The Sun.

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The Responsibility.

In considering the relative positions of Senator ALDRICH and the Finance Committee of the United States Senate on the one hand, and on the other of Senator BEVERIDGE and his following of "insurgent" Republicans and Democratic auxiliaries, one thing must be kept in mind. That is that whatever theories and impulses are behind the alliance, the duty and responsibility of the Republican party in the present stage of proceedings are represented exclusively by the Republican Senators who stand with Mr. ALDRICH'S committee.

By a plurality of 1,045,715 votes the Republican party was commissioned to revise the tariff on its own terms: that such duties should be imposed as would "equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries." This is the principle upon which the two houses of Congress are proceeding—that is to say, the majority in each and both. Whether the Democrats and the "insurgents" help or hinder, a new law will be put upon the statute book, and for this law the Republican party will be responsible. The people want despatch, provided it be consistent with full consideration of industrial conditions and the necessity of raising revenue to make good a deficit and meet the expense of administering the Government.

The Republican party, which is called upon to legislate in an era of high prices, abroad as well as here, and must consider that the expense bill of the nation is inexorably increasing, has a most difficult problem to solve. It may disappoint some expectations more or less reasonable; it may unavoidably furnish the opposition party with political capital; but one thing is certain, it will be judged by its work, and in assuming responsibility for the result there is no reason why it should be swerved a hair's breadth by the criticism or resentment of the Democracy, which has not been commissioned to revise the tariff.

New York Germans.

The closing of New York's solitary German hotel calls attention to the fact that one of the largest German cities in the world has ceased to possess many features once thought indispensable to the colonies of expatriates from the Fatherland. It is now uncertain that there will be a German theatre of a serious character here in the future, and practically only one characteristically German restaurant makes any claim for the patronage liberally divided among the numerous eating places described as French. Thus in spite of its large German population New York will soon show few of the superficial evidences of its right to rank among the largest of the German cities.

The cause for the disappearance of the outward and visible manifestations of its Germanic character is believed by observers of the situation to be due to the fact that New York may no longer by included among the newest German cities. Some of the European towns have reached their present importance simultaneously with the growth of New York as a German city. Our Teutonic colony is not composed of recent arrivals who are constantly seeking reminders of the home they left behind them, whether in the playhouse or in their way of life. New York's German citizens preserve in their clubs, their singing societies and their own homes the strongest remembrances of the land in which they were born.

It used to be said that the German theatre could rely on only two classes for its support. These were the Germans who had been here too short a time to learn the language and those who were too far advanced in years when they arrived ever to hope to acquire it. There were other elements in the audiences, however, for it has become an established fact that German plays were never profitable unless there was something in them to attract the interest of American theatregoers. Even the two divisions of the German public on which the theatre could formerly depend seem to have passed away. The older Germans have ceased to go to the theatre, while the younger have learned English well enough to find pleasure only in the American playhouses. The Germans have in the meantime become cosmopolitan. The traveller from Berlin no longer seeks a hotel conducted by his countrymen after the fashion of his own land. He prefers to show his citizenship of the world by going to an international establishment.

So the loss of a German theatre or a German hotel does not necessarily indicate diminution of national spirit among the Germans who compose New York's large colony. They have passed the stage of the new arrival sick for suggestions of home. They have lost the need for external expression of their national taste. They have reached a degree of assimilation that confines the manifestation of these feelings to the hearth or to their clubs, while outwardly they enjoy the same pleasures as their fellow citizens.

The Mystery of Agadir-Igir.

Those readers of THE SUN whose imagination is sensitive to the romance of the remote may find some interest in the subjoined communication from the Saharan edge of southwestern Morocco:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My reasons for writhing this letter to THE SUN is to inform those interested in the afears of Morocco, the country once neerly cosed war Between German and France. Very few Europians ever visited this saction of Morocco. Today I am here with 2 German mining engiprs. Thire names are MUSINGAL and ALBERT AKERMAN. They are the First 2 Europian ever passed through this saction of Morocco. They joined my caravan to Sus from Mogador. These 2 men have Ducomant Beiring Seal of Sultan MULY HAFID. I read this Ducomant which was in Arabic: it was made on the order of Shearing Termes in All Mining of every nature in Morocco. I am sending these facts for Benefit of American Public and those interested in Mining Business. Mr. MUSINGAL is chiff Stuck Holder in this Business. If I had known this news while in Tangier I would have informed Mr. S. GUMMERE, the Minister of U. S. at Tangier. I am sure this German Co. will have trouble in working Mining Business in Sus unless they engage able men natives of Sus. I myself going to secure some land in Agadir-Igir which will be new port of Morocco in few years.

"I am, dear Sir, yours Faithful

"SIE HASSAN BEN ALI,

"U. S. A. C.

"IDANZIKI, Central Morocco."

There is no date on this communication, which, however, bears on its envelope the surcharged postage stamp of the German office at Mogador, with cancellation of April 27, 1909. Mogador is fifty or sixty miles up the coast from Agadir-Igir, or Santa Cruz; and from Agadir-Igir inland to the Sus region, at the very western heel of the great Atlas range, is about the same distance. The best maps fail to exhibit the interior town of "Idanziki," but the name is locally plausible.

Five days ago, long after our correspondent had mailed to THE SUN his curious statement about the German engineers with mining concessions from MULEY HAFID, we printed this equally singular despatch:

"LONDON, May 11.—A despatch from Tangier to the *Daily Telegraph* says it is reported from Mogador, on the Atlantic coast, that a party of American tourists have been carried off by natives near Agadir."

This coincidence enhances the interest of the patriotic communication from the excellent HASSAN BEN ALI, a fellow citizen of ours who has been well and favorably known, we may remark in passing, on the historic Chicago Midway, as well as in the Hippodrome, on the sands of Coney, and all along the Rialto of our own little old town. What does it all mean? There is no equally accessible part of the dark continent where "American tourists" are less likely to be present and exposed to the danger of being "carried off by the natives." We would bet a small camel that at the time of our mystic correspondent's writing and of the despatch to the London *Telegraph* from Mogador the only American in the Sus region back of Agadir-Igir was the worthy author of the foregoing note. Indeed, does he not inform us in his valued missive that his caravan had the honor of escorting, in the persons of the two German prospectors, the very first Europeans who have ever passed through that section of Morocco? "European" in that part of the world is a term which includes Americans.

Have Herr MUSINGAL and Herr AKERMAN been carried off by the natives with their precious document with its Shereefian seal? Or is the American who has been kidnapped none other than our hippodromic friend the Turrjeman, master of the ship of the desert and past master of so much that is occult and Orientally jocose?

Has our HASSAN BEN ALI gone out to be the press agent of an aspiring metropolis? Is he under contract with the Agadir Board of Trade to boom that port as the future Duluth of the Saharan sea of sand? Or again, in conducting his humble and genuine caravan through the hinterland of Germany's coveted seaport in southwestern Morocco, has the Turrjeman accidentally stumbled upon a fact of exploitation which will cause all three parts of modern Gaul to sit up and take notice?

We leave it to our readers, who are the most ingenious persons in the world.

University Reform in England.

The late Viceroy of India and present Chancellor of Oxford, Lord CURZON, has made it his chief business during the last two years to study the constitution and working of that university. The results of his inquiry, which were published the other day in an ample memorandum, may interest the academic world in this country as well as in England. We have here the judgment of an expert in administration, who is also a scholar—the London *Spectator* and *Saturday Review* unite in comparing him somewhat unexpectedly to Archbishop LAUD—upon a type of university which in the course of time has exercised some influence among ourselves.

The object of the Chancellor's inquiry was to learn what reforms were desirable at Oxford and how they might best be achieved. He expresses the national dislike of a "clean sweep," and asserts that "successful reform at Oxford has almost invariably originated in reconstruction rather than in destruction, and that the institutions which last the longest and work the best are those which have been erected on older foundations." Nothing revolutionary will be expected of him after this; and if he continues to incur the suspicion of old fashioned Oxonians, as he is reported to have done since he startlingly disregarded the *pococurante* traditions of his high office, it must be because of his supposed tendencies rather than his actual proposals.

In dealing with the dual personality of Oxford, which is always the main obstacle to change—her personality as a university and as a group of free and equal colleges—he inclines toward the federal side much less than was feared by some upholders of college rights. He certainly does not disclose any direct designs upon the independence of the colleges. Lord CURZON would establish a board of finance to survey the expenditures and receipts of the university and colleges alike, and to act in an advisory capacity to both with the purpose of encouraging a closer financial cooperation between them. This may look like a step toward eventual amalgamation, for if the colleges once lost control of their own incomes their independence would soon go; but in the proposal as it stands at least there is no hint of compulsion.

To the demand which has lately been much heard in England that Oxford should cease to be "a rich man's university" and be thrown open to the poor, Lord CURZON makes no sensational concession. He ventures to say that the sons of the gentry need education too, and that Oxford must continue to welcome them. There are in fact many well equipped universities in England—in London, for instance; in Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, to say nothing of those in Scotland and Wales—which are in every way more convenient for a poor man than Oxford or Cambridge is; and really a country which recognizes class distinctions in its Constitution need hardly quarrel, it would seem, with some shadow of them in its education. Lord CURZON, of course, does not utter any such sentiment, but he does point out that the living expenses at Oxford are determined far more by the students themselves than by the colleges, and that they therefore reflect conditions in the country at large. He also insists that workingmen should not come to Oxford unless able to give the time and effort necessary for acquiring a "liberal culture." He would lower their fees, but not the standard of education.

Of concrete changes proposed by the Chancellor the following seem to be the most important: (1) The abolition of "compulsory Greek" in the entrance examination; he mentions that he lately received an offer conditional upon this of £30,000 for a scientific object; (2) the extension of degrees to women; (3) the emancipation of the theological teaching from the sway of the Church of England, so as to make it unsectarian, which would be a somewhat severe blow to the Church in her main stronghold; (4) the introduction of a "business course," which the *Saturday Review* confesses would be "extremely distasteful" to it.

For academic specialists outside of England the chief interest of this cautious document will be found in the descriptive analysis underlying the proposals of reform—the analysis of a strangely complicated machine.

The Garden in Broadway.

The little patch of lawn that lies in front of the entrance to Grace Church and the rectory comforts and refreshes many a wayfarer weary of the tiresome rows of business buildings that line Broadway unbrokenly from City Hall Park to Tenth street. Daily from the first hint of spring to the time when winter sets in for good, men and women and children stop for a moment and look with grateful eyes on this grass with its hint of quiet and comfort and peace.

The church owns the property on the corner of Tenth street and Broadway, and here it is to plant a garden. The land is very valuable. It might be used to business profit, and no person would criticise the church adversely if the lot were devoted to a building from which profit could be drawn. But the whole community will applaud the decision that will make it into a resting spot, even should it turn out, as well may be, that the general public must be excluded from it. It will be green and fresh and pleasant. There will be shrubs and flowers and the smell of the earth, things worth while, even in Broadway.

The rector, wardens and vestry of Grace Church show that they possess imagination, and are not afraid to display that too often smothered quality. The little garden to their church will be a blessing to the whole city.

Reformed Iowa Saloons.

From Des Moines the story or poem is sent with a certain pompous self-satisfaction that the owner of some fifteen saloons is going to abolish treating in them, have his salesmen recommend customers to steer clear of alcohol and stick to buttermilk and such mild wares, and variously and persistently to try to "push" total abstinence in those barrooms. Now anybody has a right to amuse himself by these triflings with the feelings of his clients, but do they help the teetotal cause or diminish the constant thirst of mankind? May they not have the contrary effect?

Suppose a prohibitionist were to enter a "dairy" in Des Moines, ask for a glass of ice cold milk and be lectured by the young woman behind the counter on the bilious and curdling temper of milk and implored to take an old fashioned whiskey cocktail? Wouldn't our Dry friend be justified in exploding? If the regulation or extirpation of a man's tastes and desires is to be pursued in gilded Gehennas of Iowa, why not leave the work to those whimsical temperance reformers who may be found, not as sociological amateurs but as sturdy professional reformers, in the retail liquor business—"traffic" is the accepted word.

There have been and we dare say there are now saloons where treating was forbidden or discouraged, where—and this was in darkest Chicago, if we remember—one customer could have but one drink, and so on. The pressure of rent makes such eccentric sellers of drink rare, but they have existed. A common cynical saloon keeper is philosopher enough to know that while there is no more sense in buying "rounds" of drinks than in buying rounds of Bologna sausage, the best way to encourage the practice is to forbid it. Refuse to sell a man but one drink at this corner; he will be sure to order half a dozen at the next. Preaching, physiological or other, from behind the bar must be futile. The workingmen are said to have deserted the churches; now divers excellent persons are trying to drive them out of the saloons by making a pulpit of the bar. Everything in its place.

Inquiry would convince the well meaning reformers who are so eager to substitute "soft" drinks for hard that the saloon keeper will and does furnish all the soft drinks his customers ask for, and probably they ask for a good many. But they know what they want, and to preach sarsaparilla to them when their soul is bent on beer is cruelty as well as waste.

It is unfortunate that the French café, so decorous, so pleasant, with frequenters so infrequent of potation and so amiably social, cannot flourish here. Rent, the American atmosphere, the American neurotic temperament, the fierce American excitability and rage for excitement—many insuperable causes forbid. It would be much better for the Americans if they would be content with a glass of sugar and water or an ice; but they are not so made. That they are not, that many of them are violent and savage gluttons of violent and savage drinks, explains and goes far to justify prohibition. But if the moral drummer is to be behind the bar, in the name of justice set Fletcherizers and demonstrators of indigestion at work in the restaurants.

A Texas Colquitt.

COLQUITT is a Virginia name, we suppose, imported from Scotland. A name of distinction, beautifully British. The only fault to find with it is that on its looks and analogies it ought to be pronounced "Co-hit" and isn't. A Florida Senator, Mr. TALIAFERRO ("Tolliver") is more fortunate. The story that there is a family of American Taliaferros that sounds its name as "Duffy" is ancient, ought to be true, and therefore is not likely to be.

The Georgia COLQUITTS, emigrating from the Old Dominion, have been of fame in the politics of their foster mother State and at Washington. ALFRED H., Governor and Senator, is of recent memory, if there is much memory of any politician, say twenty years after his death, not of the very first eminence or embalmed accidentally by the Presidency. Indeed, we can think of able and once famous American politicians who are still living but are none the less "dead," and whose actual death will surprise the few that still remember them. A warning to baseball players, Marathon runners and writers of best selling novels.

In Georgia of course the two COLQUITTS, ALFRED H. and his father, are not forgotten. Both had their considerable hour upon the stage. The father, WALTER T., deserves a corner in the political archæologist's memory. A Whig, he resigned from the House of Representatives because he couldn't stomach the nomination of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, and he was reelected as a Van Buren Democrat. After some years of service in the Senate he resigned from that body too. A rather unusual resigner. It is for this double resignation that he sticks in the mind, though he had notable qualities enough which we pass over as more common.

Are the Texas COLQUITTS of the same or a collateral or an unrelated branch? We leave it to the genealogists, a strong tribe in the South. We merely wish to salute the Hon. OSCAR B. COLQUITT, one of many candidates nominated by impetuous friends for Governor of Texas. A correspondent of the Houston *Post* who is "pretty thoroughly posted on the lives and accomplishments of the great men of our dear Southland, especially BURLESON, BAILEY, HOUSTON, HOGG, CARMACK, GRADY," nominates his hero in this song:

"Unfurl his banner and let the people know
That OSCAR B. COLQUITT is not for show;
But when it comes to worthiness, deep and high,
COLQUITT is the man who fills mine eye.

"Although he's an anti and I am a pro,
What's that to do with it when you want to know
If he's got the stuff in him to take a stand
For the growth and glory of our land?

"That's what he's been doing, up and down
The corridors of six years in every town;
Standing by the farmer, lifting up the merchant,
Knocking out the trickster, showing up the cant
Of sundry big wigs, who always play a card
To fill their coffers, but hit the people hard."

No doubt OSCAR B. has "the stuff" in him, even if he is not sound on the Dry goose; but if Texas is true to herself and her most solemn institution, she will give the Hon. JOB BAILEY the much needed chance to "vindicate himself" before the people. His last "vindication" wasn't wholly a success. Let him run for Governor on a "vindication" and anti-automobile platform. OSCAR B. can be a candidate for Senator.

One delicious event of to-day was when an aged Senator after hearing Senator LA FOLLETTE'S speech went to Senator BEVERIDGE and asked, "How can you follow such a man?" Senator BEVERIDGE in great agitation explained: "I am not following him: I am leading him."—*New York Herald.*

We had thought that they were generals all in the "insurgent" army.

The Barge Canal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I shall never believe that the constitutional amendment providing for the expenditure of $100,000,000 by the State for the barge canal was ever carried by the honest vote of the people. Somebody manipulated the returns and saddled this monstrosity upon us. I do not believe the canal will ever be completed. If it should be, it will then be time for another project to take its place.

What are the people going to do about it? What can they do but pay, pay, pay for a useless work, including graft in contracts and other leaks? S.

NEW YORK, May 14.

The Victors of the Air.

Oh, the victors of the earth,
How they gabble as they walk;
Nothing stops their flow of words,
Nothing seems their jaws to balk,
And we wish that we were deaf
As they talk and talk and talk!

Oh, the victors of the sea,
How their tongues to wag begin
When the wind is in the east
And they gather chin to chin.
Oh, the yarns and yarns and yarns
That they spin and spin and spin!

Oh, the victors of the air,
What a silence sweet they keep;
To the Brothers of the Wings
Goes our gratitude most deep
As it sinks into our souls
And we steep and steep and steep!

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

SYNGE THE DRAMATIST.

The early death of a lyric poet is not a loss without compensation, for birds sing sweetest when young; but with a dramatic poet the case is altered. Perhaps Keats and Shelley would have given the world profounder music, music with foundational harmonies; we are rich with the legacies they left. The deaths of Schubert and Chopin may not have been, for the same reason, such irreparable misfortunes. The disappearance of John M. Synge from the map of life ten years ago would have spelled nothing to the world, his death ten years hence might have found us in possession of half a dozen greater plays than the slim sheaf of six he left us when he passed away a few weeks ago at Dublin. A dramatist must know life as well as art: those "little mirrors of sincerity" which are the heart of the lyricist must in a play mirror the life exterior before they can stir us to the core. Life, life felt and seen and sung, these are the true architectonics of great drama; all the rest is stagecraft. Now John Synge was a poet who spoke in clear, rich fibred prose. The eternal *wanderlust* that was in men like Bamfylde, Moore, Carew and George Borrow also stung the blood of Synge. He had the gypsy scholar temperament. He went about France and Germany, and in his beloved Aran Islands his fiddle was the friend of the half wild peasantry. He was not 38 when he died, yet he left behind him the sound of his voice, the voice of a large, sane soul—both the soul of a dreamer and the man of action who is the dramatist. His taking off before his prime means much to Irish literature, though happily his few plays suffice for the consecration of his genius.

The chemistry which transmuted experience into art will doubtless be analyzed by his future biographers. His life was simple—simplicity was the keynote of the man. He loved literature, but he loved life better. He was not of the decadent temperament; he was too robust of body and spirit to be melancholy, nor did he ever, on the absinthe slopes of Montmartre, grasp for the laurels of the "moderns." His friend William Butler Yeats has written: "Synge was essentially an orderly man with unlimited indulgence for the disorderly." He did contemplate a career devoted to criticism. His favorite French writer was Racine—we are far removed here from the decadence—but luckily Yeats persuaded his young countryman to return to Ireland, there to write of the people and the land from which he sprang. Seldom has advice borne better results. Synge went to the Aran Islands, off the coast of Galway, and in a book of rare interest and vast naiveté gave us a series of pictures that may be considered the primal sketches for his plays. Though "The Aran Islands" was published in 1907 it is a record dating back several years. Over the Western country he went afoot, living in the cabins, talking by the wayside with the old men and the girls, and drawing his bow for the couples dancing. He loved the people, and his eye was not the measuring eye of the surgeons we sometimes call novelists and dramatists.

Synge was neither a symbolist nor a man with a message. His symbols are the sea, the sky and the humans who lead the hard, bitter lives of a half ruined land, bankrupt of nearly all else except its dreams. Your reformer who puts plays on the stage to prove something is only half an artist, no matter his wit or the justice of his cause. Synge knew better than the witty polemist Bernard Shaw that the latter's method is a delusion and a snare; Shaw, the cleverest Irishman since Oscar Wilde, does not deal with the rich native material of his country, preferring the primrose task of making London laugh. Wilde, notwithstanding his remarkable natural endowments, also sold his birthright for a mess of the same London pottage of popularity.

It is not necessary now to speak of the exquisite poetic genius of W. B. Yeats; nor of "A. E.," who is George W. Russell, poet and painter—a flamelike spirit, a pantheist who reverences the Mother of the Gods with the consuming ardor of a Roman Catholic before the image of Our Lady. He can sing:

In the dusk silver sweet,
Down the violet scented ways
As I moved with quiet feet
I was met by mighty days—

and we overhear, as in a murmuring shell, the music of Keats, Verlaine, and of Ireland itself.

But in the Synge plays "sweet Corrymeela an' the same soft rain" does not interest him as do the words of the headstrong girl by the hedge who wants to marry the tinker; or the blind pair of tramps whose vision returns and with their sight a hell of disappointment; or the passionate woman of the glen, whistling for her lover, or the riders to the sea, scooper of graves. Human emotions, the more elemental the better, are for Synge the subject matter of his cameo carved work. He is mindful of technique; he learned the art in France; he can fashion a climax with the best of them. There are no loose ends. His story moves from the first to the last speech. Eminently for the footlights, these tiny dramas may be read without losing their essential thrill. Beauty and terror within the frame of homely speech and homely actions are never lost sight of; and what different men and women are Synge's when compared to the traditional stage Irishmen of Carleton, Lover, Lever, Boucicault and a hundred others. Yet the roaring, drinking, love making broth of a boy hasn't changed. He may be found in Synge, but he is presented without the romantic sentimental twist.

Perhaps the picture may be unflattering, but it is a truer picture than the older. "The Playboy of the Western World" was hissed at Dublin and harshly arraigned by press and public. The Irish never could stand criticism. The very same element here which protests against the caricatured Celt in comedy and vaudeville, and with just cause, would probably attack Synge's plays as unpatriotically slanderous. Certainly, this dramatist does not attenuate the superstition, savagery, ignorance, drunkenness and debasement of the peasantry in certain sections of Ireland. His colors, however, are not laid on coarsely, as if with a Zola brush. There is an eternal something in the Celt, no matter his lowly position, that keeps him from reaching the brute. Possibly the New Irishman does not differ at base from his forebears, but he is a shade sadder; he is not as rollicking as the gossoons of Carleton. His virtues are celebrated by Synge; his pessimism, which is ever tipped on its edges by an ineluctable hope for better times; his confirmed belief in the marvellous, his idolatry of personal prowess, his bravery, generosity, hot heart, and witty speech—all these qualities are not by any means missing in the plays. Indeed, they loom large. All Ireland is not the province of Synge. He has only fenced off certain tracts of the western coast—the east as well in "The Well of the Saints"—the coast of Mayo and a glen in County Wicklow. If he had lived he might have described with the same vitality and vivacity the man who walks in Phoenix Park, or the people of Donegal, "the far down." Judging from his own unpleasant experiences in Dublin he could have echoed Charles Lever, who once sang of his country folk as:

Fightin' like divils for conciliation,
An' hatin' each other for the love of God.

"These people make no distinction between the natural and the supernatural," wrote Synge in his "Aran Islands." Nor do the characters of his plays. Technically buttressed as they are at every point, the skeleton cleanly articulated, the major impression they convey is atmospheric. Real people pass before your eyes; there is not the remote and slowly moving antique tapestry, as in the Maeterlinck fantasies. Stout built lads whack their father, or the tinker and his trull knock over the priest: there is loud talk and drink and bold actions; nevertheless, the magic of the Celt envelops all. This is more notable in "Riders to the Sea," which has a Maeterlinckian touch—the modulation of the suspicion of death into its culminating terrors; but it is Irish. It is Synge. What could be more Irish than the last speech of *Maurya*, the mother bereaved by the greedy sea of her husband and sons: "No man at all can be living forever; and we must be satisfied." The very pith of Celtic fatalism! The grim humor of the supposed dead man in "The Shadow of the Glen" is Irish too. And also the tramp who fills the ears of the banished wife with his weaving eloquence; she goes with him into the wet and wind of the night, knowing that a "grand morning" will surely follow. This humor is pervasive and does not reveal itself in the lightning flash of epigram. It is the same with the tender poetry that informs Synge's rhythmic prose. His dialogue goes to a tune of its own, a tune in the web of which music and meaning are closely spun in the same skein, while beneath hums the sad diapason of humanity.

Consider the speeches in "The Playboy of the Western World," the most important of the dramas. Each line is illuminating. Such concision is refreshing. Character emerges from both phrase and situation. This play, while it is not so shudder breeding as "The Riders to the Sea," is more universal in interest. *Christy Mahon*, the young hero who is not heroic, is an Irish *Peer Gynt*. He lies that he may create the illusion of heroism; a liar of the breed artistic. He boasts of murdering his father (didn't the cultivated Charles Baudelaire actually boast the same noble deed?) for he knows the simple folk will regard him with mingled horror and admiration. The two rivals for his love, *Pegeen Mike* and the *Widow Quin*, are etched by the needle of a master; the fierce, passionate girl is real, but the cunning widow is delightful comedy. She crosses the page or the footlights and you touch her fluttering hand, hear her blarneying voice. The minor characters are excellent, and they are subtly disposed on the various planes of interest and action. The piece moves briskly or languidly, the varying lines fit each human with consummate appropriateness. The story itself is as old as Troy, as is also the theme of "The Well of the Saints." Synge is never esoteric. His argument never leaves the earth, yet few dramatists evoke such a sense of the Beyond. He is a seer as well as a manipulator of comedy. The vigorous sketch of his head by John B. Yeats (prefacing "The Playboy of the Western World") shows us a fine strong profile, a big brow, and the gaze of the dreamer, but a dreamer for whom the visible world existed. "The Synges are strong," answered a relative to the inquiry: "Was J. M. Synge's death hastened by the hostile reception accorded his play in Dublin?" It was not. His view of life was too philosophical for criticism to hurt; he had the objective temperament of the dramatist, the painter of manners, the psychologist. Nearing the maturity of his splendid powers, on the threshold of a love marriage, he disappeared like the mist on one of his fairy haunted hills; but the real John Synge will endure in his plays.

LINCOLN AT TAUNTON.

How His Oratory Struck a Reporter Sixty-one Years Ago.

From the Taunton Herald-News.

Abraham Lincoln visited Taunton in 1848. Some of the older residents of this city remember the occasion, but the details of the visit and the impression it made had become dimmed, indeed practically lost, in the lapse of years. * * * In its report of the meeting the Bristol county *Democrat* said on September 29, 1848:

"The Taylor men were well entertained at Union Hall by an address from the Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. The address as well as the speaker was such as to give unlimited satisfaction to the disheartened Taylorites. Such a treat it is indeed seldom their good luck to get, and they were in ecstasies! At former meetings their spirits were too low for a good hearty cheer, but on this occasion 'the steam was up.' It was reviving to hear a man speak as if he believed what he was saying and had a grain or two of feeling mixed up with it; one who could not only speak highly of Taylor but could occasionally swell with indignation or burst in hatred on the Free Soilers. When political spite runs high nothing can be too pungent or severe, and the speaker is appreciated in proportion as his statements are rash and unscrupulous. So it was on this occasion.

"The speaker was far inferior as a reasoner to others who hold the same views, but then he was more unscrupulous, more facetious and with his sneers he mixed up a good deal of humor. His awkward gesticulations, the ludicrous management of his voice and the comical expression of his countenance all conspired to make his hearers laugh at the mere anticipation of the joke before it appeared. But enough concerning the speaker; let us examine his arguments."

Blaine Felt a Stab.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The late Emory A. Storrs declared in my hearing that Mr. Blaine told him that the words "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," uttered by Dr. Burchard, went through him like a knife. That statement was made in this city about the year 1885. Mr. Storrs said further that Mr. Blaine said that he did not think it necessary to reply to this particular Burchard utterance as he did not think it would have a bad effect if it was not noticed by Mr. Blaine in the reply that he expected to make when Dr. Burchard finished his address.

If you will turn to the *Tribune* files of the day following the affair in question you will see that the objectionable remark was not published in that paper. Mr. Storrs also said that Mr. Blaine intended to say something when he arrived at New Haven a few days later to overcome the effect of the remark of Dr. Burchard, but that it was too late. The event was on a Saturday and the Democrats handed out handbills on the next day to people leaving their churches. Up to that time Blaine had the Roman Catholic vote in hand because the fact was duly made prominent in the campaign sketch of his life that his mother was a Catholic, and also because while he was Secretary he played a hand in the affairs of Ireland, an incident that is doubtless fresh history still. E. R. D.

NEW YORK, May 15.

Sailors, Take Warning.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The following direct nominations from Massachusetts are submitted:

For United States Senator—Samuel W. McCall.
For Keeper of the Nahant Lighthouse—Henry Cabot Lodge. B.

BOSTON, May 14.

Interesting Question.

Knicker—Racing and gambling have been divorced.

Bocker—Who gets the custody of the children?

CHRISTIAN DOGMA.

Its Contradiction of the Spirit of the Age and the Scientific Habit.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have been deeply impressed by the news item which you lately published in regard to the unfortunate discovery made by the New York Presbytery that three of the four candidates who presented themselves as applicants for license to preach were found unsound in doctrine. The three young men are, I understand, urged to take time and search their hearts prayerfully in the hope that when they present themselves again they may be able to say that they believe whatever the reverend wise men want them to believe.

I saw a similar exhibition once of one man alone on the grill, and it was a pathetic sight. He was obsessed with the heresy that if a man was honest in his unbelief in certain "essentials" his integrity would not necessarily involve him in everlasting punishment. He stood his ground manfully for over half an hour, with only his conscience to support him. Finally he gave in—his whole career hung in the balance—and he lied supinely. His conscience collapsed and he said he believed the very things he had been denying. When he had committed that crime against himself the brethren offered him the right hand of fellowship, he was welcomed as a true minister of the Gospel of Jesus—and it seemed to me that he was pretty well spoiled.

Now the examiners are presumably sincere in what they call their beliefs. If one repeats a thing often enough to himself he may make it a part of the subconscious workings of his mind, and thus in time come to regard as a conclusion what in fact has become but a mental habit. It is similar to the attitude of self-justification in criminals. With diligence and will we can convince ourselves of many absurdities. If every time the voice of conscience speaks to the effect that "this doctrine is a crime against humanity and cannot be true," or the faculty of judgment becomes active, and beginning to think for ourselves, we call it "the harassment of doubt," and then overcome it by sinking back into a lazy mental torpor with the self-satisfaction of having achieved a great virtue, we may become "firm in the faith."

Those remarkable, unreasonable, archaic propositions known as Christian dogma are contrary to the spirit of the age; they do not accord with what Professor Sumner calls the "folkways" of to-day. When all the world as far as one could see or hear or smell was sure that the sole agency of God Almighty was the Catholic Church they seemed progressive and liberal. Now they are reactionary because the scientific habit of mind insists upon a reasonable basis for every hypothesis. The scientific spirit has infused historical research, which now refuses to recognize "the Fathers" and their fables as final authority, and has made what was belief crumble even within the walls of the sanctuaries.

Viewed in the light of honest research, how many mysteries take wing! How doctrine after doctrine and dogma after dogma range themselves among the many other myths that once were in the hearts of people and now are found only in books! Because the men who achieve authority to preach in the temples of Christ must first declare themselves to be believers in those things which we are convinced are not true their influence dwindles away. If they are really sincere in all this twaddle, of what value is their judgment? and if they are insincere in their professions, why trust them? No wonder the Church is losing power.

So the biggest of all questions arises for to-day and to-morrow: Who is there that shall lead men unto God? E. H.

NEW YORK, May 15.

WAS CHRIST GOD?

Passages From the Scriptures Which Assert That Doctrine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The frank and courteous reply of George M. Churchill of Washington, D. C., to the recent inquiry of "Quo Vadis" in THE SUN both invites and inspires a further discussion of the first and most important of all religious questions: "Was Jesus Christ God?"

We shall undoubtedly agree that the prophecy was true which says, "In that day they shall learn doctrine." Assuming that doctrine is a matter of education, I wish to point out the tenacity with which the Saviour himself held to doctrine. While the "Good Samaritan" was by the Christ placed nearer to the kingdom of Heaven than the priest and Levite, who holding the oracles of God passed by a good work, the Samaritan woman at the well was told that she did not know what she believed, and that salvation was of the Jews.

To a believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ the Scripture from Genesis to Revelation is impregnated with the proof of such belief. I select a few passages from the Scripture which seem to me to be to the point in bringing to your correspondent ground for my belief. First:

I will worship toward Thy holy temple and toward Thy name for Thy loving kindness and for Thy truth, for Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all, Thy name.

The inference is unmistakable. The Word is here magnified above every other name of God, and He who magnified the Word had a purpose in view. Again:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.

Our Saviour proclaimed Himself as the light of the world, and now we find that truth written which we call the incarnation: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

Is it unreasonable, humanly speaking, to consider that the Almighty Creator of all in His love for His creature man, whom He had made in His own image, with the attribute of a free will, should devise a plan to bring Himself many sons by sending His only begotten Son in human form that He might touch closely at every point the sons of men, and when the Son had completed the work for which he was sent that He should say:

Glorify Thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.

Would it have been becoming in the Son to have said in speaking of the Holy Spirit: "If I depart I will send Him unto you"? Unless the Word had been magnified above all the names of the Deity, and He was able to say, "All things that the Father hath are mine," May we not then in a reasonable sense consider the Apostle Paul's words to be true when he says of the future:

And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subjected unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all and in all.

The great truth of the Saviour's words is made more manifest than ever: "I and My Father are one," and we can account for His place in the Godhead when He said: "My Father is greater than I," for how can we form any other correct idea of the true relation of a father and a son, or the relations of the new man Christ Jesus upon finding Himself in the form of God, and thinking it no evil to be equal with God?

The fact that the Deity of Christ was not understood by all of His disciples in their early association with the Saviour, or by many of His followers since, does not to my mind either lessen the value or affect the proofs of Christ's claim to be the only begotten of the Father, nor can we find an instance in Scripture where He ever forbade or rebuked a follower for worshipping Him, but in every case where He was worshipped as a man the Father was pointed to as alone entitled to worship. Whenever He was recognized as the Father the faith of the worshipper was commended.

It has not been my purpose in this letter to attempt an explanation of the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ, but simply to refer to passages which form a part of the Scripture accepted by Mr. Churchill as well as by myself. LIVE AND LEARN.

SCHENECTADY, May 14.

The Attorney-General Too.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN to-day a prominent State officer is quoted as saying at a class banquet of collegians: "The college man's education fits him to better understand that something and to utilize it." Formerly that education also taught one not to split the infinitive. F. C.

NEW YORK, May 14.

As Usual.

First Imp—Was that spirit impressed by the temperature?

Second Imp—No; he said he supposed the nights would be cool.