

platitudes. . . . The business of a trustee is not to do what the subject of the trust likes or thinks he likes, but to do, however much he may grumble, what is in his truest and best interests. Unless a trustee is willing to do that, and does not trouble about abuse, ingratitude, and accusations of selfishness, he had better give up his trust altogether. . . . We thank Mr. Roosevelt once again for giving us so useful a reminder of our duty in this respect.

These notes of approval are repeated in a great number of letters which Mr. Roosevelt has received from men and women in all walks of life, men in distinguished official position and "men in the street." There have been some abusive letters, chiefly anonymous, but the general tone of this correspondence is fairly illustrated by the following:

Allow me, an old colonist in his 84th year, to thank you most heartily for your manly address at the Guildhall and for your life-work in the cause of humanity. If I ever come to the great Republic, I shall do myself the honor of seeking an audience of your Excellency. I may do so on my 100th birthday!

With best wishes and profound respect.

The envelope of this letter was addressed to "His Excellency 'Govern-or-go' Roosevelt." That the "Daily Telegraph" and that the "man in the street" should independently seize upon this salient point of the address—the "govern-or-go" theory—is significant.

Readers of *The Outlook* are sufficiently familiar with Mr. Roosevelt's principles regarding protectorate or colonial government; any elaborate explanation or exposition of his views is unnecessary. But it may be well to repeat that he has over and over again said that all subject peoples, whether in colonies, protectorates, or insular possessions like the Philippines and Porto Rico, should be governed for their own benefit and development and should never be exploited for the mere profit of the controlling powers. It may be well, too, to add Mr. Roosevelt's own explanation of his criticism of sentimentality. "Weakness, timidity, and sentimentality," said Mr. Roosevelt in the Guildhall address, "may cause even more far-reaching harm than violence and injustice. Of all broken reeds sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean." Referring to these phrases, a correspondent a day or two

after the speech asked if the word "sentiment" might not be substituted for the word "sentimentality." Mr. Roosevelt wrote the following letter in reply:

Dear Sir: I regard sentiment as the exact antithesis of sentimentality, and to substitute "sentiment" for "sentimentality" in my speech would directly invert its meaning. I abhor sentimentality, and, on the other hand, I think no man is worth his salt who is not profoundly influenced by sentiment, and who does not shape his life in accordance with a high ideal.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

No one could have traveled through the Sudan and Egypt with Mr. Roosevelt, as I had the pleasure of doing, without being profoundly impressed with the vital truth and the practical common sense of the Guildhall speech. It is as applicable to American problems in the Philippines and Porto Rico as to English problems in Egypt. Cable despatches here say that the New York "Evening Post," quite consistently with its well-known anti-imperialist views, bitterly assails Mr. Roosevelt and calls for the evacuation of Egypt by the British. All I can say is that, if the British ever do evacuate Egypt and the Sudan, I hope that the editor of the "Evening Post" may have to live at Wady Halfa or Omdurman on the Nile for one year under Turkish-Egyptian rule. I venture the assertion that before six months were over the alarm and agitation with which he would call for the protection of the British army would be as heartfelt as the enthusiasm with which he is now calling for its retirement.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

London, England.



THE SPECTATOR

It was an ancient Coptic doll which lay staring unpleasantly in the Spectator's palm—a miniature monstrosity in time-darkened bone or ivory, a rudely bifurcated body, grotesque face, and flowing tresses of real Egyptian hair. As the curator (this was in the Boston Art Museum) was busy running down a particular scarab, the Spectator was free to indulge in rumination over this darling of some little Egyptian maiden who dated her diary—"B.C." Two thousand years and more this little maid had been non-committal mummy, yet

here was her doll-baby still on the stage and good for half a dozen centuries more. When the curator emerged from his scarab hunt, he was ready with the not too original observation, "How amazingly *things* do last!"

The curator's brow wrinkled. "Not the way it looks to us," he said, and sighed. "At times, when I'm tired, this whole museum looks to me like one vast agglomeration of doom, things cracking and crumbling and disintegrating—why, it's one long fight to keep things from slipping through our fingers!" The Spectator's eyebrows went up into his hair. This was a new view. "You never thought of that side of museum life? Can you spare a moment? Come upstairs and I'll show you what I mean." The curator led the way to the Old Empire Egyptian things, and into the so-called *mastabas*, or tomb-chambers, from Sakkara. The Spectator was for admiring the creamy tones of the limestone and the delicately colored reliefs. But his guide was pointing significantly to the floor at his feet. "Plaster?" queried the Spectator, beholding a fine sprinkling of palpable dust. "Crumbles of Sakkara limestone," was the grim reply. "Now, look at the tragic condition of that stone." He pointed out, set among the sculptured stones, a single slab which looked like a block of damp gray clay. "The salt is coming out," he said briefly. "Look at it now while you can. No, nobody knows why that particular stone is weeping salt, while the rest are apparently sound. You've got *mastabas* like this in your New York Metropolitan. No, I dare say you haven't seen them; nobody has yet, because the curator is soaking them for a year and a day in the hope of extracting the salt. There are those who think that when the salt is out something else infernal will enter in. I believe at the British Museum they treated one such slab chemically to prevent disintegration, with the result that it turned a nasty mud-color quite unfaithful to the beauty of the fine Sakkara stone. Oh, yes, these have been treated, the back sealed up with paraffin to keep the salt in. But you see!" He waved an expressive hand. "Beastly American climate! Every art museum

ought to have a climate-making apparatus of its own, such as I see you've got in the new wing of the Metropolitan. Egyptian dryness for the sculptures, a judicious moistness for canvases and panels and woods."

The Spectator found himself distinctly depressed. "Then is everything going to rack and ruin?" he asked dismally. The curator's face cleared. "Oh, no," he said; "it's really not so black as all that. But you've no idea what it costs a museum to keep things from destruction. Have you any curiosity to see the repair-shops?" The Spectator always has plenty of curiosity to see anything not on the surface of things. He assented with unctious. His guide led the way to the basement. "This is the contagious ward," said he, as he threw open a door. The Spectator obeyed his gesture to enter, and found himself in what looked like a mechanical workshop, with lathe and benches and shelves from which there went up the repetitious ticking of an infinity of clocks. "Contagious ward, clocks!" The Spectator found himself wondering whether he or his guide was mixed in his mind, when that worthy was pleased to explain. "The repairer here—sorry he happens to be out—does piecework for the museum, mending potteries and metals and treating specimens afflicted with bronze disease. In his odd time he tinkers the works of erring clocks. This on his own account. Speaking of dolls"—he approached the shelves—"here's a much more remarkable survival, this delicate terra-cotta." He held up a Greek jointed doll as he spoke, the head as exquisite as the loveliest Tanagra figurine, the body comical in its stiffness, but the arms and legs swinging on wires, for all the world like an American bisque baby! "Fancy a fragile thing like that having survived till now!"

But the Spectator's ear had been caught by those words about disease and infection. "I suppose you're joking about 'bronze disease,'" said he. "Is it some sort of corrosion?" His companion thoughtfully rubbed his nose. "I could find you three distinct opinions on that subject, right here in this building. If I

am not mistaken, the Director is convinced that the trouble is purely chemical, and not transmissible from one bronze to another. The curator of bronzes also subscribes to the chemical theory, but is quite certain that healthy bronzes 'sicken' if brought in contact with an infected specimen. This view the repairer himself supports. For myself, I am not yet convinced that the trouble is not bacteriological, after all. Bacteria of a sort are known to disintegrate rock; why not bronze? Anyhow, ancient bronzes are fatally susceptible to this curious malady, and, if not hurried to the care of experts like our friend the repairer, would soon be clean eaten up. Yes, that's the disease, that ugly light-green corrosion on this little figurine. Sometimes it's an ugly light blue. Don't go getting it mixed with the beautiful color that comes on modern American bronzes when exposed to the weather. That 'patina' is perfectly harmless chemically and benign æsthetically. But if you or any of your friends have any pieces of ancient Egyptian or Greek bronze which show a vivid poisonous color, you'd better have them examined. Only the other day a man brought in a Greek athlete's scraper, saying, 'See what a beautiful color this is turning!' The little implement was sick past cure."

The Spectator caught him up. "Cure?" said he. "What is the cure?" "Well," quoth the guide, "the treatment is not unlike that meted out to a sick tooth. The bad patina has to be picked off bit by bit with a needle under a lens. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. What the Japanese call 'hand oil' is the best specific known against bronze disease, or, as they call it abroad, '*maladie de musée*.' Daily handling with moist human palms is sufficient to keep any little interstices in the surface of the bronze closed up so that the disease, be it germ-planted or not, cannot get foothold. But come, you must see the other shops."

A Japanese gentleman in native dress looked up from his work as the Spectator was ushered into another room. Curious indeed was the contrast between the satisfied, intent expression of this Japanese

face and the fixed scowl, the blustering menace, of the wooden countenance he bent over. For he was busy mending cracks in an awful war-god's ancient face. With a little pat of fresh lacquer wet up on a board he went on placidly filling up a gaping rent in the war-god's scowl. The Spectator was disposed to be impressed with the fact that it was necessary to import a Japanese workman to repair the wooden sculptures; but he was assured that the impressiveness went deeper than that. The wonder was that the museum had been able to secure the services as repairer of a Japanese sculptor (a Macmonnies, or a French, translated into Japanese) who cared so much for the ancient art of his country that he thought nothing of giving up a year to put the Boston specimens in good condition.

It was with a delighted giggle wholly Japanese that the sculptor demonstrated at once the perfection of his art and the depths of the Spectator's unsophistication. A part of the wily Oriental's task at the museum has been the providing of suitable pedestals for sculptures which have—so to speak—lost their original footing. From a corner that sculptor brought out a small lotus-throne, mint-new and no doubt still sticky with the artful colors of age with which he had endowed it. "Very old," he said. His English was rudimentary. The Spectator contemplated the object. It was cracked and stained and faded and worn in spots—obviously very old. He endeavored to look properly respectful. Enter the giggle and sudden enlightenment! All very well in the museum workshops where the game is fully understood. But consider what such transcendent wiles do to American curio collectors in Japan!

Space fails in which to tell of the lacquer repairer and the delicate-fingered little "Jap" who takes care of the *kake-monos*, or Japanese and Chinese paintings on hanging rolls. But the Spectator saw enough of the tender care being taken of lacquers and paintings alike to feel satisfied that such cossetting may be trusted to make up even for the freaks of the American climate.



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GLENN HAMMOND CURTISS

How Air Travel Began

By William Johnson

AIR travel in America began May 29, 1910.

So will read the history books the children of to-morrow con, dating, as they undoubtedly will, the beginning of the Age of Air from that memorable day when half a ton of machinery, guided by a daring aviator, rose by its own power high in air at Albany, and, in far less time than the fastest train could make it, descended safely in the metropolis one hundred and fifty miles away.

This wonderful Albany-New York flight of Glenn Hammond Curtiss was no haphazard undertaking, but a carefully planned journey. Before essaying it he had selected the spot near Poughkeepsie where he intended to make the first of the two stops allowed him. He landed in that exact spot one hour and twenty-

four minutes after leaving Albany. He had selected as a second landing-place a grassy knoll at Two Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York City. He landed there exactly one hour and nine minutes after leaving Poughkeepsie. From his second landing, although by reaching the limits of New York City he had won the ten-thousand-dollar prize offered by the New York "World," he flew in eighteen minutes to Governor's Island, where he brought his aeroplane safely to the ground just in front of the aeroplane shed there.

In making this flight of one hundred and fifty miles in two hours and fifty-one minutes, maintaining an average speed of 52.63 miles per hour, he not only broke all records for fast flying, he not only made the longest flight but one ever made