The Sun.

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What Bryan Says to Anxious Workingmen.

What is the message of WILLIAM J. BRYAN to the hundreds of thousands of workmen who are now out of employment or who are apprehensive that they also may be laid off?

The United States possesses over 200,000 miles of railway and we ought to have 300,000 in order to move quickly our tremendous crops. The railroad companies, however, cannot put down a single additional mile of track or add a single locomotive or a single freight car to their rolling stock unless their earnings show a surplus over their fixed charges. With the present freight rates, for which we are indebted to the railway wrecking movement started by THEODORE ROOSEVELT, no such surplus can be hoped for. The facilities for transportation therefore must inevitably fall more and more short of the requirements, and those vast iron and timber industries which furnish railway supplies must unavoidably languish to a proportional extent. What is the result? Not only is the number of unemployed workmen grievously larger to-day than it was three years ago, but even those who still remain employed are hourly fearful of a curtailment of wages. Indeed wages must be cut down or freight rates must be increased; so that either workmen or shippers are doomed inevitably to suffer.

From this deplorable state of things what prospect of relief does BRYAN offer? He tells the railways and the industries dependent thereon that the Republicans under the Roosevelt régime have not gone far enough in the way of strangulation. He virtually says that he will undertake to make freight rates lower and wages higher, though how this amazing achievement can be wrought he has not yet explained. Instead of promising to pursue such a course as will quickly and greatly augment the power of railways and their allied industries to employ labor BRYAN defiantly announces that he will go further than ROOSEVELT in the way of depleting their financial resources. In a word, he virtually tells the multitude of anxious workingmen, already unemployed or dreading lest they may be unemployed to-morrow, that they will find his little finger thicker than ROOSEVELT's loins.

Well, this is not the first time that a similar attitude has been taken cynically by a would-be shepherd of the people. We read in an authoritative document that when SOLOMON slept with his fathers all the congregation of Israel came and spake unto his son REHOBOAM, saying: "Thy father made our yoke grievous; now, therefore, make thou the grievous service of thy father and his heavy yoke, which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee." And REHOBOAM answered: "My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke: my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." So when all Israel saw that the new king hearkened not unto them the people answered him, saying: "What portion have we in DAVID; and what inheritance in the son of JESSE? To your tents, O Israel!"

The Reason for Mr. Taft's Confidence.

Mr. TAFT, declaring his resolve to get the Oyster Bay imprimatur, said that he had the greatest confidence in Mr. ROOSEVELT's judgment.

Mr. TAFT is incapable, we believe, of adulation, and he has not been known to abound in irony. In the matter of a candidate for President, Mr. TAFT may well deem Mr. ROOSEVELT's judgment of the soundest. In this sense there is nothing bizarre or extravasated in the opinion quoted.

It will be noticed, moreover, that Mr. TAFT hopes and means that there shall be reason for confidence in Mr. ROOSEVELT's judgment, curious as such a feeling looks at first sight. "I would like to have Mr. ROOT present" at the literary exercises on Sagamore Hill, Mr. TAFT says. If Mr. ROOT is present and can be heard in the cyclone of pronouns of the first person singular that will roar about his devoted head and Mr. TAFT's, the danger will be less of covering with hot stuff the original Taft common sense of the document submitted.

Mr. ROOT will confer a very considerable obligation on Mr. TAFT, and perhaps on the country, by being at Sagamore Hill to-day.

Slow to Get Information.

As late as last Monday Mr. BRYAN had not heard of the Federal statute of 1907 prohibiting corporations from making campaign contributions. We quote from a Lincoln despatch in yesterday's SUN:

"Mr. BRYAN said to-day that he did not understand that Congress had passed a bill prohibiting corporations from contributing. His information was that this bill, which in his opinion was but a half way measure, was intentionally killed in the Senate by putting on a rider intended to reduce Southern representation in Congress."

Mr. BRYAN is away from home so much and so busy with his letters and his conversations and his articles that he cannot be blamed for not keeping thoroughly informed in regard to legislation. Besides, it must be admitted that ignorance, if not natural to him, is often convenient for his purpose. Much of his great ocean of words would never have surged if he had to depend upon facts. Now when he has just been doing a heroic act—with a "string" tied to it—by refusing to allow his managers to take the tainted money of corporations, notice that those corrupters of the suffrage are forbidden to "debauch our politics" is devilish inconvenient, to say the least. Besides, Mr. BRYAN has just been instructing the nation as to what the President's duties are. Surely to know what he is talking about should not be inconsistent with his dignity. Does Mr. BRYAN ever read anything but the *Commoner?* Sometimes there seems to be good reason for answering yes. And Mr. BRYAN is especially busy now and not apt to have much time for reading. Perhaps, however, some of his privy counsellors will be bold enough some time to mention to him the existence of this act of Congress, approved January 26, 1907, and published with some frequency recently in these parts:

"That it shall be unlawful for any national bank or any corporation organized by authority of any laws of Congress to make a money contribution in connection with any election to any political office. It shall also be unlawful for any corporation whatever to make a money contribution in connection with any election at which Presidential and Vice-Presidential electors or a representative in Congress is to be voted for or any election by any State Legislature of a United States Senator. Every corporation which shall make any contribution in violation of the foregoing provisions shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $5,000, and every officer or director of any corporation who shall consent to any contribution by the corporation in violation of the foregoing provisions shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not exceeding $1,000 and not less than $250, or by imprisonment for a term of not more than one year, or both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the Court."

To be sure, the Hon. GEORGE RUMSEY SHELDON did not know when he became treasurer of the Republican national committee that such a statute existed, but he has learned the fact since. Anyway, he is a banker and not, like Mr. BRYAN, an instructor in the science of government.

The Food Reformers.

Neither love of religion nor love of country can show fiercer partisanship than those reformers who would have the world follow their example and forswear the eating of meat, the use of alcoholic beverages, tobacco, and adopt a rational method of chewing and swallowing of food. We are reminded of this fact by a pamphlet forty pages long, published in the interests of the National Food Reform Association of London, England. This little book is entitled "Reasons for Food Reform" and is the account of a private meeting held at 54 Mount street, Grosvenor Square, London, February 26, 1908, "to hear proposals for a new departure in the movement toward a more rational and humane diet." The chairman of this meeting was Mr. EUSTACE MILES; the speakers, the Hon. NEVILLE S. LYTTON, the Hon. F. A. ROLLO RUSSELL, Mrs. BRAMWELL BOOTH, Mrs. HODGKINSON, AYLMER MAUDE, F. W. FORBES ROSS, M. D., the Hon. C. S. ROLLS, Mrs. C. W. EARLE, General Sir STANLEY EDWARDES, K. C. B., the Rev. REGINALD BULL, and the Rev. the Hon. E. LYTTELTON. In addition, there were many well known people among the auditory.

EUSTACE MILES, the chairman, an indefatigable propagandist, asked those present to "suppose within the next year the King, the Queen and the Prince and Princess of WALES were all to change their diet, to adopt this, which we may call—provisionally—a more refined diet. In a short time half the population would follow suit, not because the diet is any better for being thus adopted, * * * but because these people are well known and respected and can afford in all ways what they believe to be best." In a phrase, snobbery in Great Britain exists as it existed in the days of THACKERAY, and Mr. MILES recognizes its existence. Hence his delicately worded hint. But suppose EDWARD Rex and the royal family took this hint, what would become of that annual summer trip to delightful Marienbad with its inevitable *nach Kur?* What these food reformers are after is to stamp out the growing evils of flesh eating. Abhorrent meat! They scorn it, point out its dangers to ardent youth with the same vocal inflections as used by Mr. BUMBLE when he warned NOAH CLAYPOLE against the vice of osculation. The Hon. NEVILLE LYTTON told his audience that he resented the notion of "personal delicacy"—being a descendant from a race of generous eaters—for it was indulgence in the fleshpots that had caused his ill health. Among "strenuous food reformers" he cited the names of TOLSTOY, the greatest living novelist; BERNARD SHAW, the greatest living dramatist since the death of IBSEN" [What will SARCEY, HAUPTMANN, D'ANNUNZIO, SUDERMANN and PINERO say to this?]; GRANVILLE BARKER, our most courageous actor-manager; General BOOTH, &c. According to the published story of Frau ANNA SEURON, one time German governess in the home of TOLSTOY, the venerable vegetarian regaled himself late at nights with a surreptitious sandwich left in the pantry for him by the Countess, his spouse. This, however, proves nothing, for one of the speakers said that vegetarianism did not mean a diet of vegetables only; the word is derived from the Latin and may be defined as "life giving." Thus Mrs. BOOTH.

Not only a higher and purer life, but a people that shall become "twice as vigorous and fierce" on beans, rice, bran and nuts, cried the honorable speaker. Our good friend Mr. WU, who hopes to reach the age of 200, if he had been present would have applauded this sentiment. The Japanese, the East Indians, the Burmese, Chinese and Scotch Highlanders were mentioned as flesh abstainers. Their capacity for protracted hard labor was cited; in fact, all the old arguments were dragged from their cupboards and received with enthusiasm by the cultured ladies and gentlemen. Not a word about female suffrage, though Mrs. BRAMWELL BOOTH openly thanked the Lord that she was the mother of seven children and that not one of them knew the taste of hideous roast beef. So there must be some virtue in vegetarianism after all.

Under the rubric "Religion and Social Reform" Mrs. BOOTH declared that "the debasing habits of eating and drinking" lead to the sins of the flesh. Cooking in England is not one of the Fine Arts, and the bread of old England may be one of the causes of manslaughter. AYLMER MAUDE, himself, if we mistake not, a Tolstoy disciple, said some libellous things about alcohol and society. Every one shuddered. Certainly there is too much drunkenness among the lower classes—poor proletarians who always play the part of the sacrificial goat sent to Coventry! The aristocratic classes must begin to set a better example. High time—as SCHOPENHAUER remarked when the curtain fell rapidly at the end of the first act of "Die Walküre."

A mild bombshell was exploded at this meeting by Dr. FORBES ROSS, who after warning the reformers that they must "slide gently into a non-flesh diet," said that "food is a matter of temperament." And there is the whole food question in a single sentence. No wonder the pamphlet prints on a flyleaf: "The association does not hold itself responsible for every statement made in the following report." Dr. ROSS must be a Pragmatist. He is willing to be converted, but he first asks, "Show me!"

The usual statistics concerning physical fitness, endurance, diet and morals, were produced; some special examples never in the least applicable to the needs of common humanity. The old Adam still lives in us and always will. Like the socialists and sociologists, and all such Utopians, these food reformers have elaborated a scheme which seems perfect, but from which the human stomach is omitted. Your socialist forgets man and his passions; in his pretty phalanstery of the future; and the food cranks forget that a stomach to be healthy must have plain, coarse food to digest—not squashy material, but something for the gastric juices to work upon. Highly concentrated food has not proved a success in the army; the soldiers after a short time lose their vigor. In Continental Europe the majority of the working people do not eat meat more than once or twice a week. Such is their way of living. But Anglo-Saxon and North American stomachs are accustomed to meat, demand it, need it. Something tangible must be given the stomach. METCHNIKOFF no doubt is correct when he abuses our intestinal machinery and its unnecessary coiling lengths. Buttermilk is the Russian scientist's panacea, and a mighty good thing it is in hot weather. Meat is for those with whom it agrees. As Dr. JOHNSON said: "He who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy."

Doubtless we eat too much flesh food. Doubtless we drink overheating liquids. Doubtless nearly every one eats more than he should. These be purely personal questions. "Eating is a matter of temperament," and moderation is the secret of longevity—so they say. Those disreputable old rascals who smoke pipes, drink beer and whiskey and play cards until they are centenarians should be suppressed for the good of society—especially for the good of the young folk, for whom their example is pernicious. Above all, moderation in the lively speech of food reformers would not come amiss. The beginning of wisdom is the fear of uric acid. Nevertheless, we wish the Food Reformers good luck and plenty of sawdust for their new dolls.

Will He Be Asked to the Party?

The Ohio Republican State committee will meet in Cincinnati next Monday. According to a Columbus despatch to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "Whether or not FORAKER is to be recognized or coldly ignored at the [State] campaign opening" is to be determined by the potent, grave and reverend signiors at this meeting. The whole affair, however serious the ultimate consequences of it might be, bubbles with the comic spirit. Also it etches more deeply and clearly the petty, picayune, peanut methods of the politicians that are trying to use TAFT to beat down FORAKER and build up their machine. The Hon. HENRY H. WILLIAMS, chairman of the Republican State executive committee, berated the Hon. JIM KENNEDY, M. C., of Youngstown, for inviting Senator FORAKER to speak at the "opening." Without authority, says WILLIAMS. Never did invite him, says KENNEDY. Shall we, ought we, must we invite him? cry the Republican bosskins, all afume and aflutter. There has been nothing like it since the cat wasn't belled.

Will Mr. FORAKER accept an invitation given grudgingly, if given, to come into the reservation? Very possibly not; but the hostiles must reconcile him somehow or other. Perhaps Mr. TAFT will have to sit down on those jealous and sputtering little parish tykes that are snapping at Mr. FORAKER, and have hardly done yapping at FRANK HITCHCOCK. VORYS, it seems, is to be settled at Cincinnati. We are not informed whether he is to be bricked up or kept in storage.

The Mission of Bayreuth.

The biennial Bayreuth festival began yesterday. Last year the Festspielhaus remained shut in spite of the opportunity to honor the twenty-fifth anniversary of the production of "Parsifal." That opera has seemed to many for some years past the chief reason for the continuance of the performances begun by RICHARD WAGNER. Yet it appears from the preliminary announcement this year that the present powers recognize other purposes for the festivals.

This summer for only the second time "Lohengrin" is one of the operas to be performed. It was on the list a little more than ten years ago and will again make its appearance for five performances. The Bayreuth administration draws particular attention to this opera in the following note:

"'Lohengrin,' perhaps more than any other work by WAGNER, is generally so mutilated at opera houses that all who witnessed the first production of this work at Bayreuth considered it a perfect revelation as regards its beauties and dramatic possibilities. It is the mission of Bayreuth to set an example in the rendering of WAGNER's earlier works as well as of his later ones."

Few persons will believe that the singers at Bayreuth are capable of improving on the representations of "Lohengrin" given in the larger opera houses. But there is no doubt that the Festspielhaus will be crowded at every performance of this work, as well as when the other operas are sung. The vitality of the Bayreuth idea is amazing. In vain are the representations described as mediocre vocally and scenically far behind the times. It avails nothing to the enemies of the institution to point out the instances in which the wishes and directions of RICHARD WAGNER are controverted by those who are supposed to be carrying on the traditions he established. If the mission of Bayreuth be really, as its enemies charge, to keep up the interest in the Wagner operas and enrich the descendants of the composer, the old woman whose indomitable will has accomplished this is succeeding splendidly. She has shown herself invulnerable to the attacks of her foes, and her spirit and enthusiasm never falter in the mission she has assigned to herself. COSIMA WAGNER is the most wonderful fact about Bayreuth.

THE SUN is friendly to Governor HUGHES.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

And to every other man in public life who does his duty (as he understands it) without squinting at the grand stand.

Suggestion to British Olympic Committee: Shepherd's Bush Stadium to be called hereafter Sheppard's Stadium.

Aeronauts who think of visiting Kissimmee, Fla., in their runabouts had better procure a copy of Mayor T. M. MURPHY's ordinance regulating airship traffic. They will be subject to it if they fly at a lower level than twenty miles above the town. As they descend they will have to govern themselves by the speed limit enforced at different altitudes by a town marshal for whose use the ordinance provides "an aeroplane of approved modern type." Incarceration in the calaboose will be the portion of hardened offenders.

In the enterprising *Valley Gazette*, which prints a copy of the law as it will be enacted by the town council, which is in full sympathy with Mayor MURPHY, appears in the same issue this notice:

"All parties interested are hereby notified that on and after August 1 the town ordinance relating to bulls running at large will be strictly enforced.
"P. C. HODGES, Marshal."

We reproduce it to enlighten aeronauts as to the kind of marshal they will have to cope with if they invade the airship limits of Kissimmee. The town of course provides him with an automobile to apprehend bulls running at large, and it is clear enough that no scorching sky pilot could hope to escape Mr. HODGES in his aeroplane.

A new terror has been added to death in the case of Admiral ROJESTVENSKY, who did not have the luck to be killed at Tsushima. By not dying at Bad Nauheim in place of a Russian of the same name whose death was reported, the Admiral now knows what the St. Petersburg newspapers will say of him when his turn comes.

We marvel at the temerity of the captain of the Presidential yacht Mayflower, which collided with a lumber schooner in Long Island Sound during a fog on Tuesday night and took off her crew of six men. In reporting the accident to Secretary LOEB, J. L. MCGREW telegraphed:

"The President was not informed, and knew nothing of it until he got up this morning."

Mr. ROOSEVELT will not thank anybody for letting him miss the bully experience. As commander in chief of the navy he would have directed the work of the rescue party and made a corking speech to the gallant fellows who were saved. The captain will be lucky if he escapes a court-martial.

If we can get the negro vote of Massachusetts, which amounts to about 10,000, organized for BRYAN and KERN we will carry that State too, with the help of the labor vote.—GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS.

If Mr. WILLIAMS can get the dairy vote in Vermont organized for BRYAN and KERN the Democrats will carry the Green Mountain State.

Save the Central Park!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your editorial on saving the Central Park from decay is timely. I have spent fully a thousand hours enjoying its beauties and fully appreciate the need of prompt action to preserve it for future generations.

Cannot some organization start a popular (silver) subscription among the hundreds of thousands who appreciate its charm? The rich men and women will join in with their larger subscriptions if the thing is started right.

Your cynical contributor who lately referred to the noise and crowds in the park failed to understand that Saturday is children's day in the park. If he had looked about on any other week day he would have found scores of quiet nooks where he would have been "far from the madding crowd."

CHARLES F. WINGATE.

TWILIGHT PARK, July 21.

Athletic Jars.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am informed by one of the American competitors that the team (ours) have to travel in a body for fear of mobbing. They are hissed openly on the streets, they are insulted in restaurants and shown in every way how unpopular are their victories.

The English are very poor losers and have always been so, and are taking every advantage of the teams of the other nations by rejecting their protests and ringing in a number of games in which the other nations are not represented because of the expense of sending men there to compete and paying their expenses while there.

When the sports are held in New York we will see "fair play" as it was seen at St. Louis, where Americans were as generous as any in applauding the athletes of all nations very nearly as well as their own.

Let the Englishmen remember that the Scotchmen, Irishmen, Irish Canadians and South Africans and Australians of Irish, Scotch and Welsh descent are their most prominent athletes, and if they were classified not for Great Britain but for their colonies England's score would look very bare.

T. HERBERT MACCAULEY.

NEWARK, N. J., July 21.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Allow me as an Englishman to express my appreciation of your evident desire to give England fair play in your reports and comments on the Olympic games. It is the more noticeable as you are practically alone in the matter, at least so far as New York papers are concerned.

No one who knows anything about sport in England doubts that all contestants, regardless of nationality, get the fairest kind of a square deal and that the imputations made by other newspapers of deliberate unfairness and trickery in the draws, &c., have absolutely no justification whatever. They seem to have been made only to please a certain class of their readers.

Mr. Sullivan's claim that javelin and discus throwing, for instance, shall count as "points," while swimming and bicycle racing shall be classed only as "minor" sports and not counted, is funny when you come to think of it, and must, I believe, be resented by those Americans who have so gallantly taken part in these two latter events.

NEW YORK, July 21. ALFRED S. SAVAGE.

ART NOTES.

Honore Daumier.

Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, the curator of the Lenox Library print department, is just now showing the nineteen portfolios which hold about 700 lithographs by Honoré Daumier. This collection is a bequest of the late Mr. Lawrence, and we doubt if the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris surpasses it; that is, in the number of detached examples. There the works of the great artist are imbedded in the various publications for which he labored so many years—such as *La Caricature, Les Beaux Arts, L'Artiste, Les Modes Parisiennes, La Gazette Musicale, Le Boulevard* and *Masques et Visages*. The Lawrence lithographs are representatives, though not complete; the catalogue compiled by Loys Delteil comprises 3,958 plates; the paintings and drawings are also numerous. But an admirable idea of Daumier's versatile genius may be gleaned at the Lenox Library, as all the celebrated series are there: Paris Bohemians, the Blue Stockings, the Railways, La Caricature, Croquis d'Expressions, Emotions Parisiennes, Actualités, Les Baigneurs, Pastorales, Mœurs Conjugales, the Don Quixote plates, Silhouettes, Souvenirs d'Artistes, Types Parisiens, the Advocates and Judges and a goodly number of the miscellanies. Altogether an adequate exhibition.

Honoré Daumier, who died February 11, 1879, was almost the last of the giants of 1830, though he outlived many of them. Not affiliated with the Barbizon group—though he was a Romantic in his hatred of the bourgeois—several of these painters were intimate friends; indeed, Corot was his benefactor, making him a present of a cottage at Valmondois (Seine-et-Oise), where the illustrator died. He was blind and lonely at the end. Corot died 1875; Daubigny, his companion, 1876; Millet, 1875, and Rousseau, with whom he corresponded, died 1867. In 1879 Flaubert still lived, working heroically upon that monument of human inanity, "Bouvard et Pécuchet"; Maupassant, his disciple, had just published a volume of verse; Manet was regarded as a dangerous charlatan, Monet looked on as a madman; while poor Cézanne was only a bad joke. The indurated critical judgment of the academic forces pronounced Bonnat a greater portraitist than Velasquez, and Gérôme and his mock antiques and mock orientalism far superior to Fromentin and Chasseriau. It was a glorious epoch for mediocrity. And Daumier, in whom there was something of Michael Angelo and Courbet, was admired only as a clever caricaturist, the significance of his paintings escaping all except a few. Corot knew, Daubigny knew, as earlier Delacroix knew; and Balzac had said: "There is something of the Michael Angelo in this man!"

Baudelaire, whose critical *flair* never failed him, wrote in his "Curiosités Esthétiques": "Daumier's distinguishing note as an artist is his certainty. His drawing is fluent and easy; it is a continuous improvisation. His powers of observation are such that in his work we never find a single head that is out of character with the figure beneath it. * * * Here, in these animalized faces may be seen and read clearly all the meannesses of soul, all the absurdities, all the aberrations of intelligence, all the vices of the heart; yet at the same time all is broadly drawn and accentuated." Nevertheless one must not look at too many of these caricatures. At first the Rabelaisian side of the man appeals; presently his bitterness becomes too acrid. Humanity is silly, repulsive; it is goat, pig, snake, monkey and tiger; but there is something else. Daumier would see but one side. His pessimism, like Flaubert's, is deadly; but at times reaches the pitch of the heroic. He could have echoed Flaubert's famous sentence: "The ignoble is the sublime of the lower slope." Yet what wit, what humor, what humanity in Daumier! His Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are worth a wilderness of Dorés. And the "Good Samaritan," or "The Drinkers." The latter is as jovial as Steen or Hals.

A story went the rounds after his death which neatly illustrates his lack of worldliness. His modesty was proverbial, and once Daubigny, on introducing him to an American picture dealer, warned him not to ask less than 5,000 francs for the first picture he sold to the man. The American went to Daumier's atelier, and seeing a picture on the easel, asked "How much?" The artist, remembering Daubigny's warning, answered, "Five thousand francs." The dealer immediately bought it and on demanding to see something else Daumier put another canvas on the easel, far superior to the one sold. The Yankee again asked the price. The poor artist was perplexed. He had received no instructions from Daubigny regarding a second sale; so when the question was repeated he hesitated and his timidity getting the better of him, he replied: "Five hundred francs." "Don't want it; wouldn't take it as a gift," said the dealer. "I like the other better. Besides, I never sell any but expensive pictures," and he went away satisfied that a man who sold so cheaply was not much of an artist. This anecdote, which we heard second hand from Daubigny, may be a fable, yet it never failed to send Daubigny into fits of laughter. It may be surmised that, despite his herculean labors, extending over more than half a century, Daumier never knew how to make or save money.

He was born at Marseilles in 1808. His father was a third rate poet who, suspecting his own gifts, doubted the talent of his son, though this talent was both precocious and prodigious. The usual thing happened. Daumier would stick at nothing but his drawing; the attempt to force him into law studies only made him hate the law and lawyers, and that hatred he never ceased to vent in his caricatures. He knocked about until he learned in 1829 the technics of lithography; then he soon became self-supporting. His progress was rapid. He illustrated for the Boulevard journals, he caricatured Louis Philippe and was sent to jail, Sainte-Pélagie, for six months. Many years afterward he attacked with a like ferocity Napoleon III. Look at his frontispiece—rather an advertisement—of Victor Hugo's "Les Châtiments." It is as sinister, as malign as a Rops. The big book, title displayed, crushes to earth a vulture which is a travesty of the Napoleonic beak. Daumier was a power in Paris. Albert Wolff, the critic of *Figaro*, tells how he earned five francs each time he provided a text for a caricature by Daumier, and Philipon, who founded several journals, actually claimed a share in Daumier's success because he wrote some of the silly dialogues for his plates.

Daumier was the artistic progenitor of the Caran d'Aches, the Forains—who was it that called Forain, "Degas en caricature"?—Willettes and Toulouse de Lautrecs. He was a political pamphleteer, a scourger of public scamps and a pictorial muck raker of genius. His mockery of the classic in art was later paralleled by Offenbach in "La Belle Hélène." But there were other sides to his genius. Tiring of the hurly-burly of journalism, he retired in 1860 to devote himself to painting.

His style has been pronounced akin to that of Eugène Carrière; his sense of values on a par with Goya's and Rembrandt's (that "Shop Window" of his in the Durand-Ruel collection is truly Rembrandtesque). This feeling for values was so remarkable that it enabled him to produce an impression with three or four tones. The colors he preferred were grays, browns, and he manipulated his blacks like a master. Mauclair does not hesitate to put Daumier among the great painters of the past century on the score of his small canvases. "They contain all his gifts of bitter and profound observation, all the mastery of his drawings, to which they add the attractions of rich and intense color," declares Mauclair. Doubtless he was affected by the influence of Henri Monnier, but Daumier really comes from no one. He belongs to the fierce tribe of cynics and men of exuberant powers, like Goya and Courbet. A born anarch of art, he submitted to no yoke. He could have said with Anacharsis Cloots: "I belong to the party of indignation." He was a proud individualist. That he had a tender side, a talent for friendship, may be noted in the affectionate intercourse he maintained for years with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Dupré, Geoffroy, the sculptor Pascal and others. He was very impulsive and had a big heart with all his misanthropy, for he was an idealist reversed. The etching of him by Loys Delteil is thus described by a sympathetic commentator: "Daumier was very broad shouldered, his head rather big, with slightly sunken eyes, which must, however, have had an extraordinary power of penetration. Though the nose is a little heavy and inelegant, the projecting forehead, unusually massive like that of Victor Hugo or of Beethoven and barred with a determined furrow, reveals the great thinker, the man of lofty and noble aspirations. The rather long hair, thrown backward, adds to the expression of the fine head; and finally the beard worn collarwise, according to the prevailing fashion, gives to Daumier's face the distinctive mark of his period." This etched portrait may be seen in several states at the Lenox Library.

THE OLD CRY.

Here It Is Again, "The Fraudulent Gold Standard!"—Bryan to the Front?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* How can you expect the Republican party to win the election with a contracted and fallen down gold standard, business paralyzed and in the doldrums, poverty and starvation stalking through the land, staring everybody in the face.

Has the black plague struck the elephant, or has it got the colic waiting for the six (6) hundred million asset currency to back up the fraudulent gold standard?

JAMES A. MOOREHEAD.

NEW YORK, July 22.

OUR JIM.

The Strength and Virtues of the Cowboy Mayor of Omaha.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* So you laugh both openly and in your sleeve at the idea of our Jim Dahlman and the Nebraska Democratic host invading New York and the Eastern strongholds of the "plutes" in the coming campaign? Don't crow too soon. Jim Dahlman may surprise a good many politicians this fall. If Bill Bryan don't make Jim his manager during the coming campaign he will make the mistake of his life.

You fellows in the East don't know Jim Dahlman. He is a born politician and there is not in the whole Democratic party in New York State as able an organiser or a more subtle leader than this same James Dahlman, Mayor of Omaha.

Jim is a gentleman by birth, education and association, and doesn't eat green peas with his knife like Fingy Conners and sundry other Democratic statesman in New York, too numerous to mention.

In a whirlwind canvass two years ago he won the contest for the Mayoralty in the Republican stronghold of Omaha, and to-day in the State of Nebraska he is a more popular man than the Democratic nominee for the Presidency.

You ask why. Here is the answer:

He is absolutely straightforward and on the level. He don't change his opinions with every shift of the winds and his word is always as good as his bond. He keeps his promises to the dot and he is free from any Populist taint.

When the hue and cry arose some time past about that $20,000 contribution for campaign purposes from Mr. Ryan of New York what did Mr. Bryan say? He denied all knowledge of it like a gentleman. Not so with our Jim. Mr. Dahlman has lots of horse sense, and he is sane enough to know that it takes coin to run a campaign. He admitted at once that he got $15,000 of the money and spent it in the way it was intended for.

Our one great regret in Omaha is that Sunny Jim is not the Democratic nominee instead of Grape Juice Bill Bryan. He would get the vote of every red blooded man in this town, and it is my humble opinion that he is just as capable of holding down the Presidential chair as either Roosevelt or Taft, and if he ever does get there and we all go to the White House to offer our congratulations there will be something stronger in the loving cup than Fairview grape juice. I sincerely hope that you will give this letter a little of your valuable space, as I am anxious to have you Easterners know what manner of a man our Jim Dahlman is.

D. B. GRAY.

OMAHA, Neb., July 19.

Doubts About the Peace of Mecklenburg.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* You have been misled by the camera. Major Hemphill has not accepted the Mecklenburg Declaration nor Colonel Caldwell's location of Andrew Jackson's birthplace. I was present when the now famous historical photograph was taken and I distinctly heard Major Hemphill say that he was "going up to stand on the sewer lid"—as he termed the chaste bit of cast iron which marks the celebrated spot—to be photographed with Caldwell in order to improve the latter's social position. He went only because he was commanded by a superior officer. He is a Major; Caldwell a Colonel. As to the "butt of sack," there were some inducements. Charlotte is a very dry town and Colonel Caldwell had the key to the only hospitality in sight. But surrender! Never! Major Hemphill does not know the meaning of the words, "Le garde morte; ne rende pas."

PRIVATE.

NEW YORK, July 22.

Sports at Elberon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* At Long Branch last Sunday an ordinary looking touring car filled with some people wishing to impress the summer residents with the fact that they were from Pittsburg had a huge flag displayed in front with the word "Pittsburg" in enormous letters. A number of young college students standing on the crosswalk greeted the modest occupants of the car with the refrain sung at Denver and made famous by THE SUN: "What the hell do we care? What the hell do we care?"

ELBERON.

ELBERON, N. J., July 21.

The Double Action Magic of the Final N.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

To the victorious final "n" racket of Jefferson and Clinton, Madison and Clinton, Jackson and Calhoun, Jackson and Van Buren, Lincoln and Hamlin, Lincoln and Johnson and Harrison and Morton must be added the dead weights of Van Buren and Johnson, McClellan and Pendleton, Bryan and Watson and Bryan and Stevenson, with Bryan and Kern to take the toboggan in November, clearing the way for Bryan and Annihilation in 1912.

Political Advice to Mr. Bryan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If Mr. Taft has joined a labor union, would there be any impropriety if Mr. Bryan bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange?

EX-MEMBER.

CLINTON, Conn., July 22.

Color predominates in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for August through Howard Pyle's marginal pictures for one short story and Elizabeth Shippen Green's full page illustrations for another. As is usual with "midsummer" numbers fiction holds the first place, nine short stories with the continuation of Mrs. Humphry Ward's serial being offered. Dr. Sven Hedin tells of his Tibet explorations, Miss Van Vorst of Paris at night, Mr. D. Welch traces Dickens at Boulogne, Sir Oliver Lodge explains psychical research, and Mr. F. T. Hill continues his account of Wall Street. There are five poems.

THE EXILE OF FORT GRANT.

The Present Condition of Col. Stewart Described in a Letter From His Brother.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Martin E. Pew, a writer for the News Enterprise Association, has recently made a personal investigation of the conditions under which Colonel W. F. Stewart, Coast Artillery Corps, United States Army, is now living at Fort Grant, Arizona, and in one article says he wonders what crime this man could have committed to merit such a punishment inflicted upon him.

Mr. Pew has written several articles on the subject that have recently been published in California papers, and the picture he draws of this officer's life in a dilapidated building, with a negro and sick white man for his only companions, who share his quarters with him, is a sorry commentary on justice.

It would seem from what Mr. Pew writes that convicted felons, the criminal insane and public indigents are better housed, fed and generally cared for than is this army officer, who, to all intents and purposes, is kept in close confinement, deprived of the enjoyment of his office and rank without trial and without even charges of any kind having been presented against him. This situation has been caused presumably at the instigation of a fellow officer, now his senior in rank, who for many years was outranked by Colonel Stewart.

Were Colonel Stewart convicted of crime by a court-martial and sentenced to confinement the designation of Fort Grant, under the conditions there now, as the place for the carrying out of the sentence would be an inhuman act and unexpected in our present civilization. The conditions, of course, would be different were the post garrisoned.

Mr. Pew says the place is reached by driving twenty-six miles over the desert in a broiling sun, with a temperature in the shade at Grant the day he arrived there of 117 degrees; the buildings, long since abandoned, are rotting and tumbling to pieces, the place is infested with rattlesnakes and venomous spiders and animals, and no surgeon is at the post or in the vicinity to attend Colonel Stewart in case he meets with injury or sickness of any kind. The absence of people in the neighborhood makes it impossible to obtain proper food or the ordinary comforts and necessities of life. A life of idleness in such a place with no proper companionship of mankind is certainly a heavy punishment to one who has been active all his life and living in civilized communities with his wife and family about him, whose companionship he is now deprived of.

The reasons publicly given for depriving Colonel Stewart of his proper command and his exile from the world are puerile and are unworthy of notice in any public document. One reason mentioned is that Colonel Stewart is a man who in civil life would under no circumstances have risen to any position of authority over his fellow men. Such a statement, of course, must be but an opinion, and if susceptible of proof, which it is not, it could have no bearing on Colonel Stewart's efficiency as an officer. It is seldom that an army officer does make a success in civil life. For instance, it is well known that General U. S. Grant met with no success in civil life, yet he was one of the greatest soldiers produced by the American States.

Again it is stated that when in command of Fort Williams, Maine, in 1905 Colonel Stewart became embroiled with a civilian, a Mr. Cushing, and that the War Department was obliged to interfere to stop his wrangling (as it is expressed) with Mr. Cushing. Colonel Stewart had no wrangle with Mr. Cushing.

Colonel Stewart put a stop to Mr. Cushing's employees travelling on the Government boat to and from Portland and Cushing's Island. This was done because the Government boat was maintained for the use of people connected with the Government service only and its use by others deprived the regular boat that plied between Portland and Cushing's Island of its legitimate trade and traffic. Mr. Cushing in retaliation put a stop to the Government boat using his dock on his island. These facts can be the only foundation for the statement that Colonel Stewart wrangled with Mr. Cushing.

Again it is stated that when in command of the Artillery district of Portland, Me., Colonel Stewart's quartermaster was court-martialled and sentenced to a penitentiary for frauds committed under Colonel Stewart's eyes and that he failed to detect the officer in his fraudulent acts. This is the first time I have ever known the failure of one person to detect another in the commission of a crime to be construed in itself to be a crime or quasi-criminal in its nature. Two months before the quartermaster's offences were discovered and while they were still going on an army inspector under orders from General Grant, the department commander, examined the accounts of this quartermaster and failed to discover any irregularities in his accounts.

I believe the foregoing are the only reasons given publicity for the action in the case of Colonel Stewart, except, perhaps, the statement that he had trouble with a plumber. I know nothing about any trouble he had with a plumber. Perhaps he did have. Many people do have trouble with plumbers. But in any controversy Colonel Stewart may have had with a plumber is the War Department going to accept the plumber's word rather than the Colonel's?

The foundation of the plot which ended at Grant and the unwarranted humiliation of this officer was laid at Fort Barrancas, Fla. When Colonel Stewart assumed command of that post he found a civilian was being supplied with fuel from the quartermaster's department, which was contrary to law and army regulations, and Colonel Stewart issued an order that this be discontinued. This civilian, now become unfriendly in his feelings toward Colonel Stewart, had some influence and found willing ears in Washington to listen to his gossip and tales about Colonel Stewart, who at no time has been asked by the War Department to give his version of anything said about him or his official acts, and a full investigation of which can disclose nothing in any way that will reflect upon Colonel Stewart as an officer and a gentleman.

Mr. Pew writes that some official has thoughtfully sent a coffin to Fort Grant, perhaps to suggest a possible means for the removal of Colonel Stewart in case he persists in holding on in the service against the wishes of his enemies.

CHARLES STEWART.

Bowling Green Presents a Claim.

From the Bowling Green Times-Journal.

The Rev. L. E. Campbell had a cat to die to-day that was possibly the oldest cat in the world. The cat was named Whitcomb Riley and was over twenty-one years of age. It had been named for the distinguished poet, being only a kitten when Nye and Riley appeared in this city over two decades ago. A short time ago a cat died in Chicago which was twenty-one years old and it was heralded about that she was the oldest cat in the world. Mr. Campbell's cat goes him one better, being several months past "the age of accountability."

Bowling Green can beat the world on almost any proposition. The trouble is we do not let these things be known often enough.

Captain Dibble's Cure for Rheumatism.

From the Rolla Sharpshooter.

Captain Dibble, who lives on a farm near this place, is in his 96th year and says he never had a rheumatic pain in all his life and but little of any other kind of sickness. He accounts for this by having sailed fifty years on the salt seas. He says salt renders you immune from rheumatism as well as other ills to which the body is heir. The captain drinks freely of salt water and sprinkles salt in his bed every night.

Mr. Storyohann and Crist Pump.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* This from a Boston newspaper:

"Andrew Streyer or Storyohann, and his half brother Crist Pump will confer a good deal of pleasure on their sister, Mrs. Annie Storyohann Jansen, by calling on her or communicating with her as soon as possible at the United States Hotel."

Can they not enter together into THE SUN's hall of fame?

G. NOBLE.

BOSTON, July 20.

Too Much Swimming Hole.

Noah was plainly grumpy.

"Drat that dear old swimmin' hole poetry," he exclaimed.

Throwing down the paper, he anxiously peered for land.

Instance.

Knicker—Do you think plants have intelligence?
Bocker—Rubber ones must have.