republican. But he was only marking time. He left a terrific arraignment of war and its horrors. Nor did he spare the French. Callot, Hell-Breughel, are outdone in these swift, ghastly memoranda of misery, barbarity, rapine and ruin. The hypocrite Ferdinand VII. was no sooner on the throne of his father than Goya, hat in hand but sneer on his lip and twinkle in eye, approached him, and after some parleying was restored to royal favor. Goya declared that as an artist he was not personally concerned in the pranks of the whirligig politic. Nevertheless he was bitterly chagrined at the twist of events, and, an old man, he retired to his country house, where he etched and designed upon its walls startling fancies. He died, disillusioned, and though tenderly nursed by some noble countrymen his career seemed to illustrate that terrifying picture of his invention—a skeleton lifts its gravestone and grinningly traces with bony finger in the dust the word *Nada*—Nothing! Overtaxed by the violence of his life and labors—he left a prodigious amount of work behind him—soured by satiety, all spleen and rage, he was a brokendown Lucifer, who had trailed his wings in the mud. [One recalls here the virulent taunt of José de Espronceda (1810-1842)—a poet of Goya's temperament, whose genius slew him by its intensity—that invective bestowed upon Conde de Toreno, "insolent fool with a heart of slime."] But who shall pass judgment upon this unhappy man? Perhaps as he saw the "glimmering square" grow less, the lament of Cardinal Wolsey may have come to a brain teeming with memories. Goya had always put his King before his God. But in his heart he loved the old romantic faith—the faith that hovered in the background of his art, his actions. Goya is not the first son of his mother church who denied her from sheer perversity. What a nation! Cervantes and Lope da Vega, Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada—most glorious of her sex, saint and genius—and Goya! Spain is the land of great personalities. But with Calderon we must now say: "Let us to our ship, for here all is shadowy and unsettled."

Goya, as Baudelaire pointed out more than half a century ago, executed his etchings by combining aquatint and the use of the dry point. A few years before his death he took up lithography, then a novelty. His "Caprices," "Proverbs" and "Horrors of War," will outlive his paintings. His color scheme was not a wide one, blacks, reds, browns and yellows often playing solo; but all modern impressionism may be seen on his canvases—harsh dissonances, dots, dabs, spots, patches, heavy planes, strong rhythmic effects of lighting, heavy impasto, luminous atmosphere, air, sunshine and vibrating movement; also in the strangeness of his material. Manet went to him a beginner. After studying the "Maja desnuda" at the Prado Museum he returned to France and painted the "Olimpe," once of the Luxembourg, now in the Louvre. And the Prado still owns the greater picture. The balcony scenes of Goya, with their Manolas—old fashioned grisettes—must have stirred Manet; recall the Frenchman's "Balcony." And the bullfights? Oh! what an iron souled master was there—Goya when he slashed out a bull in the arena tormented by the human brutes! None of his successors matches him. The same is the case with that diverting, devilish, savory and obscene series he called "Caprices." It is worth remembering that Delacroix was one of the first artists in Paris who secured a set of these rare plates. The Witches' Sabbaths and the modern version of them, prostitution and its symbolism, filled the brain of Goya. He always shocks any but robust nerves, with his hybrid creatures red in claw and foaming at mouth as they fight in midair, hideous and unnamable phantoms of the dark. His owls are theologians. The females he often shows make us turn aside our head and shudder. With implacable fidelity he displayed the reverse of war's heroic shield. It is something more than hell.

Sattler, Charlet, Raffet, James Ensor, Rethel, De Groux, Rops, Edvard Munch (did you ever see the woman wooed by a skeleton?) and the rest of these delineators of the morbid and macabre acknowledge Goya as their progenitor. He must have been a devil worshipper. He pictures the goat devil, horns and hoofs. Gautier compares him to E. T. W. Hoffmann —Poe not being known in Paris at that time—but it is a rather labored comparison, for there was a profoundly human side to the Spaniard. His perception of reality was of the solidest. He had lived and loved and knew before Flaubert that if the god of the Romantics was an upholsterer the god of eighteenth century Spain was an executioner. The professed lover of the Duchess of Alba, he painted her nude, and then, hearing that the Duke might not like the theme so handled, he painted her again and clothed, but more insolently uncovered than before. At the Spanish museum in New York you may see another portrait of this bold beauty with the name of Goya scratched in the earth at her feet. Her attitude is characteristic of the intrigue, which all Madrid knew and approved. At home sat Mrs Goya with her twenty children.

Goya was a man of striking appearance. Slender in youth, a graceful dancer, in middle life, he had the wide shoulders and bull neck of an athlete. He was the terror of Madrilenian husbands. His voice had seductive charm. He could twang the guitar and fence like ten devils. A gamester, too. In a word, a figure out of the Renaissance, when the deed trod hard on the heels of the word. One of his self-portraits shows him in a Byronic collar, the brow finely proportioned, marked mobile features, sombre eyes—the ideal Don Juan Tenorio to win the foolish heart of an Emma Bovary or a bored noblewoman. Another, with its savage eye—it is a profile—and big beaver head covering, recalls Walt Whitman's "I wear my hat as I please, indoors or out." A giant egoist, and as human, all too human, a fellow as Spain ever begot, Goya is only hinted at in Baudelaire's searching quatrain beginning: "Goya, cauchemar plein de choses inconnues." *Fleurs du Mal* would be a happy title for the work of Francisco Goya, if to "The Flowers of Evil" were added "and Wisdom." Goya is often cruel and lascivious and vulgar, but he is as great a philosopher as painter. And to offset his passionate gloom there are his visions of a golden Spain no longer in existence; happy, gorgeous of costume, the Spain of sudden coquetries, of fans, masques, bull fights and fandangos, of a people dancing on the rim of a fire filled mountain, pious, capricious, childlike, romantic and patriotic—the Spain of the eighteenth century. Goya is its spokesman, as is Velasquez the mirror of Philip's more spacious times. Velasquez—Goya! poles asunder, yet both born to the artistic purple. And the stately aristocrat who signed himself Velasquez is less in tune with the twentieth century *Zeitgeist* than that coarse fibred democrat of genius, Francisco Goya.

A Suggestion for Lenten Reading.

A luncheon at the White House. "Il me fait remarquer la présence de deux évêques catholiques et de l'évêque protestant."—*Tardieu.*

Blame not before thou hast examined. Understand first and then rebuke.

Answer not before thou hast heard, and interrupt not in the midst of speech.

Strive not in a matter that concerneth thee not.

Also, Ecclesiastes xi., 7.

The Masterpiece of the Mad Hatter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am not by any means a misogynist, but I am a hater of these new hats. Allow me to relate an incident of which I was an eyewitness.

Two women who wore headgear that was as wide as it was high made a rush for a subway local train. There was no necessity for haste, but women are eternally in a hurry except when they are dressing. They met at the entrance to the car and tried to enter together. It was out of the question. Their hats were too wide. They got stuck. When they had disentangled themselves they both stepped back, but as the one and the other were determined to get in first they again met with the same result. Finally one gave way with very bad grace and they entered the car in single file.

The humor of the occurrence struck all the other passengers, but were those women abashed? Not a bit of it. With tiptilted noses and unruffled dignity they took their seats and stared around —presumably to study character.

This impudent fashion—one can call it nothing else—cannot appeal to any sensible woman; in fact it may be taken as a truism that any woman who deigns to disguise herself in one of these monstrosities is all hat and no brains. Crinolines—yes, I remember them—were bad enough; chignons were worse; pompadours are generally ridiculous, but these hats cannot but be the invention of some lunatic, who knew there was a method in his madness when he devised such abominations. I sign myself more in pity than in anger.

NEW YORK, April 4. A LATE MARCH HARE.

P. S.—I knew it! I open this letter to add that my cook has just gone out in a wonderful array of which a hat as broad as a reservoir and as high as the Singer Building forms no mean part.

To a Seashell.

You hold within your sounding depths
The music of the sea,
The note of happy little waves
That dance in laughing glee,
Or else you give the threnody
Of mighty billows' roar
When thundering they dash themselves
Against a rockbound shore.

Distracting little phonograph
Of Nature's cunning make,
Above contrivances of man
True precedence you take,
For any one who listens close
Sweet melodies you store,
But do not to a frenzy drive
The folks who live next door.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

Two Poems Attributed to the Emperor of Japan.

From the Pacific Era.

I.

Melting into dream mists—golden with the gold of the sun,
Speeds the path that the child may know by the name of the study-way,
And to the tender feet which wander down the path—
(Ah, let them learn, ere it be too late)
No greater foe is than the whisper tempting says:
"Ease, my child, loiter a while."

II.

Echoes, once silken as a velvet dream, are shrieking;
Silence thunders—
'Tis the voice of victory speaking.
Amid the tumult that lords o'er land and o'er the sea.
When victory speaks,
Let them take heed, my men of arms;
The time of watchfulness be with them
When victory speaks.

NAVAL BUREAU METHODS.

Grotesque Blunders in an Attempt to Distribute Service Medals.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We have heard so much lately of the doings of the Navy Department, and of all the investigations that have been going on in the department itself and out of it, that it might perhaps interest your readers to see some examples of departmental investigation which took place only recently. Last year a list was compiled by the Bureau of Navigation of all engagements which had taken place in the Spanish-American war and awarding medals to those who participated in them. Here are some of the examples:

> Battle medals for officers and men of the United States Navy. Officers and enlisted men of the United States Navy and Marine Corps who participated in any of the following engagements in the waters of the West Indies during the war with Spain are entitled to West Indian campaign medals, which Congress has authorized the Secretary of the Navy to have prepared in commemoration of those engagements. Any former officer or enlisted man of the Navy or Marine Corps who took part in any of the following engagements and who has not received or applied for a medal may obtain one.

Then follows a list of these engagements. Here are some:

Name of Vessel.	*Engagement (1898).*
Hamilton	off Mariel, Cuba, June 21
Hawk	off Mariel, Cuba, July 4
Manning	Naguerro, Cuba, July 18
Vesuvius	Santiago de Cuba, May 13

As a matter of fact, all these dates are wrong. If one takes the trouble to investigate the facts and to consult the log books of the vessels or the reports of their commanding officers with some degree of intelligence or care he will find that:

On June 21 the Hamilton was not engaged at Mariel, but the correct date is July 21.

The "engagement" for which the men on the Hawk received medals was "firing two shots at a four masted schooner."

On July 18 the Manning was not at Naguerro, but at Manzanillo, and therefore could not be in any action at the former place.

On May 13 the Vesuvius, which according to the statement published was in action at Santiago de Cuba, was as a matter of fact (according to her log book), cruising peaceably off Key West, Fla.

Here are some very striking examples of "thorough" departmental investigation. How any of the officials ever had the "nerve" to have this notice, so full of errors, displayed conspicuously in all post offices, I dare not try to explain. A LOVER OF THE SERVICE.

NEW YORK, April 4.

Erroneous Diagnosis as a Crime.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The case of the Jamaica physician mentioned in your editorial to-day does not seem to present any serious legal proposition. A crime, except in some exceptional cases, cannot be committed without a criminal intent on the part of the perpetrator of the alleged criminal act. A physician is only bound to have and exercise the knowledge and skill which a physician in ordinary practice in his locality should have. If he does not have that knowledge he is liable in a civil action to the party injured by his erroneous diagnosis and treatment. But if he by mistake or even ignorance erroneously calls a disease non-infectious or contagious it is merely an error of judgment, or want of knowledge, and lacks the important element of criminal intent.

Of course in case of a criminal charge against the physician the question of fact would be open as to whether the failure to report the case was through ignorance or purposely, and also the further question as to whether the disease was or was not a reportable disease. This does not, however, affect the main question as to the failure to report because of ignorance. S. F. RAWSON.

PORT RICHMOND, April 2.

Our learned correspondent, whose name we recognize as that of a former District Attorney of Richmond county, is aware that modern legislation has created a very large number of criminal offences which are made punishable irrespective of the intent of the offender. We are inclined to agree with him, however, that in a prosecution against a physician for a failure to report a case of infectious disease as required by the Sanitary Code intent would be held to be an essential element of the offence: and that the court would be bound to acquit if it appeared that the physician acted in good faith, believing the malady to be non-infectious in character.

Democracy and Common Sense.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* THE SUN appears to be opposed to the nomination of Bryan. This being so, is it not possible for THE SUN to impress upon the Democratic party that Mr. Bryan is the only probable candidate who would surely lose New York for the party that he monopolizes? With any conservative Democrat—preferably the sane and unassuming Johnson—the Democratic party would stand an excellent chance of carrying the State for its Presidential nominee, of electing a Democratic Governor and a Democratic Legislature to choose a United States Senator.

The dissensions in the Republican ranks are notorious. It is estimated that the votes of at least 50,000 farmers and others connected with those interests will be alienated if Governor Hughes and his allies in the Legislature are successful in their crusade against the race tracks and breeding industries. The bad times present and predicted are making Democratic votes every day.

Johnson can beat Taft in New York, but Bryan can't. This should be emphatically called to the notice of the Democratic party.

A WOULD-BE DEMOCRAT.

NEW YORK, April 4.

Old Painting Appears on Church Wall.

From the London Standard.

The Rev. T. D. Gray has communicated to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society particulars of a curious picture which has come into view on the interior wall of Babraham Church. The rural congregation assembled for worship on a Sunday morning were surprised to see a shadowy form figure facing them on the north wall, where no such object had been known to exist before. It would appear that the picture had been covered by a thin layer of plaster, and that the damp had caused it to show darkly through the coloring above. On attempting to peel off the plaster it was found that black, red and yellow coloring came off with it, being only mixed with water and size. The face of the figure is in three-quarters or profile, with a beard and curly hair. The head dress was apparently a crown. The left hand grasped a wand fifteen and a half inches long, surmounted with a fleur-de-lys. The clothing, in a long robe of ermine, over which was a cloak, was open in front. The wall is of the fifteenth century, and the figure is believed to represent either Edward the Confessor or Henry VI.

Where Minnesota Governors Come From.

From the Washington Post.

"If Governor Johnson should become President of the United States the town of St. Peter, Minn., where Johnson was born and raised, would of course become famous, but even now it has a State reputation for being the incubator of noted men," said John Yoerg, a real estate man of St. Paul. "No less than four of Minnesota's Governors were born there. They were Swift, Austin, McGill and Johnson. St. Peter is a town of probably 2,300 people, and its only claim to distinction, aside from its having been the birthplace of famous men, lies in the fact that one of the State insane asylums is located there."

Snakes Vermin Destroyers.

Carmi correspondence Indianapolis News.

Following an agreement made early last spring, melon growers in the southern Illinois watermelon belt stopped killing non-poisonous snakes, and this year the wisdom of the agreement is shown. Heretofore melon planters have had their fields devastated in a single night by mice, which burrowed into the hills, eating the planted seed. It was decided to keep the mice in check by not killing snakes. This year few mice are seen.

The Grip of Jack's Right Hand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Jack Abernethey, the Rough Rider, must be the divvle of a fellow, if all accounts are to be believed. I wonder whether he couldn't stop something else than a wolf by grabbing its jaw with his bare hand.

NEW YORK, April 4. TRAMPLED BYSTANDER.

Oklahoma Optimism.

From the Optima Optimist.

J. P. Durst lost a valuable colt by drowning last week. This at first glance might seem a misfortune, yet on reflection if one is an optimist he will realize that it's a fine thing to have enough water out on the "Staked Plains" to drown a horse.

Texan in Dead Earnest.

Advertisement in the San Antonio Express.

Reward—I will pay $100 to any one who will shoot both legs off of the hog thief who steals my paper from my front yard two or three times a week. W. Sern, 303 San Pedro avenue.

Slight Obstacle.

KNICKER—Did Jones wake up to find himself famous?

BOCKER—Yes, but he couldn't wake the neighbors.