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A Friend's Mistake or Joke. The friendly tone of this letter entitles it to a loving and a fair reply.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Why is your attitude toward all kinds of labor so generally hostile? Let any measure be proposed for the benefit of the "hewers of wood" and THE SUN seems to think its bounden duty is to decry the measure in one of its characteristic editorials, as you did in to-day's issue in the case of the hard work, undervalued, superannuated Government employees.

You're always fair and impartial in questions of religion, politics, in fact everything else, but in the case of labor (union or nonunion), and when discussing this question something seems to choke the issue and you see "as thru a glass darkly."

"The question of the retirement of superannuated employees is the only economic solution of the problem, and it is now in effect in all the leading countries of the world."

You give on some cases less worthy and receive to change your ways in 1910. THE SUN is not "hostile" to "all kinds of labor" or any kind of labor. It is and will continue to be hostile to the assumption by any combination of laborers of the sole or a superior right to labor, to the exclusion and the injury of other laborers. It believes in the indispensable right of every man to sell his labor, as he chooses, to work for whom he will and with whom he will. It wishes well to labor unions so long as they promote the welfare of their members without encroaching upon that of non-members or of the community.

The great mass of working men and working women is "scab" labor. Yet we see constant insolent effort by the leaders of the little minority that calls itself "organized labor" to monopolize the name of "labor." We see these labor leaders and their unions, or some of them, claim special privileges, exemptions, laws, erect themselves into a class, main or kill independent laborers, ruin employers who will not obey their rules, defy the courts, play upon the cowardice of jelly backed politicians to extort further immunities and privileges, work arrogant injustice.

We do not care for an oligarchy. We do not desire to crawl at the feet of GOMPERS and his like. Freedom of labor, equality of right, protection for the meannest son of ADAM to work in his own way, subject to laws equal for all; that is our platform. Our friend must know it if he reads THE SUN.

Perhaps this friend is a wag, though, or he would not be prepared to shed tears over those down-trodden hired men of the Government, for example. They are underworked; they get more pay, much more than the average man. Why should they become a sacred class of parasites, supported at the expense of the rest of us? They have time and chance to save, as much or as little as they wish, subject to laws equal for all; that is our platform. Our friend must know it if he reads THE SUN.

Why Should Champ Clark Join? Among the promoters and spellbinders of the National Anti-Trust League which was "launched" in Washington the other evening is Representative CHAMP CLARK of Missouri, the Democratic leader in the House. The idea is that if a good many persons combine to stop buying commodities that seem to them too dear the prices of those commodities will decline to a level satisfactory to the leaguers. The league would obviously be a boycott association, and to effect its purpose it would have to "fulminate" in some way or other against the possessors of the foodstuffs and other necessities that the leaguers wanted. It is hardly possible that the other "combiners" could be damaged and frightened by a silent boycott, a telephatic understanding, as it were, not to buy porterhouse steak until it could be had for twenty cents a pound or scrapple for eight.

To accomplish anything, to have standing, the National Anti-Trust League must print something, post somebody, and have a blacklist; and that way lies imprisonment for contempt. The promoters will have to get into trouble and look furtively around or they will get into trouble and involve the ultimate consumer even deeper; that is to say, they will need to find sound reasons for the business which they propose to embark in.

If the national and State organization is effected and the Anti-Trust League can conduct itself in a way to escape being responsible as a trust, we do not see why the Hon. CHAMP CLARK should identify himself with it. There is an easier way to reduce prices and to get a good government than boycott the things that producers, middlemen, wholesalers and the retail dealer in. It consists in the

return of the Democratic party to power, and Mr. CLARK is positive the people will not be kept in suspense. "It's been a long time," says CHAMP, "but the turn is in sight, glory be!" He adds:

"The signs of the times seem to indicate that the Democrats will elect a majority of the House of Representatives in 1910. With the civil war to help them the Republicans elected only eight Houses had running, and they have already elected eight in this series."

If the Hon. CHAMP CLARK has any confidence in this law of chances kind of logic the Republican party is doomed and the millennium is in sight for a people who for so long a time have fatuously rejected Democratic statesmanship. There would be course be no place in the political and social system for an anti-trust league if the Democratic party were to return to power, since it would quickly abolish trusts by legislation and regulate the prices of the necessities of life to suit consumers. Mr. CLARK may give his countenance and perhaps lend his voice to the new league to abate prices and hold them in check, but if it organizes for business he will not be one of its officers, being so sanguine of the early dawn of the political millennium.

"So Long, Charlie!" If, in the inner executive chamber, where he sits alone, and to the naked eye of the politician invisible, the Hon. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES ever unbent to a secret smile, we think it must have been when he heard the following utterance of the Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, Jr.:

"If the Senators organize upon such sympathetic relations as it may be possible to have with Governor HUGHES they certainly will minimize the difficulties with which the Republican party will have to contend in 1910."

To the Governor then, as to every one who reads this declaration, there must have returned the recollection of another public performance of Albany's eminent statesman, a performance which lent added dignity to the New York delegation's return from its memorable triumph at the Chicago convention.

From the news columns of THE SUN of June 22, 1908, we reprint this description of the rendering of certain lyrics by the same artist:

"Another song which seemed to be a favorite with Mr. BARNES contained these lines: 'Goodbye, Charlie, how I'd like to see you go; How I wish you'd go back home.' But the climax came when Mr. BARNES himself sang in good voice, 'CHARLES'S Presidential boom lies mouldering in the grave,' and 'We'll hang Bon FELLER on a sour apple tree.' Mr. FELLER is the Governor's private secretary. Mr. BARNES was attired in a white linen suit, which was damaged somewhat by his earnestness."

Mr. BARNES, it has been frequently asserted, belongs to the "old guard" in the Republican politics of this State. We believe this statement to be true. He has been with the sutler's wagon ever since the day on which his political campaigning began. His latest utterance, moreover, satisfies us that he is still there, guarding the rations with a zeal that only death can moderate. The "old guard" never surrenders, it only changes sides with the provisions.

Kansas Bleeds Afresh. Breathless with expectation we open the Hon. BLANCO BILL'S Emporia organ, and this is what stop she plays:

"There is no questioning the fact that this year dawned upon a nation that is rioting in extravagance."

Full of this Spartan mood, what pain is ours as all the prodigal pipes begin to screech from this same instrument:

"The only reason we have worked at the market, mild and sweet. You have never smoked a real cigar, until you have tried one of these. Only 10 cents. Every puff a dream. Now on sale."

Mild and sweet the Hon. JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, spectacled, bland, of an inquiring innocent sociologist aspect, not such as we know him in his anti-Cannonian and insurgent hours, the Hon. JOSEPH L. BRISTOW beams down upon the fount of dreams that dedicated him to fame and itself to Kansas. Are notes too dreaming? Is it by ten cent cigars, however mild, sweet and Bristovian, that the Sunflower spendthrifts are to be won back to the trait way of their fathers? The stern and rock-bound Kansans of heroic elder Kansas, did they waste their substance upon and pollute their lips with the herb loathed of the Hon. GEORGE TRASK and Little ROBERT REED?

And the mild and sweet BRISTOW, terrible as an army with banners against the Danville despot, BRISTOW, the champion of the people, the new hope of Chautauqua, the brother in arms of LA FOLLETTE, is BRISTOW with all his heroics to go up in smoke? Must Kansas puff the jade away?

Besides, an insurgent cigar is but too common in this world of sin and CANNON, the Man of Sin.

Hermoothes Unveiled. Six vessels of St. David's Head flying signals of distress—"the weather here is fine." An Italian ship piles herself on Bermuda's northern reef, her crew soak their shirts in kerosene, burn the signal of distress, are gallantly rescued by the fishers of St. George's—"the weather here is fine." In like terms half a dozen tales of maritime distress during the recent exacerbation of the climate, each with that rider, "the weather here is fine."

SHAKESPEARE was a slanderer, a meteorologist. What right had he, even in poetic license, to vex Bermuda? The gales of ocean go around, there's a three mile limit which no cyclone may dare to pass, the isobars are regulated by the senior officer present at the royal dockyard, the post adjutant reads out the isotherms at Prospect in the orders of the day.

The weather there has to be fine; now that the Bermuda onion comes first, comes most lachrymose from San Antonio, now that Georgia and South Carolina grow new potatoes newer, the Great resource of the colony is this reiterated fineness of the weather.

The tourist tide is making flood; hundreds every week are facing the four hours of tumult of the Gulf Stream because the weather is fine in this little

summer abode of men and tourists. Six of it would barely make our Borough of Richmond, its principal industry the picture post card. But who cares for size? The roads are walled so that the heedless need not tumble off into the sea; and it's always fine weather.

Not that the cloud does not sometimes drift across the 'Mudian sky. It is not with dismay that the visitor spies the forming of the squall off Grassy Bay. He soon learns to find a gambler's pleasure in watching its swirl over Ireland Island down the harbor and betting on its further course, whether it will be deflected along the southern shore and make its wet way over Warwick and Paget or will pelt torrentially on the links at Spanish Point. Best sight of all is when it comes driving up Crow Lane, through the cut at Agar's Island, and to watch its rainy face paint gray and soothing the all too dazzling white walls of Hamilton.

Never of long duration, these Bermudian showers, summer squalls of a perpetual summer. They are needed, too; there's not a well on the islands; the department of water supply is celestial, and down below in the storage tanks some special dispensation of providence is supposed to control the question of enteric troubles.

Gale and tempest may wreak their wrath in the circumjacent seas, ships may go ashore and shipmen scarce may win the land, but Bermuda, serenely lying in the sun, sends out the news: "The weather here is fine."

On the Coast of Montenegro. Foreign Ministers and international relations will not, we suspect, suffer any rude shock as a result of the recent excursion of French warships to the coast of Montenegro. Indeed, this pathetic little strip of seashore, the sole window of the Southern Slavs upon the open sea, almost rivals the famous coast of Bohemia in lack of geographical reality. Even Manhattan, with its stretch of shore on the Hudson from the Harlem to the Battery, far surpasses in extent the utmost length of seacoast of Montenegro from Antivari to Dulcigno. Enough coast line to satisfy the requirements of a single lighthouse, this measures the maritime greatness of Montenegro.

There is in this visit of the French fleet, however, a meaning that will not be missed at Vienna or overlooked at Berlin. The enthusiasm that the French flag and the French sailors aroused at Antivari plainly owed something of its origin to recent history. If French ships and French sailors were welcome for themselves, it is clear that they were thrice welcome as the representatives of a nation which the arrangement of European alliances has made an enemy of Austria. The very fact that the fleet was welcomed by Montenegrins at Antivari and not at Cattaro, the natural port of the principality, but an Austrian possession, suggests something of the hopes and hatreds of this little people. From the Montenegrin hills, almost from the very streets of Cetinje, the tiny capital of this tiny land, one looks down upon the Bay of Cattaro, the Touna upon the Adriatic, but between the highland and the sea a thin strip of Austrian territory intervenes for a hundred miles, a perpetual source of patriotic resentment. Even Antivari, an open roadstead, which Montenegrin pride alone could name a harbor, was acquired only at the Congress of Berlin, and was long thereafter closed to foreign warships by Austrian command.

In the speech of welcome of the Prince of Montenegro to the French visitors there was discernible an appreciation of the true importance of the visit. "All Slavs are bound to France," said he, "by ties of friendship that are indestructible." The strongest tie of all, which he did not specifically mention, was recognized by those who heard him to be the hostility to Germany and its allies, a hatred shared by all Frenchmen and Slavs alike, a hostility which for the French means the "Western Question" of Alsace and Lorraine, and for the Southern Slavs the new "Eastern Question" of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In an even larger sense this Eastern Question has become the struggle of the Latin and the Slav against the Teuton. For across the narrow Adriatic, almost visible from the hills behind Antivari, is Italy, whose Queen is a Montenegrin princess. Irredentism, grown to new strength in Italy, also looks hopefully to this coast, to Trieste, Ragusa, Cattaro, anciently Venetian, to Albania, south of Dulcigno, inhabited by a race which still retains a numerical superiority in certain Italian communes.

To Italy and to these Southern Slavs alike the advance of Austria means the destruction of national aspirations; to the Italians the end of the dream to make the Adriatic an Italian lake; to the Slavs the obliteration of racial and national independence. To Serbia and Montenegro the thin arm of Novi Bazar, keeping them forever apart and transiently occupied by Austrian garrisons, is a standing threat that the fate that has engulfed their brother Serbs of Bosnia and Herzegovina will presently overwhelm them. They lie fatally in the pathway of the Austro-German march from the Danube to Salonica and onward to Asia Minor; and for them the enemies of Germany are friends ever welcome, whose very presence is a half expressed pledge of support against the day of danger. For the Serbs of Montenegro and Serbia, for the Bulgars of the kingdom of the new Czar and the Slavs of both races in Macedonia the visit of the French fleet will have a meaning, a meaning which will be exaggerated rather than underestimated.

Not so provocative as the Kaiser's famous descent upon Tangier, this stay of the French fleet in Montenegrin waters unmistakably suggests that curious incident in German foreign policy, and will doubtless have results of no inconsiderable importance in the development of Balkan affairs. As a logical consequence of the recent meeting of Czar and King at Raconigni it will emphasize the new alignment of world Powers in the Mediterranean.

Montenegro and Serbia could of themselves, of course, offer no serious

opposition to Austrian advance; as for poor little Antivari, a single Austrian gunboat could destroy its maritime pretensions with a single broadside. But the presence of the French fleet, the meeting at Raconigni, all that has happened since the Bosnian episode, combine to suggest that other forces and other influences would be involved in such further aggression, and the rejoicing of the Serbs thereat is not surprising.

Antivari: itself is the port selected as the terminus of the Slav railroad from Serbia to the Adriatic, the answer Russian statesmen conceived to the new Austrian railroad through Novi Bazar from Bosnia to Salonica. Montenegro, too, because of its relations to Russia and Italy alike, has been vastly important in the development of the recent phases of the ever fascinating Balkan question. In the future development of this question the recent visit of the French squadron will doubtless have a value. For the present, moreover, it is no exaggeration to suggest that something more than accident moved the French Government to discover at this time that the Southern Slavs had a seaport, a fact well nigh forgotten by the navies of the world for a quarter of a century at least.

To be sure they sent there not the Marseillaise and the Henri IV., but the Victor Hugo and the Ernest Renan, yet even their names, we believe, will not quite avail to disguise the mission of these warships.

The Advertiser covers Elmirá and the Southern Tier like the dew. "The Elmirá Advertiser."

Why not call it FARETT's wet blanket? If it were the product of an artless muse, the series of poems by Rhode Island Bards in the Providence Journal would be dear to lovers of home-made song. Thus "Dear Providence, R. I.," attributed to Mr. WILLIAM D. FORSTHER, is rich in patriotic spirit, however unjust to New Orleans, where the author is fabled to be:

"You may sing of Dear old Gorgia and of the Swaney far away But give me our Providence River and our Narragansett Bay We cannot grow our grapes Or of growing yellow yams but we can spend some pleasant hours With good Rhode Island clams"

The cows and pigs here roam the streets and look like streaks of thought and lazy mules go lumbering by as though they cared for nothing that Green city has no charms for me and I have metney a longing sigh for my native city Providence Dear Providence R. I."

We distrust this affectation of coquetry. We suspect sophistication. "Written in the office of the Providence Journal" is our motto, and it is probably by the professor of Sartorial Aesthetics who has to unbend like common folk and even APOLLO himself. Non semper arcum.

The subway is good enough for me, and it should be good enough for all the city officers. It is the Mayor thinks walking is good enough for him. Apparently this is not to be an automobile administration.

THE CHRISTIAN CREED. Held Without Question, By Some Illustrious Men of Science.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Mr. Henry Grafton Chapman in THE SUN of January 1 affirms that "there does not exist a particle of scientific evidence or reputable testimony in favor of any of these beliefs," referring to the articles of the Apostles' Creed and the creation of the world by personal God and the creation of the world by Him." If by this assertion he means that there is no sufficient evidence for any of these beliefs, may I ask him to tell us how it came to pass that so many of the most illustrious scientists of the nineteenth century were so stout believers in the truth of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?

Among these I may mention Brewster, Michael Faraday, Clerk Maxwell and Sir George Stokes. Were these great luminaries of the physical sciences, who were not only great scientists but also great men of letters, who were so stout believers in the truth of the Christian faith "without a particle of evidence"? Perhaps Mr. Chapman will be so good as to explain on his principles the general belief in the Christian faith that "we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directing Power."

On the subject of miracles it is illuminating to remember another of Lord Kelvin's utterances, that "the laws of physics and chemistry, and the laws of physics and chemistry, are not absolute, but they may have developed." As a Philistia Brog, Chapman to appreciate the force of the arguments which justify belief in the articles of the Christian Creed and the creation of the world by personal God, we should be interested in his writings can question for a moment that that evidence was Phillips Brooks absolutely correct. We should be interested to accept conclusions on such a tremendous subject without a "particle of evidence or reputable testimony."

As to laymen not believing the Christian religion, there are more intelligent laymen who believe in the Christian religion, and active in the propagation of the Christian religion than ever before in my life. WASHINGTON, D. C., January 4.

Disorderly Conductor. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: A well known member of the bar, at the meeting held at Carnegie Hall on Sunday evening, said, "there is no such thing as disorderly conduct," and that he has "never been able to find that there is such a crime as disorderly conduct."

For his criticism of us as well as that of some of your readers who may be misled by his statement that the independent laboring man cannot be protected against the brutality and tyranny of the leaders of the union, I quote the following from the issue of the Penal Law, entitled "Disorderly Conduct":

"Any person who shall by any offensive or disorderly act or language annoy or interfere with any person in the exercise of his rights, or who shall conduct or display may not amount to an assault or battery, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

The sympathies of the writer are with the laboring man, and he is not a member of the union, and I shall this communication solely to prevent some misguided and ill advised person from taking the advice of the speaker of the evening. C. S. WASHINGTON, January 4.

Substitute Lobsters. From Daily Consular and Trade Reports. Consul Joseph A. Howells writes as follows concerning the fisheries of the Galapagos Islands: "Last summer the Consulate suggested that it might pay American lobster packers to send a man to this colony to visit the Galapagos Islands to investigate the question of supplementing the home catch of lobsters by using the crayfish, which are plentiful in that vicinity and are similar to our lobsters, minus the large claws. Curiously enough, the report had not been forwarded a month when an Englishman came to a fishing cove, which he put in operation at these islands, and by the last Bristol steamer he made his first shipment of a number of cases of canned crayfish, cooncha and green turtle, the latter abounding on the banks which surround the Galapagos group."

Backward Boston. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: On Saturday afternoon, January 1, the lower part of Beacon Street, Boston, in front of the State House was most of the day a scene of confusion and a great deal of trouble. Park Street was almost a dead end. No attempt seemed to have been made to get away with the snow.

At the same time there was any street in New York in the city's centre that was in such deplorable condition. New York is quite a town notwithstanding the above so is plentifully. BOSTON, January 4.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

Pictures in Madrid.

The secret of Titian's color, the "Venetian secret" so called, was produced, some experts believe, by first painting a solid monochrome in tempera, on which the picture was finished in oil. Unquestionably Titian corrected and amended his work as much as did Velasquez. It is a pleasing if somewhat hazardous belief that Titian, Velasquez and Hals studied with their canvases, their rapier a duelled after inspecting many of the Hals portraits the evidence of direct painting, swift though calculated, are not to be denied. This may account, with the temperamental equation, for the less profound psychological interest of his portraiture when compared with the Raphael, Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt heads. Yet what superiority in brush work had Hals over Raphael and Rembrandt. The Raphael surfaces are as a rule, hard, dry and lustreless, and Rembrandt's heavy, troubled paint is no mate for the airy touch of the Mercutio of Harlem. But Titian's impact is lyric. It sings on the least of his canvases. No doubt his pictures in the Prado have been "skinned" of their delicate glaze by the iconoclastic restorer; yet they bloom and chant and ever bloom. The "Bacchanal," which bears a faint family resemblance to the "Bacchus" and "Ariadne" of the London National Gallery, fairly exalts in its joy of life, its frank paganism. What rich reverberating tones, what powers of evocation. The "Garden of the Love" is a vision of childhood at its sweetest; the surface of the canvas seems alive with a festoon of babies. The more voluptuous "Venus" and "Danaos" do not stir your pulse as this immortal choir of cupids. The two portraits of Charles V.—one equestrian—are charged with the noble, ardent gravity and splendor of phrasing we expect from the greatest Venetian of them all. We doubt, however, if the Prado "Entombment" is as finely wrought as the same subject by Titian in Paris; but it sounds a poignant note of sorrow. Rembrandt is more dramatic when dealing with a similar theme. The "St. Margaret" with its subtle green gown is a figure that is touching and almost tragic. The "Madonna and Child," with St. Bridget and St. Hilfus, has been called Giorgionesque. St. Bridget is of the sumptuous Venetian type; the modelling of her head is lovely, her coloring rich.

Rubens at the Prado is singularly attractive. There are over fifty, not all of the best quality, but numbering such works as the "Three Graces," the "Rondo," the "Garden of Love" and the masterly unfinished portrait of Marie de Medicis. The "Brazen Serpent" is a Van Dyck, though the catalogue of 1907 credits it to Rubens. There are the "Andromeda and Perseus," the "Holy Family" and "Diana and Callista." The portrait of Marie de Medicis, stout, smiling, amiability personified, has been called one of the finest feminine portraits extant—it is a slight exaggeration. It is both mellow and magnificent, and unless history or Rubens lied the lady must have been as mild as mother's milk. The "Three Graces," executed during the latter years of the Flemish master, is Rubens at his pagan best. These stalwart and handsome females, without a hint of sleek Italian delicacy, include Rubens's second wife, Helena Fourment, the ox-eyed beauty. What blond flesh tones, what solidity of human architecture, what positive beauty of surface and nobility of contour! The "Rondo" is a mad, high-spirited dance, the "Diana and Callista" suggestive of a Turkish bath outdoors, but a picture that might have impelled Walt Whitman to write a sequel to his "Children of Adam." Such women were born not alone to bear children but to rule the destinies of mankind; genuine matriarchs.

Rembrandt fares ill. His Artemisia almost to drink her husband's ashes from a costly cup reveals a ponderous hand. It is but indifferent Rembrandt, despite several jeweled passages. Van Dyck shows at least one great picture, the "Betrayal of Christ." The "Brazen Serpent" only ranks second to it; both are masterpieces, and Antwerp must envy the Prado. The "Crown of Thorns," and the portraits, particularly that of the Countess of Wexford, are arresting. His "Musical," being the portrait of Lanibre the lute player, and his own portrait on the same canvas with Count Bristol, are cherished treasures. The latter is especially fascinating. That somewhat mysterious Dutch master Moro, or Mor (Antonis; born in Utrecht, 1612, died at Antwerp, 1576 or 1578) is represented by more than a dozen portraits. To know what a master of physiognomy he was we need only study his "Mary Queen of England," the "Buffoon of the Benevantes," the "Philip II." and the various heads of royal and noble born dames. The subdued fire and subtlety of this series, the piercing vision and superior handiwork of the painter have placed him high in the artistic hierarchy; but not high enough. At his best he is not far behind Holbein.

That great German's art is shown in a solitary masterpiece, the portrait of an unknown man, with shrewd cold eyes, an enormous nose, the hands full of meaning. Next to this Holbein, whose glance follows you around the gallery, are the two Dirers, the portrait of Hans Imhof, a world renowned picture, and his own portrait (1668), a magical rendering of a Christlike head, the ringlets curly, the beard youthful, the hands folded as if in prayer. Amfavelous composition, it formerly hung too high, above the "Hans Imhof"; it now hangs next to it. The same head in the Uffizi is a copy, Sir Walter Armstrong to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Flemish schools are to be seen in the basement, not altogether a favorable place, though in the afternoon there is an agreeable light. Like Rubens, Jan van Eyck visited Spain and left the impress of his style. But the Van Eycks at the Prado are not so good as to detail several are noteworthy. The "Marriage of the Virgin" is discredited. The "Virgin, Child and St. John" under the golden canopy called a Hubert van Eyck, is probably by Gossett de Mabuse, and a clever transposition of the altar piece in St. Ravon's at Ghent. The "Fountain of Life," also in the catalogue as a Jan van Eyck, has been pronounced a sixteenth century copy of a lost picture by his brother Hubert. We may add that not one of these so-called Van Eycks recalls in all their native delicacy and richness the real Van Eycks of Bruges, Ghent and Brussels; though the "Virgin Reading," given as Jan's handiwork, is of a charm. The "Depositions," attributed to Rogier van der Weyden (De la Pasture) are acknowledged to be old sixteenth century copies of the "Deposition" in the Escorial. The altar piece is excellent. But there is a fine Fleming, glowing in pigment and of beautiful design, "The Adoration of the Kings," a triptych, like the one at Bruges. In the centre panel, the one the Bruges added, a black and white, the two

wings, or doors, respectively depict the birth of Christ (right) and the presentation in the temple (left). There is a retablo (retrospect) in four compartments, by Petrus Christus, and two Jerome Patiniers, one, a "Temptation of St. Anthony," being enjoyable. The painter-peregrinated saint sits in the foreground of a freshly painted landscape, harassed by the attentions of witches, several of them comely and clothed. To be precise, the composition suggests a much married man listening to the reproaches of his spouses. Hanging in a doorway we found a Henri Met de Bles that is not marked doubtful. It is a triptych, an Adoration, in which the three kings, the Queen of Sheba before Solomon, and Herod participate. A brilliantly tinted work, this, which once hung in the Escorial, and mirabile dictu, attributed to Lucas van Leyden. No need to speak of the later Dutch school, Teniers, Ostade, Dieltz, Pourbus, and the minor masters. The van Breeghels and Boches are several and none too good. But there are several Jordans of quality, a family group and three heads of street musicians. We forgot to mention an attribution to Jan van Eyck, "The Triumph of Religion," which is a curious affair no matter whose brain conceived it. The attendant always points out its religious features with ill concealed glee. A group of ecclesiastics have confounded a group of rabbis at a fountain, which is the foundation of an altar. The old fervor burns in the eyes of the gallery servant as he shows you the discomfited Hebrew doctors of the law. We may dismiss as harmless the Pinturicchio and other Italian attributions in these basement galleries. There is the usual crew of "Anonimoes," and a lot of those fantastic painters who are nicknamed by critics without a sense of humor as "The Master of the Fiery Hencoop," "The Master of the Eccentric Omelet," or some such idiotic title.

Upstairs such familiar names as Domenico, Bassano, Cortona, Crepi, Bellini, Vecchia, Romanelli, Veronesi, Maratta, Guido Reni, and others, do not detain us. The catalogue numbers of the Italian school go as high as 128. The Titians, however, are the glory of the Prado. The Spanish school begins at 229, ends at 1,029. The German, Flemish and Holland schools begin at 1,148, running to 1,852. There are supplements to all of the foregoing. The French school runs from 1,909 to 2,111. But the examples in this section are not inspiring, the Watteaus excepted. There is the usual "Champagne, Copel, Claude of Lorraine" (10), Largilliere, Lebrun, Van Loo, Mignard (5); one of Le Nain—but which one? Nattier (4), Nicolas Poussein (20), Rigaud, and two delicious Watteaus; a rustic betrothal and a view of the garden of St. Cloud, both exalting melancholy grace and displaying subdued richness of tone. Tiepolo has been called the last link in the chain of Venetian colorists which began with the Bellini, followed by Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Palma Vecchio, Bonicci, Veronese—and to this list might be added the name of the Frenchman Watteau. Chardin was also a colorist, and how many of the Foussier in this gallery could be spared to make room for one of his cool, charming paintings!

The Prado about exhausts the art treasures of Madrid. In the Escorial, that most monstrous and gloomiest of the tombs of kings, are pictures that should be seen—some Grecos among the rest—even if the palace does not win your sympathy. In Madrid what was once called the Academia de San Fernando is now the Real Academia de Bellas Artes. It is at Calle de Alcalá and contains a Murillo of quality, the "Dream of the Roman Knight," Zurbarán's "Carthusians," an "Ecce Homo" by Ribera, of power, the "Death of Dido" by Fragonard; a Rubens, "St. Francis," the work of his pupil, Alonso Cano, two Murillos, Domenichino, Tristan, Mengs, Giovanni Bellini; Goya's bull fights, madhouse scenes and several portraits—one of the Duc de Paz; a Pereda, a da Vinci (?), Madrazo, Zurbarán and Goya's equestrian portrait of Charles IV. A meagre gathering it is, the debris of a former superb collection, and not catalogued.

There are museums devoted to artillery, armor, natural sciences and archaeology. In the imposing National Library, full of precious manuscripts, is the museum of modern art—also without a catalogue. It does not make much of an impression after the Prado. The Fortuny is not characteristic, though a rarity; a sketch for his "Battle of Tetuan," the original an unfinished painting, is at Barcelona. There are galleries such as the Sala Haes with its seventy pictures which are depressing. The modern Spaniards Zuloaga, Sorolla, Angla-Camarosa are either not represented or else are not at their best. There is a Diaz, who was of Spanish origin; but the Madrazos, Villegas, Montenas and the others are academic echoes or else feeble and mannered. There are some adroit water colors by modern Frenchmen, and there is a seeming attempt to make the collection contemporary in spirit, but it is all as dead as the allegorical dormouse, while over at the Prado there is a vitality manifested by the old fellows that bids fair to outlast the drums, trappings and conquests of many generations. We have not more than alluded to the sculpture at the Prado, it is not particularly distinguished. The best sculpture we saw in Spain was displayed in wood carvings. The pride of the Prado is centred upon its Titians, Raphaels, Rubens, Murillos, El Grecos, and above all upon Don Diego de Silva, better known as Velasquez.

The Cry for "Better Conditions." To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The busy workers who have been sent forth from the hive of the lady shirtwaist makers here upon their shoulders a load of white upon which we read the cry for "better conditions." It must be evident to the most superficial reader that this is but a vague, unspiced appeal. The demand for better conditions is too generic and we make a further appeal. It is "closed shop" that is the condition of betterment! If so, it is the kernel and all else is husk. But there is a tincture of something un-American in the idea which alienates the crowd that is importuned to buy and organize.

A thousand citizens without bias will gladly spring into the breach with "better conditions" inscribed on the flag of trade were they sure that they would not observe flying from the banners of the militant workers the emblem of a "closed shop!" The legend "for better conditions" on the paper sashes is misleading and evasive. INVITE E. DOCA, B. S. L. L. B. NEW YORK, January 4.

Brooklyn Eskies Back. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: A correspondence of THE SUN contains the following in your precious apparel telling his difficulties of finding a hotel in Brooklyn after having foolishly neglected to look up the address. Now let him emerge from his burrow—say at the 110th Street subway station, Manhattan, and see the people on the street his way to some apartment house on Washington Heights whose street and number he doesn't know! BROOKLYN MAN. NEW YORK, January 4.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: I don't believe the author of "Let in Brooklyn" is a New Yorker. He is a "rube" and doesn't even know enough to consult a city or telephone directory.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

An Act of Justice That Would Rapidly Promote Her Industries. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: It is inconceivable that a distinguished scholar and his like Professor Goldwin Smith should persist in denying to Ireland her inalienable right to self-government. In his letter in THE SUN of January 2 he says: "It would be impossible to govern the two islands on different principles with Ireland subjected to a recalcitrant, and indeed in fact be lost and a perpetual source of trouble."

But why should there be different principles if there were justice under the same laws and constitution? If justice and equal rights were not accorded Ireland would it not be in the natural order of things for Ireland to be recalcitrant and a perpetual source of trouble? The perpetual source of trouble is in alien misgovernment, not in the Irish people. Professor Smith would perpetuate the trouble he speaks of for all time, and he would do so because he is a victim of financial depression in England that necessitated the remarkable budget devised by David Lloyd-George. The billion or more pounds spent in the unjust South African wars to subdue the Boer republics by Chamberlain and Boshes's party caused such a deficit in British finance that there seemed no way to remedy the trouble but by the construction of the present budget, and now the Unionist House of Lords opposes the remedy for the evil condition it helped to create.

Professor Smith says that "home rule is at once interpreted by one of the Irish leaders as carrying with it the repeal of the union." That is what it should carry with it by all right and justice. Such an act of justice as the repeal of the act of union, even at this eleventh hour, would not fail to be more beneficial to England than the continuation of injustice.

Vis-Chancellor Sauron, a distinguished Irish lawyer, has written a book on the eve of the passage of the act of union: "If a legislative union should be forced upon this country against the will of the inhabitants it would be a struggle against usurpation and not a resistance against law."

Mr. Gladstone, addressing the House of Commons on April 10, 1886, said: "I will only say that we accomplished that union against the sense of every class of the community, who wholesale bribery and suborning (justification) of the law."

Again, Professor Smith says: "There is one wrong which the Irish have especially felt and which could be easily redressed. It is the absence of