The Sun.

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The Governor and the District Attorney.

We congratulate Governor HUGHES on the effectual if incomprehensibly belated performance of his duty in the matter of the King charges against District Attorney JEROME. We congratulate the Governor because we regard him as the chief beneficiary of this tardy act of justice. The preposterous proceedings themselves were disposed of, so far as intelligent public opinion is concerned, seven months ago yesterday, when the commissioner appointed by the Governor, the Hon. RICHARD L. HAND, submitted for executive ratification his clear and conclusive report. Since then, it has seemed to us, the burden of doubt and the question of worthiness have rested rather more heavily upon the nominal judge than upon the nominal defendant in the case. The chronology of the proceedings became daily more painful for all impartial friends of justice and of the Governor to contemplate. His willingness to allow so many months to accumulate between the receipt of the Hand report and the consequent dismissal of the charges could not fail to arouse in many minds the suspicion that either miserable personal spite was at work at Albany, or the Governor for reasons not intelligible was devoting his time to search for pretexts for removal outside of the findings of his commissioner, whose admirably judicial determination of the case had met the instant approval of the bench, bar and public opinion of this State upon the day of its publication.

That is why we congratulate the Governor upon an exoneration which does not principally concern Mr. JEROME, although naturally of great interest to that able, honest and fearless servant of the public.

Confessions of a Public Service Commissioner.

From the tedium of "ten best sellers," from the satiating succulence of vernal lyres, we invite our readers to turn to the contemplation of the literary elegance and biographical excellence of the Red Book, that manual of men and matters of legislative and public import. Like the Congressional Directory this publication possesses the authoritative charm that flows from the fact that its matter is autobiographical, consisting of those essential facts which our great men admit concerning themselves and admit under their own literary hand and seal. Time and space do not permit us to reproduce, even slightingly, each individual pen portrait. From the appalling wealth of this gallery of greatness we have been compelled to choose but one example, leaving to our readers the profitable examination of the others, an investigation which cannot fail to reward the least industrious a thousandfold. Our selection, moreover, has been made with due regard to personal popularity, public prominence and the possibilities of promotion in the immediate future, as well as with a similar regard for autobiographical excellence. In taking up the modest self-estimation of the Hon. WILLIAM RUSSELL WILLCOX we believe we have in hand a document which might justly stir the envy of PLUTARCH himself.

We turn, therefore, to the simple phrase with which our Public Service Commissioner rings up the curtain upon a nascent genius which has not yet approached its period. He, "like many other boys who have since attained fame, passed his boyhood days upon a farm." Here, at the very outset, is the precise inspiration that will make the career of the subject of this sketch a luminous inspiration to the remotest rural hamlet. Sitting beside his mahogany desk, his feet upon an Oriental rug of simple artistic excellence, the recipient from a grateful Commonwealth of a modest $15,000 salary, this son of remote Chenango by his very success must be the beacon of hope to every ambitious farmer's boy from Montauk to Lake Erie. "Public life has always appealed to Mr. WILLCOX," the narrative resumes. Again the temptation to exclamation can be restrained with difficulty. We live in a hideous age, all about us men pursue public office with the lust of the savage; how refreshing it is, therefore, to behold in high office and at a respectable remuneration one who has never even "sat for company" with an eligible appointment nor stirred save in response to the trumpet call of duty.

"Being a prolific and logical writer on current subjects he [Mr. WILLCOX, of course] quickly became known to the reading public," so you learn in a subsequent paragraph. "Prolific and logical": the very sketch which we are now discussing gives evidence of the prolific beyond our need to emphasize; and "logical"—Mr. WILLCOX is himself the most complete demonstration of the successful conclusion based upon his magnificent major premise of agricultural origin. Yet we pass with increasing ardor to a later statement: "Mr. WILLCOX cannot in any sense be considered a muck raker." This is the man for whom we have been searching. Here is a complete refutation of the contemporaneous superstition that literary man can live by mud alone. Here is a sturdy moralist who has spurned the allurements of the magazines, contented himself with the modest salary of a plain public official, hearkened never for a single moment to the siren call that must have sounded upon his ears as upon those of every "prolific and logical writer on current topics."

"He is simply an official who performs his duty as he sees it," thus the introspective analysis of Mr. WILLCOX continues, "and in probing the financial side of the multifariously woven corporations to ascertain their financial condition it uncovered the methods employed in high finance juggling." We doubt if the Hon. Uncle BILLY IVINS himself could have used more polysyllabics to express the same idea. Here is a complete and reassuring document that every taxpayer may read as he runs. Here is the Spartan ideal of the Chenango farm turned loose to terrify the wicked of Wall Street. Yet greatness has for us unhappy limitations. Since Mr. WILLCOX has occupied his present altitude "he has been compelled to refrain from speaking, partly from fear of being misinterpreted in his printed sayings, and owing to the burdensome work he has dedicated himself to." Unhappy struggle of a "prolific and logical writer on current topics"! Is it quite fair, moreover, to chain such a man to the servitude of silence and deprive the public of his golden words, however important the task allotted to him?

Successful biography or autobiography must, however, make its concession to the "human interest" and the heart appeal. "Mr. WILLCOX's personality has made him many friends. He is genial and a most engaging conversationalist. His decisive and democratic way of disposing of intricate propositions appeals." Again: "Although Mr. WILLCOX is a thoroughly domestic man he finds time to attend public functions." These are but fugitive jewels from a splendid tiara of thought. The charm of the man radiates through his modest words. The most inspired press agent could do no better, even for so splendid a "subject." "Know thyself" has ever been a watchword to the introspective, but it is the Hon. WILLIAM RUSSELL WILLCOX who has so decisively added the significant advice—"and then write about it."

Like the veracious historian of "John-a-Nory," our tale is done before it is well begun. We have hardly stirred the top soil, let alone ploughed the earth with that thoroughness that the farmer boy of Chenango might justly expect. Yet of the remainder of the material here contained the world knows most by heart. For the rest, we inform it where to look. In an age of complexity there is here a living fount of simplicity. Nor shall we feel our task even respectably completed until we have urged each word, each sentence of this harmonious whole upon the careful consideration of the Hon. JIMMY REYNOLDS, inspector of Mayors. There is much here which should appeal to him, which should receive his prayerful consideration.

Farthest South.

What did the Shackleton expedition to the Antarctic learn that was not reported by Captain ROBERT F. SCOTT on his return to civilization in 1904?

It was already known, or believed, that no land mammals existed within the Antarctic Circle—no bears or foxes, such as may be found in the far north. The only mammals encountered and reported by Dr. WILSON of the earlier expedition were sea mammals; orca, rorqual, finner and beaked whales, and crab eating, Ross and Weddell seals—within the Antarctic Circle. The seals known as sea leopards and sea elephants were found on the pack ice north of it. Along South Victoria Land twelve different kinds of birds were sighted, chiefly petrels, and also a small tern, the sooty and black browed albatrosses and the blue gray whale bird—these in the open sea and along the Great Ice Barrier. About the winter quarters under Mount Erebus the emperor penguin, four feet high, tame and almost human in its aspects and ways; the Adélie penguin and McCormick's skua (a gull) were habitual neighbors of the explorers. On the return from the "farthest south" (463 miles from the pole) a solitary skua was seen; but in the desolate interior there was no life. Except mosses and lichens no vegetation was noted. The territorial fauna, if the term can be used of such vital barrenness, consisted of a wingless insect approximating to a fly.

Now, as SHACKLETON'S party, pushing their perilous way south, met with only glaciers and ranges of snow mountains, it may be assumed that the biologist of the expedition will have nothing or very little to add to Dr. WILSON'S report—at least of life in the interior south of the point attained by Captain SCOTT, Lieutenant SHACKLETON and Dr. WILSON in 1903, which was latitude 82° 16' 33", longitude 164.

But of the topography of the so-called continent the hardy and indefatigable SHACKLETON, who almost perished of scurvy in the previous venture, learned a good deal more than Captain SCOTT. The latter in his account of the Discovery expedition wrote:

> "The main geographical interest of our expedition lies in the practical observation of a coast line from Mount Melbourne in latitude 74½ degrees to Mount Longstaff in latitude 83 degrees, and of the conditions which lie to the east and west of this line. Our previous knowledge extended only to that part which lies between Mount Melbourne and McMurdo Sound; and of this we had the vaguest description."

Captain SCOTT and his party travelled with dog sledges over the ice plateau, which he supposed to be afloat although of vast area, and kept within sight of the mountain ranges that form the coast of Victoria Land. After gaining an altitude of 8,900 feet, they traversed "a level plain," and Captain SCOTT says: "The Great Ice Barrier is afloat as far as we travelled." They were finally stopped by a crevasse they could not descend into, and on their return journey they lost all their dogs (just as Lieutenant SHACKLETON lost all his ponies), and came near dying of scurvy. They named mountains which they never reached, Longstaff (10,350 feet) and Markham (15,000 feet), and Captain SCOTT was of the opinion that the ice plain skirting the mountain ranges extended even to the South Pole.

What Lieutenant SHACKLETON did was to pass the very point at which the party in 1903 stopped, and push on 352 miles further, only to be baffled, with the ice plateau stretching before his eyes, by the same conditions of hunger, fatigue and loss of animals that made the "dash" of SCOTT, WILSON and himself a failure. He seems, however, to have been favored by milder weather. He learned that the mountain ranges continued along the plateau, and he will be able to furnish the Royal Geographical Society with a new map containing peaks named by himself. "We discovered eight distinct mountain ranges," he says, "and more than a hundred mountains." Almost equal in interest and of more importance scientifically was the ascent to the crater or lip of Erebus. This was a prodigious feat. If the courageous SHACKLETON failed at a point which would probably have been in sight of the locality of the South Pole on a clear day, if he could have stood upon a mountain top, it was because the human frame was not equal to the hardships to be endured. There will be other attempts, and let us hope that the consummation will finally fall to a man of his deserts.

The Conundrum of the Navy.

Naval officers, whether in Washington or aboard ship, are convinced that Secretary MEYER will soon do something to relieve the situation bequeathed him by his predecessor. They argue in the first place that if the President had been satisfied with the plan of reorganization outlined in the latter days of the late Administration he would hardly have interfered with its consummation by making a serious change in the machinery. This reasoning may not be as valid as it seems, but it has its disciples. Again, they tell themselves that a board or commission created by the Executive has already reported in favor of a reorganization which will put military men in control and reduce the civilian branches to their proper subordination in the general scheme. They hope much from this, and so cultivate the spirit of expectancy.

Meanwhile Secretary MEYER has made no sign that the outside world can see. His order restoring the marines, and one or two other minor acts, would seem to indicate that he is taking interest in the affairs of his Department, but the supreme demonstration for which everybody is waiting and in default of which the navy will decline from a military into a civilian establishment is delayed. What the outcome will be no one can predict with confidence. The line officers, especially the younger men who are familiar with the modern battleship, the latest development in ordnance and gunnery and the principles of design that will adjust these latter day ideas to the emergencies of navigation and of war, continue to believe that the outcome will eventually justify them. The landsmen, the naval constructors, the commissaries and so on, all of whom are bent on wearing military titles and maintaining their control of political patronage, devoutly hope that the present situation will be perpetuated just as former Secretary NEWBERRY left it, and that the practical management of everything important will continue in their willing hands.

Nobody wants to hurry Secretary MEYER, so far as we can see, but everybody would like to have him act without unnecessary delay. The present situation, to say the least, is irksome. At present the navy organization is neither military nor civilian.

The New Committee on Public Expenditures.

It is to be expected that the Senate Committee on Public Expenditures, created on Monday last, will perform a highly important function in the regulation of Government expenses and the revision of appropriation bills. The committee will consist of:

> The chairman of the Committee on Appropriations [Senator HALE], the chairman of the Committee on Finance [Senator ALDRICH], the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs [Senator WARREN], the chairman of the Commttee on Naval Affairs [Senator PERKINS], the chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads [Senator PENROSE], the chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry [Senator DOLLIVER], the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs [Senator CLAPP], and Senators NELSON, GAMBLE, CRANE, CARTER, BOURNE, CUMMINS, BURTON, ROOT, MCLAURIN, NEWLANDS, OWEN, FLETCHER and HUGHES.

Of this new body the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations is to be the acting chairman, and its membership includes the heads of the committees that pass on the principal appropriations made by the Congress. The tremendous influence which this committee may exert is manifest. While the duties it is to perform have not been defined formally yet, in general the plan on which it is founded calls for a consideration of all proposed expenditures of the Government, regarded not merely as isolated enterprises, but as correlated parts of one great business. Thus economy of administration, without arbitrary curtailment of needed or desirable activities, may be promoted. Public Expenditures, composed of many of the strongest men in the Senate, may easily become the most valuable committee in the Congress.

CASTRO of Venezuela is as perplexing a problem as ever. When he sailed away from La Guayra bound for Europe his detractors all agreed that he had his plunder with him and would dwell ever after in luxurious Paris according to the manner of deposed and fugitive Spanish American despots and collectors in the past. Now that he is reported as being headed for home all sorts of new theories are exploited and we are regaled with the gloomiest forebodings as regards his fate. Nobody knows whether he is coming back or not, but at least his designs are open to controversy. His intentions are not as obvious as those of GUZMAN BLANCO were, and for the moment we must give him the benefit of the doubt. He may intend to return to Venezuela, all present indications point to that conclusion; and if so, what becomes of our hypotheses based upon other grounds? Wouldn't it be just as well to reserve opinions as to CASTRO? After all, we know very little about him or his character.

> You evidently want a law like some corporations do, something like a goose which will lay golden eggs for your friends and lemons for your enemies.—*The Hon. Uncle* BILLY IVINS.

So our new charter is only a goose egg after all.

While we indignantly disown any intention to cavil at the inspired public service of Assemblyman JOSEPH, who has introduced a measure to make the possession of one of the new "silencers" a felony, we respectfully submit that public interest might be served by the exclusion of members of the Legislature from the operation of the proposed statute.

> The Democrats made a clean sweep in the elections here to-day.—*Saratoga despatch.*

The general impression was that the "clean sweep" in Saratoga had been achieved by the last Republican Legislature.

Our neighbor the *Evening Post* in a fine flutter of enthusiasm hails the Hughes direct nominations bill as a hitherto unrecognized measure to promote publicity for political parties. Chiefly it extols the provisions regulating the nominations of Governors by State committees, and ecstatically exclaims:

> "No more 'going into executive session,' where thimblerigging can be done in the dark. The public can now be present, newspapers can report all that takes place. Moreover, the new law provides a public calling of the roll of the committee, each member of which shall then 'arise and declare the name' of his favored candidate."

Well, maybe. We own, however, that grosser and more material minds have found it easier to accept the gratuitously rendered expert testimony of the Hon. JAMES W. WADSWORTH, Jr., that the public session will be for the sole purpose of ratifying the bargain agreed to in secret. Of course we do not mean to hint in libel that the new and sanctified State committee would break the law. We don't even believe the present one would do that, since it finds it so much simpler to avoid it. But sitting round the table, say in the back room of the Fort Orange Club, or even in the front room of the Democratic Club, could mandatory provisions interfere with the exchange of views among "gentlemen"? To believe that it could would in our judgment be as anarchistic as to question the constitutionality of the Raines law sandwich itself.

Federal Regulation of Sleep.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On page 119 of the report of the wonderful Homes Commission occurs the following gem: "A dreamless sleep is in every way recuperative, while a dreamful night produces a tired feeling in the morning; hence dreams should be avoided if possible."

The only question now is: How should dreams be "avoided"?

A. H. ALEXANDER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23.

Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A recent letter from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in THE SUN said of the Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women:

"The statement that they have 14,000 members merely means that in fourteen years they have collected 14,000 signatures."

Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson disputes this. So far as I am aware, it has not been disputed by any officer of the M. A. O. F. E. S. W., though the same statement has been widely and repeatedly made in the Massachusetts papers. It is true that our "antis" revise their lists occasionally and strike off the names of the women whom they know to have died or been converted to suffrage, but the fact remains that they have no membership fee and no annual renewal of membership; that their so-called members are only signatures, and that most of these signatures were obtained many years ago.

Mrs. Johnson's assertion that these 14,000 women are "actively organized" to fight against equal rights is quite unwarranted. About a year ago the association had a spurt of activity, but it soon declined. The quarterly journal which is its official organ in its issue for January, 1908, reported the membership as 12,553. In April, 1908, it gave it as 14,163, showing that 1,610 signatures had been added in three months; but in its latest issue (January, 1909) it gives the membership as exactly the same, 14,163. What shall be said of the activity of an association that during nine months has not added a single name to its enrolment?

On the other hand the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association during the last year has added 8,000 names to its enrolment, making a total of 27,250, two-thirds of whom are women.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

DORCHESTER, Mass., March 23.

Mending the Jury System.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I saw an item in a newspaper recently to the effect that it is proposed to make certain modifications of the jury system of this State. What the contemplated changes are was not stated, but it is to be devoutly hoped that the benighted rule limiting the number of jurors to twelve will receive attention. Anybody with any brains worth mentioning can see that at least one extra juror ought to be drawn to serve on every important trial, to provide against the possibility of one of the twelve being taken ill and thus necessitating a new trial, with all its extra expense and wearisome perplexities. Why this law has been allowed to remain in its primitive form to this enlightened age has been a constant wonder to all intelligent laymen. The only conceivable explanation is that it affords a rich field for the lawyers to exploit. The more trials the more fat fees. W. G. B.

NEW YORK, March 24.

Plea for the Watch Seller.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been a jewelry dealer, and clocks also, for seventeen years, and have made just a good living by it. I see the Metropolitan Insurance Company will have a clock that will give the time every fifteen minutes so it can be heard for ten miles. Don't you see that will ruin the business of thousands of jewellers like myself? Why can't this be stopped because it will ruin our trade?

NEW YORK, March 24. J. AHRENS.

Wilds of California.

From the Sacramento Union.

While the great explorers of the age are going forth to discover what the Arctic regions, the Himalaya heights, the Arabian deserts and the mysterious depths of Tibet have so far kept from the eyes of civilized man, it may be interesting to Californians to know that here in their own State there are tracts that are still as wild as any of those in Africa or Asia and about which comparatively little is known.

In the *Century Magazine* for April the Messina earthquake is described by Frank A. Perret from the scientific side and by Robert Hichens, with well selected photographs to aid them. There are good pictures too of normal Sicilian scenes. An interesting sketch appears of Prince Chün, the Regent of China, and there are biographies of Prof. Lowell, the new president of Harvard University, and of the late Joel Chandler Harris. The pleasing Saint Gaudens reminiscences continue, there is a delightful picture of Joe Jefferson's home life, and there is a batch of Lincoln memoranda, chiefly relating to the assassination. The picturesque German towns described are Meissen and Dresden. Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's serial is continued and there are four short stories. Mr. de Iwanowski's colored portrait of Edith Wynne Matthison is striking.

AROUND THE GALLERIES.

It was a genuine spring afternoon a day or so ago at the Fine Arts Building on West Fifty-seventh street. The blasting near by was noisier than ever, there were fewer "to let" signs on adjacent studio buildings, and, sure harbinger of the vernal solstice, Beatrice Herford's name stared at you from Carnegie Hall billboards. When Miss Herford recites, the sun has begun to traverse its southern loop. The fur on Wilhelm Funk's silk hat blew eastward, a symbol of his desire to travel, and through the galleries Mr. Allison went with velvet catlike tread. He was happy when he looked at the crowd, above all happy as he regarded the magic red spots on certain pictures, which spelled "sold." The spring academy is not unsuccessful. There are buyers. There are visitors. Even the artists drift in to watch how the crowd congregates. We missed Gedney Bunce, but there were people in front of his Hartford Venetian picture, which glowed with unaccustomed fervor in the tomato dressing illumination. J. G. Brown's "American Farmer" is sold, or will be; and Daniel Garber's "In the Fields" ought to be. We had firmly resolved to study the portraiture only, but the fever of spring is contagious and we soon found ourselves staring at landscapes, at waterscapes, and wishing ourselves in green fields and over the hills and far away, though not in that rigid topographical region of W. A. Coffin's landscape, where the sheep and trees are as if carved for a Noah's Ark.

Adelaide Cole Chase has a portrait in the south gallery; so has Daniel Garber, the latter of horses. H. O. Tanner's "The Holy Women Approaching the Tomb" is presumably portraiture; the women are most certainly not holy. "Harlem River From Washington Heights" was painted by Ernest Lawson from his window in the neighborhood. You can recognize the Polo Grounds. This picture is bold and stands the test of a bold light. Maxfield Parrish's "Lanterns" is a fantastic poster affair which kills everything at thirty rods, so vivid is the color. Some one suggested that each of the lanterns be labelled with a letter, for the picture would make a startling effect as an advertisement. J. Campbell Phillips's "Mother Love" is a rich colored canvas; Maynard's "Alarm" is Boecklin not very well done. Whittemore's "Coquette" shows a pretty girl prettily painted. We have written of Lillian Genth's banjo girl, a rather heavy performance for an artist with her skilled touch. Frank Fowler shows a portrait; so does Mary Foote. Aubrey Hunt's "Pirate Ship" is brilliant and spotty. Bogart's "Break of Day" is a breaking away for this painter from his old soft coal smoke school; for which relief let us give thanks. "Two Dutch Dolls" by W. T. Smedley will endear him more than ever to the "Isn't it sweet?" brigade, but it's a neatly painted boy all the same. We joy for Douglas Volk's "Youth." We adore the maiden. Hers is the ideal face for a boudoir. Why has Gifford Beal gone Monticelliward? And mediocre Monticelli at that. "Playmates" by Lydia Emmet is exactly in the social key of the very sociable Emmet school. The "Pandora" by Charles A. Winter proves that Hugo Ballin's decorative impulse still lives. The Cecilia Beaux portrait is not alluring; nor has Robert David Gauley repeated his successful girl with a muff of several season's ago. Why does Carroll Beckwith? Albert Sterner's portrait of a sweet faced lady is one of the few charming portraits in the exhibition. It is painted in soft, sober grays against a flat, neutral background, and it has character. Close your eyes, say your prayers, wink rapidly twice or thrice, and a certain landscape will look like a Childe Hassam. Well might Mr. Hassam exclaim: "Who steals my purse steals trash; who steals my style makes a mistake, for imitation is the sincerest form of flatulency."

Harry W. Watrous signs N. A. after his name, yet he paints frivolous pictures. His two girls in black—well, they are very saucy. We have registered our liking for E. L. Henry's polished effusions. Since the death of the pioneer Mount no one relates a bucolic anecdote on canvas so smoothly and with such varnished style. Never mind the absence of Monetlike treatment or the modelling of Manet; Mr. Henry is always easy to understand. We recommend his work to Sir Caspar Purdon Clark. It was a cruel proceeding to hang the graceful study of Wilhelm Funk's "Jeanne"—shown earlier in the season at Knoedler's—above Beckwith's portrait of a gentleman in black. Howard Russell Butler's portrait of a lady is not very attractive; while clever, even brilliant, as is Irving Wile's portrait of Gervaille-Réache as *Carmen* it does not attract as much as does his "Quiet Corner," with the technically well rendered lounging girl. Sargent's portrait of Countess Széchényi is rather a superficial virtuoso performance when seen in daylight. It does not compare favorably in richness of tone or intention with J. Alden Weir's "Reverie." Not a beautiful young lady this, nor gaudily attired, but there is beauty of expression and a loveliness in quality which Weir always achieves. Indeed, what can Weir not paint? We liked less the Ballard Williams; the pattern is a jumble, the drawing shaky. However, his tonality covers a multitude of sins, and in the kingdom of the bituminous Mr. Williams is a king. The dog in Sergeant Kendall's portrait of a young woman is alive, *voilà tout.* Hugo Ballin's "Music Lesson" is decorative; there is no denying the languorously emotional quality of his color, even if his models live in no ladies' land. Mr. Funk shows a dignified and harmonious portrait of a lady. There is more loving attention bestowed upon the character of the face than on the textures. The improvement in this particular is so marked in the case of Funk that we believe him at the beginning of a long career.

The family group of George de Forest Brush is not his best variation on the old theme. Mannerisms are beginning to creep in; the color is dry, almost hard; the baby so wriggles that its various limbs seen at a distance suggest a youthful octopus; and that boy with one glove!

The bust of Augustus Thomas by Robert I. Aitken recalls the bluff features of Eugene Cowles. There's nothing telepathic about the dramatist. He is solid as lead. Mrs. Launt Thompson's head is executed by her daughter (Mariette Launt Thompson that was) and the hereditary possessor of her father's talent. Anna V. Hyatt, J. Scott Hartley, Chester Beach, A. St. L. Eberle, Janet Scudder, Edith Woodman Burroughs, Caroline Peddle Ball and others are represented in the meagre sculpture exhibit.

An interesting exhibition is at Macbeth's, 450 Fifth avenue. Figure subjects by Blendon Campbell, C. W. Hawthorne, Robert Henri, George B. Luks and Kenneth Miller will furnish plenty of food for discussion. At the Powell Gallery, 983 Sixth avenue, Frank Fowler is showing some sketches and studies in oil until April 3. J. Mortimer Lichtenauer is holding an exhibition of portraits at Knoedler's, Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. At the Scuola Gallery, 59 West Thirty-ninth street, Claire Avery has sketches and decorations. Augustus Koopman's paintings, water colors, etchings in bewildering profusion may be seen at the Cottier Galleries, 3 East Fortieth street, for some time to come.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON SOCIALISM.

From the Canadian Magazine.

Equality and fraternity are the watchwords of Socialism. Of fraternity, or something like it, a measure may be said to be attained in any well ordered and contented commonwealth. It is manifested by community of interest in the national welfare, common joy at national success, common sorrow at national defeat. Equality will hardly be attained without a radical change in the providential government of the world. That all men are created equal the authors of the American Declaration of Independence held to be a "self-evident truth." With deference to their illustrious authority, it would be difficult to frame a more self-evident fallacy. Men are created and sent into the world with every conceivable variety of endowment, physical, moral and mental, with infinite variety of circumstance, and not less various openings and chances in life. If all could be rolled flat to-day, to-morrow the differences would reappear. This may offend our sense of equity, but the responsibility must rest on the government of the world. An equal right to justice all men unquestionably have, but there the natural equality ends.

What we now want most urgently and must have before us if we are to do justice to the Socialist's scheme is his plan both for the settlement and the transition. What is the organization of the regenerated community to be? How and by whom is it to be governed? Who is to make the laws? Who is to regulate industry? Who is to distribute the parts and determine the remunerations of all workers? How without private capital can undertakings be set on foot? How without the prospect of private gain can private enterprise be called into play? Will there not have to be, besides a complete change of organization, a change of human nature almost as complete? There may be answers to all these questions, but at present they are not before us.

How the transition is to be effected is a question hardly less vital. Suppose a part of the community resists, clinging to private property and individual enterprise, what is to be done? Is recourse to be had to the methods of the French Jacobin and the Russian Anarchist? Enough of that spirit has been shown in the writings and speeches of extreme Socialists to make the class which is threatened look to its military training.

At present the Socialist movement, in England at least, seems to be rather taking the form of the use of the powers of taxation for a general transfer of property. The ultimate consequence of this or of any sweeping policy of confiscation would probably be political convulsion, with industrial disorganization in its train.

Education in the South.

Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, in his annual report for 1908 says that the high schools in the South increased from 1,051 in 1904 to 1,375 in 1907, a gain of 324. Here is the record:

State.	1907.	1904.
Texas	367	300
Georgia	158	136
Virginia	139	64
Mississippi	120	99
Alabama	102	76
Tennessee	98	92
South Carolina	95	98
Arkansas	88	54
North Carolina	71	30
Florida	75	48
Louisiana	62	45
Totals	1,375	1,051

Increase in three years, 324.

The amounts raised by local taxation for the support of the public schools in each State in these years were:

State.	1907.	1904.
Texas	$1,865,640	$1,441,960
Virginia	1,730,933	1,008,542
Tennessee	1,724,429	1,826,002
Arkansas	1,583,316	1,240,648
Louisiana	1,570,597	890,372
Florida	999,547	729,652
Georgia	701,720	503,257
North Carolina	448,775	377,481
Alabama	447,000	115,155
South Carolina	326,073	200,868
Mississippi	228,918	296,668
Totals	$11,626,948	$8,722,615

Increase in three years, $2,904,333.

The State appropriations, income from funds and rent of school lands in the same years were:

State.	1907.	1904.
Texas	$4,596,721	$3,724,442
Georgia	1,591,441	800,000
North Carolina	1,586,840	1,254,814
Virginia	1,459,288	1,062,981
Mississippi	1,250,000	1,437,746
Alabama	1,041,561	987,092
Tennessee	1,080,524	407,644
South Carolina	989,225	779,754
Louisiana	779,438	548,837
Arkansas	679,131	542,685
Florida	238,756	199,615
Totals	$15,242,925	$11,745,610

Increase in three years, $3,497,315.

Dr. Brown says: "This Southern school campaign is one of the most striking educational movements of our time, and is making a chapter of surpassing interest in the history of American civilization."

Joy of a Yawn.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

When life seems more than usually insipid—and such moments do come to even the most hopeful of us—there is a sudden pleasant sympathy in the yawn of the terrier on the rug before the fire. "Ah, you too find things a little boring, old fellow," we say to ourselves. A dog yawns nobly, making no attempt at disguising it with politely uplifted paw. All animals seem to enjoy a yawn except man. We once saw the late lamented hippopotamus at the Zoo lift himself slowly from his murky pond and yawn. It was a great spectacle—tremendous—Homeric. The concentrated boredom of the whole creation seemed expressed in that gigantic gasp. For a few fascinated moments pond, shed, railings, people, all seemed merged in one colossal mouth. It was wonderful. Oh—we thought as we came away—Oh to be able to yawn like that when life becomes too silly!

Easily Copied Artist.

Harry Furniss in the Strand.

Cooper, the artist, was so easily copied that many spurious Coopers flooded the market, and the wary old Canterbury painter made a charge for giving his guarantee to his own works. One dealer to whom Cooper owed a grudge travelled down to Canterbury with a "Cooper" under his arm. He had just sold it for a good price but required a guarantee. "You have no objection to oblige me?" said the dealer. "Not at all," replied Cooper, "but first pay my fee—five guineas—thanks. Now, sir, you go home and burn that, for I never painted it."

Cremation in England.

From Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

Consul-General Robert J. Wynne of London states that the Cremation Society of England reports the number of cremations in Great Britain during 1908 aggregated 795 and exceeded the record of any previous year. Within the last ten years the annual number of cremations in England has considerably more than doubled.

Spring Precaution.

Mr. Robin comes along
Cheering early spring with song;
Wiser bird than all the rest,
Wears red flannel on his chest.

THE LAWYER'S OATH.

Recommendations of the American and State Bar Associations Explained.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Although I endeavor to keep track of your illuminating and entertaining editorial page, it was not until this afternoon that my attention was called to the interesting article in your issue of March 15 entitled "An Unconstitutional Oath for Lawyers," in which you intimate that the New York State Bar Association and the distinguished committee on ethics of that association have fallen into error in recommending for adoption an oath which could not constitutionally be adopted.

The New York State Bar Association and its very able committee are quite capable of taking care of themselves, yet as the action of the New York Bar Association was in accordance with a recommendation of the American Bar Association, upon report of its committee on canons of ethics, of which I happened to be the secretary, it may not be altogether inappropriate for me to call attention to the fact that the action of the New York State Bar Association is not subject to the criticism passed upon it, and that the distinguished gentlemen composing its committee are not in the position of having recommended an unconstitutional thing; indeed, those who know them may be very sure they are men who would not fall into such an error. The oath of admission to the bar which the New York State Bar Association has recommended for adoption was in the first place recommended by the American Bar Association in the following language:

> We commend this form of oath for adoption by the proper authorities in all the States and Territories.

In the second place, the New York State Bar Association recommended the oath by the use of the following words:

> The general principles which should ever control the lawyer in the practice of his profession are clearly set forth in the following oath of admission to the bar, which we recommend for adoption.

The question naturally arises: For adoption by whom? It should be remembered that this recommendation represents action taken by lawyers, and it should not be presumed for an instant that they contemplated recommending the adoption of the oath by any authority not having the power to adopt it. Your article would seem to imply that the New York State Bar Association intended to recommend that the oath be adopted by the Court of Appeals or by the Legislature. Such a conclusion is wholly unwarranted. Furthermore, the American Bar Association by its action, indicated above, made it clear that the oath was to be adopted by "the proper authorities."

The American Bar Association committee used that phrase advisedly in recognition of the fact that "the proper authorities" differed in different States. In some States "the proper authorities"—that is, those having the power to adopt it—would be the highest appellate court of the State; in other States it would be the Legislature, the Legislature having the power under the Constitution to specify the form of oath; and in still other States, as in New York, "the proper authorities" could only be the people, acting in their sovereign capacity in determining upon and adopting the provisions of their Constitution. I may also add that the American Bar Association committee when it passed finally upon the form of its recommendation concerning the oath had before it the very able and helpful editorial in THE SUN of August 6, 1908, in which you declared that you doubted "whether the Legislature of New York would have the constitutional power" to prescribe the oath. It was unnecessary for the committee to pass upon the question as to who "the proper authorities" were in New York State, for the recommendation was to such authorities, whoever or whatever they might be, in it and in other States, though I believe I betray no secrets of the committee when I say that no one urged any opinion in opposition to the point made by THE SUN that the Legislature in New York did not have such authority.

Furthermore, the report of the New York committee seemed to recognize that a long delay might ensue before the oath could be adopted in New York State, requiring as it would a constitutional amendment or delay until there should be a constitutional convention, favorable action by it and by the people; for the committee displayed that legal acumen for which its members are noted and proposed a method whereby an effective result could be secured at once. This was by recommending that the New York State Bar Association adopt the following resolution:

> *Resolved*, That the Court of Appeals be respectfully requested to amend its rules for the admission of attorneys and counsellors at law by adding to Rule 1 thereof the following:
>
> "Each applicant for admission to practice as aforesaid shall be required to state in the affidavit filed by him on his application for admission that he has read the canons of professional ethics adopted by the New York State Bar Association and has faithfully endeavored to make himself acquainted with the same, and that he will endeavor to conform his professional conduct thereto."

This resolution was adopted, and the revised statutes show that this regulation is well within the broad powers of your Court of Appeals.

It is, however, to be hoped that eventually every State in the Union will by the action of "the proper authorities," whoever or whatever they may be in particular States, require of all lawyers on admission to the bar the same oath of admission, thereby establishing one authoritative standard for the lawyer throughout the nation.

It would hardly be appropriate for a Pennsylvanian—and "a Philadelphia lawyer" at that—to ask THE SUN to make the *amende honorable* to the distinguished committee of New York lawyers whose ability you impugned, and he does not—yet he is sure that you will do so.

LUCIEN HUGH ALEXANDER.

PHILADELPHIA, March 24.

Mr. Chamberlain as the Butler.

From the Bristol Echo.

The Foreign Office staff of the King's Home Service messengers has just lost one of its members, to whose nickname, "Sir Joseph," a story belongs. It occurred when Mr. Chamberlain was at the Colonial Office. One night, or rather very early in the morning, the messenger was sent to Prince's Gardens with an important "Cabinet circulation." Mr. Chamberlain was working late and had sent all his servants to bed, and the messenger had to wait a long time before getting an answer to his knock. At last he gave a thundering rat-tat, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing some one whom he supposed to be the butler appear in answer to his call, wearing a plain smoking jacket and smoking a clay pipe. "Oh," said the messenger, "you have come at last, have you? There's no hurry. It's only a message from the Prime Minister!" The "butler" smiled serenely, and the messenger, then recognizing his man, stammered out: "I beg your pardon, Sir Joseph, I have a despatch box for you."

The Horrors of Speech.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* If the Hon. Sereno Payne's new verb "to demagogue" offends your sensibilities, what do you think of the name "buggyabout" with which some unjailed automobile philologist has christened the high wheel type of motor vehicle? And this lingual atrocity actually promises to stay in our language.

NEW YORK, March 24. PHILISTINE.

Lincoln's Bowed Head.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I understand that the head of Lincoln on the new two cent stamp is taken from a rare instantaneous photograph which caught him just as he was looking to see if he had spilled some soup on his shirt front. HISTORICUS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23.

Mere Man's Opinion.

Knicker—Do you think the tax on women's gloves should be increased?

Bocker—No, they should tax the mitten.

After the Fight.

Knicker—What did Jones look like?

Bocker—A tariff bill after the Senate has got through with it.