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Mr. Pinchot—A Survival.

A Washington despatch says that "friends of Mr. PINCHOT assert that the present situation is growing ripe for a first class explosion all along the line and that he will be heard from if a showdown is forced." By all means let us have the "showdown." It is high time for a "showdown." Let us have the story of what has been done, of what is being done, of what remains to be done, and the methods employed in the processes. Let that story be written clearly but concisely and impartially.

Mr. PINCHOT apparently holds to the dangerous doctrine that because a law is regarded as bad and weak it ought to be more or less loosely construed "for the general good." He says that rigid construction of the law works, and must work in the vast majority of cases, "for the benefit of the men who can hire the best lawyers and who have the sources of information in lawmaking at their command."

This is very Rooseveltian. In fact, it is pure Rooseveltism. With due respect and admiration for Mr. PINCHOT's unquestionably sincere and earnest efforts for what he believes to be the "public good," and declaring also our agreement with his conviction that thieves and spoilers should not be permitted to rob the people, we beg leave to say that his balderdash about the spirit rather than the letter of the law would come more gracefully from some blatant political blatherskite.

"Democracy's Opportunity."

The newspapers nowadays publish a vast deal of speculation, prophecy and solemn announcement touching the "opportunity of the Democracy," meaning, we suppose, that party's chance in the event of a great national contest either next year or in 1912. The subject is interesting enough and full of hope for simple minded citizens, but it is a curious fact that almost every discussion of it is coupled with if not based upon the hypothesis that "the Bryan forces will not again assume leadership and court a new defeat." In other words the Democratic opportunity, so called, depends upon BRYAN'S voluntary relinquishment of control and his sincere waiver of the right to name the standard bearers and dictate the policies of the party.

Has it ever occurred to these glib gentlemen that under such circumstances the Democracy has no opportunity at all? A party either headed by BRYAN or controlled or even influenced by him in respect of its character and morals will be a party of steadily decreasing strength and reputation. This timorous hesitation on the verge of his caprice is a full blown confession of futility. The silent and unclassified voters of the country will carry the next election, and it has been made plain that they distrust and fear the Nebraska mountebank far more than they do the craziest of Republicans. They will follow the latter to possible sorrow and betrayal rather than invite inevitable disaster under the banner of the thrice rejected and discredited BRYAN. Despite his obvious inheritances and the mountainous load of compacts and pledges he still carries, Mr. TAFT is a thousand times stronger with the people than the acrobatic BRYAN is, and not one of the noisiest recalcitrants of the extra session would dream of consenting to a substitution.

The Democracy's drawback consists in its blind adherence to the Bryan superstition—a superstition for which there is no excuse whatever. Nobody of substance and responsibility, even in the South, wants BRYAN or his various influences any more. He was strong last year with the organization, but only by default of others. There was no one else. GEORGE GRAY wouldn't come forward. A mixture of timidity and old age and sordid content disqualified him. JOHN JOHNSON set one hesitating foot in Alabama and withdrew, appalled by the clamor of relief he had inspired. BRYAN'S name made a catchpenny slogan for the regulars to conjure with. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS won in Mississippi by shouting BRYAN to the wool hats; PATTERSON in Tennessee succeeded because he brandished BRYAN before a gaping multitude. The groundlings used him as a cheap bauble and triumphed with him because there was no one big enough and brave enough and hopeful enough to disregard the prevalent stagnation and sound a clear, high note of honest battle. During the preparatory year for the conflict of 1908 there was no preparation. The old order of things was left undisturbed, and even Democrats traded on the Bryan superstition for their paltry ends. The real leaders were busy at legitimate pursuits and occupations. The politicians had neither the courage nor the sense to go outside their various grooves.

What really is BRYAN'S strength? What does he give to the Democratic party in its inexplicable subjection, and what could he take from it should leading Democrats repudiate and disown him? His band of Populists? For every one of these, ten old school Democrats are sulking in their tents—voting, when they vote at all, the national Republican ticket. The regular machine men? A dummy with a sword of lath could wave them into line for BROWN or JONES. The great mass of the silent, independent voters? The only chance of winning them over is to abolish BRYAN utterly and nominate his antithesis in everything.

Beyond question, Democracy has its opportunity, but the first step toward improving it must consist of a final displacement of BRYAN not only from its leadership but from its most unimportant councils.

Reenter General Hawkins.

There is a row at the Soldiers Home, Washington, D. C., one hundred of the nine hundred or more inmates resenting the action of General HAMILTON S. HAWKINS, the governor of the institution, in fining offenders and deducting the amount of the penalties from their pensions. It is true that the individual can get his money back when he leaves the home, and that the fine is exacted solely for the preservation of discipline, but apparently the serried one hundred do not want to be punished at all. So they have engaged an attorney and are about to bring the matter before the President, with a view, presumably, to doing what they please.

The real interest of the episode consists in its revival of our acquaintance with General HAMILTON S. HAWKINS, a very modest and inconspicuous veteran of a few wars and several skirmishes. His latest claim to our notice resides in the circumstance that it was he who on the morning of July 1, 1898, led the charge on San Juan Hill, near Santiago de Cuba, the only action in that otherwise uneventful episode that could properly be called a battle or anything like it. It was KENT's infantry division that had that part of the Spanish front in hand, and it was HAWKINS's brigade that made the decisive assault on the blockhouse at the summit of San Juan Hill.

The cavalry, including the Rough Riders, were three-quarters of a mile away on Kettle Hill, where there were no Spaniards. LAWTON's division was six miles distant besieging a stone fort, a blockhouse and a line of roughly dug trenches defended by exactly 570 Spanish troops. There was only one battle in the whole campaign, and only one charge on anything that represented armed resistance, and that job fell to HAWKINS and his regulars, and was executed neatly, expeditiously and without ostentation.

It is pleasant to encounter General HAMILTON S. HAWKINS again. In the noise and dust that followed the Round Robin, the somewhat eager return of the three months heroes, and the political campaign in which the assault on the blockhouse on San Juan Hill figured largely and a gentleman who was not there got a big office as his reward for having himself supposed to have been there, we had quite lost sight of HAWKINS. After all, though, he was only a regular, the charge was part of the day's work and its record duly filed away with the histories of other unassuming achievements.

We are glad to know that General HAWKINS still survives and has found so agreeable a billet for his declining years. As for this rumpus at the Soldiers Home, we fancy it will end in nothing, unless perhaps the attorney gets his fee, and wise men will no more suspect HAMILTON S. HAWKINS of wrongdoing than they suspect THEODORE ROOSEVELT of veracity.

The Kansas of Europe.

In the fulness of time WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE has discovered Paris. We use the verb deliberately. In a sense the thing has been imminent for some weeks. After a fashion we even foretold it ourselves the other day, but the fact outruns the fancy. Mr. WHITE has arrived, and Kansas knows the truth. At the top of five final columns of literature devoted entirely to the discovery the Columbus of Kansas has announced:

"It is absurd to write of Paris with any degree of assurance after less than three weeks in the city. One could know little of Emporia in that short a stay."

Therefore Mr. WHITE writes of Paris. The first impression is perhaps the finest, the quintessence of all the emotional experiences of every discoverer. Thus it is that Mr. WHITE announces, with proper decision, that Paris is not gay, at least not to the Emporian spirit, although he adds:

"Perhaps Paris is gay. People who went to bed at half past eight every night but two that they were in Paris are not qualified to give expert testimony."

Much that follows we must omit, sad and sordid details—whether of the gatherings of those two lost nights we do not know. Yet we cannot quite exclude the moral note. Looking into the shop windows, the spirit of the gentle Emporian was shocked, for he writes:

"And the window of any shop is liable to contain an indecency that would send an ordinary American screaming down the street. As for the picture galleries—!! The Dutch artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were simple, plain spoken people—like the Bible. But they were never smutty. The French are not plain spoken. They are merely suggestive. And all this seems to have come from the license of the boulevards. It taints Paris, and in so far as Paris is the capital of art in the world Paris taints the world. And art has acquired a bad name because of the French influence on it. The boulevards inherit from the LOUISES, and they inherited from the beasts. It is in the blood."

Those Dutch artists—how heavily they bear upon our traveller!—he saw them, let it be recalled, in Munich; they pursue—they obsess him. The LOUISES we do not recognize. Were they chance acquaintances? Is there some dipping into unwritten history that we do not know? But the Dutch artists, here is surer ground. To them Mr. WHITE thus eloquently reverts:

"The old Dutch painters of 200 years ago painted the common people at their common toil: but some way these Dutch paintings laughed at the people and not with them."

Yes, even the Dutch painters had their limitations, not comparable, however, with that French influence to which art must attribute its sad repute in Kansas. It is as an art critic after all that Mr. WHITE's readers, in our humble judgment, will longest remember him. Freed from all the confining bonds of fact—careless of the minor details of taste—he touches highest levels here. Listen:

"The change in the spirit of French sculpture from the classic to the real, from presentations of Greek demigods to the presentation of French toilers, is more than prophetic. It is a symbol of the change in our modern thought: 'When the half gods go—the gods arrive.'"

Obviously "toilers" is a misprint for "tailors." At all events we respectfully ask our readers to notice that Mr. WHITE never quotes without subtracting a fault or adding a new grace.

NAPOLEON, as WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE discovers, is forgotten in France:

"At his splendid tomb, which was not designed for him, but was built for a church by one of the LOUISES, there are more English and American pilgrims than French."

Those LOUISES again. Who on earth can the ladies have been? Standing under the dome of the Invalides, Mr. WHITE is thus moved:

"His body lies in the warm, glowing sunlight flooding through the yellow glass of his sepulchre like a golden gleam of old romance. It is remote from to-day—as remote as the minnesingers and the knights in tourney flashing in red and brass upon some old tapestry hanging in an old unused armor room. Probably NAPOLEON is forgotten in modern France because modern France, like the modern world, has turned to new heroes. NAPOLEON was the last of the knights."

"The faint bluish light admitted from above," says careless Baedeker.

Here, for once, however, we must raise a voice of protest. "NAPOLEON, the last of the knights." The very hippopotami of Uganda know this to be false. For once, only once, we must remind the writer that he is in error.

Another discovery of Mr. WHITE's is of interest. He somewhere hit upon a cemetery—"Pere la Chaisse"—"the great cemetery of the rich and the great in Paris." "Pere la Chaisse!" The name sounds familiar, but somehow the look of it is strange. Here

"The bodies were set in stone beneath the foundations of the rococco palacettes!"

The exclamation is our own.

From Paris to the Provinces—and our time is short. Let us follow the Hon. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE closely as he writes of his ultimate discovery, the main land of his Europe, as it were:

"Kansas is indeed the France of America, and France is the Kansas of Europe. France is volatile, as we are, but always progressive. France is emotional, as we are, but always sincere. France is gay, as we are, but never to be fooled or cheated long. France is a land of ideals, as we are, but always too shrewd to dream of the impossible. France is brave, as we are, and always willing to sacrifice the material for the spiritual—though she does not grasp the shadow and let the substance go. She and we are practical idealists. We have visions that will work, and are willing to whip the man who doubts their practicability. In many things France is leading Europe.

"So we have France and Kansas—always ready for whatever revolution Providence may have in store; always cheerful, always at work, always enjoying the visions of youth, always fighting to make her dreams come true."

Kansas, the France of America! Let us rather say France, the Kansas of Europe; and Emporia, the Paris of Kansas; and the Neosho, the beautiful blue Neosho, flowing by this newer Paris, the Seine of Emporia; and WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE—but here the parallel pauses. Paris has her turn now.

The Interpretation of an Omission.

The failure of the Democratic State convention in Maryland to indorse the Hon. ISIDOR RAYNER for reelection to the United States Senate has been interpreted as the service of notice by State Senator ARTHUR P. GORMAN, the son of his distinguished father, but an attractive young man of parts and resources, that he would do all in his power to supplant Mr. RAYNER at Washington.

The senior Senator interprets the omission differently and with a certain plausibility. He says that as a hard working advocate of the present Senatorial primary election law he was more opposed than anybody else to an expression by the convention that his services to the State entitled him to another term in the Senate. It is a logical view for Mr. RAYNER to take; he must stand or fall by his principles, which, to do him justice, he maintains robustly. We notice that before the convention met Mr. RAYNER at a conference of the party leaders is said to have pressed this view upon them. We also notice that there was no reference of any kind in the adopted resolutions to the services of either the Hon. ISIDOR RAYNER or the Hon. JOHN WALTER SMITH, the junior Senator, during the late special session of Congress to revise the tariff. And we ought to be impressed by a statement in the Baltimore *Sun* that young Mr. GORMAN has assured Senator RAYNER that he would have no opposition in the nomination primary.

Somehow we think that Senator RAYNER would have been happier if the convention had recorded its appreciation of the conspicuous vigor with which he represents Maryland in the Senate. No member has been more prominent in the debates upon constitutional questions, and in the tariff mêlées he has upheld the interests of his State, particularly with regard to the pineapple schedule. Moreover, while we admit surprise that a deliberate student of affairs like Mr. RAYNER should be found justifying the nomination primary as the most effective means of selecting a desirable candidate for the body he ornaments, we see no reason why a State convention should not recognize desert in spite of the primary law. A "pen picture" of Mr. RAYNER in and about the convention hall shows him to lack the arts that carry primaries:

"Senator RAYNER came to the convention in a small two seated automobile that snorted a great deal as it drew up to the theatre, but he stepped out diffidently and attempted to evade a demonstrative group. He shook hands with a number of people, but the difficult questions of the convention were corrugating his brow and he wanted some place quiet and cool. Many of those in the convention during long waits wanted the Senator to make an extemporaneous speech, but he did not do so."

On the other hand, there seems to have been a roaring reception of the Hon. A. P. GORMAN, or, as the reporter puts it, "a heavy discharge of applause from every section of the house, so much so that leaders on the stage looked surprised." Perhaps they did, and perhaps they knew what was coming, for Mr. GORMAN is a very popular young man. The hurrah sentiment that greeted the son of the famous Senator over whom the Hon. ISIDOR RAYNER triumphed at a memorable session of the Legislature that sent him to Washington is the kind of political force that prevails at nomination primaries, and Mr. RAYNER, however good a Senator he is, may yet have to reckon with it.

A Chicago Reactionary.

Doesn't Chicago already regret that she elected Mrs. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG superintendent of her public schools? A city that so delights to rush forward can hardly have patience with an official committed to antiquated, outworn and obstinately reactionary "educational ideals." Mrs. YOUNG'S programme is short, but its fulfilment would be fatal to the American schools. Turning her back upon all the crowded and miscellaneous "studies" and accomplishments and sideshows wherewith the young American mind is stuffed, she swears by the "three R's," those overturned idols of our ignorant forefathers. To make the pupils read, write and cipher: such is the pitiful object for which she strives. The pride of parents will revolt against such a sacrifice of their fondest hopes and desires.

Amateur street cleaning and other branches of sociology have been taught in some of the Chicago schools, we believe. Whatever interests the teachers, whatever is nobly inutile and superfluous, whatever can amuse, distract or befuddle the tender intellect, whatever, imperfectly learned and mixed multitudinously with other smatterings, makes a curdled and indigestible mass of flubdub, this is, and this, if we know the passion of Americans for ornamental education, will ever be the dream of boards of education and school committees.

To read, to write, to cipher: let us not sacrifice to this Moloch of dead schoolma'ams and preceptors. Let children, if so much concession must still be made to the prejudices of the past, let them learn to read doubtfully and slowly, without intelligence and expression, a few sentences from a book. Let them be able to write a letter, muddily worded, spelled after the manner of the Thane of Skibo, capitalized—but down with the capitalists! As for the multiplication table, long division, fractions and so on, toward these, in some sense symbols of capitalism, there is a new attitude, as there is toward property.

Mrs. YOUNG will have to retreat. American children mustn't be permitted to learn or to try to learn anything that can be of any possible good to them or anybody else, except the makers of school books and the teachers of "fancy" subjects. Frankly, we are surprised and shocked by these views of Mrs. YOUNG. Why, BEN FRANKLIN couldn't have said anything more heathenishly "practical."

We don't see how Brigadier-General WILLIAM A. PEW, Jr., can possibly prevail over Brigadier-General TASKER H. BLISS and Brigadier-General WILLIAM W. WOTHERSPOON of the War College.

Militant suffragettes and strong minded ladies will find in the *Geographical Journal* for August a most satisfying account of the insignificance of man in Ghat, by JAMY Bey, the Governor. Ghat is down in the southwest corner of Tripoli, on the caravan route to Lake Chad. The Sahara is at the back door of Ghat, but it is an irrigated spot of palm groves and of gardens bearing the orange, lemon, apricot, peach and pomegranate. A little out of the world, life is very dull there, especially for the men. What JAMY Bey calls "a fine sight" is "one of the nobles of Ghat, draped in his ample garments, sauntering through the narrow streets, wearing great 'balagas' on his feet, and carrying in his hand a fly whisk made of a cow's tail." But a man may be a noble in Ghat and yet be subdued and submissive in the presence of women. We are told by the Governor:

"Tyrannized over by their wives, the poor men have no liberty. This is by reason of the laws of inheritance (Tuareg and Ghatian alike), by which all the real estate is the property of the women. The husbands with a taste for dissipation are jealously watched in their movements by negress spies. Sometimes those who are late find themselves obliged to sleep outside the door."

But this is not the worst. Man is even excluded from those visual pleasures afforded in other countries by the charms of women in terpsichorean measures:

"The women's dance called temeluket is very graceful, and is accompanied by songs. It is a kind of polka danced by two ladies, who show off all the graceful movements of their bodies. It is danced only before women."

Apparently there are no cakes and ale for man in Ghat, and the love songs, if any exist, must be composed by women. Man is entirely under their thumbs, and his condition of servitude seems complete. It might be supposed that in such a society the soldiers would be Amazons, but the women of Ghat monopolize the rights of supremacy; they allow the men to put on the panoply of war and do the fighting. Man does not try to break his chains in Ghat; an agitator for men's rights would never experience the breathless notoriety and the joy of battle that are the privilege of the English suffragettes. Imagination staggers at the thought of what would happen to him if he defied woman.

JAMY Bey must belong to the superior sex—we refuse to believe that this chronicler of Ghat can be a man.

The Hunt for Comfort.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Flagg thinks he is cooler and healthier without underwear, therefore he is. Your crank space has many interesting communications. I wish to add one more protection against the effects of hot weather, viz.: deep breathing—inspiring and expiring slowly and fully. Unbutton your collar and band and open your shirt neck until your wife says it "looks awful": this seems to enable me to resist the heat inside or outside, night or day. If any of the readers of THE SUN try this, would like to know if there is anything in it, for "if it's so" it should be in THE SUN. CRANK 1909.

ELMIRA, August 13.

GUYS THE ILLUSTRATOR.

Practitioners of the noble art of illustration are, as we know, modest men, but no matter the degree of their modesty they are all distanced by the record in shyness still maintained by Constantin Guys. This artist was once a living protest against Goethe's assertion that only fools are modest, and the monument recently erected to his memory in Paris is provocation enough to bring him ferrying across the Styx to enter a disclaimer in the very teeth of his admirers. So set in his anonymity was he that Charles Baudelaire, his critical discoverer, was forced to write a long essay about his work and only refer to the artist as C. G. The poet relates that once when Thackeray spoke to Guys in a London newspaper office and congratulated him on his bold sketches in the *Illustrated London News*, the fiery little man resented the praise as an outrage. Nor was this humility a pose. His life long he was morbidly nervous, as was Meryon, as was Cézanne; but he was neither half mad, like the great etcher, nor a cenobite, as was the painter of Aix. Few have lived in the thick of life as did Guys. To employ the phrase of Turgenieff, life, like grass, grew over his head. In the Crimean camps, on the Parisian boulevards, in London parks, Guys strolled, crayon in hand, a true reporter of things seen and an ardent lover of horses, soldiers, pretty women and the mob. Baudelaire called him the soldier-artist. He resembled in his restless wanderings Poe's man of the multitude, and at the end of a long life he still drew, as did Hokusai, the old man mad about drawing.

Who was he? Where did he receive his artistic training? Baudelaire did not tell, nor Théophile Gautier. He went through the Crimean campaign; he lived in the East, in London and Paris. Not so long ago the art critic Roger Marx, while stopping at Flushing, Holland, discovered his baptismal certificate, which reads thus: "Ernestus Adolphus Hyacinthus Constantinus Guys, born at Flushing, December 3, 1805, of Elizabeth Bétin and François Lazare Guys, Commissary of the French Marine." The baptism occurred January 26, 1806, and revealed the fact that he had for godfather an uncle who held a diplomatic position. Guys told his friends that his full family name was Guys de Sainte-Hélène—which may have been an amiable weakness of the same order as that of Barbey d'Aurevilly and of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, both of whom boasted noble parentage. However, Guys was little given to talk of any sort. He was loquacious only with his pencil, and from being absolutely forgotten after the downfall of the Second Empire to-day every scrap of his work is being collected, even fought for, by French and German collectors. Yet when the Nadar collection was dispersed last June in Paris Guys's aquarelles went for a few francs. Félix Féneon and several others now own complete sets. In New York there are a few specimens in the possession of private collectors, though the Lenox Library, as a rule rich in such prints, has only reproductions to show.

The essay of Charles Baudelaire, entitled "Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne," to be found in Volume III. of his collected works ("L'Art Romantique"), remains thus far the standard reference study concerning Guys, though deficient in biographical details. Other critical studies are by Camille Mauclair, Roger Marx, Richard Muther and George Grappe; and only the other day Miss Elizabeth Luther Cary in a too short but admirably succinct article characterized the Guys method in this fashion: "He defined his forms sharply and delicately, and used within his bounding line the subtlest variation of light and shade. His workmanship everywhere is of the most elusive character, and he is a master of the art of reticence." Miss Cary further speaks of his "gentle gusto of line in motion, which lately has captivated us in the paintings of the Spaniard Sorolla, and long ago gave Botticelli and Carlo Crivelli the particular distinction they had in common." Mauclair mentions "the most animated water color drawings of Guys, his curious vision of nervous elegance and expressive skill," and names it the impressionism of 1845, while Dr. Muther christened him the Verlaine of the crayon because, like Verlaine, he spent his life between the almshouse and a hospital, so said the German critic. Furthermore, Muther believes it was no mere chance that made of Baudelaire his admirer; in both the decadent predominated—which is getting the cart before the horse. Rops too is recalled by Guys, who depicted the gay grisette of the faubourgs as well as the nocturnal pierreuse of the fortifications. "Guys exercised on Gavarni an influence which brought into being his 'Invalides du sentiment, his 'Lorettes vielles,' and his 'Fourberies de femmes.'" The pleasure of all creatures is mingled with bitterness.

It is not quite fair to compare Guys with Rops, or indeed with either Gavarni or Daumier. These were the giants of French illustration at that epoch. Guys was more the skirmisher, the sharpshooter, the reporter of the moment, than a creative master of his art. The street or the battlefield was his atelier; speed and grace and fidelity his chief claims to fame. He never practised his art within the walls of academies; the material he so vividly dealt with was the stuff of life. The very absence of school in his illustrations is their chief charm; a man of genius this, self-taught, and a dangerous precedent for fumblers or those of less executive ability. From the huge mass of his work being unearthed from year to year he may be said to have lived crayon in hand. He is the first of a long line of newspaper illustrators. His profession was soldiering, and legend has it that he accompanied Byron to Missolonghi. The official career of his father enabled the youth to see much of the world—Greece, the Balkans, Turkey, Persia and perhaps India. On returning to France he became an officer of dragoons and for some time led the life of a dandy and man about town. With his memory, of which extraordinary tales are told, he must have stored up countless films of impressions, all of which were utilized years later.

In 1845 we find him installed at Paris, though no longer in the army. Then it was he began to design. He became contributor to many periodicals, among the rest the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*. For the former journal he went to the Crimean war as accredited art correspondent. The portfolio containing the Crimean set is now most sought for by his admirers. He is said to have originated the expression "taken on the spot," in the title of one of his instantaneous sketches. Few draughtsmen could boast his sure eye and manual dexterity. The Balaklava illustration is as striking in its way as Tennyson's lines, though containing less of poetic heroism and more ugly realism. Like the trained reporter that he was, Guys followed a battle, recording the salient incidents of the engagement, not overemphasizing the ghastliness of the carnage, as did Callot or Goya or Raffet, but telling the truth as he saw it, with a phlegm more British and German than French. Though he had no Dutch blood in his veins he was, like Huysmans, more the man of Amsterdam than the man of Paris. He noted the changing and shocking scenes of hospital life, and sympathy without sentimentality drops from his pen. He is dryly humorous as he shows us some plumaged General peacocking on foot, or swelling with Napoleonic pride as he caracoles by on his horse. And such horses! Without a hint of the photographic realism of a Muybridge and his successors, Guys evokes vital horses and riders, those seen by the normal vision. The witching movement of beautiful Arabian steeds has not had many such sympathetic interpreters.

In Turkey he depicted episodes of daily life, of the courts of the Sublime Porte itself, of the fête of Bairam, which closes the fast of Ramadan. His Turkish women are not all houris, but they bear the stamp of close study. They are pretty, indolent, brainless creatures. In his most hurried crayons, pen and ink sketches and aquarelles Guys is ever interesting. He has a magnetic touch that arrests attention and atones for technical shortcomings. Abbreviation is his watchword; his drawings are a species of shorthand notations made at red hot tempo, yet catching the soul of a situation. He repeats himself continually, but, as M. Grappe says, is never monotonous. In love with movement, with picturesque massing, and broad simple color schemes, he naturally gravitated to battlefields. In Europe society out of doors became his mania. Rotten Row, in the Bois, at Brighton or at Baden-Baden, the sinuous fugues of his pencil reveal to succeeding generations how the great world once enjoyed itself or bored itself to death. No wonder Thackeray admired Guys. They were kindred spirits; both recognized and portrayed the snob mundane.

As he grew older Guys became an apparition in the life of Paris. The smashup of the empire destroyed the beloved world he knew so well. Poor, his principal pleasure was in memory; if he couldn't actually enjoy the luxury of the rich he could reproduce its images on his drawing pad. The whilom dandy and friend of Baudelaire went about dressed in a shabby military frock coat. He had no longer a nodding acquaintance with the fashionable lions of Napoleon the Little's reign, yet he abated not his haughty strut, his glacial politeness to all comers, nor his daily promenade in the Bois. A Barmecide feast this watching the pleasures of others more favored, though Guys did not waste the fruits of his observation. At 65 he began to go down hill. His habits had never been those of a prudent citizen, and as his earning powers grew less some imp of the perverse entered his all too solitary life. With this change of habits came a change of theme. Henceforth he drew *filles*, the outcasts, the scamps and convicts and the poor wretches of the night. He is now a forerunner of Toulouse-Lautrec and an entire school. This side of his career probably caused Dr. Muther to compare him with Paul Verlaine. Absinthe, the green fairy of too many poets and artists, was no stranger to Guys.

In 1885, after dining with Nadar, his most faithful friend, Guys was run over in the rue du Havre and had his legs crushed. He was taken to the Maison Dubois, where he lived eight years longer, dying at the venerable age of 87, though far from being a venerable person. Astonishing vitality! He did not begin to draw, that is, for a living, until past 40. His method of work was simplicity itself, declare those who watched him at work. He seemingly improvised his aquarelles; his color, sober, delicate, was broadly washed in; his line, graceful and modulated, does not suggest the swiftness of his execution. He could be rank and vulgar, and he was gentle as a refined child that sees the spectacle of life for the first time. The bitterness of Baudelaire's flowers of evil he escaped until he was in senile decadence. In the press of active life he registered the shock of conflicting arms, the shallow pride of existence also, the mere joy of living, all in a sane manner that will always endear him to lovers of art.

George Moore tells the following anecdote of Degas: Somebody was saying he did not like Daumier, and Degas preserved silence for a long while. "If you were to show Raphael," he said at last, "a Daumier, he would admire it; he would take off his hat, but if you were to show him a Cabanel he would say with a sigh, 'That is my fault.'"

If you could show Raphael a croquis by Constantin Guys he would probably look the other way, but Degas would certainly admire and attempt to buy the drawing.

Humor and Diplomacy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* We all ought to agree with THE SUN in its view of Seth Low as Ambassador to England. If we may judge of his capacity as diplomat from his bungling, extravagant and unpopular administration of the city government as Mayor, he is certainly destined to be a grand joke in London.

It is incredible that President Taft should consider him as a possible incumbent for the position heretofore adorned by such men as Lowell, Phelps, Hay and Choate.

LENOX, Mass., August 14. A. B. H.

"R" in New England.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What with automobile accidents, the triumph of New England in forcing the rest of the country to take the duty off hides, the assumption by President Taft of the powers lodged by the Constitution in Congress, and other live subjects demanding comment, I confess to a feeling of surprise at seeing in the columns of THE SUN a revival of that ancient topic the proper pronunciation of the letter "R."

I am unable to discover that anything new has been added to the discussion since we last heard of the subject, except perhaps that there has been a kind of an alliance between New England and Virginia to uphold that treatment of the letter which is more or less common to the two sections of the country. However, not all parts of Virginia, or all parts of the other Southern States, meet on common ground in their pronunciation of the letter "R." Still less do they treat the letter precisely as the Boston people treat it. I never heard a Southerner say "Philadelphiar," and I have seldom heard a New Englander pronounce the name of the Quaker City in any other way.

In their rhymes the New England poets managed their "Rs" by sight, not by sound, when they strove to be correct. When Whittier depended upon his ear alone he wrote a number of verses about the gentle Eva of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which he made "Eva" rhyme with "deceive her," "believe her," "receive her," &c. And I venture to say that few genuine New Englanders by the ear alone would find cause for objection to these rhymes. Whittier's poem seems to dispose of the claim that the New England treatment of the letter "R" can be justified.

FRANCIS M. CONWAY.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 12.

Punishment of Policemen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Why is it that policemen like McKeagney up in Central Park are let off with simply losing their places when caught doing wrong, when the rest of the parties in the transaction are held for trial? Is it that a policeman is treated otherwise than any other wrongdoer? If it is so it's a shame, for in a case like his he was certainly much to blame, as he was a city employee, paid to prevent such things happening. JOHN JOHNSTONE.

NEW YORK, August 14.

CHRISTENDOM AND THE CHURCHES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My last letter only welcomed the relaxations in a Presbyterian church of those clerical tests for ordination the effect of which on intellectual honesty and freedom I think I used to see in a university where holy orders were largely a condition of office and preferment. However, I would venture to go somewhat further and ask whether the Protestant churches might not be made altogether more free to adapt themselves to general objects of Christian association. A review of the history of their formation shows that the moulds in which they were separately cast were almost as much metaphysical as they were theological. Some changes in the present lectionaries and services apparently must be made to meet the results of critical investigation. Fraternization of the Protestant churches seems to be already on foot. Christendom is passing through a crisis of change, perilous but apparently inevitable. Let us hope that among its leaders there will be found something of the statesman as well as of the divine.

Of the vastness of the change which our position is undergoing we are constantly being reminded. We are even reminded of it while I write by this exploration of the planet Mars. Till yesterday our earth was the centre of all things; of Creation, of divine call and government, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the universal and final Judgment. "He made the stars also," was all that the writer of Genesis had to say about the stellar host of heaven. The sun went round the earth, and was stayed in its course at the command of Joshua. A star waited on the Nativity. Now our earth is a minor orb in its own system, a mite in the sidereal universe.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

Not Deserved, According to a Dissatisfied Philosopher.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A week or so ago a letter from one of your correspondents referred to a magazine story which in an amusing way deals with reaction of the present and the past. I read the story and agree with its point. Why should we, to the detriment of vitality and experience, be hampered by undue gratitude or consideration toward our parents? Why gratitude at all? Was it not their duty to feed and instruct minors for whose existence they were responsible?

Indeed, I am reminded of the rector's wife in "Halfway House," who approved of but one form of grace for villagers, that beginning "for what we are about to receive," because "for all Thy mercies" might lead the poor to expect far more than they would be apt to get. We of the present generation are likewise supposed to be grateful for what we have received, which in most cases is decidedly not a gift of mercies.

Why in the name of progress should we feel the dead hand of the past?

NEW YORK, August 14. DISCONTENT.

Crete and Its Destiny.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I want to express my admiration and appreciation on the excellent article that you have published in THE SUN entitled "The Turkish Bluff Regarding Crete." It is indeed a lucid exposé of the present situation in that unfortunate island, a just tribute to the correct demeanor of Greece and of the absurdity of the Turkish demands. The pretensions of suzerainty over Crete on the part of Turkey are of a most shadowy nature. The last Turkish soldier left the island in 1897, but a stipulation was made with the four protective Powers, England, France, Italy and Russia, that a Turkish flag should permanently float on a barren island in Suda Bay as a sign of Turkish suzerainty, and eight Turkish soldiers were left to guard it. These soldiers were soon forgotten and finally withdrawn, the only Turkish flag of bunting that they possessed was destroyed by the elements, and before leaving they had painted a piece of tin with the Turkish emblems, the star and the crescent, and nailed it at the pole, where it can be seen to this day, minus the colors, which long ago have been washed out by the rains.

This is the only sign of suzerainty which the Turks seriously claim now over Crete. This war talk is, as you very judiciously characterized it, a bluff and nothing else. The new Government of Turkey is far from being solid, and a diversion of the popular thought was necessary to conciliate the native Mussulman element, and thus they started their absurd rights over Crete. They well know that the island is lost to them forever and that the question of its union to Greece is only postponed for sound political reasons. The 30,000 Mussulman Cretans who still are on the island are perfectly satisfied with the present rule of the local Christian Government, they speak only the Greek language, and some of them are holding small official positions. A little while ago a Mussulman Cretan was the Mayor of Canea, the capital of the island.

Of course, it was hard for us Greeks to have the Grecian flag hauled down from the fortress of Canea, but this was at the request of the four protecting Powers, in whose hands the future of the island is entrusted for the present, and we cannot disregard their friendly advice. They have shown their friendliness toward Greece by making strong representations at Constantinople for this foolish war talk. After all, even to-day we are superior to the Turks in sea power and we are virtually masters of the Grecian archipelago. But whom are we going to bombard? All its islands and the seashore cities are inhabited exclusively by Greeks, and we are not going to kill our brothers.

If the Turks knew their own interests they would try to attract and conciliate the Greek element in their dominions instead of persecuting it. Among the different nationalities which compose the Turkish Empire the Greeks are the most progressive, the most civilized, and after all the most loyal. The trade of the country, industrial establishments and the like, are mostly in their hands, and by harming the Greeks the Turks harm themselves much more, and very soon they will find it out.

A GREEK DIPLOMAT.

NEW YORK, August 13.

The State of Vocal Music Hereabout.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* What is the matter with vocal music in this city? A knowledge of real singing seems to be dead, judging from the horrible sounds we hear from private houses, the vaudeville stage, and sometimes from the operatic stage.

The following sounds are not musical: Squealing like an expiring pig, bellowing like a bull, quacking like a duck, bleating like a lost sheep, whining like a yellow dog, croaking like a frog, and "ragtime," yet these are the sounds that generally pass as music in this city.

The cause for this decline in the musical sense seems to be the advent of foreigners from Europe who know nothing about anything but peddling shoe laces, &c., in a very unmusical voice, and the example of singing set the community by the vaudeville ragtime "artists."

The above refers to solo singing, as part singing (that is, by quartets, trios, &c.) is apparently utterly unknown in this city, as it is seldom if ever attempted either on or off the stage. Occasionally we hear it on the operatic stage, but even there it is often done in a very indifferent manner.

Will somebody give us real music?

NEW YORK, August 14. E. H. J.

Argument From Human Nature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* While there has been some discussion as to whether Lieutenant Sutton could have fired the shot that killed him, there ought to be none as to whether he would fire such a shot.

No man was ever born who would shoot himself when he had a loose arm and a chance to shoot one of three men who had "beaten him up" and were sitting on him. It is not human nature.

NEW YORK, August 14. C. J. HARRISON.

Simple Rule.

Knicker—Can you tell a mushroom from a toadstool?

Bocker—Certainly; it is whichever one it leaves