The Sun.

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Occasional Waves and Small Minorities.

On June 2, 1900, the Republicans and Democrats of a Republican House of Representatives passed by a vote of 274 to 1 an anti-trust bill which carried an amendment exempting trusts, monopolies or combinations of labor from the proposed Federal control of "injurious aggregations" in restraint of foreign or interstate commerce.

This amazing amendment had just been adopted by a vote of 260 to 8. Thus practically the entire House, including the Representatives of both parties, tumbled over each other in their eagerness to go on record for the enactment of the principle of inequality in the application of Federal law. We recall the incident because it was typical of the attitude of Congressmen at all times when a temporary phase of public sentiment or supposed public sentiment intimidates the elected Representative and takes the vertebræ right out of his manly back.

Something of the same sort happened on Thursday, when only sixteen Representatives of either party found themselves able to keep their feet under pressure of the supposed popular demand for a radical change in the constitutional method of choosing United States Senators. The vote of 296 to 16 for the Rucker resolution did not measure the extent of the opposition in the House to the proposal to deprive the Federal Government of one of its essential powers, the control of the election of Federal Senators. The significant vote was on the Sutherland proposition, so called. It was rejected by only 190 to 120. Nevertheless, these 120 of both parties, with the honorable exceptions aforesaid, turned and ran before the wave. The sixteen who stood firm deserve to have their names posted for admiration even of those who deserted them:

JOSEPH G. CANNON of Illinois, an old member.
HENRY G. DANFORTH of New York, a new member.
FRANCIS H. DODDS of Michigan, an old member.
JOHN W. DWIGHT of New York, an old member.
JOSEPH W. FORDNEY of Michigan, an old member.
ROBERT O. HARRIS of Massachusetts, a new member.
ASHER C. HINDS of Maine, a new member.
GEORGE P. LAWRENCE of Massachusetts, an old member.
SAMUEL W. MCCALL of Massachusetts, an old member.
HENRY MCMORRAN of Michigan, an old member.
GEORGE R. MALBY of New York, an old member.
JAMES R. MANN of Illinois, an old member.
JAMES T. MCDERMOTT of Illinois, an old member. He is a Democrat. The next day he announced that he had meant to vote the other way.
CYRUS A. SULLOWAY of New Hampshire, an old member.
GEORGE H. UTTER of Rhode Island, a new member.
WILLIAM H. WILDER of Massachusetts, a new member.

The exact name of the terrifying wave which sent all but the sixteen, or the fifteen, scurrying up the beach toward the heart of a perfectly safe and stable continent is New Nationalism.

The Farmers' Bill.

The bill providing for the transfer of numerous articles from the dutiable list to the free list, introduced in the House last Wednesday, is obviously drafted for the purpose of catching the farmers' vote. It seems even more particularly devised in the interest of the cotton planters. On its surface it promises much for special interests and something for all. If a frequently used argument is sound, the final approval of the measure will reduce the price of ham and bacon by four cents a pound, the price of flour about $1 a barrel, shingles 50 cents a thousand, salt 11 cents a hundred pounds, and make a difference of several dollars in the price of sewing machines, cotton gins and farm wagons. The little discrepancy by which only cowhide boots and shoes will be admitted free will doubtless be corrected.

Assuming the passage of the bill, although such an assumption is somewhat shaky, the results will be quite interesting. It is probable that they will be disappointing to many. For instance, there is no reason whatever for belief that free meats, free ham and bacon, free flour or free boots and shoes will affect the selling prices of those commodities. There is no source from which any appreciable quantity of lard or ham or bacon can come, while, quality considered, the wholesale prices of flour and meats are not lower abroad than they are here. The prediction may be ventured that there will be no reduction in the price of ploughs or boots and shoes. The "farmers' bill" suggests strongly a Christmas tree with much tinsel and few packages or an attractive doll with sawdust filling. When the farmers discover that reciprocity with Canada has not ruined them and that this beautiful bill does them no perceptible good, what will they think about it? The cotton planters of the South who buy hoops and bagging may or may not be benefited to the extent of a few dollars a year, but will the scores of millions of users and weavers of cotton goods buy their materials at lower prices? They certainly will not. Shirts and sheets will be no cheaper because of free bagging and hoops.

With this blessing bestowed on the farmer, what is to be done for the fisherman and the lumberman? Should not seines and fish hooks, axes, peaveys and cant hooks be put on the free list in compensation for their alleged losses? What of the farmer's wife, whose "poultry, dead or alive," whose "eggs of barnyard fowl, in the shell," are made free by the Canadian agreement? Are all those stirring denunciations of "special privilege" and "class legislation" after all only sounding brass and tinkling cymbal?

The Mexican Border Situation.

No less than eight American railroads, or branches of trunk lines, have been extended to the Mexican frontier, where they make connection with railroads in Mexican territory. The border stations are sometimes contiguous, separated only by the Rio Grande or a surveyor's line.

Thus the El Paso and Southwestern runs through Douglas, Arizona, to Agua Prieta in the State of Sonora, the railroad on the Mexican side being known as the Nacozari after a town of that name in northern Sonora. Fifty miles west of Douglas a branch of the El Paso and Southwestern passes through Naco, Arizona, to San José on a branch of the Sonora Railroad running to Cananea, a Federal garrison town of some importance. Sixty miles west of Naco the Southern Pacific passes through Nogales, Arizona, to Nogales in Mexico on the Sonora Railroad, which serves the port of Guaymas on the Gulf of California. There is then a stretch of 200 miles of border without railroad communications, and at Yuma the Southern Pacific comes down from Maricopa in Arizona and makes a loop of sixty miles through Lower California to Alamo in that State, recrossing the border at Calexico, California.

On the eastern half of the frontier no railroad crosses between El Paso and Eagle Pass, which are 400 miles apart. At El Paso the Southern Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé and the El Paso and Northeastern meet, and on the Mexican side the Mexican National and the Mexican Northwestern come together at Ciudad Juarez, which is separated from El Paso only by a bridge. At Eagle Pass, 400 miles southeast of El Paso, the Southern Pacific has a terminus, and on the other side of the Rio Grande the Mexican International has a terminus at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz. A hundred miles southeast of Eagle Pass the National of Mexico and the International and Great Northern have a junction at Laredo on the Texas side; the station on the southern bank of the Rio Grande is Nuevo Laredo on the National of Mexico, which runs down to Monterey, 125 miles distant, one of the most important railroad centres of the State of Nuevo Leon. At Brownsville in Texas, near the Gulf of Mexico, the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexico Railroad crosses the Rio Grande to Matamoras (National Railroad of Mexico) in the State of Tamaulipas. Railroad construction has been active in this part of Texas, and at Hidalgo on the frontier, fifty miles west of Brownsville, the local railroad has a terminus and the San Antonio and Aransas Pass also has a station there, the object being to cross the river and make connections with the National Railroad of Mexico to get access to the rich central part of the country.

It seems to be the plan of the mounted insurgents in Mexico to capture the frontier railroad stations; certainly those in Sonora, Chihuahua and Coahuila, where the country is rough and suited to guerrilla warfare. Desert wastes alternate with mountain ranges, and a very strong and well handled Federal force would be required to patrol the railroads which have American connections. The episode at Douglas, where two residents were killed and several wounded by fusillades during an engagement between the Federals and rebels at Agua Prieta, may have no serious international consequences; but it is not unlikely that El Paso, opposite Juarez, will have a similar experience. Wherever a Mexican frontier town receives a railroad from the north, fighting with the insurgents may occur at any time, and Americans on the other side of the boundary line may be killed during the excitement of the conflict by bullets not intended for them.

The situation created by the demand of Douglas for protection is likely to be aggravated by the alarms and protests of other railroad towns on the border from time to time. For the Federal Government in Mexico it is no less difficult and delicate than the United States Government will find it. No moderate policy can be expected of the insurgents. If they can cripple the Mexican railroad system they will do so. Of their irresponsibility they are likely to take full advantage.

It seems at least to be a case for representation by the Government at Washington to President DIAZ that the only way to avert the danger of international complications is to throw strong garrisons into all the railroad towns along the Mexican border.

"At the Heart of the Atlas."

Within the last few months there has been published in Paris a second volume of the Moroccan travels of the Marquis DE SEGONZAC, whose earlier book had made him the authoritative writer upon Morocco. In the last ten years M. DE SEGONZAC has made four different excursions into the most remote districts of the Magreb. He has followed the Atlas from Melilla to Mogador and crossed them from the valley of the Sebu to that of the Muluya and from the Strait of Gibraltar to the Sahara; in addition he has traversed the Riff from Melilla to Wasan.

Each of his journeys has been a hazardous undertaking. From Morocco city to the Wady Sus he passed disguised as a Mohammedan and guided by an Algerian native who had escaped from the French convict station in South America. Through the Riff he travelled as a beggar, collecting alms at the entrances of mosques. To the High Atlas he went as an attendant of a Mohammedan holy man and climbed the Djebel Alachi, the highest mountain of the Atlas, 14,250 feet above the sea, under the pretext of obtaining snow for his chérif.

These earlier adventures of M. DE SEGONZAC are told in his book "Voyages au Maroc." In the new volume, "Au Cœur de l'Atlas," he recounts the more exciting story of his passage along the High Atlas from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean watershed and then down into the desert. On the southern slope of the Atlas he was captured by savage Berbers, his scientific instruments scattered, his own life imperilled, and for many weeks he lived in daily expectation of a death his captors threatened at every moment. His customary Mohammedan disguise at this time was suspected and the story of his captivity is one of the most exciting chapters in twentieth century exploration.

The final misadventure, which took place near Anzour in the mountains south of the road from Morocco city to the Tafilet, supplies the most interesting part of the book. Travelling north to meet M. LOUIS GENTIL, another Frenchman, who with M. DE SEGONZAC had been sent by the French Government to explore those regions, M. DE SEGONZAC was suddenly attacked in a lonely mountain region by scores of Berbers. His companions were killed or deserted; he was himself knocked down by the fierce assailants. At the moment when the Berbers were about to kill him the contents of his travelling bags were suddenly discovered, and as the scientific instruments rolled on the ground curiosity took the place of ferocity and the captive was reprieved to explain his treasures.

But the task of elucidating the use of chronometer, barometer, sextant for Berbers was beyond the captive. His answers satisfied no one. "We are going to kill you; you know nothing," they chorused. Again an accident saved him. Of this he writes:

"My photographic apparatus achieved an unexpected success. A Jew who was present was appealed to because in his travels he had seen many things, and he identified the camera as an accordion and for a quarter of an hour every one in turn attempted to draw music from the unfortunate instrument!"

The discovery of a medicine chest achieved the final salvation. It established M. DE SEGONZAC as a physician. Instantly the sheik declared that he would lead the captive to Anzour, where he could heal a nephew "whose leg was eaten by worms!" In this district the natives know but two diseases, those caused by djinns and those due to worms. Established at Anzour as a physician, his practice was instantly stupendous:

"My principal attribution is medicine. I am a doctor by the will of the sheik. I must cure his friends and poison his enemies. Fortunately the poison chest is not here. When a sick man comes to consult me he says simply, 'Cure me.' If I inquire about his affliction he at once has a bad opinion of my professional ability. It is my business to find out what is the matter with him and cure him."

The first serious case was surgical. A man with a bullet in his shoulder was brought in:

"I have a little iron knife used for shaving heads. It is sharpened on a grinder. I dip it in sublimate, the patient unrolls his turban and puts a plug in his mouth. I make an incision twice too long and once too deep. The bullet falls out * * * and my patient is satisfied!"

There is a romance in captivity too. It begins with the bestowal of two cakes of soap upon FATIMA, daughter of a Berber chief. Presently FATIMA becomes the regular visitor. Out of the baggage of the prisoner she takes whatever pleases her and makes off with it. One day she finds a box of paints. Then she and her girl friends make merry with them. The doctor is at once transformed into the artist, but it is necessary that he paint not from but on life—and the models display a carelessness of clothes which characterizes willing models in all lands.

Meanwhile from north and west the Moroccan powers begin to send demands to the Berbers to release their prisoner. The French Government moves, the Sultan of Morocco sends warning; but the captors have no desire to lose their prize. Presently the sheik comes to M. DE SEGONZAC with this proposal:

"Why don't you marry? You recite the Cahada. Therefore you are a Mussulman. You know the secrets of the Roumi, but you are angry at us and won't tell us. I will give you FATIMA and the gardens of Agadir. We will rebuild the Bordj and you shall teach us to find treasures and mines, of which our mountains are full, and you shall manufacture money and forget the cursed Nazarenes.'

FATIMA too was painfully willing, but M. DE SEGONZAC pleaded other engagements, a plea which did not strengthen his disguise as a native of Tripoli.

Last of all, spurred by the Sultan, there came to Anzour, to the Beni Tabia, a sheik the representative of the Kaid of Glawi, the great lord who keeps the Sahara gate of southern Morocco, to demand the prisoner. There was much protest in the village council, at last there came this climax:

"The sheik allowed them to talk; then he called one of his [illegible] named BON NIT. BON NIT went away and hunted in the saddle bags of one of the mules. He brought back a powder box and a little sack of money. The sheik held out his hands. BON NIT poured a little silver in the right, a little powder in the left. Every one watched the pantomime in silence. The sheik then held out both hands toward the Beni Tabia and said: 'In the name of GOD the merciful, the forgiving, choose!' When the sun is there (pointing to the horizon) I depart.' Two hours later I left Anzour."

But before M. DE SEGONZAC left there was one more incident. He sought to collect his missing treasures. Chiefly he grieved at the loss of the chronometers. He writes:

"At the moment when for the last time I cross the threshold of the Bordj a little hand is laid upon my arm. It is FATIMA. I am overcome by this last attention. I try to express my gratitude, when with a triumphant smile she opens her haik and shows me my three chronometers hung on a collar about her neck."

In the castle which guards the entrance to the Sahara the Kaid SIDI EL MADANI welcomed M. DE SEGONZAC as a guest of honor and accompanied him on his journey to Morocco city. In explanation of his interposition he says:

"'As for me, I have tried to save you, although the Beni Tabia are not under my jurisdiction, not to obey the Sultan, but simply because you were a Frenchman,' and SIDI EL MADANI told me that he had commanded during several months the expedition against the Rogui. He had passed by Oran, where he stopped long enough to know the French army, to admire the soldiers and their arms."

In the long march toward Morocco city M. DE SEGONZAC and the SIDI EL MADANI disputed much over the future of Morocco and the Frenchman argued the case for French annexation. To this his rescuer at length replied:

"The land has but one owner, he who holds it from his ancestors. The Mussulman should possess Africa. God has given it to him. He should be free to enjoy it in his own way. You have robbed him. But what good is there in such disputes? Everything is written."

For those who desire to have an authentic picture of Morocco as it is to-day M. DE SEGONZAC's book should be a welcome opportunity. His great achievements as an explorer are a part of the scientific history of the last decade. To these he has added the rarer triumph of writing a book about Morocco in which the wealth of scientific and geographical information merely accompanies a charming and absorbing narrative.

A distinguished French architect, M. DUQUESNE, is to be professor in the architectural department of Harvard. An appropriate ceremonial has been prepared for his reception. An "Elizabethan Masque" will be presented in which professors, students and graduates will participate. This is a statelier form of celebration than the Fackelzug or torchlight procession with which German university students greet their rectors, or the monôme, employed by the Quartier Latin to express its views.

For the sake of exhibiting history, that duller fiction, as she is wrote, certain remarks of the *Advertiser* newspaper of Boston about the wrath of Uncle JOE with Cousin "CURT" GUILD are printed somewhere on this page. The Man of Sin is said to boil and explode whenever he hears the loathed name of the next American Ambassador to Russia. Anybody that wants to believe the tale has the privilege. His Excellency that was has said and written blistering words about the Republican Emissary Buck but, bless you! did he mean 'em? When "CURT" fought and inked for forest preservation, Cannon destruction and the works and ways of Progressivism, Colonelism and what not, why, "CURT" was looking for a job. He knew how to get it, and he has got it. The prize goes to the kicker, to the Insurgent, to the bilious and disgruntled. We don't doubt "CURT'S" sincere attachment to conservation, but now that he has a place he will be perhaps less a conservationist than a conservative.

Besides, hostility to CANNON is or has been a convention, a formula. He is wickedness with an early Assyrian beard; and the good have girded at him because it was the fashion or because they thought there were "votes in it." Mr. CANNON must thoroughly understand of what use he is to the virtuous; and surely he cannot be angry with Mr. GUILD any more than with thousands of other anticaprine statesmen.

No, Uncle JOE congratulates the envoy to the Muscovites, and so do we; and we believe that he speaks just as good Russian as he does Spanish.

Praise for Governor Dix.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I desire to register a total dissent from the editorial in THE SUN of April 13 criticising Governor Dix. I believe on the contrary that Governor Dix is doing everything in his power to redeem the pledges made by himself and his party. When the present Legislature adjourns it will be time enough to indulge in criticism, if it be deserved. Until the State budget is completed who can say whether or not economy has been had?

The unfortunate fire in the Capitol has of course retarded the work in hand, just as the long drawn out Senatorial contest did. The action of the Governor in trying to end and in ending the Senatorial deadlock is to be commended. His action in this regard was not an attempt to dominate the Legislature by Executive coercion. It was simply and solely his duty as the head of the Democratic party in this State by advice and counsel to aid in solving a situation that had become intolerable. His action in this Senatorial imbroglio was most commendable. His acts as Governor have done much to restore the relative powers of the coordinate branches of our State government. The writer had personal knowledge of the absolute coercion of the Legislature by some former Governors.

In my judgment Governor Dix is making a splendid Executive, and I am glad that I supported him. He is entitled to receive fair treatment, and until he has had a fair chance no partial prejudgment should be indulged in. The people at large know the tremendous handicap under which he took office, by reason of the condition of State affairs. He has got to have time to make good. A Governor who surrounds himself with such men as Superintendent Tremain, Thomas Mott Osborne, William Church Osborn and John N. Carlisle, not to mention the many other excellent men whom he has appointed, is entitled to fair treatment. Give him a fair chance, is the verdict, I believe, of thoughtful men of all parties.

HENRY L. GATES.

NEW YORK, April 14.

The Flag of Fort Sumter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A despatch dated at Lowell, Mass., published in THE SUN of April 13 says that Miss Eliza Cowley of that city believes that she has the flag that flew over Fort Sumter when it was fired on by the Confederates fifty years ago.

The flag that was flying over Fort Sumter during the bombardment was brought to New York city by Major Anderson, and upon the request of Secretary of War Stanton he retained it and placed it in the vaults of the Metropolitan Bank of that city, from which it was taken and raised by Major Anderson over Fort Sumter on April 14, 1865, the fourth anniversary of his evacuation of the fort.

The flag was brought back to New York city, and following the death of the widow of Major Anderson, on February 25, 1905, in compliance with a stipulation in her will, this flag, with another that Anderson had at Fort Sumter, was on March 27, 1905, presented to the War Department, Washington, D. C.

PELEG D. HARRISON.

MANCHESTER, N. H., April 14.

The Old Story.

Cleopatra dissolved the pearl.
"You will never give that ring to another girl!" she cried.
Herewith Antony assured her she was the first he ever kissed.

LISZT AND THE LADIES.

The feminine friendships of Franz Liszt gained for him almost more notoriety than his music making. To the average public he was a compound of Casanova, Byron and Goethe, and to this mixture could have been added the name of Stendhal. Liszt's love affairs, Liszt's children, Liszt's perilous escapes from daggers, pistols and poisons were the subjects of conversation in Europe three-quarters of a century ago, as earlier Byron was both hero and black sheep in the current gossip of his time. And as Liszt was in the public eye and ubiquitous—he travelled rapidly over Europe, often giving two concerts in one day at different places—he became a sort of legendary figure, a musical Don Juan. He was not unmindful of the value of advertisement, so the legend grew with the years. That his reputation for gallantry was hugely exaggerated it is hardly necessary to add; a man who accomplished as much as he, whether author, pianoforte virtuoso or composer, could have hardly had much idle time on his hands for the devil to dip into; and then his correspondence. He wrote or dictated literally thousands of letters. He was an ideal letter writer. No one went unanswered, and a fairly good biography might be evolved from the many volumes of his correspondence. Nevertheless he did find time for much philandering, and for the cultivation of numerous platonic friendships. But the witty characterization of Mme. Plater holds good of Liszt. She said one day to Chopin: "If I were young and pretty, my little Chopin, I would take thee for husband, Ferdinand Hiller for friend, and Liszt for lover." This was in 1833, when Liszt was 22 years of age. The witticism definitely places Liszt in the sentimental hierarchy.

La Mara, an indefatigable and enthusiastic collector of anecdotes about unusual folk, has just published a book, "Liszt und die Frauen." It deals with twenty-six friends of Liszt and does not lean heavily on scandal as an attractive adjunct; indeed La Mara (Marie Lipsius) sees life through rose colored spectacles, and Liszt is one of her gods. For her he is more sinned against than sinning, more pursued than pursuer; his angelic wings grow in size on his shoulders while you watch. Only a few of the ladies, titled and otherwise, mentioned in this book enjoyed the fleeting affection of the pianist-composer. Whatever else he might have been, Liszt was not a vulgar gallant. Over his swiftest passing intrigues he contrived to throw an air of mystery. In sooth, he was an idealist and romanticist *hors ligne*. No one ever heard him boast of his conquests.

Did Liszt ever love? It has been questioned by some of his biographers. His first passion, however, seems to have been genuine, as genuine as his love for his mother and for his children; he proved more admirable as a father than he would have been as a husband. In 1823 as "le petit Litz [sic]" he had set all musical Paris wondering. When his father died in 1827 he gave lessons there like any everyday pianoforte pedagogue because he needed money for the support of his mother. Among his aristocratic pupils was Caroline de Saint-Criq, the daughter of the Minister of Commerce, Count de Saint-Criq. It must have been truly a love in the clouds. Caroline was motherless. She was, as Liszt later declared, "a woman ideally good." Her father did not enjoy the prospect of a son-in-law who gave music lessons, and the intimacy suddenly snapped. But Liszt never forgot her; she became his mystic Beatrice, for her and to her he composed and dedicated a song; and even meeting her at Pau in 1844, just sixteen years after their rupture, did not create the disenchantment usual in such cases. Berlioz too sought an early love when old, and in his eyes she was as she always had been; Stendhal burst into tears on seeing again Angela Pietagrua after eleven years absence. Verily art is a sentimental septic.

Caroline de Saint-Criq had married, like the dutiful daughter she was, and Liszt's heart by 1844 was not only battle scarred but a cemetery of memories. She died in 1874. They had corresponded for years, and at the moment of their youthful parting, caused by a cruel and extremely sensible father, they made a promise to recall each other's names at the hour of the daily angelus. Liszt averred that he kept the promise. The name of the lyric he wrote for her is: "Je voudrais m'évanouir comme la pourpre du soir" ("Ich möchte hingehn wie das Abendrot").

Before the affair began with the Countess d'Agoult, afterward the mother of his three children, Liszt enjoyed an interlude with the Countess Adèle Laprunarède. It was the year of the revolution, 1830, and the profound despondency into which he had been cast by his unhappy love for Caroline was cured, as his mother sagely remarked, by the sound of cannon. He became a fast friend of Countess Adèle and followed her to her home in the Alps, there, as he jestingly said, to pursue their studies in style in the French language. It must not be forgotten that the Count, her husband, was their companion. But Paris wagged its myriad tongues all the same. Liszt's affiliation with Countess Louis Plater, born Gräfin Brzostowska, the Pani Kasztelanowa (or lady castellan in English; no wonder he wrote such chromatic music later, these dissonantal names must have been an inspiration) was purely platonic, as were the majority of his friendships with the sex. But he dearly loved a princess, and the sharp eyes of Miss Amy Fay noted that his bow when meeting a woman of rank was a trifle too profound. (See her admirable "Music Study in Germany.") The truth is that Liszt was a courtier. He was reared in aristocratic surroundings, and he took to luxury as would a cat. With the cannon booming in Paris he sketched the plan of his "Revolutionary Symphony," but he continued to visit the aristocracy. In 1831 at Stuttgart his friend Frédéric Chopin wrote a "revolutionary" study (in C minor, opus 10) on hearing of Warsaw's downfall. Wagner rang incendiary church bells during the revolutionary days at Dresden in 1849. Brave gestures, as our French friends would put it, and none the less lasting. Liszt's symphony is lost, but its themes may have bobbed up in his "Faust" and "Dante" symphonies. Who remembers the Warsaw of 1831 except Chopin lovers? And the rebellious spirit of Wagner's bell ringing passed over into his Tetralogy. Nothing is negligible to an artist, not even a "gesture."

With the D'Agoult and Princess Wittgenstein episodes we are not concerned just now. So much has been written in this two voiced fugue in the symphony of Liszt's life that it is difficult to disentangle the truth from the fable. La Mara is sympathetic, though not particularly enlightening. Of more interest, because of the comparative mystery of the affair, is the friendship between George Sand and Liszt. Naturally La Mara, sentimentalist that she is, denies a liaison. She errs. There was a brief love passage. Liszt escaped the fate of De Musset and Chopin. Balzac speaks of the matter in his novel "Béatrix," in which Sand is depicted as Camille Maupin, the Countess d'Agoult as Béatrix, Gustave Planché as Claude Vignon, and Liszt as Conti. Furthermore, the D'Agoult was jealous of Sand, doubly jealous of her as a friend of Liszt and as a writer of genius. Read D'Agoult's novel, written after her parting with Liszt, and see how in this "Nélida" she imitates the "Elle et Lui." That she hated Sand, after a pretended friendship, cannot be doubted; we have her own words as witnesses. In "My Literary Life" by Mme. Edmond Adam (Juliette Lamber) she said of Sand to the author: "Her lovers are to her a piece of chalk, with which she scratches on the blackboard. When she has finished she crushes the chalk under her foot, and there remains but the dust, which is quickly blown away." "How is it," my esteemed and beloved friend, you have never forgiven?" sadly asked Mme. Adam. "Because the wound has not healed yet. Conscious that I had put my whole life and soul into my love for Liszt she tried to take him away from me."

One would suppose from the above that Liszt was faithful to D'Agoult now that Sand had separated the runaway couple, whereas in reality Liszt knew Sand before he met D'Agoult. What Sand said of Liszt as a gallant can hardly be paraphrased in English. She was not very flattering. Perhaps Sand was a reason why the relations between Chopin and Liszt cooled; the latter said: "Our lady loves had quarrelled, and as good cavaliers we were in duty bound to side with them." Chopin said: "We are friends, we were comrades." Liszt told Dr. Niecks: "There was a cessation of intimacy, but no enmity. I left Paris soon after, and never saw him again." It was at the beginning of 1840 that Liszt went to Chopin's apartment accompanied by a companion. Chopin was absent. On his return he became furious on learning of the visit. No wonder. Now who was the lady in the case? It could have been D'Agoult, it might have been Sand, and probably it was some new fancy.

More adventurous were Liszt's affairs with "Marguerite Gautier," the lady of the camellias, the consumptive heroine of the Dumas play, as related by Jules Janin, and with the more notorious Lola Montez, who had to leave Munich to escape the wrath of the honest burghers. The King had humored too much the lady's extravagant habits. She fell in love with Liszt, who had parted with D'Agoult in 1844, and went with him to Constantinople. Where they separated no one knows. It was not destined to be other than a fickle passion on both sides, not without its romantic aspects for romantically inclined persons. Probably the closest graze with hatred and revenge ever experienced by Liszt was the Olga Janina episode. Polish and high born, rich, it is said, she adored Liszt, studied with him, followed him from Weimar to Rome, from Rome to Budapest, bored him, shocked him as an abbé and scandalized ecclesiastical Rome by her mad behavior; finally she attempted to stab him, and failing took a dose of poison. She didn't die, but lived to write a malicious and clever book, "Souvenirs d'une Cosaque" (written at Paris and Karentec, March to September, 1873; published by Libraire Internationale, 1875, now out of print), and signed "Robert Franz." Poor old Liszt is mercilessly dissected, and his admiring circle at Weimar is slashed by a vigorous pen. In truth, despite the falsity of the picture, Olga Janina wrote much more incisively, with more personal color and temperament, than did the pretentious Countess d'Agoult, who also caricatured Liszt in her "Nélida" (as Lehmann the painter), and in her memoirs later the good Liszt wrote to his princess: "Janina was not evil, only exalted."

La Mara shows to us twenty-six portraits in her "Liszt and the Ladies"; they include Princess Cristina Belgiojoso, Paulina Viardot-Garcia, Caroline Unger-Sabatier, Marie Camille Pleyal, Charlotte von Hagn, Bettina von Arnim, Marie von Mouchanoff-Kalergis, Rosalie Countess Sauerma, a niece of Spohr and an accomplished harp player; the Grand Duchess of Saxony, Maria Pavlowna, and her successor, Sophie, Grand Duchess of Weimar, both patronesses of Liszt; the Princess Wittgenstein, Emilie Merian-Genast, Agnes Street Klindworth, Jessie Hillebrand Laussot, Sofie Menter, the greatest of his women pupils; the Countess Wolkenstein and Bülow, Elpis Melena, Fanny Princess Rospigliosi, the Baroness Olga Meyendorff, and Nadine Helbig, born Princess Nadine Schahawskoy, whose interesting articles on Liszt's Roman days appeared first in English in THE SUN. (*Deutsche Revue*, 1907.) Mme. Helbig was born in 1847 and went to Rome the first time in 1865. She became a Liszt pupil and a fervent propagandist. Her crayon sketch drawing of the venerable master is excellent. In her possession is a drawing by Ingres, who met Liszt in Rome, 1839, when the pianist was 28 years of age. We learn that Liszt never attempted "poetry" with the exception of a couplet which he sent to Bettina von Arnim. It runs thus, and it consoles us with its crackling consonants for the discontinuance of further poetic flights on the part of its creator:

Ich kraxele auf der Leiter
Und komme doch nicht weiter.

The Scapegoat and the Doctor of Sacred Theology.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

There are not a few in Washington who would like nothing better than to see a meeting between former Speaker Cannon and Curtis Guild, former Governor of Massachusetts. It is believed something would happen. Mr. Guild has said things of Uncle Joe which have greatly rasped him. To mention Guild's name to him is like waving a red flag before him. He calls him "Mr. Ghoul of Massachusetts."

What he would say to him challenges the most exaggerated views of the abilities of Uncle Joe in the expletive line. Both were in Washington this week, but did not meet. The former Governor continues his interest in forestry matters, and it is fortunate that forestry is esteemed also by some of those near to the former Speaker, else he would have stifled what progress has been made for forestry in legislation and would have continued doing so, as his influence is still great, and all this out of spite to the man in New England who apparently has stirred his bile more than any other living American.

Kansas and the Moon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have seen so many things about the impossibility of the moon being inhabited that I can no longer restrain myself from attempting to rush into print.

The trouble with the antis is their assumption that intelligent beings of another world would hanker after the same temperature that we favor, that they would need an atmosphere like ours, that water is their choice tipple, &c.

Why limit the inventive genius of the Creator to terrestrial animals? Might not liquid oxygen and hydrogen gas be used for swimming and breathing? Why, indeed, should liquids and gases in profusion be essential? If I were going to make a man I'd shape him like a wheel, and he should absorb nutriment from the dirt with his tire; his breath, if he required any, should be luminiferous ether, and when he wanted to go on a bat he should take prussic acid and enjoy himself.

W. O. JOHNSON.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Kan., April 12.

THE STATES AND THE SENATE.

Will Not "Popular Election" Destroy Equal Representation?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Constitution came up for interpretation yesterday in the House. Two statesmen of experience appear to have differed as to the toto cœlo extent of the power of amendment:

Mr. Cooper—Did I understand the gentleman from Illinois to say that if we were to elect Senators by the people there would be great danger of the large States overriding the smaller States?

Mr. Mann—Oh, I suppose the gentleman proposes to read me a constitutional provision that that cannot be done.

Mr. Cooper—I wish simply to remind——

Mr. Mann—I am familiar with the Constitution on the subject.

Mr. Cooper—It seems to me that there is a sufficient answer to the gentleman. I ask him if he does not think this answers it: "No State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate."

Mr. Mann—Yes; and that provision of the Constitution is subject to amendment; and when the tendency comes, as it will soon, so strong against the gross injustice of permitting——

Mr. Cooper—That particular provision is not subject to amendment, and it is the only one in the Constitution that is not. [Applause.]

Mr. Mann—The gentleman is mistaken; that provision of the Constitution is subject to amendment. Every provision of the Constitution is subject to amendment. That provision itself must first be amended before you can deprive a State of its equal rights in the Senate; but when that provision has been amended, as it will be some day, then they will make the division among the States equitable, because in the end it is absolutely unfair that the State of Delaware should have two Senators in the United States Senate and one Representative on the floor of the House, and the great State of New York should have, as it is now proposed, forty members of the House and only two Senators.

Here is a pretty situation. Both of these statesmen cannot be right. Mr. Mann thinks that he knows, and he takes leave to inform the other gentleman that he, Mr. Cooper, is "mistaken." The Republican caucus picked out the Illinois Representative as the one individual who should have on hand, ready for use at a moment's notice, all that can be found out about the Constitution and about such other subjects as are likely to come up for discussion on the floor. Still it is within the range of possibility that the genial Mann is not infallible.

PELATIAH WEBSTER JUNIOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14.

THE RECALL.

An Answer to the Objection Raised by Rossiter Johnson.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN to-day Mr. Rossiter Johnson complains that the recall "fad" is unjust because it allows the enemies of an elected officer to harass him, or even to secure his removal without any just cause. He claims that only those who voted for the official in question should have the power to initiate a recall, the principle being the same as that common feature of parliamentary law under which only a voter who voted for a prevailing measure can move its reconsideration.

At first sight this is plausible; but Mr. Johnson must know that in practice the spirit of this parliamentary law can be, and often is, evaded, while complying with its letter. When a legislative vote is expected to be close it is often the case that some voter opposed to what he considers an obnoxious measure will vote for it on purpose to move a reconsideration should it be carried by a small majority or by a majority which he hopes may be overcome at a later day. A recall measure established as Mr. Johnson would have it would be subject to the same tactics and be effectually used to harass or to "recall" the objectionable candidate if elected.

In addition it should be remembered that parliamentary usage does not require that votes for reconsideration shall all come from the prevailing party, but only that the mover must have voted that way, whether in good faith or not. Hence one or two men could arrange in advance of the election to vote for the man they desire to harass or disgrace, or to recall in case of his election, and in that way procure a new election. Such a course is sure to be followed in case a recall election can only be made legal by requiring an affirmative voter to head such a movement.

Mr. Johnson will have to suggest some other plan to beat the recall "fad" if he expects to kill it.

PHILIP SNYDER.

POUGHKEEPSIE, April 12.

New Stands at the Polo Grounds.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It may not be amiss to suggest an improvement in the matter of erecting the new stands at the Polo Grounds. If practical the grand stand should be two or three stories in height, and this would enable the management to make fairer and better provision for those who pay 50 cents to see a game.

At one time the bleachers extended down to and even beyond first and third, and a good view of the game could be had. During the last few years the 50 cent patrons have been shoved way out where Burkeville and other outlying districts formerly existed, and a field glass was well nigh a necessity. During these cool days it is dangerous and disagreeable to sit in an open place like the Polo Grounds in a shaded spot, and many like to go where they can get the benefit of the sun's heat, that is, in the bleachers ordinarily so-called.

The Polo Grounds management might make another improvement in the way it has been doing business. Although the grand stand was packed long before the game started on the opening day, tickets were sold for that stand and the people who failed to get seats walked out of the upper end of the grand stand into the bleachers. When the grand stand has been filled, "standing room only" signs ought to be in evidence.

J. H. H.

NEW YORK, April 15.

Some Older Manhattan Signs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Do any of your readers remember the sign on the west side of Hudson street near Morton in front of a stationery and toy store?

"For things of use and things of sport
The gay and curious here resort."

A few doors below, in front of a tobacconist's, there was another sign: "He who smokes thinks like a philosopher." There was also the sign on the glass shades of the gas lights at the basement, northeast corner of Fulton street and Broadway, Sandy Spencer's oyster house, "Live and Let Live," which possibly is so well known that it need not be repeated. In this place there was what seemed to be a clock standing on a shelf, with two handles on each side, which were connected with an old fashioned galvanic battery, and it was considered a great joke to send a new clerk in the nearby offices with a note to "Sandy" and instructions to the boy to bring back a clock. As soon as the messenger placed his hands on the handles the battery was turned on and he was unable to release his hold.

F. H.

NEW YORK, April 11.

Jumping Jack Bourne of Old New Bedford.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* May the women speak in meeting? If so I would like to add my testimony to the side of "A. Fidus Achates" that the Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., was plain "Jonny," and mighty plain at that. I was a small girl on Seventh street in the dear old Quaker town, and remember the crowd well, and the reminiscences are relished keenly. Why do we not hear of Aunt Polly Johnson's little candy shop and the delicious molasses sticks, pickled limes and squares of spruce chewing gum? The "memory lingers," as do those of the summer afternoon delights of Arnold's Garden and County street beach and the "Cove," of the moonlit rocks of old Fort Phœnix, and the Fourth of July dissipation of the one day circus on Pope's Island.

HEAD O' THE RIVER.

NEW YORK, April 15.

The Cowboy Sonneteer.

From the Denver Republican.

I never knowed how queer these wimmen are,
But you kin bet I'm learnin' mighty fast.
The other day when I was ridin' past
I took her home f'm school—it wasn't far.
And on the way we seen the old Two Bar—
'Twas roundup—they was brandin' of the last.
And say! but she was mad to see 'em cast
And throw each critter fer its brandin' scar.

She'd talked a lot 'bout likin' cowboy life,
But now she froze up, and I seen a tear
Come stealin' down her cheek—'twas like a knife
Had stuck me in the heart, I felt so queer.
And now she's fired me, and done it jest as cool—
She'll never wed a man whose work is cruel!