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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.

We move to amend the Bourne bill in two particulars. First, make the salary of the President of the United States $150,000 hereafter instead of $100,000 as proposed by the Senate Finance Committee. Secondly, repeal the act which now appropriates $25,000 annually for the President's travelling expenses, and thus wipe from the statutory record (and as far as possible from the memory of mankind) the national scandal of persistent deadheadism which led to the humiliating necessity of the legislation of June 23, 1906.

The Case of Major Mearns.

Representative MANN of Illinois betrays a degree of unsophistication which reflects infinite credit on his heart. He expresses an incorrigible incredulity that the President of the United States should order a retired officer or any other officer to accompany a future ex-President. He is quite unable to believe that the retirement of Major MEARNS was based on physical incapacity, when it is notorious that very exceptional physical ability is essential for the African trip.

We make humble testimony of our admiration for Mr. MANN's ingenuousness. President ROOSEVELT's delicacy in this and kindred matters is not in dispute, but it occurs to us that Major MEARNS in his capacity as an officer and a gentleman presents a somewhat interesting problem. Has Major MEARNS connived at his retirement upon the grounds of physical incapacity, and who is his accomplice in his startling restoration to physical competence?

Are we to understand that the army is the gainer by the transaction, however deplorable the means of its accomplishment?

Let Well Enough Alone.

Governor HUGHES has the confidence of the community. It believes that he has its good at heart and that he has no selfish purpose in his recommendations for changes in its laws. On the other hand his chief fault is his want of faults and his inclination to the counsels of perfection. A system of nominations and form of ballot which has twice made him Governor may be considered satisfactory by most of us.

We have no more use for the bosses than Governor HUGHES has; yet they are characteristically dense in opposing his proposition for direct nominations and what he calls a "simplified," in reality a more difficult form of, ballot. The professional will beat the amateur in the changed form of the game even more easily than he does now. The utmost economy of effort on the part of the voter should be the aim of makers of election laws. This direct nominations scheme means in effect two elections instead of one. Never fear about the boss under those conditions. He and his henchmen will attend to their business. The ordinary citizen, with no passion for work that he can escape, will merely be less effective politically than he is now.

Then as to the "simplified" ballot. "Every voter," the Governor says, "should express his choice with regard to each office separately." Possibly he should; certainly he won't, and you can't make him. Good or bad, the ballot should stand as it is. To be tinkering it continually is to encourage voters to stay away from the polls and to increase the power of the expert politicians. Let well enough alone.

The Outlook in India.

The situation in Bengal and in some other parts of India has become less threatening since Lord MORLEY defined in his recent speech the reforms contemplated by the India Office, and since almost simultaneously summary measures were taken against political offenders by the Viceroy's Council at Calcutta. A large number of persons more or less conspicuous in seditious movements have been arrested and either deported or placed under personal restraint. The British rulers of India have still another ground for looking forward to the future with confidence in the fact that disaffection is confined exclusively to Hindus and that they can now rely on the support of the 60,000,000 Mohammedans who constitute a sort of warrior caste.

We are told on good authority, confirmed by the record of events during the last three months, that the most sympathetic relations now exist between the British Government and the Sultan ABDUL HAMID, since that sovereign has thrown in his lot unreservedly with that of the Turkish Reform party. The outcome of these relations has been discernible in two directions. Not only has an extinguisher been applied by Ottoman influence to the Egyptian Nationalist party, which until lately was encouraged by emissaries from Constantinople, but the Sultan in his Caliphal capacity is known to have spared no efforts to inculcate loyalty to the British rule upon the Moslem inhabitants of India. We need not recall that for centuries in that country the Mohammedans were able to keep the Hindus in subjection and that the Indian Mutiny of 1857 would have had no terrors for Britain but for their organization of it. For more than a year past Hindu seditionists have tried to win the good will of their Mohammedan fellow subjects, and at one time their concerted efforts seemed likely to have some success. That time has passed away, however, thanks to the tremendous moral ascendency exercised upon their minds by the Ottoman Sultan, in whom almost all Sunnite Moslems recognize the Commander of the Faithful.

Of course with 60,000,000 warlike Mohammedans behind them the Anglo-Indian Government has no longer anything to dread from Hindu disaffection and was not compelled to make any political concessions. Lord MORLEY, however, has had the wisdom to see that such a conjuncture is ideal for gratifying to a moderate extent the reasonable desire of educated Hindus to secure an instalment of self-government. This they will acquire by the institution of a legislative council in which while a majority of the members will continue to be appointed and the will of the Viceroy will remain in the last resort supreme there will also be a number of native members chosen by election. Thus a beginning in representative institutions will be made, while at the same time a considerable representation will be granted to natives in the executive councils, vice-regal and subordinate. Such concessions of course fall far short of the complete autonomy for which Hindu agitators clamor; but almost everybody conversant with India believes that if the Hindus were to gain an absolute control of legislation they would use their numerical majority to oppress the Mohammedans, who thereupon would revolt and reestablish the Mogul Empire. It is only the strong hand of Britain that keeps the Hindus and the Moslems of India from flying at each other.

Mr. Roosevelt on the Absorption of Tennessee Coal and Iron.

President ROOSEVELT has furnished Congress with a statement touching the special license which he issued last winter to Messrs. FRICK and GARY authorizing the acquisition by the United States Steel Company of the property of one of its minor rivals, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. Mr. ROOSEVELT describes the episode with such accuracy as he finds convenient.

The transaction was sound in morals and in common sense, but Messrs. GARY and FRICK, keenly sensible of the susceptibility to blackmail of their great corporation, recognized the indispensability of a Roosevelt license. They secured it by the usual means and by other means which were not usual.

The President's attitude in regard to the affair looks a little perilous all around. He has ordered the Federal law department to withhold from Congress all information on the subject. A piece of insolence which seems to surprise nobody. We incline to the belief that Mr. BONAPARTE will on this occasion obey the orders of the President. He is the only Cabinet officer who does not do invariably what he is told to do, and his conduct has at times deeply embarrassed the President, thereby recording to Mr. BONAPARTE'S credit the solitary rudiment of good to which he can lay claim.

Congress had better proceed in this matter with the utmost circumspection. Indeed, we doubt if it were not better to leave it altogether untouched. No useful public purpose can at this late day be subserved by disturbing the fragrant annals of the Sherman act and its personal administration at the hands of Mr. ROOSEVELT. There is no good end to be attained now by inflaming the minds of Democrats who think to this very day that WILLIAM J. BRYAN was their free and spontaneous choice at Denver. It will never do to disclose in all its affecting nudity the operations and the applications of such a law as the Sherman anti-trust act when administered by a man personally devoid of moral sense and unembarrassed by the honorable disabilities of a gentleman.

An Expensive Confession.

In the letter which Mr. TAFT when Secretary of War wrote to the President urging him (whether at his suggestion or not, who knows?) "to make every effort possible to identify the men who did the shooting" at Brownsville in order to discover those who were innocent, and enclosing contracts with Detectives HERBERT J. BROWNE and W. G. BALDWIN, occurs this passage:

"There is, as you will see in the contract, the right to cancel the contract at the end of thirty days and thus save half of the expense, should it turn out that the effort is wholly useless."

The contract was signed in April last. It was not cancelled at the end of thirty days, but was twice renewed, and in the report made on December 5, 1908, after nearly eight months of playing the sleuth, Mr. HERBERT J. BROWNE entreats that he be allowed, with Captain W. G. BALDWIN, to go on drawing money from the fund "to meet extraordinary and unforeseen demands" voted by Congress:

"We earnestly urge that we be permitted to continue the investigation. Several detectives are still in the field, and within the coming week a number of affidavits will be forthcoming."

Nine days later Mr. BROWNE'S report with affidavits attached was hastily laid before the Senate, but not before Senator FORAKER had told the Senate that a former soldier of the discharged battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry had been writing letters to him during the summer complaining that he was being dogged, hectored and solicited by Government detectives to confess his part, and the part of other soldiers, in the raid at Brownsville, although he had nothing to confess. These detectives were men employed by HERBERT J. BROWNE and Captain W. G. BALDWIN and those two men themselves. The discharged soldier was BOYD CONYERS. His letters to Senator FORAKER, which were voluntary, have been spread upon the records of the Senate. The internal evidence is very strong that CONYERS told the truth when he wrote that he had made no confession to the detectives and that he was an innocent man at bay against whom they were trying to make out a case.

BROWNE in his report asserts that a confession was obtained by a negro detective named WILLIAM LAWSON, but its genuineness is under suspicion because LAWSON is illiterate and his affidavit was signed with his (X) mark. A comparison of CONYERS's letters to Senator FORAKER with BROWNE'S report, in which he dogmatically argues the guilt of CONYERS and others, shows that although CONYERS could not have known what references BROWNE would make to his efforts to involve the ex-soldier, he (CONYERS) was alert to the design of BROWNE and met him and BALDWIN at every point. CONYERS is either an innocent man or abnormally crafty, both with tongue and pen. It is to be noted that a number of the detectives employed to trap the discharged soldiers admitted that they could learn nothing and believed the soldiers approached had no information.

BROWNE'S case against the battalion had only CONYERS'S confession to an illiterate negro for its foundation, and CONYERS sturdily denied that he made a confession. BROWNE eked his report out by arguing from the testimony taken in other investigations. Apparently the CONYERS confession has cost the Government $15,000, and the legality of the expenditure has yet to be established.

Suffrage for Washington.

This agitation at Washington for a restoration of the suffrage to the population, now in the neighborhood of 300,000, would seem upon the surface to have a basis of justice and propriety. Speaking generally, it appears to be unfair to divest so many people of the proud American privilege of citizenship and subject them to a government in which they theoretically have no voice whatever. There is every superficial indication that the agitators have made a point.

We shall not dilate upon the inconvenience, the clashes of authority and the conflicts of precedent that would inevitably arise under a dual administration in a Federal reservation such as the District of Columbia is and always must be. These are too obvious to require illustration. They had made themselves flagrant away back in the '70s, when the system was abandoned by Congress and the existing arrangement inaugurated in its stead. The change was not declared, as many suppose, entirely on account of the corruption of the electorate, although that circumstance, notorious in all other municipal governments, doubtless had its weight. The real reason resided in the incompatibility of local control under universal suffrage of the seat of national Government, the largest property holder in the District and obviously the fountain and executor of supreme authority. No argument is needed to show that Washington controlled by a nondescript and irresponsible constituency would present a ridiculous appearance.

The fact is, however, that if the suffrage were bestowed upon the District of Columbia it would be restricted to the most undesirable classes. A very large majority of the intelligent and substantial residents of that town have their voting domiciles elsewhere. Nearly all the Government employees, and they represent a serious element of the population, vote in Maryland, New York, Ohio, and so on. The rapidly growing contingent of wealthy taxpayers as a rule have political residences at their original homes. The Washington electorate, as contemplated in the agitation we refer to, would represent almost nothing of the property and the intelligence of the city.

It is hardly worth while to elaborate. The situation is too apparent.

A Just Claim.

There should be introduced in the Legislature immediately, and passed without opposition, a bill for the reimbursement of GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Mayor of New York, for the expenses incurred by him in defending his title to the office to which he was elected in November, 1905.

If the Legislature fails to perform this act of simple justice it will serve notice on all citizens that none but a man who has sufficient wealth to fight for his rights in the courts against his political opponents and the State itself should become a candidate for elective office.

No more just and proper claim for relief from the State can be conceived than that of Mayor MCCLELLAN.

It is estimated that $90,000,000 will be spent this year for railway construction in Canada. Approximately that amount is represented by contracts already made and plans confirmed for which the money has been provided. Last year 1,248 miles of line were added to Canada's railway systems, and 4,327 miles are now under construction.

This expansion represents both long distance lines and short "feeders." In the summer of 1903 Sir WILFRID LAURIER introduced the bill for the construction of the new transcontinental route from Moncton, N. B., to the Pacific coast. Actual work was begun on the line about four years ago, and expenditures up to the present time amount to about $47,000,000. A large part of the 1,000 mile stretch from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains is practically completed, and a regular service between Winnipeg and Edmonton will be in operation within a few months. This is really the most important section of the whole system. It opens to settlement and cultivation an enormous area of superior wheat country. Work is also being pushed from the Pacific coast terminus eastward, and special attention will be paid to the construction of the eastern sections.

The Canadian Pacific will add somewhat to its mileage this year, but its special activities will be in the direction of improvement and of increased equipment. The wideawake Canadian Northern is busy with work on branch lines. It is opening the country west of Lake Winnipeg and south of the Saskatchewan River and from that base is sending out an arm which will sooner or later, probably within a few years, reach Fort Churchill on the western shore of Hudson Bay. There is every probability that we shall soon know by practical test whether the Hudson Strait can be used as a trade route from the West to Europe.

Canada's eastern lines plod along and show such progress as is called for by the districts through which they run.

THE PLEASED IMPORTER.

Tax on Coffee? Fine When My Warehouses Are Full.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have no quarrel with Mr. A. L. Louisson, who writes on "Philippine Coffee" in response to my letter "As to a Coffee Tax," for he is undoubtedly honest in his conviction on the subject for which he patriotically contends. But when Mr. Louisson remarks that "He [a coffee importer] naturally desires to see no duty," &c., I would remind him that I wrote that "those of us who are carrying large stocks of the article in warehouse here would welcome a duty to help us out."

And I now ask what importer wouldn't accumulate as large a stock of coffee in anticipation of a duty as his means would permit?

My connections are established in all the principal coffee producing countries of the world, so the development of the product in the Philippines would probably see us there as well.

I also subscribe heartily, for both his sake and mine, to Mr. Louisson's expression of trust that I will be on earth long enough to witness it (this development).

Nevertheless, I remain sceptical on the economic principle of the thing.

COFFEE IMPORTER.

NEW YORK, January 4.

A Protest Against the Glorification of Assassins.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your literary columns this morning I find a paragraph announcing that a book is to be published which will include the diary of President Lincoln's assassin. May I have space for a brief but earnest protest?

When the young man that had set fire to the temple of Diana was asked for his motive he answered that he wished to make himself famous. Thereupon a law was enacted that forbade the speaking or writing of his name; but two of the minor historians, violating the statute, passed down his name to posterity. Cibber, thrusting into Shakespeare's "Richard III." the cynical lines:

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

probably increased the mischief. Thus these three have done what they could to encourage some other such youth.

The circumstances of President Lincoln's assassination prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the assassin's principal motive, perhaps his only motive, was identical with that of the incendiary of the temple. He could not suppose that his crime would assist the Confederate cause, for the principal Confederate army had surrendered a week before and the Confederate Government was disbanded. If his only object was to kill Mr. Lincoln, he had had abundant opportunities to do that with a good chance of escaping and concealing his identity; for the President had been in the habit of going to the War Department in the evening and returning late, unattended. The spectacular manner in which the crime was perpetrated showed that the murderer had no desire to conceal his identity, but rather a great desire to announce it. He had a swift saddle horse at the stage door, and he depended on his knowledge of the intricacies of the stage for getting such a start of any pursuers as would probably insure his safety. This calculation was thwarted by the accident that broke his leg.

Will any thoughtful reader consider these circumstances and then say why our writers should conspire to give that assassin what he craved, and by so doing encourage other miscreants to follow his example? The most extensive and best edited of American biographical dictionaries not only excludes any article on the assassin of a President but does not allow the name to appear even incidentally in the article on the victim. To my personal knowledge many readers who have observed this fact or whose attention has been called to it have expressed a hearty approval, and I never have known of one that disapproved; but now it appears somebody is about to offer us the diary of the vilest felon that ever bore the name of American citizen. What should we want of it? We know that he was overtaken and killed, as he deserved to be; and that is enough. Though the sergeant that shot him is said to have done so without orders, we should be forever grateful that he was not brought before a civil tribunal, where his trial might have mortified and humiliated our people, as did that of President Garfield's assassin. The idiots who crowded about that murderer made him think that he had secured everlasting fame, and did all they could to encourage imitators. We have had one assassination of a President since that, and it will be no fault of theirs if there are not others to follow. At that time a poem appeared in your columns which closed with this stanza:

"When a few more years bring another such blow,
And the head of the nation lies in state,
While our streets with emblems of mourning are filled,
And door posts are darkened and songs are stilled,
While we follow the funeral, sad and slow,
We shall think of these things—God help us!—too late."

And this prediction was fulfilled when President McKinley fell.

There is no necessity on such an occasion for any book or journal to perpetuate the name of the criminal; all the news can be given if he is simply designated as "the assassin."

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

NEW YORK, January 6.

Necessity of Anti-Skid Devices on Motor Cars.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Let me direct a dart at our Park Commissioner who complained to the Mayor that chain tire grips were tearing up Riverside Drive. If the gentleman would build roads that did not wash out when every little shower comes chain tire grips or sledge hammers would have no effect.

I am an automobile owner and have been driving a car for at least five years, and I desire to say that it is absolutely unsafe to drive an automobile without the use of some sort of preventive for skidding. It appears to me that this is a public necessity, and for that reason the side of the motorist should be taken into consideration.

NEW YORK, January 6. EDW. J. RICE.

And It Clicked.

Click, little meter, for the range is lit,
Much gas is burning, so keep track of it.
Though each click is but a trifle,
Little things make life—
It's a button for the collar
Of the
gas
man's
wife.

Click, little meter, for your work's begun,
You'll get a layoff with the rising sun.
Set the hands in steady motion,
For you should take note,
That a cog space means a button
For the
gas
man's
coat.

Click, little meter, it is up to you.
Big oaks from acorns, so they've told us, grew.
Take down every stray heat unit,
For you know they are
Just so many vap'rous chuggings
For the
gas
man's
car.

CHARLES R. BARNES.

GERMAN ART AT THE MUSEUM.

First Notice.

Well, the Dutch have captured Holland, the German picture exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum is attracting crowds and Consul Karl Buenz and Hugo Reisinger ought to feel happy to see their protracted labors of several years come to a fruition. The collection, while far from being representative, should be of sufficient importance to interest the German residents of New York and also the student of art, who will find in the seven galleries of the new Metropolitan wing—a beautiful and commodious addition—plenty to reflect upon; above all a magnificent series of object lessons—lessons in the art of what to avoid when painting a picture. The German Emperor himself, whose taste still abides in the artless Biedermann period, has been extremely generous in the matter of lending masterpieces from Berlin and other royal galleries, and doubtless it is to his influence rather than to the judgments of Dr. Bode and Carl Marr that we owe the suppression of so many latter day young artists, not alone secessionists but the men who are now endeavoring to do for young Germany what Menzel and Liebermann did twenty years ago. As an educational stimulus this German show has arrived a quarter of a century too late. New York has seen the Barbizons and the French impressionists, and there are no painters in Germany who ever came within speaking distance of either school. Furthermore, to compare the raw, clumsy, harshly colored and airless landscapes of the new Germans with the exquisitely discriminated values and poetic atmosphere of contemporary American landscapists would be cruel. Modern criticism has made mincemeat of the gods of German painting, sparing few. Indeed, after religiously following for years the developments of Teutonic art both in Munich and Berlin we are tempted to ask whether Dürer was not the first and Holbein the last of Germany's universal artists! Since then the right way seems to have been lost.

During the world's exposition at Paris in 1878 the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* wrote: "There are one or two artists of the first rank and many men of talent in the German section, but in other respects German painting is still upon the level of the schools which had their day among us thirty years ago: this is the solitary school of painting which does not perceive that the age of railways and of world's exhibitions needs an art different from that of the age of philosophy and provincial isolation." If Carlyle had read this rather sweeping statement he might have raged as he did over the question: Have the Germans *esprit?* Yet there is truth nestling in the sentence. Germany was then provincial, philistine, if you will; and Germany is no longer provincial. She imports her "poisonous honey" from France, and to-day her fiction, art and drama are grossly exaggerated imitations of Gallic decadent schools. The sweet if homely sentiment of her old fashioned painting has degenerated into a hurrah of the baroque. Stuck follows in the footsteps of Boecklin, adding to that painter's rich fancies a nuance of madness and abnormality. The bad taste of it all! Wilhelm Leibl was sound, healthy, realistic and also unimaginative—a German Defregger without the individuality and charm of the Austrian.

Arnold Boecklin, a Swiss who was Italy mad, transposed to canvas a larger, stronger, more unreal dream theatre curtain Italy. His skies are bluer, his water greener than the sky and waves over and about Capri. As a rule his color is detestable, hard, glaring, unmodulated. But he was a poet—not a great poet—who described the picturesque in terms of a glorified scene painter. All his followers are scene painters, though lacking his decorative genius. Such works as "The Isle of the Dead," "Im Spiel der Wellen"—the latter in the New Pinakothek, Munich—or the "Dragon's Lair" at the Schack gallery, give you the true measure of the man. He loved myths. The gods and goats of Greece still lived for him. He could have echoed the poet: "Des Deutschen Künstler's Vaterland ist Griechenland, ist Griechenland." He delighted in "Pan" on swift hoofs overtaking some coy heavy flanked dryad, or in the whisking goatish gambols of fauns, or tumbling monsters in midocean. The white draped figure in the boat that is being ferried to the isle of the dead is very expressive. The picture took Germany by storm; here was united romance with death, a noble and lovely idea. But it is not the noble start, because purely fantastic.

Those Wagnerians who rave about the pictorial genius of Richard Wagner should remember that Munich, Moritz von Schwind and Boecklin were the progenitors for many of his stage pictures. His too sumptuous, overcolored crude scenes are derived from Munich—that Munich which George Moore called the "city of good beer and bad art." Or if you recall Gerhart Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" you may note how his imagination, the imagination of a genuine poet, was touched by Boecklin's fantasies; just as his Hannele, with the figure of the Stranger, came straight from one of Von Uhde's canvases. Boecklin, like Wagner, closed the Romantic period in Germany; both were belated Romantics, indifferent to modern movements. For Boecklin, Von Menzel or the French never existed.

German art has always been burdened with the idea. It has ever sought to paint the idea, and not possessing native genius for painting, her true greatness lying in the misty mid-regions of metaphysics and music, her history reveals a long, hard struggle to do indifferently well what the Italians, Dutch and French accomplished without entering into a death struggle with their temperament. We once said that we disliked British cookery, American fiction, Italian sculpture, French music and German painting—meaning, of course, the modern manifestations of these various arts; but this was an attempt at an epigram. There is much to be said for German painting, misguided as are its ideals. Most of it is like the effort of the Irishman to play the fiddle by sheer strength. But take it by and large, since the mighty names of centuries ago the results have not been commensurate with the enormous travail. We can think of nothing more melancholy than a visit to the galleries of German art at Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, where hang miles of mediocre pictures, except a day with the Munich or Berlin secessionists—parodies of the Autumn Salon in Paris. The amount of talent wasted, whether at Düsseldorf or Berlin or Bonn or Munich, is disheartening. In Germany the Academy rules. Every few years sees a fresh rebellion, but German art never changes. It is fundamentally academic, professorial. It is either the sentimental anecdote or the frigid allegory. In 1855 that witty Frenchman Edmond About impertinently wrote in regard to the German pictures at the exposition: "If you run against a good German painter you may compliment him in French."

Consider the rollcall of names: Carstens, Raphael Mengs, Genelli, Overbeck, Veit, Joseph Schnorr, Von Carolsfeld, Cornelius, Kaulbach—the Nazarene group echoes from Raphael and the David heroic movement—the Düsseldorfers, Schadow, C. F. Lessing, Hildebrandt, Anselm Feurbach, influenced by Prudhon and Ingres, the versatile pioneer; the Berliners, Hennerberg, Richter; Munich, Piloty, Hans Makart, Gabriel Max. Many of these would have made better poets, dramatists, organists and oratorio composers than painters; genuine painters they were not, rather cartoonists and illustrators. Then follows the most distinguished draughtsman of them all, Adolf Menzel, who, born in 1815, chameleonlike changed his style and color half a dozen times. Affected first by Meissonier, he painted with microscopic fidelity—seemingly he had the many lensed eyes of an insect, this little giant from Breslau with the huge hydrocephalic head. Then he, like Leibl, met Gustave Courbet, the most powerful painter of the nineteenth century. Immediately the supple, receptive talent of the German absorbed the mighty influence of a man who to-day is still withheld his rightful place in the French pantheon. It was Victor Müller who first introduced to the Germans Courbet. Leibl saw the Courbet pictures at the Munich exhibition in 1869. He became a strong partisan. In 1851 Courbet had painted his "Stonebreaker"; in 1876 appeared Von Menzel's masterpiece, "The Iron Mill" (at Königshütte, Upper Silesia). "The Restaurant of the Paris Exposition, 1867" is as sparkling as an impressionistic work, though on close inspection, like all of Von Menzel's pictures of crowds at court levees or theatres, it is painted with too much insistence on detail. Every figure is isolated and may be studied separately—and we have actually heard this defect praised as a sign of distinction. Monet and Degas can suggest a crowd with half a dozen figures. Von Menzel, whose eyes magnified everything, could never avoid the Meissonier exaggeration. His landscapes are photographic. We can't see the forest because of the elaborately painted trees, but his sketches, his pencil drawings—there is the master! His color to-day is neither agreeable nor subtle, though not sooty like Munkacsy's and his school.

The Germans have, without following the advice of the English painter, mixed their colors with brains; only there has always been something the matter with the colors. Intellectuality has never been absent in the ateliers of German artists; but the skylight has been too long darkened against nature's luminousness. The sublime, the grand, the heroic, the poetic, the marvellous—these impossible categories have lured the German painter away from the study of light, air, rhythms. He was so enamored with the costuming and the "ideality" of his subject that he forgot to let in nature. His great colorists have been exotic or else visitors from other countries. Berlioz has shown to the German composer the many hued palette of orchestration; and for a time that very brilliant but baneful painter Hans Makart set ablaze with his jewels, borrowed from old Venice, all the color tubes of the Fatherland. Luckily his influence did not long endure. Nevertheless, German Kunst has satisfied the Germans. The psychology of their art stems in the soil. They are sentimental, they demand a story, or else an abstract thought from their painters. The beautiful poetry of the French landscape school does not appeal.

But this swelling prologue is not for the sinister purpose of decrying German art. We have for too many years seen it at its best not to recognize its excellence, its earnestness, its bravery, its deep sentiment, and too often its ugliness. No amount of active cerebration or emotional exaltation will make paint beautiful if the eye and the hand are not trained. The uncouth surfaces, the patchy paint, the violent unnatural marriage of tones, the diffuseness of composition; above all, the absence of harmony, melody and magnetism—of charm, in a word—these are commonplaces of criticism when characterizing German art. The German is not a born painter; and he is yet in the making. Idealism is a magnificent quality, an asset in art, but crippled if the paint is bad. The exception to all dogmatic rules at once comes to the tip of the tongue. How about Lenbach? What of Liebermann? There is only one answer: Masters both; the former one of the world's greatest masters of portraiture and a profound psychologist. In his case hand, eye, brain worked harmoniously.

There are six of his pictures at the Metropolitan Museum, though only two are the best Lenbach. The Bismarck head is not so vivid as some of the others we have seen. The eye is not so commanding, so full of lustre, and the painting of the body and hand is dull and conventional. But the head is vigorously modelled. Lenbach makes all pictorial and psychologic interests on his canvas subservient to the eyes. They are for him the windows of the soul. He often bore too heavily on this point, as for example in his head of Franz Liszt. The eyes look like incandescent grapes. The *clou* of the seven galleries is the sketch of Professor Mommsen lent by the National Gallery, Berlin. The very soul of the scholar is set before us and with rare interpretative power the simplicity of genius. The Moltke is rather dingy; Frau Knorr's portrait is conventional. The head of the "Old Lady" as regards textures is excellent, the face being too livid to be pleasant. The pastel of Döllinger lays bare to the bone the ascetic, self-tormented, unhappy temperament of this dissident. Cold, almost cadaverous is the flesh of the nude called "Ecstasy." Not an attractive composition, even at an exhibition where too few nudes are to be seen.

Skill to the Taft Golf Clubs!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I wager "L. K. H." is neither a poker fiend nor a bridge devotee. Guess I'll raise the odds and wager he isn't a devotee of any game or sport. If he was he wouldn't find fault with the enthusiasm of our President-elect over golf or the news item telling us of the progress of his game.

Arnold Haultain has told us there are three mysteries in life: metaphysics, the feminine heart and golf. If this sedentary friend knew the fascination of trying to solve one of the three great mysteries he would forgive the golfer anything.

We doubt if the Germans have solved the first; certainly the French haven't given us the clue to the second. If Mr. Taft can solve the third won't it be a worthy achievement, fitting so high an office as is to be his?

All skill to his clubs, say I. J. W. K.

HARTFORD, Conn., January 6.

The Poor Unprotected Theatre Managers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It seems as though a guardian for the protection of theatrical managers against commercial playwrights should be appointed. After witnessing an "opening" on Monday night a tender heart ached for the poor gullible managers of this city. The public of course is made to suffer only to the tune of $2 a person, while the ignorant managers who accept such plays suffer thousands.

NEW YORK, January 7. J. S.

THE AMERICAN INQUISITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Congress has in recent years entered almost imperceptibly into novel fields of jurisdiction, among them the ascertainment of the amount of reasonable profit which common carriers and producers should be permitted to earn. The need of acquiring information to enable Congress to decide on the proper profit of such industries is leading up to preparations for the establishment of inquisition bureaus in Washington which may if care shall not be exercised grow into proportions like those of Spanish inquisitions in mediæval days.

The creation of special agents in the Treasury Department to detect counterfeiting many years ago has furnished an opportunity to go further and endeavor by similar agencies to obtain facts not to punish violations of existing laws but to afford information regarding new laws. Before the arrival of "my policies" the grand juries of the nation were looked upon as the grand inquest to discover crime and deter from it. The procedure was judicial.

Everybody now sees or can see that the Interstate Commerce Commission fancied that Congress had empowered it to extort evidence in order to aid in future legislation and how the Supreme Court has dealt with that fancy.

A few years later Congress granted inquisitorial powers to the new Commissioner of Corporations by reference to the authority to compel testimony supposed to have been heretofore given to the Interstate Commerce Commission. This is the language:

The Commissioner of Corporations shall have and exercise the same power and authority in respect to corporations, joint stock companies and combinations, subject to the provisions hereof, as is conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission in said act to regulate commerce and the amendments thereto in respect to common carriers so far as the same may be applicable, including the right to subpœna and compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of documentary evidence and to administer oaths (32 Stat., 829).

The influence on that language and on the projects for an organization bureau to be exerted by the recent Supreme Court decision remains to be seen. The President should inform the country of the number, name, compensation and present work in each executive department of each special agent or detective or ferret or spy or investigator now under employment and the total present cost of such service.

It is reported that a large employer of labor as a common carrier has recently discovered that confidential clerks of his are under pay as Federal special agents. Can it be that one's shorthand writer or typewriter or confidential clerk is in the service of a bureau or department at Washington, to make reports on which facts can be by Congress extorted in violation of due process of law to aid in legislation?

It is even rumored that on information obtained in some such way the labor cost in American production will be obtained for new tariff making and used by the Ways and Means Committee without an opportunity of examination by the public.

M.

NEW YORK, January 7.

Government According to the Constitution.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As a citizen nearly eligible to the "Chloroform Club," a "Son of the Revolution," and the father of a worthy son who will shortly inherit my insignia of the Revolution, as he has already from his grandfather those of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion and the G. A. R., I cannot refrain from commenting upon the issue raised between the President and Congress concerning the secret service, coming as it does after attacks by the Executive upon the judiciary.

The pregnant question before us is not a personal or temporary matter. It projects itself far beyond—even far beyond this or a possible misguided vote of a succeeding generation.

Our fathers out of their sore experiences and studies sought by harmonizing the needs, aspirations and frailties of men to erect a structure that would endure. They wisely chose, in musical parlance, a harmony of thirds—executive, legislative and judicial. It was upon this well tuned harp that John Marshall and other great expounders swept their loyal and disciplined fingers.

Let the House and the Senate look to it that no discord string remains untuned to the "music of the Union."

WILLIAM F. MATTES.

SCRANTON, Pa., January 6.

Mr. Brown's Idea.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If such disturbers to business as District Attorney Sims of Chicago, Judge Landis and Attorney-General Bonaparte were to go to Africa hunting and forget to come back the country would not miss them.

SAMUEL BROWN.

SCHENECTADY, January 6.

Chinese Court Etiquette.

Peking correspondence Shanghai Mercury.

The regulations regarding the Prince Regent have been discussed several times. At first it was decided that the Grand Councillors should stand when they are received by the Prince Regent, but the Regent did not consent to this and therefore it has been decided that they will take seats instead of standing, while the Prince Regent will sit in the centre and the Grand Councillors will take seats on the east and west. However, the Grand Councillors propose now to have a throne in the centre, and the Prince Regent will sit on the left and the Grand Councillors after making salutation to the Throne will sit on the western side, and when princes and dukes are received by the Prince Regent they will kneel once and kowtow thrice, while the Prince Regent will receive them standing. This proposal has been drafted by Pao Hsi on the order of Prince Ching. The Prince Regent has accepted only 10,000 taels a month as his monthly expenses, while 20,000 taels was proposed by the Grand Councillors.

Women Help Good Roads Movement.

Connellsville correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

Women of Saltlick township have taken the good roads movement into their own hands. This week for the second time a force of women with a horse and wagon attacked the southern end of the road from Davidstown to Buchanan schoolhouse at the same time that another force went to work on the other end.

It is understood the women will not ask for compensation, nor could they receive any without asking for it, as it is required that all who work on roads shall do so by approval of the supervisors. It is claimed there is a sufficient tax to repair the roads, and the prediction is made that a few more stonepicking parties will bring the matter thoroughly before the public.

The Yankee's Almanac.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For years I have been bothered using the encyclopædic almanac I patronize by the difficulty of finding the table of contents, which the publishers craftily bind in following the advertising pages in the front of the book. This year I have found a way to open the volume without trouble at the first page of the table. I simply paste together a dozen or so of the advertising pages, and when I take up the almanac these must fall together, thus opening the book exactly where I want it opened.

YANKEE.

VAN DEUSEN, Mass., January 6.

Problem for the Gas Company.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* How are the customers of the Consolidated Gas Company who have been using quarter in the slot meters since the 80 cent gas law became effective to get the 20 per cent. rebate to which they are entitled?

NEW YORK, January 7. BRASS DISK.

For Luck.

Stella—A cult says you should change your first name for luck.

Bella—I prefer to change my last.