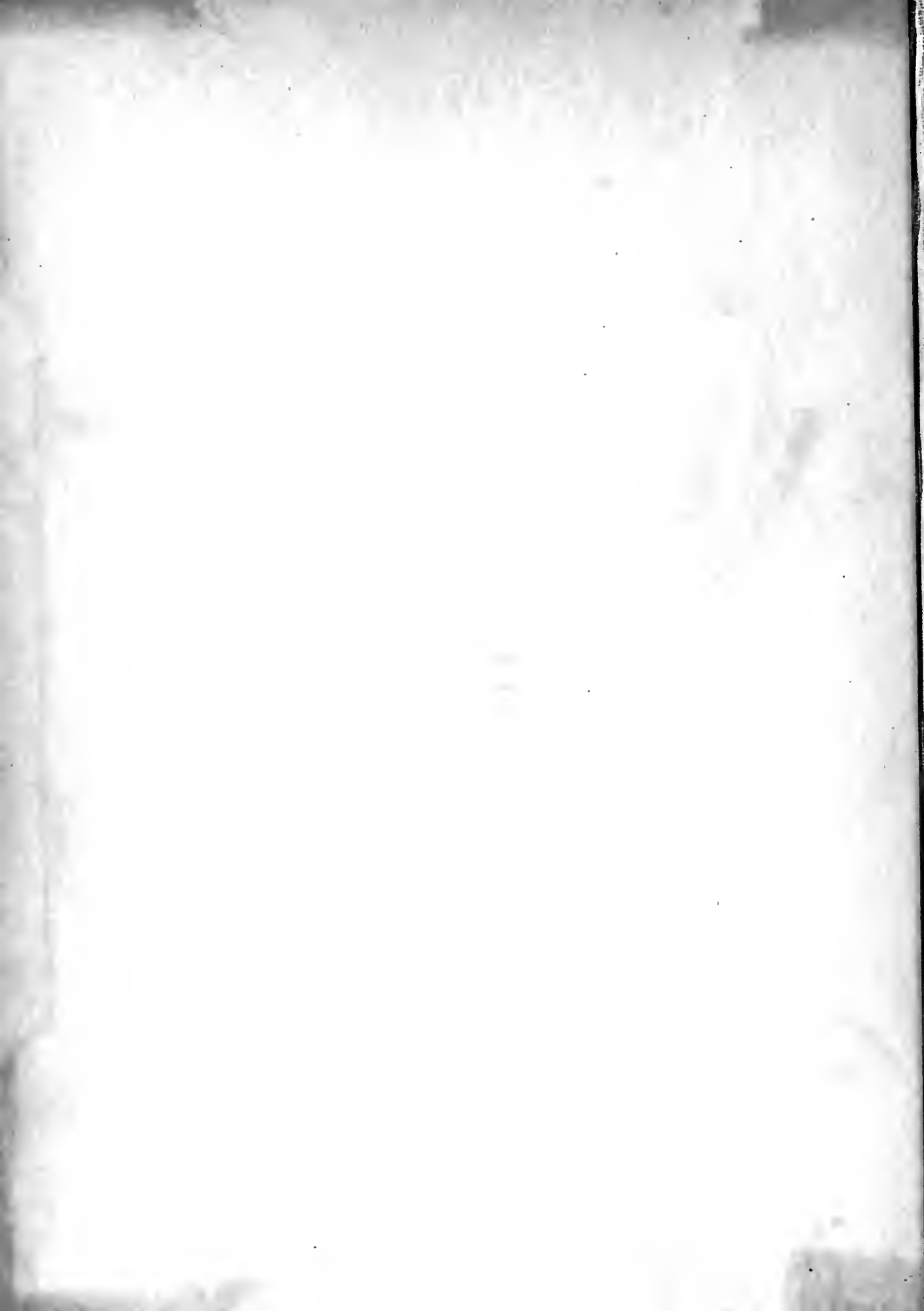




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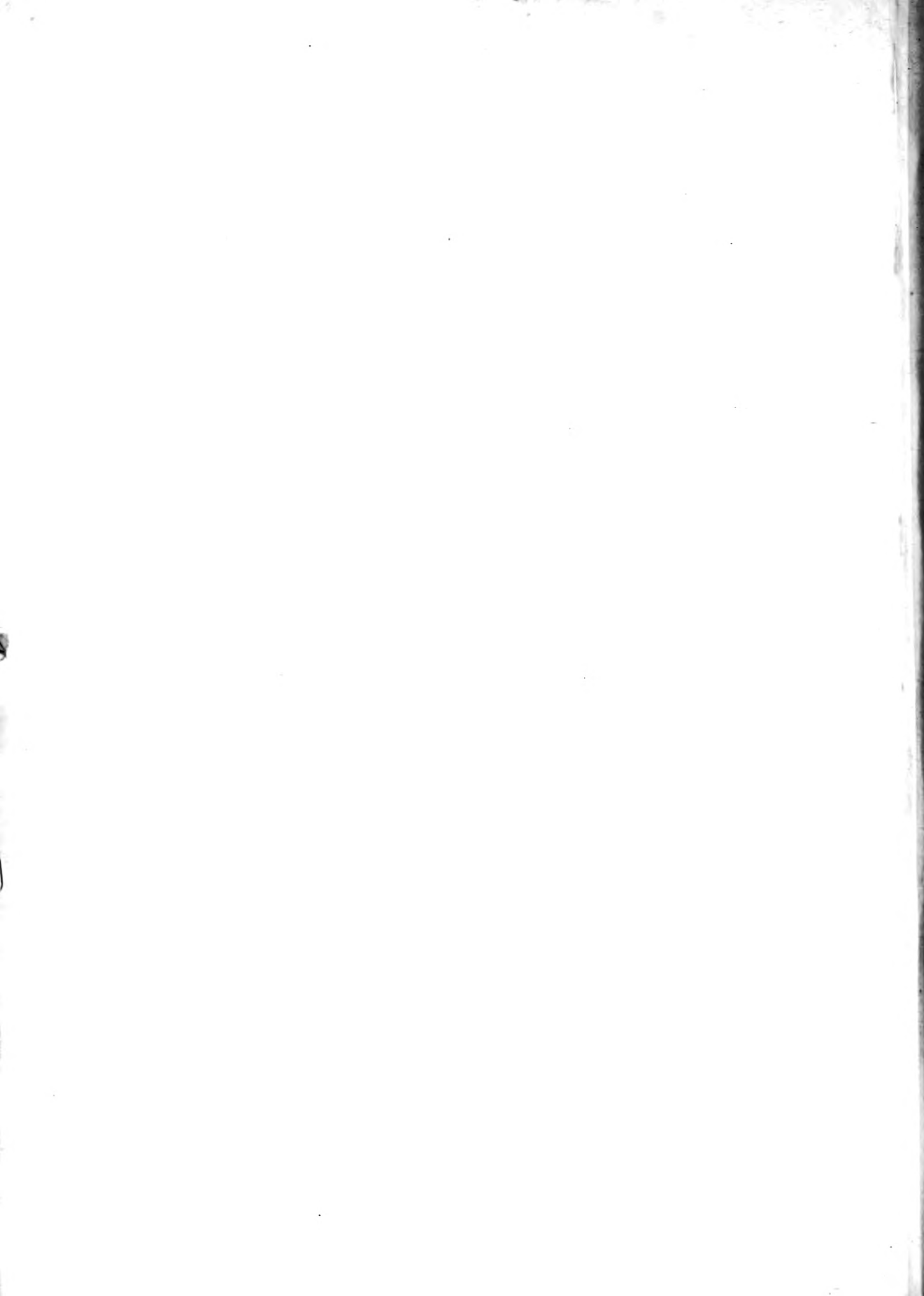
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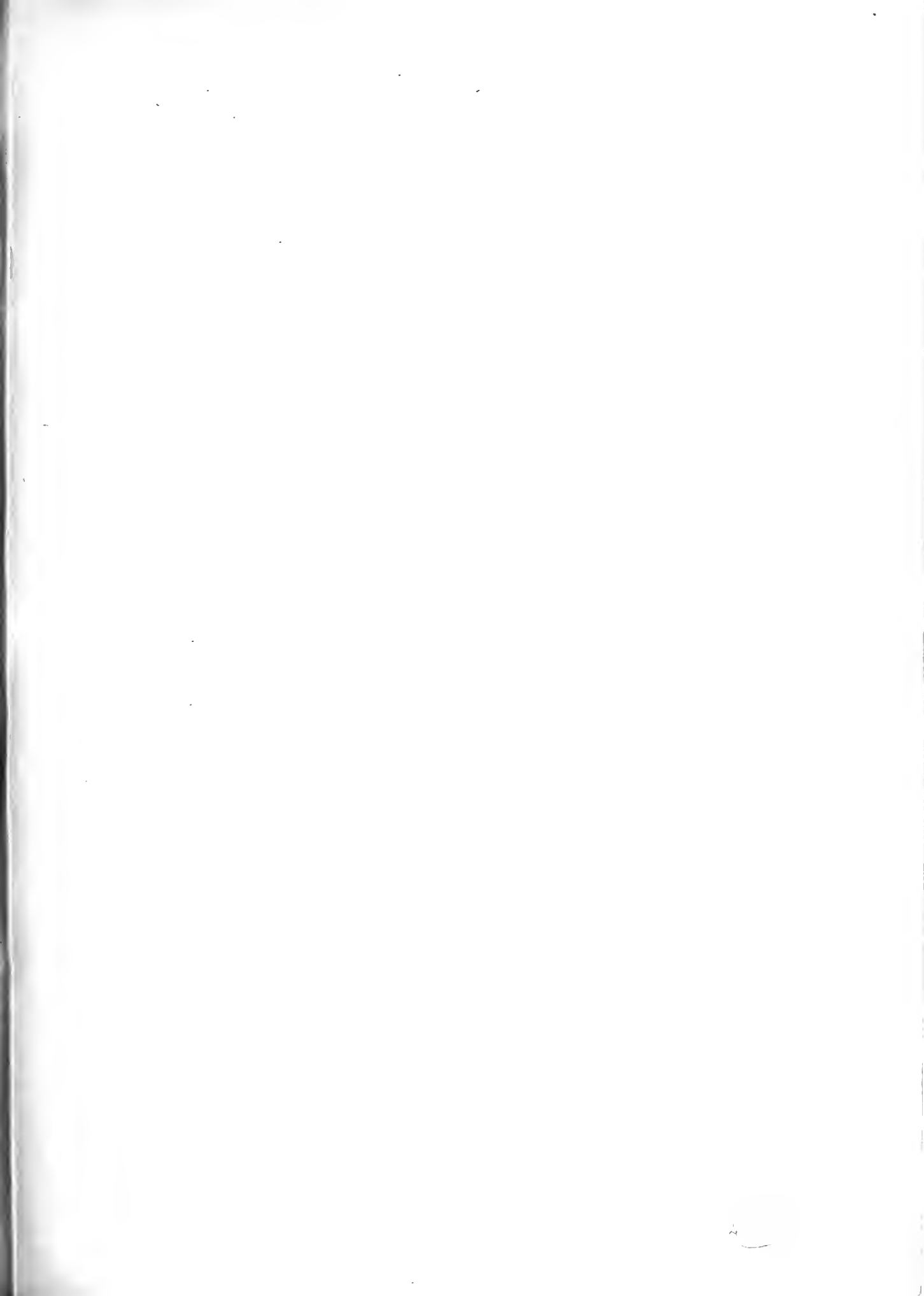
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A FRONT-RANK MAN IN AMERICAN ETCHING BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

ART critics, art gossips, reporters *et hoc genus omne* are all too prone nowadays either to damn an artist with faint praise, or else to hoist him to the topmost pinnacle of greatness, in consequence of which we find on all sides men and women painters, sculptors, etchers or what not, described as having climbed the ladder of success to the uppermost rung, where in many cases the ascent has barely commenced. In spite of the danger of being accused of too great partiality for the work of Earl H. Reed, we have no hesitancy in assigning to him today the highest rank among living American etchers, to perpetrate a very mild *jeu de mot*, Mr. Reed may be designated the Head of the Line. Claiming Geneva, Ill., as his birthplace, he became in due time a student of the Art Institute in Chicago, and later on took up etching as a pastime and relaxation, but the hobby horse, when ridden forcefully is apt to convey the rider into the domain of serious endeavor; and so it was that Mr. Reed found himself a few years since devoting himself with all his strength to this subtle and fascinating art, which is now his life's work.

It is only quite recently that this artist's plates have been known much outside of Chicago, but last year a flattering reception was accorded his work by the Paris Salon, all his plates being accepted. As usual, rather more was accepted than was actually hung, but that four plates out of five were on view is a most flattering comment on his art. At the commencement of this year the Association of American Etchers held their first annual exhibition in the galleries of the Salmagundi Club, New York, attracting crowds of visitors. Among the exhibits was a Reed group of ten plates, which attracted very marked attention, four of which figured in the Paris Salon, viz., *Voices of the Dunes*,

Among the Sandhills, *Marsh Haystacks* and *Edge of the Forest*.

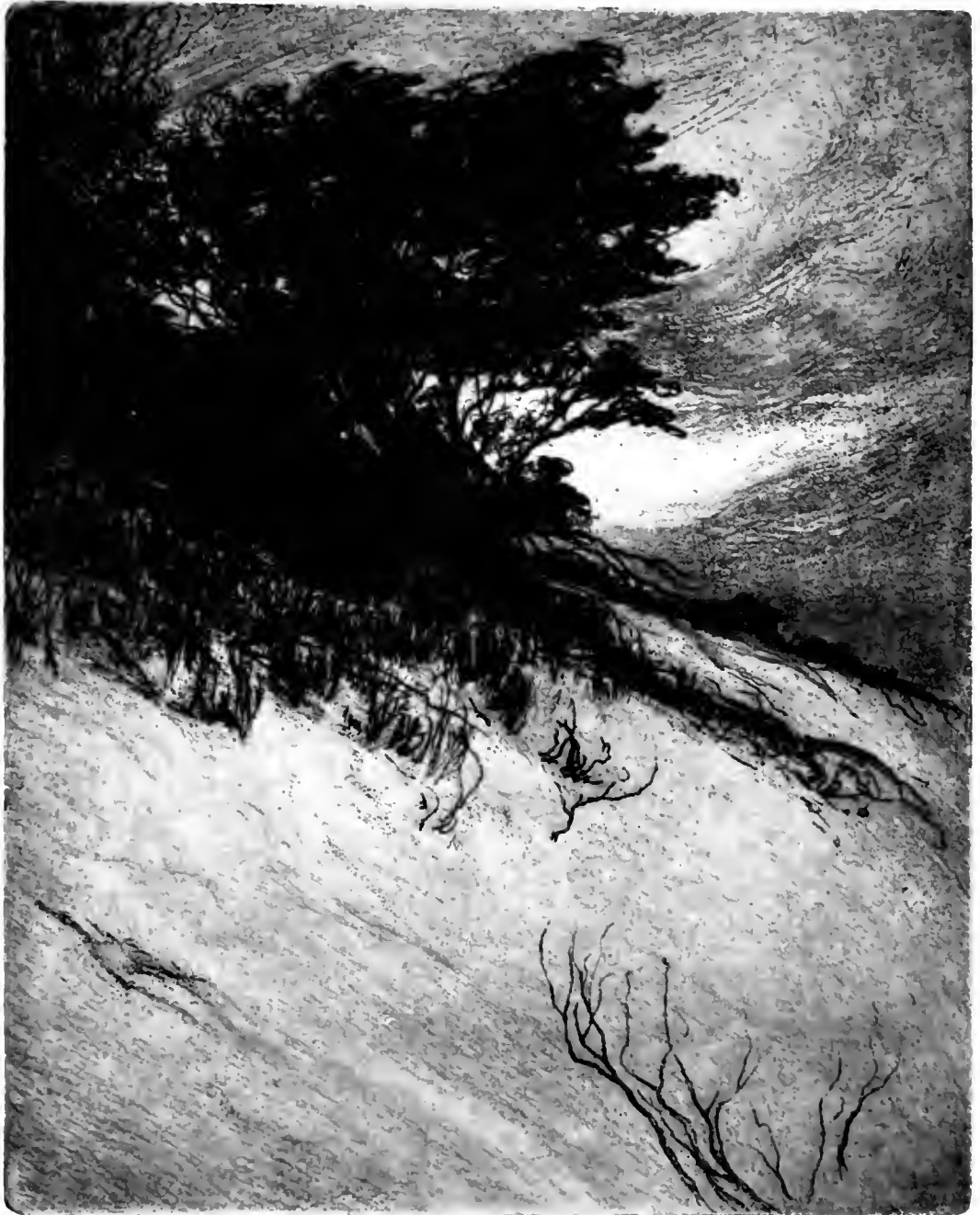
Of late years there has been a plethora of etchings of reportorial value only—plates of fine technique in many cases, but just recounting a street, a bridge, a marketplace, Gothic structures, etc., so that printsellers and collectors have been sorely tried in their task of knowing what to accept and what to reject. Such *motifs* have never appealed much to Mr. Reed, who has preferred, like Homer's hero, to be a cannibal of his soul by the seashore—in his case the shores of Lake Michigan. Here he has been able to commune with Nature at first hand; here he has wrested secrets from her and gone to her very soul. Here in the mysterious and lonesome dunes he has discovered himself in that picturesque quality which he so deftly trans-



Courtesy of the Brown-Robertson Company

OLD APPLE TREES

BY EARL H. REED



Courtesy of the Brown-Robertson Company

TWILIGHT ON THE DUNES
BY EARL H. REED

A Front-Rank Man in American Etching

fers to his plates. A man must be steeped in imagination, both a poet and a dreamer of dreams, to seek themes in such God-forsaken tracts as to most people are these desolate, wind-blown tracts on the southern shores of Lake Michigan. To Mr. Reed, far from being God-forsaken, these regions are full of poetry and mystery. The unfolding of Nature's drama may be observed amid the whirl and swirl of the shifting sands and in the approaching storm; a haunting melancholy and a spirit of desolation hover over the sparse vegetation in its pitiful struggle for life. This is the region that attracts Mr. Reed, even to the extent of casting a spell upon him, and in the plenitude of years, when the roll of fame is unfolded, we shall find this artist's name staked to the dunes—not to the Field Museum, charming as this series is, nor to his Chicago River products. These shores of Lake Michigan have not only afforded mysterious peeps at Nature calm and Nature ruffled, but have given this poet-artist a great love of animal life, to which so many of his plates bear tender witness. He has been brought

into intimate contact with wild-fowl, butterflies, rabbits; and quite recently with crows, of which we reproduce his very latest plates. They show his most recent work at Lakeside, and are very subtle and distinctive studies of bird life. The one entitled *Neighborhood Gossip* is a charming "sonnet in line." The mother bird inclines forward from her nest, and is divided between loyalty to her future brood and love of gossip in her effort to overhear the *chronique scandaleuse* which is being exploited by three eager birds on the branch below. She is leaning over as much as is compatible with a strict sense of duty and balance.

The poetry of sea, of trees, the shore, a flight of birds, an oncoming storm, the driven sand, the play of the winds, a tangled root, the light waning through the trees are the subjects which arrest his attention. One of his most popular plates, where the dark masses are admirably presented against the light and where the crisp line makes such charming play, is entitled *The Homing Call*—a flock of ducks is speeding over the marshes, while a heavy storm broods in the



Courtesy of the Brown-Robertson Company

THE HOMING CALL

BY EARL H. REED



Courtesy of the Braun-Robertson Company

NEIGHBORHOOD GOSSIP
BY EARL H. REED

A Front-Rank Man in American Etching

background. Mr. Reed's talent is marked by a fine poetic feeling, admirable blending of real and ideal, and a delicacy of execution which never descends to excess of detail. He knows just what to do and he does it. As the *cordons bleus* of the kitchen estimates the exact pinch of seasoning to bestow, just so Mr. Reed seems to know the exact amount of lines necessary to build his idea. He is a past master of the mystery, depth and brilliance of the etched line.

Mr. Reed admits of no hard-and-fast rules, but is unmethodical in his methods, as every real artist must perforce be. He uses pure etching, dry point and soft ground, as the occasion demands, and he is his own printer. An example of soft ground etching is *The White Dome*, while *Edge of the Forest* is a perfect example of pure etching.

It is not so very long ago that Diderot applied the term *gribouillages* to some etchings by Rembrandt, but that is not the spirit of today. Splendid work is being done in America and elsewhere with the etching needle, with the result that good plates are eagerly sought. The Chicago Society of Etchers came into existence in 1910 mainly owing to the initiative of Earl H. Reed, who until this year was its highly appreciated president, and in these few years has included among its members the most important etchers of America. It will not be out of place to quote Mr. Reed on etching, for he can write as well as etch:—

“The increasing popularity of the art of etching during the past few years has been based upon the general advance in public taste, which has led to a

higher appreciation of a form of graphic art which is interpretive rather than realistic.

“The mere copying of nature in black and white can safely be left to the camera. The imaginative etcher seeks to interpret the poetry and beauty which he can feel and see, with the fewest possible number of lines. His message must be concise, concentrated and suggestive to be effective. His story must be told in beautiful language. The technique must be distinctive and pleasing. His work must have that intangible and indescribable



Courtesy of the Brown-Robertson Company
THE VOICES OF THE DUNES

BY EARL H. REED



Courtesy of the Brown-Robertson Company

A NORTH WOODS HERMITAGE
BY EARL H. REED

A Front-Rank Man In American Etching



Courtesy of the Brown-Robertson Company

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

BY EARL H. REED

quality which in literature and art we call style." Besides attaining to expert knowledge of every kind of instrument ever devised for the gentle art of the etcher, and of endless inks and papers, the subject of this sketch has acquired widely recognized proficiency as a printer of plates. As is well known, successful printing has always been the bane and bugbear of the aspiring etcher, and few men have bestowed such pains in experiment and at the same time gotten such splendid results. A very strong personality, excessive modesty and a keen sense of humor, which breaks out periodically

in the press, are earmarks by which we recognize the man and his work. Added to which he is a fervent sportsman with gun and rod and a good *raconteur*.

Visitors to the Brown-Robertson Galleries, New York, 707 Fifth Avenue, will be able this month to take in an exhibition of this artist's work, when they will be able to see a fine assortment of plates showing piquancy of light and shade, felicity of subject matter, clarity and caressing contours, brilliant tonal contrasts synthesised with unaffected simplicity.

The Winged Madonna and Child

THE WINGED MADONNA AND CHILD

A WINGED Madonna is certainly a rarity in art, if not unique. Visitors to European galleries may search in vain for an example. The original painting, 16½" by 12½", in the possession of Professor J. L. Deister, is on copper and in first-class preservation. A mural painting of the same subject may be seen in Cuernavaca, Mexico, in the cathedral founded in 1520 by the Franciscans. In Professor Deister's painting the colors are very rich and soft and remarkably well blended, while a fine effect is rendered by the sunlight glowing in the background. The small figure in the right-hand corner is St. John, pen in hand, writing his visions on the Isle of Patmos, his identity being the more pronounced by the presence of an eagle at his side. The theme is clearly from the Apocalypse, Chapter XII: "*The visions of the woman clothed with the sun, and of the great dragon, her persecutor.*" The presence of wings is explained by verse 14: "*And there were given to the woman two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the desert unto her place, where she is nourished for a time and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.*"

The Virgin is separately described by Verse 1: "*And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman, clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.*" One of the twelve stars is concealed by the body of the infant Savior, or is purposely omitted because Judas turned traitor.

Verse 5 explains the infant: "*And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod . . .*"

Whether the painting is a Murillo or not is a moot point. The head is cer-

tainly Murillian, the draping of the mantle too, and many details could be cited which appear in the known pictures by the master. If not painted by him, it must be the work of an artist who assimilated very thoroughly the master's technique and mannerisms. Look at God the Father above the Virgin, which may be seen in many Murillo paintings; also notice the index finger, this spreading of the fingers, and compare with Murillos at the Hermitage. This picture was bought in Old Mexico, and it is historical that Murillo painted for exportation to the Spanish colonies of America.

This illustration and description are interesting when considered along with the article in this issue of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO entitled "The Art Treasures of Mexico," by Mary Worrall Hudson, on page ciii.



By courtesy of Prof. J. L. Deister

THE WINGED MADONNA AND CHILD



DETAIL OF REREDOS FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BY I. KIRCHMAYER

THE WOOD CARVINGS OF I.
KIRCHMAYER
BY LILLIAN LESLIE TOWER

I. KIRCHMAYER has two salient qualities—he has the force and naïveté of the old craftsman-sculptors and he has full appreciation of what is meant by the words “architectural sculpture.” He goes about his work in a direct and masterful fashion. He very rarely makes models or drawings, but works straight at the wood, cutting out the statues from the solid block and developing them as he goes along.

As an architectural sculptor he is unique. He never tries to force his own individuality over

that of the architects for whom he is working; and he never tries to bring his work into undue prominence. He seems to be best satisfied when his sculpture forms an integral part of its architectural environment. Latterly he has begun to develop what he calls “American Gothic sculpture.” He tries to keep the old Gothic impulses, giving a vitality and modern quality. He has succeeded in working out a feeling of Gothic tracery in draperies and vestments, and the effect is striking while it serves to pull the sculpture into harmony with the surrounding architecture.

All his figures have extreme individuality. One observes this in the St. Columba with the Celtic Cross, also the crowned king at the same scale.

The Wood Carvings of I. Kirchmayer



MOTHEKHOOD

BY I. KIRCHMAYER

another example is that of the three figures in one photograph; a fragment from a Bay Ridge church. All his figures are vital to the last degree and might be living persons, though all of them are sufficiently conventionalized to be truly architectural.

The pulpit for Christ Church, New Haven, shows figures in the round, figures in high relief, and purely decorative carving. The design as a whole is simple and scholarly and more consistent with the fourteenth century.

The detail in the font of the Rogers Memorial

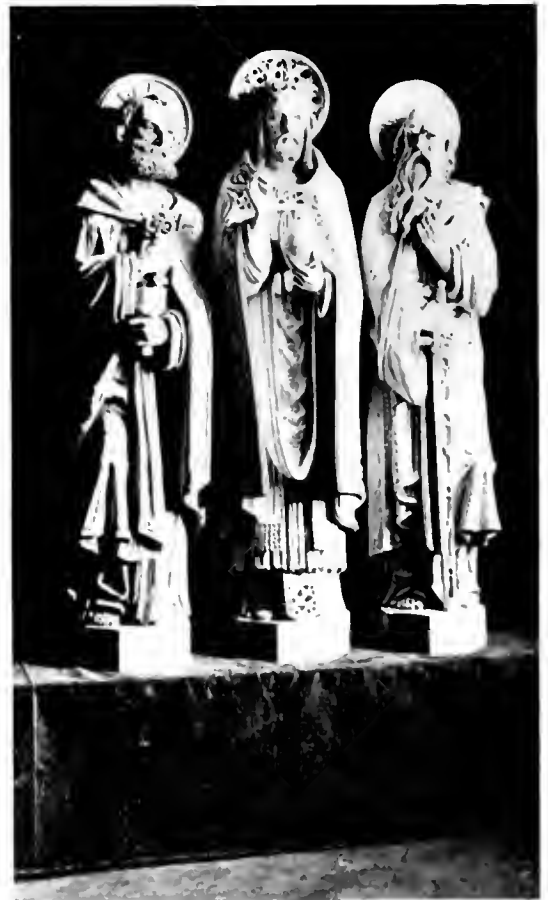
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Church, Fairhaven, is an exquisite example of modern dual methods which the designer and the craftsman can accomplish. His design for the beautiful door in bronze, a part of the same church, is further evidence of Mr. Kirchmayer's remarkable versatility. Here, as in other instances, the rare beauty of his work lies in the fact that all the figures are essentially architectural.

The design for the allegorical panels in St. Paul's church, Chicago, is a mediæval masterpiece showing all ages and times worshipping the Christ regnant on the cross.

Many consider the reredos, St. Paul's Cathedral, Detroit, one of Mr. Kirchmayer's most notable efforts. For many months it was on exhibition in the rotunda of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, attracting visitors from all over the world.

In the prie-dieu, Church of the Advent, Boston, the symbols of the evangelists on the



THREE CARVED FIGURES

BY I. KIRCHMAYER

The Wood Carvings of I. Kirchmayer

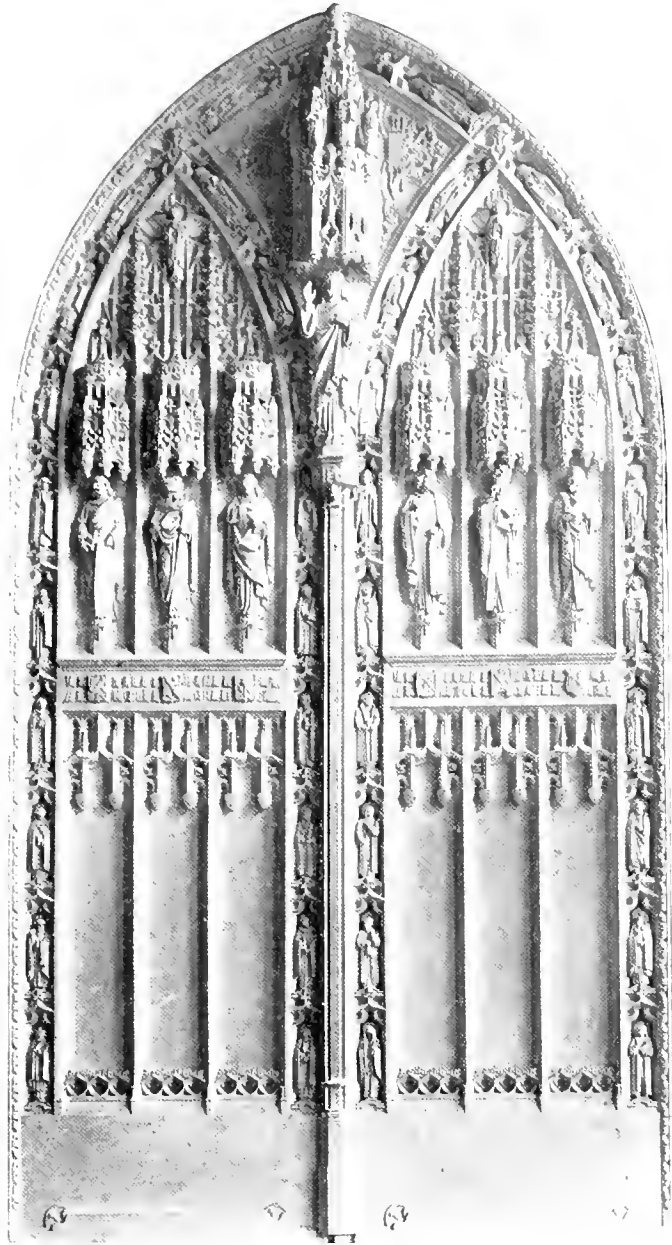
edge of the shelf have the quality and relief of mere bits of decoration breaking the molding. They are, however, intended to be seen close to, by one who will take a minute interest in them. Their detail is therefore finely cut and perfectly clear.

In the mantel sculpture of soldiers and barbarians from one of the mantelpieces at West Point, one is able to glimpse the quaint and the whimsical nature of the artist. The work is grotesque yet decorative. One is equally conscious of the directness and the naïveté of the Queen of Sheba.

I. Kirchmayer's handling of the carving tools is marvelous in its dexterity, its swiftness and its force. All his work is crisp and pliant to a degree and shows up well even at a long distance. A little pair of bas-reliefs in classical style and the figures labeled *Motherhood*, easily reveal the tenderness of his touch and the comprehensiveness of his genius. He is equally careful in his handling of Grinling-Gibbons foliage. This frieze, executed for a house in Chicago, especially displays the individuality of the man and the quality of the artist.

I. Kirchmayer is a man of enormous personality and vital force. His father was a republican revolutionist in Germany. He himself has the loftiest standards of professional ethics and general principles of right and wrong. He is what might be called "a character," and his devotion to those who sympathize with him and see what he is trying to do is quite touching. He takes a great pride in everything he does and is devoid of the slightest element of commercialism. He came to this country from Oberammergau

in Germany over thirty years ago. The Langs, kinsmen of the wood-carver, from whom came the



BRONZE DOOR OF THE ROGERS
MEMORIAL CHURCH, FAIRHAVEN

BY I. KIRCHMAYER



FROM A MANTELPiece AT WEST POINT

BY I. KIRCHMAYER



ALEGORICAL PANELS IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CHICAGO

BY I. KIRCHMAYER



DETAIL OF FRIEZE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CHICAGO

BY I. KIRCHMAYER

Miss Millicent Strange and Her Work

Jesus of the Passion Play of 1900 and 1910, are potters in his native land. It was in their shop that he first practised modeling in clay. While a very young man he won three traveling scholarships in the schools of design of Munich and Paris. Subsequently he went to London, thence to New York and Boston. Here he found opportunities to work on his own initiative from his own designs, and also to work from the designs of foremost architects.

His ideal is to get back to the mediæval way of doing everything, and as a Catholic, he works with all the old Catholic fervor in everything he does.

MISS MILLICENT STRANGE AND HER WORK BY HELEN WRIGHT

SOME one has said that "to know one craft thoroughly, one must know something of many crafts." This might have been said by Miss Millicent Strange, a modest little woman, English by birth, American by adoption, whose rare and in-



PULPIT AT CHRIST CHURCH
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

BY I. KIRCHMAYER



CENTER PART OF REREDOS AT
CHRIST CHURCH, PITTSBURG

BY I. KIRCHMAYER

teresting work is certainly accomplished through knowledge of many crafts.

A natural craftsman, Miss Strange belongs, through family ties as well, to the art world that is doing things worth while. Her brother is Edward Fairbrother Strange, head of the great print department of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington.

Her education began in the South Kensington Schools, where she acquired a broad technique in several mediums, preparing her for any choice she might make of her ultimate profession. She worked for a while with Frank Brangwyn, an experience she speaks of with enthusiasm, and also in the studio with Henry Wilson, who ranks high among the leaders of the latter-day renaissance of the decorative arts in England.

Feeling that the opportunities might be greater in this country, that she would find a wider field, she came to New York, where she taught for a while, studying at the same time with William Chase. Then she went to Boston, taking up for the first time *professionally* the making of jewelry, though she had been devoting some attention to the handicrafts while in New York.

Miss Millicent Strange and Her Work

It would seem as if the limits imposed by the materials might hamper the worker in jewelry, but all the greater imagination is necessary and greater delicacy of touch is required.

The demand for this more artistic quality of jewelry is increasing, since craftsmen's clubs and schools are educating the people to its superiority and beauty. Formerly it was considered desirable that the mounting of stones should be quite invisible, now the gold and silver work has become important and the goldsmith's art is taking the honorable place it once held.



CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL IN GREEN

Miss Strange's skill was soon recognized in Boston, and her charming pendants, combs, pins and rings were eagerly sought by those who understood the difference between the fine hand-made work and the common, or machine-made variety.

She is a member of the New York National Society of Craftsmen, the Boston and Detroit Societies of Arts and Crafts, where she has exhibited, as well as at the Chicago Art Institute, the Philadelphia Arts and Crafts Guild and in Baltimore, where in April was held one of the largest exhibitions of craftsmen's work ever held in this country. Only the work of artists *invited* to contribute was exhibited, which resulted in the best collection by the best artists.

Miss Strange's work was immediately recognized as being distinctive and beautiful. One

particularly exquisite pendant she showed was in gold, heart-shaped, made in cloisonné enamel. The design was of purple grapes and green leaves, against a background of pale blue, the whole set in a border of leaves done in plique-à-jour, the



IVY LEAVES WITH SILVER AND AMETHYSTS

transparent enamel. Above the grapes was set a large moonstone, while moonstones depended from the bottom, like drops of dew.

Of the various methods of enameling, cloisonné, Limoges, Champlevé, plique-à-jour, etc., Miss Strange is equally familiar, but she prefers the cloisonné and plique-à-jour. Cloisonné is the



GOLD AND MOONSTONES

oldest method of enameling and is seen in many examples of early Celtic and Byzantine work. It was also used in medieval times. Plique-à-jour is the most difficult and is used for the lighter, more

William A. Robertson, Master Potter

delicate pieces. It requires patience and skill, an "enthusiastic patience." A dragon-fly's wing or a tiny flower scarcely loses any of its grace, translated into this material.

The modern jewelry worker uses stones that are valuable for their color and decorative quality. Miss Strange likes best the moonstone and sapphire; the former is particularly effective, as it takes or reflects the colors in the enamels. Cabochon stones combine better with enamel than the faceted stones.

The large heart-shaped pendant illustrated is in the most delicious sea-foam shade of green enamel, with design of apple-blossoms and border of leaves. Opals and chrysopteras are the stones.

Miss Strange shows great refinement of taste and variety of design. In her studio, which is now in Washington, she seems to wave the queer little tools like magic wands above a table covered with pretty colored glass, gold, silver and shining stones, and behold there is fashioned the daintiest, loveliest things to tempt the feminine heart.

WILLIAM A. ROBERTSON, MASTER POTTER
BY EDITH DUNHAM FOSTER

FIVE generations of Robertsons have made things of clay with their hands. Today, in his pottery in Dedham, Massachusetts, William A. Robertson, the last potter of his line, watches the clay as it is thrown onto the wheel, and travels from the kiln to the decorator, to the bath of glaze and back to the kiln, until it takes a form that is one of the distinct contributions of America to the art of all time. But it is at a fearful price, paid by five generations, that a Robertson has learned his supreme mastery of the craft.

Over a century ago, on the rugged hills of Scot-

land, James Robertson fashioned clay into jugs and pots. His son Hugh made jugs and pots of clay. Another James was born and a second Hugh, and they, too, fashioned clay. One by one they longed for wider fields, and came to America. Together the Robertsons opened the Chelsea Pottery, near Boston. Hugh and the rest were fast held by the love of the beautiful in form and color, and of the common, red, porous clay, which others thought valueless except for bricks, they began to model perfect forms after the Greek vase. But machinery came, and made a vase of similar form at a quarter the price. So back to the jugs and pots for daily bread went the beauty-loving Robertsons. Financial discouragement was not sufficient to keep them from the decorative branch of the potter's trade, and, in the years which followed, they reproduced beautiful forms and pure designs. It was a weary task, however, for they worked unceasingly but unavailingly to reproduce the wonders of the ancient pottery of the Orient. Then there came a vase from the kiln with a tiny, glowing spot of pure ruby red—the dragon's blood.

Years went by; one by one the Robertsons dropped off, either dead or in commercial branches of the manufacture of pottery. Still Hugh plodded on, with only his young son, William, for a helper, and the vision of the one ruby red spot for inspiration. Money they had none; makeshifts they made do the work of modern appliances. Today may still be seen at the Dedham works the crude grinding wheel, mounted upon the stand of an old sewing machine, that was for years the chief machinery. One dollar each Saturday night was all the lad William could have. The boy became restless. Hugh, the father, though still absorbed in his quest, realized that the lad was entitled to answer the youthful demand for



Courtesy of A. C. Saunders, Photographer, Wakefield, Massachusetts

THE NEWEST SHAPES

William A. Robertson, Master Potter

change and adventure. So the son sought the free and open life of the West.

The father still plodded at the factory—always with the vision of the one clear spot of dragon's blood, and the certainty that one day he would reproduce the lost art of the Ming pottery of ancient China. Jugs and pots he made only to furnish the necessities of life. The time and thought and heart of the potter were devoted to study and continuous experiment. The history of Palissy, or the romance of "The Middleman" tell no stronger tale of privation and self-sacrifice.

The lad, now grown to manhood on the wide plains of freedom in the West—what of him? How did the call come to him to return to the drudgery of the factory? As he lay upon his back at the end of a long day in the saddle, he rested

Two perfect vases, however, are on exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The making of crackle ware had also been an ambition scarcely less burning than the re-creation of dragon's blood. So they worked and struggled until one day an explosion shook the pottery at Dedham from basement to roof. Between the door of the small experiment kiln and the tank of explosives had stood William, the man who had returned to give his life for his art. When rescued both hands and arms were terribly burned. As yet, surgeons have done little for him; working almost continually, they have restored to power but one tendon, one muscle, occasionally one finger, at a time, but so far have not given him the power to shape the simplest form upon his wheel. But still the Robertsons worked, un-



Courtesy of A. C. Saunders, Photographer, Wakefield, Massachusetts

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CRACKLE AND DRAGON'S BLOOD

his eyes upon the sunset, and thought of his self-forgetful father. The glory of the setting sun, with its red of the dragon's blood, so soon to fade into the gray night, called to his beauty-loving soul for the immortality of the potter's vase. Back into the struggle, willingly, came this William—a man—to serve his part in perfecting the art of the Robertsons.

The dragon's blood developed slowly. More and more often would a vase come from the kiln a perfect piece. At last the secret was theirs.

In four years they gave to the world, in all, three hundred pieces of exquisite dragon's blood pottery. The color is deep and pure and liquid, beyond the finest pieces of the old Ming product. Time will give them the only thing they now lack—age. The majority of these pieces are still in the possession of Mr. Robertson, because they seem to him too much a part of himself to be sold.

daunted, in the shadow of the blackened rafters—and America has not only dragon's blood, but true crackle ware, known as Dedham. This ware, again, has never been equaled, except in a few ancient Korean vases. The American crackle is in no way an imitation nor a reproduction. The crackle of the Orient was never used for table ware, always for decorative upstanding vases, and was only a crazed enamel upon a soft body.

The output of the pottery is small. The orders exceed the supply. Hugh has been dead four years. Alone, William Robertson works and plans, and the secrets of all these processes are his alone. This man who, like his father, cares little for money, not at all for fame, gives himself and his time to his art—an art which has bridged half a millennium of years, and gives to America a distinctive pottery excelling the product of the Orient's golden age of ceramics.

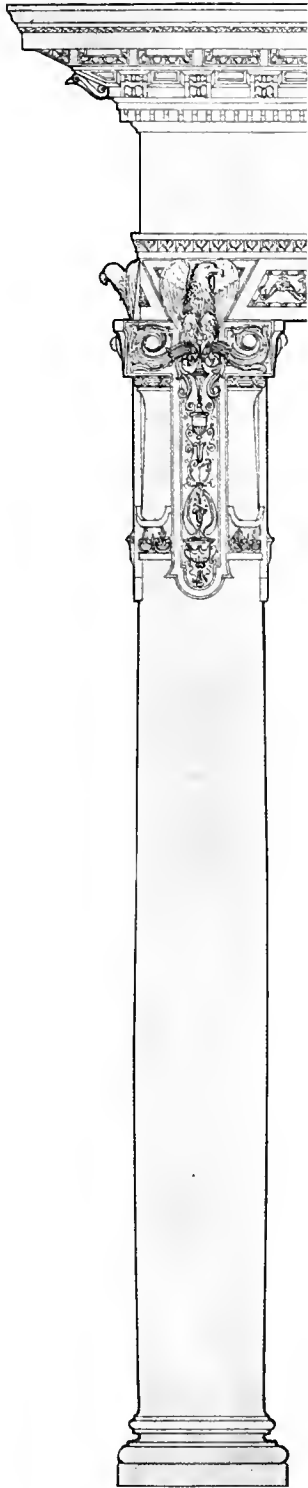
A Rebel in the Architects' Camp

AREBEL IN THE ARCHITECTS' CAMP BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

AMERICAN architecture may be likened to an infant suffering from mal-nutrition, but ready and eager to respond to a change of diet. A feeding-bottle well lined with suitable ingredients is now offered by an architect of Seattle, Washington, labeled "New Style." Mr. A. A. Cantin has long been dissatisfied with present conditions and has been quietly thinking out a remedy. When the inspiration came he displayed no undue haste in proclaiming his discoveries, but departed quietly to Europe, and for four years, in Rome and elsewhere, applied himself diligently to the task of putting his ideas into the crucible of practical experience. Having ascertained beyond the shadow of a doubt that these ideas were feasible in every detail, Mr. Cantin returned to America and patented these designs, which are here set forth and briefly discussed in the hope that the accompanying illustrations will supply to the imaginative reader more than the text will attempt to explain.

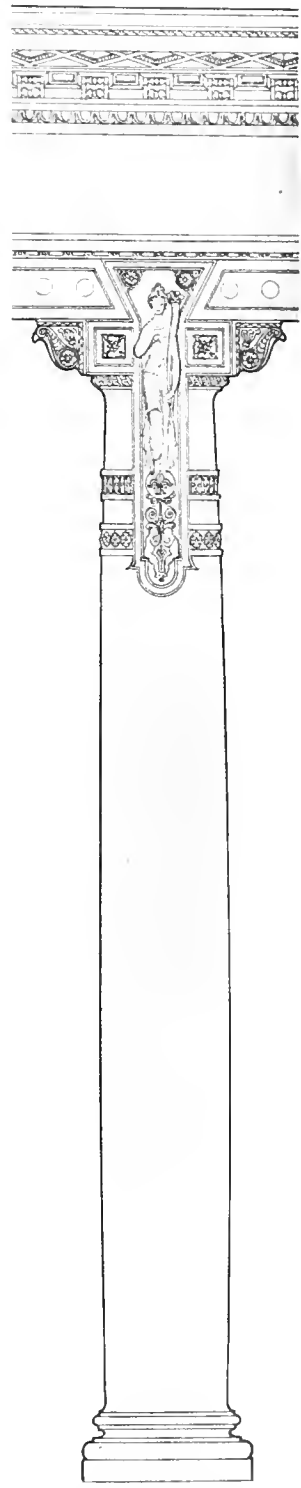
At first it may seem strange that an architect's ideas should be subjected to patent, but this new-style architecture possesses unprecedented features, and the inventor or discoverer conceives himself justified in preserving to himself the right to supervise any development that may ensue. It may be added that the license fee covering the privilege of using this style will be merely nominal, Mr. Cantin in no way seeking a monopoly.

This new-style architecture is based upon a fundamental Order of architecture, with the addition of a new arch and column combination. It results from an effort to fathom the reason for the discarding by the ancient Greeks of the combination of the arch and column from their beautiful structures; although they were fully aware of the use of the arch, yet history does not record any single building of importance where such a combination occurred, which un-



Patented May, 1913
All rights reserved by Alexander A. Cantin

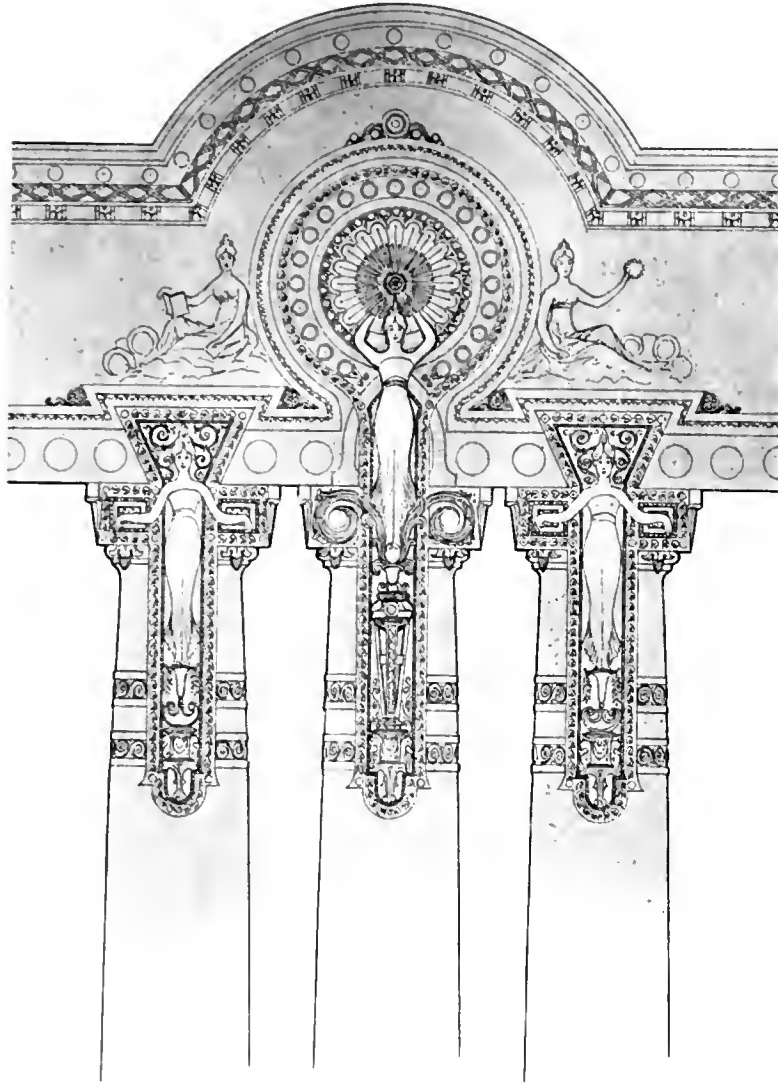
COLUMN-ARCHITRAVE DESIGNS



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COLUMN-ARCHITRAVE AND
PERFORATED CORNICE DESIGNS

A Rebel in the Architects' Camp



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COLUMN-ARCHITRAVE AND PERFORATED CORNICE DESIGNS

deniable fact invites reflection. It seems a safe hypothesis, therefore, that they deemed such a combination as unfinished and, consequently, inartistic in design. Of course it is to Italy that we must turn to judge the merits and demerits of past and present style. Past-style arcades betray unfinished structure, lacking in cohesion between column and archivolt; the observer feels a sense of unrest in facing the arch moldings dead ending upon the top of the abacus. The addition of bolsters and entablatures between the top of the column and the archivolt lends no beauty to the combination nor truth to the construction.

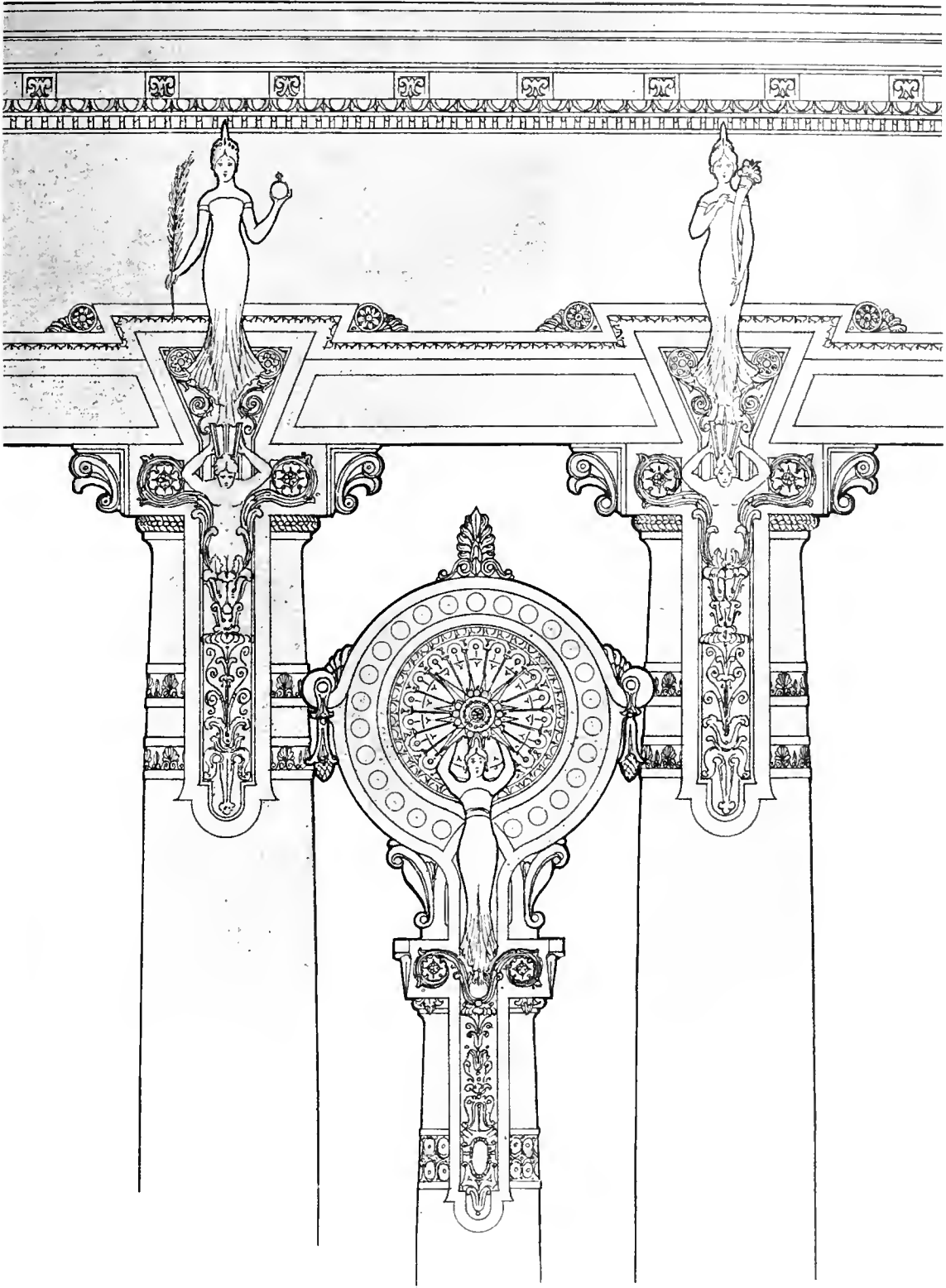
A most prominent defect in the old arcade is the overhanging of the angles of the archivolt over

the periphery of the column, by which a clumsy appearance is obtained, and a fear that the arch may crush the abacus.

It would be impossible in this short article to go any length in pointing out technical refinements involved; suffice it to say that in the new-style arch and column the above-mentioned defects are eliminated and the beauty and finish of the capital enhanced by the proper termination of the archivolt moldings upon the column shaft. This new-style architecture should particularly commend itself to architects and sculptors alike, as it offers such splendid opportunities of design and permits them to impress their personality upon a structure, making it more symbolic of its purpose and more impressively beautiful than is possible with any other style. Then, again, it would give immense scope in group designing of columns; magnificent effects could be assured by different colored marbles being used for capital and shaft. Such a colored combination

is of immense importance and quite out of the question in old-style architecture.

The most notable feature is the placing of statues upon consoles in the panels of the capitals, by which means both interiors and exteriors of structure can be enriched. Here again architect and sculptor can cooperate, as in theatre foyers and lobbies; public halls and vestibules, too, lend themselves to the most varied treatment, and may thus win fresh interest in the eyes of the visitor. At present, outdoor statues are too high to be admired properly, and are soon disfigured by exposure, but if placed about the column capital in the new style these objections would automatically vanish. Take, for instance, a modern ball room,



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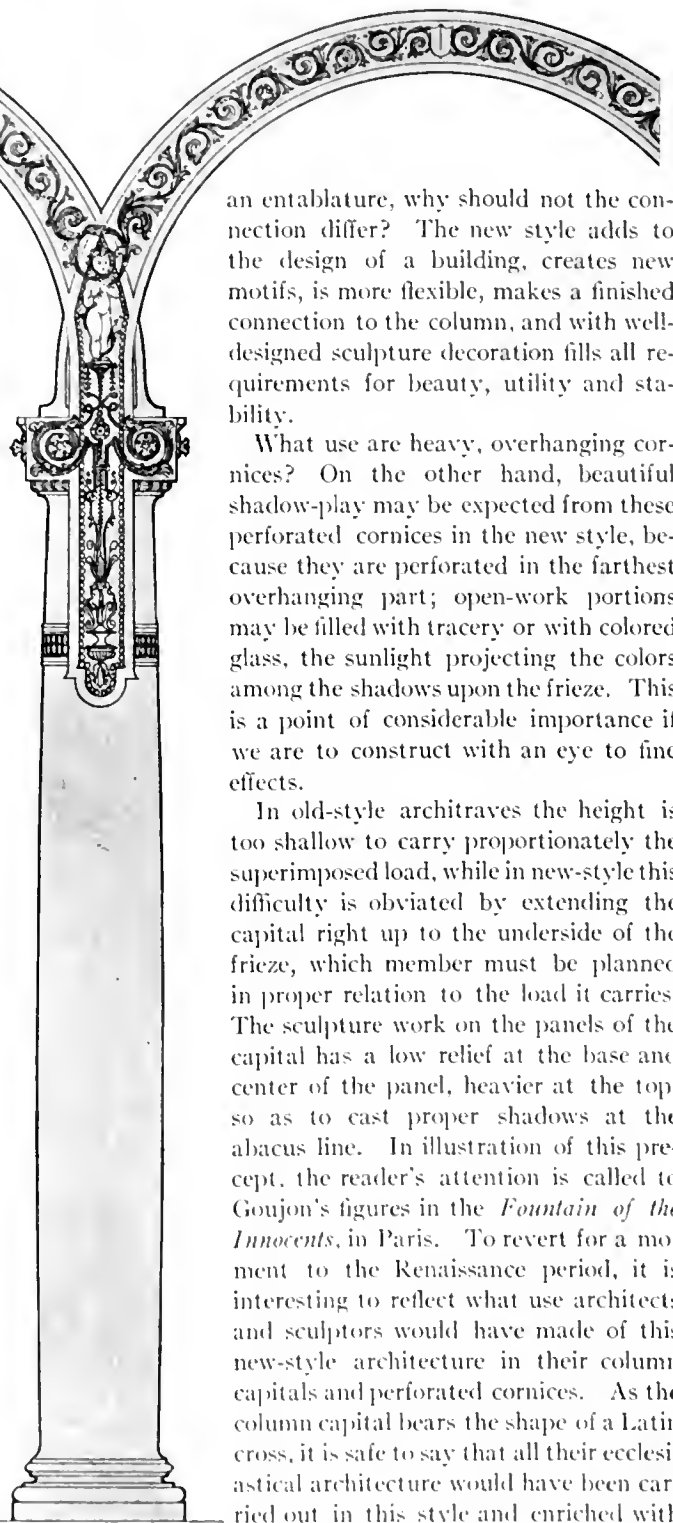
COLUMN-ARCHITRAVE DESIGNS

A Rebel in the Architects' Camp

and very little imagination must show the immense possibilities of Mr. Cantin's design, which lends itself equally to Spartan simplicity or lavish elaboration. Transplant yourself for a moment to the new post-office in New York City, opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. What a splendid field presents itself here for architect and sculptor to unite in placing upon the column capital allegorical figures in keeping with the historical legend carved in the frieze!

The human figure is the most appropriate decoration for capitals and must surely supersede the present designs, with their monotonous cast-iron appearance. In capitals where the figure or bust is used in a leaf-work design, a jumbled effect is produced and the main motif is lost. A glance at the old-style capitals in elevated positions shows "spottiness" and fails to give a clean-cut appearance when observed from the ground.

To create a new architecture it is a *sine qua non* to possess a fundamental basis. This might ordinarily sound like a platitude, but the many efforts to butt against tradition and evolve a new style in this country have failed utterly, for the very simple reason that the modes employed have lacked this essential quality. In Mr. Cantin's design, the column architrave, with frieze and perforated cornice, form a new Order of architecture to add to the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite and Tuscan Orders. A new factor is introduced in architectural standards by the column and arch combinations. It has been the custom to place a column of any Order under an entablature or arch, without any change in the formation of the capital. As an arch is an entirely different structure from



an entablature, why should not the connection differ? The new style adds to the design of a building, creates new motifs, is more flexible, makes a finished connection to the column, and with well-designed sculpture decoration fills all requirements for beauty, utility and stability.

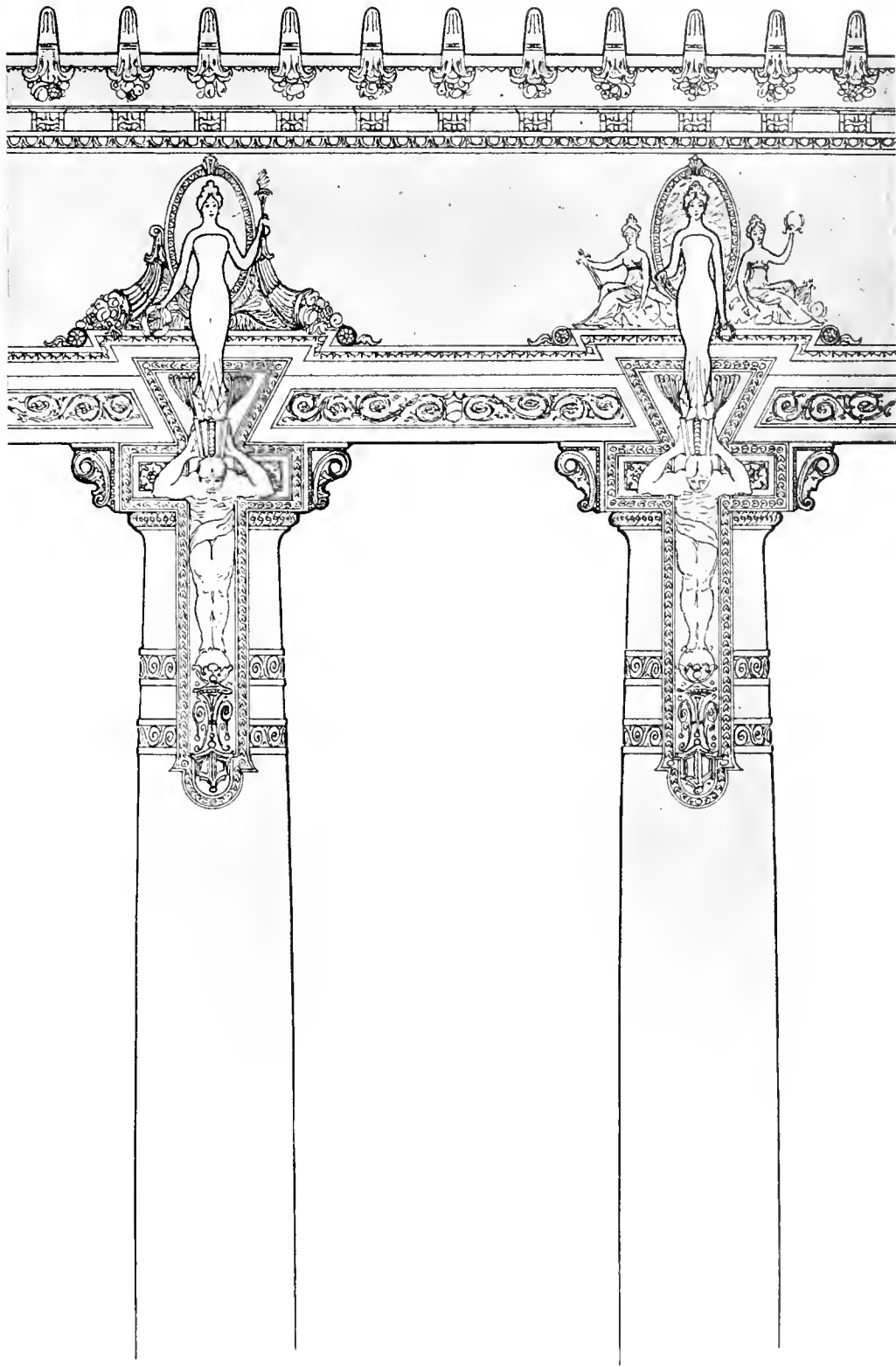
What use are heavy, overhanging cornices? On the other hand, beautiful shadow-play may be expected from these perforated cornices in the new style, because they are perforated in the farthest overhanging part; open-work portions may be filled with tracery or with colored glass, the sunlight projecting the colors among the shadows upon the frieze. This is a point of considerable importance if we are to construct with an eye to fine effects.

In old-style architraves the height is too shallow to carry proportionately the superimposed load, while in new-style this difficulty is obviated by extending the capital right up to the underside of the frieze, which member must be planned in proper relation to the load it carries. The sculpture work on the panels of the capital has a low relief at the base and center of the panel, heavier at the top, so as to cast proper shadows at the abacus line. In illustration of this precept, the reader's attention is called to Goujon's figures in the *Fountain of the Innocents*, in Paris. To revert for a moment to the Renaissance period, it is interesting to reflect what use architects and sculptors would have made of this new-style architecture in their column capitals and perforated cornices. As the column capital bears the shape of a Latin cross, it is safe to say that all their ecclesiastical architecture would have been carried out in this style and enriched with madonnas, Christ on the Cross, saints and angels, etc.

Men like Michelangelo, Donatello, Goujon and Thornwaldsen would have left us a rich heritage of beautiful motifs

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COLUMN-ARCH DESIGNS



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COLUMN-ARCHITRAVE DESIGNS

A Rebel in the Architects' Camp

in stone and marble, but the classical style columns did not appeal to them as worthy material for their art.

In the old-style architecture the abacus is so thin as to appear brittle; "ears" of foliage at the angles give no solidity to it, and a bunch of leaves at the top of a column carrying untold tons of masonry seems almost childish in conception.

The voice is Jacob's voice but the hands are the hands of Esau. These notes are the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO'S notes but the ideas are the ideas of Mr. Cantin. We accept no responsibility and are in no wise acting as the champions of new-style architecture. We realize that Mr. Cantin has developed new features which we are pleased to present to our readers. It is very questionable whether it be possible to discover a new Order at any time, and still more so in the present com-

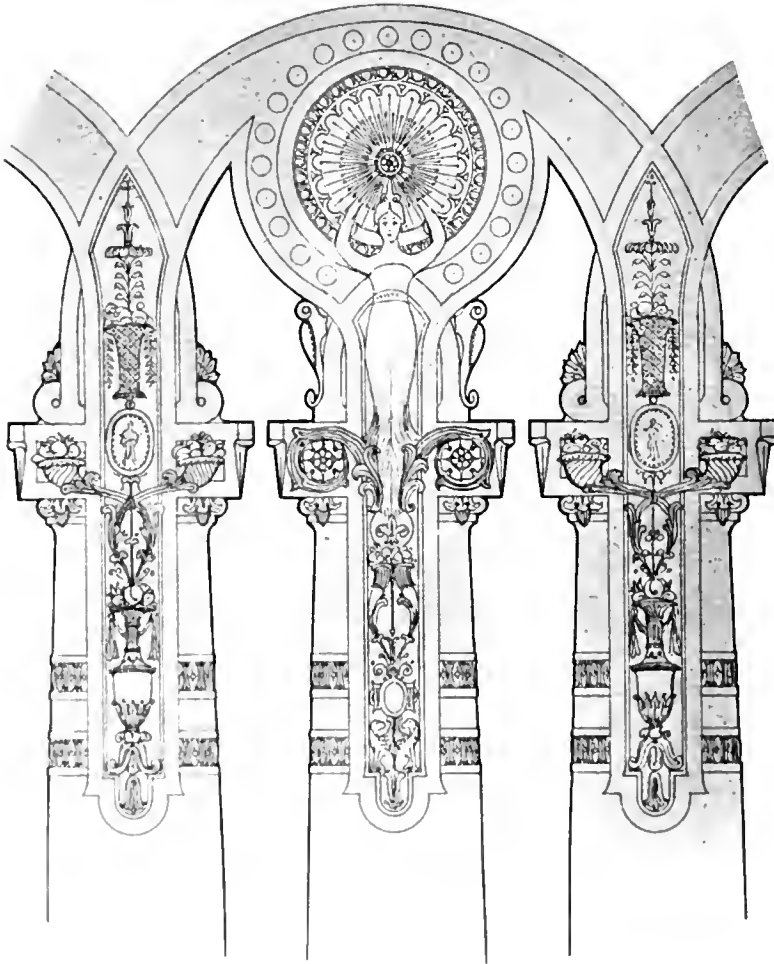
mercial age. Also we believe that we can detect certain flaws and discrepancies in these designs, which subsequent criticism and debate will doubtless lay bare. Meanwhile, any one seeking intelligently to improve present conditions of architecture in America is rendering yeoman service, and all who disagree with his problems will at least commend Mr. Cantin for his bold attempt to prescribe a new diet for that suffering infant, American architecture.

In conclusion we would quote from Frank E. Wallis, who, in an excellent chapter on "The Architect and the Future," writes as follows:

"The big, dominating force in America today is its industrial feudalism, and its restraining force is the ideal of the individual. This is developed to a point unknown in the previous history of architecture. The opportunities given the average American to express himself in domestic architecture are

unique. The condition is undoubtedly an outcome of the interesting partnership between the industrial overlord and his retainers. The overlord requires libraries, institutions of learning, banks and palaces, and we have them. On the other hand, we have today a domestic architecture of the highest degree of excellence, a new expression which is not only comfortable and fit, but beautiful and supremely convenient.

"Science will continue to build more and more amazing temples for the overlord as long as the industrial ideal retains its power. And when the time comes for the third great revolution, or evolution, and that ideal is destroyed or modified, out of the conflict, saved by the ideal of the individual unit, will arise a new and vital power, perhaps approaching the Ideal socialism of the thirteenth century without the attending horrors, perhaps a world citizenship, and science will build temples to the new ideal, and a new style will be born."



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COLUMN-ARCH DESIGNS

The Art Treasures of Mexico

THE ART TREASURES OF MEXICO BY MARY WORRALL HUDSON

MANY of the churches of Mexico contain priceless old paintings, but it is impossible for art lovers in the United States, if they have never visited Mexico, to believe that this is a treasure-house of pictures. The existence of "Old Masters" in Mexico has been more fabled than real in our minds, and many have smiled at the credulity of the unlearned masses of this embryonic republic. It is true that the unquestioning majority know nothing and think nothing of a picture except what the *padre* tells them, but it must be remembered that the men who rule the destinies of Mexico are educated, traveled, cultured in the schools and universities of the old world, and eminently capable of appreciating the fine arts. Furthermore, they are all Catholics, and hence are imbued with the traditional reverence for religious art that we cannot wholly comprehend. It might be said that this very reverence would incapacitate them as impartial critics of this art, but, be this as it may, it has served a purpose invaluable to the student of today. Their love, in many instances their worship, of these old masterpieces, has caused the careful preservation not alone of the picture but often of the records of its presentation by some royal and devout donor to a church in New Spain.

Instead of an unreasonable and preposterous claim, it is the most reasonable of conclusions that many, very many, valuable works of art were sent to Mexico as religious offerings in the days of the conquerors and the successive and rival reigns of the viceroys.

The conquest of Mexico was the overwhelm-

ingly important event of the century, and dreams of avarice beyond all former imaginings filled the minds of a mighty host. From the great unknown Western world was to come the wealth that would make every ambitious man a king. First of all, these wild, untutored people must be converted to Christianity. Every stone that has been laid in Mexico since Cortez set foot upon the shores of the Gulf, tells the story of the Catholic and the Moor. The architecture that the Moor planted in Spain has followed the Spaniard into every colony that he has founded, but it is all crowned with the cross.

The church was very rich in the seventeenth century, and amply able to send works of art of great value to Mexico and other colonies. It was also the period when art flourished most in Spain, when Murillo lived and Seville was a great art center.

The missionary priests in Mexico soon discovered that the Indians were unable to comprehend the spirit of the Christian religion, and that they must substitute pictures and images of the Christ for the heathen gods and idols they were trying to supplant. Churches, convents and chapels

were multiplied rapidly after the Conquest, and it became a pious duty, often emphasized by an order of Cortez, to bring paintings and statues of saints to the New World.

Many of the great pictures that were at that time favorites in Spain, Italy and the Netherlands, were copied and the copies brought over by monks and missionary priests, and many originals by the master painters of the time were sent as offerings by members of the royal house of the mother country. The difficulty of locating all these originals is, of course, great, for the reason that many of them are hung on the high



TRAVESURAS DEL AMOR

BY MANUEL OCARANZA

The Art Treasures of Mexico

dark walls of old churches that are inaccessible to the student or the mere sightseer.

From about the year 1600 there lived in Mexico for forty years, two artists who were skilled copyists and imitators. These were Baltasar Echave and his wife, known as La Sumaya. They painted in both the Italian and Dutch styles, and Echave often imitated Titian fairly well. Other Spanish artists who immigrated to this country and lived and painted here throughout the seventeenth century, established what is now known as the Old Mexican School, and left many good works. Many so good that it is not easy to establish their identity and distinguish them from the old world work.

Echave, the elder, painted *La Visitacion*, reproduced here from a photograph taken from the original in the National Museum in the capital of Mexico. He came from Zumaya in the Spanish province of Guipuzcoa and lived and painted in Mexico from 1600 to 1640.



PORTRAIT OF ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN
IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, MEXICO



LA REINA ZOCHITAL

BY JOSÉ OBREGÓN

His style varied from the Dutch to the Italian, but his work showed the influence of Titian more than of any other master. Of the many paintings he is known to have made for the churches of Mexico,

several have been preserved. *La Visitacion* is painted on cedar, as are many of the old pictures in Mexico, the artists believing that wood could better withstand the humid climate than canvas. This picture was brought from the altar of the church in Tlaltelolco in 1609. Titles of some of the other paintings by Echave, the elder, now in the National Museum, are *Martyrdom of St. Ponciano*, *Adoration of the Magi*, *St. Cecely*, *Christ on the Mount of Olives*, *Holy Family*, etc. The majority of all of Echave's pictures show vigor and grace, and are rich in color.

One of the notable paintings in the Academy is the *Discovery of Pulque*, the national drink of Mexico, made of the juice of the maguey. The complete title of the picture is, *Zochital and Her Father Papantzin Presenting the Toltec Prince Tecpaucaltzin with a New Drink*. The author of this picture, José Obregon, is a modern Mexican artist who paints Mexico *con amore*, but who has also chosen a number of other subjects: *Columbus as a Youth*, *Hagar and Ishmael* and *The Giotto*, etc.

In the *Presentation of the New Drink*, the throne room and the throne on which the Prince is seated show the Toltec architecture and decoration. Just where the Toltecs acquired the principles of lintel construction, with the inclined jambs, is a question that involves the unsettled origin of the

The Art Treasures of Mexico



PORTRAIT OF CARLOS III
OF SPAIN

BY SALBADOR
DE MAELLA

race. The earthen bowl and pitcher borne by Zochital and her attendant and the large *ollas* on the floor in front of the kneeling servant, are like those made by the Mexican Indians today as well as like the Toltec and Aztec pottery preserved in the museums. The servant at the extreme left bears in her arms a maguey plant, showing the origin of the newly discovered drink to the Prince. The Prince is attired as if he were expecting a deputation of importance, with crown on head, scepter in hand, a magnificent blanket about his shoulders, and his sandaled feet resting on a bear skin. About him are grouped his attendants, musicians, scribes, wives and slaves.

The *Travesuras del Amor*, by Manuel Ocaranza, is a spirited and beautiful bit of work. The eyes of the little god fairly sparkle as he jealously watches the drops of his love philter.

The portrait of Carlos III. of Spain is by Salvador de Maella. The face of this picturesque pretender to the crown is sinister and haunting, as any face that has the "Mona Lisa mouth," with its upturned corners, is apt to be. The picture is rich in detail, of fine textures, glittering jewels and precious metals, and the duller gleam of marble pillars and polished rosewood.

A CONTRETEMPS

THE October number of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO suffered an unusual experience inasmuch as it was held up by the New York Post Office, who considered the illustrations to an article upon the work of Lillian Genth as sufficiently indelicate to warrant their seeking instructions from Washington. Needless to say, Government at once telegraphed permission for the issue to be mailed, and we should not mention this trifling occurrence only that it so aptly illustrates the continual struggle between orthodoxy and heterodoxy in matters of art. Every one acquainted with Lillian Genth's paintings and with the trend of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, will share our surprise that *September Morn* should have been extended into October and probably beyond.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF ETCHERS

THE first annual exhibition will be held at the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company, 305 Madison Avenue, from January 5 to 31 inclusive.

All prints for exhibition must be sent unframed by December 1, 1913, to New York Society of Etchers, 2104 Flatiron Building.



LA VISITACION (ON WOOD)

BY BALTASAR ECHAVE

Impressions in the Studio of an Animal Sculptor



GREVHOUND RECUMBENT

BY ELI HARVEY

IMPRESSIONS IN THE STUDIO OF AN ANIMAL SCULPTOR BY JESSIE LAMONT

THE first door to the right, ground floor, of the Benedick Building, Washington Square, New York City, opens on the studio of Eli Harvey—a long room lighted by a great case-mat that frames the green sward and the budding trees of the square beyond; this window lends, as it were, an open-air background to the sculptured figures of forest folk that are grouped within.

Sketches and drawings cover the walls of the studio; clay models, casts and finished bronzes are crowded on all sides. There are single figures and groups of majestic, shy, fierce, frolicsome creatures that seem to embody the forces and the moods of primal nature; an atmosphere of desert places seems to glow about them; primeval forests seem to stretch out behind them.

A jaguar creeps along on the high shelf that runs across half the wall. The creature seems to move stealthily under the ceiling's shadows. Another and larger replica of this beast, on a pedestal, seems about to spring. The high lights that shine on the polished muscles give a peculiar quality of life and vibrancy. The creature has feline grace, ferocity and power in its every contour; it breathes from every line and curve the spell of the jungles, the treachery and mystery of dense thickets under

tropical skies. One almost hears the soft pad of its feet and the rustle of branches that it brushes past.

A lion rests on its haunches, a noble and splendid monarch, somewhat after the type of the four great beasts that flank the monument in Trafalgar Square, London, the work of Landseer. But this forest king is more contemplative, with head less raised. It is a figure of haughty might, with eyes that have the far gaze that reaches over desert wastes, that contemplates in the answering gaze of the Sphinx, changelessness, infinity. Another lion stands at bay; its great, fleshy jaw hangs open, its nostrils seem vibrant with the emission of its roar; the muscles of the flank dilate; the tail is stiff, erect; its hind legs stretch out tense and slanting; its body braces itself to the passionate protest of its mighty voice. When this lion was exhibited in France, the sculptor Fremiet spoke of the wonderful "quality" of the work, of the quiver of its high lights, the palpitant nostrils.

A little brown bear dances and balances on a ball, its round, fat body ludicrously drawn up in the effort of its trick. It is a canny, funny thing, making much effort not to fail in its feat. Another mother bear rolls on her back; her two young cubs nestle comfortably in the thick curling hair and feed from her breasts.

A Polar bear stretches out with flat, widespread haunches. It has a "coldness" of contour, the

Impressions in the Studio of an Animal Sculptor

lines of its drawing are almost those of an iceberg. The atmosphere that this creature creates is marvelously perfect. It contrasts strangely with the warmth of the little brown dancing bear. It is a thing of the North, of ice floes and polar wilds.

A great elk raises its head, erect, tense, listening; its ears are pointed, intensely alert, its feet touch the earth as if scarce pressing it, in readiness for flight. The sculptor calls this animal *America's Aristocrat*.

One interesting small bit of modeling is a figure on a paperknife, a leopard coiled, "couchant," head on paws, tail curled and languid. This creature is called *The Silent Partner*, and recalls in a way Balzac's story, "A Passion in the Desert."

The most recent sculpture is a greyhound that lies with outstretched paws on a low base. The long curved line that sweeps from forehead over the breast and across the flank is sharply chiseled—the ears lie flat, the whole head is expressive of sensitiveness and delicacy—the body rests with the light grace that is characteristic of this species of hound. The beautiful animal from which this study was modeled is the pet and familiar of Mr. Harvey's studio.

Through the phases of Mr. Harvey's work there is the development of a psychology that is both subtle and impressive. It is work that suggests the effect of expanding imagination and growth of soul; it represents tireless energy of labor, knowledge of anatomy to the minutest detail, a perfected technique, acquired through countless sketches of each separate part of the figure, in rest and in movement, added to the trained, acute and psychic observation or perception that reveals to the artist the individuality, the temperament of

each model. Mr. Harvey's art grew through painting nature's moods to capturing in the clay her untamable children.

The animals of the feline group first seized the imagination of this artist because of their sinuous grace, their undulating suppleness of movement.

The artist's final adoption of sculpture as his medium of expression came, as all inspirational accomplishment does, quite by chance.

The summer of 1898 found Mr. Harvey in the forest of Fontainebleau, in a certain wild spot

that at close of day commands a wide sweep over purpling hills and a view of a stretch of country that seems to extend vastly under the deepening shadows.

This spot is reached by an ascent through the pine trees, and during the twilight hours was sought by the artist and his comrade, the little woman who has been both inspiration and helpmate through many years.

These two and a young Italian, who posed as model, wended their way through the silent woods at sunset each evening. A canvas was set up; the model reclined on the hilly slope; several lion



YOUNG GREYHOUND

BY ELI HARVEY

skins were spread to give the tawny note to the picture, and thus was conceived and executed the painting of *Orpheus Charming the Animals*. This picture, with its purple twilight tones, the gold-haired young demi-god with his lyre stretched on the rocky bank, and the lions and tigers grouped about in charmed attention, was hung on the line in the Paris Salon of 1899, and the following year was again exhibited and won the gold medal at the Paris-Provence Exhibition.

The animals in this picture absorbed the interest of the painter to an extent that caused him to take up animal study thereafter and devote him-

Impressions in the Studio of an Animal Sculptor

self exclusively to this phase of art in its sculptural form.

Mr. Harvey's studies of animals were made in Paris at the private menageries of the Fêtes Foreign at Neuilly and Asnières, and the Jardin des Plantes, and later in the New York Zoological Gardens and in Central Park.

Those animals which are removed from one cage to another, as is done in some of the gardens in Paris, are more alive and vital as models, for even this slight change breaks into the dullness that results from close confinement. The animals seem to become familiar with the sculptor's presence and gaze at him curiously as he pursues his work.

The sculptor's completed work in clay is not the perfected work of art, as is the painter's canvas when his brush work is finished; other hands reproduce the clay model in marble or bronze. The marble cutting is done by the artist's assistant, by measurements taken from a cast of the clay model. Any change or emphasis of line is indicated by the sculptor by marking with a pencil on the marble, and the assistant or marble-cutter completes the work.

The casting into bronze is done by two methods: The sand casting, which is the more mechanical process, is better adapted to large pieces of work. The result of this method depends upon the fidelity of the casting; retouching is difficult, for the artist cannot readily work on the metal, as the material is hard and does not yield to plastic handling, although a "chasing," or finish, is some-

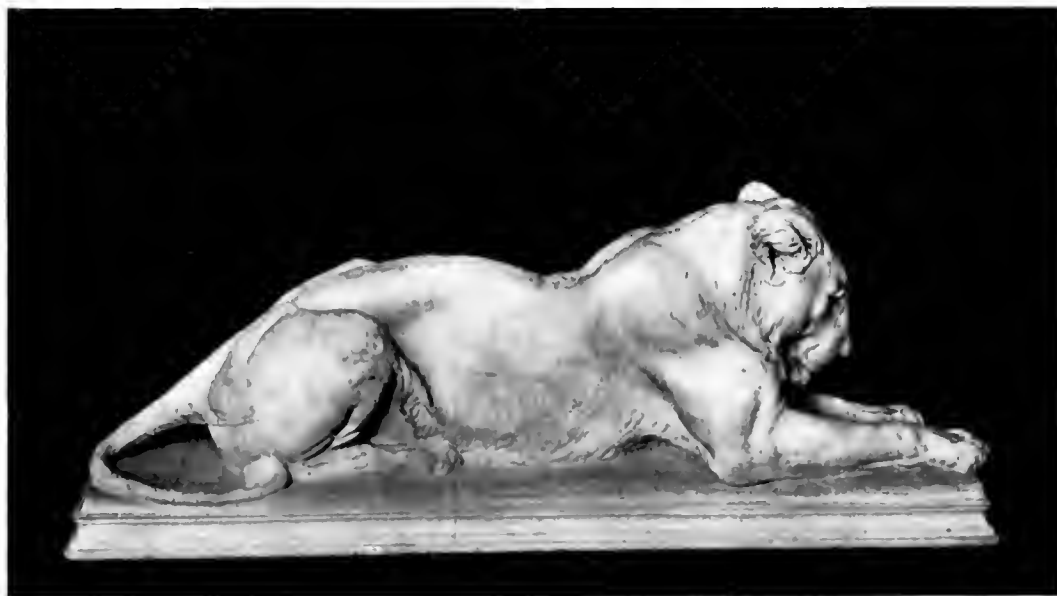
times given, to bring out greater sharpness of line. The effect of this finish is, however, mechanical and undesirable, and the chisel should rarely be used, excepting to erase lines or seams caused by removing the molds from the bronze.

In the wax or "cire perdue" casting, the sculptor can work with a heated tool in a sympathetic way in the wax, and thus bring out a distinctness of cutting, a clearer outline. This form of casting is one of the oldest known methods and is much favored by the Italians. It is most valuable for small pieces of work, as it gives greater delicacy of finish.

The bronzes that have come from the casting may be colored by two processes. The lacquer of the French bronze is colored by resorting to a pigment of powder. This lacquer is applied as a coating, which obliterates to some extent the delicacy of line, the finer tracery of the modeling. It is much used in the cheaper and more commercial bronzes.

Mr. Harvey tones his own bronzes entirely by the application of an acid patina, which, by subjection to more or less heat, produces brown, green or reddish shades. The process preserves the utmost fineness of modeling.

The color produced by the application of acids is a natural chemical process, forced by heat and gives light and shade, life and movement, to the figures, while the lines and contours of each of these animals reveals its native element, even the geography of its environment.



RECUMBENT LIONESS

BY ELI HARVEY



THE SEA

BY KATHERINE S. DREIER

IN THE GALLERIES

IT CANNOT be said of New York as once Salvator Rosa querulously sang:
"Of the rich, noble, vulgar herd
Few estimate and few require
The painter's zeal"

New Yorkers have ceased to be a "vulgar herd" in the sense of being blindly and blandly indifferent where art is concerned, and each revolving season produces more enthusiasm in art circles. Homebound liners are still returning us art dealers and collectors from their forays abroad and at this time of writing it can hardly be affirmed that the art season has really commenced. A few exhibitions are on, it is true, but in most cases well-known galleries have merely hung up old friends with a scattering of new canvases, more to conceal bare walls than with the idea of exhibiting.

The first exhibition of paintings was held at the Macbeth Galleries, with a one-man show, in this case a lady. From the 14th October to the 27th were seen the paintings of Katherine S. Dreier, of whose work we show two reproductions. Although this artist has held many successful exhibitions, notably at the Salon des Beaux Arts, Paris, and in London and Germany, this is the first time that she has appeared in a New York

gallery. Miss Dreier, a native of Brooklyn, has only been a few years at the easel. She was three years under Walter Shirlaw, after which she studied in Paris and London. Good color schemes, great grasp of atmosphere, with bold rendition,



THE WINTER GIRL

BY PAULINE PALMER

In the Galleries

mark her work, which decidedly inclines to the decorative. Her best pictures are the Thames views, especially her *London in February* and *Moonlight*. The large decorative subject, *The Sea*, attracted considerable attention and favorable comment.

Mr. Martin Birnbaum, of the Berlin Photographic Company, promises truly interesting art exhibitions in the coming season. Art lovers will have the opportunity of seeing the work of Leon Bakst, including the latest "Orientale" for Mlle. Pavlowa. With the co-operation of Dr. Ferencz Hoffmann, of the Academy at Keszthely, Hungary, he also gathered a choice collection of etchings, lithographs, woodcuts and drawings from Austria, Hungary and Bohemia. Furthermore, the New York Society of American Etchers, newly formed, will hold their first exhibition in January.

Other highly important events will be an exhibition of Mohammedan art, and a joint display of the paintings, lithographs, sculptures, ceramics, etc., of Charles Shannon and Charles Ricketts, the celebrated Englishmen whose work will appear for the first time side by side in any exhibition.

The Bakst exhibition, to be opened by Mlle. Pavlowa, begins this month at the Berlin Photographic Company's galleries. In December it will be seen at Newark, N. J., January at the Albright Museum, February at the St. Louis Museum, March at the Chicago Art Institute, April at the Cincinnati Museum and in May at the Detroit Museum. The Austro-Hungarian-Bohemian exhibition will open at the Berlin Photographic Company's galleries in December, and during January, February, March and May respectively of next year, will be on view at the

Albright Museum, St. Louis Museum, Chicago Art Institute and the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

One of our illustrations shows a wine tankard to be reproduced in silver, 40 inches high, a replica in bronze of the surmounting group, entitled *Bacchante and Faun*, was accepted by the National Sculpture Society for the traveling exhibition of small bronzes, and was purchased by Mr. John H. Grundlach, of St. Louis. The sculptor is Adolfo de' Nesti, of Philadelphia.

Two of our illustrations represent pictures exhibited at the Carnegie Institute during the past summer. Director Beattie organized a loan exhibition of forty-nine paintings before leaving for Europe. Excellent examples of Constable, Fechin, Diaz, Corot, Courbet, Ben Foster, Dupré,



THE AVENUE, NORDWIJK-BINNEN

BY KATHERINE S. DREIER

In the Galleries



BACCHANTE AND FAUN

BY ADOLFO DE' NESTI

Millet, etc., drew appreciative crowds, thus proving that the hot weather does not militate against museum visiting.

During the greater part of October the Gorham Company held an excellent display of the work of the well-known animal sculptor, A. Phimister Proctor. Under the auspices of Mr. Purdy, who is a real connoisseur of art, this company intends holding several important exhibitions during the season.

We are showing in small cuts some work by the successful Chicago artist, Pauline Palmer, who recently exhibited sixty-eight pictures at the Art Institute, including portraits, figure subjects and Italian scenes. *The Winter Girl* made a great hit and was secured for his collection by Edward B. Butler. Luminosity and color are the distinctive charm of her travel notes, and her technical skill on the best lines of impres-



UNDER THE ARCHES IN
SUNNY ITALY

BY PAULINE
PALMER

sionism make her picturesque corners of Europe very enjoyable.

Print lovers have been enjoying an exhibition at the Frederick Keppel Galleries of the work of Cadwallader Washburn, dry points of Mexico and New Jersey. These new series will add fresh luster to this already interesting painter-etcher. Seven new plates add to the interest of a Zorn exhibition, which will be on view till the 15th at the galleries of Messrs. Arthur H. Hahlo & Co.

Mr. Ederheimer, with increased space at his old quarters in 366 Fifth Avenue, is giving an opening exhibition of the work of that great *peintre-graveur*, Robert Nanteuil, who flourished during the reign of Louis XIV. Seventy excellent impressions are on view, comprising among other rarities



LATE AFTERNOON IN GIVERNEY, FRANCE

BY PAULINE PALMER

In the Galleries



A WOODED COMMON OF THE COTSWOLDS

BY SIR ALFRED EAST

the portrait of Antoine Arnould, a crayon drawing in black and red, which Mr. Ederheimer has used as a frontispiece to a most attractive catalogue, containing a thoughtful essay on the Master by Louis R. Metcalfe, whom Mr. Ederheimer describes in his preface as Nanteuil's prophet in this country.

October 15 Mr. Robertson, of the Brown-Robertson Company, commenced his opening exhibition of etchings at his galleries 707 Fifth Avenue, with an even hundred plates most typical and representative of the best American etching of today. To mention a few exhibitors: Charles W. Dahlgreen, George Aid, Jerome Blum, Arthur Covey, Earl H. Reed, Earl Horter, George W. Chandler, Eugene Higgins and Bertha Jacques. Mr. Pierson, who has some very striking new plates, operated a printing press in the center of the gallery, thus interesting many visitors in the processes at work in turning out a proof. A notable feature of the exhibition was a display of plates by Anne Goldthwaite, whose dancers aroused keen interest by their originality and feel-

ing: *Birch Trees* by Dahlgreen and Horter's exquisite plate of Madison Square.

Mr. J. Harsen Purdy has presented to the New York Public Library his splendid collection of engravings by William Faithorne, which has been on exhibition at the Library during the summer and is still on view. The exhibition has been visited by large numbers of people and has created a great deal of interest. It is a matter for congratulation that after the exhibition is over the collection will remain permanently available, in the Library's division of prints, for students of the graphic arts.

Collections of Faithorne's work are not common, and the present one, remarkable in its extent as well as in rich quality of impressions, would be—to speak conservatively—most unusual even in England. Faithorne is an important figure in the annals of line engraving on copper in Great Britain. Influenced by the example of the French engravers, Mellan and Nanteuil, he yet found a force of expression that was both individual and national. This last quality is naturally accentuated in that portion of his work which was his best and most important—the portraits. His activity extended from the reign of Charles I through the Commonwealth.



HOW THE GOSSIP GREW

BY F. D. MILLET



"THE YELLOW ORCHID," FROM AN
OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

*In the possession of William
Heinemann, 1911*

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THE ART OF C. S. PIETRO BY JESSIE LEMONT

SOME twenty years ago a young Italian boy accompanied by a gentle and pious mother, made almost daily visits to the great cathedral in Rome. The vast interior, with its long, dim aisles, the high-arched vaultings, the many twinkling candle lights, the incense, the music, the glow of the paintings, the serenity of the sculptures filled the soul of the youth with a desire to create something beautiful, noble, exalted.

This early influence, perhaps, gave to the work of C. S. Pietro the spiritual quality that renders it significant and distinctive. From molding tiny images in clay in early childhood, as the years passed the young sculptor advanced in creative work, and after having achieved success in his home city, he moved in 1909 to New York.

It is unusual to find the work of a sculptor through its entire scope possessive of qualities of warmth and life; it is still rarer to find the whole range of figure work of an artist expressive of the subtle essence called personality. Character is traced by lines; the shape of a hand is indicative of individuality; the contours of the face reveal temperament; the abundance and texture of the hair suggests sensuousness or spirituality. Observe the subtle revelation of the hair in the triptych of Watts entitled *And She Shall Be Called Woman, Eve Tempted* and *Eve Repentant*. In the *Creation of Woman* the gold of the woman's hair glows about her head like a halo or like the shimmer of the sun. *Eve Tempted* has hair that is electric; it seems to crackle. The hair of *Eve Repentant* flows over her fair body in soft waves like the quiet rippling of waters.

The comprehension of texture and movement is more difficult of exposition for the sculptor than for the painter. It must be suggested entirely by line and through the medium of hard substance.

Signor Pietro has the intuitive perception of these values and has conveyed them both subtly and strikingly. The portraits and imaginative conceptions of this artist express mobility, change; delicate shades of expression play over faces; brows contract in fleeting lines of pain; shadows lie in the hollow of the throat; smiles steal over the curves of the mouth. These marbles are not rigid forms of cold, unchanging beauty; they radiate from their soft contours a pulsating vitality.

The studios at 402 Fifth Avenue present an arresting variety and individuality of production. The entrance hall is a large, bare room, empty save for several heroic busts placed on pedestals far apart so that each seems to be isolated and withdrawn to itself.

There is a head of Mozart with high, intellectual brow, large, dreamy eyes, sensitive nose and delicate yet full lips—distinctively the poet, the musician, the composer of those staccato harmonies so in keeping with the knee breeches, silken waistcoats, lace ruffles and periwigs of the artificial time that produced them. This youth might have trod a measure with the ladies of Watteau; might have moved among that picturesque and dainty throng with the radiant mien and rapt face of one who hears and follows the music of *The Magic Flute*. The shoulders are erect, the head thrown a trifle back, the eyes raised and wide with their vision.

The lines of the head of Verdi are bolder, more flowing, the features are more massive; the head bends downward, the eyes are less open, the gaze more inward, more introspective. Here is the composer of the bigger harmonies; the listener to sounds that swell and grow in power and rise in a mighty, cumulative gathering of volume. This listening head hears the melodies of *Aida*, the roll of *La Forza del Destino*, the beat of the *Requiem* and the soaring notes of the *Inflammatus*. This fine head was cast in bronze for Mr. Maxwell, of the Ricordi house.

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Photograph by Jeanne Bertrand

MISSSES DOROTHY AND HELEN GOULD

BY C. S. PIETRO

Another bust, that of Victor Maurel, is different in conception. It has dramatic fire and vividness; the head is less large, more round, the face square, the nose blunt and strong, the mustachios curl upward; the whole erect poise has the assurance of the trained actor and singer. The throat is large and full and adds to the effect of strength and vitality.

The splendid head of Rubenstein is massive, almost leonine; the waving hair is thick and ruffled; the features are strong, the brow heavy, but

the fine veins about the nose and the full, mobile mouth give an expression of impulsiveness, passion, pride and sensitiveness. Here is a personality of marked magnetism, as well as the artist and musician.

These sculptures have a ruggedness, a breadth and largeness of line that creates in the room an atmosphere of lofty distinction and dignity and somewhat an impression of antiquity and remoteness. This hall seems shut out from noise and hurry; quietude dwells here and an aloofness that

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induces a mood for closer contemplation of Signor Pietro's work, the work that is within a smaller and more secluded studio which one enters from this larger salle.

The inner room offers a more intimate view of this sculptor's art. Attention is at first arrested by a portrait group of two young girls, Misses Helen and Dorothy Gould. It is interesting to look first at this marble from the back. The hair of both young maids floats free and ripples over the shoulders; the front locks are caught together high on the crowns of the heads with wide ribbon bows. One of the girls, a trifle larger than the other, leans forward and seems to somewhat enfold the smaller within the curve of shoulder and right arm. Viewed from the front, the impression of this group changes entirely. The expression of the smaller but older girl is one of poise

and confidence; the hair is brushed straightly back from the brow in a high roll; the mouth is soft but firm; the firmly chiseled features breathe an independence that gives the young face a certain maturity. The larger but younger girl leans behind her sister with shy eagerness; her face is less regular in feature; the curves are softer; a light fringe of hair shades the forehead and is blown about the temples; eyes are wide and dreamy. There is a touch of poetry in this young face, which is modeled with tenderness, as though the sculptor had lingered lovingly over his work.

The same character study is shown in the statuette group of these young girls with their aunt, Mrs. Finlay J. Shepard (formerly Miss Helen Miller Gould). Mrs. Shepard reading to her nieces forms a fine center; her younger niece nestles close by her side; the older sits more independently apart. The small group presents a study of charming grace and finish. A life-sized head of Mrs. Shepard portrays in the gentle brow and dawning smile about the corners of the mouth the fine and sympathetic nature that has made this woman known and loved for her understanding help among the people.

A statuette of John Burroughs represents the aged poet and naturalist seated upon a rock. The poise is light, almost faun-like; the bearded face is bent forward; the figure has an alertness that seems to ally it with the creatures of the woods that he loves. An atmosphere of the forest pervades this work.

A sweet-faced lady leaning on a garden gate is a portrait bust of the artist's mother. The straight, soft hair is parted in the center and gathered in a low coil; the face is expressive of the tender patience of a life absorbed and spent in the service of love. This gentle figure guards the garden of



Photograph by Jeanne Bertrand

NYDIA

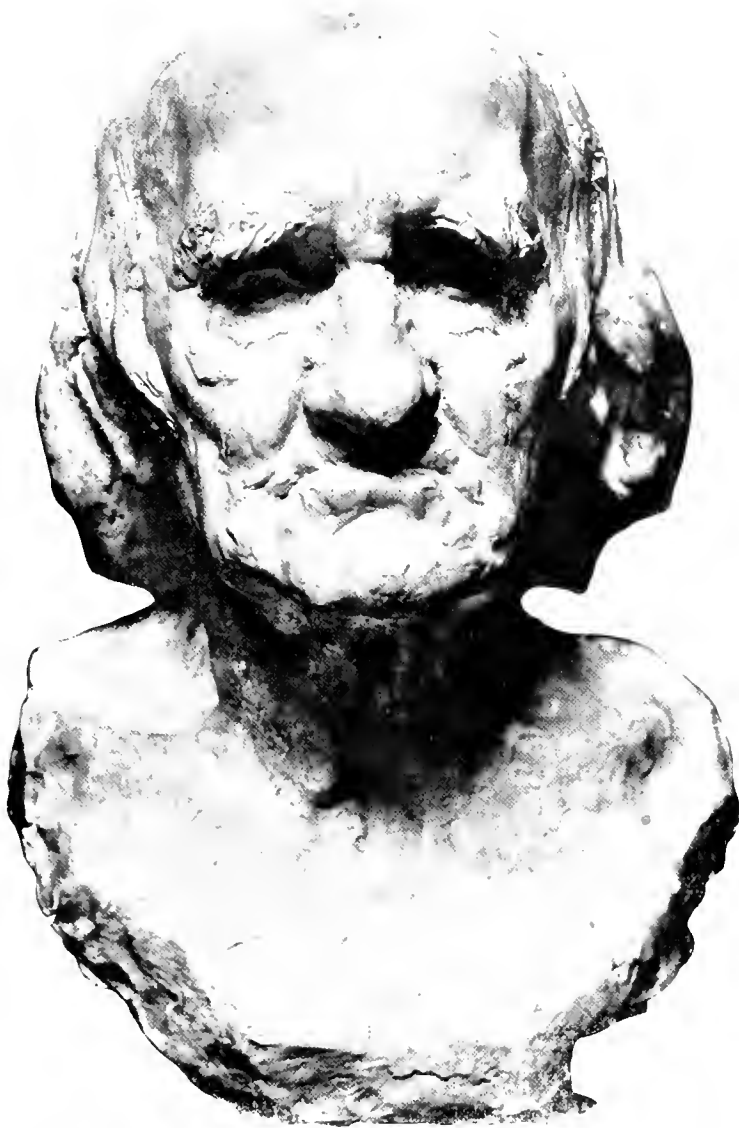
BY C. S. PIETRO



Photograph by Jean Bertrand

GOD IN THE HEART
BY C. S. PIETRO

The Art of C. S. Pietro



Photograph by Jeanne Bertrand

THE VETERAN

BY C. S. PIETRO

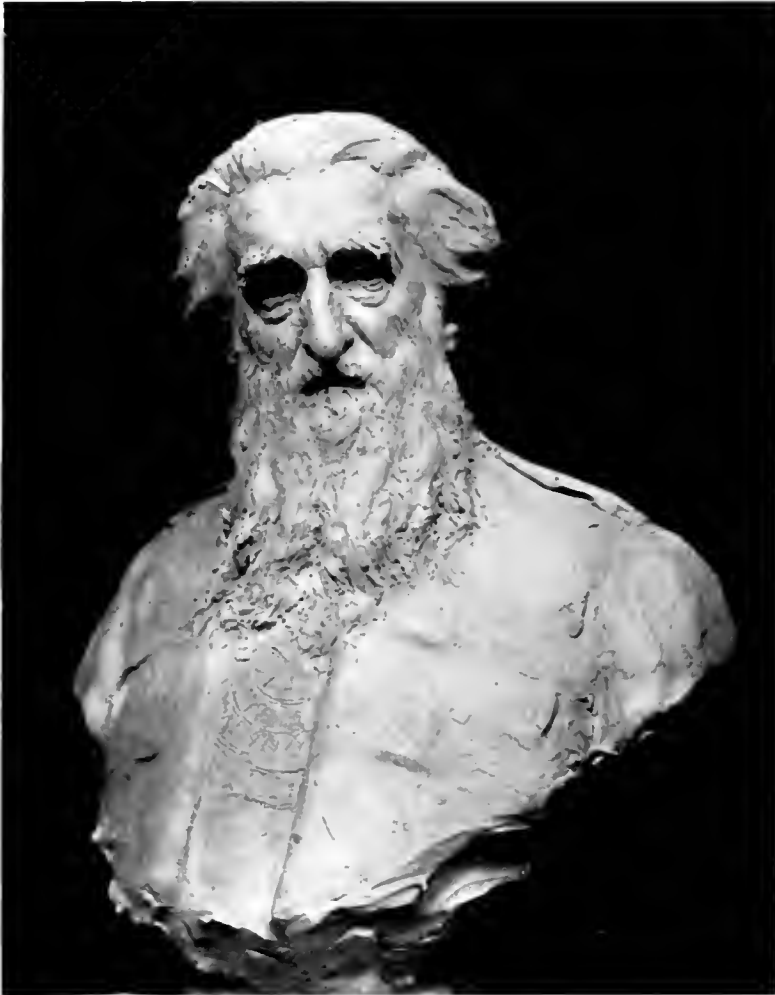
her home. There is a quaint charm in this *Portrait of My Mother* that recalls the Whistler portrait in the Luxembourg.

The bust of the late J. Pierpont Morgan stands out in fine foil to these figures. Here the chisel has cut deep with strong, bold strokes; the rugged features are stamped with force, intellect, will. Here is one of the biggest figures, the most vital forces of our age. The concentrated power of these irregular features distinguishes this head from the other works in the studio. The bust is to be placed in the Municipal Building in the Italian town of Ascoli Piceno, a gift of the Chev-

alier Mazzoni, sindaco or mayor of the village; it is to commemorate the restoration of a stolen cope of great antiquity and value. This cope had been sold to Mr. Morgan as a collector after it had passed through various hands, and was returned by him to the Church. A replica of the bust is to be placed in Mr. Morgan's office and another in the Morgan Library.

The head of General Booth again presents contrast. The large, benign contours, the long hair and patriarchal beard, the lean face with its deep-set eyes and high Hebraic nose signify the prophet. The head is biblical; it resembles the head of

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From a photograph by Falk

GENERAL BOOTH

BY C. S. PIETRO

Michelangelo's *Moses*. This likeness is also felt in the large monument to General Booth, the most imposing work in the studio. The full-length, heroic-sized figure of the General stands on a high platform or pulpit; beside him kneel two figures, a man and a woman in supplication; the design on the base of the altar represents flame. To the left a long line of figures twelve feet in height in high relief, a procession of the suffering and the needy, approaches the central group; the low wall along which these figures pass ends abruptly on the right and is sharply counterbalanced by a beautiful group of a woman with two children on her knees, symbolic of *Charity*, placed far out on the right foreground on a low, broad platform raised some feet above the earth level. In the background, behind this group, is a fountain, and diagonally opposite another fountain plays in the extreme

left foreground. The architectural design and the grouping of this composition is magnificently balanced and impressive.

Three pieces of imaginative work of this sculptor emphasize his breadth of conception. The head of a young girl with flowing hair and a face of exquisite purity leans forward with closed yet seeking eyes. This bust for some time after its completion had no title. One day a visitor, on seeing it, exclaimed: "That is Nydia; just so did she find her way through Pompeii." Thus was the bust named.

God in the Heart is expressed in the bent head of a young girl whose hands are clasped in an attitude of prayer. The faint lines of renunciation on the beautiful brow, the longing, the pain and the sweetness of the lovely face suggest the struggle of the finite with the infinite. This memory-haunted maiden's face might be a different and equally perfect version of the "Blessed

Damozel"—a sculptor's vision of the soul that is given to God and yet drawn earthward.

A full-length life-sized group of two figures, a man and a woman, poor, barefoot, standing on a rocky hilltop, is called *Inspiration*. The man, bent and weary, has placed his arm for support and also in protection about the woman's shoulder; his head is bowed upon her neck. The woman's face and figure are aged and thin; her flat hair is parted and drawn down behind her ears in a scant knot; her hands are roughened from hard toil, but the worn old face is uplifted and illumined with a radiance that transfigures it to beauty. The face of Bastien Lepage's *Joan of Arc* is transcendent with a splendid vision, but this old woman who, through toil and poverty and long years, has walked with courage beside the aged and weary man, with this inspired light upon her face, has a



Photograph by Jeanne Bertrand

DREAM
BY C. S. PIETRO

The Art of C. S. Pietro



Photograph by Jeanne Bertrand
A DETAIL OF THE GENERAL BOOTH MONUMENT

BY C. S. PIETRO

sublimity that is unequalled in sculpture and unsurpassed in art.

The range and contrast of subjects, the brown, pliant, shapeless forms of clay—things of earth that seem pregnant, big, unwieldy with concep-

tion; the rich, coppery color of the bronze that has a gleam and a glint as from an inner fire; the cool marbles that from the sculptor's hands have acquired warmth and life, the lights and shadows that play over these white figures, leave an impression that lingers in the memory both as an inspiration and a revelation.



Photograph by Jeanne Bertrand
PROLETARIAN

BY C. S. PIETRO

ASSOCIATED ARTISTS OF PITTSBURGH

THE Fourth Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh opened its doors to the public October 25, and continued until November 23. The high standard adopted by the jury resulted in an unusually fine display and places it among the leading exhibitions of the Middle West and, with the exception of New York, the best local show in the country.

Altogether 133 pictures were hung, representing fifty-five artists. The first honor was awarded Mabel Killam Day, a student of Robert Henri, for *Winter*, a snow scene, a deliberate and direct execution of good quality. The second honor went to Arthur W. Sparks, head of the art department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, for his *Cora and Clemence*, showing two figures in the sunlit foreground in a glade of trees. Christ Walter's *Evening in the Catskills* received third place, and deals with the majesty and serenity of mountain landscape. The water-color honor went to Mrs. Ray E. Motz.

The one man's show was a group of twenty-five paintings by Leopold G. Seyffert, of Philadelphia, who received honorable mention at the recent International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute.

Revolutions and Reactions in Painting

REVOLUTIONS AND REACTIONS IN PAINTING BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

ATTEMPTING to define what painting ought to be, that profound critic, Thomas Coleridge, arrived at the true meaning of impressionism in the pictorial arts. "Painting," he said, "is the middle quality between a thought and a thing, the union of that which is nature with that which is exclusively human." Now among the great impressionists this middle quality has been established and maintained. In the best pictures by Velasquez the balance was absolutely perfect. If today he is considered the greatest painter of all times, it is because, in making us see the truth of just what he saw, he also made us feel the beauty of just what he felt. Thus we learned from him both the beauty of truth that is so variously appealing to us all and the truth of beauty as revealed to his individual consciousness. The great landscape painters were equally true to this esthetic impressionism. It was Constable who first applied to the study of earth and sky the great principle Velasquez had formulated, namely, the difference between fact and appearance, between actuality and the truth of visual sensation. Yet although this great pathfinder was the first to do justice to the good, familiar world out-of-doors, the first to discard the drop-curtain that had so long passed for landscape, yet his daring brush did not, in its pride, obtrude its new devices. The balance was maintained. Once again, with Corot it was the soul of the poet combined with the enlightened skill of the observant naturalist that cast both the illusion of reality and the spell of fairyland over the commonplace suburbs of Paris. It seems, then, that Coleridge was absolutely right when he said, "Painting is the middle quality between a thought and a thing."

In approaching the exhibitions of these latter days we discover at once how technique has come to vaunt itself, to overwhelm both subject and sentiment. The means of expression are of more concern than the thing to be expressed, and all too often, in spite of many pretensions to the contrary, painters express nothing but the newness of their paint or the newness of their particular cult. As I write, the air of studios in New York is charged with much talk about painting, talk that is full of fanaticism and mystification and real concern for the future of art, all agitated by a recent exposure of crass sensationalism in pictures—an International Exhibition of Modern Art

quite stupefying in its vulgarity. With this experience fresh in memory, the first thought that occurs to me about contemporary painting is that it is lawless, the second, following fast upon the first, is that its lawlessness has in many cases made the painter a slave to his own mad whims and bad habits. Instead of trying to become like the Old Masters, he tries to be what nobody ever wanted to be before him. Superficially, such a philosophy has a gallant air. Gauguin's much-quoted classification of painters as either plagiarists or revolutionists was like a call to battle. The motley hoard of studio-adventurers heard the call. Today they are riotously proclaiming that everything shall be upside down, that in the new art no woman need have a mouth. Instead she may have four eyes, all on the same side of her face. It is not true. But who shall say what is truth? A woman with no mouth and four eyes will give a man a new and strange emotion. That emotion is art. Scratches of pale pink and blobs of blood-red may not suit an anemic taste, but can we be sure that it is not a very exquisite color scheme for interior decoration. Who shall say what is beauty? Pale pink and blood red will give a man a new and strange emotion. That emotion is art. So runs the philosophy of Matisse and his followers.

But of course such extremists are anarchists, not artists. They no more deserve consideration as technicians (in this I agree with Kenyon Cox) than the bad boys whose nasty smudges in colored chalks they unconsciously imitate. When I say that in these latter days technique has come to vaunt itself, to overwhelm subject and sentiment, I do not refer to the Futurists and Cubists nor any other representatives of degeneracy in painting. I am thinking, rather, of the most brilliant artists of our period—men who are making the most vivid history of our own time. Some of them are Romanticists, others Realists, but an influence common to both their camps keeps their advance in a similar direction. This influence is the scientific spirit of the age. Nature is now revered, not so much for its spiritual appeal nor as a wondrous background for the human drama but for its evanescent effects, its fascinating problems. The essential characteristic of the prevailing impressionism is the delight in the display of skill. Of course there are less adventurous spirits content to tell tales to the sentimental public in much the old Victorian fashion or to follow the Barbizon tradition in landscape with unassuming reverence. But the bigger men have been ever abreast of the

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times, striving to render sensation, eager to shock the eye into recognition of an unsuspected beauty, to hold the mind with a thrill of new interest or to lead it down a moonlit lane of fanciful suggestion. When from the proper perspective the annals of the period are written, the names of an amazing host of talented painters will have to be reckoned with. There have been romancers and symbolists, decorators of surfaces great and small, clever and concise analysts of outdoor and indoor light, of men and women of all classes and types, of woods and fields in every season, of city streets and rock-bound coasts. Art has been independent and irrepressible. Painters have worked side by side along widely divergent lines, and each man true to his own philosophy. In this way our children's children shall know us, the many-sidedness of our lives, the complex diversities of our interests as perhaps no other age has ever been known before. Yet through all this varied achievement a single spirit has been

all pervasive, a spirit of joy in painting for painting's sake, in the successful performance of tricks, in the overcoming of self-imposed difficulties, in the production of subtle and novel effects, in all the excitements of virtuosity. Painters are in danger nowadays of forgetting that the best art is "the middle quality between a thought and a thing." Such mystical dreamers as Matthew Maris have left us nothing but the thought, all too subtly suggested for the sake of a special sort of beauty. Such unemotional observers as Claude Monet have left us nothing but the thing, all too plainly presented for the sake of a special sort of truth. But the union—the union of that which is nature with that which is exclusively

human, this *essential compromise*, modern art seems for the most part too self-conscious, too self-sufficient, to ever quite attain.

Objectivity is the main characteristic of the contemporary naturalists, and this is true of the portrait painters, the painters of genre and of landscape. John S. Sargent is certainly one of the great artists of all time. He has been likened to Velasquez and the influence of that master is indeed apparent. There is, however, in Sargent, as in so many of his contemporaries, the display of "bravura" in sheer pride of performance that one

never notices in the more serious art of the great Spaniard. There is more real affinity to Hals, whose impulsive modeling by the brush is at once remembered, also that swift unhesitating capture of the first flash of impression. Sargent, it is true, blurts out his likes and dislikes, showing, for example, the dismal pride that clings to the fag ends of ancient families or ushering in with mock dignity the aristocracy of sudden wealth.

When his subjects interest him, as did Coventry Patmore and dear little Beatrice Golet, he makes them deeply appealing. When, however, they bore or irritate him, he attends to it that all who see his pictures shall share his uncomplimentary impressions. Yet he never paints what he does not actually see. If there is a mask of false pretences between him and his sitter he will not attempt to penetrate it, choosing, rather, to paint it in with particular care. This objectivity of vision is even more a characteristic of our American landscape painters, many of whom delight in the depiction of the most uninteresting scenery. E. W. Redfield paints little else than the slushy roads, the



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LA PENSÉE

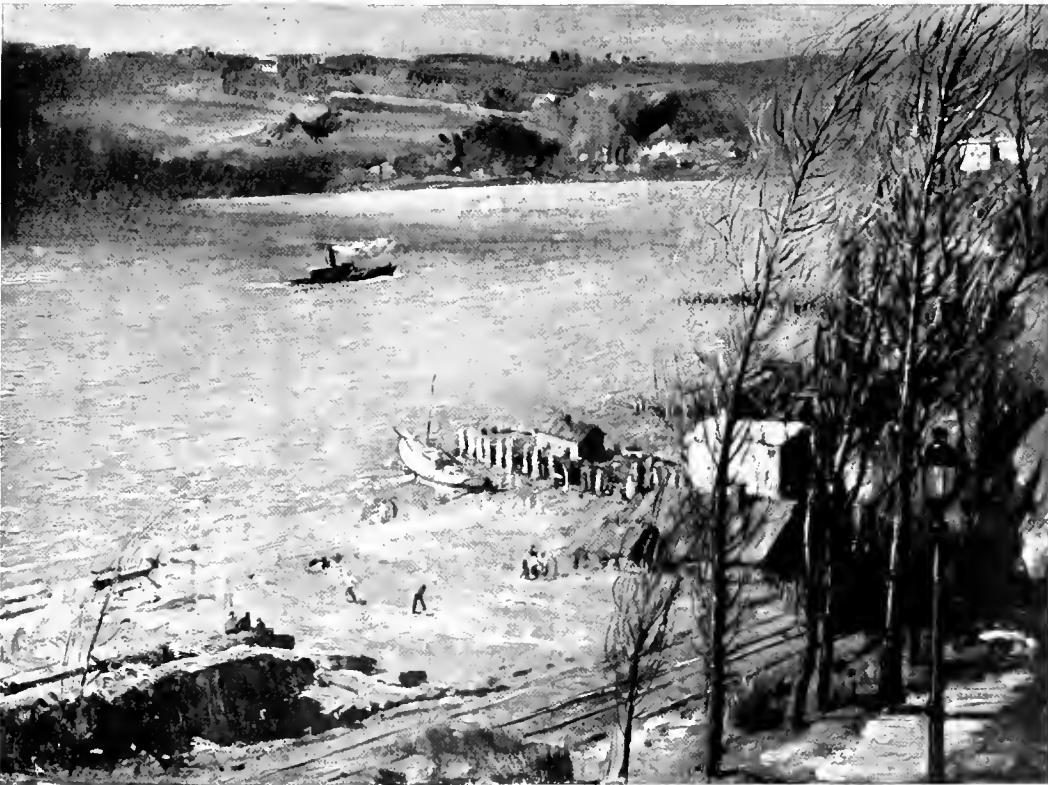
BY RODIN

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flat and barren fields, the squat, crude houses, within a short distance of the Delaware River. Yet his wintry weather is so marvelously true that we seem to breathe frosty, tingling air, and hear the crunch of crusted snow under our boots. In the Metropolitan Museum there is an important example of the work of George Bellows, a young man of great talent all too often misapplied. The picture is called *Up the Hudson*, but a better title would have been *March Winds*. The air seems vibrant with a passionate gust, the kind that stings and roars in passing. Yet there is no over-accentuation, no bending tree-tops, no blown skirts. From behind a cloud the sun has reappeared, although part of the river and the farther shore are still in shadow. The foreground stands out almost depressingly clear in the thin air and hard, cold light. A sleek black locomotive has just burst into sight from around a curve, and steaming briskly in the opposite direction a merry little tug works its willing way up stream, while the whitecaps sparkle and the wind roars. At just such a place, in just such weather, we have experienced just such an emotion. Or is it only a sensation? There is a wholly unexpected beauty in such plain speaking. The illusion stares us

rudely in the face until it becomes almost disquieting, yet the very candor of the language is in its favor. We end by approving of it for its "confounded cleverness."

This wholesome objectivity—derived from Courbet—has been subjected to innumerable experiments and adventures. Manet was among the first in this field. From portraiture of a distinguished quality reminiscent of Hals and Goya, he turned in later years to the study of light and the new, high-keyed palette, and soon became absorbed in such problems as sunlight filtered through foliage upon white dresses and black hats, or the artificial illumination of ballrooms and theatres. To him and to Degas, who with classic grace, Japanese waywardness and Gallic irony, celebrated the ballet girl, we are indebted for more than the mere outward semblance of Paris, rather the spectacle of modern life as seen through the modern temperament. Besnard has kept bright the traditions of Manet and Degas. He will paint you the darkness of an amphitheatre contrasted with the glare on the stage. Then, again, he will display the curious effect of morning sunlight from an unseen window reflected on one side of a woman's body, while the other side catches the



Metropolitan Museum of Art
UP THE HUDSON

BY GEORGE BELLOWS

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tlickering gleam of firelight from an unseen hearth. Such trick pictures have a certain fascination. Of that there can be no doubt. One man I know posts himself on the top of a very tall building which stands on the top of a very tall hill. From this eminence he dares to paint the snow-covered roofs of houses—a hundred feet below. Not satisfied with the difficulties of the point of view, he selects that baffling half hour, just before a winter night sets in, when the feeble, blinking yellow lights over a city seem to flicker and fade in the gray and stifling gloom. This is objectivity becoming unwholesome; since no beauty can come of it unless we concede beauty to all things skilfully handled. When art is made into a science it loses its own identity. As that thorough modernist, George Moore, acknowledged, "great art sees, dreams, expresses but reasons never, never calculates." Calculation, he declared, was a sure sign of decadence in pictorial creation. Now Claude

Monet was himself a great master, whose enthusiasm for the truth of aerial vibration was almost lyrical, almost sun worship. Yet the important system he discovered actuated such extremists as Seurat and Signac to multi-colored stitches, guaranteed to make the air vibrate with accuracy. I really believe that it was a reaction from this excessive objectivity that induced such unbalanced fanatics as Cézanne and Van Gogh to imagine that they saw nature subjectively in cubes and ovals, and the half-savage Gauguin to return altogether to savagery in order to free his ego from the complications and calculations of science. The mad-house designs of the Cubists and the Futurists followed these men in logical succession.

The creative mind is apt to be always in a ferment of revolt against whatever mental fashion or convention happens to be prevailing. Revolutions in the style of painting are the natural consequence of the perfectly normal desire of painters to attract attention to their hitherto neglected talents. When a painter realizes that he cannot hope to compete with the past, he falls back upon the consoling thought that at least he may anticipate the future. There have always been futurists because there have always been failures; also, let me hasten to add, because change is necessary

to life—art stagnating when invention stands still. Yet change does not necessarily mean progress, and the art of the future is not necessarily an advance upon the art of the past. The history of art is a history of reactions. A reaction from either genuinely primitive or pseudo-primitive crudity will tend to bring us back to culture, its complexities and refinements. A Renaissance is apt to degenerate into an



Musée de Luxembourg
LA TABLE

BY SIDANER

eclectic period impotent to invent on its own account. Consequently new initiative is needed and the Futurists promptly appear. But with each revolt against outworn convention a new convention is sure to be established—and so school succeeds school and the cycles of reaction go round. Time winnows the wheat from the chaff, for individuals are greater than schools and their systems and revolutions. Time saves for us the Gothic craftsmen who like children emerged so long ago from their cloistered retreats into a new and busy world; in whose pictures naturally subject was supreme. Time saves for us the great men of the great epochs that came after, when once appreciation had grown out of

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perception; men who, with leisure, learned how to select beauty and to dream dreams and to evoke romance, and who painted for the glory of God and the joy of life and even for the joy of the painting. But Time relentlessly discards the men of the decadence of stagnation who obey laws without thinking and imitate what has gone before—weak from overmuch knowledge and humility—and it rejects with scorn the claims to consideration of those charlatans who imitate not the best but the *worst* forms and colors that the hand of man can devise.

But let us return to our story of revolutions and reactions.

Italy was the fashion until Watteau adapted the Italian idyll to French taste and his own intimate emotion. When the French Revolution swept aside the prettiness that had degenerated into a convention with Watteau's imitators, the Consulate and the Empire set up instead, for the guidance of artists, the sterner forms of Roman and Greek statues; a formidable revival of classic outlines and imposing subjects from history that left no room for the personal impression. It was a fierce revolt against this depressing scholasticism that Delacroix defied the rule of Ingres and asserted the need of freedom for the imagination. But his paintings were in their turn discovered to be too literary; still too dependent upon subject for inspiration, like the novels of Scott and the poems of Byron. It was Constable who rediscovered the romance of reality which Vermeer had known, and Constable it was who fathered the great Barbizon masters of France. Then came a blunt, coarse peasant named Courbet, who said in effect: "The romance of reality be hanged! Get down to facts." Thus he ushered in the uncompromising Naturalists and their descendants, the Optical Illusionists. As I have already observed, Monet was a great master, but light was his obsession, and when once his theory of sunspots had been exaggerated by extremists, his fine, strong art degenerated into a mean little science. From this orgy of objectivity reaction set in and we beheld an orgy of the subjective in New York at the International Exhibition. Between the stitches of Signac and cubes of Picabia there may seem to be a superficial resemblance, but there is really a world of difference. When Signac paints the Bay of Naples the stitches



Metropolitan Museum of Art
VILLE D'AVRAY, NEAR PARIS

BY COROT

describe the rotary motion of the air as sensed by the optic nerve. When Picabia treats the same subject his cubes do not refer to the atmosphere in relation to any nerve. They express the state of mind into which he is plunged upon observing the Bay of Naples under the stress of heaven only knows what hideous circumstance.

That the Cubists are doing something new cannot be denied, although just what it is that they are doing no one has yet perceived. Seen with sufficient sympathy might not these visions symbolize the chaos before creation or the crash at the end of everything? One picture looked to me like the wreck of an aeroplane, another something like a landslide, a third very like a bad dream, perhaps a carpenter's nightmare of ten thousand splintered shingles. But no, the first was entitled *Portrait of a Man*, the second *Religious Procession in Seville*, the third *A Nude Descending a Staircase*. In the newspaper the other day I read Mr. Picabia's explanation of these mysteries. "The objectivity," he says, "of the subjectivity is in every case superinduced by the original sensation." At the exhibition it was interesting to look at the people. Occasionally I detected a sly smile or a suppressed giggle, but for the most part a pitiful struggle was going on to find sense in the nonsense, to discover the connection between the titles in the catalogue and the frenzied cubes and colors on the walls. One such picture would have relegated its creator to a very private sanatorium. But a hundred and more! Evidently an important movement! Evidently to be taken in all seriousness! And so they stood about agonizing themselves into the frame of mind which in the end made everything quite clear to them, and the

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complicated emotions of the Cubists their emotions, no less. May the Lord temper to them their affliction! And all the while I could well imagine the perpetrators of the little joke watching the result of their labors with satisfaction—winking the other eye, quite weak from excessive laughter. But to the public the philosophy of cules is made to seem ever so serious. We are told that in order to express our modern consciousness we must rid ourselves of every impression, have done with every memory of nature and other pictures, and simply confess frankly and

without bashfulness what it is we *feel* when we neither see nor think of anything in particular. What we feel may be chaos. So much the better. It is the awful chaos before the creation of "the art of the future."

The movement is not new. It is in its last decrepitude. It is not a beginning. It is the end of a reaction against impersonal truth telling in pictures that reached its limit (for the present) in Courbet, Manet and Monet, and against subjective estheticism in pictures that could go no farther (for the present) than the Japanese "arrangements" of Whistler and the stained-glass beatitudes of the pre-Raphaelites. After these men decadence set in. Then it was that Paul Cézanne decided that painters were becoming too unemotional and scientific in their conception of truth, and too effeminate or too literary in their conception of beauty. He and Van Gogh determined to lay the foundations for the "art of the future," which was to be an art of personal expression—beginning, as in childhood, with the most naive exclamations of surprise upon beholding the most homely and familiar objects. To this infantile point of view—free from all prejudice and pre-conception—they trained their vision, and the deliberate crudities they created had so unmistakable a quality of elemental frankness that young revolutionists dreamed of returning through this art to the secret of Giotto's simplicity, wherefrom to begin all over again. There were artists much bigger than these fanatics, who all uncon-



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LE MOULIN DE LA GALETTE

BY RENOIR

sciously abetted the Futurist affectations and exaggerations. I have in mind Rodin's return to Gothic directness of emotion, Monticelli's return to unrepresentative ornament, Puviss de Chavanne's return to Greek rhythm and primitive innocence, as seen through yearning modern eyes; finally Renoir, who though associated with the luminarists, was far from being an impersonal observer, but one who saw the Parisian world, "haute monde" and "demi-monde," in a shimmer of vivid colors symbolical of his gaily emotional temperament. All these men were great in their own work, but injurious to little men inclined to be lawless and desirous of notoriety. The present decadence then set in with Cézanne and Van Gogh and Gauguin with Moreau and Conder and Beardsley. Drawing was to be as free as the thought that guides it, and emotion free from all restraint of knowledge. The fallacy of such expression was obvious. This was no return to nature. Instead of devotion to the great masters of the past, to the Greek standard of form, the Venetian standard of color, the Velasquez standard of values, the Dutch standard of surface quality, these men harked back instead to primitive models, to Gothic gargoyles and monastic missals, to Egyptian carvings and Indian carpets, to Persian miniatures and Chinese embroideries, even to Polynesian textiles. Finally with Matisse the degeneration of this so-called "expressionism" reached its bottom. Certainly this person creates patterns unworthy of the mere ignorance of little

AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY
C. ARNOLD SLADE

FROM the 16th to the 30th of October, the paintings of Mr. C. Arnold Slade made a



DETAIL OF THE ADULTRESS
BEFORE CHRIST

BY C. ARNOLD
SLADE

handsome showing on the walls of the Art Club, Philadelphia. Mr. Slade is a young American painter of promise and performance, and one of the very few specializing in Biblical subjects. His great picture, great in size and conception, here reproduced, which has since found a purchaser, is entitled *Christ on the Mountain*, and is a sincere and dignified masterpiece: the commanding figure might have received more prominence and the disciples are here and there, possibly, a little unnatural in pose, but on the whole it is a remarkable canvas, full of the spell of the East and the solemnity of the occasion.

Another large canvas from the East is his *Adulteress Before Christ*, 10 by 12 feet, of which we reproduce a detail. A charming twilight, the *Shepherd*, shows great temperamental ability, and is one of his finest Oriental studies. Such men as C. Arnold Slade and H. O. Tanner are demonstrating to the world how successful American art is today in the most difficult field, namely, Biblical painting.

Visitors were astounded at the prolific zeal of this prodigy, who, despite the fact that he exhibited here a full room of paintings less than two years ago, had returned with seventy canvases and no repeats.

A symbolical work, *Knowledge is Power*, which we reproduce on page cxxviii, teems with rich imagination intelligently applied, and its lesson is apparent. Finely drawn and in harmonious color, this picture, if not already disposed of, should find an honorable resting place in some important library. Mr. Slade shows his art training under Laurens, whose academic touch has inspired the pupil without robbing him of his marked individuality.

Yet another large canvas, full of movement and atmosphere, is entitled *Return of the Shrimpers*, and is redolent of Brittany. The artist has given a first-class rendering of a healthy fisher girl stepping out well from her hips, but, unfortunately, this happy pose has been repeated in the other figures, somewhat disturbing the *ensemble*: none the less, it is a remarkable canvas, and seems to shower one with sea spray.

Mr. Slade seems to have planted his easel on many sites. Besides Jerusalem he has sketched in Tangier, Paris, Constantinople, Normandy and Brittany, Venice, Egypt and Rome. His painting of *Village of Etaples* has passed to Mrs. John L. Gardner, while the D. P. Kimball collection is the richer for a canvas entitled *Market—Tangier*.

After a very successful sojourn in Philadelphia,



CHRIST ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY C. ARNOLD SLADE

the Slade Exhibition moved to Copley Hall, where the same success was met with. Besides appreciation of the visiting public, some ten paintings were secured for different collections. To quote Mr. William R. Lester:

"They have the distinctive note of the modern French school—vibrant, clear, luminous and imaginative. The subjects have become well-

nigh stereotyped in this branch of artistic production, but the Slade viewpoints are none the less original and pictorially interesting. There are few painters of this school who could render so well at once the cool greens and dull grays of a Normandy farm and the burning sunlight that blazes in the streets of Slade's Tangiers pictures."



CAMELS AND DRIVER
CXXXII

BY C. ARNOLD SLADE



WATER-CARRIER, TANGIER

BY C. ARNOLD SLADE



A DECORATIVE PANEL, "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"

BY C. ARNOLD SLADE



SEA WAIFS

BY C. ARNOLD SLADE

George T. Plowman



STATUE OF LIBERTY

A PENCIL DRAWING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company

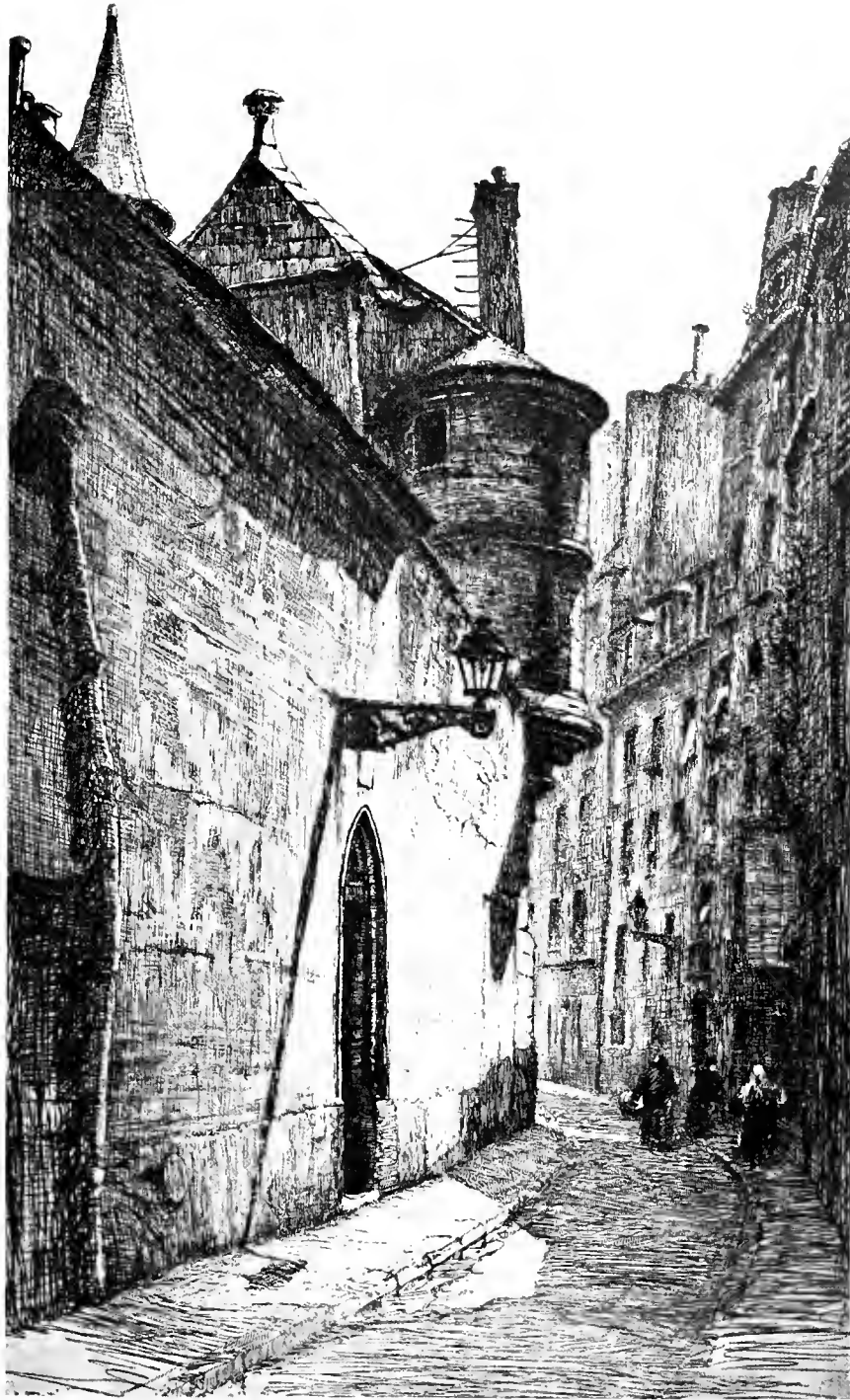
A BIT OF OLD PARIS

A LITHOGRAPH BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

DRAWINGS,
ETCHINGS,
ETC., BY
GEORGE T.
PLOWMAN

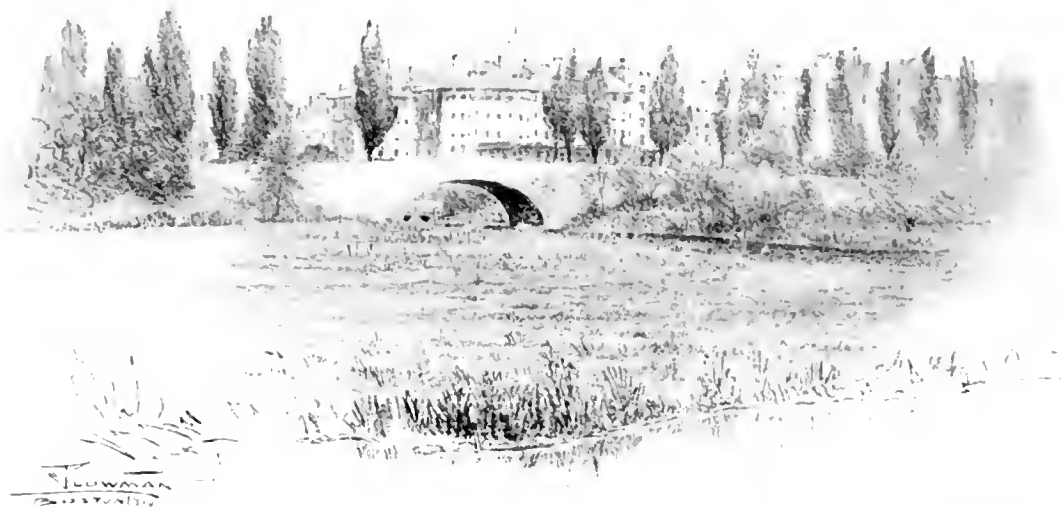
A GRADUATE of the University of Minnesota, George T. Plowman studied architecture abroad in Paris and elsewhere.

Through articles and illustrations in *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, of which he possesses a complete set, he became interested in etching, and studied in the different print rooms of America before going abroad. After further study in Continental print rooms, Mr. Plowman entered the Royal College of Engraving at South Kensington, London, and thus came under the tutelage of Sir Frank Short. For the last two winters he has studied at the school, etching in England and on the Continent during the summer months. These have been two busy years, for they have yielded about forty plates, besides nu-



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company

HOTEL DE SENS, PARIS
ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN



THE FENWAY BOSTON

PENCIL DRAWING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

merous lithographs and drawings. Although only, comparatively speaking, a beginner, this artist is represented already in many permanent collections, both in America and abroad: Royal College and Crystal Palace, London; Art Museum, Boston; Public Library, New York; Congressional Library, Washington, etc. Visitors to the Brown-Robertson Co., 707 Fifth Avenue, were able to see a roomful of his plates, along with the exhibition of the etchings of Earl H. Reed, of Chicago, whose work was discussed in the November number of this magazine.

Mr. Plowman is spending a few weeks in New York, and has, like Pennell, Deville and a few

others, fallen a victim to its pictorial charms to such an extent that he is executing a series of drawings, one of which heads the article and speaks for itself. In time New Yorkers will recognize the fact that they are the privileged residents of a very beautiful city.

THE COLLEGE ART ASSOCIATION

THE third annual meeting of this Association under the presidency of Prof. Holmes Smith, of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., will be held in the Harper Memorial Library, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill., on the 29th and 30th of December. This organization of college art teachers, now in its third year, represents through its membership over fifty of the leading colleges and universities of the United States. The purpose of the organization is to promote and standardize efficient instruction in the fine arts in the American institutions of higher education. At the meeting to be held in Chicago several leaders of esthetical study will present addresses on special topics in art education. One feature of the program that is of primary importance to the organization will be discussions of reports on courses of study.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company
BALZAC'S HOUSE, PARIS

ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company

RUE DE PRÊTRES, PARIS
ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

Achilles Tapestries Designed by Rubens

A CHILLES TAPESTRIES DESIGNED BY RUBENS

THE inventory of the property of the painter Rubens, made at his death in 1640, listed ten small oil-painted panels of wood, picturing the story of Achilles. But as the inventory of his father-in-law, Daniel Fourment, who died three years later, listed only eight, and as the two sets of engravings made from the panels—by François Ertringer, Antwerp, 1670, and by Bernard Baron, London, 1724—included only eight, it has been supposed that possibly the *ten* of the Rubens inventory was an error. It remained for Dr. Wilhelm R. Valentiner, Curator of Decorative Arts of the New York Metropolitan Museum, to prove that there must have been at least nine, by discovering last year in a New York shop the two tapestries illustrated herewith, and now lent to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts by Mr. George R. White. While one of these tapestries, *The Anger of Achilles against Agamemnon*, reproduces one of the well-known eight designs, the other is different from any of them, and, as is shown by the Latin inscription in the cartouche at the top, *Achilles puer a matre adducitur ad oraculum*, pictures a scene introductory to the series. *The Child Achilles Brought by his Mother to the Oracle*. On the right the boy Achilles, entirely nude, is ushered into the fane by his mother, Thetis, who in her right hand bears a richly chased cup to add to the offerings already deposited before the altar. The laurel-crowned and richly-robed priest receives her graciously. Two acolytes bear flaming lamps with elaborately ornamented standards. The caryatides on each side are Minerva and Hercules, the Goddess of War and the God of Strength, to whom Achilles was consecrated. The style of both panel and border is eminently Rubenesque—deep

shadows and bold reliefs, with Baroque architecture. The tapestry is signed in the bottom selvedge with the Brussels mark (a shield between two B's) and with the initials (G. V. D. S.) of G. Van Der Strecken. Mr. White's other Achilles tapestry, *The Anger of Achilles against Agamemnon*, is signed (I. V. LEEFDAEL), Ian Van Leefdael, who was also associated with G. Van Der Strecken in weaving at least one other well-known set of tapestries, the five at the Metropolitan Museum picturing the story of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The subjects of Rubens' nine Achilles designs, arranged in the order of the story, are:

1. *Achilles Brought to the Oracle.*
2. *Achilles Dipped in the Styx*
3. *Achilles Educated by Cheiron.*
4. *Achilles Recognized by Ulysses among the Daughters of Lycomedes.*
5. *Achilles' Mother, Thetis, Procuring Arms for him from Vulcan.*
6. *The Anger of Achilles against Agamemnon.*
7. *Briseïs Restored to Achilles.*
8. *The Death of Hector.*
9. *The Death of Achilles.*



Loaned by Mr. George R. White to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

THE ANGER OF ACHILLES AGAINST AGAMEMNON



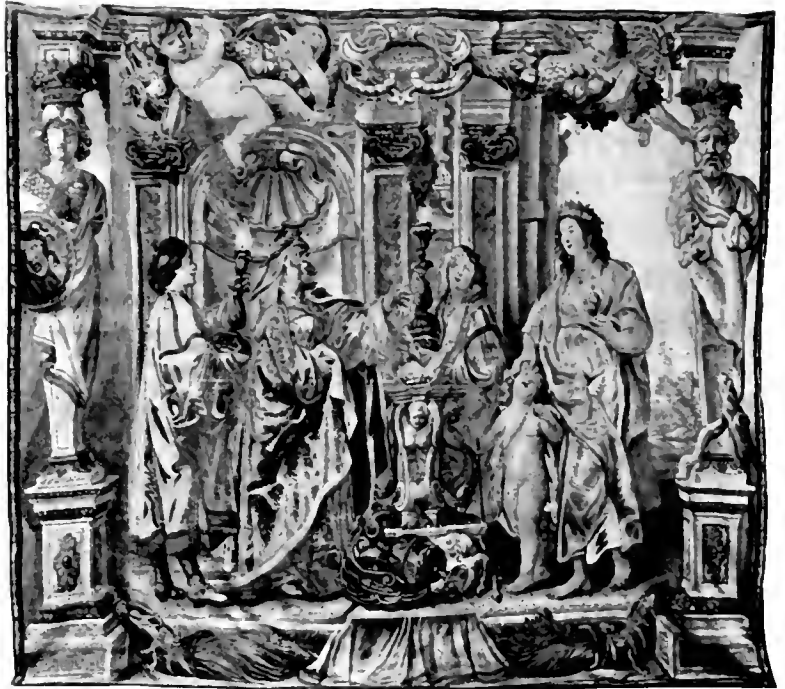
CHEIRON INSTRUCTING ACHILLES

ACHILLES DIPPED IN THE STYX

Engraving by the Rev. G. Wallcut

Of these, No. 1 survives only in the first of Mr. White's two Achilles tapestries; Nos. 2 to 9 in both sets of engravings mentioned above; Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9 in the original small paintings on wood owned by Lord Barrymore and often exhibited, notably at the National Loan Exhibition held in the Grafton Galleries, London, 1909-10; No. 6, in the second of Mr. White's two Achilles tapestries illustrated on the opposite page; Nos. 2 and 3, and three others, in the form of tapestries in the Brussels Museum, illustrated here, but with borders that, as the illustration shows, are different and less interesting.

Several of the designs also survive in the form of copies painted by pupils of Rubens. G. L. H.



Loaned by Mr. George R. White to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

ACHILLES AT THE ORACLE

BOOK REVIEWS

B THE ART OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION. By Henry C. Shelley. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.) \$2.00.

The very mention of collection or museum or gallery produces the fear of "minutes," "directors' meetings," lengthy "catalogues," "building estimates" and such like uninteresting topics, but such fear is quite unwarranted in the case of any volume by Mr. Shelley, who knows how to write very entertainingly of art collections, without introducing the dull end. We are reassured by the opening lines:

"On a July afternoon of the year 1774 the fashionables of London who drove along Piccadilly on their way to an airing in Hyde Park, saw the wit of the day, George Selwyn, seated upon the steps of my Lord March's house, fondling a little girl."

Nothing dull about that, in very truth. The romance of *Mie Mie* is pleasantly recounted, and how the treasures of Hertford House fell to Lady Wallace and ultimately to the British nation. In viewing the galleries the author advises the visitor to select his quarry and pursue it. After due consideration of the various pictures with a running

commentary of criticism and anecdote, Mr. Shelley turns to other furnishings of Hertford House and several chapters are devoted to furniture, bronzes, marbles, porcelain, illuminations, miniatures, arms and armor. Good illustrations and a good index complete a very much-needed book, for, strange to say, the bibliography on the Wallace collection has so far been meagre, in spite of the fact that for thirteen years this marvellous assortment of artistic treasures has been made over to the public view.

JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS AND THEIR DESIGNERS. By Frederick William Gookin. (The Japan Society, New York.) \$10.00.

The Japan Society has spared no expense in publishing an edition de luxe of one thousand copies, consisting of a lecture delivered before the Society some two years ago by Mr. Gookin, together with a catalogue of Japanese color prints exhibited the same year at the Fifth Avenue Building. The volume is sumptuously treated in type, paper and general get-up, while there are twenty-four full-page prints in color, representing the choicest exhibits of the Ukiyoé School, which crystalized in the person of Moronobu and became decrepit toward the middle of the nineteenth century. Such names as Hokusai and Hiroshige have

Book Reviews

reached world-wide fame and good impressions by them are masterpieces of rare distinction. Among many beautiful reproductions, none can exceed in interest *Pines at Hamamatsu*, by Hiroshige, proving him to have been a consummate master of landscape art.

RENAISSANCE AND MODERN ART. By William H. Goodyear, M.A. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) 50 cents.

The reprint, by the Macmillan Company of "Renaissance and Modern Art," by William H. Goodyear, Curator of Fine Arts in the Museum of Brooklyn Institute, again brings to mind the excellence of this volume for those who desire to acquire a working knowledge of the general cultural tendencies of modern times, which finds its beginnings in the Italian Renaissance at the dawn of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Goodyear traces with scholarly mastery the rise of modern art and social life in Italy of that day and follows its influences throughout the northern countries of Europe, spreading to America of our own generation and the painters of today, ending with Winslow Homer, F. V. Du Mond and Edwin Blashfield.

The authority of the author is happily unquestioned, and the tracing of the dual tendencies of art and political life of modern Europe is agreeably enlightening, as well as interesting.

The present volume follows the "Roman and Medieval Art" by the same author, which first appeared as a text-book in the Chautauqua Reading Course, ample proof of the popularity and usefulness of the manual. The volume is excellently and profusely illustrated.

THE ESSENTIALS OF COMPOSITION AS APPLIED TO ART. By John V. Van Pelt. (The Macmillan Co.) \$1.75.

This is an amplified edition of the author's "Discussion of Composition," originally a course of lectures delivered at Cornell University, and has been to a great extent re-written in the twelve years between the two works. Composition applies to all arts, but it is to the art of architecture that this volume is especially directed, and the past decade having developed new methods of building and new vogues, it has been considerably added to and improved upon. Unusual problems have been treated, such as, for instance, amphitheatres and lecture halls, riding schools, etc. The important question of acoustics has come under consideration in the case of the former.

The book is full of information to architect or layman.

A HISTORY OF GREEK ART. By F. B. Tarbell. (The Macmillan Co.) 50 cents.

The Macmillan Standard Library has attracted another recruit in the shape of a compact little re-issue of Greek art, with a chapter on Egyptian and Mesopotamian Art, by Professor Tarbell, of Chicago University. Pre-historic art, architecture and painting receive a chapter apiece, while the bulk of the 300-page manual is devoted to sculpture.

The booklet is profusely illustrated and has an incomplete index.

THE MESSAGE OF GREEK ART. By H. H. Powers. (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.00.

The author points out carefully that his book makes no pretense of being a history. Recent discoveries are so inaccessible that no one who has had access to these recovered civilizations need apologize for passing on some of the joy and inspiration he may have felt. In discussing Greek art emphasis is on the adjective rather than on the noun, the subject being ever associated with a background of Greek civilization and history. The author's attitude in presenting this work is best explained in his own words: "Through the aid of Greek art once more to worship Athena in her temple, to rejoice with the bridegroom at the bride imbued with charm by Aphrodite, to join in the sad farewell at the departure to the undiscovered country, and with Orpheus resign Eurydice to the Lord of Shades, and in turn, to feel our heart leap within us as Helios bursts from the waves and his chariot gleams from the sky, *this is to know Greek art.*" Consequently, the reader can familiarize himself with such themes as Art and the Tyrants; Art and Democracy; Art and Empire; Art and the Scientist; Art and the Philosophers; The Diffusion of Art, etc. Surely a welcome repast. A tasteful binding added to 137 illustrations, mostly full-page cuts, make the book a suitable Christmas gift to people who do not startle one by asking "What are *pericles?*"

A HANDBOOK OF MODERN FRENCH SCULPTURE. By D. Cady Eaton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.00.

This compact little handbook is an excellent fellow to the author's "Modern French Painting," and quite eclipses all guide books in the valuable bibliographies it contains of all sculptors of note,

Book Reviews

living or dead. One hundred and eighty-nine very clear full-page cuts, along with illuminating criticisms of masterpieces, make this work indispensable to gallery lovers and art students. An interesting introduction quotes Hegel, Voituren and Lévêgne upon esthetics, after which the growth of sculpture in France is historically followed from medieval and Renaissance times, on through the reign of Henri II (when sculpture as understood today may be said to have commenced) to Louis XIV and continued to modern times, artists of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries being separately grouped, which is a very convenient arrangement. Interesting items follow, such as Cluny, Bonnat's contribution to Barye's Centenary, Carpeaux's *La Danse* being a translation from *Le Nouvel Opera*, by Charles Garnier, until an alphabetical list of sculptors spells *Finis* to a capital piece of work.

ART AND COMMON-SENSE. By Royal Cortissoz. (Scribner's.) Price, \$1.75.

There is no art critic in America today that writes better than Cortissoz. He has always something to say and has a very incisive way of saying it; moreover, he possesses, what so very few of them can lay claim to, the saving grace of humor. A mere mention of some of his fourteen chapter headings will show what interesting matter he has selected to discuss: Ingres—a Pilgrimage to Montauban; The Post-Impressionist Illusion; Whistler; Sargent; Spanish Art; Four Leaders in American Architecture, etc.

His essay on the Armory Exhibition is a scathing attack on "whirling dervishes," as he styles many of the independents and post-impressionist hierophants. Talking of the Cubists, he employs a Spanish proverb which asserts that it is waste of lather to shave an ass; *une bucolique*, by M. de Segonzac, should be without the "bu," and so forth. His criticism of Rodin is robust and fearless; he treads firmly where angels hesitate to enter. Mr. Cortissoz is never dull. His visit to poor Vierge is charmingly related, and his final chapter is very *à propos* in which he treats of the late J. P. Morgan as a collector. We know of no art book of recent times that makes better or more instructive reading.

THE PICTORIAL LIFE OF CHRIST. Illustrated from scenes modeled in wax by D. Mastroianni. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.00.

A beautiful book is here offered, which besides containing 80 full-page reproductions from plastic

models by the Tissot of sculpture, as Mastroianni has been so aptly described, tells the old, old drama in the most graphic and stirring manner, by the pen of Ira Seymour Dodd. From Bethlehem to Golgotha each scene and incident has been staged in Nazareth and Jerusalem, and the figures stand out in true sculptural vigor, background and accessories being admirably true in character. The artist's *maquettes*, or models in miniature, have brought him well-merited fame.

The illustrations are fine beyond all criticism. Turn, for instance, to the picture of Christ as he utters the memorable words, "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise," or the picture of Lazarus. Nothing could be more pathetically expressive than the Prodigal's return; paternal love has never been better portrayed by brush or chisel. Well typed, on good paper, this work is a handsome gift for old or young people.

THE CUBIES. Versed by Mary Mills Lyall and pictured by Earl Harvey Lyall. (E. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$1.00.

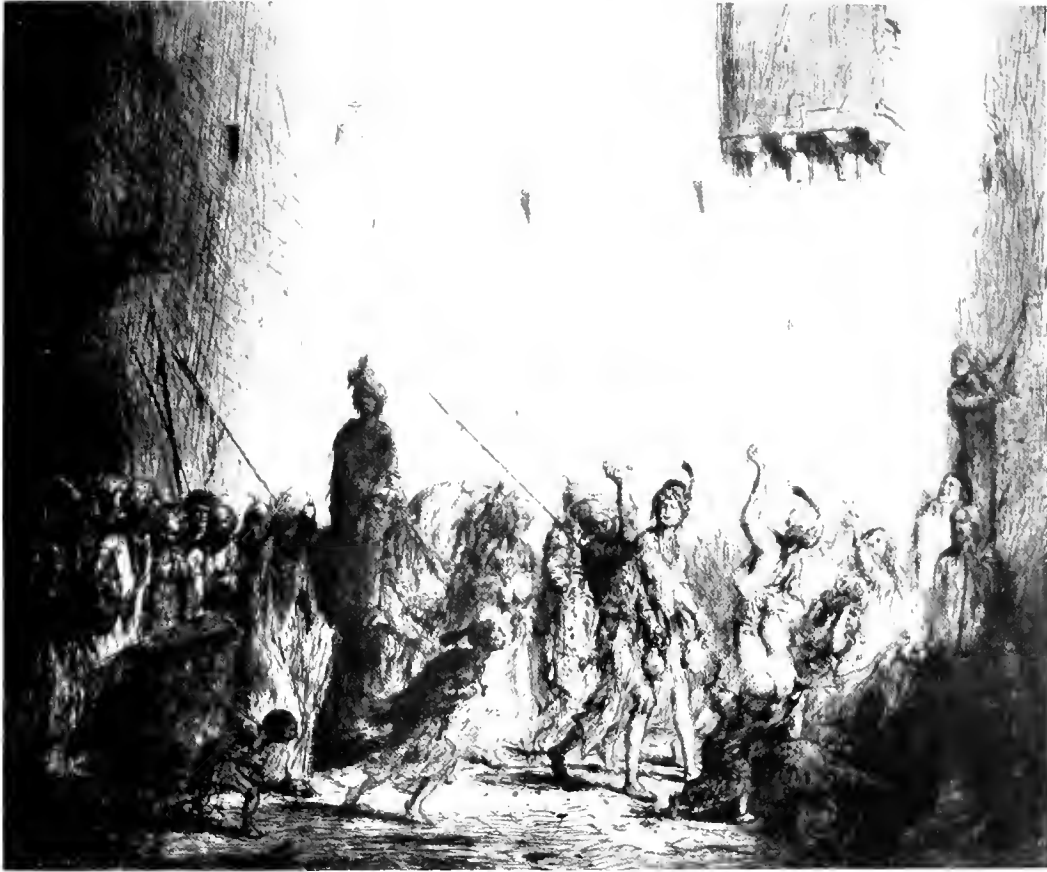
This little book is an alphabet heaping every sort of satirical abuse upon the Cubists, who owed their incubation to the Association of American Painters and Sculptors. It is a delightfully funny A B C, and will cause plenty of amusement at Christmas, with such merry verses as the following:

N's for the Nudes that the Cubies portray,—
We willingly vouch for their perfect propriety.
Even while some we regard with dismay—
For instance, the lady as long as Broadway,
With all due respect, we don't crave her society!
—N's for the Nudes that the Cubies portray.

LITTLE SHAVERS. By J. R. Shaver. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

An American Phil May is very apparent in J. R. Shaver, who has studied New York's East Side to splendid advantage in a 150-page quarto, which is sure to be an attractive gift book for the Christmas season. Mr. Shaver has a keen sense of humor and the children he portrays can be seen all about the city and parks any day of the week. In one picture a young ragamuffin at an open window, his face becomingly enveloped in a scarf, harangues his comrades on the sidewalk on their way to school: "I ain't goin' to school, fellers. I got to go to the dentist." To which they reply in chorus: "Gee! You're lucky." Grandmama carefully examining a little shaver who has been "stung by a hen" is delicious, and so *ad infinitum*.

In the Galleries



Owned by the Hackley Gallery, Muskegon, Michigan

THE PRINCE

BY MARIUS A. J. BAUER

IN THE GALLERIES

WHETHER it be rumors of war or whatever other cause, certain it is that New York's art season this year is making a very late start. However, there has been quite a lot to see during the past month and promise of still better things later on. One of the most prominent and successful exhibitions was the one-man show at the Berlin Photographic Company's galleries on Madison Avenue. Mr. Martin Birnbaum collected a large amount of material on Léon Bakst, and added to his catalogue a capital essay upon the life work of this eminent artist, who after capturing the esteem of Paris

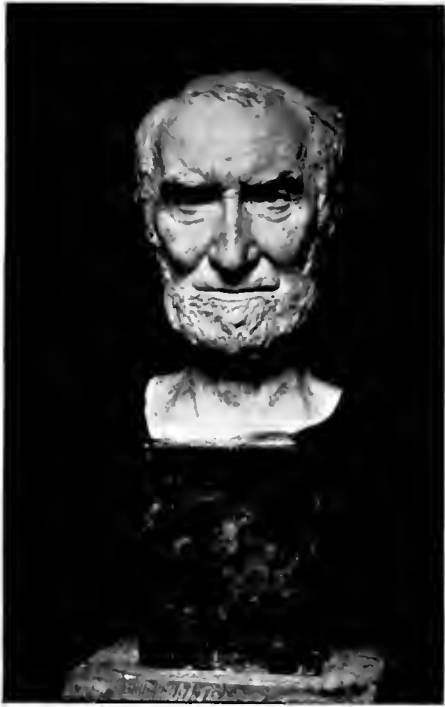


Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries

GLOUCESTER

BY GUY C. WIGGINS

In the Galleries



PORTRAIT BUST OF EX-SPEAKER JOSEPH M. CANNON BY ALBERT JAEGER'S

and London, is now making his bow to the American public.

Etchings are maintaining their great popularity, and there have been several exhibitions. During the first half of November color etchings by George Senseney were much admired at the print gallery of Brown-Robertson Company, 707 Fifth Avenue, followed by one-man shows of Earl H. Reed, of Chicago, and George T. Plowman, of Berkeley, Cal. Each of these artists has had his work commented upon in the November and present issue of *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*.

Some one remarked that he considered the growing taste for etchings was "a sort of unconscious protest on the part of intelligent people against the complexity and luxury of modern life." Keppel & Co. are supporting this protest by an admirable display of Rembrandt etchings, which will be on view until the 6th instant. Eighty superb impressions, many of them only states, showing the delicacy and force which make him the "last word" in his art. About the same number of plates by D. Y. Cameron, both

etchings and dry points, may be seen at the galleries of Kennedy & Co., while C. W. Kraushaar has been exhibiting rare plates by Muirhead Bone and D. Y. Cameron, at 260 Fifth Avenue.

The Cottier Company is another firm that has moved uptown, and they are doing business at 718 Fifth Avenue. Their galleries are small, but very suitable for showing masterpieces, of which they have a great number: *The Entry into Constantinople by the Crusaders*, by Delacroix; a superb Troyon painted in 1850; a large canvas by J. F.



MRS. JOHN B. YEAGER OF WILKES BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

BY F. W. WRIGHT

In the Galleries



Awarded Second Honor at Pittsburgh
CORA AND CLEMENCE

BY ARTHUR W. SPARKS

Millet, representing the ancient myth of Ædipus being taken from the tree wrapped in a sheepskin; a portrait of a former governor of Madras, Sir George Ashby, by Reynolds, etc.

The Ehrich Brothers are just getting comfortable in their new quarters uptown at 707 Fifth Avenue, and have commenced their season by exhibiting selected Old Masters. The most interesting exhibit, perhaps, is a wonderful triptych by Henri Met de Bles, representing the *Nativity*, *Adoration of the Magi* and *The Flight into Egypt*.

Mr. Fischer has lately returned from Europe with many good things which are being carefully held back until the season is more advanced. As he rightly remarks: "Why use all your powder at once?" His gallery, notwithstanding, is full of beautiful seventeenth-century Dutch masters, which form a beautiful background to a *cassone* and box in perfect condition, which he has not kept back. Said treasure is in wonderful preservation and with its baroque ornaments at the angles is a feast of pleasure.

The New York Water Color Club have concluded their twenty-fourth annual exhibition at the American

Fine Arts Building, and may be congratulated on having shown good discretion in what they accepted. Among over 300 exhibits, where so much is above mediocrity, we can only notice very few. *Wet Evening, Columbus Circle*, by C. P. Gruppe, is a clever drawing; *Red Berries*, by Dorothy Carner, is a beautiful still-life, the berries showing very agreeably against a blue vase; Edmund Garrett made good showing in his Bermuda study entitled *Winter Sunshine*; Glenn Newell exhibited a picture called *October*, with a cleverly drawn cow; Whittimore had some capital studies made in Stockholm; Alphæus P. Cole showed a mother and child cleverly executed in mellow

yellow-brown tints—the light on the mother's hand, reflected through the fingers from the candle she holds as she stoops over her babe, reveals great skill; *On the Pergola*, by Robert A. Graham, and Helen Cox's *In the Nursery*, are fine child studies. Colin C. Cooper exhibited *The White House*; here his dot-and-dash manner is very effective. Louise B. Mansfield had two excellent figure pictures, called *The Novel* and *The Letter*. We were pleased



Awarded First Honor at Pittsburgh
WINTER

BY MABEL KILLAM DAY

In the Galleries



OUR SAVIOUR

BY L. KERR

to notice that the ultra-modern extremists, such as are called by Mr. Cortissoz the wild dervishes of art, were only given very scant wall space.

Friends and admirers of the late Addison T. Millar will be glad to know that his friend, the well-known sculptor, Mr. Solon H. Borglum, is arranging to give an exhibition of this gifted artist's work, and it is safe to predict a very interesting exhibition, which it is to be hoped will soon take place. This artist's recent work is so much in advance of his earlier efforts that it will come as a great surprise.

The exhibition at the Montross Gallery is of unique interest. Such a collection of early Chinese art as Mr. A. W. Bahr has gotten together is not to be seen elsewhere. Besides some twenty wonderful paintings there is a 35-foot hand scroll, depicting city life, with thousands of tiny figures, all differently engaged. One would expect the actions to be repeated, but on studying the scroll we observe individuals and groups are all different in appearance and doings. Highly interesting is a

statue of Kwanyin, the goddess of mercy, that has been dug up in fine condition, the coloring of the stone being quite fresh. It dates back to the Wei dynasty, about 220-260 A.D.

The picture of Christ painted by an English artist, L. Kerr, is likely to come on tour to America. It has caused deep interest wherever shown, for the religious conception in the expression, and the gloom and grayness of Gethsemane.

Thirty paintings by thirty artists at the Macbeth Galleries gave excellent results. Gifford Beal, Frank W. Benson, Ivan G. Olinsky and Richard E. Miller were well represented. A *place d'honneur* was occupied by Guy C. Wiggins' *Rochester*, full of good color and atmospheric effect.

Among the younger painters of talent in the class of portraiture, Mr. F. W. Wright stands high.

His picture of Mrs. Yeager which we reproduce here has brought him well deserved laurels.

Another reproduction is the portrait bust of ex-speaker Joe Cannon by the eminent sculptor Albert Jaegers, of New York. The rugged features and keen expression have been well portrayed.



MARIANA

BY IVAN G. OLINSKY

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. LI. No. 203

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JANUARY, 1914

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.

It is the consensus of discriminating opinion that the honours of contemporary sculpture are divided between Auguste Rodin and Constantin Meunier. In the realm of passionate physical and psychic unrest Rodin reigns supreme. In his chosen province of labour and his interpretation of the noble dignity of toil, Meunier stands unrivalled. While we have for a generation been familiar with the art of Rodin, the work of Meunier has remained virtually unknown. His simple, heroic life story had in a measure preceded him, yet it was not until the present season that the American public found itself face to face with the resolute and rugged production of the great Belgian. Although there had been certain sporadic attempts to bring this work to these shores, nothing specific was accomplished until the inspirational and energetic Miss Sage, of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, took the matter in hand. A flying visit to the

Brussels studio of the departed sculptor, where everything remains just as it was during his lifetime, proved sufficient to convince her that his art could not fail to enlist our responsive sympathies, and arrangements were forthwith concluded for the current exhibition. Its reception in Buffalo, and at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, has been most significant, and there is every indication that it may be continued in kind when, within a few brief weeks, the display opens at the new Avery Library, Columbia University.

There are two cardinal reasons why the work of Constantin Meunier should possess an uncommonly potent attraction for our public, both general and critical, and these reasons lie deep at the very roots of the national consciousness. If there is anything the American prides himself upon it is his primacy in the field of latter-day industrial production, and the art of Meunier is, before all else, the epic of modern industrialism. The age of stone was succeeded by the age of bronze, and the age of bronze in turn gave way to the age of steel. It was in factory and forge, in plate mill and before blast furnace, in coalpit and quarry, that Meunier found his types, and courageously cast



THE MINE, TRIPTYCH

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Constantin Meunier's Message to America



FIRE DAMP

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



MINER WITH PICK BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

them into the mould of enduring plastic strength and symmetry. The apostle of work in its every form and phase, he preferred man when he appeared as an integral part of that vast fabric of effort, mortal and mechanical, which enmeshes so much of his time and energy. He conceived his labourer and artisan as component elements of organized endeavour. He gave them an application not alone esthetic but social, and herein lies the second reason why the work of the earnest-souled Belgian should arouse our spontaneous admiration.

The number of those who would divorce art from life is happily decreasing year by year. We fortunately live in an epoch when the doors of the temple of beauty have been flung wide open, so that all may enter. Art is no longer the exclusive property of the pious, the plutocratic, or the aristocratic, but the heritage as well of the poor and the humble. It was but yesterday that Millet's homely rustics from the fresh-tilled fields of Fontainebleau made their entrance into gallery



MINER (LE GRAND MINEUR)
BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Constantin Meunier's Message to America



THE DOCKHAND

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

and museum; it is to-day that the valiant puddlers and foundrymen of Meunier claim a similar privilege. The picture with a purpose here gives place to an art at once more robust and more restrained, to a plastic power and verity that hark back to the age of Attic supremacy. And, like the art of the Greeks, this work is soundly objective in aspect and appeal. It is based upon accurate, concrete observation, and fearlessly typifies those social forces and ideals of which it is but the visible expression.

You thus doubtless possess a reasonably clear conception as to the aim and scope of Constantin Meunier's contribution to contemporary art. It offers, first and last, a faithful picture of industrial conditions as they obtain in the Belgium of to-day. No concessions whatever have been made to popular prejudice regarding the function of sculpture. This work while inherently beautiful, is disdainful of conventional charm or strict academic pro-

priety. And yet beneath its sturdy exterior lurks a profound and exalted humanity of feeling. It was impossible, in depicting these manful victims of economic pressure and distress, utterly to withhold one's natural sympathy, and it is this quality that lends the art of Meunier its two-fold significance. You cannot regard it as a mere isolated manifestation. You must consider it as the achievement of one who reacted strongly, and almost unconsciously, to certain specific surroundings and influences. The message of this art by no means lies wholly upon the surface. It must be sought as well in the career of the modest, courageous creator of these same eloquent bits of bronze and plaster.

Constantin Meunier was born at Etterbeek, a suburb of Brussels, April 12, 1831, and died at Ixelles, Brussels, April 4, 1905. His early life, which was passed amid scenes of want and privation, was further clouded by continual ill-health. Encouraged by his elder brother, Jean-Baptiste, he however managed to prepare himself for the Brussels Academy, where, as well as in the atelier of Fraikin, he devoted some three years to the study of sculpture. Yet the plastic arts, as then practised in the Belgian capital, did not greatly appeal to him, and so, influenced by his friend, De Groux, he shortly renounced clay for crayon and oils. During close upon thirty years Meunier remained faithful to painting, it not being until he had turned the half century that he determined to resume sculpture in order more convincingly to render the particular character and conformation of the workman.

It is unnecessary here to recount in detail that



BUST OF PUDDLER

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



THE HAMMERMAN
BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Constantin Meunier's Message to America

long struggle for self-expression, that heart-breaking fight against poverty and obscurity, and that final grand though troubled triumph, which are the milestones marking the artistic progress of Constantin Meunier. He laboured now in Brussels, now at Louvain, and again back in Brussels, with a singleness of aim and an ardent fortitude of spirit that suggest the patient craftsmen of medieval times. At first distributed over a wide area, his sympathetic observation gradually became concentrated, so that it might the better epitomize certain significant phases of that great industrial battle which is waged with such intensity in the Belgian Black Country. The lean, unsuccessful decades which had been devoted to painting in due course served their purpose. Every canvas, every sketch, in fact, whether depicting stalwart dockhand, happy harvester, brick maker, or those sombre toilers underground or inside factory or foundry wall, ultimately found its appointed place in that noble industrial pageant which became his life task.

Without himself realizing it, he had all the while been laying the foundations of that Monument to Labour which remains the logical consummation of his career.

Whether in the spacious studio of the rue de l'Abbaye, Brussels, or the dim, sepulchral structure which served a similar purpose during his sojourn at Louvain, Constantin Meunier worked uninterruptedly from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon. When engaged upon some

special problem it was, however, his habit first to spend weeks studying actual conditions in the various characteristic foci of this throbbing community. He visited in this way now the glass-makers of Val Saint-Lambert, now the puddlers and foundrymen of Seraing, now the dusky denizens of mine and coalpit in the Borinage. He would pause at eventide to make rapid sketches

before some humble workman's shack, or *coron*, or would pass the night watching beside the sodden and shattered human debris of one of those appalling and all-too-frequent catastrophes which bring distress and desolation to the district. There was no phase of industrial activity with which he did not evince first-hand familiarity. He was in every sense of the word master of his material.

Once back in the studio, it did not take Constantin Meunier long to give his observations specific shape and semblance. Under his rapid, nervous touches grew quickly to life these virile figures, these modern Atlantes for whom no task is too difficult,

no burden too heavy. In the grey or softly tinted light of the great room in which he wrought, he moreover beheld them not in their trivial and accidental, but in their eternal aspect. Through the power of rigorous simplification he was enabled to endow his creations with that quality of synthesis which alone makes for enduring art. From that which was particular he detached the general; in the individual he discerned the type. You need no comment in order



THE FOUNDRYMAN

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Constantin Meunier's Message to America



RETURN OF THE MINERS

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

to comprehend these sturdy, heroic figures. They at once proclaim themselves as true representatives of their class and kind.

It is to the lasting credit of Constantin Meunier that he cared so little for popular acclaim or material remuneration. His was a modest, home-loving nature, and recognition came to him quite unawares. When, shortly following the death of his two sons, some one remarked that he had finally won for himself a distinguished place in the world of art, he exclaimed with touching deprecation, "Ah, yes, Fame has come, but my boys are gone!" Although it was not until the very end of his career that his financial position was in any degree secure, he never made the remotest of esthetic concessions. On a certain occasion, when he was sadly in need of funds, the proprietor of a prominent bronze casting firm offered a substantial royalty on sales should he permit reproductions of his work to be made. Yet so jealous was he of the artistic quality of each and every piece that, though in sore straits, he refused. "I shall not starve," he added quite simply, "for I still have my professorship at the Louvain Academy, and that will always assure me of a little something."

Such was Constantin Meunier, and such is the nature of the work he left behind, a representative

collection of which is about to be seen in our midst. You cannot fail to note in it that unity of purpose and that deeply fraternal feeling for mortal suffering and fortitude which are its dominant characteristics. It would be difficult to mention an artist whose achievement holds for America a more inspiring and salutary message. A young nation, not over-sure of its attitude toward matters of taste, we are somewhat given to affecting the super-refined and effete. In our haste to acquire a reputation for exclusive connoisseurship we not infrequently accept the ephemeral, or that which has been solidified by convention, rather than the courageously radical, and for such tendencies the rugged, forthright production of Meunier offers a wholesome antidote. What is true of the public is to a certain degree true of our artists as well. They care, as a rule, more for the manner in which a thing is said than for the thing itself, and here again the resolute integrity of Meunier's contribution will be found to contain the elements of fruitful contrast.

These considerations are, however, collateral rather than fundamental, the real crux of the matter being that here is an artist who has looked at life frankly and fearlessly, who has devoted a long, arduous existence to a single phase of contemporary activity and made of it something that takes

Constantin Meunier's Message to America



THE PORT

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



MINER WITH AX

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Constantin Meunier's Message to America

its place beside the sublime heritage of the ages. The art of Constantin Meunier, it cannot be too often repeated, is the logical continuation of the best Classic and Christian traditions. It is both Greek and Gothic, and to this imperishable legacy have been added the dynamic intensity of effort and the deep humanitarianism of modern days.

These labourers are but the sober sons of the athlete and the wrestler of Attic sculpture. Their



THE MINE

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

place is at the forge and in the foundry, instead of in the stadium. Their masters are Cockerill, Krupp, and Carnegie. They have been moulded out of the sinister and inspiring actualities of everyday existence. It was Meunier's invariable practice to go direct to the fountain-head of nature herself. "Assuredly," he once remarked with his customary profundity of conviction, "nature is the source and basis of all artistic creation, yet it is necessary to add to her a certain grandeur of line, a significance that goes beyond mere material reality."

It is within the province—though not, perhaps, within the power—of any of us to achieve results similar to the hard-won triumph of Constantin Meunier. There is no country that offers greater opportunity for sound, vigorous expression. We have every conceivable choice of climate and scenery, and a singularly diverse and varied population. We can show industrial communities that rival those of Belgium or Germany, and we should in due course evolve a characteristically national esthetic utterance. Meanwhile, let us not fail to honour one whose work chants a valiant hymn to labour, one who found his subjects among the serfs of civilization and raised them to the pinnacle of art.



MINER CROUCHING

BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



Portrait of Jose Perez Mora by Francisco de Goya

PORTRAIT OF JOSE PEREZ MORA
BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA

What Tale does this Tapestry Tell?

WHAT TALE DOES THIS
TAPESTRY TELL?
BY CHARLES DE KAY

ALONG with changes in our domestic architecture which tend toward buildings of stone or concrete, buildings that offer large wall spaces in halls, corridors and music rooms, goes a return of favour to tapestries. Tapestries have once more a function. It is not enough that the owner of a fine web studies each apartment for a wall from which to suspend his favourite piece. When he builds he asks that provision be made for his textile treasure, so that he may see it in a good light. If the wall is of the right size and there be light enough, all is well.

To enjoy old tapestries fully one has to remember the social conditions of the Middle Ages, when they reached their highest levels; not merely the big rooms with wall spaces more or less rudely finished, before which these great products of the loom were suspended in order to cut off some of the chilliness and damp of a wretchedly warmed interior—not merely the physical effects of the hangings; one must recall the mental attitude of the people for whom they were made. These people were for the most part descendants, or believed themselves the descendants, of a caste of conquerors. Toward the lower classes they felt very much as the Spanish and Portuguese creoles of Mexico and South America of our epoch feel toward peons and other Indian folk. We get a strong whiff of this intolerance in the "Lay of the Little Bird," an old French poem based on a theme which has been traced to Palestine and to India. The story is that of a man who catches a bird in his fowling-net, but before he can kill it, the bird entreats him to be spared and promises if he is set free to give him three rules for conduct which will make him great. The garden in which the fable is placed is a wonderful spot that belonged formerly to nobles but has fallen into the hands of a rustic, stingy and violent, who, while listening to the magical song of the bird, imagines that the fountain where it holds forth is surrounded by noble dames and cavaliers, his own admirers and friends. The poet knew well how to appeal to his auditors when describing the greed of the rich rustic, his silly dreams and the clever way the bird took to escape and then to convict the *nouveau riche* of failing to profit by the rules of conduct just a moment before prescribed.

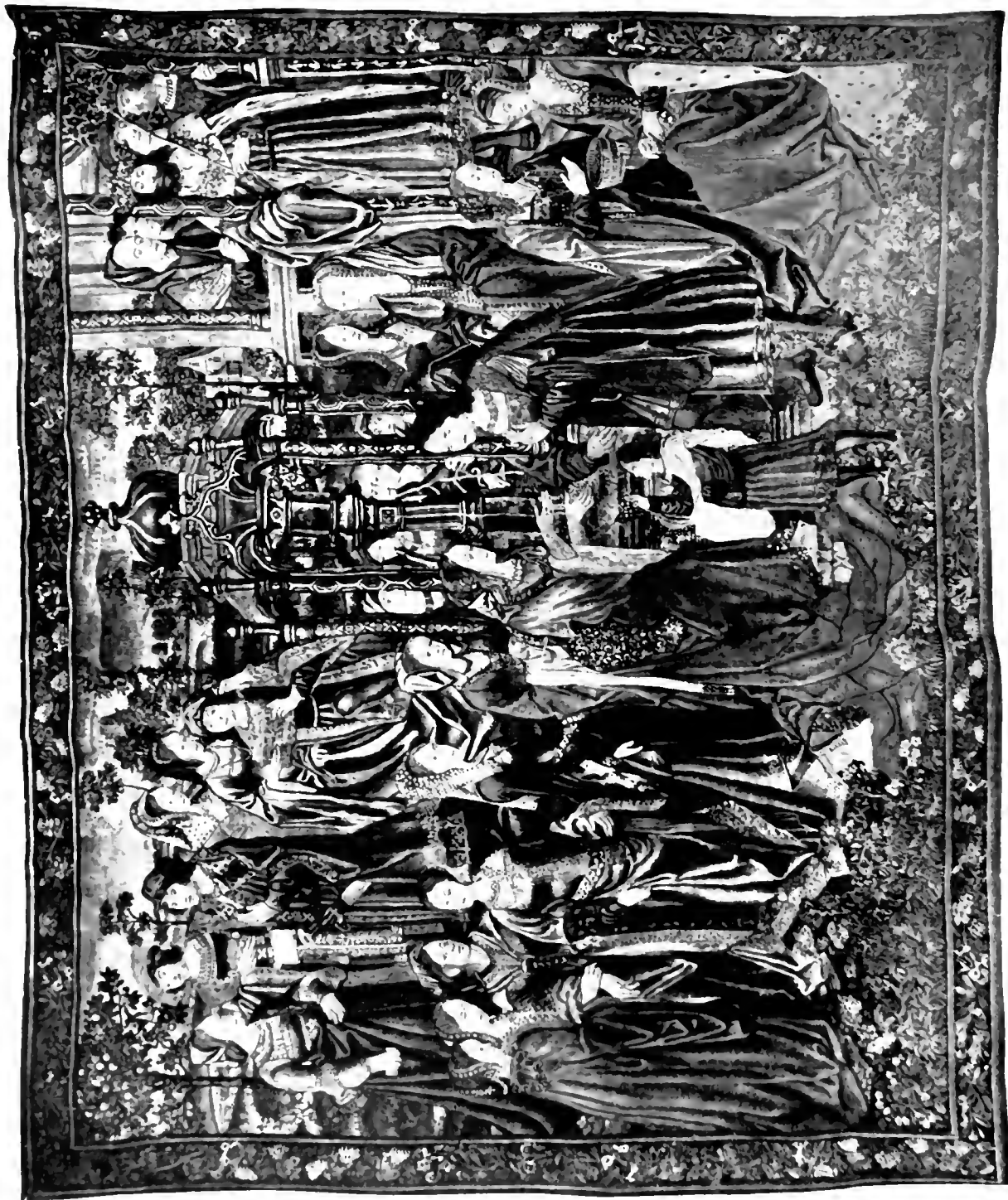
*Les feuilles cheïrent dou pint
Li vergiers failli et secha*

*Et la fontaine restanča;
Li vilains perdit son deduit.
Or, sachent bien totes et tuit
Li proverbes dit en apert:
Cil qui tot convoile tot pert.*

"The leaves fell from the trees—the meadows failed and dried up—and the fountain went dry—the villain lost his property—Well, let all and some understand—the proverb says clearly—he who grasps all loses all."

A tapestry wrought about A.D. 1500 in Brussels, which is figured here, brings one back to this frame of mind. It is such a scene as the Bird Magic conjured up in the soul of the poor Rich Rustic as he stood by the fountain and listened to the *Lai de l'Oiselet*. It is the stately garden party of the royal Court, perhaps an interlude, with music and strolling in the park during the course of a banquet. In the palace the tables are being cleared, peradventure, and being reset with fruit and wines, and presently all of the groups here depicted, the crowned king at their head, will step rhythmically back again and settle down for dessert. We see the king leaning against a column of a kiosk in the upper right-hand corner. In the left upper corner is a group of ladies and gentlemen, singing. The centre has a curious late-Gothic fountain house, behind which are musicians. In front of the fountain are the two figures which contain the key to the play—for a glance is enough to show that we have here an "illustration" in tapestry, a crisis in a tale of love well known. What is this tale?

Observe that the graceful lady in front of the fountain is passing her fingers under the jet, and is attended by a page who carries ewer and napkin, a suggestion of the Middle-Age banquet as it was arranged after the Crusades on Oriental lines. Opposite her and bowing low is a youthful, vigorous man, who seems to have hastened forward to the fountain as if he asked the courtesy from her of a similar ablution. It is the lover seizing a pretext to approach his love. There are twenty-nine figures in this piece of tapestry, or, at any rate, twenty-nine faces, yet among them all there is only one that seems to regard the actions of the two central figures intently. Their actions, therefore, may be supposed of no particular importance as such, but merely natural in the conditions. Most important, however, is the exception. The king, up there in the belvedere, with his right arm encircling one of the columns that support the roof, bends upon these two a look full of suspicion and melancholy. He alone betrays a passion—



A FIFTEENTH CENTURY ARTISIAN TAPESTRY

Copyrighted by P. W. French & Co.

Wilmington Fine Arts Exhibition

for the two before the fountain are merely acting a conventional part, and all the others are steeped in the expressionless gentility of courtiers. That this is purposely done by the artist who composed the cartoon for this tapestry does not admit of doubt. There stand the two lovers, wrapped in the intensity of their dream, yet carrying themselves with the utmost propriety in the thick of the retinue of the prince; but Fate, in the person of the king, looks down on them, and in his lowering, baffled gaze we foresee the coming peril.

There are many stories of the Middle Ages which fit this composition; to decide which, it is best at first to choose the oldest and most widely spread. There are no inwoven names to guide us, so that we may fairly suppose the artist could not have guessed that a time might come when the story of King Arthur, Guinevere and Lancelot would be no longer recognized. And yet he might have thought to himself: There are also King Mark, Tristan and Yseult—will anybody ask which of these two love tales do I mean?

Many tapestries are mere patterns of green forest trees and flowery meads. In this case we have, indeed, an extraordinary wealth of human figures distributed with the science of a master-artist into groups which slowly detach themselves. Without regard to what these figures mean, they are decorative in themselves. More than that—whatever may have been the colour-scheme of this tapestry when first woven, it is now beautiful in its yellow, red and dark portions, as few of the old pieces which have survived. Singular in it, also, is the ease and even the elegance of many of the figures. But what is most unusual of all is the presence in a tapestry of this period of something in a face that expresses a passion, and expresses it with a moderation and reserve that one scarcely looks for in painting itself. The scene breathes the solemn pomp, the naïf caste feeling, the ideals of deportment and conduct which existed in Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries among the ruling classes, ideals up to which they lived with more or less fidelity, ideals which the poets of the age

succeeded so well in weaving into their lays that the afterworld has dubbed it the Age of Chivalry, glad to forget the seamy underside of the tapestry.

WILMINGTON FINE ARTS EXHIBITION

A SALUTARY instance of esthetic decentralization is offered by the Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts, under whose auspices has just been held the second annual exhibition by pupils of the late Howard Pyle. It is the fashion for those who reside in the larger eastern cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, to presume that little of consequence takes place outside their own particular civic periphery. This really provincial self-complacency now and then, however, receives a shock, and the Wilmington exhibition affords a case in point.

Around the sturdy personality and under the sage and stimulating guidance of Mr. Pyle, there gathered during the last few years of his lifetime a group of young men who to-day produce about



First Prize for Illustration at the Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts, 1913

THE INVADERS

BY N. C. WYETH

Wilmington Fine Arts Exhibition

fifty per cent of the best contemporary American illustration. It is they who constitute the nucleus of artistic interest in Wilmington, and it is from their current work that is drawn the material for these annual exhibitions. Their production is frankly personal and vital. The fact that it is designed to meet certain obvious requirements is distinctly in its favour, for it is precisely this note of actuality which American painting, taken in its entirety, manifestly lacks.

We are, as a nation, indifferent theorists; we are singularly wanting in the power of detachment. Give us a definite problem to solve, a specific task to accomplish, and a creditable result will shortly be forthcoming. This, it seems, is one of the chief reasons why illustration with us is relatively superior to painting, the demands of which are often purely subjective.

You have only to glance at the contribution of such men as N. C. Wyeth and Frank E. Schoonover—to mention merely the prize winners of this season's exhibition—in order to realize what the spirit of American illustration, properly di-



First Prize for Best Painting at the Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts, 1913
THE SPELL OF THE YUKON BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts, 1913

COVER
DESIGN

BY SARAH S. SHELWELL
WEBER

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rected, is capable of accomplishing. It is to be hoped that these displays may continue to preserve their refreshingly local and special character.

Those of us who are surfeited with the customary vast, unconvincing agglomerations of canvases, should not fail to recognize the wholesome self-reliance and sound achievement of little Wilmington.

THE death of Mr. George A. Hearn, following closely upon that of Mr. Benjamin Altman, has removed from our midst another art collector and benefactor of the rarest distinction. His magnificent contributions to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in this city will be a lasting memorial to his great generosity and to his fine discrimination in different fields of art.

American Pictures at the Canadian Exhibition



THE RENDEZVOUS

BY F. B. WILLIAMS

A MERICAN PICTURES AT THE
CANADIAN EXHIBITION
BY JOHN EDGCUMBE STALEY

THE annual display of paintings in the Fine Arts Palace of the National Exhibition at Toronto always includes a number of canvases representative of what is being done in the States. This year the following twenty-three artists contributed twenty-eight compositions: G. Bellows, F. A. Bicknell, E. Carlsen, L. Cohen, C. C. Cooper, E. J. Couse, P. Dougherty, F. Frieseke, D. Garber, L. Genth, Childe Hassam, R. Henri, J. R. Irving, J. C. Johansen, H. Prellwitz, W. S. Robinson, C. Rosen, C. F. Ryder, G. Symons, J. Turcas, H. M. Turner, R. Vonnoh, and F. B. Williams.

By the last-named painter, *The Rendezvous* was undoubtedly the most interesting picture in the United States section. It is a composition of five principal figures—all women, in gorgeous *dés-habillé*, such as Rubens loved to paint. The background shows a picnic in the wood; this, with the feathery foliage and *vaghezza*, is very much after the manner of the *fêtes galants* of Watteau. The abandon and the carnations are reminiscent of the work of Titian. Had the name on the frame been any one of these Great Masters few

would have doubted the ascription. This is great praise, but it is justified by the proof that modern American painters can paint lovely pictures without affectation, fad and cant. Mr. Williams has given us a rich colour scheme, beautiful poses and delicious atmospheric effects.

Perhaps next in point of excellence to F. B. Williams's canvas was Gardner Symons's *The Breaking of the River Ice*. This is a simple nature study, but it exhibits the limit—cubistical, if you will—beyond which no serious painter will dare to go. The subject lends itself to segmentary treatment, for the icy hillsides are the complement of the frozen river's broken blocks. The illumination is brilliantly cold and well managed; strong reds and purples and umbers are expressive of the barren season. This is a classical composition, even if a little hard.

Miss Lillian Genth sent a very delicate symphony in tinted sunbeams and sheeny silk-brocade. *Summer Afternoon* is certainly a very feeble title for this delightful canvas. *A Summer Reverie* would express the purpose better. The girl has been reading in the balcony, but she has closed her book and has risen to go to her room, when her attention is arrested by some flowers in a crystal bowl. She places her hand upon the rim, and her mind has gone back to a memorable

American Pictures at the Canadian Exhibition



THE BREAKING OF THE RIVER ICE

BY GARDNER SYMONS

episode. Such flowers perhaps *he* gave her, but she refused him and now she repents—is this the story? The work is as light and graceful as possible; there is no attempt to distract the beholder.

Other notable compositions in the United States section of the Exhibition are Colin C. Cooper's *Bowling Green, New York*, showing what may be done on canvas with portentous skyscrapers. The world of art has never seen such objects before, and it is too soon to gauge their value in painting the story of city life. To picture them in all their flaunting bigness could present no charm, but perhaps a little city rime may wreath mystery about them. Anyway, *Bowling Green, New York*, is something of a *tour de force*.

A greater contrast to Mr. Cooper's work could not be conceived than E. J. Couse's *Prayer to the Water God*. Perhaps the Indian and his pool were original owners of the New York Bowling Green! This is a clever piece of work; the detachment of it is expressive, the man's entire absorption is from the Spirit of God—it is well carried out and painted. There is nothing meretricious here, just unaffected simplicity—so very much to be desired in all character studies.

Daniel Garler is a rising landscape painter. His art is Tuscan in inspiration, but he contrives to impart local character and colour. *May Day* is part of a panorama, for the stream runs ever. It is a decorative panel, in tender tones of green and blue; the atmosphere is

hazy and adolescent. The canvas is one of many painted sonnets in the lyrical poetry of the painter's art.

Henry Prellwitz's *Figure with a Shell* is attractive, not so much in treatment as in imagination. Such subjects Botticelli and many of the ancients loved to paint. Their work had the charm of mystery; Mr. Prellwitz is too realistic, but there are the makings of a beautiful picture in his work, with the sea more limpid and Venus and her shell more in accord with the *naïveté* of the situation.

A Fantasy (Portrait) by Robert J. Vonnoh sets one wondering whether he has caught a little of Hogarth, Romney or Lawrence—or all three. The animation of his *Portrait* is of the former, the piquancy is of the second, and the distinction is that of the last

of these painters.

The painters of the United States have attained a point of excellence in technique and characterization which places them quite on a level with the men of the Old World.



PRAYER TO THE WATER GOD

BY E. J. COUSE

New York as Seen by Henry Deville

NEW YORK AS SEEN BY HENRY DEVILLE
BY MILDRED STAPLEY

AMERICAN artists are constantly depicting Paris street scenes, but a French artist doing the same for our American metropolis is unique. To any picture-loving foreigner the first view of its towering mass as he comes up the bay is so startling that he cannot fail to apprehend its qualities, but not many realize that its details are also beautiful. Mr. Henry Deville, who etched the accompanying New York scenes, is one whom the far-off view only piqued to further investigation. He started to study our tall buildings from every corner that

gives a glimpse of them, until now, after etching them for some four years, he is more enthusiastic than ever and declares his subject to be inexhaustible. The entire lower city, as it composes from the bay or from either river or separate tall buildings as central notes; bridges delicate and lacy; shipping backed up by cliff-like architecture; crowds of brokers in front of the Stock Exchange—all these suggest more pictures than a lifetime would suffice to execute. And so Mr. Deville remains in New York, giving us not the hurried impressions of a transient (though these, as in the case of Mr. Joseph Pennell, are often brilliant enough) but the well-studied results of being himself a very part of our crowded metropolitan life, and of knowing our every aspect far more familiarly than many a native-born knows it.

It is amazing that such a thrilling subject as New York City should prompt so few American artists, especially etchers. It is now several years since Mr. Pennell proclaimed it "A composition in colour and form finer than anything Claude ever knew or Turner ever imagined, and all new and all untouched, all to be done." Yet no Meryon has risen in our midst to record in etchings the New York of the early twentieth century as he recorded the Paris of the middle nineteenth—always excepting Mr. Pennell's own splendid plates. But his stay in New York was brief. Mr. Mielatz, another etcher of fine artistic quality, concerns himself mostly with whatever Colonial bits are still left in our rapidly modernizing city. Mr. Harry Winslow gave us a few excellent pictures of New York, and then went abroad to live. Mr. Herman Webster also prefers living abroad, and during his one short visit here etched a single plate, *Corlandt Street*. But Mr. Deville lives here; daily he visits the cañons of lower Manhattan; skyscrapers fas-



METROPOLITAN TOWER FROM NEWTOWN CREEK ETCHING BY HENRY DEVILLE

New York as Seen by Henry Deville

minate him, and as a practising architect who has had a hand in designing several well-known examples, he interprets them with peculiar intelligence and fidelity. To the fine artistic sense of the etcher is added a thorough understanding of, and admiration for, that steel construction which it has so long been the habit of artists to denounce as hideously ugly or, at least, unpicturesque. Steel, in fact, and often naked steel, gets into most of his pictures—the steel bridge high across the otherwise foreign-looking Cliff Street to connect two buildings (as, it is predicted, all our tall structures will some day be connected), steel cranes, steel cables, steel workers, elevated railroads, are all instilled with poetry and picturesqueness under the touch of a man intensely sympathetic with them.

The *Cliff Street Arch* is pronounced by connoisseurs to be a little masterpiece. Most unpretentious in subject, it is a very *knowing* piece of biting and printing; from the rich black under the arch to the delicate gray of the cast shadow on the distant buildings, the beautiful gradation is rendered all in line without any recourse to "painting" the plate (not wiping the ink from certain parts before printing). Besides this straightforwardness in the printing there is the straightforwardness of seeing—a respect for actual appearances, with no attempt to draw into the composition, as might easily have been done by a slight change in the point of view, some towering building to proclaim the scene a New York one; for although Mr. Deville loves skyscrapers, he also rejoices in an occasional uncharacteristic bit that sets

one questioning as to its locality. This little curving street passing under one of the Brooklyn Bridge arches might almost be taken for one of Meryon's bits of old Paris; in fact, medievalism is



TOP OF THE WEST STREET BUILDING

ETCHING BY HENRY DEVILLE

New York as Seen by Henry Deville



GAME OF MARBLES ETCHING BY HENRY DEVILLE

the almost inevitable result of putting a massive stone arch into a picture.

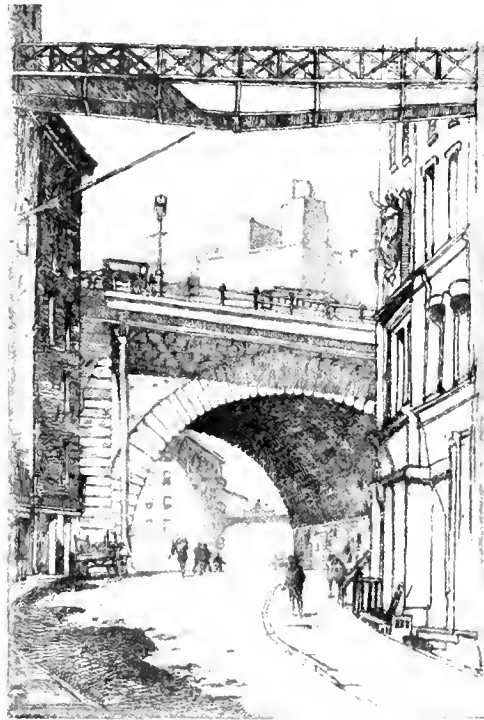
Intensely modern is the use of the familiar "Old Dutch" advertisement in the *Game of Marbles*. With all the true assertiveness of an "ad" it becomes the high light of the print—a charming little bit of work in itself, yet taking its place as a mere accessory in a picture of the lofty masonry piers and steel cables of Brooklyn Bridge.

Quite different from these two simple plates is the crowded composition contrasting the delicate top of Mr. Cass Gilbert's new *West Street Building*, with the humble, grimy, gabled and dormered little brick dwellings of a century ago that still hold their own on Greenwich Street. This proximity of new and old is so rapidly disappearing from our fast-changing business district that we should feel doubly grateful to an artist who appreciates the beauty of it and the interest it must have for coming generations.

The *Metropolitan Tower from Newtown Creek* is one of Mr. Deville's most recent plates, and presents a vista of New York that will surprise those not over-familiar with the city from without. A bridge thrown over a canal serves to frame in tug boats, a tall-masted schooner, elevated cranes,

factory chimneys and, far beyond, the Metropolitan Tower silhouetted against the sky—a sort of Venice in an atmosphere of work and incessant activity. Values here seem somewhat forced, particularly in the mighty abutment at the left, where the stones are treated boldly but quietly, as a "frame" should be treated, if it is not to interfere with the picture it encloses. Also the figures of the workmen seem small in scale and one feels that the artist has sought to impart a maximum of effect to his distance by violating actual proportions in his foreground. This is frequently practised by Piranesi in those wonderful etchings of Rome which have more rugged picturesqueness than the actual Roman ruins themselves; so with Piranesi for his sponsor, Mr. Deville may feel sure of his ground.

A WELL-KNOWN American sculptor, in the person of Franklin Simmons, died in Rome on December 8 at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Simmons was born in Maine, but made Rome his home since 1868. A number of public monuments stand to his credit, including the Soldiers' Memorial on Lewiston common. Among his sitters were Admirals Farragut and Porter; Generals Grant, Meade, Sheridan, Sherman and others.



CLIFF STREET ARCH ETCHING BY HENRY DEVILLE

A Revival of Eighteenth-Century French Art



PANEL OVER THE KEYBOARD IN THE PIPE ORGAN IN W. M. SALISBURY'S HOUSE

BY EVERITT SHINN

A REVIVAL OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH ART BY C. MATLACK PRICE

IT SEEMS curious that an entire school of painting should vanish from the field of art—should become utterly a thing of the past, followed by no clique of painters. Is it that our painters or our public think differently than did the painters and the public of that highly cultured, urbane and brilliant era known as the eighteenth-century French revival?

That the public as a whole has suffered a change of ideals rather than the painters as individuals is manifested in more ways than one. Where are the Solons, the wits, the general brilliancy that characterized that period? Its spirit of intense vitality and effervescent frivolity is of the past. There was no talk then of "realism," "materialism," or even of "impressionism" in art. Men painted as they lived, in a perpetual kaleidoscope of *bal masque* and *fête champêtre*, brilliant, gay, *galant*, fantastic. That the transient and exotic spirit of the time



PANEL IN GREY, 10 X 7 FT., IN THE WARREN M. SALISBURY HOUSE AT PUTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

BY EVERITT SHINN

A Revival of Eighteenth-Century French Art

directly affected art is, without doubt, one of the reasons why that art did not outlive the French Revolution. Its very superficiality forbade its taking a place as a movement seriously affecting the development of the world's art. Brilliant as a display of fireworks, delicate as an orchid, its life was as short. And like an orchid it sprang from a morass of social decadence comparable only to that from which rose the rare flower of the great Italian Renaissance.

But for all that the period was one of degeneracy and extravagance, its art and letters possessed a compelling charm and grace never approached before or equalled after; there was a picturesque gallantry and a brave romance in the paintings—the costume of the day seemed intended for nothing but a continuous fête, and the spirit of the *haute monde* seemed constantly attuned for a revel. The characteristics of the national development of art and letters at this time was further

coloured by a keen revival of interest in classic myths and legends. Ladies sat for graceful portraits in roles of Diana or Venus. Allegory was at its height, and always rendered in a vein which at once held the lofty beauty of the original and the ultra-sophistication of the period.

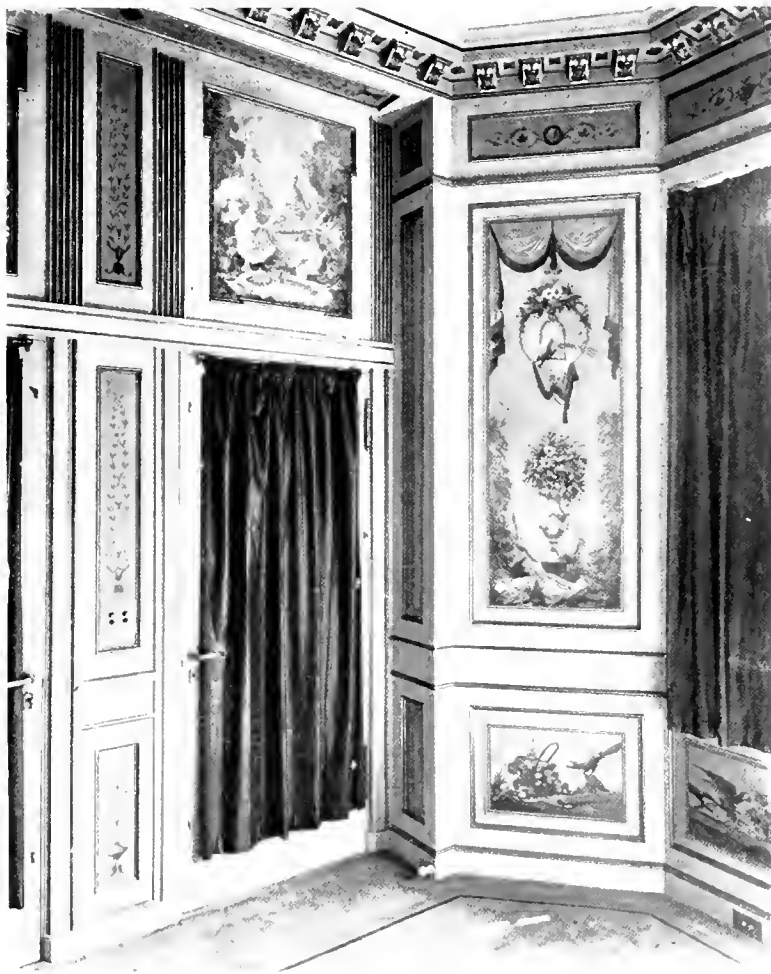
Fragonard, Boucher, Watteau and many others will always call to memory "ideal landscapes," ornately beautiful gardens, stately terraces and graceful garden temples. And living amid these the gay figures, always laughing or smiling—secret amours, romantic trysts, dashing cavaliers and ever coquettish maidens.

Yet, with the passing of the period there passed, as breath upon a window pane, all the gallantry and vivacity of that school of painters. No trace, no tangible evidence remained; it was as though the curtain had been rung down in the midst of a gay and happy operetta.

To-day, in France, Gaston La Touche has attempted some decorative panels in the vein of Watteau; Chéret, the great *affichiste*, has come even nearer to the spirit, and in England Charles Conder, in certain paintings on silk, for fans, echoed the joyous frivolity of eighteenth-century French painting.

Of all painters in this country Mr. Everitt Shinn stands alone as one who has seemed to relive in his mind the spirit of Watteau and of Boucher—who seems able to visualize in graphic terms the gardens, the fêtes, the animated life of that brief and wholly vanished phase of French history.

Mr. Gallatin, in speaking of certain of Mr. Shinn's decorations, says: "We have very charming souvenirs of the joyous days when Louis XVI sat upon the throne of France. Shinn has schooled himself well in the traditions of this enchanted epoch, when it would seem as if taste must have been a matter of instinct; he has studied intelligently the re-



CORNER OF THE BOUDOIR OF MRS. EDWIN S. BOYER, N. Y. CITY BY EVERITT SHINN

A Revival of Eighteenth-Century French Art



PANEL IN THE BOLDIOR OF MRS. EDWIN S. ROYER

BY LAUREN SHINN

flectors of the frivolities of the age—Watteau and his pupils, Lancret and Pater, and his followers, Boucher and Fragonard.”

The latest and, perhaps, the most striking success achieved by Mr. Shinn is to be found in his series of panels, executed only in gray, for the great hall of the Salisbury House, near Lenox, of

which Messrs. Walker & Gillette are the architects. Here are a succession of vistas through repeated pairs of garden urns, where, in a foreground half buried in a lavish profusion of flowers, sit ideal figures, gay and laughing, filled with a youthful abandon that surely echoes the “enchanted epoch” of their birth.

A Sculptor from St. Louis

A SCULPTOR FROM ST. LOUIS
BY WILLIAMINA PARISH

WITH the acceptance into the 1912 Salon of *La Petite Nymphé de la Rivière de Nohain*, by Caroline Everett Risque, the pride of St. Louis in another of her artists has been justified. The *Petite Nymphé*, a life-size sculpt of an awkward girl-child holding a wriggling fish, at which she is looking, half-mischievous, half-fascinated, is a fine example of truth, even at the expense of grace of line. The sureness of the hand and brain that could translate thus convincingly into clay the bone and muscle and flesh of an active child, is evidence of a gift for the plastic that should place its owner on a high plane of achievement. This *Petite Nymphé* is somewhat of a departure from the earlier style of this artist, which was more freely imaginative. Her ceramics, *The Flame* (a design for a candlestick) and *The Frog Baby* (an ash receiver), are excellent examples of this earlier style, wherein the imaginative predominates. The elusive charm and playfulness of this earlier work is difficult to put into words, as, for instance, *The Stork Baby* (a design for a pin-tray in pottery), in which the cuddly, newborn babe seems uncertain whether to cling to its stork-mother or to heed the call of its earth-mother; and in *The Octopus Girl* (a design for an ink-well in porcelain), where a half-grown child sits, fascinated by a huge octopus, uncertain

whether to advance and make friends or to retreat in terror.

Other manifestations of her versatility are her portrait sketches of children and her imaginative child studies, one of which, *The Nicest Book*, was purchased for the Children's Room of the new Public Library.

In endeavouring to analyze just what constitutes the gift of this young sculptor, I should say it was a fine balance of the realistic and the poetic, in which the realism does not descend to the literal and commonplace, and the poetic does not become too fantastic. In addition, there is a quaint, whimsical sense of humour which shows



Paris Salon, 1912

LA PETITE NYMPHE DE
LA RIVIÈRE DE NOHAIN
BY CAROLINE E. RISQUE



THE FLAME—SKETCH FOR POTTERY CANDLESTICK

BY CAROLINE E. RISQUE

itself even in the animals which nearly always accompany her children. Her versatility is most evident in her sympathy with all the phases of humanity, from childhood to old age, and includes as wide a range as the fairy-tale princess and the Biblical prophet, and all that lies between. It has been said of her creations that they seem to be asking an unanswerable question or seeking the unattainable, and it is this quality which perhaps differentiates her

A Designer of Stones Rare and Simple



THE FROG BABY—SKETCH FOR A GOLD FISH POOL

BY CAROLINE E. RISQUE

gift from that of most of the sculptors of the day. For the greater part, they show us a question answered, a goal attained. If Caroline Risque will cling to and develop her peculiar elusive quality, her place in the field of sculpture should be a unique one.

She studied under George Julian Zolnay, in the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, and at the Académie Colarossi in Paris, under Paul Bartlett. She is a member of the St. Louis Artists' Guild, the Society of Western Artists, and after an exhibition of some of her smaller pieces at the exhibition of the New York Ceramic Society, given at the National Arts Club, in 1911, she was invited by the Society to become a member.

A DESIGNER OF STONES RARE AND SIMPLE BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

QUITE recently a studio exhibition took place in which the jewelry designs of Lilla Whitcomb Davis made a strong appeal to the many who attended. It was not so much the rare and precious stones in their varied settings that occasioned delight as the quaint and unassuming pebbles of the seashore, which under Miss Davis's deft treatment have asserted their claim to be considered as just material for design. From earliest childhood pebbles and flowers have swayed her tastes and indicated her life's task.

Under the tutelage of Mr. Arthur W. Dow at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, followed by apprenticeship to an Austrian craftsman who studied twenty years before attempting to work out his designs, Miss Davis learned every phase of chasing and repoussé.

Though the Scandinavian period and the South Kensington Museum collections have been an inspiration, her true bent lies in naturalistic design, helped by her strong affection for pebbles and flowers. Every stone, every flower, every client, suggests novel treatment, novel ideas. A brown-eyed girl with bronze hair can wear to

advantage a necklace of cornelian set in copper; it is this individuality of design that makes her jewelry so attractive. Seaweed and shells, pebbles and flowers—these simple products of nature are utilized by Miss Davis to the fullest extent.

In cut No. 3, an engagement ring, the opal was set in gold, the design was seaweed, which came up and covered the matrix of the stone, letting the fire flash out through the gold. No. 4 is a gold ring with a design of pond lily leaves which twine around the finger. A tourmaline is set in the blossom. No. 5 is a silver ring with bayberry leaves and twigs as design, holding in place a cabochon sapphire pendant. No. 1 is the pomegranate design in silver, and is set with two large pieces of Swiss lapis-lazuli, intensely blue, to match the eyes of the girl for whom it was made. Pendant No. 2 was made for a golden-haired lady; it is in gold and the leaves are southern smilax, while the brilliant but soft green peridots which hang from it appear like drops of bright sea water.

Though Miss Davis is no scorners of precious stones, it is rather the



III



IV



V

A Designer of Stones Rare and Simple



II

pebble of no intrinsic value that claims her attention with insistency, until its pink or green or yellow softness becomes incorporated with some fresh

conception. In the case of such a personality craftsmanship merges into art, even though it be but minor art.



I

Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEWS

BFRENCH COLOUR PRINTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. With an Introductory Essay by Malcolm C. Salaman. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) \$12.00.

This book is a delightful visitor to our reviewing table this month. It is illustrated with fifty attractive reproductions, selected from the many great examples of the period. Through these charming pages flit the butterflies of the amorous and vainglorious court of Le Grand Monarque, and we see in retrospective fancy the gilt and tinsel, the license and levity, the luxury and idleness of the years when France was pluming her feathers before her mirror with Vanity Fair for her audience.

Portraiture was naturally the most remunerative occupation of the artists of this superficial and pleasure-loving epoch, and they expressed with much beauty and charm the fantasies and vanities of their day. The butterflies have flown and the flowers have withered. The silks and satins have faded, but we can still hear their faint rustle through the marble halls, as we turn the leaves of this record of folly and sunshine, which the facile fingers of Debucourt, Fragonard, Janinet, Le Blon, Descourtes, Lavreince and many others have made it possible for us to enjoy.

There is a great deal of virile and effective colour in these reproductions, and in some instances they fall slightly short of some desired qualities. The composition and design in them have been most valuable to modern students. Some of them, of course, look stilted and metallic to those who live in a period when art is being worshipped from a different standpoint, when she is beginning to be loved more for her own sake, and is not merely a humble menial to be brought before milady and received with condescension or scorn, according to the degree to which milady's vanity is flattered or neglected.

The book is valuable as an art contribution. It makes available and accessible in compact form a good representation of the work of the best men of the eighteenth century in this particular field, and is well worth the attention of the student of the French art of the period.

GUSTAVE COURBET. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.) \$1.00.

A monograph on Courbet makes the third number of the French Artists of Our Day series, the preceding ones which have been reviewed already

in our columns, being Manet and Puvis de Chavannes.

A biographical and critical study by Leonce Benedite along with notes by J. Laran and Ph. Gaston-Dreyfus and 48 plates render the little work extremely attractive, especially when we consider the immense position in French art that this peasant of Ornans filled until ousted by Manet. What Répin has been in Russia, Courbet has been in France.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ART. By Julia B. De Forest. Edited, revised and largely rewritten by Charles H. Caffin. With 289 illustrations. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.00.

There is no doubt that this book was useful in its day and that some usefulness is added in this revision. But whether an entirely new book would not have been better is another question. The best part of Mr. Caffin's work evidently lies in the generalizations in which certain movements of art are characterized, in which one gets some insight into the "objects and means of graphic art," which are more consistently if a bit heavily expounded in such good guides as the recent books of Brandt and Waetzold. Similarly, the more prominent individual artists are characterized with happy and crisp summariness. But others are mentioned in the briefest of unilluminating biographical facts, grouped somewhat perfunctorily.

It is fairly apparent that where the editor was interested he gives no cause for complaint. The revision has left various matters unrevised—for instance, the statement about Mantegna's engravings (p. 276), the want of clearness concerning Blake (pp. 477-8), the error regarding Michelangelo's *Penseroso* (p. 254) and so on. The printer's devil has been fairly well held in check in proofreading.

Strangely enough, most errors in names occur in the American section; there is a choice and inexcusable lot of such on page 651. The index, not without a tinge of amateurishness, shows good intentions, which one would like to have seen consistently carried out. The numerous illustrations, with their short descriptive notes, are useful.

SO MANY books have been placed upon the editor's table during the last few weeks that it has been impossible to review them all by Christmas, but those not yet noticed will receive attention during the winter season.



Courtesy of the Brewen-Robertson Company
BLACK HAWK COUNTRY

AN ETCHING BY RALPH M. PEARSON

IN THE GALLERIES

THE month of December has kept devotees of art busy inspecting numerous exhibitions and private displays, although the art season proper cannot be said to commence before the New Year. Among the events of real importance must be chronicled first and foremost the de Ridder Exhibition at the Kleinberger Galleries, in which eighty-three precious canvases, Dutch and Flemish seventeenth century, have for the first time become accessible to the public gaze.

A good curtain raiser of social and artistic importance has been the Artur Halmi display of fair women and débutantes at Knoedler's Galleries. This exhibition has been the rendezvous of everybody who is anybody. This well-known portraitist poses his sitters with harmony and distinction and they sacrifice none of their beauty at his hands. The *clou* of the collection is a portrait of the artist's daughter.

The Durand Ruel Galleries, in their new quarters at 12 East 57th Street, held a loan exhibition of the work of Edouard Manet, including *Le Philosophe*, *Le Fumeur* and *En Bateau*.

Mr. Carton Moorepark has just painted a very satisfactory portrait of Professor Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History.

Of great interest is his triptych of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Moran at Mendham, N. J., which we reproduce. It is a novel and interesting way of grouping and the different units decoratively



Courtesy of the Macdowell Club
FOXHOUND

Photo by R. Benz
BY SIBYLLA MITTELL

In the Galleries

treated blend into a well-balanced whole. His colour is good.

At the MacDowell Club the work of Miss Upjohn made excellent showing. A canvas called *Afterglow* represents a labourer turning homeward at close of day, preceded by his little daughter, who, in rustic fashion, sucks her finger as she plods along. Drawing and colour are agreeably strong. A *Fishergirl* is another good example of her work. Miss Mittell showed several animal studies, the best being a *Foxhound*, which we reproduce. The wax miniatures of Miss Mundy are charming, especially children, who lend themselves best to this peculiar treatment.

Many good pictures have been on view at the



MRS. THOMAS L. SHEVLIN BY ARTUR L. HALMI



MISS DOROTHY DUVEEN

BY ARTUR L. HALMI

galleries of Moulton & Ricketts. A river scene in warm tints, quite unlike his usual work, by Fritz Thaulow, a stately Van Loo representing Princess Amelia in pink satin, ermine cloak and crown, early Nasmyths and others of the Norwich school.

The Ehrich Galleries for once transgressed their policy of exhibiting Old Masters and displayed the latest work of J. Campbell Phillips in portraiture, including his very successful painting of our late Mayor.

At the Macbeth Galleries the Society of Men who Paint the Far West held their second exhibition, and it was, if possible, better than the first. E. Irving Couse surpassed previous efforts in *The Eagles*; William Ritschel showed two fine canvases, especially the *Mystery of the Night California*; Elliott Daingerfield's *Sea Song* is full of rich colour and dainty charm.



MISS EDITH GOULD
BY ARTUR L. HALMI

In the Galleries

A really delightful exhibition of architectural etchings on view at the Louis Katz Galleries gives an opportunity to compare the excellencies of the work of Hedley Fitton, Axel H. Haig, Andrew Ailleck and Albany E. Howarth, who have all been honoured in London, Stockholm and Paris. Men of the North are all these etchers and something of the sturdiness and decision of the early adventures are shown in their splendidly etched plates. The work of these four artists is singularly harmonious, not only in theme but in method of treatment. Architectural in subject, there is much of poetry and real feeling in the manner of presenting these glimpses of the picturesque cathedrals, castles and corners of the old world.

The Gallery of Messrs. Gimpel & Wildenstein was filled during December with choice American, French and English drawings owned by Mr. A. E. Gallatin. The object was to benefit the Junior League, for which purpose thousands of people willingly paid twenty-five cents entry. Whistler, Shinn, Haskell and Pennell were well represented. Rothenstein's portrait of Mr. Gallatin is a capital bit of draughtsmanship. Pen-and-inks by Forain, a monotype Degas *paysage*, an etching by Rodin, a lithograph by Shannon and John W. Alexander's charcoal sketch of Whistler made the exhibition very interesting; simultaneously, the contemporary graphic art of Hungary, Bohemia and Austria was on view in the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company, following Mr. Birnbaum's successful handling of the León Bakst exhibition.



MISS ANN RAINEY

BY ARTUR L. HALMI

A large exhibition of a hundred numbers has just closed at the Montross Galleries, where visitors have seen excellent sculpture and paintings by Robert and Bessie Potter Vonnoh. Small sketches, such as *Mother and Child*, *The Dance*, *The Scarf*, *An Ideal*, *The Fan*, are charming. Among the paintings the strong portraits of Daniel Chester French and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell were particularly satisfactory.

An exhibition of real significance has just concluded at 366 Fifth Avenue, where Mr. Richard Ederheimer had on view a hundred original drawings by Old Masters. Sketches often reveal the master more than finished pictures. In this collection, beautifully catalogued by Mr. Ederheimer, were seen splendid examples of the Primitives, German and Swiss masters of the sixteenth century, including Dürer and Beham; Italian masters—several Titians and a *Crucifixion* by Tintor-



Courtesy of the Macdowell Club
AFTERGLOW

BY ANNA MILO UPJOHN

In the Galleries

etto; Rembrandt; two superb heads by Salomon Konnink, Dutch and Flemish artists, including a female head by Rubens; also Spanish, English and French schools, seventeenth and eighteenth century. Very interesting was a drawing signed by Murillo, and Greuze's design for his *Le fils puni*.

At the Powell Art Gallery was held the sixth annual exhibition of Thumb Box Sketches, and it put all preceding shows completely in the shade. Hardly an artist of note but contributed, and to read the names of those represented seemed like reciting a "Who's Who in Art."

At the Braus Galleries, 717 Fifth Avenue, have been on view interesting canvases by Mr. Lester D. Boronda, who makes his first bow to the New York public. This young Californian artist should have a future. When he is true to himself and refrains from reflecting certain famous painters, his work is harmonious, strong and very individual. In an adjacent gallery were hung the entire output of Mr. Lee Hankey, an etcher who has established a well-deserved reputation.

The Hodgkins Galleries showed some twenty masterpieces by Richard Cosway. To look at these delicate drawings and at the Lawrences at the Scott & Fowles Galleries the most ardent admirer of to-day is fain to admit that these ancients possessed a something that the modern draughtsman cannot approach.

The Arlington Galleries have arranged to show



Courtesy of the Ederheimer Galleries

A VILLAGE FESTIVAL

BY OSTADE

the work of Mr. Bernhard Gutmann, who has many interesting canvases from Brittany, along with paintings of New York and scenery about Silvermine, Norwalk, Connecticut, where this artist is domiciled. Mr. Gutmann paints in pure colour and with intense feeling and his exhibition will be worth while.

An all-American exhibition at the Snedecor Gallery was representative of many well-known American painters. The little exhibition showed some choice bits of colour, including *The Pink Cloud*, by William R. Leigh; Gustave Wiegand's *The Garden in the Woods* and R. A. Blacklock's *Sunset Glen*. *A Summer Afternoon* by George Inness was, of course, particularly interesting. Leonard Ochtman, Edwin Gay, Frank De Haven, Leonard M. Davis were well represented.

There was an interesting exhibition at the Hotel Astor of the water-colours by the late Professor Woltze, of Weimar. Together with Lehnbach and Kaulbach, this artist headed the list of men prominent in modern pastel painting. His



Courtesy of the Hackley Gallery, Muskegon, Michigan

A JUNE DAY IN SUFFOLK

BY J. A. ARNESBY BROWN, A.R.A.

In the Galleries

drawings comprise the most picturesque portions of Europe, such as Venice, Ragusa, Bruges, Rothenburg, Braunfels; and if any exception could be taken to his skill it would be that he did not practise sufficiently the blessed gift of elimination. Many of the hundred and odd drawings displayed are delightful specimens of the lighter medium. Especially noteworthy are his Garda Lake, Braunfels and Dalmatian motifs.

The O'Brien Art Galleries showed the Panama canvases of Alson Skinner Clark, who has succeeded in giving forceful representation of the epoch-making doings around Culebra and has enveloped his pictures with good tropical atmosphere.

The National Society of Craftsmen held their seventh annual exhibition of arts and crafts during the past month at the National Arts Club, and very great praise is due to Mr. Frederick Lamb and his associates, who converted a difficult proposition into a pronounced success. It would be impossible with a few lines of type to give any notice of the different features of the exhibition. We will therefore revert to it in our next number.

Lithographs and etchings of Grecian temples by Joseph Pennell rewarded December visitors to the galleries of Frederick Keppel & Co. The Greeks proved themselves great artists in the way they composed their temples in attractive sites, and

Joseph Pennell has proved himself a great artist by the way he has rendered these wonders for future generations to enjoy.

A young American artist, Mr. A. Vincent Tack, is doing some very extraordinary work, which it is hoped will be shown in New York before it goes to Paris. To describe his painting would require a headlong plunge into superlatives: sufficient to say that his latest work will cause a very great sensation wherever exhibited.

The original American can never die as long as Mr. E. Irving Couse lives. There has been an important exhibition of this artist's work at the Boston Galleries of Messrs. R. C. & N. M. Vose.

The Fortress of Singular Art at 201 Fifth Avenue is still victualled by A. Walkowitz, with Hartley to succeed. Mr. Stieglitz is as strong as ever in his opinions upon art that is art, and we may look forward to

some overpowering proofs of ultra-modernism during the cold months to come.

The Century Club has just concluded an interesting exhibition, including C. Hopkinson Smith's black-and-white drawings of Dickens land. His *London Bridge* and interiors of the George and Vulture inns are particularly happy renderings. On the opposite wall were Mielatz etchings, large and small plates of exceptional interest. His *St. Thomas's* is a piece of superb draughtsmanship.



Courtesy of the Cottier Galleries

MASTER BLOXAM BY SIR THOS. LAWRENCE, P.R.A.



MR. AND MRS. DANIEL E. MORAN AND FAMILY AT MENDHAM, NEW JERSEY

BY CARTON MOORE-PARK



"THE HUNTRESSES AND THE KNIGHT," FROM
A WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

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FEBRUARY, 1914

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN: WINTER EXHIBITION BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE invariable question each year is: "Well, what sort of a show is it this time?" and the answer varies, according to the disposition of the person questioned, but is usually lavish praise or deep discontent. On the present occasion the verdict would appear to lie between these extreme views, and with justice. Of the pictures hung it cannot be said that many of them make a very strong appeal, either from choice of subject or mode of execution. One is reminded of an enthusiast praising a large canvas for its wonderful cleverness and draughtsmanship, and the remark of Whistler, "Yes, but why do it?" The conception must be big, the imagination awakened, essentials and construction well considered and weighed before a picture can be classed as first-rate, and only few canvases answer to these conditions. In the case of the Ritschel picture, *Rocks and Breakers, Pacific Coast*, we have a truly great achievement, and none of the prize awards was more worthily bestowed. The painting is full of strength and the shadows are excellent in colour.

There is no field of art

where the American artist is so thoroughly competent as marine painting, and it might be said with justice that in Paul Dougherty we possess perhaps the best sea painter of any country to-day. Carlsen's picture, *The Sky and the Ocean* is lacking in composition. The repeated curve might have been avoided; the colour and movement, however, are splendidly expressed. Sargent's *Water-*



National Academy of Design, Winter Exhibition, 1913-1914

THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

BY WILLIAM FAIR KLINE

CLXXXIII

Winter Academy Exhibition

fall is proof, if proof were wanting, that the surrounding pictures are fully up to the mark, for it does not belittle its neighbours in the slightest.

Kroll's *River Industries* is very strong and good in composition. A disturbing note is that the first plane rises. Ernest Lawson's *Hudson River* is excellent, if somewhat restless. The green house is a splendid note. Elmer Schofield showed a wonderful snow subject entitled *The Hill Country* brilliantly carried out. We expect great things from Childe Hassam and are seldom disappointed. His *Diana's Bath* is delightful in composition; the colours sparkle like jewels, but the figure is badly drawn; none the less, this canvas has a charm which few others in the exhibition exert. A very notable picture is *Smeaton's Quay, St. Ives*, by Hayley Lever, who has secured the silver medal at the Arts Club with a similar subject. This artist has made a specialty of harbour scenes, and has an international reputation. Gifford Beal's *Hudson River Holiday* is a somewhat *bizarre* canvas, with the values forced to emphasize the holiday makers. It is strongly painted and in good colour, and quite one of the best pictures shown. Johansen's *Woodland Pool* is a master-



National Academy of Design, Winter Exhibition, 1913-1914

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

BY EVERETT L. WARNER



National Academy of Design, Winter Exhibition, 1913-1914
Awarded the Helon Luster Barnett Prize

CENTAU AND DRYAD

BY PAUL MANSHIP

CLXXXIV

piece of great distinction. The two nudes are beautifully modeled and the colour and drawing leave little to be desired. Warren Davis has a small canvas entitled *Sea Magic*, in which he reveals his wonderful skill in painting the nude. If we mistake not, Warren Davis has a great future before him. Arthur Hoerber is represented with a fine landscape, entitled *The Meadow Brook*, in which he has mastered an excellent colour scheme in a well-planned composition. Such pictures have enduring qualities.

Charles Hawthorne's *The Widow* is strong and beautiful in its simplicity. One might object to the mouth if the eyes did not dominate the canvas; one little white spot, the star, is just in the right place. Jonas Lie's *The Path of Gold* is strong and in good colour, but forced. Colin Campbell Cooper's *The Avenue, New York*, though interesting in composition, does not give the atmo-

Winter Academy Exhibition



National Academy of Design, Winter Exhibition, 1913-1914

A GOOD LITTLE GIRL

BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

sphere of New York. Charles Rosen has a pleasing snow scene, which is convincing except that the snow in the shadows appears too transparent.

The Academy as it stands at present is neither national nor metropolitan, for it cannot fulfil its obligations to the nation nor to the city which is bidding fair to become the greatest art centre in

the Universe. London, Paris and Berlin succeed where New York fails. There should be a permanent exhibition and ample space to keep up with the increasing numbers of paintings submitted. To hang three hundred pictures is good enough for some cities, but not for New York. A feeling of discontent has been rife for years, but it

Winter Academy Exhibition



National Academy of Design, Winter Exhibition, 1913-1914
Awarded the Isidor Medal

THE DIVAN

BY FRANCIS C. JONES

has culminated in words only. Now it is different. Artists thwarted in their right to exhibit have started a *salon de non pendus*, as a stimulus

to immediate action being taken. The Academy cannot shelter her brood, and the necessity arises stronger than ever to procure some building of suitable dimensions.

What should prevent the Academy from hiring an Armory or similar quarters as a temporary measure? If held on business lines like last year's Exhibition of Modern Art it would undoubtedly prove an attractive novelty, draw a large audience and be most instructive to the student of comparative painting. With the co-operation of the Press and helped on by a practical and experienced committee of ways and means, such an enterprise, announced beforehand by press notices, good posters and standing advertisements, would stir the public interest as it has never been stirred before. If art is to be popular in this country, why not resort to popular measures? It is done abroad with great advantage.



National Academy of Design, Winter Exhibition, 1913-1914

THE MEADOW BROOK

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

Mural Decoration in the State Capitol of Wisconsin

THE MURAL DECORATION IN THE STATE CAPITOL OF WISCONSIN PAINTED BY HUGO BALLIN BY ADA RAINEY

AMERICAN Art for Americans is becoming more and more of a reality, and better still, it is becoming more recognized as an important element in our national life. We are increasingly becoming aware that beauty has utility, that it has a tremendous influence upon the life and character of the body politic. And so more frequently are our State capitols and other public buildings being decorated in a manner suited to the new spirit—America expressing herself in her own way.

Mural painting is an important element in the art life of a community and we have heretofore been sadly lacking in its expression. It is only until within the last twenty-five years that we have had architects. Formerly we had builders and contractors who were quite oblivious to the fact that a house or public building was something else than a pile of bricks and mortar. It is only within the past twenty-five years that the need for architects has been recognized. And most of these architects have quite ignored the possibility of mural painting. Now, however, the architects are beginning to plan spaces for decoration and are realizing what an important factor artistic decoration is. When a picture is painted to occupy a particular place, it has a certain permanency and is more significant artistically than an easel painting, for when art becomes portable it loses much. The greatest works of the Renais-

sance when painting was at its height, were mural. It is only when a country expresses itself in mural paintings that it attains to true artistic self-expression. Easel pictures always are individual and particular, because portraits, figure pieces or landscapes small enough to hang in private houses can never be so truly expressive of the life of the nation as a whole, can never so appeal to large numbers, as mural paintings in a public building and which fully express the life or ideals of the community that surges round it as a centre.

So it is with joy we hail the growing tendency in America to give more importance to this branch of art, for it is a sign of the great awakening of our people to artistic life.

The decorations of the Wisconsin State Capitol at Madison, have recently been completed and are in line with this newly awakened interest. Several important mural decorators have worked upon the building, notably Kenyon Cox, E. H. Blashfield, J. W. Alexander, whose paintings are not yet in place, and Hugo Ballin. The latter decorated entirely the Governor's room.

The new capitol building was designed by George W. Post & Sons at a cost of six million dollars. It is in the form of a Greek Cross with a large dome at the intersection. Daniel C. French, Karl Bitter, A. A. Weinman and Piccirilli have each executed a tympanum in marble for the four ends of the building. The Governor's room which contains Mr. Ballin's decorations, is a reproduction in form of the great *Sala del Consiglio* in the Doges Palace in Venice. The



LABOUR AND THE SPIRITS OF RAIN AND SUNSHINE

BY HUGO BALLIN



MAJOR WHISTLER CONFERRING WITH RED BIRD
BY HUGO BALLIN

Mural Decoration in the State Capitol of Wisconsin

paintings cover the ceiling and walls to within four feet of the floor. The colour scheme of the woodwork was designed and executed by Elmer Garnsey.

These decorations by Hugo Ballin are indeed an achievement for so young an artist. They show an intellectual grasp of the subjects depicted and a freedom of expression that is rare. They are typically American in conception.

The whole series was completed within a remarkably short time; scarcely more than a year was spent upon it. The paintings illustrate, in allegory and historic incident, the story of the State of Wisconsin and are particularly successful from several points of view.

First, in the decorations there is a blending of the real and that which lies beyond the real. Mr. Ballin happily expresses it when he says that "the fact or the real is what we see, but the man, who, having a better viewpoint, sees the beauty of the thing and paints what he feels." So we have the blending of the realistic, necessary for the portrayal of the historic side and to please the commissioners who must be considered, with the allegory where the artist has given free rein to his invention. From an artistic point of view the allegorical paintings are the more satisfactory, for they more truly express the creative ability of the artist. Nevertheless the historical paintings are most interesting as a human document. The scenes are simply treated, free from conventionality or display.

There is a keen sense of beauty in these lovely decorations of Mr. Ballin—beauty of design, of colour, and in handling of the pigments. Indeed the sense of beauty is one of Mr. Ballin's most distinguishing characteristics, and his exquisite colour is

as remarkable as it is unusual. The true colourist is born and not made. Colour is almost entirely a matter of feeling. Training can add much to accentuate or develop it, but the sensitive feeling for colour is a natural endowment. This Mr. Ballin possesses and this is perhaps the most striking characteristic in these mural decorations. For this reason reproductions imperfectly convey the impression of the whole.

The designs are composed with simple flowing lines and are unencumbered with superfluous details, only the narrative essentials are retained. Therefore almost entirely are the designs effective and the colours largely blues, red and yellows which are skillfully massed for contrast or harmony. This treatment has made for success of the whole composition, which is highly decorative and makes a direct appeal to the imagination.

The decorations were painted with careful consideration of the room and its architectural features. The woodwork in dull gold and brown accentuates the glow of colour on the ceiling and walls.

For months previous to the actual painting the artist did a great deal of research work, delving into records and studying the details of old costumes and finding out everything possible in regard to the characteristics of the men of Wisconsin whose portraits he has painted. The

result in historic accuracy is excellent, and there is an impression of reality that the scenes depicted actually took place in the early life of Wisconsin. The central painting on the ceiling is in the form of a circle and is nine feet in diameter. It is the focal point of the room and represents Wisconsin surrounded by four figures: one, a woman repre-



PIONEERING

BY HUGO BALLIN

Mural Decoration in the State Capitol of Wisconsin



OLD STATE CAPITOL

BY HUGO BALLIN



STATE CAPITOL

BY HUGO BALLIN

senting horticulture and agriculture, the second a man in the foreground typifying the mining and forest industries. A semi-nude figure is commerce by land. Commerce by water is typified by an aged prophet with sextant and trident. Above the central figure hangs the flag which falls behind the stone seat. The child holding an oak branch represents the young state.

Labour and the Spirits of Rain and Sunshine is particularly effective in composition and colour. *Labour* is seated on a low mound clad in brown and red. Her attributes are the shovel and a laden basket of plenty. In the distance can be seen a factory. *Rain* in blue-green draperies, and *Sunshine* in opalescent hues contrast effectively. In the *Seeker of Knowledge at the Shrine of Wis-*

Mural Decoration in the State-Capitol of Wisconsin

dom are seen two figures, *Wisdom*, seated extends her hand to a young girl student, typically American, dressed in her graduation robes, who is presenting her diploma. The University building is seen in the distance.

Among the six allegorical figures on the ceiling are *Invention*, *Charity*, *Pioneering*, *Justice*, the *Arts* and *Religion*, all noteworthy for simplicity of line and for colour. *Invention* and *Charity* are perhaps the most effective and original; *Invention* looks above attracted by an aeroplane. Back of her rises the smoke of two factories and against the light cloud towers the "wireless." Near the figure of *The Arts*, Mr. Ballin has introduced the model of Saint Gaudens' *Puritan* as a silent tribute to the artist who first showed his appreciation of Mr. Ballin's early paintings.

On the side walls are scenes from the early history of Wisconsin, so picturesque with its romantic adventures of daring and achievement. Perhaps the most interesting scene is that showing Red Bird, the famous Indian chief, giving himself up to Mayor Whistler. Jean Nicolet, the first white man to reach the shore of Green Bay, is shown as he appeared before the Indians, clad in a yellow silk Chinese robe of state (for in going westward he thought he would reach China), and armed with pistols, frightened them with the "white man's thunder," later making peace with the Indians. Two panels representing the lakes of Mendota, Lake of the Evening and Monona, Lake of the Morning are particularly effective and glow with opalescent colours.

Most of Mr. Ballin's previous work has consisted of easel pictures and portraits, in both of which he has been unusually successful. There

is always a demand for his work. He is one of the most individual of our young American painters and can not be tabulated, for he belongs to no school or group of artists. He paints with few mannerisms, employing a high or low keyed palette with equal facility.

He received his elementary art education in New York at the Art Students' League and has remained uninfluenced by Paris. His painting is a refutation of the belief that all good things in art come from Paris. He nevertheless has travelled abroad for three years, mostly in Italy, part

of the time in company with the late Robert Blum, who influenced his work more than any other artist or teacher. They are decidedly akin in

artistic perception. The feeling behind the object as it appeals to the imagination is the chief concern of Mr. Ballin. And if painting does not concern itself with feeling, what is its use? Slowly

and surely a new spirit is making itself felt in Art as in Music and the Drama.

We have had a surfeit of realistic painting with the accent on the ugly or repulsive. The new point of view is becoming more evident—it is the seeking

for true beauty. The artist always has freedom of choice, he can always "compose" his landscape or figures, which does not mean that they will be false or unlikelike. Everything depends on the way we see, whether it be people in the slums, in the crude, harsh, jarring notes of futurists or post-impressionist, or the lovely harmonious colours and flowing lines of nature, and people depicted by the eye that sees kindly. It is with the "kindly eye" that Mr. Ballin paints and the result to us is sheer joy and delight in his creations.

And his native country has not been unmindful



WISCONSIN AND ATTRIBUTES
BY HUGO BALLIN

A Painter of Panama: Jonas Lie



UNITY AFTER THE CIVIL WAR MAKING PEACE

BY HUGO BALLIN

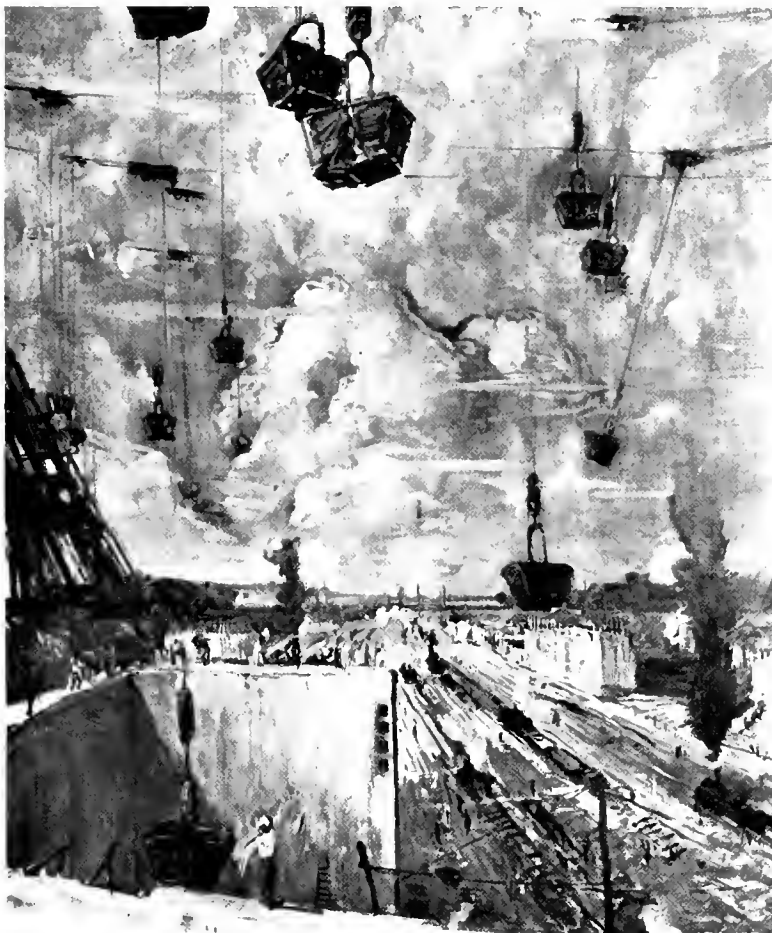
of his talents, for his work has found place in public galleries and private collections, more especially in the East. He won the Shaw prize in 1906, given for the best painting by an American artist without limitation as to age or subject. The Thomas B. Clark prize in 1907, offered on the same conditions was won with his picture entitled *Mother and Child*. He received the Isadore gold medal in 1908 and honours from the government in Buenos Ayres for work sent to the exhibition there in 1911. The Hallgarten prize in 1907 was awarded him for his *Three Ages*, and three medals have been received from the Architectural League of New York for competitive designs.

It should be a cause for great encouragement to us as a nation that our young artists, absolutely American by training and ideals, are proving themselves equal to the demand laid upon them to produce works of art of dignity and importance, truly American and representative of the artistic impulse that is undoubtedly stirring at the heart of the Nation. We are beginning to express ourselves artistically.

A PAINTER OF PANAMA: JONAS LIE

WHEN Mr. Jonas Lie returned from Panama with his Homeric canvases, representing the mighty achievement of America's latest waterway, it might indeed be accounted to him that "He went, he saw, he conquered." No one has grappled with the situation in the heroic measure that Lie has. Prettyman brought lyrical souvenirs of good pictorial value, but nothing big, nothing bloodstirring. The exhibition at Knoedler's Galleries has filled New York with wonderment at the immense task that Colonel Goethals and his staff had to cope with. Picture after picture deals with the gigantic work in its different aspects and each one offers such variety that all idea of monotony is banished. The great scarlet gates of Mirallores ajar, giving view to deep purple structure beyond is fine beyond words, broadly painted with decisive brush strokes and in restrained colour. Realistic such work must be in order to express the immense forces at work, but on occasion this young artist reveals his spiritual

A Painter of Panama: Jonas Lie



THE HEAVENLY HOST

BY JONAS LIE



CULEBRA CUT

BY JONAS LIE

A Painter of Panama: Jonas Lie

nature and nowhere more so than in his *The Heavenly Host*, which is his happy title for one of the finest paintings on view. Against a powerfully painted sky of fleecy cloud the great iron buckets dance in mid-air, with nothing visible but their cables. None but a real artist could have evolved such a vision. Meunier and Dana Marsh have glorified the *man* rather than the *work*, or at least have made them of equal importance; but with Lie the workmen are too tiny to be considered. Little dots and splashes suffice; it is the work only that counts and the sub-tropical setting of Panama.

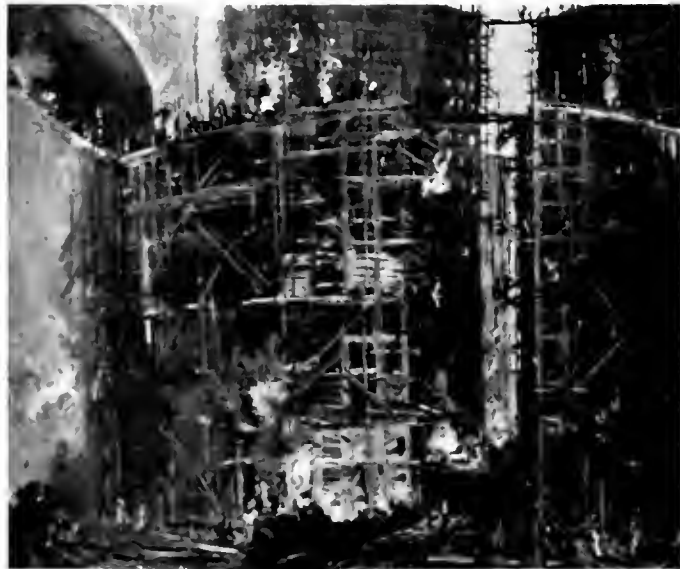
Mr. Lie served his apprenticeship, like many other artists, beneath Brooklyn Bridge and the city's monster buildings. This has given him the power to see largely and simply and to eliminate the non-essentials. The very simplicity of his treatment gives to his canvases a power and a charm which different technique could not impart.



CRANES AT MIRAFLORES

BY JONAS LIE

Mr. Lie has found his vocation and it is to be hoped that the Government or some museum will come forward and secure for the nation this worthy collection which can never be duplicated. W. H. N.



GATES AT PEDRO MIGUEL

BY JONAS LIE

A Woman Painter of Great Men



THE EMPEROR OF
GERMANY

BY PRINCESS
LWOFF-PARLAGHY



THE CROWN PRINCE OF
GERMANY

BY PRINCESS
LWOFF-PARLAGHY

A WOMAN PAINTER OF GREAT
MEN
BY GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

EMINENT among painters of portraits of the world's great men is the Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy, Hungarian by birth, cosmopolitan by residence, and now domiciled in New York. Among Americans who have sat to her are Joseph H. Choate, Horace Porter, Whitelaw Reid, Andrew Carnegie, Benjamin F. Tracy, Chauncey Depew, James B. Haggin, Alton B. Parker, Nikola Tesla, Thomas Edison, Ogden Mills, Edwin Markham, George Dewey, August Belmont, Myron F. Herrick, William H. Bliss, Henry Phipps. Among Europeans she has painted are the German Emperor (six times), the German Crown Prince, Bismarck (three times), the King of Saxony, the King of Wurtemberg, the King of Servia, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Prince of Monaco, Prince Ernst Ghika of Roumania, Prince Asghar Ali of Persia, Count von Caprivi, General von Arnim, Kuno Fischer, the German philosopher, Count von Taaffe of Austria, Count von Schoenborn, of Austria, German Minister of Finance von Miquel, Count Eulenburg, Master of Ceremony

and Oberhofmarshal to the Emperor of Germany; Count Cassini, of Russia; Archbishop von Stablewsky, of Poland; the Marchese di Bianchi, of Italy; the Austrian poet, Bauernfeld; the German poet, Ernst von Wildenbruch; Baron von Stumm, the poet and playwright; Hermann Sudermann; President Koch, of the Berlin Reichsbank; President von Hahn, of the Vienna Laenderbank; President Loesner, of the Hamburg-American Line.

For her portraits of the German Kaiser, the Princess received the Great Gold State Medal of Germany, and was appointed a member of the jury, the only woman ever so honoured. For her portrait of the King of Wurtemberg she received the Great Gold Medal of Art and Science. Her portrait of General Field-Marshal Count von Moltke was bought by the German Kaiser for the Great General Staff in Berlin, and a second portrait of him was presented by the Great General Staff to General Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee. For her portrait of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Berlin, His Excellency von Szoegyenyi-Marich, she was made an officer of the French Academy. Among museums in which hang portraits painted by her are those of Dres-

A Woman Painter of Great Men



AUGUST BELMONT, ESQ.

BY PRINCESS LWOFF-PARLAGHY

den, Leipzig, Heidelberg, Hanover, Vienna, Budapest, and the New York Museum of Natural History.

The Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy not only paints portraits of men; she also paints portraits like a man. I mean that one is not obliged to make concessions to her because she is a woman. Indeed, there is nothing feminine about her work. It is, first of all, strong, which of course is a very desirable characteristic in painting strong men.

Painting portraits has always seemed to me much like taming wild animals. The portraitist must interest, develop and, for the time being, dominate the sitter, in order to grasp what is fundamental in him. Only by putting the subject through his paces can his qualities of mind and soul be apprehended.

This the Princess does to perfection. She is accustomed to have her own way, and also accustomed to have it with the consent of others. She would never have become the pupil—the only one of the great German painter, Lenbach, if she

had not possessed the power of imposing her will upon strong men.

She was only a young girl when she arrived in Munich from Budapest, and presented herself at Lenbach's studio, with the request that he take her as pupil.

He was kind but brusque, and smiled pityingly. "What, child! You want to be my pupil?"

"Yes, master. It is my only dream. You are for me the greatest artist in the world."

"But don't you know that I have never had any pupils and that I do not wish any. What can you do to justify yourself in making such a request?"

"Master, try me."

"Very well," he said. "Here is a portrait I have just finished. Copy it and return it to me with the copy."

"I copied it," says the Princess, "with enthusiasm. I applied myself to the most exact reproduction of the smallest details. When I brought it to Lenbach with the original he regarded the two canvases attentively."

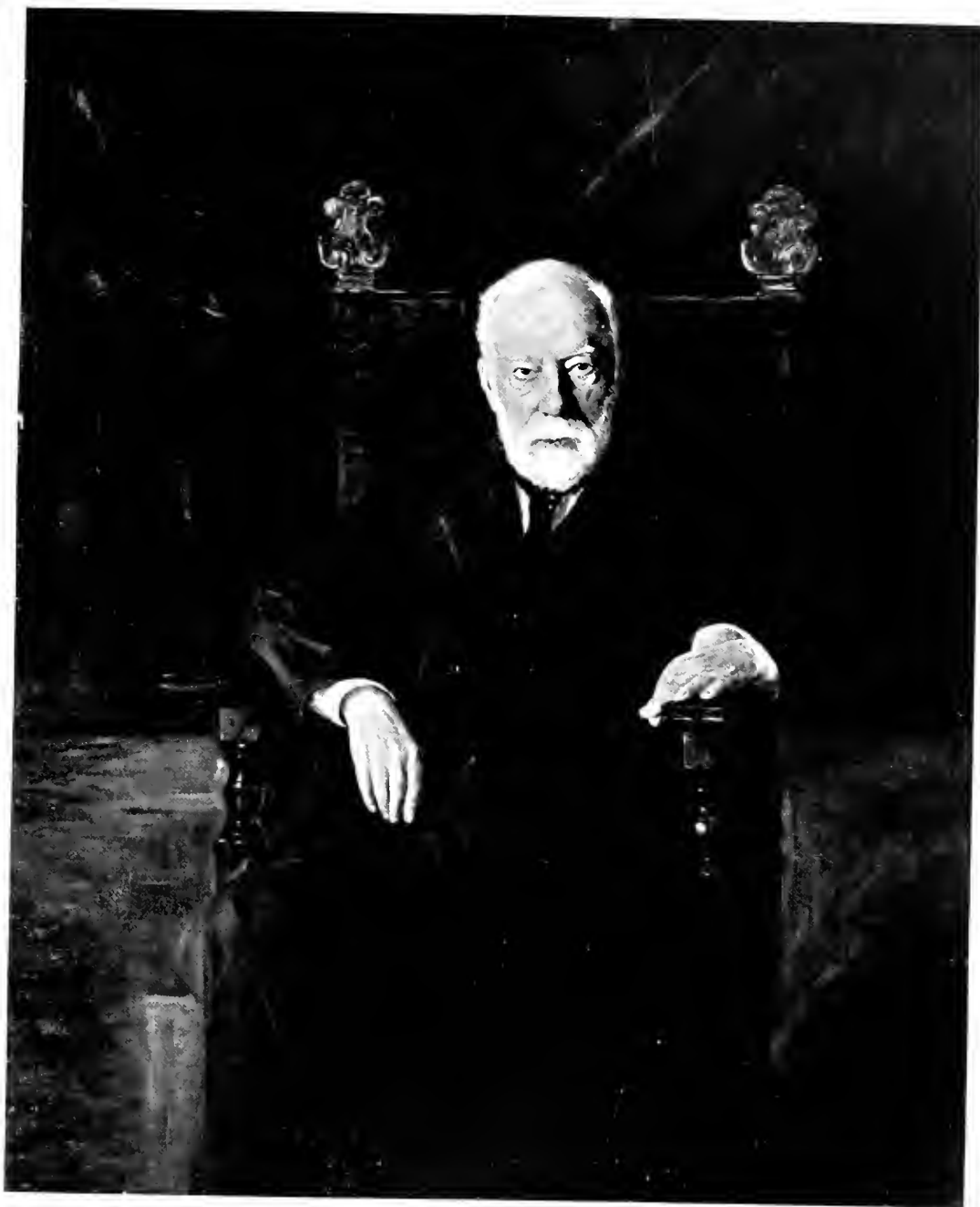
"Which is your copy?" he asked.

"This one, Herr Lenbach, of course."



BENJAMIN F.
TRACY, ESQ.

BY PRINCESS
LWOFF-PARLAGHY



JAMES B. HAGGIN, ESQ.
BY PRINCESS LWOFF-PARLAGHY

A Woman Painter of Great Men

The great painter grunted gruffly and was silent. The Princess was afraid; she thought he was offended.

"You did that?" went on Lenbach.

"Yes, Herr Lenbach. I did my best."

"A child like you. Well, from now on you are my pupil. You must never have any other master but me, nor I any other pupil but you."

"I promise," said the Princess.

Of the portraits by the Princess with which I am personally acquainted, those of Joseph H. Choate and James B. Haggin impress me most. The former shows Mr. Choate, who was one of the Museum founders and is the only one of them still living, seated in his Oxford gown—the gown that he wore when he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University in 1902, during the fourth year of his ambassadorship to the Court of St. James. Notable is the success of the Princess in expressing not only Mr. Choate's wonderful smile, but also his spirit of perpetual youth. Through the dignity of years and great achievement the boy still twinkles.

As in many others of the Princess's portraits, so in that of Mr. Haggin, are the hands strangely interpretative of character. They lead the attention powerfully to a face that has lived much. And the face itself is an unusual study in likeness. It is vastly more the man than the man is himself.

The Princess works rapidly. Sketches like that

of Mr. Tracy, illustrated on another page, she completes in one or two hours. For most of her paintings four or five sittings suffice. Seldom does she require fourteen sittings, as for the Museum portrait of Mr. Choate. Usually she is able to get into the intimacy of the subject quickly, and with broad strokes to make striking preliminary sketches that foreshadow the completed work—like the sketches of Tesla and Herrick and Edison.

Of the American portraits, those of Andrew Carnegie and Edwin Markham also appeal to one as full of sincerity and directness. Even if we did not know the men portrayed, we should feel acquainted with them. And I am sure that it is the fidelity of her portraiture that has won for the Princess her European reputation, and the favour of those whom she has painted in Europe, chief among them the German Emperor and his son, the Crown Prince.

In these days when so many women question

the greatness of any man, it is reassuring to find at least one woman who not only admits that many men are great, but with passionate enthusiasm fastens their various greatneses in permanent form for future ages to study and admire.

A CANARD—The stolen *Duchess* and the stolen *Gioconda* have not been more discussed than of late the little bronze by Mlle. Poupelet, but all this talk about the duck is vain, inasmuch as it is no duck at all, but a drake.



ANDREW CARNEGIE

BY PRINCESS LWOFF-PARLAGHY



ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION, 1913
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

DURING a large part of December the exhibition rooms of the National Arts Club were occupied by the Society of Arts and Crafts, engaged in holding its Seventh Annual Exhibition. In looking over the heterogeneous wares exposed to view, it was impossible to avoid being impressed by a very striking note of the Society's enterprise, namely, the fact that with one or two negligible exceptions, everything was modern. On former occasions, in order to ensure a fitting display, it has been necessary to call to aid tapestries of Gobelin or Beauvais, Indian carvings or some other trump card, but on this occasion home-made products prevailed, thus marking an important step in progress. Much to be seen was amateurish, but that is only natural when we recall that the movement is new and but few recruits are drawn from the professional classes. Some twenty years ago there were sixteen societies in America whereas now they number more than a hundred.

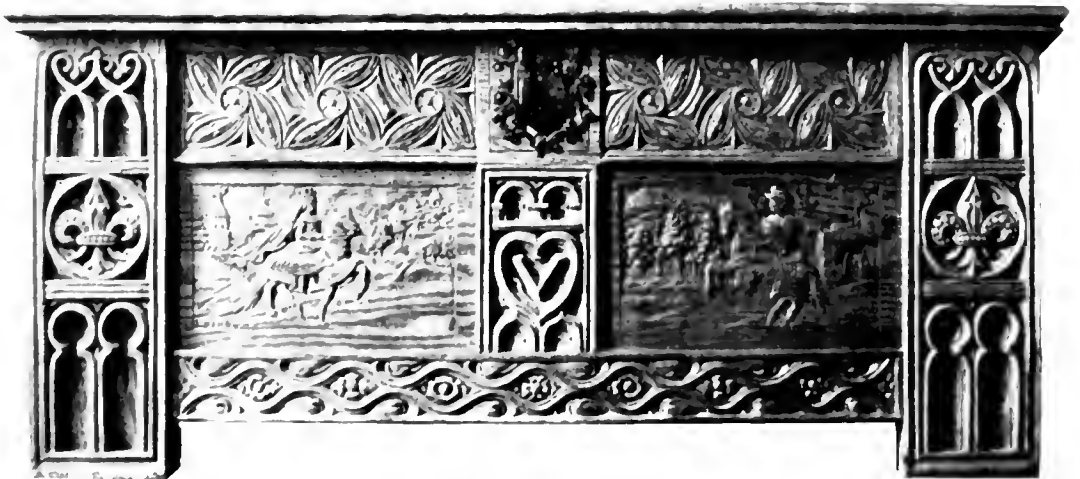
The main object of the Craft movement is not to market their designs so much as to promote home industry, to give additional interest to life by manufacturing things of beauty for the home which machinery cannot effect. Ever since the pre-Raphaelites paved the way, aided by practical men like Morris, Crane, Day and others, *L'art nouveau* has claimed the attention of thousands of people, and

A TWELFTH-CENTURY
NORSE DOORWAY

BY KARL V. RYDINSVÄRD



ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB



A THOUSAND CHEST

BY KARI A. RYDINGSVÄRD

Arts and Crafts Exhibition



MISS MASON'S WORK AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION

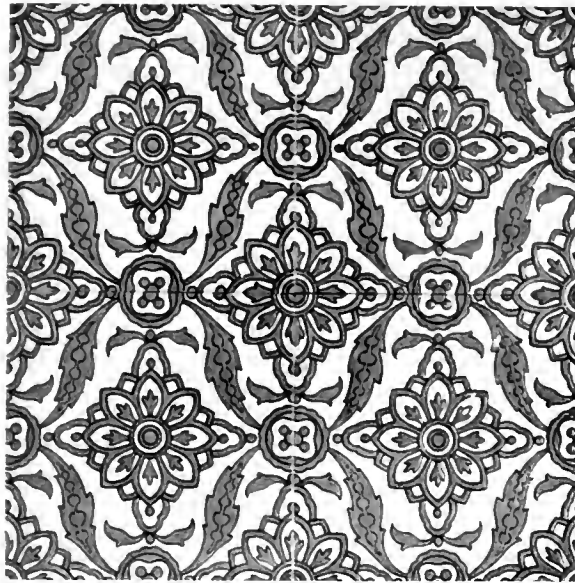
made it possible for potters, jewellers, wood carvers, bookbinders, illuminists, metal workers, ceramic workers and others to conquer new worlds of design. As such organizations must perforce commence from tiny beginnings, fanned into life by private enterprise of a handful of enthusiasts—men and women endowed with the spirit and energy of Mr. Frederick Lamb—so it has been possible to aid the movement immensely by inaugurating a night school for instruction in arts and crafts, which has been in successful operation since the Fall.

We are no longer merely an agricultural community, exchanging raw products. That day is over. The day is also past when machinery can supply all needs; a community ruled by machinery must inevitably lack in observation, imagination and application, all of which faculties are fostered by the Crafts and become *per se* the mental equipment of the craftsman. Study of the Crafts promotes self-expression and makes the wife the economic partner who can sympathize with the husband in his life's work.

To return from generalities to the



CERAMIC DISPLAY AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION



A TILE DESIGNED BY DOROTHEA WARREN O'HARA

exhibition itself, very noticeable features were the splendid designs issuing from the Herter looms; the distinct advance in ceramics observed in Miss Mason's exhibits and, more particularly, in the designs of Mrs. O'Hara, whose excellent work has been called attention to lately in THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO; the ecclesiastical work of Mr. Harris, and the wood carvings of Karl v. Rydingsvärd.

On the first page of this article we have reproduced a door frame in twelfth-century Norse by Karl v. Rydingsvärd, who made a special study of Norse workmanship in Stockholm and who has been instrumental in introducing it largely into New York. The two grotesque figures represent an evil spirit of the woods, known as *Nipon*, whom the peasants were wont to appease by food offerings. He is shown in benignant and in malignant guise. The interlacing serpent is another familiar item of Norse decoration. Other illustrations here shown are two trousseau chests, one, Gothic, by the master, the other, Norse, by a pupil, Mr. Bolton, who shows promise of becoming an efficient craftsman. Wood carving enters into the public school curriculum in many towns and districts; it is becoming of vital interest in many homes and has proved of great benefit in mental cases, where a congenial occupation is sorely needed.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB GAL- LERIES

THE Painter Members have just concluded their usual yearly exhibition, and they may be congratulated upon having shown a very creditable array of pictures, plenty of them in point of merit being little below the medal standard.

First medal was secured by William Ritschel, fresh from his victory at the Winter Academy. Second medal was obtained by Hayley Lever, with an excellent harbour scene hanging over the fireplace, flanked by the *Colour Harmony* by F. Luis Mora, a girl bare to the waist, seated, drawing and composition and colour all excellent.

One of the best pictures shown was *The Emerald Robe*, by Robert H. Nisbet, a large landscape, carefully studied and painted with joyous freedom, the best effort we have yet seen from this artist. Glenn Newell showed

a fine sheep picture with convincing colour harmony. *The Round Pool*, by Jane Peterson, is strongly rendered in a high key. Gardner Symons was represented by a Cornish village, most picturesquely conceived. D. Putnam Brinley has a strong picture in *White Iris*, but not up to his *Emerald Pool*, exhibited last year. The same must be said of Gifford Beal's *Summer Woodlands*, which falls short in design and colour of his usual work. Elmer Schofield showed a winter scene, with strong masses of light and shade and executed with his usual dash and vigour. Homer Boss has a large and quaint portrait, reminiscent of Matisse, and Susan Hildreth showed a beautiful little water colour, representing an Italian nun holding a child by the hand. Frederick Waugh showed his accustomed skill in his excellent *Gulf Stream*, and Cullen Yates stood sponsor for a picture entitled *In the Valley*, which is a clever rendering of a most difficult subject.



A TROSSEAU CHEST DESIGNED BY MR. BOLTON

The Rochester Memorial Art Gallery



THE ROCHESTER MEMORIAL ART GALLERY

THE ROCHESTER MEMORIAL ART GALLERY BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

THE tendency toward esthetic decentralization so frequently noted in these columns has gained further impetus through the recent opening of the Memorial Art Gallery of Rochester. There are at present some eighty institutions in the United States which exhibit collections of art, the oldest being the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, the youngest, the Rochester Gallery. Our larger cities no longer stand alone as art centres. Interest has spread amazingly during the past generation, and with every new institution is created a fresh focus of activity. Art with us has ceased to be a mere plaything for the rich. It has become a deep-rooted public necessity and, above all, it is taking its rightful place as an educational factor of hitherto undreamed potentiality.

There is, however, no little danger that these museums may in due course prove, as the older ones al-

ready have, mere repositories or storage vaults for painting and sculpture. Institutions such as the Metropolitan Museum are manifestly too large and too diverse to be effective in their appeal. They become, on this scale, tests of endurance optical and physical, instead of remain-



A DECORATIVE PAINTING

BY FRED DANA MARSH

The Rochester Memorial Art Gallery

ing places where one is soothed or stimulated, and this is the reason why one extends spontaneous welcome to the gallery which owes its existence to the generosity of Mrs. James S. Watson. The Rochester Memorial Gallery possesses two specific claims to consideration, one being on account of its size, the other owing to the fact that it is generically allied to the University, and forms a unit in the larger scheme of local academic activity.

Erected from plans by Messrs. Foster & Gade, of New York, the Memorial Gallery may fittingly be called the "Little Theatre" of art museums. Everything is on a small and exclusive scale. The actual dimensions of the building are modest in the extreme, the wall-space restricted, and the general effect is calculated to inspire rather than confuse or fatigue. It is thus possible to change the complexion of the entire interior with each successive exhibition, to offer something novel at frequent intervals, and this

the acting director, Mr. George L. Herdle, is gallantly endeavouring to do.

The Inaugural Exhibition last autumn offered an admirable survey of contemporary native production, while the recent joint display by Messrs. Albert Sterner and Fred Dana Marsh continues this same discriminating policy. It would indeed be difficult to find two men more diverse or more characteristic along their respective lines than Mr. Sterner and Mr. Marsh, the

former representing in its acute phases that restless, questing eclecticism so typical of the foreign-born and trained artist, the latter so full of wholesome, forthright Americanism.

Every gallery in its incipiency looks eagerly forward to the formation of a representative permanent collection, and it is to be assumed that those in charge will avail themselves of the opportunity to select from the best current material

which at different periods finds place upon the walls. This veritable bijou of art galleries will, in brief, be watched with interest by those to whom painting and sculpture in America have become something more than a synonym of financial affluence. In Mrs. Watson it possesses a generous and sympathetic benefactress, while in President Rhee, of the University of Rochester, it boasts a co-worker who feels that art is of vital importance to the student body over whose intellectual destinies he presides. Such support

argues well for the future of the Rochester Memorial Art Gallery.



MRS. ALBERT STERNER

BY ALBERT STERNER

IN THE January number of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO we published an article by Mr. Charles de Kay, entitled, "What Tale Does This Tapestry Tell?" in which he ascribes to it the Arturian legend of Lancelot and Guinevere. From other sources we hear that it is unquestionably the old Biblical story of David and Bathsheba. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

A Painter in Pure Colour



AN OLD SHEPHERD

BY BERNHARD GUTMANN

A PAINTER IN PURE COLOUR: BERNHARD GUTMANN

IT MIGHT be supposed that an artist who has spent many valuable years in pursuing commercial art would be from habit incapacitated from painting with that freedom and spontaneity which are so necessary in order to produce a real work of art. Mr. Bernhard Gutmann, however, has shown himself unfettered by the past, and the ready acceptance of his canvases by the Annual at Philadelphia, the National Salon and the Autumn Salon at Paris, gives evidence of the fact. He is thoroughly modern in as far as his work is unacademic, but there is nothing riotous in his performance; his art is sane. A pure colour palette is his guiding star, and every picture to him signifies an effort to solve some new problem. Unlike many artists we could name Mr. Gutmann is not content to repeat himself or to work along lines of least resistance. If technique at times appears neglected or brushwork

apparently careless, a reason is to be found; something more important has been dealt with—it may be rhythm in line or in colour, possibly both, intermingled like a mosaic, where certain notes are



THE BLUE MIST

BY BERNHARD GUTMANN

A Painter in Pure Colour



OLD LADY AND
CHILD

BY BERNHARD
GUTMANN

repeated in different scales and juxtaposed with complementaries. A certain symbolism may be detected, be it in the line, be it in the colour.

This individuality may be observed more especially in Mr. Gutmann's Breton subjects, where blue and orange hues dominate: blue sky and water against sunburnt rocks, expressed in orange and reflected upon hands and faces of the peasants. The atmosphere of New York and of Paris call for very different handling. Similarly Mr. Gutmann's colour schemes are totally different when painting an Italian scene or a Connecticut view about Silvermine, Norwalk, where the artist lives. The wonderful atmosphere and variety of scenery in this district have attracted a number of artists, many of whom have become residents.

It would be a hard matter to decide where this artist's *forte* really lies. Figure work, landscapes, studies in the nude, engross him equally; he can also etch and sculpt, when occasion demands, with great virtuosity.



FIVE GIRLS BY THE SEA

BY BERNHARD GUTMANN

During the first half of March there will be a display of Mr. Gutmann's more recent work at the Arlington Galleries, when he will most assuredly prove his right to a high place among young American painters of the day. In the illustrations selected one is entitled *Five Girls by the Sea*, and depicts them lace-making on the edge of a hill overlooking the ocean. One can almost feel the hot summer breeze, while the attitudes of the restful Breton lasses add to the sensation. Restrained colour and skilful handling of light, combined with excellent composition, mark this canvas out as typical of Mr. Gutmann's best work. The *Old Lady and the Baby* are good Breton types, broadly and simply treated, the figure arrangement being happily conceived, a simple but dignified rendering of everyday life. W. H. N.



THE SEWING GIRL

BY BERNHARD GUTMANN

FOREIGN GRAPHIC ART

THE much-talked-of Léon Bakst exhibition at the Berlin Photographic Company's Gallery made way in December for a group of drawings, etchings, pastels and lithographs brought over by Dr. Ferenc Hoffmann to show what is being done to-day in Austria Hungary and Bohemia.

Mr. Birnbaum's vision extends into far larger spaces than any three galleries could represent, and the display rooms at his disposal are lamentably small, when it is a question of handling to advantage such a show as this. Everything possible was done to arrange the material in such a way that people might see the peculiarities of these different units of Franz Josef's empire and judge each on its own merits. The idea, however, was better than the execution, and the demarcation lines were hard to determine. What one really saw was an enormous mass of a heterogene-

ous nature, and it would be absurd to maintain that different standards were discernible in the Czech, as opposed to the Magyar, or in them as compared with the studio output of Vienna. They all seem to work in a more or less cosmopolitan spirit, though of course French, German or Japanese influence is stamped upon many of the exhibits which might well on that account have been withheld from the badly overcrowded walls. Ultramodernism is sporadic rather than epidemic. Such themes as Késmarky's *Crucifixion*, executed according to cubistic art, are unsettling to one's equanimity and are, fortunately, rare. One turns with joy to the many beautiful representations of that wonder-city, Prague, which can never be over-painted like its sister city on the Adriatic. Features of the exhibition were the powerful pen-drawings and lithographs by Rippl-Rónai, the Klemm cycle of engravings for "Faust," the Brömse etchings, the wonderful *Lady of the Camellias* in large and small



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company
EASTER

BY SCHMUTZER

mezzotint by Max Svabinsky, and the etchings by Oscar Laske, especially his quaint design, entitled *Noah's Ark*.

Mr. Martin Birnbaum deserves all credit, not only for his enterprise, but also for his excellent essays written as forewords in the catalogue.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

THE Department of Fine Arts announces that an exhibition of paintings by Alexander and Birge Harrison will be shown concurrently, through February, with a collection of pictures by Laura and Harold Knight.

The "twin" Harrison exhibition has already appeared in Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo and Detroit. But the Carnegie Institute is the first American gallery to offer an exhibition of the works of Mr. and Mrs. Knight. The Knights are English artists, members of the Cornwall colony. They exhibit at the Royal Academy.

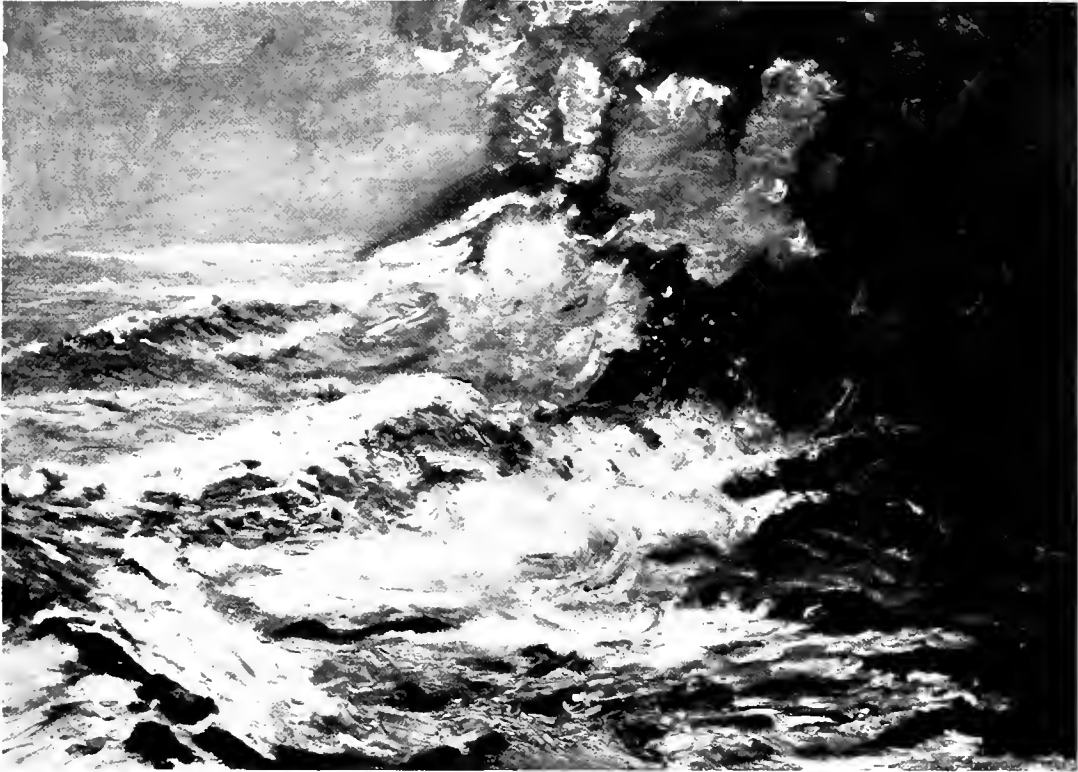
The Pittsburgh Etching Club has been showing a remarkable exhibition of etchings and lithographs by Whistler. The group includes many of his most interesting impressions, of which *Bibi Valentin*, *Chelsea Rags*, *Rotherhite* and *Bequet* are perhaps the best known.



Courtesy of the Berlin Photographic Company

THE TIMELESS TREE

BY ORLIK



MOON MISTS

BY FLORENCE MAY

IN THE GALLERIES

THE past month witnessed the Winter Academy and also an exhibition of the Unhungs, which, though making a brave display in the Andersen Building, cast no special reflection upon the senior show, beyond emphasizing the necessity of more hanging space in future; which, after all, was the crying reason for the enterprise (see p. 14). There were also memorable Old Master shows at Duveen Brothers, Fragonards at Gimpel & Wildenstein's, Turners at Knoedler's Galleries.

Some choice paintings by American artists have been on view at the Union League Club, the most effective being a moonlight seascape by Ritschel; a picture entitled *The Chatterers*, by Watrous, representing a young girl exchanging confidences with a raven; a beautiful nude by De Forest Brush, *Andromeda*; and, last but not least, *The Meeting of the Seas*, one of the very best Carlsens we have yet seen. Two opposing waves meet with magnificent effect; the colour scheme is subdued and exceedingly harmonious.

Print lovers enjoyed a rare exhibition of Rembrandts at the Gallery of Rudolf Seckel, valuable



BRONZE BUST OF SAMUEL O. BUCKNER, ESQ.

BY CARIANO SCARPIA

In the Galleries



MASTER CEASAR CONE BY SUSAN RICKER KNOX

etchings in different states, while delicate lithographs by Whistler have been on view at the Keppel Galleries. Turner's *Liber Studiorum* was exhibited at the Arthur H. Hahlo Galleries. Out of a hundred

plates planned seventy-two were actually executed, some in a very unfinished state; many of them were mezzotinted, as well as etched by Turner himself.

Visitors to the Powell Galleries have seen the interesting work of Carton Moorepark, who for many years devoted himself to animal painting, and achieved great distinction. Besides animals there were several good water-colours of Bermuda scenery and a series of cave pictures, stalactites and stalagmites being rendered with extraordinary dexterity. Mr. Moorepark is well known as a portrait painter.

The Macbeth Galleries have been showing the recent work of Emil Carlsen, Paul Dougherty, Frederick C. Frieseke, Childe Hassam, Willard L. Metcalf, Kenneth H. Miller and J. Alden Weir. Mr. Dougherty's work is a surprise indeed. He has returned to his former style, which he has improved upon wonderfully; his colour has a strength and richness of unusual quality.

At the galleries of Moulton & Ricketts there has been another Alfred Vickers exhibition. This eminent artist has never been properly appreciated, though many of his paintings compare favourably with Constable or any of the Norwich school at their best. A little panel entitled *A Wayside Halt* is a gem worthy of a place of honour in any collection.

We reproduce a painting of Master Ceasar Cone, of Greenboro, N. C., a full length, by that well-known painter of children, Susan Ricker Knox, who is exhibiting at Rochester in the Gillis Galleries. This artist's work was the subject of



NANCY, DAUGHTER OF WALDORF ASTOR, M.P. BY LINOR M. BAYNARD



SAND DUNES

BY CHARLES EBERT

In the Galleries

special mention recently in this magazine.

Among our cuts are landscapes by Charles Ebert, who is just concluding a successful exhibition of his work at the New York School of Applied Design.

At the Hodgkins Galleries eighteenth-century French pictures have been on view, and it has afforded opportunity to see work by such men as Trinquesse, Van Gorp, Roslin, a friend of Boucher, Le Nain and Lagreneé. Refinement, harmonious colouring and poetic thought make their subjects very desirable for discriminating collectors.

At the Ackermann Galleries *Old English Gardens*, by Lillian Stannard, and *Moors*, by C. E. Brittan, water-colours, gave pleasure to those who saw them by their dainty colour and good atmospheric feeling. The Devonshire moors in mist or sunshine were beautifully rendered.

The paintings of Jonas Lie formed a curious contrast with the portraits of Count Chavannes La Palice, in the main gallery of Knoedler's. Nothing could be more modern and



THE ALPS, TIROL

BY CHARLES EBERT



MISS MURRAY

BY ELINOR M. BARNARD

vital than the former's work, while the Count in his portraits shows a lamentable lack of progress. They have the appearance of coloured photographs, not of works of art, and are certainly not typical of twentieth-century advance in portraiture. There have been many displays of portrait painters where the same comment would fit.

In the Ehrich Galleries there have been on view several Turners, Constables and Boningtons from the collection of Mr. Joseph Cahn, giving visitors a good opportunity of comparing early and late examples, especially in the case of Constable. In the same building, in the galleries of the Brown-Robertson Company, were on view etchings by Mr. Manley, dry points and soft ground etchings, many of them showing bits of New York which have undergone sweeping changes since these plates were executed.

Our illustration of Mr. Samuel O. Buckner records the work of a young sculptor who is forcing his way from the ruck and taking his place among the artists who count. Mr. Scarpitta has executed an excellent memorial of one who deserves well of all interested in art who, three years ago,

In the Galleries

was one of a little club devoted to art in Milwaukee and to-day is president of the Milwaukee Art Society, numbering 721 members and owning a handsome gallery. Such a record should entitle him to be modelled in gold, let alone in bronze or marble.

The Carroll Galleries at 9 East 44th Street are showing extensive collections of the drawings and paintings of Arthur Davies and the screens of Robert W. Chanler.

Mr. Davies' paintings are symbolic, decorative, splendidly drawn at times; at others he rather falls short of complete expression. What he has to say is essentially interesting, his use of the human figure recalls the freedom in expression of some of the early Italians, but the impression conveyed is vague and not always convincing.

Mr. Chanler's screens, especially the large one painted for the studio of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, is effectively decorative. There is a strong animal feeling in the jungle figures of birds and beasts that easily fill the dozen panels of the screen. The craftsmanship is of the finest and merits praise apart from the artistic worth of the work.

The new Daniel Gallery, 2 West 47th Street, opened about the first of the year with this inter-

esting platform: "With the faith that the ideals it represents will find a wide and genuine appreciation."

It is dedicated to the younger painters of individuality and to the older who have kept alive an ideal through many years of work and endeavour. The aim of this gallery is "to encourage individuality and promote general appreciation of the finer things in art;" to which we may add "amen," and "may this ideal be kept up." Such high aim will meet with hearty approval of all who are sincerely interested in "the finer things in art." At present, and according to the announced exhibitions, until the middle of February, the younger men, notably Samuel Halpert, William E. Schumacher and Ernest Lawson, will have their innings. In the first exhibition representative works by William J. Glackens, Rockwell Kent, George Luks, H. Pendleton, Maurice Prendergast, Leon Kroll and Claggett Wilson were shown. The men are mostly neo- or post-impressionists, among whom Ernest Lawson, one-time independent, is yclept academic! Rockwell Kent has joined the camp of the insurgents, and is represented by a female figure unsteadily balanced on the top of the world, surrounded by her young flock, decidedly lacking in previously considered necessary ana-



THE FIGHTING FIFTH

BY WALTER BECK



Courtesy of Messrs. Gimpel & Wildenstein

LES BAINNEUSES

BY FRAGONARD

tomical structure. We rather miss this artist's former stark and stalwart rocks and his broadly painted marines, which were so promising of good things to come.

It is a bold task to match water colour with oil in portrait painting. Sitters are apt to think that the lighter medium is less valuable and less enduring. Be that as it may, Miss Barnard, after a visit to New York last year, has returned to open a studio here and has already secured several sitters. Good, bold water-colour work is always appreciated and Elinor M. Barnard's portraits of the Waldorf Astor children, Spender Clay, Lord Ribblesdale and the prime minister are an excellent introduction. This lady studied her art chiefly in Paris, Holland and Belgium. We reproduce two of her portraits here.

Other illustrations are two of the work of Charles Ebert, who has recently been exhibiting, and whose skill has been extolled by many critics; a picture by Miss Upjohn, who was one of the best contributors lately at the Macdowell Club; *The*



Courtesy of Messrs. Gimpel & Wildenstein

FANEAN

BY FRAGONARD

In the Galleries

Fighting Fifth, which with other Veteran pictures by Mr. Beck has been on view the past month in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Frances Land May has been deserting the pen for the brush, and is doing some very vigorous work as the *Moon Mists* reveals. Considering that she is a novice, it is surprising what power and movement she instils into her canvases, and it is no surprise that several art museums have accepted her work. With maturer knowledge she may go far.

Our last illustration represents recent work of Mr. F. Usher de Voll, of whom we shall take special notice in a forthcoming number.

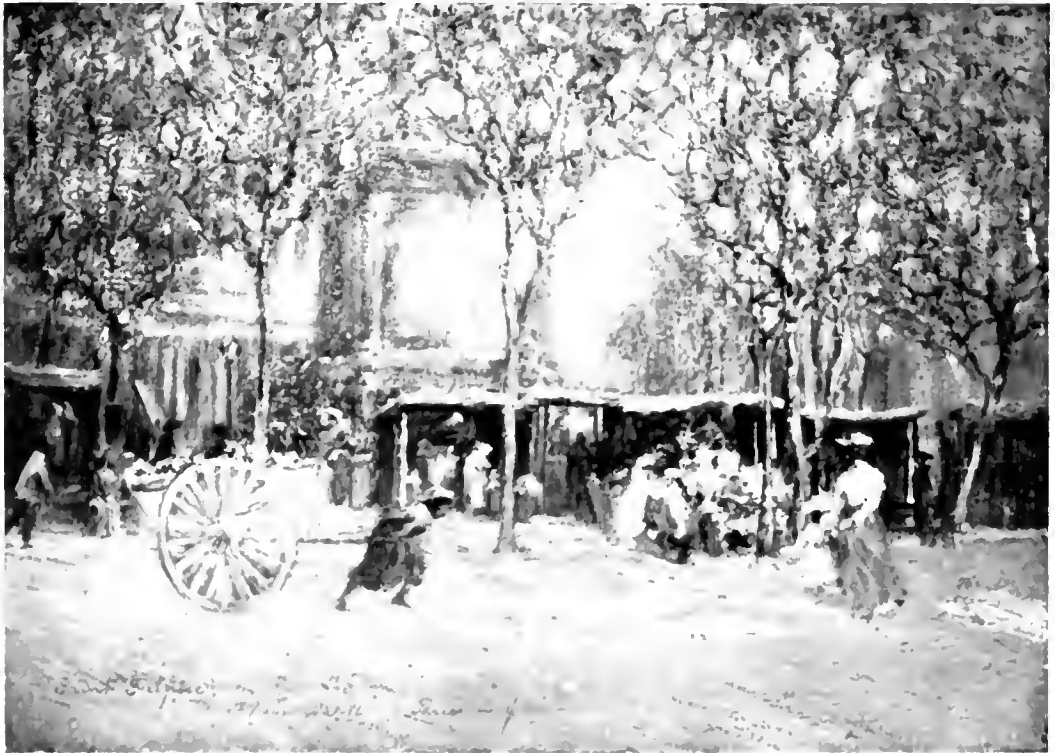
An exhibition of miniatures of Persia, India and Turkey will open on the 7th at the Galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company. It will contain miniatures from the famous twelfth-century Manuscripts of the "Treatise on Mechanical Appliances," of the thirteenth-century Manuscript of Dioscorides, and many of the famous signed Oriental miniatures. A number of complete books in fine bindings will also be shown. Of the 250 odd items many were exhibited in Munich and in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Among the collections drawn upon are those of



MILKWEED

BY ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Hervey Wetzel, Esq., of Boston; Mme. la Marquise de Boisguilbert, Villepreux; M. Claude Anet, Paris; Alexander Morten, Esq., New York; M. R. Meyer-Riefstahl, Paris; M. Heeramanek, Bombay, and Henry G. Dearth, Esq., New York.



FLOWER BOOTHS IN FRONT OF ST. SULPICE, PARIS

BY F. USHER DE VOLL

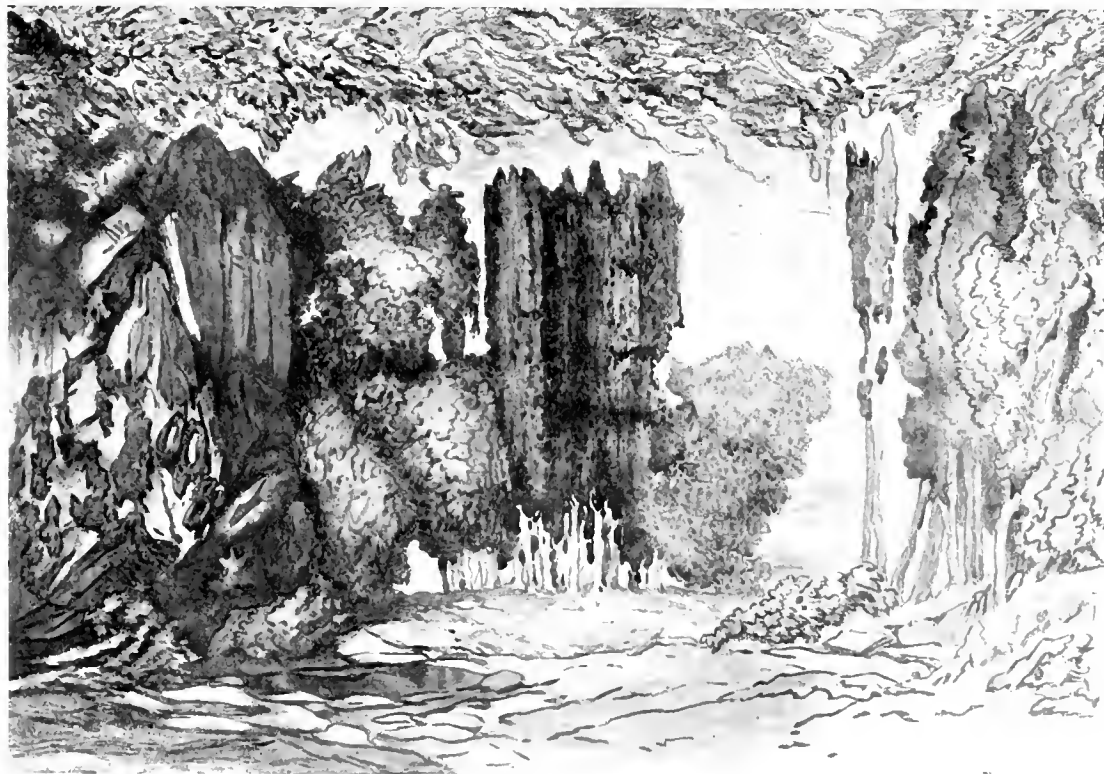
THE STUDIO

LÉON BAKST'S DESIGNS FOR SCENERY AND COSTUME.

LÉON BAKST, about whom so much has been talked and written during the last few years in connection with the art of the theatre, was born in St. Petersburg in the year 1868. Passing through the academic course of art training in that city, he went to Paris to study in 1895, and on his return to Russia won such success as a painter of portraits and official pictures as to be appointed to the position of painter to the Imperial family. But a realistic subject-picture, a *Pietà*, in which the artist presented the persons of our Lord and His Mother under the guise of peasants, and attempted to depict without restraint the most violent affections of grief in the principal figures, was found so displeasing to the committee of the Academy to which it was submitted for exhibition that, though the work was hung, it was scored from corner to corner with bands of white chalk. The artist

withdrew the picture: and the insult, combined with the representations of a little group of friends whose belief in his particular genius had been aroused by the success of a number of experiments in the designing of decoration and stage scenery and costume, decided him to break with official patronage and to follow his own bent. The secession of the younger school of Russian dancing, personified in the art of Nijinsky, provided him with the very opportunity he was seeking; he left Russia, staked his artistic interests on the new venture, and provided the ballets with a series of settings and costumes that have inestimably enriched the performances of the Russian dancers and have been the means of his acquiring a great artistic reputation for himself.

Yet I am not at all sure that in England, at any rate, the theatrical work of Léon Bakst has not been treated with greater solemnity than he himself would consider appropriate. The Englishman in art has been always rather like the old lady and



DESIGN FOR SCENERY, "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE"

LI. No. 201.—NOVEMBER 1913

BY LÉON BAKST

Léon Bakst's Designs for Scenery and Costume

the patent medicine—"My dear, it must be good, the advertisements speak so well of it:"—and provided that the critics supply him with a few portable *sententie* on the matter in hand he has been content to like things not so much for what they are as for the variety of terms in which they can be described. In the case of work so unavoidable as that of Bakst it is the critic's function to drape the obvious, to explain away enjoyment that might seem too indiscreet or too direct, and so to arrange things that respectability may safely become a little wild, and audacity remain still fairly respectable.

But to Bakst himself his work presents itself in a much simpler light. Art, as he says, is a play-thing, and an artist's work will be good only when it has been great fun doing it. Here is the real



"L'ANCIEN SUR LE COSTUME MODERNE, ALAÏANJE"
BY LÉON BAKST
(By composition of Paquin)



"LIKENION (DAPHNIS AND CHLOE)"
BY LÉON BAKST

secret of his appeal. Grant him whatever fine and far-fetched qualities you will—and there is plenty enough to his credit—these designs of his charm because, behind all the intervening processes of knowledge and calculation, they reveal the enjoyment of the child, exultant in the possession of paint-box and brushes, greatly daring to draw monsters, or princesses, or cities of an enchanted world.

That they should thus keep the freshness and sparkle of spontaneity is the more remarkable when one considers the amount of solid learning that has gone to the designing of such a series of costumes as enrich the ballets of Schéhérazade, Le Dieu Bleu, Hélène

Léon Bakst's Designs for Scenery and Costume

de Sparte, or Signor d'Annunzio's mediævalist experiments, S. Sebastien and Pisanelle. Bakst is a real student, a genuine scholar in costume. His designs are no mere archæological resuscitations of the wardrobes of the past; neither are they the summary, impressionistic stock-in-trade of the quick-change artist. He is, indeed, a kind of bright, particular chameleon. He will settle into the strange, distorted glamour of the East, or the simple graces of archaic Greece, or the fierce, gay medley of the Middle Ages, and presently will bring you forth not dresses merely but *personages* who move with ease and certainty each in his own time, and yet retain the stamp of their creator.

This peculiar receptivity of mind, which at the same time recreates and rearranges, is of all qualities that most fitted to adapt itself to the art of the theatre, in which scenery and costume are most telling only when they make no attempt to conceal, rather welcome, the presence of conscious recognised artifice—in fact, when the art that makes them is considered as itself a plaything. It

is hardly possible to find a single design by Bakst which is not from this point of view "amusing."

Of course some have greater value than others. The last exhibition of his drawings contained a number of designs which, admirable as they were as working indications of costume and colour, would by themselves have carried little proof of the exuberant and at the same time fastidious power of design which, among other qualities, gives a permanent value to his more finished drawings. One critic said of him, apropos of his drawings for Schéhérazade and Le Dieu Bleu, that he had "re-discovered the luscious female line bequeathed by the early Orientals." I am not sure that I know what he meant: historically the remark seems to mean nothing; yet it is very true that Bakst shows a passionate enthusiasm for the flesh, for the contours of form, for strange poise and counterpoise of limb, for furious, abandoned movement, that sets an Eastern stamp upon his art, and reminds us that he is of the nation that long ago watched King David dance before the Lord "with all his might."



PENCIL DRAWING FOR SCENERY OF "PISANELLE," ACT I

BY LÉON BAKST

Léon Bakst's Designs for Scenery and Costume

The illustrations to this article demonstrate the extraordinary facility with which Bakst modifies treatment and design in accordance with the character of his subject. Look at the pencil drawing for the first act of *Pisanelle*, with its great three-masted ship, its bales of treasure stowed upon the quay, its crowd of detail in such little compass, the whole compact and childlike as a mediæval woodcut; or the lovely, subtly simple dress of *Likenion* in *Daphnis and Chloe*; or the truculent swagger of of the *Pole* from *Boris Godounow*; or the wasted fakir, blue and yellow draped, part of the very spirit of the East. Each is of its world, and though the mind may turn to memories of the *Morte D'Arthur*, or the Greek vase-painters, or of that splendid Bakstian masterpiece *Sidonia the Sorceress*, each drawing lives by something more than the stimulus of past art.

It is perhaps only natural that so versatile a master of theatrical design should have tried his hand on modern dress. Yet I cannot think that he has achieved a real success. However much we may lament the fact, we live in a democratic, utilitarian age. Trousers are trousers, skirts are skirts for all the world. It is true that some words of Chaucer's "poor parson" concerning "disordinate scantitee of clothing" are not altogether inapplicable even to the present time: but the days when men and women made themselves picturesquely ridiculous by wearing almost nothing, or trailing the "superfluitee of their gowns in the dong and in the myre," merely in order to furnish an advertisement of their social status, are gone to return no more. There are no more Sumptuary Laws, and, to speak broadly, the dressmakers' "matcher" may come out to-morrow in just such another costume for shape and style as her employer has been "creating" to-day for the greatest lady in the land.

The problem, then, for the original designer is hedged about with limitations. He can do no more than ring the changes on a round of styles that can be harmonised with the thing we call a "skirt," and when he attempts to take a flight beyond

the experiments of the past he will generally land himself in an impossible situation. The most practical of Bakst's designs for modern costume are merely charming adaptations of past styles. The lovely drawing, reproduced in colour for this article, differs but little in idea from a creation of any well-known house, save for the arrangements of lace upon the arms—a point designed to lend originality to the dress, but in reality the sole feature which in any other pose but that of the drawing itself would be impossible.

Yet, when all is said, it would be unseemly to carp in any serious spirit at the experiments of an artist to whom we owe so much pure enjoyment, and whose genius for design ranging over so wide a field finds almost nothing which it cannot at once assimilate and adorn with some original feature of its own making.

GERALD C. SIORDET.



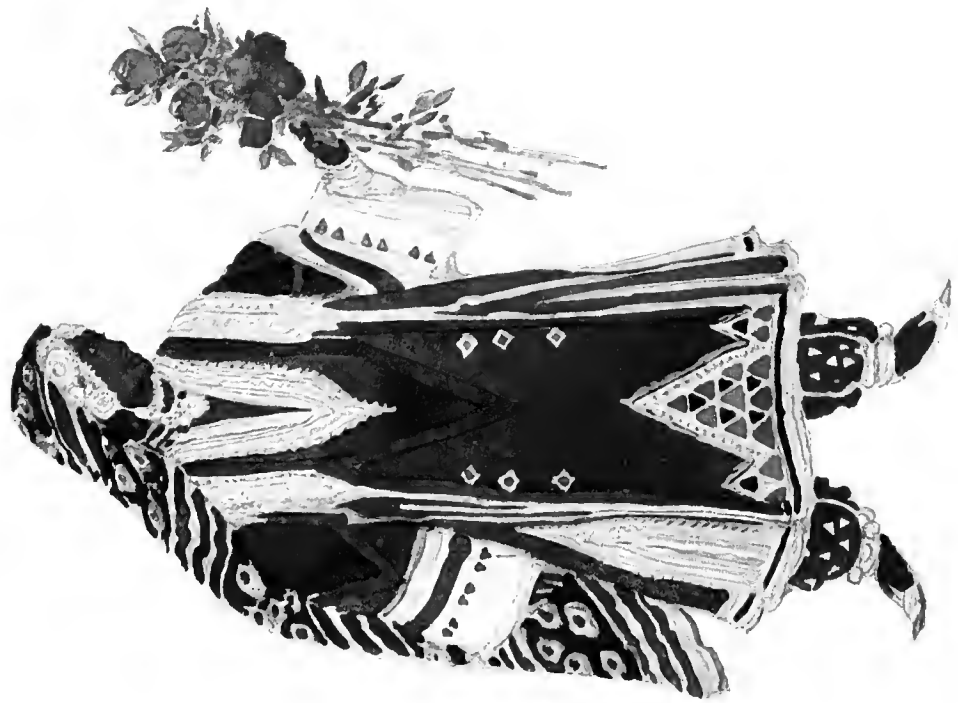
"UN POLONAIS (BORIS GODOUNOW)"

BY LÉON BAKST

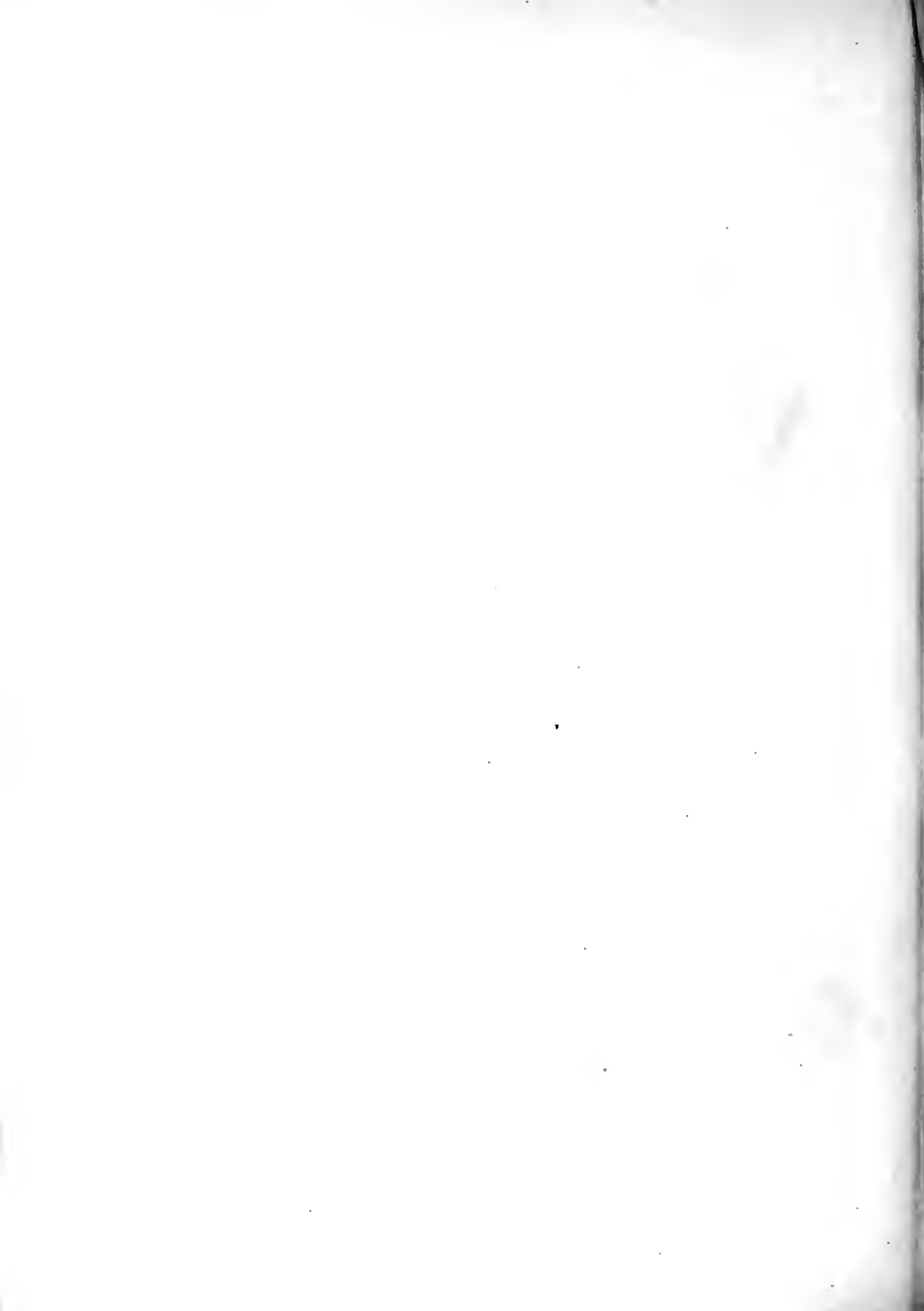


CV F. IXIR.

COSTUME DESIGNS FOR THE RUSSIAN
BALLET "LE DIEU BLEU," BY LÉON BAKST.



MME. JUFc
OFFERENTE



James Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

THE PAINTINGS OF JAMES
WHITELAW HAMILTON,
A.R.S.A., R.S.W. BY A. STO-
DART WALKER.

WHEN the Scottish Modern Arts Association was founded in 1907 and it was decided to include the professional element on the Provisional Committee, the representative unanimously chosen from Glasgow and the West of Scotland, which still asserts its independence of the East, was Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton. This was a tribute not only to Mr. Hamilton's position as a painter, but also to the honourable and distinguished work he had undertaken on behalf of Scottish art on the Continent, and more particularly in Italy, recognition of the latter phase of his energies having been paid by King Emmanuel in the bestowal on Mr. Hamilton of the dignity of Cavaliere of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Of the original group known as the Glasgow School, Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton is one of the very

few who now reside under the shadow of the great commercial centre. His friends Guthrie, Walton, Roche, Paterson, and Corsar Morton reside in Edinburgh, Lavery and Henry are citizens of London, and the rest, with the exception of R. Macaulay Stevenson and David Gauld, are scattered over various parts of the kingdom. Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton has also the distinction of being one of the very few—perhaps the only one—of "The Glasgow School" to be born in the city which gave the name to the "brotherhood." But most of his days have been spent in the seaside town of Helensburgh, which, owing to the growth of the greater centre, has become almost a suburb of Glasgow. Here, a near neighbour of Sir James Guthrie, he works, and has established a reputation not only as a painter but as the active spirit amongst a remarkably musical people.

Like many other Scottish painters, Mr. Hamilton was first engaged in business before he took up painting as a profession. During his business career, however, he attended classes at the Glasgow



"EYEMOUTH BAY"

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON
(In the possession of W. H. Raeburn, Esq., J.P., Helensburgh)

James Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

School of Painting and frequently joined Guthrie, Walton and Crawhall in summer sojourns at Cockburnspath in Berwickshire. His progress in the arts was so rapid and so encouraging that he abandoned his business career, and for several seasons worked in the ateliers of Paris, more particularly with Dagnan-Bouveret and Aimé Morot. Returning to Scotland he became associated with "The Glasgow School," and contributed to those remarkable exhibitions at the old Grosvenor Gallery which were to bring the eclectic of the North into that prominent position in European art which they have not ceased to occupy.

Munich followed the Grosvenor Gallery in hailing the men who had been storming the academic citadels of Scottish art. In fact, it may be said that the recognition of the Continental centres came before that of Edinburgh. Then followed Dresden and Berlin, Vienna and Budapest, Venice and St. Petersburg, Bruges and Brussels, to all of which Mr. Hamilton was a notable con-

tributor, with the result that his chief work is much better known on the Continent than it is in England, or even in Scotland. At the Munich International Exhibition of 1897 he was awarded a gold medal for his landscape *Evening*. In 1898 the Bavarian Government purchased for the Royal Pinakothek his *Summer Night*, supplementing this by a second purchase for the same collection. At the Venice International Art Exhibition of 1903 one of Mr. Hamilton's oils was purchased by Queen Margharita. The painter is also represented in the City Art Museum of St. Louis, in the Albright Art Gallery at Buffalo, the Carnegie Art Institute at Pittsburgh, and other galleries. Collections of his work have twice been shown at the Schulze Galleries in Berlin, while many of his pictures are in the possession of well-known collectors in Munich, Dresden, Venice, Rome, and other art centres. Two years ago one of his most important oils, *A Kirkcudbright Landscape*, reproduced in this magazine at the time, was acquired



"SUMMER"

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON



"HILLSIDE PASTURES." BY
J. WHITELOW HAMILTON

James Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

by the Scottish Modern Arts Association, and is hung in the galleries in Princes Street, Edinburgh. Recently in Glasgow Mr. Hamilton gave a "one-man" show which demonstrated the versatility of his talent, and secured not only a *succès d'estime* but also a *succès populaire*.

Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton was elected a Member of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colour in 1895, and an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1911. He was one of the original members of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, and is a corresponding member of the "Secession" in Munich.

The painter's work has been almost entirely confined to landscapes. He has used both oil and water-colour as his media, and it is difficult to say in which he has been most successful. No one could mistake Mr. Hamilton's work for anything but Scottish. It is even more typical of the new expression of Scottish landscape painting than that of the man who influenced him most, Mr. E. A. Walton. In more ways than one his works seems the link between the art of Milne Donald and Alexander Fraser and the later expres-

sion of Scottish landscape as found in Mr. Roche and Mr. James Paterson. We have the "solidity" of Fraser along with the subtle impressionism of Walton. The French influences are not wanting. Occasionally we are reminded of a Daubigny or a Harpignies, a Cazin and a Troyon. But the resemblance is but a superficial one, and no one can say of Mr. Hamilton, whatever his limitations, that he is a mere echo of other painters.

Like all his confrères, Mr. Hamilton has been much concerned with tone and *plein-air*, more so than with precise, scientific realism. Added to this has been the never-failing search for decorative effect and that element of romance so characteristic of Scottish landscape painting. Lacking somewhat of the vigour of such a master as Cecil Lawson, more evident than the searching studies of Mr. Walton, less experimental than the daring essays of Mr. James Paterson and free from the ultra-reticent dignity that gives such distinction to the work of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Hamilton can nevertheless, in his simple tones, his confident statement of the emotion within him and the scholarly appreciation of the necessities and



"KIRKCUDBRIGHT"

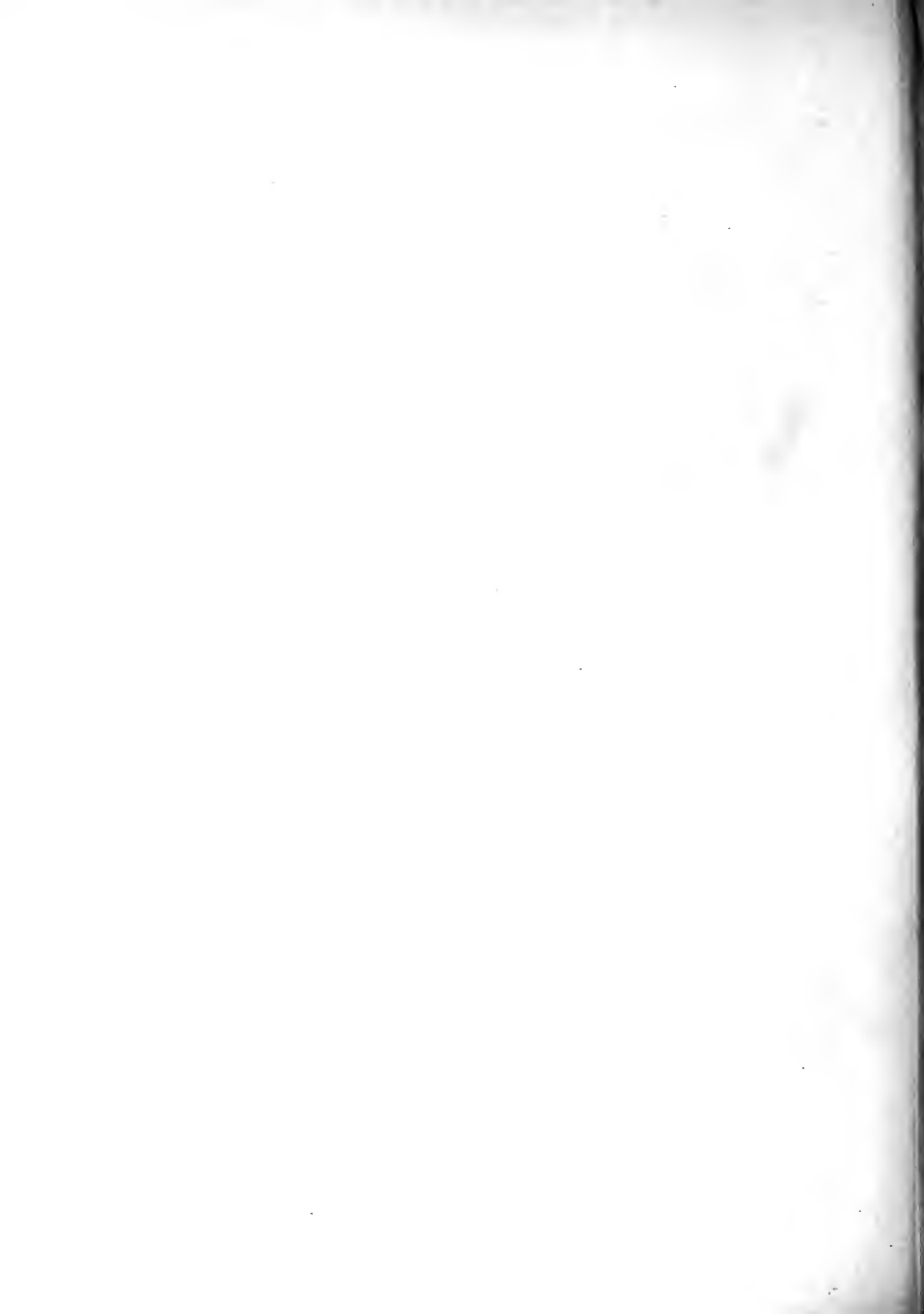
(In the possession of Alex. Reid, Esq., Glasgow)

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON



*In the possession of the Right Hon
A. Bouter Law, M.P.*

"THE MEADOW." FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
J. WHITELAW HAMILTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.



James Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

limitations of his colour media, lay claim to a distinction that cannot be denied him. His decorative sense is powerful. He handles large masses of foliage and rock with ease and a sense of finality. Conscious of the beauties of detail, they never obsess his vision, they never detract from the force and grandeur of his masses. His ideal of essentials is miles away from that of the Post-Impressionists and others of their kidney, but he eliminates everything that is uncalled for in a decorative impression. In such a painting as his *Hillside Pastures* we see all Mr. Hamilton's ideals focused in an impressive landscape. The great masses of trees buttressing the summer upland, the warm sun throwing gleams of light across the speckled turf, the drifting clouds carrying the eye onward and giving the imagination all that it requires, the admirable drawing, the quantities so excellently balanced, the sense of a varying atmosphere—all unite to ensure an almost perfect ensemble. In the *Eyemouth Bay* we have a different note. Here we see more of the "flat-

ness" of the purely decorative design. We have none of the "roundness" of the *Hillside Pastures*. Here everything is laid down as in a wall decoration, everything well spaced but more determinable, calling more to the concrete senses of drawing and colour and less to the imagination, so forcibly called into play in *After Sundown*, probably the finest of Mr. Hamilton's recent experiments in the approximation of great masses to the intimacies of domestic landscape, and reminding us of the work of Mr. C. H. Mackie. These three landscapes are "evident" enough: they tell their own "story" without much cataloguing. In such canvases as *Moorland* and *The Valley of the Dee* the appeal is more searching. There are no dramatic elements to arouse the applause of those who love the grandiose. Here we find a sensitive recognition of the subtle beauties of landscape on the flat, as sensitive as anything by Mr. James Cadenhead or Mr. A. K. Brown. Here are assembled all the ideals he has brought to his art of landscape painting, revealing the artist in his search for



"THE WHITE TOWER"

(In the possession of Mrs. Murray of Cardross)

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON

James Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

beauty in the less theatrical phases of nature; that form of vision which enables the painter to reveal the beauty at his feet instead of finding it amongst the hills and the glory beyond.

Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton has all the charm of the French Romanticists, coupled with the glow of his native colourists. Like many of his confrères, he is occasionally almost Whistleresque in his drawing, more particularly in some of his very sensitive water-colours, as in *Kirkcudbright*. Mr. Hamilton's strong decorative sense is never allowed to run riot at the expense of just values and strict regard for form. He never slurs his drawing nor escapes a necessary definiteness by the trick methods often used by those who worship at the decorative shrine. His artistry is never affected, nor has he turned his eclecticism into a mere convention. His work shows a genuine, if not an absorbing, love of nature. His eye is sensitive to a degree to beauty, even if there is occasionally a lack of confidence in expressing the emotion on the spiritual plane which is within him. His fault, if any, lies

in the faithfulness to that discretion which is the keynote of his character and which finds its apotheosis in the work of his brilliant friend, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Hamilton's landscapes may not have the spontaneity and daring of those of Mr. Lavery, but they have more of romance and sentiment. He has little of the swing and fire of McTaggart, or the surging verve of the atmospheres of David Cox; yet there is an authoritativeness which occasionally passes even these great masters, though the means to attain the results seem more evident.

In making these comparisons we are thinking only of Mr. Hamilton's essays in landscape, apart from the more specialised seascape and harbour studies. In these latter Mr. Hamilton has few rivals. The subtle relations between sea and sail and mast and cliff and cottage are painted with a deftness and sense of realism which only a long and profound study could have accomplished, added to the temperament of a man of a romantic and poetical nature. Of his sea pieces, perhaps



"THE HEAD"

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON



*(In the possession of James
Craig, Esq., Glasgow)*

"WINTER AT HELENSBURGH"
BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON



"AFTER SUNDOWN," BY
J. WHITECLAW HAMILTON

*(In the collection of
Lord Binning)*

James Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

the best are his nocturnes, such as the *Night on the Clyde* and *Night at the Harbour*. The former of these has already been reproduced in this magazine (November 1901); the latter, a delicate harmony in blue, aroused an unusual enthusiasm amongst connoisseurs when exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy.

To those who only look for pictures that "shriek," as a good many, especially amongst our modern critics, do, there may be no message in the art of Mr. Whitelaw Hamilton, as little message, indeed, as in the refined scholarly art of men like Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Lawton Wingate, and Mr. Cadenhead; but to those whose eyes are sensitive to beauty, who have the insight to be able to take Nature as an intimate friend, and who rejoice in free design and dignified expression, Mr. Hamilton must certainly appeal. His fine sense of rhythm, his note of joyousness, his splendid colour sense—the great legacy of Scottish landscape painting—will

be evident to all those who have the eyes to see and the knowledge to compare. Too diffident and scholarly to be a pioneer or a "spirit of revolt," yet Mr. Hamilton is not merely living on the legacy of the past. He builds for himself and advances yearly to the realisation of his own ideals—and, although his name may not be familiar in our mouths as a household word, yet he has earned his reward in the appreciation and practical recognition of many who judge with caution and buy with temerity—ending up with enthusiasm.

MISS H. C. PRESTON MCGOUN, who died at Edinburgh on August 20, will be remembered as a gifted and sympathetic portrayer of child-life in the water-colour medium and also as the author of many delightful pencil drawings illustrating Mr. William Macgillivray's "Reminiscences of Rural Life in Scotland." Miss McGoun was a member of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-colour.



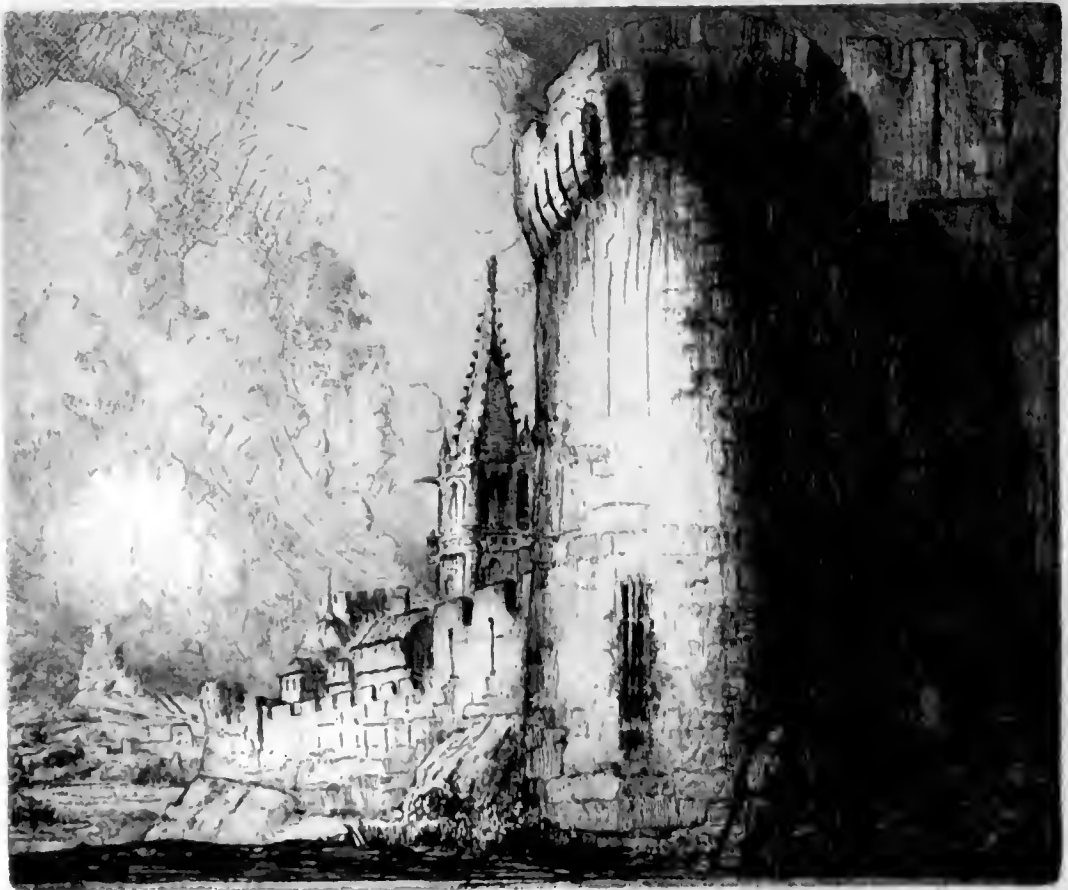
"DEPARTURE OF THE BOATS"

(In the possession of Provost Kildston's Trustees, Helensburgh)

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON

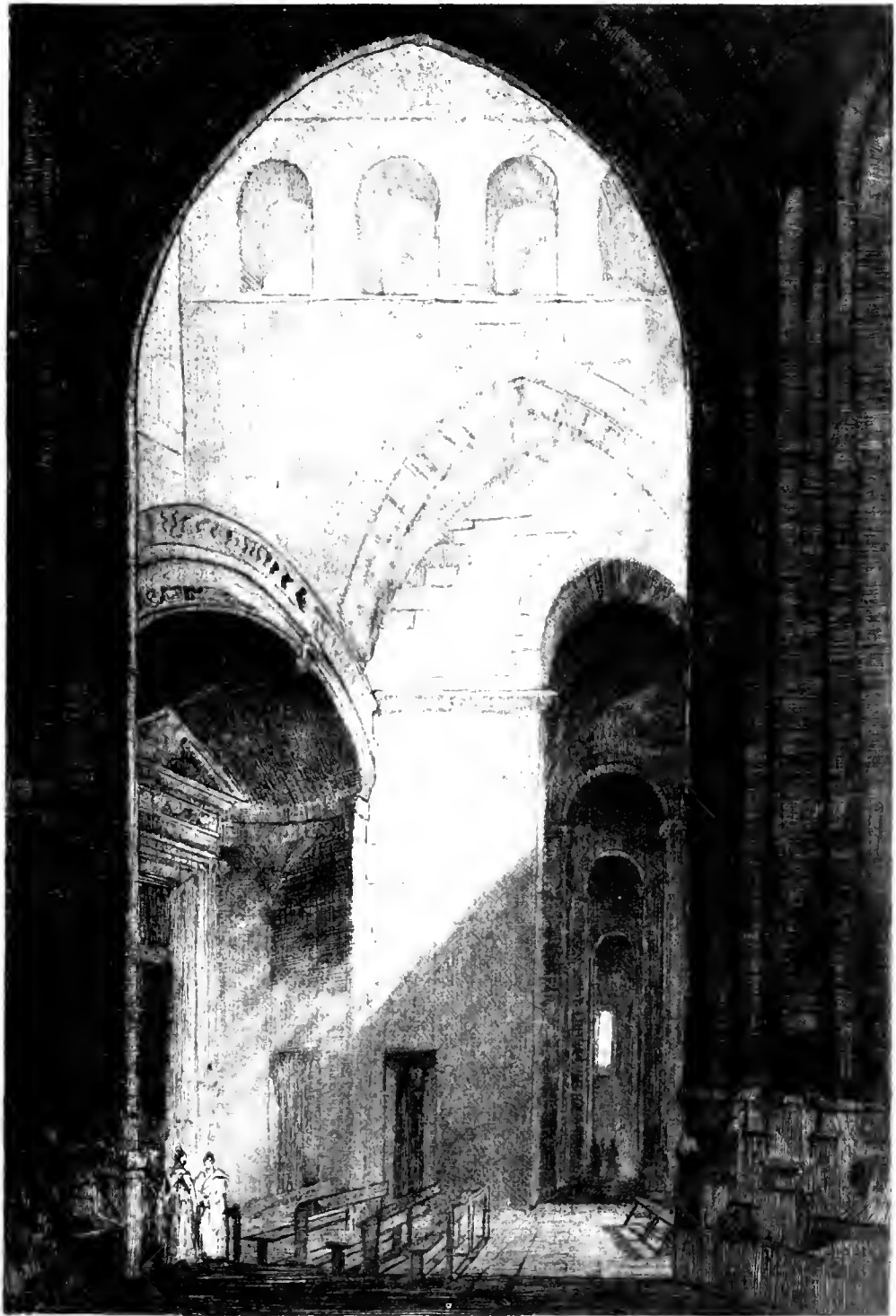
ETCHINGS BY LOUIS ORR

(Mr. Orr is a young American etcher whose native city is Hartford, Connecticut, where he received his first training as an artist under Mr. Walter Griffin at the local Art School. In 1906 he migrated to Paris and studied for a year in the atelier of Jean Paul Laurens. The six etchings here reproduced are the copyright of Messrs. L. H. Lefevre and Son.)

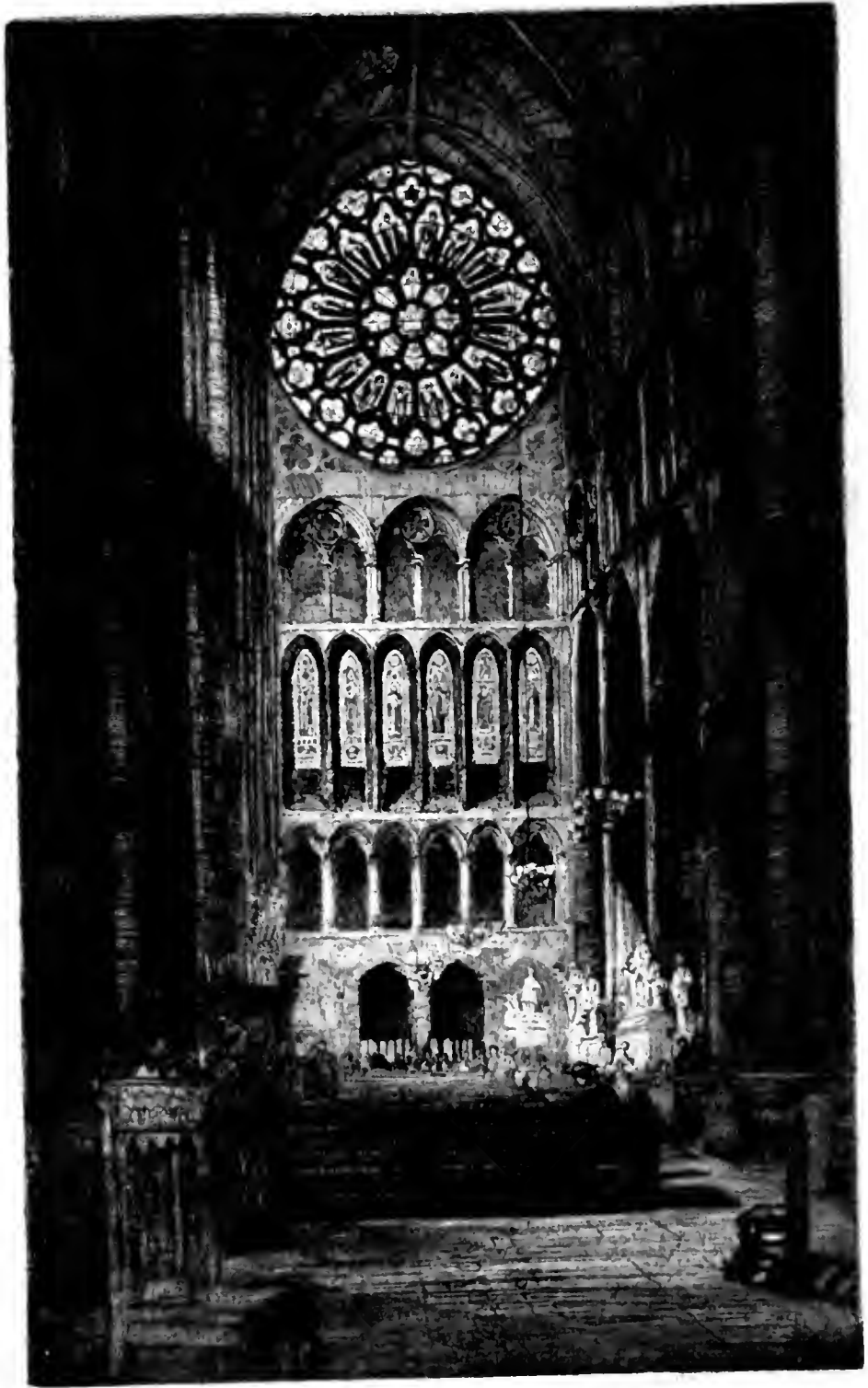


"LOKI ST. ANDRÉ—AVIGNON"

BY LOUIS ORR



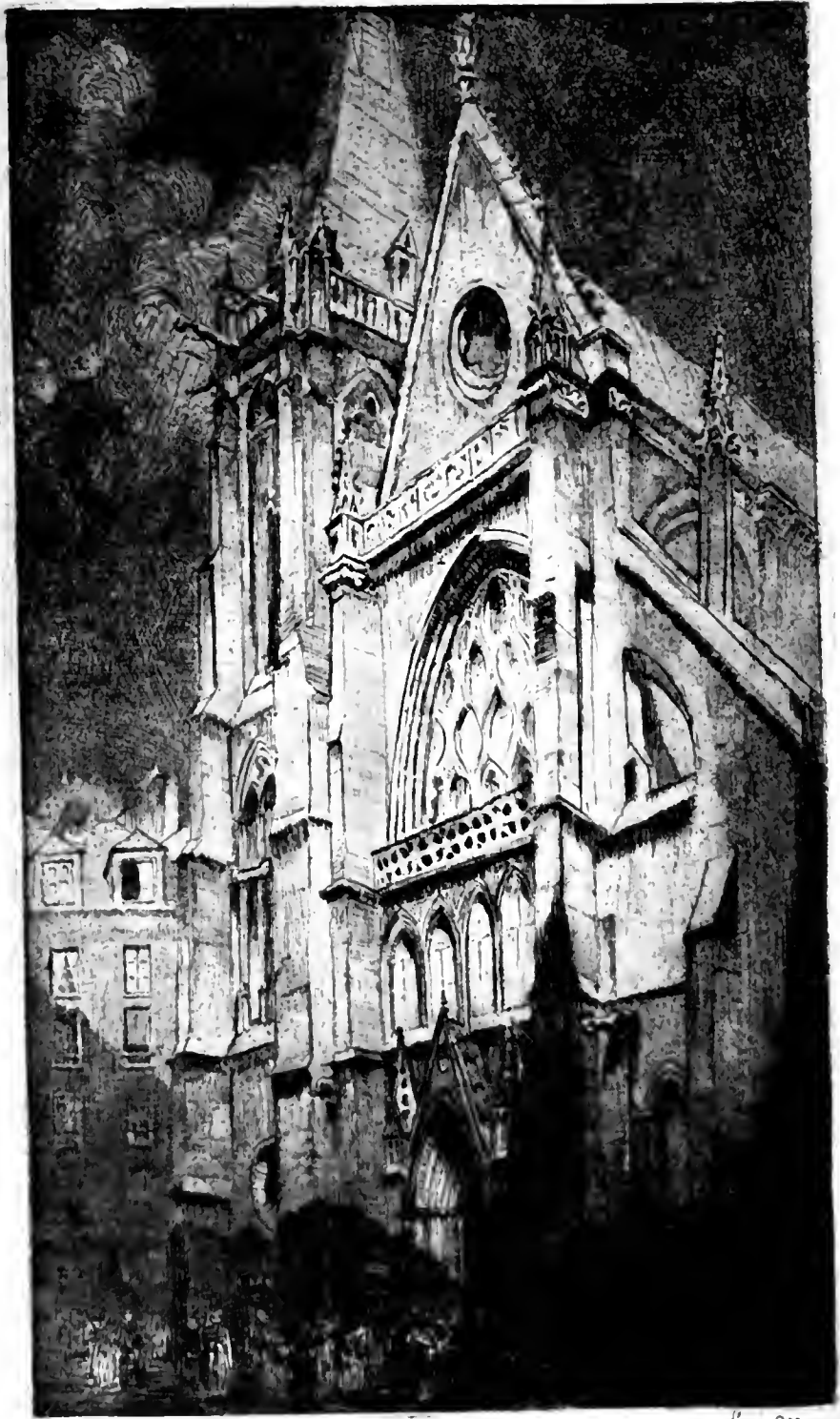
"INTERIOR OF ST. TROPHIME,
ARLES." BY LOUIS ORR



"WESTMINSTER ABBEY - NORTH
TRANSEPT" BY LOUIS ORR

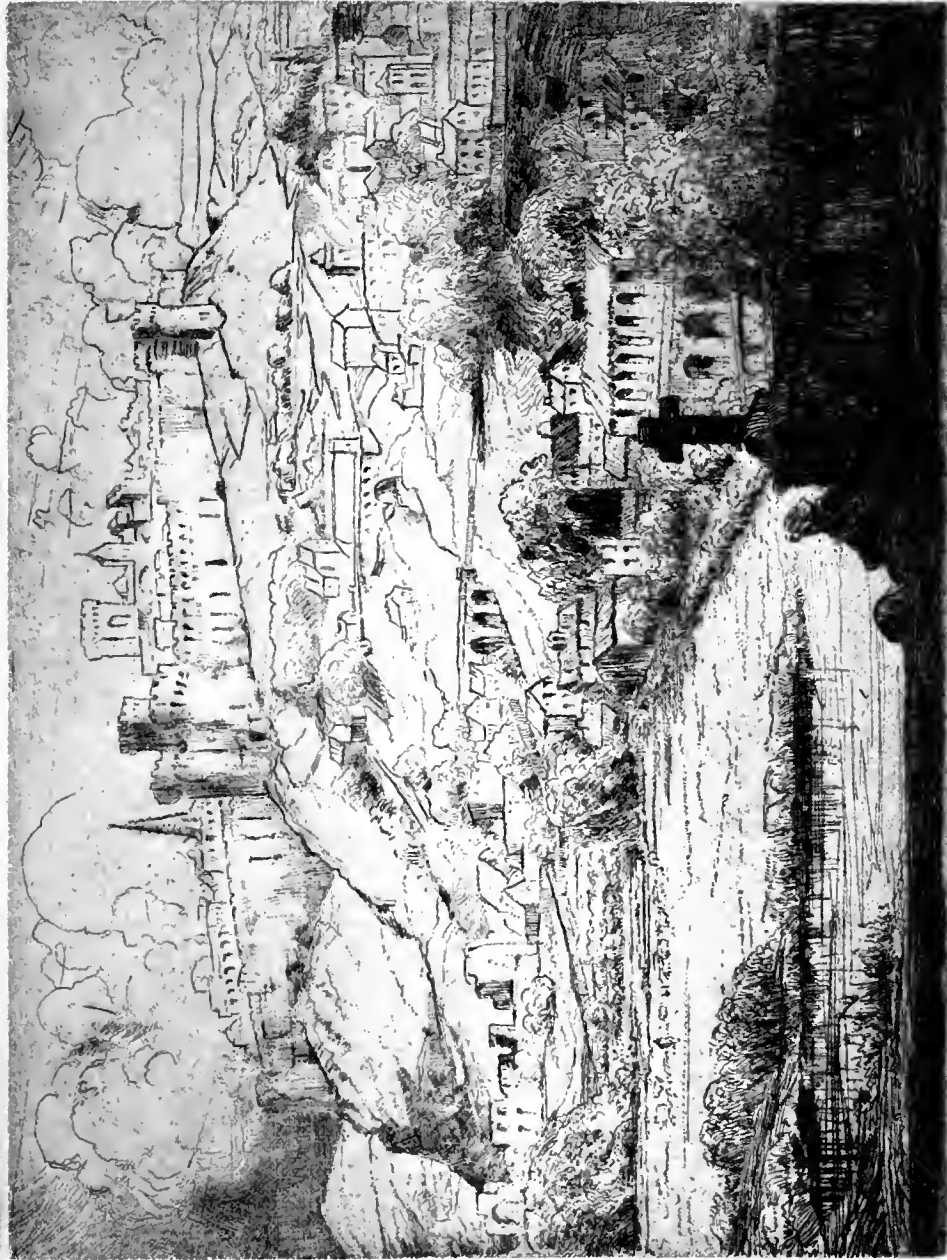


"TOUR PHILIP LE BEL, VILLENEUVE,
AVIGNON." BY LOUIS ORR



Louis Orr

"SAINT SÉVERIN, PARIS"
BY LOUIS ORR



"THE HILL-SIDE, AVIGNON"
BY LOUIS ORR

The Colour Lure of Mexico

THE COLOUR LURE OF MEXICO. BY HELEN HYDE.

IN these days of revolutions, Mexico may seem sadly deficient in lures of any kind, but if ever again the country settles so that there is security for life and limb, its attractions as a sketching ground cannot be over-estimated.

"Why go to over-painted Holland when Mexico lies a virgin field at your very door?" was a sentence that sent me hitherward. I expected to find it a country of sharp contrasts and sharper edges, like the accepted ideas in regard to Egypt, Italy, or any other sun-drenched country. Instead, the colour was of a lovely soft quality pervaded by a gentle haze, and though colourful, wonderfully colourful, it was a colour of mellow related tones, a harmonious family of different but distinct individualities.

And now, if I try to give in a short space some painter-sketch of that country, it seems to me an over-crowded canvas of memory. Young women in full white skirts, black rebosos or shawls, swathed around them, pass with erect carriage—jug poised on head—by an emerald-coloured door. Trailing vines of magenta bougainvillea fall over picturesque white walls. Rocky streets and laden donkeys. Bunches of these fuzzy burros stopping by a corner

gay with flaunting awnings and ornamented doorways, while their drivers in white, loose clothing, peaked hats, and scarlet serapes flung over shoulders, tug at the sacks or load which may have slipped, whisking the sulky, slow-moving animals around by their tails in a most laughable manner. Sometimes the procession moves up a village street: the ground beneath and the side-walks in broken tones of grey melt in with the grey donkeys, their greyish-brown loads, and the browner riders, who in their white clothes harmonise with the white houses they pass: all freshened by the delightful green of the trees which shade the streets. Or there may come a sudden sweeping rain in a dusky avenue of great trees: figures muffled in serapes hurry along, the huge hats, almost umbrella-like, held against the storm.

Drive out of the city a little, and watch the peaked-hatted shepherds driving their flocks of sheep up a dusty road. Pass by village after village of whitewashed houses—generally a soft tone of colour is mixed in with the white. Little benches are outside the door, which is always pink, green or blue. Big-leaved green vines shadow these doorways very often, or if not, pots of flowering plants give the gentle relief to the eye, made necessary by the harsher lines of houses and rocky roads.



SUNDAY MORNING, SAN ANGELES, MEXICO

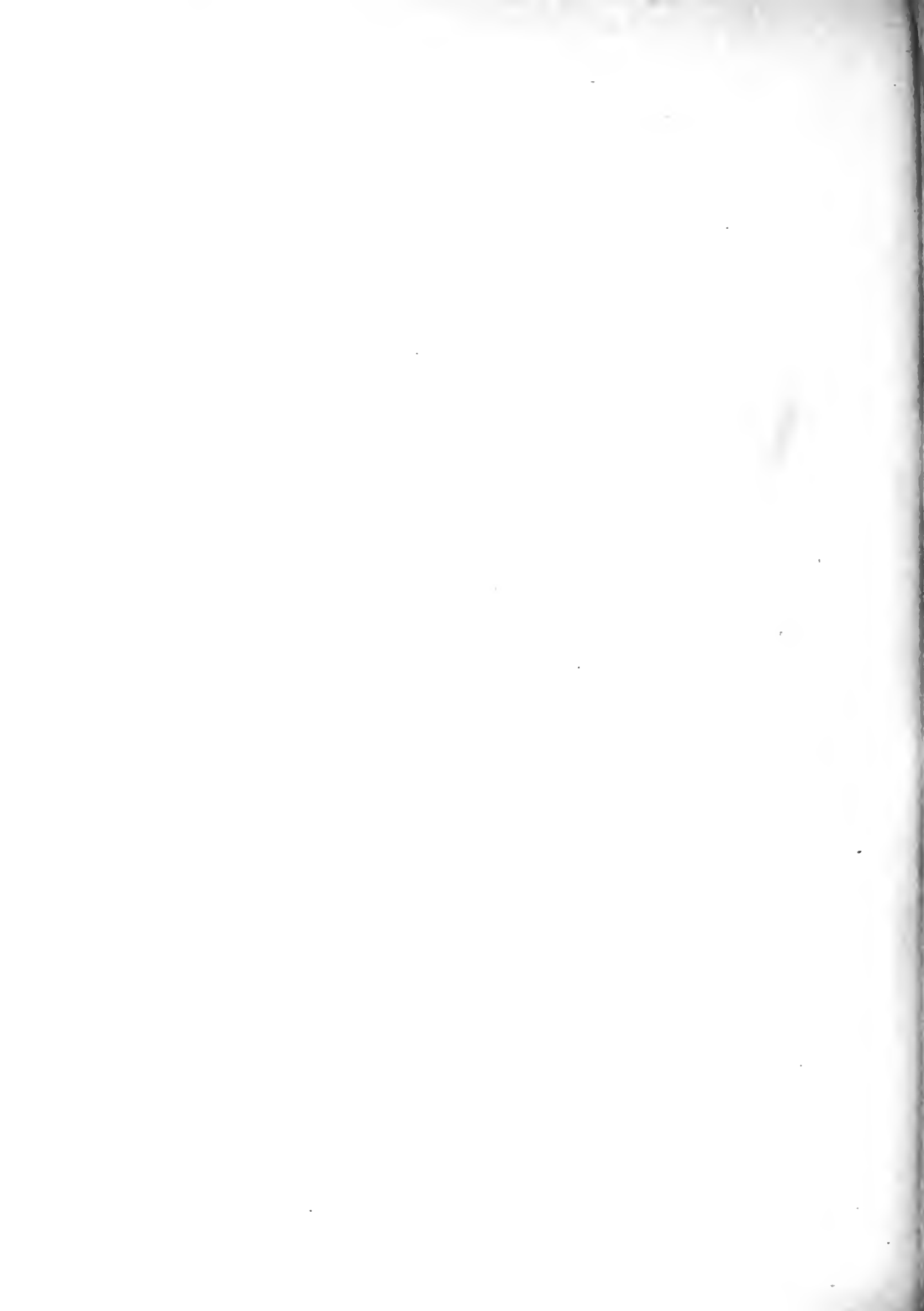
FROM A WOOD-PRINT IN COLOUR BY HELEN HYDE



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"AN INTERLUDE—THE BREADMAN'S DONKEY."
FROM A WOOD ENGRAVING BY HELEN HYDE.



The Colour Lure of Mexico

Everywhere there is movement, movement of men and of women and of variegated little brown tumbling children not usually overburdened with clothes.

Climb any of the hills that encircle the City of Mexico, and the pictures are too many for the memory to hold. But one impression comes so frequently as to be stamped indelibly on the mind's tablets: the impression of witchiness. At a street corner, perhaps under a way-side shrine, a party of women, weary and travel-stained, are resting with bundles. It is the peaked hats associated in our childish minds with witchcraft that gives a curious fillip to the mind, a weird coupling of religion with sorcery. Again, up on these hills, often and often, one sees silhouetted against the setting sun these heavily laden witches toiling over the steep places. Great bags are on their shoulders, men witches as well as women, therein differing from our children's books, for the *real* witch would conjure some one else into carrying the load.

In the Plaza of the cathedral of Mexico City—the scene of so much recent bloodshed—we took a tram-car that carried us through the midst of fascinating city life. Adorable markets with the little stalls shaded by faded red umbrellas, and surging around, through, and about the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of humanity; a very prismatic humanity at that, with much brown skin, red and yellow dresses, gay beads and dangling earrings; queer little shop doorways with graceful green vines growing out of suspended *ayas*; in every block, many wide archways giving fascinating glimpses into pink, blue, and green *patios* glowing with flowering shrubs and parti-coloured babies. And then to the Viga Canal, down which to the city in the early morning comes a gay procession

of flower, fruit, and vegetable-laden boats, which supply the city for the day. On a misty morning one can see Corot effects in the soft grey light, and picturesque flat boats being poled along by white-clothed, big-hatted boatmen between the two rows of tall, thin, French-looking trees that line the banks. Between these tall trees move more of the

witchy_folk, heavy-laden, or stepping out right gladsomely along the path that follows the canal. And by moonlight, when the shadows darken and all is more unreal than before, one can realise the pictorial charm of the Viga Canal.

It is not so easy to work in Mexico City proper, though the material is not lacking, so we moved nine miles farther out to a very old town called San Angel. On the way is another charming old place called Coyoacan, which boasts of a beautiful church, on whose roof, or in its various interiors and shrines, in its garden, and kitchen, and school, one could find material for many a picture. An old-fashioned stone bridge crosses a stream at Coyoacan, where, in the shadow of grand old trees, the women wash and gossip, and where one might paint with some security. Coyoacan also has a market. The only trouble with Mexican markets is that they are always closely surrounded by *pulque* shops, which are no places in which to seek refuge from the curious on-lookers and sketch.

Our destination, San Angel, boasts of two very delightful places of abode. We chose San Angel Inn for the beauty of the old house itself, and for its wide verandas facing the great volcanic peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. One can always find gardens galore, and *patios* to paint in, and this one at San Angel Inn was a delight. Flowers and vines and trees there were in profusion, quaint old



"GOING TO MARKET, VIGA CANAL, MEXICO." FROM A WOOD-PRINT IN COLOUR BY HELEN HYDE

The Colour Lure of Mexico



"OVER THE GARDEN WALL"
FROM A WOOD-PRINT IN
COLOUR BY HELEN HYDE

women. In the village of San Angel itself, there was more than one could do. There, too, was a small but attractive market. It was in San Angel that we saw so often the breadman's donkey, pausing with his cowhide panniers before the green door of the *pulque* shop, while the breadman himself disported therein. Around the corner from the *pulque* shop, cactus vines fell jaggedly over a rose-coloured wall in which was set a shell-shaped fountain, and graceful Indians in flowered gowns that match so well their houses filled pottery just as graceful with water. These fountain episodes have all the allurements of the overture of the "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Romance plays such a part in the life of Mexico. Never in any country have I seen such leisure on the part of man for the gentle art of wooing. Picturesque they are too, these Mexican lovers, with their tight silver-trimmed trousers, the great rolling hat entrancing with its embroideries of gold



"A MEXICAN REBECCA," FROM A WOOD-PRINT
IN COLOUR BY HELEN HYDE

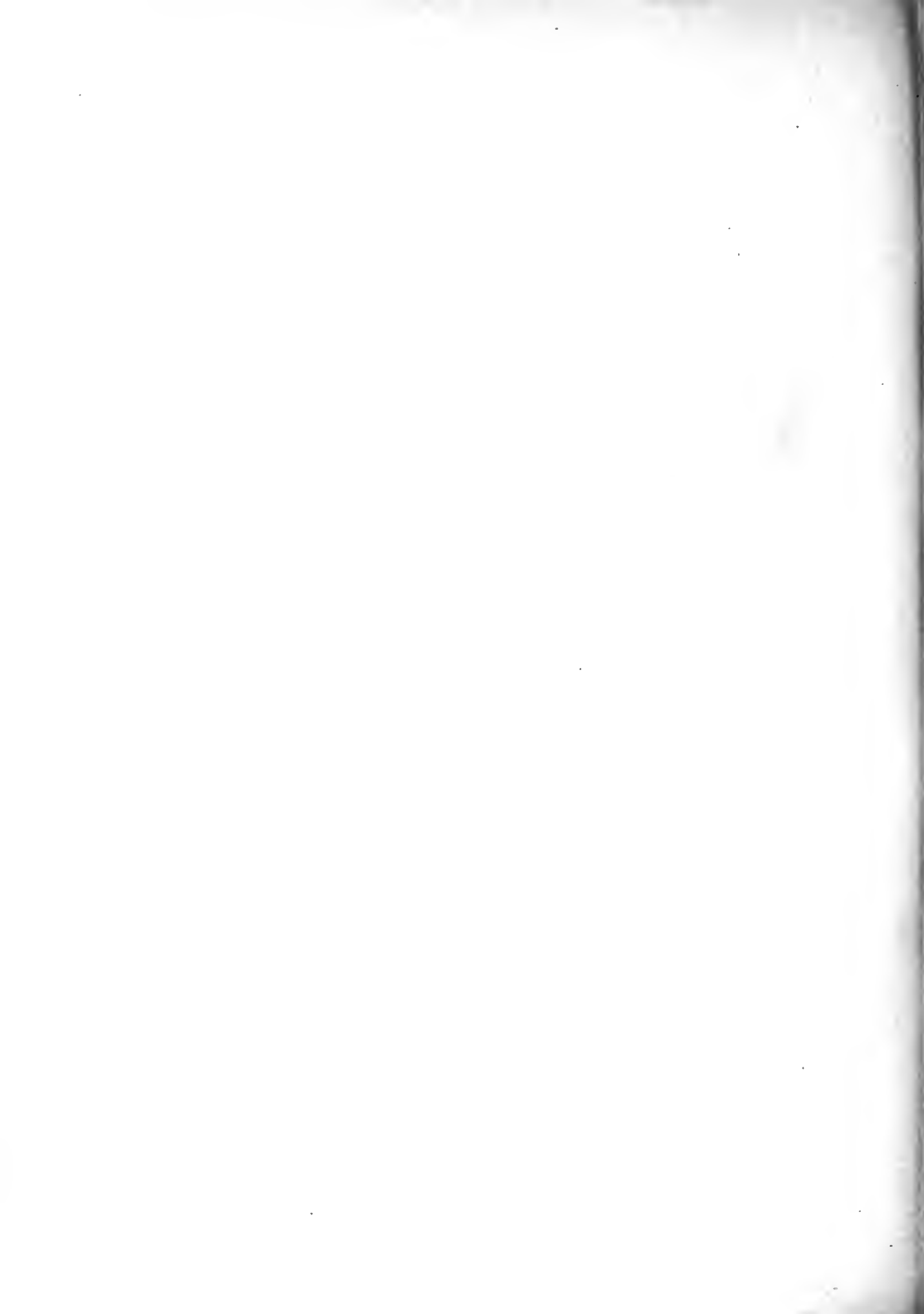
religious-looking seats of the most delightful colour, soft creams and ochres, pinks and reddy purples. And there are children to paint if you have the philosophy to accept a month-old baby substitute for a two-year-old without a moment's warning. Or a grandmother may come to take the place of a pretty young mother because the younger one, forsooth, was "busy making tortillas."

If you have patience, and a sense of humour and much philosophy, I say you can paint in Mexico. But we of the painter-craft well know that without any of those three the way is rough for a painter in any part of the world.

Without the stone walls of San Angel Inn grew seas of periwinkle, climbing pink roses threw abroad their branches, a *mise en scene* made to order for Madonnas, groups of children, girls and young



"A MEXICAN COQUETTE." FROM A
WOOD ENGRAVING BY HELEN HYDE.



The Colour Lure of Mexico

silver, and varied hues, on mouse-grey, white, black, red, grey, blue and browns. They watch the pretty Señoritas over the garden walls, or "play bear" at the grilled city-windows, content to be unnoticed for many a long day, for by their patience the true lovers are known.

Around the Plaza, trees that looked as if their proper place should be in ornamental tubs in aristocratic doorways, here grew stiffly but graciously on the edge of uneven stone pavements. Soft peachy-coloured houses were behind them with their quaint barred windows. On Sunday mornings, processions of old-fashioned figures, voluminous and rosily bespotted as to skirts, snugly wrapped in rebosos, carried the votive candles on the way to mass. And the candle-stalls where one bought these tapers were another series of pictures. Odd awnings gay with gold, and silver, and colour spots shaded them, and the saleswomen or little girls in charge, were nearly always the kind you delighted to see and wished you might record in something more tangible than memory.

It was almost impossible to travel much about the country when I was there, but between disturbances I went down to Oaxaca in the southern part of Mexico, because there the consensus of opinion said the people themselves could be studied at their best, although the city itself was not so beautiful, and it was difficult to live comfortably in the hotels there. It was teeming with life indescribably interesting. Mexican "Flights into Egypt" passed along the streets continuously—people coming in from the country most probably; the mother and the child riding the donkey while the Mexican Saint Joseph trudged alongside, muffled in serape and topped with a wide-brimmed, steeple-crowned hat. Heavy teams of black and white oxen lumbered along the stony streets, pulling emigrant topped wagons, the swaying cover of brown rushes or matting in woody colouring, and nothing more paintable could be desired by the animal painter.

The churches, some of them gaudy, some of them harmonious, were full to the brim with subjects. All the pink and yellow streets of Oaxaca were corked at the end by lovely mountains making different colour-schemes at every division of the day: richly blue in full sunlight, fading into more tender tones with the day's declining. Avenues and roads were bordered by tall cactus fences, through the cracks of which or over the top peeped the curious children and those long past their childhood as well.

It is the market of Oaxaca that is its most moving attraction from a painter's standpoint, for there one can select from a great variety of subjects. But it took all our courage to venture in on sketching bent. It is an enormous place, aisle upon aisle of vegetables of glorious colouring with fruit and flowers. There were women cooking, women quarrelling, women frantically bargaining, men and children doing all these things and many others. All sorts of the most intimate domestic actions took place in the blue misty air, caused by the cooking of the ubiquitous tortilla in little charcoal stoves. In an inner court was the basket, straw mat, and pottery department. Pottery, in enormous heaps of luscious colour, rich deep green, orangy-brown, lined with the same olive-green, and bowls! Oh, what jolly bowls with rims and splashes of rude colour, but what colour! These pottery heaps were displayed under the shade of luxuriant trees,



"A COMMON SCOLD"

FROM A WOOD-PRINT IN COLOUR BY HELEN HYDE

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest



"THE UNWILLING DANCERS." FROM A WOOD-PRINT IN COLOUR BY HELEN HYDE

loving, happy-go-lucky wights, and take only too much interest in one's doings: still, street work can be done for all its drawbacks.

With the exception of Oaxaca, all the most beautiful places were closed to us owing to the activity of the rebels, and those who know told me I had seen *nothing*. So that if these mental pictures of mine be only the pickings, the reader can imagine the glories to be seen and enjoyed when the whole country is once more open to the seeker after the picturesque.

and sometimes under funny little straw canopies, or a four-part umbrella also of straw.

I tried to find an inconspicuous spot, but it was not long before I was discovered, and the horde gathered. Thicker and thicker they came, men, women, and children, blocking up the view. I know how sugar-cane sounds in every degree of crunchment, how it feels to be spattered with it from head to foot, to have it piled around me in little stacks. All my onlookers indulged in the noisy pastime: they were good-natured though, and most friendly, and when I gave my hostess of the pottery stall a *propina*—parting gift—she evidently did not expect it and thought I meant to shake hands.

The Mexican people seem to be as a rule art-

THE ROYAL HUNGARIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL IN BUDAPEST. BY A. S. LEVETUS.

THOUGH the Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School was founded in 1880, it had little space to develop and flourish, as owing to the want of a suitable building the number of students was necessarily very limited; but when in 1896 the famous Iparművészeti Museum (arts and crafts museum), with its adjoining schools, the master work of the eminent Hungarian architect, Edmund Lechner, was finished new life was brought to it, and a fresh spurt given to creating a new national art based on traditions handed down from past ages.

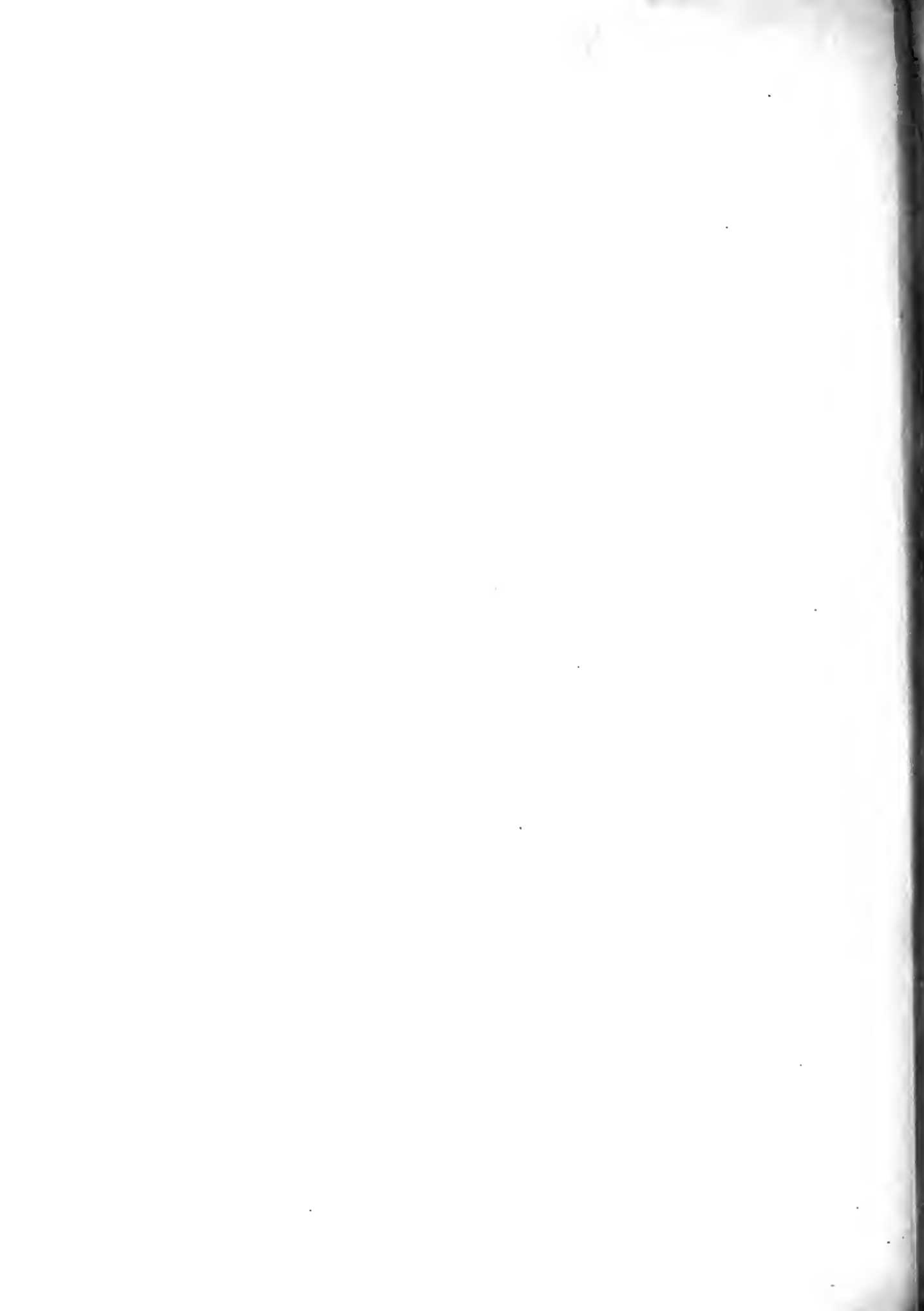


DESIGN FOR A DECORATIVE WALL PAINTING.

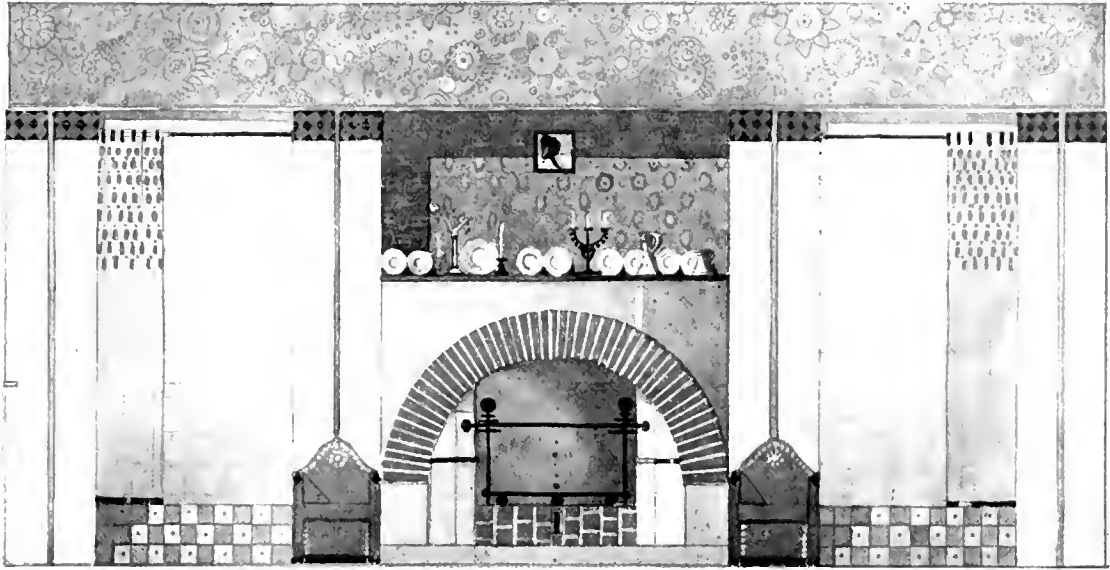
BY S. GÁBOR (PROF. UJVÁRY'S SPECIAL CLASS)



REFLECTIONS. FROM A WOOD
ENGRAVING BY HELEN HYDE.



Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest

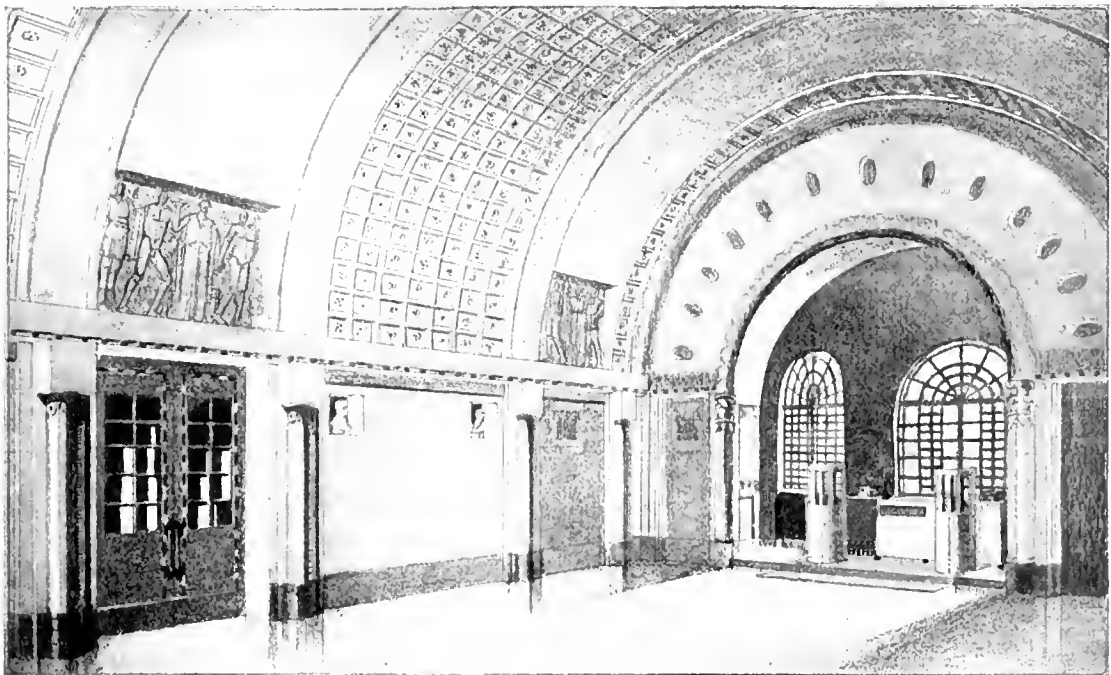


DESIGN FOR SMOKING-RECESS IN A BILLIARD-ROOM

BY E. KEMÉNY

Beginnings, however, are proverbially difficult, and in this respect the Budapest school shared the fate common to all kindred institutions. Nevertheless they were hopeful, more especially so when Mr. Walter Crane was invited to come to Budapest and initiate new methods in the teaching of design, and some fairly good results were achieved for a few

years. Then followed a period of apathy which lasted till some three years ago when with the appointment of a new director in the person of Dr. Elemér von Czakó a new period of activity commenced. Dr. Czakó has entirely reorganised the schools, introducing many new subjects connected with the industrial arts, and the curri-



DESIGN FOR A HALL IN A PUBLIC BUILDING

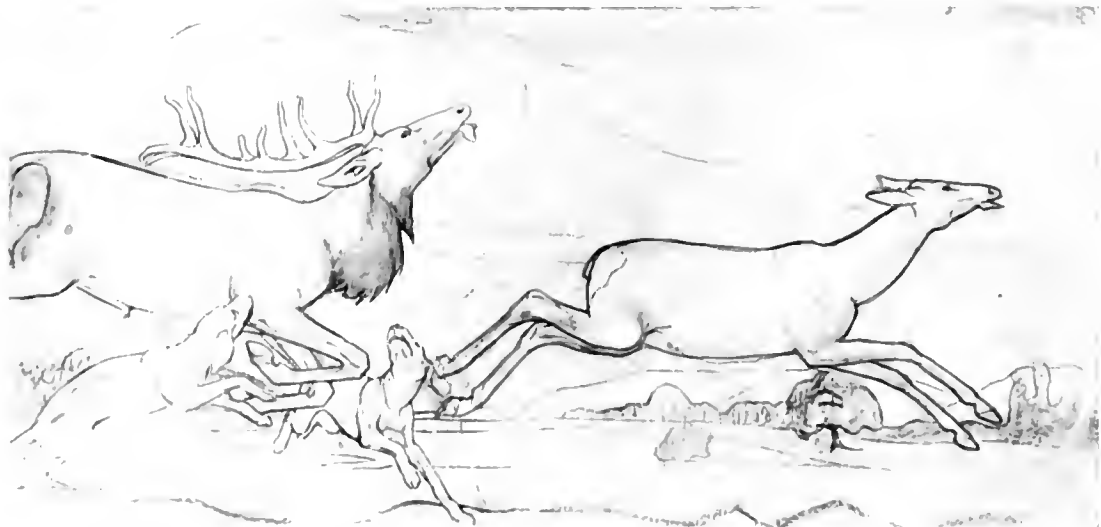
BY E. KEMÉNY (PROF. BALOGH'S CLASS)

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest

culum, which now embraces nearly every branch of decorative art, will in a very short time include all and everything comprehended in this term.

One of the first steps taken was to appoint teachers of the new generation, men and women—for several women-teachers are on the staff—who are not mere theoreticians but are practical workers, and another important step was to introduce workshops, for Dr. von Czakó from the first realised that to have lasting results theory and practice must go hand in hand. The aim of the school is in fact to provide thorough all-round instruction in the decorative arts and in those subjects which are allied to them, and the study of the materials in which the designs are to be executed is an important factor in the training of the students.

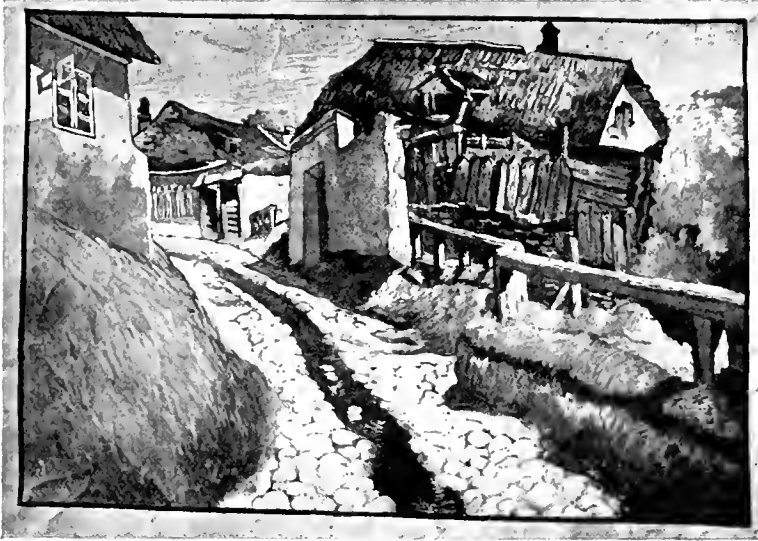
Before dealing with the methods of instruction, it may be as well to give some detailed information as to the conditions on which the students, who are of both sexes, are admitted to the schools. In the first place, all those applying for admittance must have passed through the elementary schools, and must therefore have completed their fourteenth year. Many of the students, however, have been through the higher schools. They come from various parts of Hungary, only one-fourth hailing from Budapest. The fees are twenty crowns (16s. 8d.) a year, but casual students are charged double this amount, the prime interest being in the students who go in for regular courses of training. This seems but a small sum, but, small as it is, the parents are oftentimes unable to pay it. In such



CARTOON FOR A WALL PAINTING.

BY J. KONRAD (PROF. SANDOR'S CLASS FOR DECORATIVE PAINTING)

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest



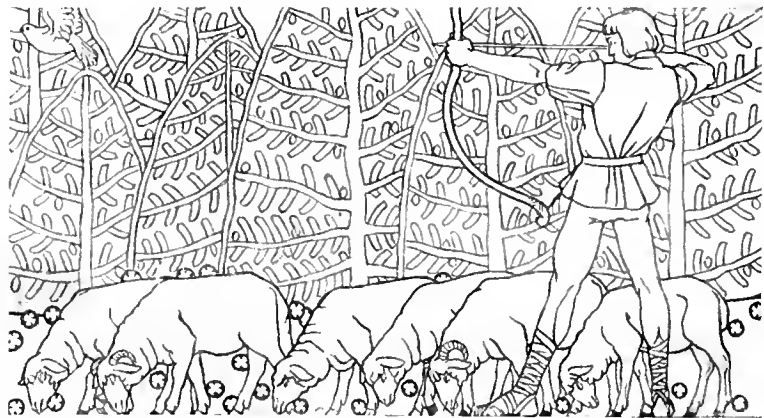
"AN OLD LANE IN BUDA." BY A. ENGEI (PROF. UJVÁRY'S CLASS FOR DECORATIVE PAINTING)

arranged under three heads, ordinary, extraordinary, and "hospitants," the last named being those who do not go through the entire course, though they must take up one special subject and attend the classes in ornamental design. The extraordinary students must also study these subjects and they may also work in the workshops, but they do not follow the whole curriculum. The ordinary students must, in addition to the arts and crafts classes, also attend the classes for book-keeping, commercial correspond-

cases, when proofs are forthcoming, stipends are granted by the Ministry to cover the cost of instruction and very often of living also. The sum given for this purpose is 22,000 crowns, which last year was distributed among seventy-three students from a total of two hundred and fifty attending the day classes.

The course of training lasts in all four years, and students who have shown exceptional talent are on leaving given scholarships to enable them to continue their education in some foreign school selected by themselves, but in no case are they allowed to stay on at their alma mater. Small sums are also granted to specially capable students of both sexes who have passed through the schools to establish themselves in their own particular branch of applied art, and in this way the initial difficulty, lack of capital, is got over.

The students may be



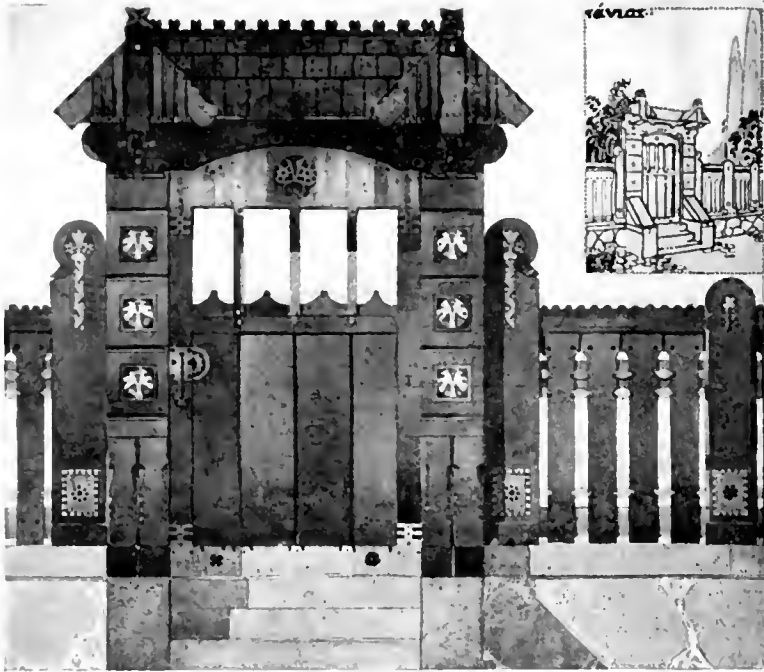
CARTOON FOR WALL-PAINTING

BY J. NOVÁK



CARTOON FOR WALL-PAINTING. BY E. HALÁPY (PROF. KRIESCH-KOROSFOI'S CLASS)

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest



DESIGN FOR A GARDEN GATE. BY A. KEMÉNY (PROF. BENCZUK'S CLASS FOR DESIGN)

ence and other business subjects, these classes being among Dr. von Czako's innovations. Every opportunity is given for the students to equip themselves for their future careers: they easily find employment in industries connected with art or as assistants to architects, while many of them establish themselves as decorative artists; but as art industries are at present little developed in Hungary, a large contingent finds employment in foreign countries.

The courses are divided into general and special, and naturally students must first attend the former or give proof of their qualification to enter the special courses. In all cases they must attend the classes in figure drawing and ornamental design, no matter what special subject they take up. Often these

special subjects overlap one another, but the grounding in all is fully comprehensive, and the students are given every opportunity to choose for themselves which line of art they desire to specialise in. The staff consists of the Director and seventeen teachers of both sexes and a number of experts in the practice of applied art.

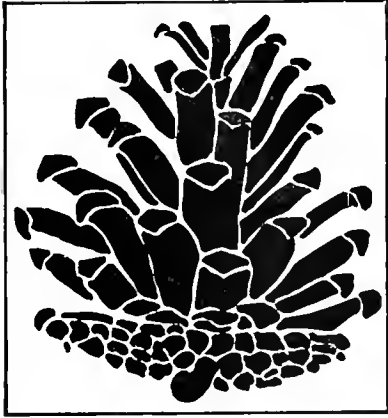
It must be borne in mind, in considering the nature of the designs and the teaching methods followed in these schools, that Hungary is essentially a country with a living peasant art, that from their earliest infancy many of the students, and more especially those coming

from the provinces, have been accustomed to see it around them in their homes, alike in the manner



MAJOLICA BONBONNIÈRES, INKSTAND, CANDLESTICK, AND MATCH-HOLDER. BY G. LÁRY (PROF. SIMAY AND E. SCHEICH'S CLASS)

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest



THREE STUDIES BY PAUL BENCSEK (PROF. HELBING'S CLASS FOR DRAWING)

of decorating them, in the utensils used in daily life, and in their national dress. They have an innate feeling for form in design and for the building up of surface decoration. The women and girls are very dexterous in the use of the needle and more particularly in the invention of designs and stitches. Moreover the recent revival in embroidery and lace-making has brought in its train the desire for new designs and new patterns for lace, these designs being based upon those indigenous to the country. For the great and laudable desire is to create a modern and growing decorative art which while based on the best traditions of the past is in conformity with the spirit of our times.

After having satisfactorily passed through the general course of instruction in drawing and allied subjects the students enter on the course of special instruction. Here, again, as already mentioned, the subjects overlap one another so that it may happen that a student may attend two or more of the classes. In the division for interior architecture

there are four professors—D. Györgi for the first year, F. Frischauf-Szablya for the second and third years, and L. Gyalus and L. von Balogh for the fourth and fifth years. These teachers all work in unison with one another and some excellent results have been obtained.



The course of instruction includes theory and practice, the instruction covering all that is comprehended in the term interior decoration, furniture and cabinet-making included. Not only are the students taught designing from the simplest forms to more elaborate ones, but special stress is laid on construction and workmanship. The two

designs reproduced on p. 37 were done by a student in Prof. von Balogh's class, E. Kemény, and the design for a garden-gate (p. 40) is by a student of the same name, a pupil



TITLE-PAGE FOR A BOOK, BY S. SOMFAI (PROF. HELBING'S CLASS)

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest



MADONNA STATUE, BY W. GÁLLÁSZ
(PROF. SIMAV'S CLASS FOR SCULPTURE)

of Prof. Benzur, who till a short time ago taught decorative designing to students in their fourth and fifth years. The gate is pure Hungarian in form, reminding one of some of those fine

examples reproduced in the Special Studio Number, "Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary."

Mural decoration is specially favoured by the Hungarians and receives due attention in the schools. There are three teachers for decorative painting, Professors Ujváry, Kriesch-Körösfoi, and Sándor. It will be seen from the illustrations that there is a vast difference in the styles of the work done under these professors. The students study in the open air, and great stress is laid on composition and drawing from life.

Prof. Kriesch-Körösfoi teaches the more advanced students, his special subject being mural painting. His appointment, which is but recent, was highly welcomed, for he is not only a fine artist but an expert in this line of art. Under his supervision the students are able to carry out their designs, when approved, on the walls of the elementary schools, for mural decoration is very much favoured for this purpose.

The special class for graphic art is under the care of Prof. Helbing. After due regard has been given to studies from Nature the students proceed to style, stress being laid on the application of design to different

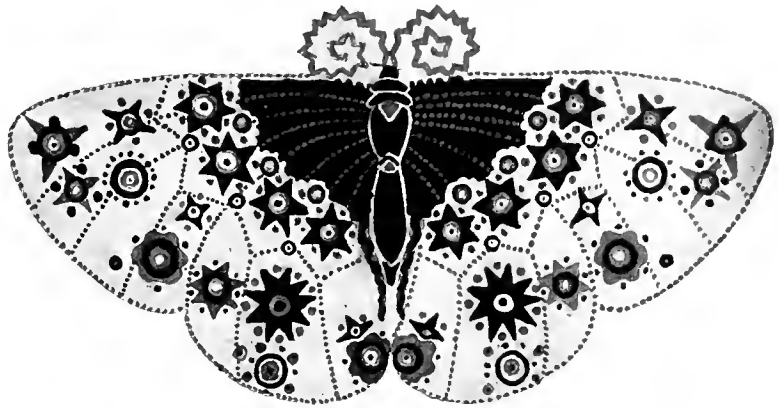


EQUESTRIAN STATUETTE BY G. IMRE (PROF. SIMAV'S CLASS)

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest

ornamental purposes for reproduction by various methods such as ordinary letterpress, printing, linoleum engraving, lithography, &c. There are excellent workshops in the school fitted up with everything requisite for this branch of the school's work.

The special classes for plastic art and ceramics are under the charge of Prof. Simay, as is also that for figural drawing. He has been particularly successful in introducing rapid drawing from the life. Beginning with simplified contours of the model, he proceeds to more and more difficult problems till the whole human form has been



STUDY

BY L. ENGEL (PROF. HELBING'S CLASS)

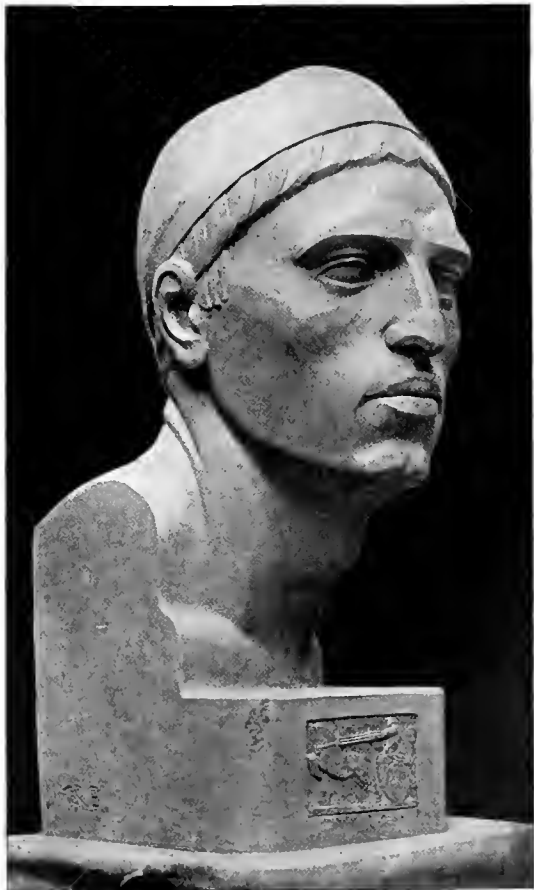
female, the final step being the study of composition in space. The illustrations on these pages testify to the excellence of the work done in Prof. Simay's class for sculpture.

The special course for ceramics is only a year old, but in this short time good results have been



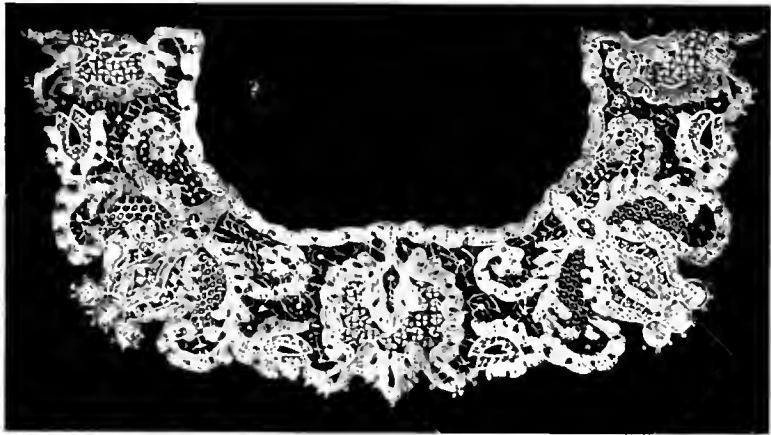
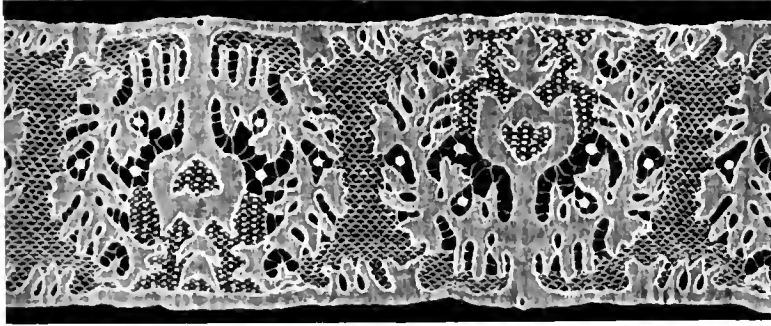
MAJOLICA BOX. BY J. FÁRY (PROF. SIMAY'S CLASS FOR CERAMICS)

mastered. The drawings are made in five minutes, and here, of course, practice is necessary for attaining anything like perfection. After the simplified contours from the life with the skeleton placed by the side of the clothed model so that the students have a thorough comprehension of the figure, they repeat their work in light and shade in different tones, first with the pen and later with the brush. Every movement of the human body is thus carefully studied and rapidly put down on paper, every time in more intense tones and shades, first from the nude and then from the dressed figure. They then proceed to draw two figures together, male and



BUST OF A WARRIOR. BY G. IMRE (PROF. SIMAY'S CLASS FOR SCULPTURE)

Royal Hungarian Arts and Crafts School, Budapest



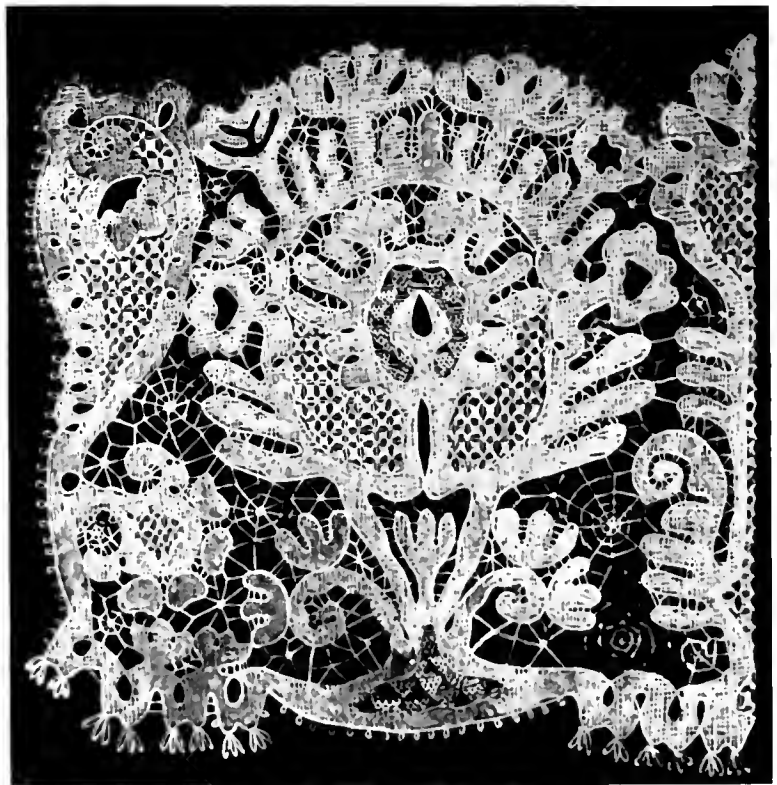
character, for Hungary has a tradition in lace-making. They show a fine feeling for that building up of form which is so great a characteristic among the Hungarians and which is perceptible everywhere in their peasant art.

Other subjects are taught in connection with textiles, for instance arras weaving; in fact there is nothing which comes under this heading which is not included in the course of study.

From what has been said it may be gathered that the general tone of the schools is healthy, and that one can look forward to their future development with the fullest confidence.

obtained. The students execute the designs they have modelled under Prof. Simay in the ceramic workshops, which are under the care of an able expert in this branch of applied art, Mr. Schleich.

The classes for textiles are under Prof. Mihalik, whose students, as may naturally be supposed, are chiefly girls. They learn to work in the material before designing on paper, that is, they design in the material, for the technique of embroidery, lace-making, and even machine embroidery must first be mastered. Studies are made from Nature and then translated into design, which must be specially suited to the material in which it is to be executed. The designs here reproduced are pre-eminently Hungarian in

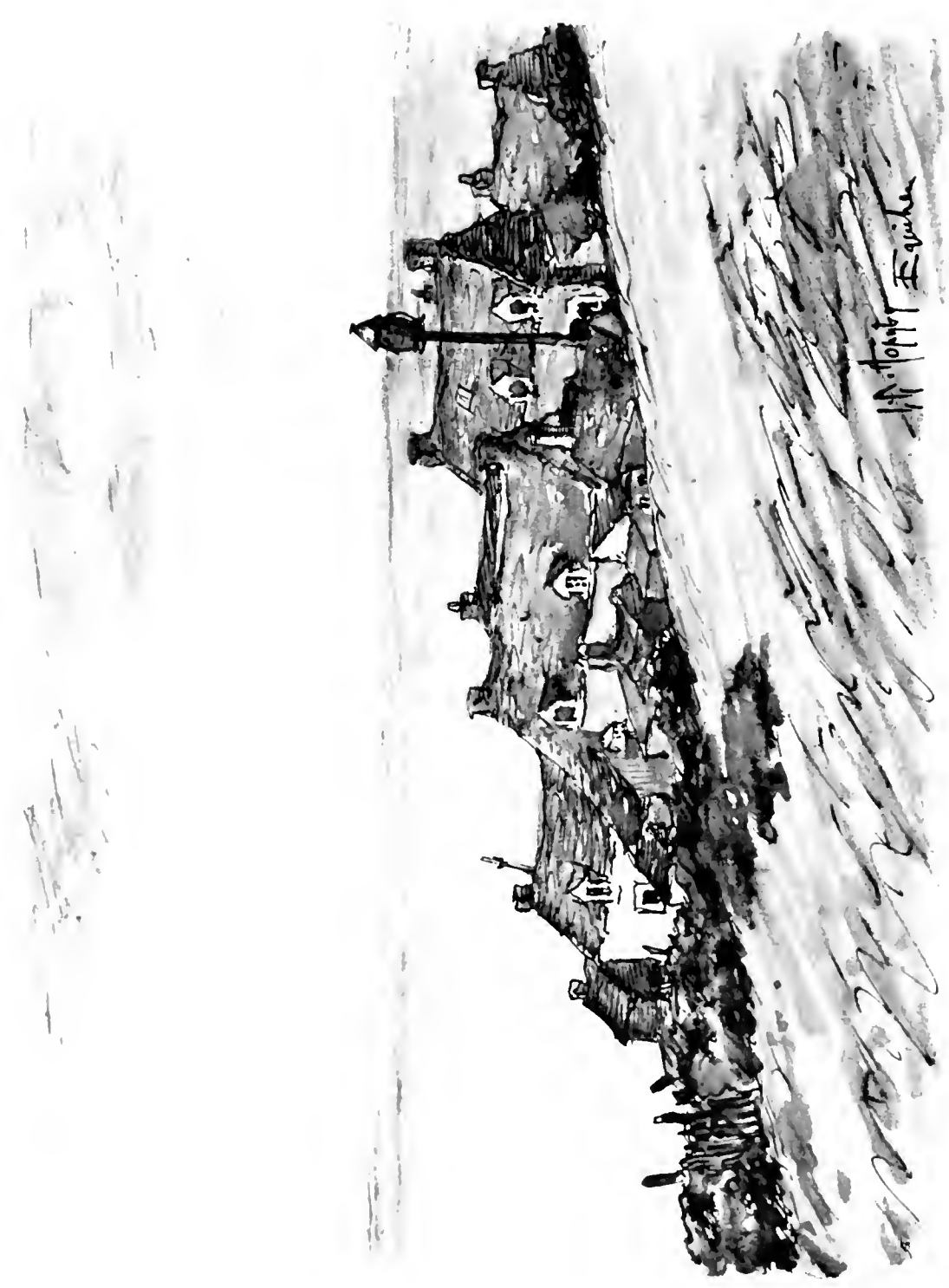


THREE DESIGNS FOR HUNGARIAN NELLEBONT LACE
BY A. TAK (PROF. MIHALIK'S CLASS)

SOME PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF EQUIHEN BY LESTER G. HORNBY

(The eight sketches here reproduced are selected from a series executed by the artist during a recent visit to the little French fishing village of Equihen, a few miles from Boulogne. In making them he used an ordinary fountain pen and washed the values in with a brush and water, using only the ink left on the paper by the pen. This he has found the most convenient method for recording passing effects in line and value.)





W. P. F. Esquire

"Fisherman's Cottages by the Sea"
By Lester G. Hornby



At Esquithon. By Lester G. Hornby

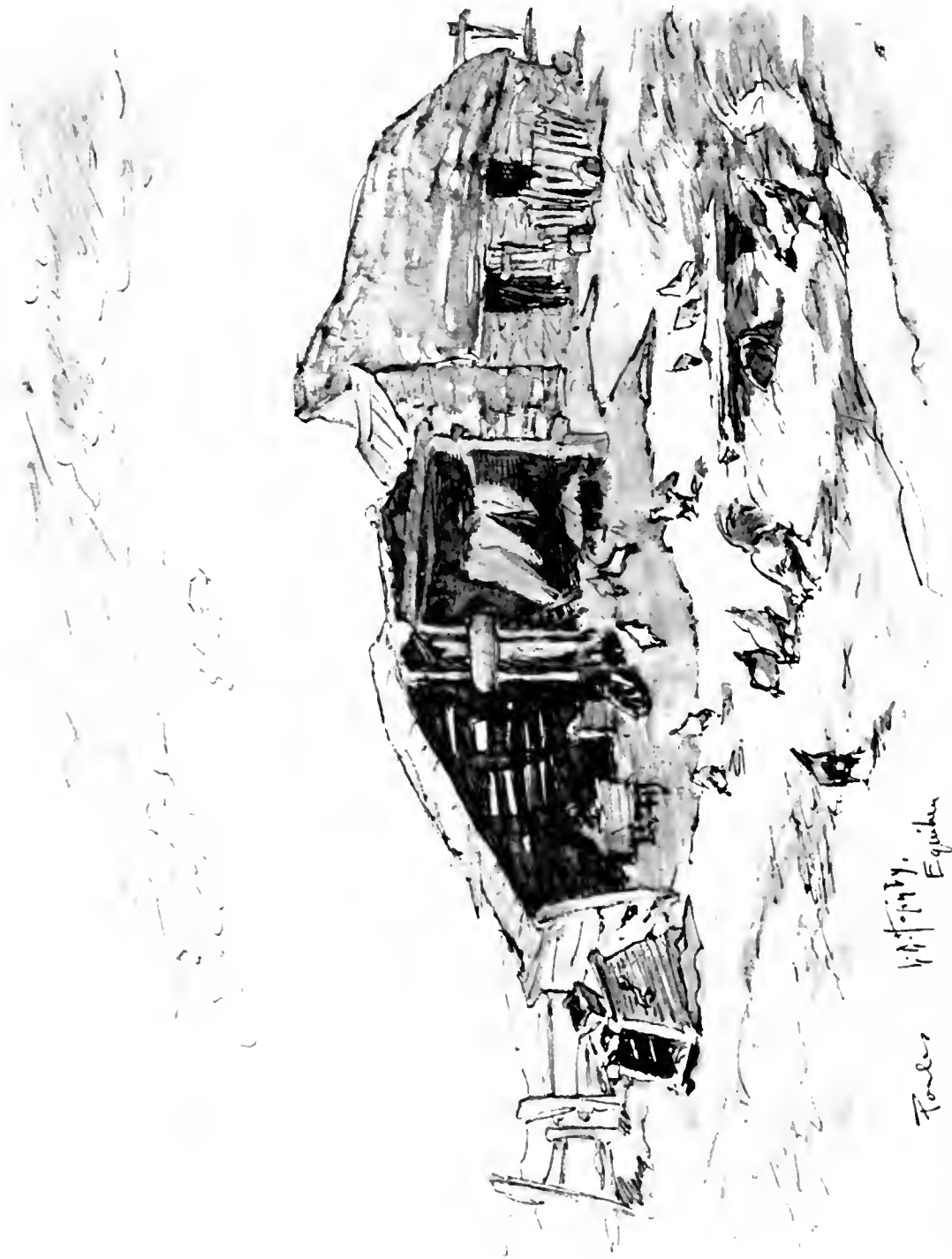


W. G. Hornby
Esq.

"In the Wind." By Lester G. Hornby



"A Fisherman's Home"
By Lester G. Hornby



Forbes W. H. H. H. H. H. H.
Equine



W. J. Fisher
F. Fisher

"Afternoon Sun." By Lester G. Hooley



W. Forster Equihen

... Carrying the Catch Ashore?
By Lester G. Hornby

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture



“ROOKWOOD,” NAZEING, ESSEX

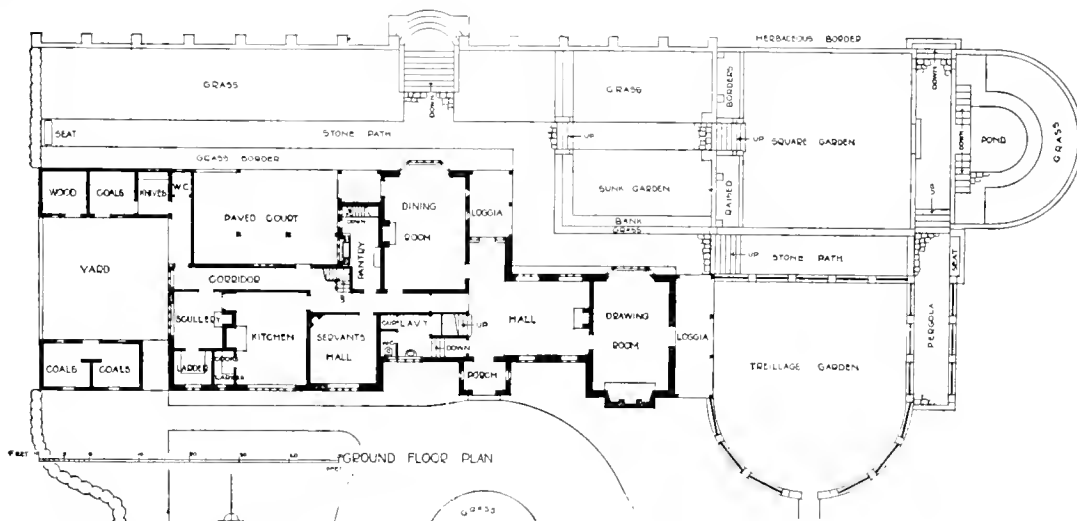
UNSWORTH, SON AND TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

OUR illustrations this month comprise some country houses recently erected from the designs of Messrs. Unsworth, Son and Triggs, architects, of Petersfield, Hants.

The house at Nazeing, Essex, shown on this

page, has been built on a hillside overlooking wide-spreading views, and the site was selected to make the fullest use of the sloping ground for the gardens, a hillside site affording the greatest opportunities for garden craft, especially where water can be easily obtained. The approach from the road, flanked on one side by a gardener's cottage and on the other by a garage, leads to a



PLAN OF “ROOKWOOD,” NAZEING

UNSWORTH, SON AND TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS

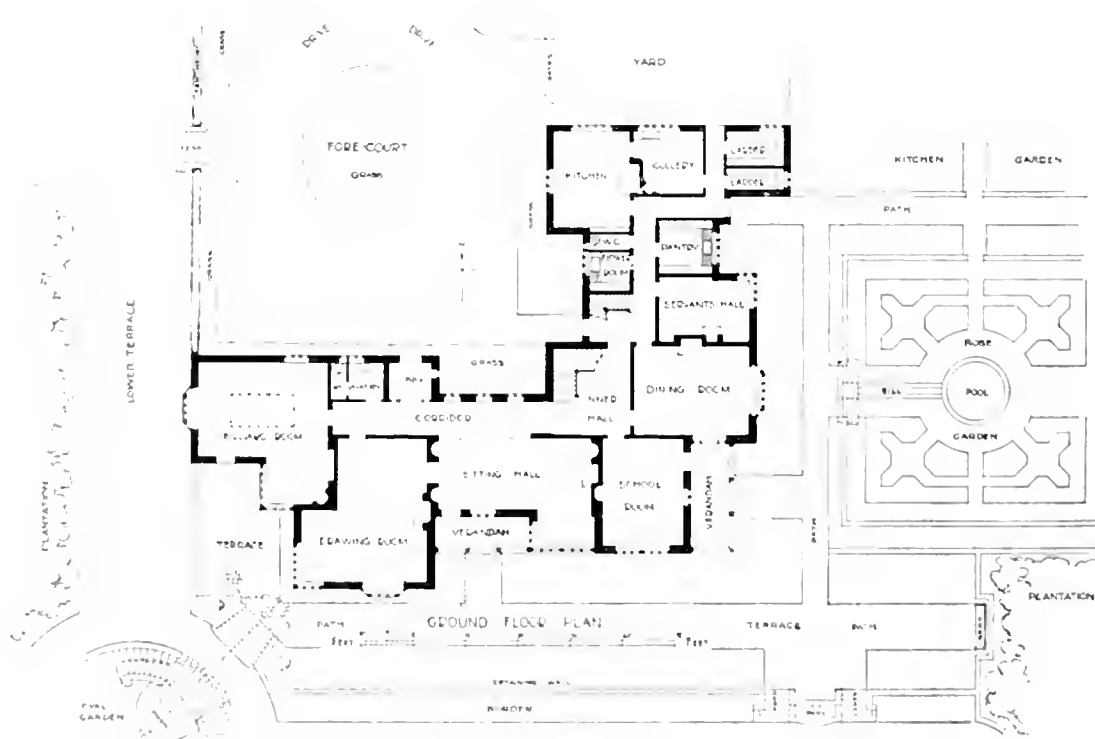
Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

porch on the north side of the house. The hall and dining-room are panelled in oak, and the drawing-room, opening from the hall, has a loggia overlooking a green court. An interesting feature of the house is the paved court with its open-air breakfast-room on the south side, easily accessible for service purposes. An oak staircase leads to the first floor with nine bedrooms and two bathrooms. The gardens, which have been laid out by the architects, are arranged upon several levels connected with stone stairways and consisting of terraces, pool gardens and small courts, all planned to be in scale with the house, and contrived to get the maximum shelter and privacy upon an exposed hillside. The water-colour drawing from which the illustration is reproduced, and which shows the south front of the house, is by Mr. Fullwood.

Durford Wood, near Petersfield, has one of the most charming sites in Hampshire, surrounded by woodland scenery and overlooking the downs, and in this case also the gardens have been laid out by the architects. The exterior of the building is of local bargate stone with half-timber construction of teak. An old West Sussex tradition has been revived in the filling in between the solid half-timbered work with bargate stone instead of the plaster, brick, or flint employed in other parts of

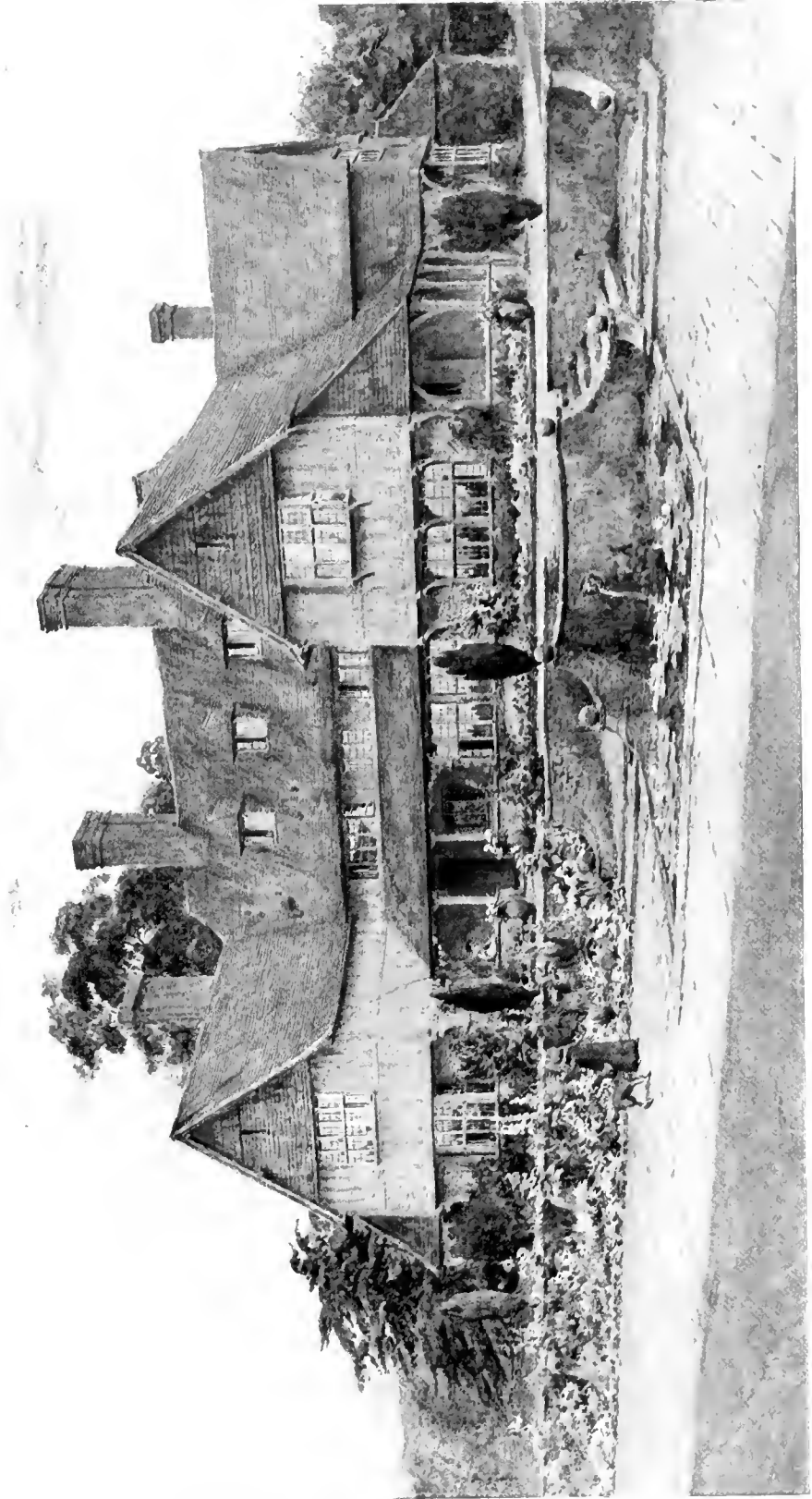
the country. The stone and timber form a very agreeable combination of materials as they soon weather and mellow to a delightful tone of colour in harmony with the old tiles which have been used for the roof. The drive approaches the forecourt on the north, which is enclosed within stone walls and overlooked by a picturesque dovecote. Garage and outbuildings are grouped together on the north side of the house. The plan has been arranged so that the sitting-hall, which communicates direct with the drawing-room at the south-west corner of the house, does not become a passage and that access to the front door is obtained without passing through the sitting-hall. The dining-room overlooks a sunken rose garden and a veranda opens from it so that outdoor meals can be served easily. An oak staircase in a central position leads to the first floor with nine bedrooms and three bathrooms, while in the attic story above are four additional rooms for the use of the servants. The water-colour drawing from which our coloured illustration was made was exhibited at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The cottage at Steep, a village situated a short distance from Petersfield, was built entirely of old materials obtained by pulling down a mill that formerly stood on its site. The lower parts of the

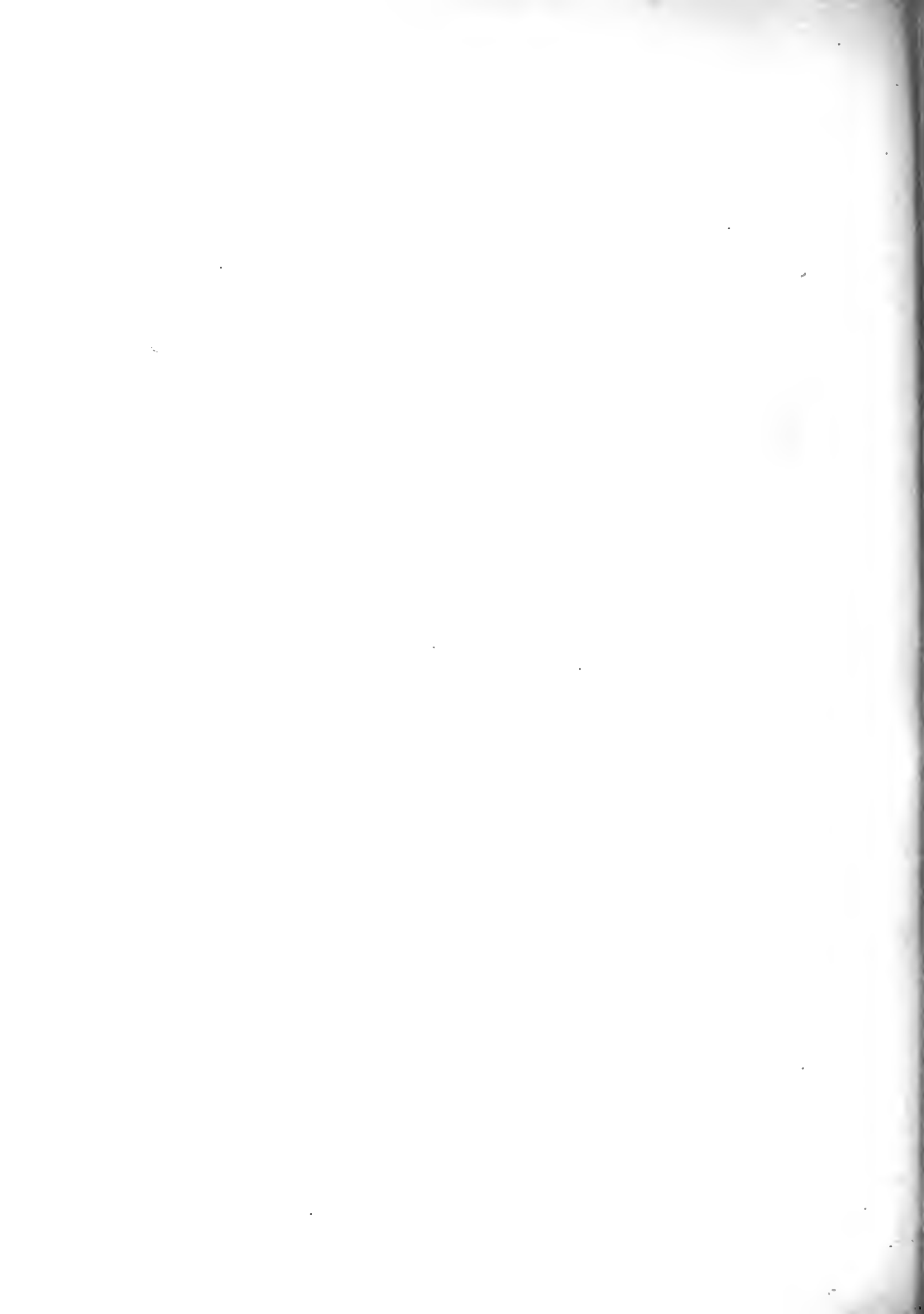


PLAN OF DURFORD WOOD, HILLESFIELD, HAMPSHIRE

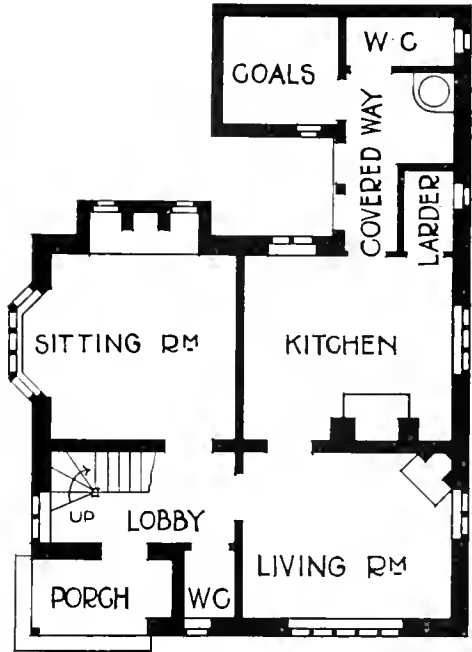
UNSWORTH, SON AND TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS



DURFORD WOOD, PETERSFIELD, HANTS.
UNSWORTH, SON & TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS.



Studio-Talk



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



walls are of old local clunch with tile-hanging and half-timber work above. The house is placed in an orchard, and the lines of the roof have been brought low, a feature that adds so much charm to the traditional cottage architecture of the neighbourhood.

INTENDING competitors for the three scholarships in architecture, decorative painting, and sculpture respectively, at the British School in Rome, are reminded that notification of their intention must be sent to the hon. general secretary of the School, 54 Victoria Street, London, S.W., accompanied by certificate of birth, &c., not later than January 24 next.

Each scholarship is of the value of £200 per annum and is ordinarily tenable for three years. The works submitted for the Open Examination must be delivered in London by January 31, and candidates must be British subjects.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The general public is grateful to Mr. Aitken, the Director of the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank, for the exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite art which has been held there during the summer months. Madox Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Millais were represented by many works, which were little known but very characteristic. The exhibition also provided an exceptional opportunity of studying the development of these artists, and of rejudging their art in the light of early achievement when the mannerisms that were to overtake them individually—and especially certain of their number—were not yet apparent. This exhibition is now giving place to one representative of the art of Blake, of a character more important than any that has yet been held in the name of this poet-artist.



COTTAGE AT STEEP, PETERSFIELD. GERALD UNSWORTH (UNSWORTH, SON AND TRIGGS), ARCHITECT

Studio-Talk

We illustrate on this page two needlework panels designed and worked by Miss Joan Drew, assisted by the village embroidery class at Chilworth, near Guildford, the county town of Surrey. The two panels form part of a set of three hangings for the Village Room at Blackheath in the same district. Both are in appliqué with gold embroidered spandrils above and a line of embroidered flowers below. The panels were exhibited at the recent Arts and Crafts show at the Grosvenor Gallery in New Bond Street.

The Senefelder Club is determined "to raise the lithograph to the level of the original etching," and that the efforts of the members are being rewarded with success, all who have studied their exhibitions must agree. "It was at a Senefelder Club show" writes Mr. Lewis Hind, "that I first became acquainted with the lithographs of Miss Ethel Gabain (Mrs. John Copley we must call her now: she was married last June to the talented secretary of the club). Her lithograph called *Caprice* caught my eyes at once and held them in admiration.

Here is surety of touch, deftness of drawing, and style. The little lady is delightfully posed, and the frank disorder of the design, held together by the rich and velvety blacks, splendidly massed, give to the work an unusual air of distinction. In another style is *The Mirror*—light and graceful, but indicating that the artist has laboured at the spade-work of her craft. Miss Gabain works in no groove; she is versatile, the evidence being a portfolio-box of sixty and more of her lithographs, which I have been examining with delight. She ranges from the mystery of *The Recluse* to the humour of *The Black Beetle*; from the wit of *Depart Fantastique* to the pathos of *Tired*; from a sunny landscape to *Les Tours de St. Sulpice*. The editions of her lithographs never exceed twenty-four: sometimes the number printed is as low as four or six. Most of the prints are done direct upon the stone, but although Miss Gabain occasionally uses transfer paper, she always works again upon the stone. Many of her prints have French titles; indeed they show much of the Gallie spirit, with reason, as this sensitive artist was born at Le



PANELS FOR VILLAGE ROOM, BLACKHEATH, GUILDFORD

BY JOAN H. DREW



"THE MIRROR." FROM A LITHO-
GRAPH BY ETHEL GABAIN



"CAPRICE." FROM A LITHO-
GRAPH BY ETHEL GABAIN

Studio-Talk

Hâvre, where she lived until she was twenty-two. Later it was under a French trade printer in Paris that she learnt the rudiments of the working of the lithographic press. But Miss Gabain's chief knowledge of her craft was gained in the lithography classes at the Central School under Mr. Jackson, and at Mr. Jackson's Saturday lithography class at the South Western Polytechnic, and the Slade School had her as pupil for a year. Lithographs by Miss Gabain have been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Manchester and Liverpool Art Galleries, the National Gallery, Toronto, and the National Gallery of Modern Art, Rome. We shall hope some day to see a joint exhibition of the work of Mr. and Mrs. John Copley, so different, yet so forcibly expressive of the personality of each artist." Miss Gabain's print *Caprice* was exhibited at the recent Salon of the Société Nationale in Paris, and she has been elected an Associate of that society.

The lockets and brooches shown on this page were designed by Mr. Byam Shaw and executed in needlework by Miss Jessie Gregory. The figures are embroidered in silk, the choice of colours being left with Miss Gregory, and in this she displays exceptional taste, in every instance achieving an effect exquisite and charming. The stitching itself is very finished in style; and working with Mr. Byam Shaw's fine drawing as a basis, Miss Gregory enhances the design by the spontaneity of her own execution. Miss Gregory is now turning her attention to the decoration of fans, and she proposes forming a class for teaching the kind of needlework in which she so excels.

We are reproducing three paintings, by Ter Borch, Metsu and Cuyp respectively, which form part of the twenty-two new pictures added by Mr. Max Michaelis to his gift of pictures by Dutch masters of the seventeenth century to the Union

of South Africa. The gift is for the purpose of founding a National Gallery of South Africa at Cape Town, and in THE STUDIO for May last we devoted an article to the history of the gift, which in its first shape consisted of forty-six pictures. We then pointed out that the collection would bear strengthening on the side of that domestic genre and interior painting which the art of Ter Borch and of Metsu so particularly represents. The Metsu picture, *The Dessert*, which is now added, was an important item in the famous Lord Harrowby collection, and Smith in his Catalogue Raisonné of Dutch Masterpieces singled it out for especial praise. The additions to the collection also include a Wouverman, which is among the most famous of this master's works, *La Charrette Embourbée*, or *The Cart in a Rut*. In the collection of the Comtesse de Verrue in 1737, in that of Blondel de Gagny in 1776, Destouches in 1794, M. Tolozan in 1801, the Marquis de Montcalm in 1849, Robert Field in 1856, it has come down to us in a truly remarkable state of preservation. Of the art of the great landscape



LOCKETS AND BROOCHES WITH FIGURES EMBROIDERED IN SILK, DESIGNED BY BYAM SHAW AND EXECUTED BY JESSIE GREGORY

Studio-Talk

painter, Philip de Koningh, there is a magnificent specimen, showing one of those extensive views of country under the transforming effects of April weather in which that master excelled. Other paintings are a fine Emanuel de Witte, *Interior of the Nieuwekerk, Delft*; two important sea-pieces of Van Goyen; an exquisite work by Van de Velde, besides works by Jan Both, Brekelenkam, Hobbema, Ostade, Saenredam, Van der Neer and Jan Wyck. There is also a work by Du Jardin, *The Start for Hawking*, from the Hope collection, of which Smith says: "It is impossible to commend too highly this exquisite work of art." The landscape by Cuypp, which we are reproducing, is very expressive of the national genius in landscape, in its simplicity, its sense of the mystery and beauty of indefinite horizons and its feeling for the human element in landscape compositions.

The *Portrait of a Young Woman* by Rembrandt, which formed a part of the collection when recently exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, has been withdrawn by Sir Hugh Lane—the maker of the collection—on account of an attack by a well-known writer, and the twenty-two works referred to above take its place. They make the collection extremely representative of the art of the period with its many facets, and it cannot be doubted that the particular purpose which the collection is intended to fulfil is assisted by the exchange. Since the transfer, the *Portrait of a Young Woman* has been cleaned by the eminent Professor Hauser, of the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, a fine connoisseur of Rembrandt's work. It has been pronounced by him, also by the still better known authority on Rembrandt, Dr. Bode, and by Dr. Frielander, to be unquestionably a Rembrandt

of his 1640 period, and a remarkably fine example. The picture fetched in the Demidoff sale in 1880 the highest sum that had hitherto been obtained for a Dutch picture, and by the curious expressiveness of the face it has aroused the enthusiasm of artists and writers. In a national collection, however, it is important that the student should be protected from every suspicion that his study of a single work standing in the name of so great a master may end in deception. The generous donor, Mr. Max Michaelis, has had the single aim of acquiring the best that modern connoisseurship could secure for the inauguration of a National Gallery in a country whose interests he has deeply at heart. There is no doubt that there never has been a national collection founded before upon work which so helped to express the history and character of its founders, or a modern gallery opened with a nucleus collection of greater im-



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

BY GERARD TER BORCH



"THE DESSERT." BY
GABRIEL METSU



"LANDSCAPE." BY ALBERT CUYP

Studio-Talk

portance. It reflects the greatest honour upon the giver and Sir Hugh Lane, who co-operated with him in the scheme.

BERLIN.—Robert F. K. Scholtz is one of the rising masters of etching in Germany, an art which is making great headway here, many new devotees making their appearance, while artists who have long since earned a reputation in this field are resuming practice of the art with renewed zest. Scholtz hails from Dresden and is the son of one of the higher judges of Saxony, his mother being English. He studied at Budapest, at the Dresden Academy, and under Carl Marr, at Munich, and since then he has travelled in many countries. After devoting the earlier years of his career almost exclusively to portrait painting he entered the ranks of etchers in 1901, and the number of his plates is now not far off a hundred. A real son of the impressionistic

age, he finishes his plates in the presence of nature. His aim is always the epigrammatic expression, the strong and immediate effect. There is always a feeling of freshness in his renderings of scenery, and his facial studies and architectural motifs show that he is capable of manipulating his needle with much delicacy. He settled in Berlin some few years ago and now divides his time between the capital and a rural retreat at Landsberg on the Lech. J. J.

Walter Hauschild has earned a well-deserved reputation in Germany as a sculptor of talent and his name is known too beyond the boundaries of his native country. Born in 1876, he began his artistic career in Leipzig in the year 1893, when besides attending the art school of the town he went through a practical course of stone cutting in order to better equip himself for his future career. How important this training was may be seen from the



“VILLAGE CHURCH AND PARSONAGE”

ETCHING BY ROBERT F. K. SCHOLTZ

(By permission of Messrs. Amster and Ruthardt, Berlin)



"POPLAR-TREE." FROM AN ETCHING
BY ROBERT F. K. SCHOLTZ

*(By permission of Messrs. Amster
and Kuchardt, Berlin)*

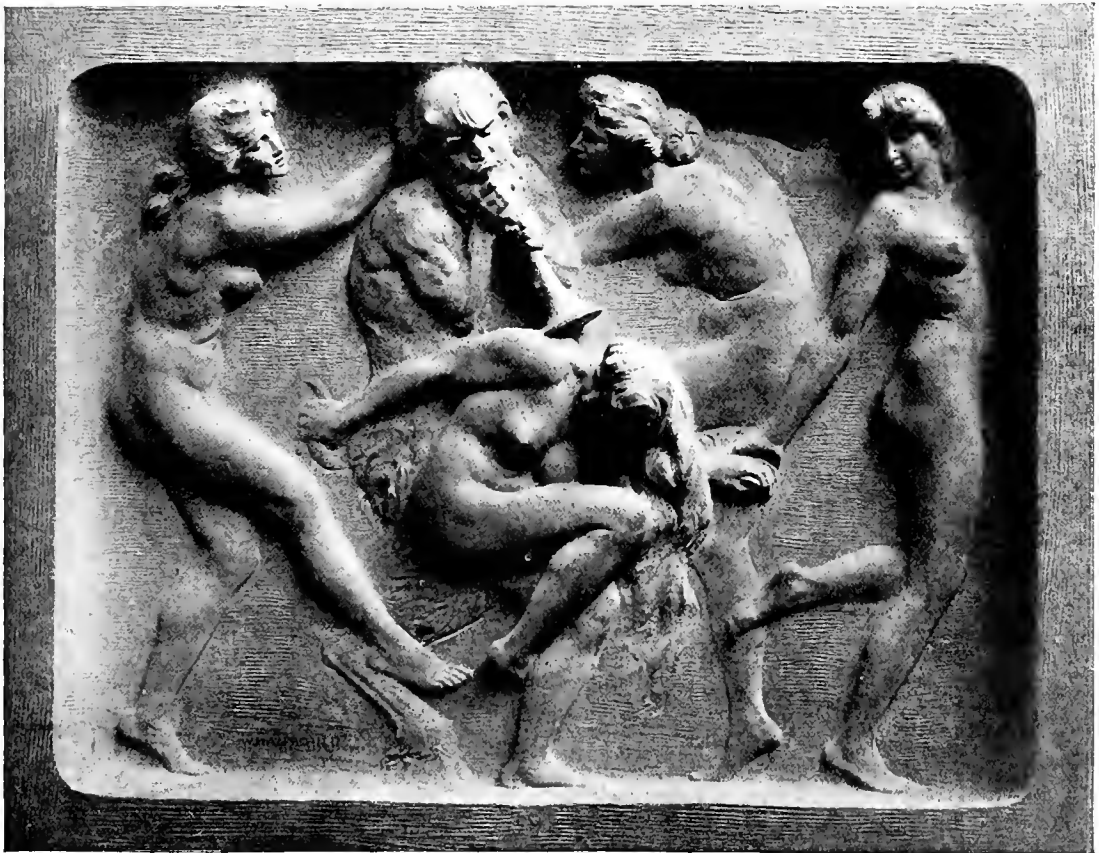
Studio-Talk

work he is now doing, for Hauschild carries out all his productions in bronze or stone by himself, in addition to which he is a skilful worker in wood. As has already been mentioned in this magazine, wood-sculpture has been attracting very much attention of late in Germany, and last year, it will be remembered, this branch of work was a special feature of the Grosse Berliner Kunstausstellung. The bust of the artist's wife reproduced on p. 68 was shown on this occasion.

Hauschild is a pupil of the great animal sculptor Prof. Reinhold Begas, and as will be naturally inferred from that fact, he has himself paid special attention to the same subject. He is particularly fond of modelling birds in quaint and curious attitudes but nevertheless true to nature, and various examples of these have been acquired by public collections. He has taken a prominent part in many important competitions for monumental designs and has been the recipient of numerous prizes in connection therewith. Among the accompanying illustrations is shown his premiated design for a

monument to Rudolf Virchow in Berlin, on the principal face of which is a relief portrait of the great scientist, surmounted by a reclining figure intended to represent suffering humanity, while the two erect figures symbolise "Science" and "Humanity" respectively. In a more recent competition he secured the first prize and commission for a monument to King Albert at Bautzen. It should be remarked, apropos of such competitions generally in Germany, that much good work is sent in which is afterwards lost sight of because no provision is made for the carrying out of the design. The system is to be deplored, especially as it deters many young artists of talent from participating on the score of the large expense entailed.

Finally it should be mentioned that Hauschild has produced numerous models for fountains, among which one, a characteristic design for a fountain to be set up in the market-place of an old town, should be specially signalled on account of the charming relief which forms part of it. He has struck out a path for himself and it is due to his



"SCHERZO" (RELIEF FOR A FOUNTAIN)

BY WALTER HAUSCHILD

Studio-Talk



PORTRAIT BUST IN WOOD OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE
BY WALTER HAUSCHILD



MONUMENT TO EUDOLF VIKOROW

BY WALTER HAUSCHILD

Studio-Talk



BUST OF DONNA ADELAIDE MARAINI
BY ANTONIO MARAINI

talent and unflagging perseverance that his name is now found in the front rank of contemporary German sculptors.

W. E. W.

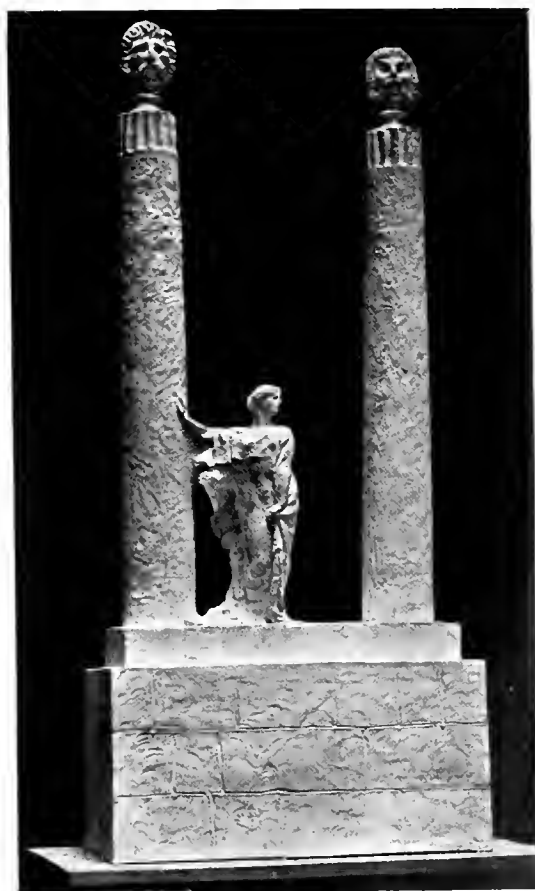
FLORENCE. — Of the younger Italian artists the name of Antonio Maraini has been brought lately into particular notice by the fact that he has won a competition with his model of a statue in memory of the great tragic actress Adelaide Ristori. The competition was international, and amongst the fifty artists who competed were many well-known sculptors. Maraini, who was competing for the first time, received the favourable vote of all the judges. His monument is very original in design. Two columns of marble, standing on a pediment of rough stones, and supporting enormous bronze masks, form the figure of Ristori as Medea. The monument is to be put up at her birthplace—Cividale del Friuli.

Maraini began his career as a sculptor only a few years ago, exhibiting a statue of Perseus—his first work—at the Universal Exhibition at Brussels, in 1910. With this he won the silver medal. After this success he worked under Zanelli at the beautiful bas-relief of the "Altar of the Fatherland"

at Rome last year, and the Perseus and two other of his statues were chosen for the exhibition at Venice. His bust of his aunt Donna Adelaide Maraini, herself a noted sculptress, was shown at the recent Secession Exhibition in Rome. In trying to revive the use of stone, Maraini has done successful work in tufa and travertin, and the study of the various materials for sculpture and the necessary technique fit for their peculiar characters is, for him, the subject of continual experiment.

Y. P.

PARIS.—One of the most interesting exhibitions of the past season was that of a collection of Impressionist works shown at the Manzi Joyant Galleries, rue de la Ville l'Evêque, the largest and best arranged exhibition rooms in Paris. We have seen very many examples of Impressionism these last few years, but what is interesting for art-lovers is to choose from among them those which are of the



SKETCH MODEL FOR MONUMENT TO RISTORI
BY ANTONIO MARAINI



"MATERNITÉ" BY MARY CASSATT

*(Manzi Joyant Galleries,
Paris.—Photo, E. Ducl)*

Studio-Talk

highest merit. Just such a selection as this was made by the organisers of this exhibition. Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Guillaumin, Degas, Renoir, Lautrec, Cassatt and Morisot were all represented by works of unquestionably premier order. By Manet there was a little scene *Les étudiants de Salamanque* which has the finished beauty of a masterpiece of the Dutch school, also a very fine portrait of his sister-in-law, and a superb little sketch for *l'Exécution de Maximilien*. Three works by Toulouse Lautrec, in particular the *Bal public*, showed him to be one of the most spirited realists of our times. Degas was represented by some of his most beautiful pastels, among them an excellent *Portrait de Réjane*: Monet and Sisley by various landscapes, all of first-rate importance, and there were hung also a score of pictures by Renoir, figures, portraits, landscapes, still-life and flower-pieces, in all of which this artist appeals by his great gifts as a colourist.

Mary Cassatt and Berthe Morisot are the two women painters of the Impressionist group who have given proof of the greatest talent, and during the last twenty years their work appears to have

been daily better understood and appreciated. Both are assuredly great artists. Miss Cassatt was particularly well represented in this exhibition, and her important works depicting young women and children seen in sunny gardens, are of delicate sensibility and at the same time fresh and seductive in execution. Some delightful examples of the art of Berthe Morisot were also hung. Lastly the work of Guillaumin was a prominent feature of this exhibition. His art, at times very violent, is not always understood, and his productions are numerous and unequal. Messrs. Manzi Joyant's selection, however, afforded us the spectacle of some most attractive bits of colour. The exhibition as a whole proved how much the finest examples of Impressionism have in common with the most classic art, and showed how the Impressionist painters take their place in history beside the masters of the past.

As a general rule we have no art exhibitions in Paris during the summer, and all the galleries are closed. This year, however, there was a very interesting exhibition at the Bagatelle of the Société des Amis de Neuilly. Many of the painters



"THE CHRISTENING" (WOOD-SCULPTURE)

(See Stockholm Studio-Talk, next page)

BY AXEL PETTERSON—DÖDERHULT

Studio-Talk

who showed here under the presidency of M. Maurice Guillemot figure also at the Salon, so that this is not the place to refer in detail to their works, but a special mention should be made of the retrospective collection of pictures by John Lewis Brown. This artist, who lived during the second half of the nineteenth century, was the friend of Manet and of Degas, and is somewhat closely akin artistically to the former of these painters, whose vigorous blacks and decided contrasts may be found in his works also. J. L. Brown was *par excellence* the painter of sport and hunting. His canvases depict the races, horses at exercise, mounted officers, coaches on the road or on parade, and stags or boars being hunted through the woods, and they form admirable documents; but not merely this, for the artist gives proof, furthermore, of admirable ability as a landscapist.

In the galleries of M. Marcel Bernheim there were shown recently some excellent pictures, and among them I remarked particularly the work of a young artist, M. Giroust, who appears to me to have a very brilliant future before him. He handles *gouache* most cleverly, and one finds in his works those superb qualities which characterised the masters of this medium in the eighteenth century. M. Giroust paints for the most part landscapes, to which he brings an exquisite note of imagination and fantasy. I shall assuredly have occasion to refer again to this artist. H. F.

STOCKHOLM.—
At Hallin's Art Gallery a few months back Axel Petterson, a self-taught sculptor from the parish of Döderhult in the south east of Sweden, shared with the painter Gunnar Hallstrom the restricted

space allotted to private exhibitors. Petterson, who is generally called "Döderhult" after his birthplace, carves in wood grotesque caricatures of certain types of our people whose figures have not profited by the exercise of Ling's gymnastics and whose picturesqueness is due to the various expressions given to these bodies by fatiguing toil, indolent abundance, dulness of intellect, and souls confined and bitter. His work is the revenge taken on society by a genial but heartless wizard. But deep down in his soul we catch a glimpse of the repressed love hidden there; we see it directed towards animals whose forms he reproduces with powerful yet sensitive touches. A. G.

Miss Alice Nordin's sculpture has for years



"CHILDREN WATCHING A FLIGHT OF WILD GESE."

BY ALICE NORDIN

Studio-Talk



"CROCUS"

BY ALICE NORDIN

past been an attractive feature of art exhibitions in Stockholm, and any one who compares her work of seven or eight years ago, when some examples were reproduced in these pages, with what she is doing at the present day will perceive that she has not stood still. Her group of three children intently watching a flock of wild geese winging their way high above their heads, reveals at once her technical mastery of the plastic medium and her true womanly sympathy with child life, while her figure of *Crocus* displays in no less degree her appreciation of graceful form and the imaginative vein which is a characteristic of so much of her work.

Miss Nordin has executed a large number of portrait busts, and, indeed, her career has been a very busy one ever since she left the Academy on the completion of her training some sixteen years ago, when she received from that body the much coveted Royal Medal for her *Spring Dream*. On leaving the Academy she spent some time in Paris and Rome; in the French capital she worked under Injalbert in the Colarossi Studios, and always looks back to this time as the real commencement of her art career.

T. R.

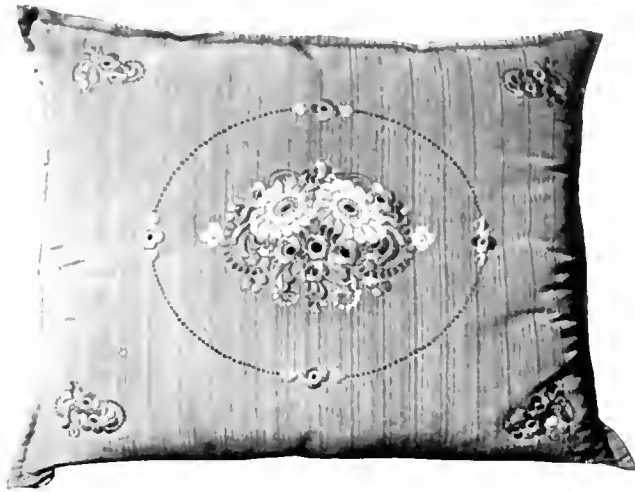
COPENHAGEN. — Mlle. Helen Dohmann is a young Danish sculptress who has studied in Paris and attracted a flattering attention at the Salon with one or two exhibits. *The Little Flute-Player*, of which an illustration is given below, is one of her more modest efforts, but shows to advantage her careful study and a certain self-contained sense of humour.

There seems to be springing up what may almost be called a cult of the cushion, a revival which the present scribe for one hails with pleasure, inasmuch as the cushion, skilfully designed and worked, fulfils a mission, albeit, a modest mission, in making the home beautiful. Several Continental countries can show charming results in this connection and amongst these Denmark may claim her place. On p. 74 are given illustrations of three cushions all designed by Mr. Christian Permin, whose work is marked by a pleasing self-containment, both in the matter of line and colour. The first of the three is of straw-coloured silk, the embroidered flowers are a clear yellow, and the leaves a greyish-green toned down so as not to clash.



"THE LITTLE FLUTE-PLAYER"

BY HELEN DOHMANN



EMBROIDERED CUSHION

BY CHRISTIAN PERMIN

The second cushion is of plum-coloured cloth, the basket and flowers being of a mellow golden colour held like the green leaves, in intermediate tones and softly harmonising with the quiet ground colour. The ground of the third is black satin, and the wreath is worked in yellowish-green hues. The central ornamentation consists of lavender-coloured bell-shaped flowers, the leaves being a cold whitish-green. The effect of this cushion is enhanced by the contrast between the cold tones of the centre and that of the wreath.

G. B.

BUDAPEST.—The piece of tapestry reproduced on the opposite page was designed by the well known Hungarian artist Aládar Kriesch-Körösfői and is a tender and poetical illustration of an old Hungarian legend which tells of Argirus Királyfi and Tünder Hona. King Argirus fell in love with a beautiful maiden whose marvellous golden hair fell in thick strands to her feet. In this lay her great power to charm the king's love; it was death to his love and to her should harm happen to it. Tünder Hona (Tünder means a wicked fairy) was well aware of this, and jealous of the king's love for an unknown maiden she crept stealthily into the garden one day when the king and maiden were lying asleep in each other's arms and with her long shears cut off a thick tress of her hair, and ever afterwards, so the story goes, King Argirus wandered lonely. The colour-scheme of the tapestry is well in tone with the beautiful legend, it being yellow, green, and blue. It has been exquisitely woven by Mr. Belmont, a Swedish artist who passed some years in Paris, where he made some mark as an artist. But weaving appealed much to him and he finally

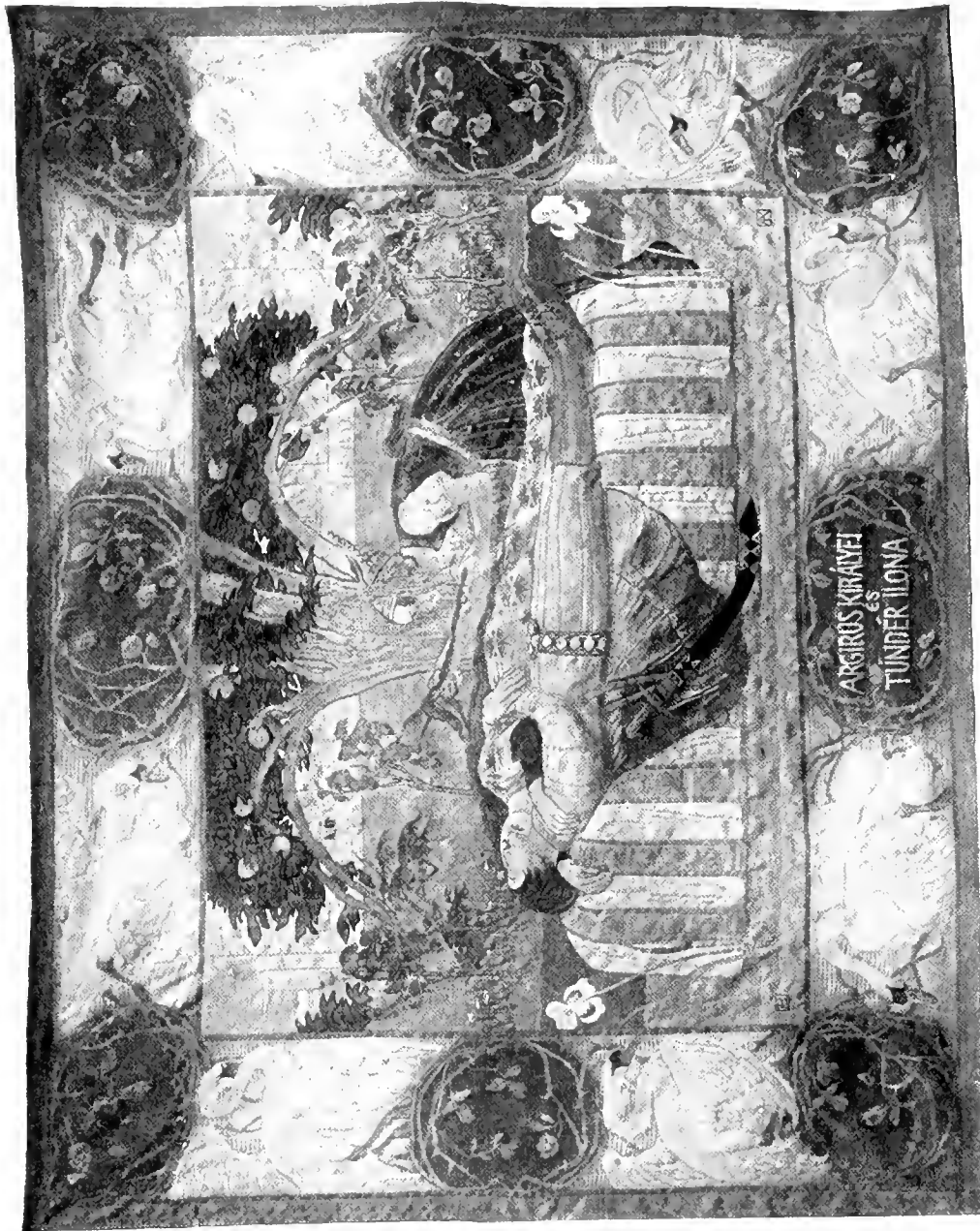
determined to join the artist's colony at Gödöllő, where he is able to pursue his art and his love of the simple life at the same time. He dyes all his own wools and passes his days at the looms. He and Aládar Kriesch-Körösfői are well suited to work in unison; both are in close sympathy, and together they have created some very beautiful tapestries. The example reproduced has been acquired by the Hungarian Government. Its design is refined in sentiment without being sentimental; it has a grace and a charm entirely in keeping with the legendary lore whence its motif is derived, and it has, besides, a form and character peculiarly its own.

A. S. L.



EMBROIDERED CUSHIONS

BY CHRISTIAN PERMIN



"KING ARGIRUS AND THE FAIRY ILONA." TAPESTRY
DESIGNED BY ALADÁR KRIESCH-KÖRÖSFÖI AND
WOVEN BY A. BELMONT AT GÖDÖLLŐ

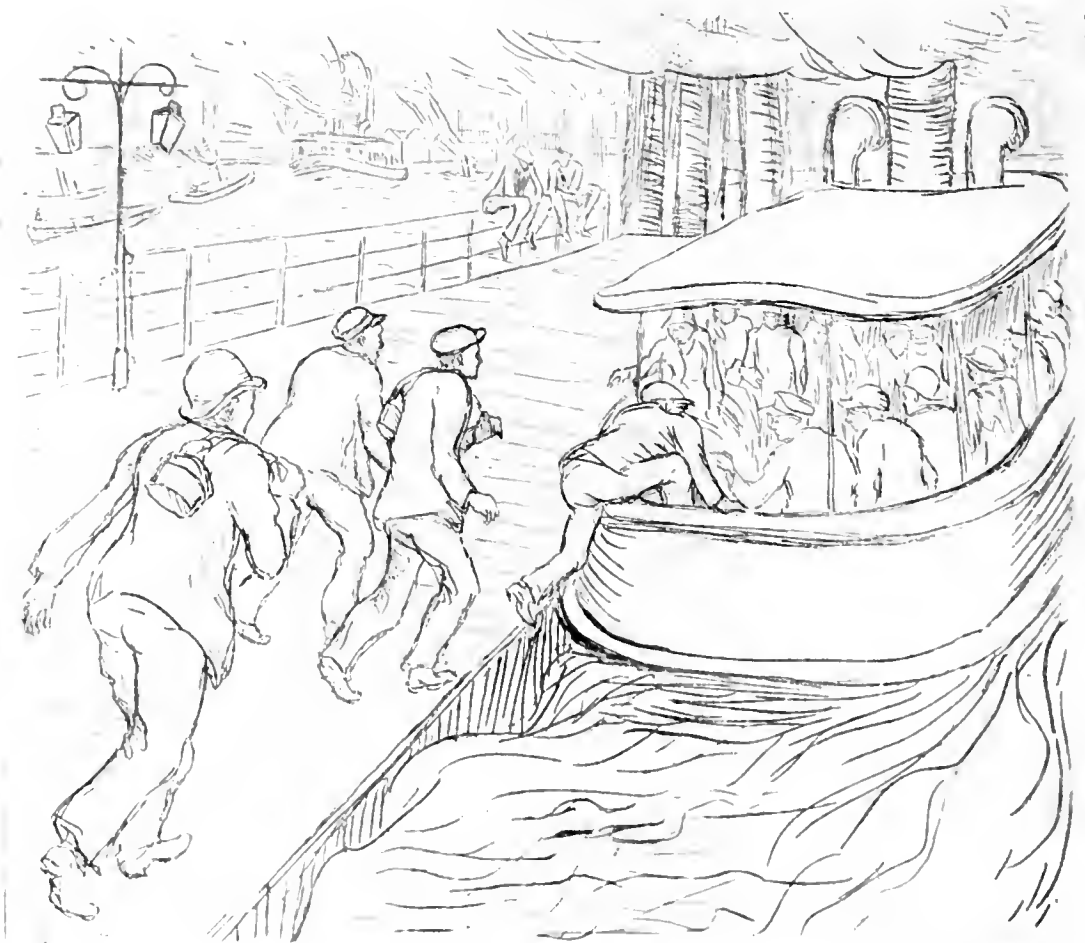
(Acquired by the Hungarian
Government)

Studio-Talk

HAMBURG.—The fifth Graphic Art exhibition of the Deutscher Künstlerbund at the Commeter Galleries presented to amateurs and collectors of modern art an interesting series of etchings, dry-points, lithographs, woodcuts and drawings. Max Klinger (portraits of Counts Leopold and Johann von Kalekreuth and of the poet Stephan George), Count Kalekreuth, Emil Orlik, Max Liebermann, Hans Olde and Carl Moser were conspicuous, and among the younger generation of German draughtsmen I may mention Shinnerer, Hans Meid, Max Oppenheimer, Ernst Oppler, Fr. Weinzheimer, Marcus Behmer, Greve-Lindau, Arthur Illies (portrait-etching of Detler von Liliencron and Otto Ernst), Ludwig Kainer and Ingwer Paulsen. Moritz Melzer was awarded the Villa Romana prize (one year's study at Florence) for a collection

of coloured woodcuts giving expression to a whimsical conceit in looking at potteries, earthenware and glazed majolica

Ludwig Kainer's drawings of the Russian dancers Karsavina, Bolm and Nijinsky were notable for instantaneous grasp of rhythm and rapid movement, combined with a little sprinkling of vivid colour. Ingwer Paulsen's large-sized architectural etchings, embodying the results of visits to Venice and Belgium, showed distinct proof of a growing depth of perception and technical skill, while Ernst Oppler chose similar motives to those of Kainer in his fine etchings *The Spirit of the Rose* and the Russian Ballet of Anna Pavlova. Among the lady artists, Margerete Geibel's coloured woodcuts of Weimar interiors with their classic reminiscences, Margerete Havemann's *Blankensee* (Lower Elbe),



"THE EARLY MORNING BOAT, HAMBURG HARBOUR"

BY SELLA HASSE



“APPROACHING STORM”
ETCHING BY O. GRAF

Studio-Talk

and Sella Hasse's humorous etchings of workmen hastening to their work on a misty morning in Hamburg harbour should be mentioned.

Oscar Graf showed great earnestness and breadth of vision in his large etchings of *The Old Town Gate*, a dramatic version of *The Crucifixion*, and a landscape, *Approaching Storm*, here reproduced. Most of the artists living in or around Hamburg are taking a growing interest in local motives. Kasimir Hoernes presented a spirited black-and-white lithograph of the Lombard Bridge and a view of the Alster; Carlos Grethe, a winter park scene along the Elbe and *In the Harbour*; A. del Bianco, views and momentary impressions of street scenes by the water-side; Oscar Bögel, *Floating Docks* and *A Courtyard in the Old Town*; while von Rückteschell and Schaper gave portrait-drawings and etchings of notable Hamburg personalities, such as Burgomaster Burekhard and Rektor Wolgast.

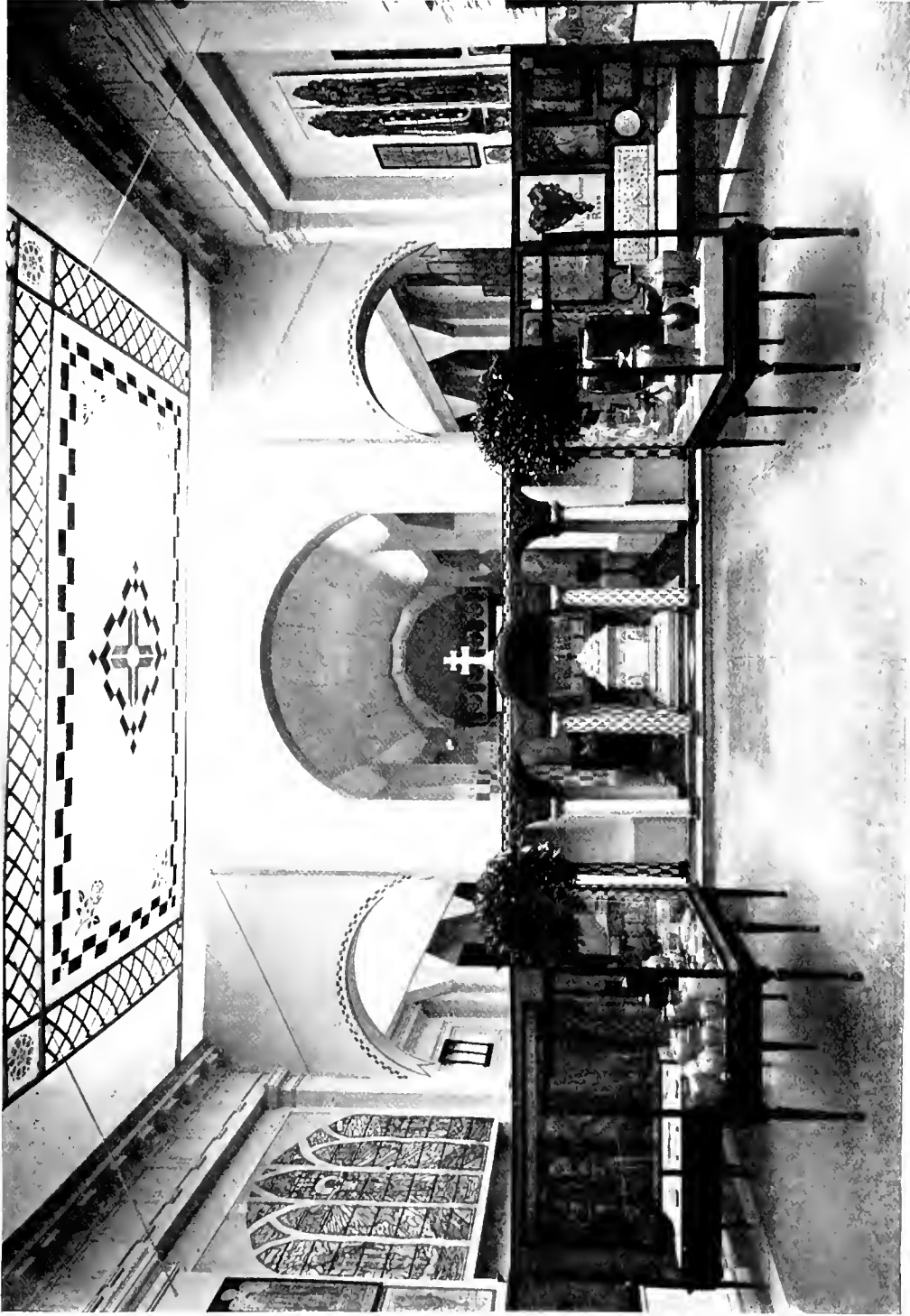
W. S.

G HENT.—The very great success achieved by the British Section of applied art in the Ghent Exhibition is not really so astounding when one realises that never before has so complete and so important a collection of this kind been presented. THE STUDIO has already illustrated in connection with the recent exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society at the Grosvenor Gallery in London a large number of the works shown here; and in the last June issue an article was devoted to the room containing the mural decorations and furniture designed by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. So therefore we think it will suffice if we show now some general views of the section, from which it may to some extent be appreciated with what care and with what taste this section has been arranged.

On the occasion of the Exhibition of Religious Art organised last year by M. Fierens-Gevaert at



INTERIOR OF CHURCH ARRANGED BY HENRY WILSON IN THE BRITISH ARTS AND CRAFTS SECTION AT THE GHENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION



BRITISH ARTS AND CRAFTS SECTION,
GHENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION



BRITISH ARTS AND CRAFTS SECTION,
GHENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

Studio-Talk

the Salon de Bruxelles, Belgian connoisseurs and *amateurs d'art* made the acquaintance of the great English artist-decorator Henry Wilson. The chapel or temple which he has constructed here and the wonderful pieces of work shown in a special glass show-case have served to confirm his new admirers and friends in their appreciation of his talents. Enamels and jewellery by Messrs. Fisher, Stabler, Cooper, Nelson Dawson and Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin are to be found in cases near by. Walter Crane and R. Anning Bell, those fertile artists who have brought so much of art into daily life, are represented here by paintings, sculpture and reliefs in painted gesso, cartoons for stained glass, designs for book illustrations and for ex-libris.

The sculptors, Sir George Frampton, Sir W. Goscombe John, Derwent Wood, Alfred Drury, and Gilbert Bayes contribute various works all of which are agreeably disposed in the exhibition. There are also drawings, cartoons and paintings by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Prof. Gerald Moira, F. Cadogan Cowper, Henry A.

Payne, and Karl Parsons; embroideries by Miss Una A. Taylor, Miss Ann Macbeth and Miss May Morris; ceramics by William de Morgan, the Pilkington Company, Bernard Moore, Alfred H. Powell, F. D. Ewbank, W. Howson Taylor of Ruskin Pottery fame, and the Martin Brothers, some wonderful glassware by Powell and Sons, leatherwork by Harrison, wall-papers by Jeffrey and Co., leadwork by G. P. Bankart, fans by Conder and Sheringham, sumptuous stuffs by Morris, and furniture by Morris, Gimson and Heal.

Lastly, the important section of books comprises manuscripts by Graily Hewitt, A. Vigers, Miss Harper and Miss Frost; illustrations by Walter Crane, Anning Bell, Edmund J. Sullivan, Charles Robinson, Edmund Dulac; bookbindings by Cobden Sanderson, D. Cockerell, Miss Prideaux, Miss Adams, and exhibits by the Kelmscott Press, the Eragny Press of M. Pissarro, and the Riccardi Press. In conclusion let me add that to aid the public in the study of the exhibits the section has two admirable commissioners, Mr. A. A. Longden



THE "STORK" CHAMBER OF THE NISHI HONGWANJI, A BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT KYOTO
(See *Kyoto Studio-Talk*, next page)



"CRANES"

BY PIEN CHING-CHIAO

and Mr. Palgrave Simpson, representing the Exhibitions Branch of the Board of Trade, whose zeal and courtesy are most highly commended by all visitors to the exhibition. FERNAND KHNOFFE.

KYOTO.—No incident has aroused so much interest in the art world of Japan during the last few years as the recent sale of the treasures of the Lord-Abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji, the chief temple of the western branch of the Hongwanji sect of Buddhists, which was erected by command of the great Hideyoshi in 1591. Connoisseurs from all parts of the country came to Kyoto and thronged around the treasures like ants round a heap of sugar. The objects were divided into three lots, and sold on three different occasions. In all some two thousand six hundred items were disposed of, comprising

drawings, paintings, and autographs, in the form of *kakemono* (hanging pictures), *makimono* (rolls), *gajo* (books of painting), *byōbu* (folding screens); tables, stands, *suzuri-bako* (ink-cases), *fumi-bako* (boxes to carry messages in), and cabinets in lacquer or inlaid with mother-of-pearl; articles used in the tea ceremony, such as jars to keep powder tea in, tea bowls, tea scoops, iron kettles, bronze vessels for water, incense boxes and burners, as well as flower vases, *okimono* (ornaments), hanging lanterns, gold-lacquered saddles, lacquer trays and bowls, and even arms and armour.

The sales took place in the temple itself. The works of art were displayed in the "Wild Geese" chambers, the "Chrysanthemum" chamber, the suite of rooms known as Shiro-Join; the "Stork"



"LANDSCAPE"

BY CHIANG CHIA-PU

Studio-Talk



"PEACOCK"

BY YOSHIMURA KŌKEI

chamber, the "Wave" chamber, and several other smaller rooms, each deriving its name from the subject of its mural decoration. The intimate association of the treasures with the temple, and the sacred atmosphere of the rooms served to invest each article displayed with a certain air of authority, which was no doubt very advantageous from the selling point of view; it had, however, this disadvantage, that the gorgeousness of the mural decoration overshadowed the works of art displayed. It must be remembered that the temple is no less than a palace in the exceptional splendour of the rooms. The chambers have excellent wood-carvings for the *ramma* (ventilating panels near the ceiling). The *fusuma* (sliding screens), walls, ceilings and

cedar doors have been painted by such famous artists as Kano Ryokei, Kaihoku Yusetsu, Kano Hidenobu, Kano Ryotatsu, Kano Koi, Yoshimura Kokei, Kano Tamyu, Kano Eitoku and others. Indeed, nowhere else can the decorative genius of the Kano school be seen to such advantage. Although the walls and *fusuma* were pretty well covered with the *kakemono* and *byōbu* offered for sale, what there remained exposed of their rich paintings in subdued gold and deep-toned green *gunjo* had a mysterious power of captivating the eyes of the spectators, and of belittling the objects displayed in front of them.

A pair of gold screens painted by Ogata Kōrin, which appeared in the first sale, has, perhaps, created the greatest sensation. The subject is the iris, and the composition is simple, but the grouping is excellent and the treatment bold and effective. These screens



"LANDSCAPE"

BY PIEN CHING-CHAO

Art School Notes

received by far the highest bid at the sales—105,000 yen (£10,500), and it is understood that they have been presented to the temple. An autograph poem by Saigyō, a famous priest of old, another famous autograph poem by Ogura, an historic small tea jar with a romantic name and a small bronze water-jar once in the Imperial use, brought enormous prices. Maruyama Okyō's *Music and the Moon*, a *kakemono* of ordinary size, fetched more than £1000, and there was some good work from the brushes of Sesshū, Cho-densu, Shubun, Rosetsu, Kōkei and other Japanese artists of note, as well as some excellent paintings by old Chinese masters, such as Shen Nan-P'īn, Chiang Chia-Pu, P'ien Ching-Chao, among others. It was generally conceded, however, that the authenticity of some of the paintings sold in this sale (which only comprised a part of the treasures of the temple) would have been doubted had they been displayed elsewhere, and also that religious sentiment rather than the intrinsic value of the works had a good deal to do with the heavy bidding.

The Lord-Abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji, who has just retired from the active control of the affairs of the temple, is an enterprising man of great calibre. He is said to have lost heavily in speculation, and having got into debt was obliged to sell his treasures. He contributed large sums towards an expedition to Thibet, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, the exact relation of the old Buddhism of that country to that of Japan, and a large number of pieces of fresco, earthen sculpture, paintings on silk, textile fabrics, and other interesting bits, brought back from there about a year ago, are now at Nirakuso, his former residence, high upon Rokkozū, overlooking Osaka Bay, which has been turned into a sort of museum.

HARADA JIRO.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON. The London County Council offers three prizes, one of £10 and two of £5 each, for drawings of buildings or artistic objects in museums, and especially the South Kensington Museum and the British Museum. The competition is open to students in art schools or technical institutes maintained or aided by the Council and to holders of the Council's full time art scholarships, but they must be resident in the County of London. The competition closes on Saturday, November 8, and full particulars and forms of application can be obtained from the

Council's Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

At the Council's Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, a well-arranged exhibition of students' work was held last month. The various departments of craft work carried on at the school were represented, of especial interest being the numerous exhibits concerned with book production, writing and illuminating, lithography and etching. In connection with these subjects a course of seventeen lectures is to be given at the school on Wednesday evenings beginning on January 14 by recognised authorities such as Mr. Strange, Mr. A. M. Hind, Mr. Herbert, Mr. E. B. Havell, Prof. Arnold and others.

Two interesting series of lectures by Mr. Kaines Smith, M.A., are announced to be given in London during the present and ensuing months, in connection with the London University Extension movement. One series, to be given at the British Museum on Tuesdays, is on "Greek Art and National Life," the aim being to show the close bond that exists between the artist and his times; the other series will be given at the Victoria and Albert Museum on Thursdays on "The Nature of Beauty," the aim in this case being to analyse and define the constituent elements of various accepted standards of beauty in the arts. Both series will be illustrated by means of lantern slides. The Hon. Secretary for these lecture courses is Miss C. Gaudet, 120 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

The President of the Board of Education has appointed Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E., to be Professor (supernumerary) of Etching and Engraving in the Royal College of Art.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers. By W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE, Litt.D., D.C.L. (London: John Hogg.) 7s. 6d. net.—The learned author of this latest addition to the "Artistic Crafts" Series of Technical Handbooks—a very excellent series which we can heartily commend to designers and craftsmen—deplores the imperfect understanding of the true principles of ancient heraldry displayed in their works by so many artists and craftsmen of every degree. "Year after year," he says, "in paintings and sculpture at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, in the architecture and decorations of our churches and public buildings, on

Reviews and Notices

monuments, on plate, jewellery, and ornaments of all kinds, the attempt to introduce armorial accessories, even by some of our best artists, is almost always a failure," and as a significant instance he points to the Queen Victoria memorial opposite Buckingham Palace, where in addition to a defective representation of the arms of Scotland there are shields with devices charged on bends sinister! He attributes the prevailing ignorance to the disregard of the principles and usages of true armory that pervades so much of the printed literature on the subject, and recognising that as the best source of information we must go back to the period when armory was a living art, "utilised for artistic purposes by every class of worker and unencumbered by the ridiculous conceits of Tudor and later times," he has founded his exposition in the main on the various documents of pre-Tudor times. The many beautiful seals which have descended from those times are largely made use of as displaying the artistic treatment of heraldry, while tombs, windows, brasses and other memorials also furnish numerous examples. The text illustrations and plates number together more than two hundred, and at the end there is a chronological series from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century.

Éléments de Composition Décorative. Cent thèmes de décoration plane. Par GASTON QUÉNIoux, Inspecteur-Général de l'Enseignement du dessin. (Paris: Librairie Hachette.) 40 francs. — M. Quénioux, whose official experience gives great weight to his opinion, is among those who entertain serious doubts about the utility of books which profess to teach design. "However ingenious a method may be," he remarks, "it cannot successfully govern taste nor train it, while it may easily succeed in lowering it. Art is not taught by means of precept, rules and formulas." Realising, therefore, that example is of more value to the student than precept, he has gathered together in this volume an unusually large collection of designs of diverse kinds and provenance and grouped them into one hundred chapters or "thèmes," in which he directs the student's attention to the particular significance of the designs. Ancient as well as modern art contributes to the assemblage, modern work being plentifully represented, while Oriental art has also furnished a considerable quota; and practically every form of surface decoration is exemplified. Among the illustrations, moreover, —the whole numbering close on six hundred— are some two dozen plates in colour, which add greatly to the utility of the volume. The

printing of these, as indeed of the book generally, is excellent.

The official catalogue of the British Section of Arts and Crafts at the Ghent International Exhibition contains a foreword by Commendatore Walter Crane in which he traces the growth of British arts and crafts as a whole and describes the scheme and scope of the display at Ghent. Mr. Anning Bell writes on British sculpture and mural decoration, and there are papers on various other subjects by Mr. Emery Walker, Mr. Douglas Cockerell, Miss May Morris, Mr. Christopher Whall, Mr. Alfred H. Powell, Mr. R. Ll. B. Rathbone, Mr. J. H. Dearle, Mr. W. A. S. Benson and Mr. A. S. Cole. The whole of the catalogue is in English and French.

We have also received a copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition of Chinese Applied Art recently held in the City of Manchester Art Gallery. The exhibition comprised an exceedingly interesting collection of bronzes, pottery, porcelain, jades, embroideries and textile fabrics, enamels, lacquers, etc., and many of the objects are reproduced in the plates forming part of this tastefully printed catalogue. Mr. William Burton contributes a preface, in which he pays a tribute to the sense of beauty and artistic purpose by which the work of the Chinese craftsmen is distinguished.

An account in English of the Frans Hals Municipal Picture Gallery at Haarlem written by the Director G. D. Gratama and illustrated with reproductions of the gallery and the pictures exhibited therein is published by De Erven F. Bohm of Haarlem, price 2fl. 90.

Mr. J. Lacoste, official photographer to the Prado Museum, Madrid, has issued a French edition of Madrazo's Catalogue of pictures in the Museum, with the text and numeration revised and one hundred reproductions *hors texte* besides one hundred and fourteen facsimile signatures of the painters represented. The price in cloth binding is 12 francs.

"The Haunts of George Borrow in and around Norwich" are the subject of four etchings by Miss C. M. Nichols, member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, who resides in the Norfolk city and has recorded many of its interesting features in her etchings. These four Borrow etchings, which are published in a portfolio by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, of London and Norwich, comprise *Borrow's House from Cow Hill* (represented as it was in his own day); *Borrow's Court and House: View of City from Borrow's Window*; and *Staircase and Interior of Borrow's House*. The plates with their mounts measure 19 inches by 13.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE MODERN PHOTOGRAPHER.

"Would you count photography among the arts?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "The modern photographer claims to be an artist: is his claim a just one?"

"Surely the men who produce such work as you see in the photographic exhibitions must be counted as artists," said the Plain Man. "I am sure that photography in their hands has become a real art, and the results they achieve with it must be taken in all seriousness; they are certainly quite as deserving of consideration from an artistic point of view as a good many of the paintings one sees at picture exhibitions."

"Yet photography is after all only a mechanical process," broke in the Art Critic, "and the products of a mechanical process are not usually accepted as works of art."

"That is just the point," agreed the Man with the Red Tie; "but cannot a mechanical process be used to produce really artistic results by men who have the taste to apply it in a legitimate manner?"

"Oh yes, that is quite possible," returned the Critic, "and the degree of taste possessed by the man who handles the camera will certainly be reflected in the character of the work he does. The artist's sense will dominate and direct the craft he employs, whatever it may be; and even though he arrives at his results by the use of mechanical devices his productions will be significant because of the artistic feeling that has inspired them."

"But photography has ceased to be a mechanical process," cried the Plain Man. "Every photographer nowadays has his own way of working, and no two of them work alike. You cannot call a craft mechanical which offers so much scope for individuality of expression and yields such a great variety of results."

"You cannot get away from the fact that what the photographer uses to produce those results is a machine," laughed the Critic. "It is a flexible and adaptable machine, I admit, but he cannot do anything without it."

"Surely he does a great deal without it," protested the Plain Man. "What he gets with his camera is only the foundation upon which he builds something that is entirely personal, something that the machine certainly would not give him. The camera plays but a small part in the modern photograph; it is the clever handwork of the photographer that

makes the print he shows us so original and so attractive."

"But is that print to be reckoned as a photograph at all?" inquired the Man with the Red Tie. "Or is it an independent creation, the work of an artist? It seems to me that it ends by being neither one nor the other."

"I should decidedly call it a work of art," replied the Plain Man, "for its qualities are given to it by the handling of a man who has the ambitions and capacities of an artist."

"But tell me, would you recognise the print as a genuine photograph?" persisted the Man with the Red Tie.

"No, of course not," returned the Plain Man. "That is where the modern photographer is so clever. He will show you things that you could not tell from etchings or chalk drawings, he will give you even the most effective imitations of water-colour paintings; he can simulate the qualities of almost all the other pictorial arts. . . ."

"Ah, wait a minute!" cried the Critic. "He can simulate! There you give him away. The real artist does not try to deceive you by pretending to be what he is not. He does not seek to disguise the qualities of his medium, but rather to convince you by the way in which he recognises them and turns them to account. If photography, to be successful, has to deny its own qualities and to depend upon imitation of other pictorial processes, it assuredly can be given only a minor place among the arts. If the photographer is to rank as an artist he must be as other artists are, an independent creator using his medium for all it is worth and respecting the limitations which are bound up with it."

"And what is photography, pure and simple, worth as a medium for artistic expression?" asked the Plain Man.

"A very great deal, I sincerely believe," replied the Critic. "The camera is a piece of mechanism which will, if properly used, record subtleties of tone gradation, qualities of light and shade, and varieties of detail, with an exquisiteness that is wholly impossible by any other means. In the hands of an artist who can appreciate the vast possibilities of such a machine it will do almost anything; and with its assistance and by the exercise of his selective sense he can arrive at results which will have an undeniable right to be regarded as true works of art. But they must be true photographs at the same time; there must be no deception about them."

THE LAY FIGURE.

Modern Flower-Painting

MODERN FLOWER-PAINTING.
BY T. MARTIN WOOD.

THE great period of the flower-piece in art was, of course, the seventeenth century. It was the Dutch, with their enthusiasm for gardening, who brought the flower-piece into vogue. They thought that no travail of composition was in vain that enabled them to express their sense of the enchantment of flowers. In our own time, side by side with the revival of gardening, the flower-piece has again come into favour. There is no exhibition of importance in these days in which several specimens are not to be found. But how varied in character these are. We are tempted to ask: Is there all this variety in men's visions? Is there such an immense difference between the impression which so simple a thing as a bunch of flowers makes on one man and another? Or, in a modern exhibition, are we merely confronted with a variety of those efforts to be original in which we may always safely conclude originality will not be found? Effort may do a lot

for us in this world, but we cannot make ourselves original by effort. We are original, not because we leave the beaten track, but because we are that particular kind of person who cannot find it. Some people consider that originality is the most charming thing in art. It is difficult to overrate it, but it is not the only thing, and it is the illusion that it is that has destroyed tradition, thus providing us with the spectacle, in many branches of the arts, of a tree that strives to burgeon on a shrivelling trunk.

It is almost possible to educate every one to see in the same way. Hence the horror which some people have of a school of art. The differences which puzzle us in the interpretations of simple themes by the various artists in an exhibition are not so much differences of vision as of feeling. Flowers may look the same to different people, but they do not mean the same. And all the differences in the arts, in the last analysis, are differences of feeling—in degree and in kind. There are some people in whom a vague outline induces a sensation of real distress; there are others who suffer from



“THE SATSUMA BOWL”

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY KATHARINE CAMERON, R.S.W.

(In the possession of A. T. Miller, Esq.)

Modern Flower-Painting

the presence of outlines as from the spectacle of a spirit imprisoned in a body too small for it. There are some whose life-work seems the destruction of barriers, of delimiting lines; whose consciousness of life is of something immanent, but not imprisoned at any point. They will, I think, if art has a meaning for them, turn at once to impressionism, the most subjective form that art has taken. But perhaps we are in danger of over-subtlety if we follow such a train of thought further here.

People who are not artists may almost be divided into two classes in regard to their attitude towards flowers—we are thinking now of gathered flowers. Some people can establish the relationship of actual friendship with two or three flowers in a vase on their writing-table; to others flowers are simply the most beautifully manufactured ornamentation in the world. Those people who have the sense of the great perfection of beauty of floral ornaments, if they pursue the art of painting, will, naturally, we think, tend to exploit the decorative aspects of their subject. In the grouping of flowers it is so easy to achieve distinctive combinations and effective contrasts that from this source the imagination of the painter is unceasingly prompted in composition. But we must remember that in this interest in the opportunity flowers afford for highly decorative composition we have only one side of the art, as it is at present practised. It is the side related to that regard for the ornamental character of flowers which is common among many people who are not painters, and is especially shown in the adornment of rooms with flowers and in table-decoration. People highly trained do not find it difficult to develop a consciousness of the decorative aspect of things, which in the end shows them almost every objective detail, in the world present to vision, as an incident in one great scheme of decoration. It gives them

particular pleasure to discover and insist upon the instances where accident contributes to such a scheme. Of this order of mind the Japanese are the great example, and their art has used the whole of its immense resources to insist upon the decorative element in life. In this wider sense of decoration, of course, every picture in its set frame, with its contrast of colour and the rhythm appertaining to it, contributes to decoration.

In this article we have to contrast with the consciously decorative flower-picture that kind of picture of flowers which seems to express friendship with flowers and intimacy with them rather than regard for their character as natural ornament. This attitude towards them has been particularly represented by the Impressionists, and most admirably by Fantin Latour. At first sight, indeed, there seems an antagonism between Impressionism and decoration, emphasised by the historical fact that one of the first departures of the original Impressionists was from that "conscious" art of composition which is the soul of decoration.

We must come now to the point of view from



**FORGET-ME-NOTS.

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.B.A.

Modern Flower-Painting

which a flower-painting is most generally regarded. The task of the painter in this case is simply that of *imitating* the flowers as closely as possible. People speak of this as *realism*, but this kind of art, we are afraid, cares less for reality than for *appearance*—which does not contain the whole of reality. The art we are speaking of seems automatically to shut out from its representations the mystery of nature, that which is the soul of true Impressionism. It is photographic in character, not because it enjoys reality, but because, like a photograph, it represents the result of vision without feeling. It is a kind of art that is not to be discovered in the work of the old masters—if, in truth, from the absence of feeling it does not cease to be art at all. Work of this kind represents a phenomenon unknown before the continued presence of photographs redetermined the character of vision and set up, as between the spectator and a picture, new demands. The lean conception of "realism" just described is very apparent in Royal Academy exhibitions. It seems there to have taken the place once held by the more imposing conventions of "academic" art. When we look back at the history of modern painting, we are chiefly conscious of the struggle between naturalism and convention, and in our partisanship on one side or the other we easily forget the exalted character of some conventions and the baseness of some conceptions of nature. If there is creeping into the mind of the artists of to-day a horror of the proposal to delineate nature, it is perhaps because a generation of "realists" have represented nature in terms which may well make the next generation afraid of it.

We have indicated three separate kinds of flower-painting, the decorative, the Impressionist, and the so-called Realistic. It is, of

course, the Impressionists who are the true realists, for they are concerned with a total impression of their subject, and not only with the obvious one. We shall understand the superior reality of their art when we remember all that contributes to it—sense of the weight of petals, feeling for contours dissolved in shadow, response to the elusiveness as well as to the definiteness of form, and to colour held in shadows. It is easy to see that such vision would at last reach a refinement beyond the possibility of being reflected in an accompanying development of skill; that a time would come for the reaction. Thus it is that we get the recovery from forbidding aesthetics implied in Post-Impressionism, the relapse into simplicity which charlatanny has been able to make use of where it found the difficulties of a refined impressionism insurmountable. But the movement should not be studied in the art



"FLOWER-PIECE"

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY W. P. F. RANKEN

(By permission of Messrs. W. Marchant and Co.)

Modern Flower-Painting

of such quickly made disciples, but in the art of a few austere spirits, at the point where it departed from impressionism. In turning away a little from nature, such art indicates an abatement in the passion for nature which sustained the greatest impressionist art. It begins to fall into line with conventional and with purely decorative art in the matter of flower-painting, for instance; no longer is everything, almost to the scented air in which the flower sways, part of the impression to be rendered. Instead, this art passes at once to the sense of pattern, to sensation of colour, eliminated from its context. It attempts to go beyond nature. The satisfaction of the highly disciplined conscience for the truth to nature no longer contents it; that gives place to sheer invention. Imagination, which enters into every kind of art, enters on this occasion with a new intention. It is not now the endeavour of the artist to live, as it were, for a moment, through complete sympathy *in* the flower while he paints it, and express his profound sense of its significant life, but to place the flower on canvas or paper as an incident contributing to sensation, within a scheme in which its individuality as an offspring of nature is overlooked.

We will not speak further of this school, nor attempt to represent it in the illustrations to this article, which is retrospective in character, but we will turn again to the decorative aspect of flower-painting in its more general sense. We have referred to those artists who, like the Japanese, aim entirely in art at decoration. But the element of decoration enters consciously into every deliberate scheme of composition. In its first and its greatest period, Dutch flower-painting aimed at an intensely natural representation of the detail of individual flowers, but their pictures, as distinguished from those of modern naturalistic art, were, in spite of their naturalistic detail, elaborately and conventionally composed. In its later phases Dutch flower-painting entered upon a conventionalism of form in detail to correspond with the conventionality of composition. It then commenced a treatment of flowers which has always been disliked by those who, caring for flowers, are intimate with their sensitive forms.

In the hands of academical artists the flower-piece was brought into disrepute: it took its place then, in accordance with its style, with such arts as needlework and tapestry-weaving, and, removed



"WHITE CHRYSAEMUS, LUSTRE JUG, AND RED LACQUER BOX"

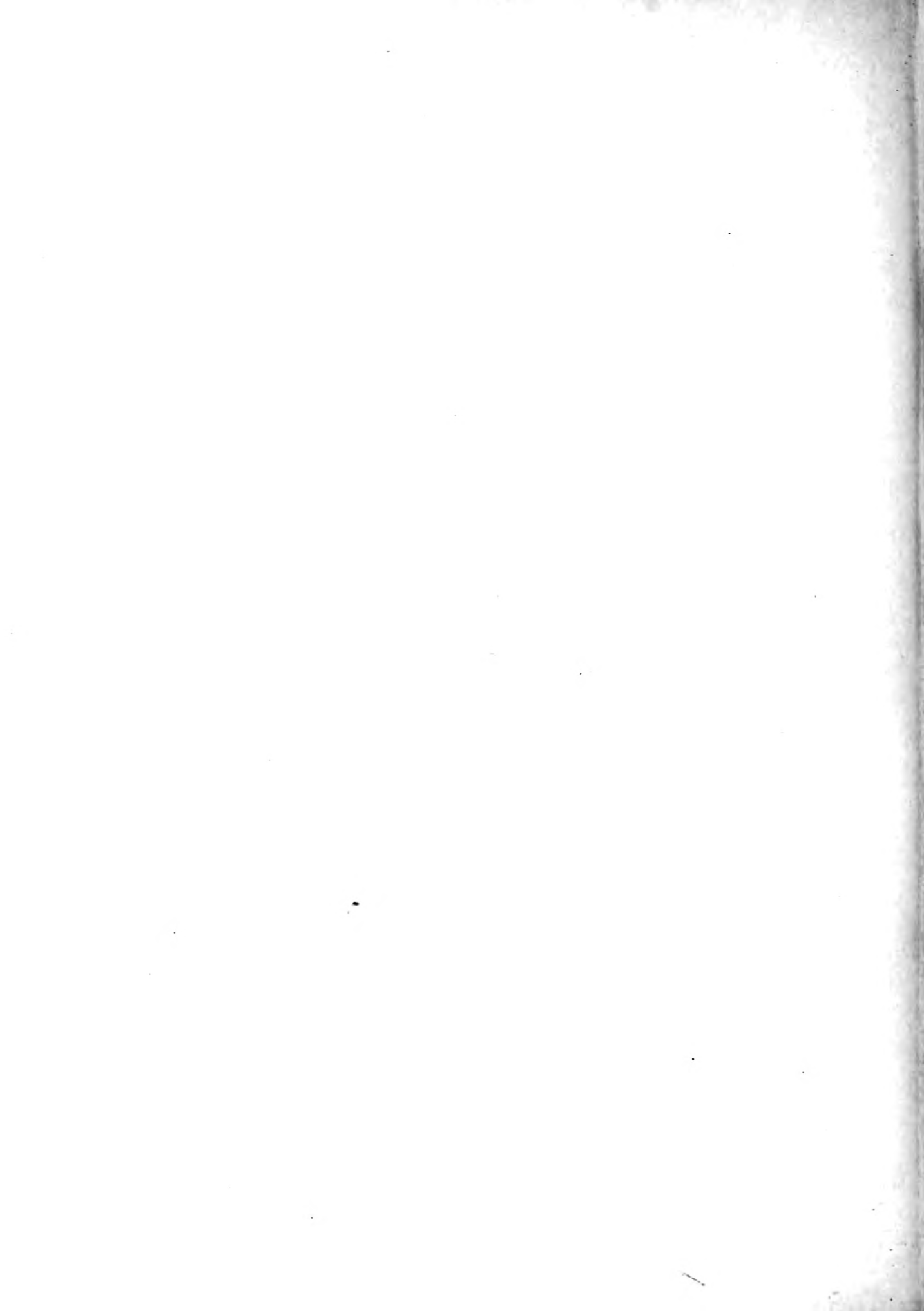
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY JACQUES E. BLANCHE

(By permission of Messrs. W. Marchant and Co.)



*Exposition of
The Hon. Mr. John
G. P. Taylor*

"SWEET PEAS AND ROSES." FROM
AN OIL PAINTING BY H. M. LIVENS.



Modern Flower-Painting

from the inspiration of nature, an exquisitely artificial result was reached. There is a tendency for all art to lapse into artificiality the moment that some other intention than that of truth to nature sustains it. For artists' materials tend to assert their own qualities at the expense of the exact resemblance of the result to nature. In such cases as woolwork the result must of necessity be so far removed from this resemblance that the idea of interpretation rather than of imitation naturally asserts itself. The supreme virtue of the quality of oil paint is that it allows the artist the triumph of an illusion of nature. Because of this great influence over his effects it is within the power of the painter to be a creator, and our impatience with him if he chooses rather the rôle of a photographer is justified. But creation begins not with the introduction of something unreal, but with the expression of a sense of reality greater than the view of nature exposed to a lens. The reason that we turn with pleasure to the flower-pieces of the first Dutch period, and display less interest in conventionalised flower-painting of a later time, is that what we are always looking for in art is reality—it is not even bound to be the reality of nature; in periods of renaissance it has been the reality of the revelation of beauty in a former mode of art. Painting is distasteful to us when it expresses no real conviction, when it accepts a working receipt of truth to nature, without being able to show the love of nature which alone can ensure that truth, or, on the other hand, when it clings to a convention which has lost its emblematic value.

We have thought it best in this article to take as wide a survey of the field of flower-painting as we can. At this moment it is engaging the attention of the most virile talent of our time. Every shape in which the flower-piece can be

treated has its representative to-day. Among our illustrations the reader will discover abundant evidences of the vitality with which this class of subject is now treated. Detailed comparisons of the art of one living contemporary with that of another tend to become invidious, and to some extent they are beside the mark where illustrations of the work itself can be shown. A picture which cannot speak for itself is not a work of art. It is true the critic may interpret what it says into language for those who can hear but cannot see. But this is hardly the public of *THE STUDIO*. What we have written may assist visitors to modern exhibitions to give to the art of flower-painting the attention which it deserves, either for its fascinating decorative beauty or for its lyrical charm.

It has not been possible to represent all those whose flower-painting should be mentioned in a review of the theme, but we are glad to be able to include such recognised masters as Mr. J. E.



"FLOWERS AND STILL-LIFE." FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY PHILIP CONNARD

E. M. Syngé's Etchings

Blanche, Mr. Francis James, Mr. W. B. E. Ranken, M. Vallotton, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Connard. In addition, the work of Mr. Davis Richter, Mr. H. M. Livens, and Miss Katharine Cameron should be closely studied. Those interested in the subject should also always search in exhibitions for the work of Mr. Gerard Chowne, whose art has been illustrated in *THE STUDIO*, and for that of Miss Ursula Tyrwhitt, a brilliant new-comer in the field—in the garden we might say, except that in the art of the flower-piece it is the cut flowers that are privileged; this art commemorates all that flowers mean to us indoors.

There is yet one aspect of flower-painting which we have not mentioned. The art affords an opportunity for the display of virtuosity which painters who have no regard for flowers will occasionally embrace. And artists find that painting of this kind tends to increase the freedom and subtlety of their execution: they find the shapes and colours

of flowers are stimulating, while the result promises them a picture as well as a study. In exhibitions we are frequently confronted with work of this sort. It is interesting; whatever an interesting artist does is interesting. But we shall always remember the confession of a true disciple of Fantin: that he found himself unable to paint flowers that came from a shop quite as sympathetically as those brought straight from the garden. We believe that he approached his work in the true spirit.

THE ETCHINGS OF E. M. SYNGE. A.R.E. BY FRANK NEWBOLT.

THE tragedy of Edward Millington Syngé's artistic career was that he began too late and died too soon, and throughout the greater part of his life he suffered from chronic ill-health.

The merit of his work can only be appreciated by estimating its improvement during the short period when art was his profession. If he had lived, and the improvement had continued or been maintained, he would, indeed, have reached very high rank as a craftsman, for in addition to his love of beauty he had that single-minded determination to follow his chosen branch of art, undeterred by his late start and lack of early opportunity for study, that plucks the fruit of success from the most unpromising tree.

Like Hope McLachlan, whose neighbour he was, he left Cambridge with honours, but without the slightest hope of being an artist, and died in middle life just when success was in sight and his work was being shown in many British and foreign galleries. He was a Haileybury boy, the son of a Chief Inspector of Schools, and on leaving the University he found many careers closed to him on account of his constitutional weakness. In 1884,

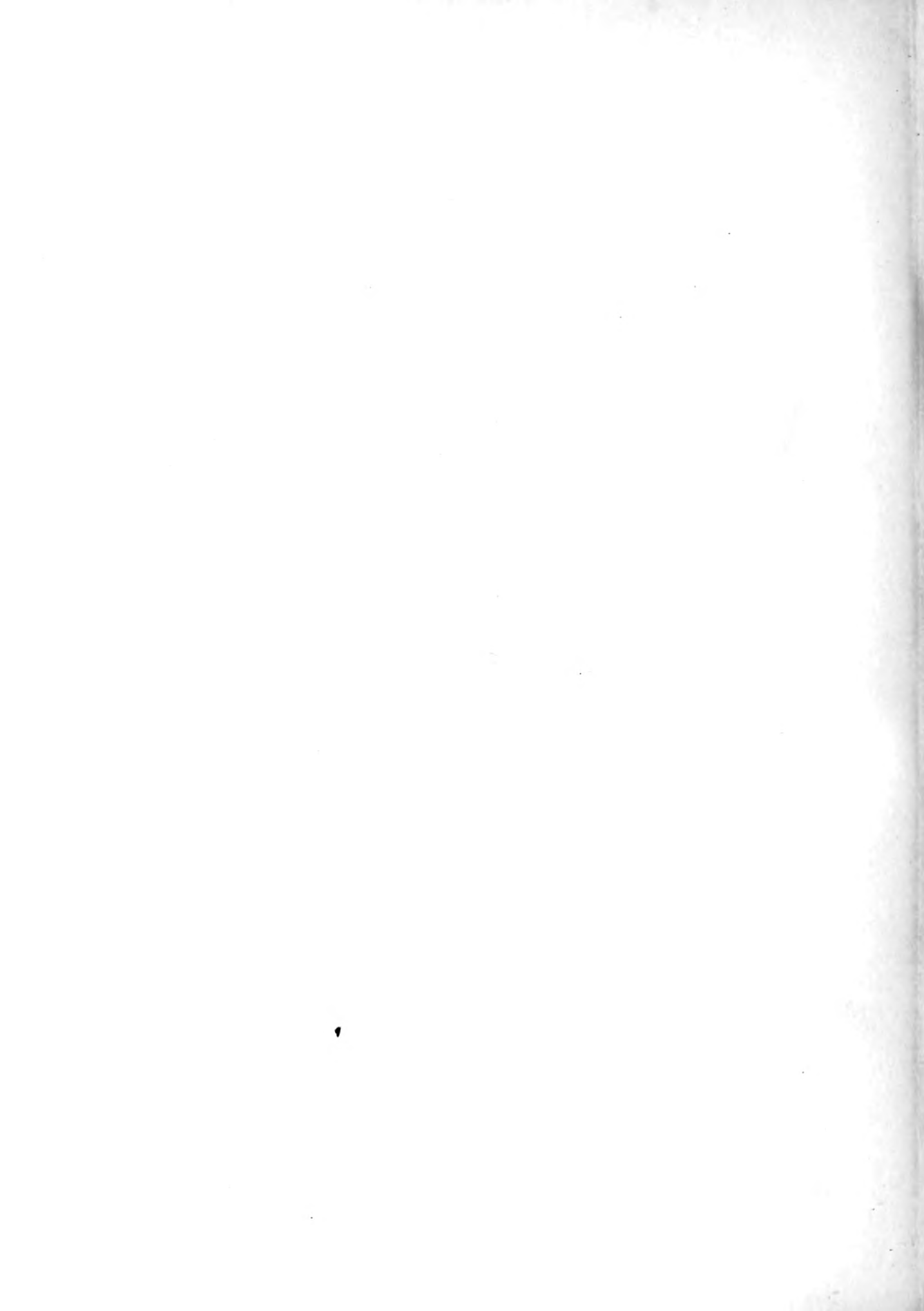


PLATES

BY ÉLIX VALLOTTON
(By permission of Messrs. W. Marchant and Co.)



WHITE ROSES FROM A WATER COLOUR
BY KATHARINE CAMERON, R.S.W.



E. M. Synge's Etchings

at twenty-four years of age, he went to Shropshire to try an open-air life and learn the duties of a land-agent on Lord Boyne's estates, and a year later he was appointed agent to Mr. Locke-King at Weybridge, where he remained, immersed in the duties of a laborious profession, until, in 1901, a change in his circumstances enabled him to take the great plunge and abandon what had appeared to be his life's business for his one real ambition. Being entirely free from the common desire for luxury and display, he never for a moment regretted his choice, and in 1908 he was fortunate enough to meet and marry a kindred spirit in Miss F. Maloney, herself an artist, etcher, and printer, and they lived in entire happiness, marred only by ill-health, until his death at Byfleet a few months ago. As an amateur, Synge was, of course, an enthusiast, but his was not the perfervid, headlong, youthful enthusiasm which tore Strang from the office stool and whirled him up to London with his copy of a drawing by Ernest George, or that which drove Hollar from

the dusty purlieus of the law and brought him at the risk of his life to England, but the restrained and cultivated enthusiasm with which the captive at the oar looks through the porthole at glimmering landfalls, where men are free. He was, in fact, for years a captive with the secret happiness of a dream, and it is a curious thing and a tribute to his individuality that little or no trace is to be found in his work of the influence of the masters whom in early days he so greatly admired.

Always busy with his pencil, his first step in learning was taken in Claud Haynes' studio at Addlestone, where a few of us gathered for a time to draw a village model in charcoal, and I well remember the fatigue of those nocturnal visits on bicycle or on foot after a heavy day's work. When the course was finished and others fell away Synge snatched from his scanty leisure the time to join an evening class at the Westminster School of Art, encouraged by Seymour Haden, whom he highly appreciated, and later by Frank Short, whose



“ IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY ”

(By permission of Messrs. James Connell & Sons)

BY E. M. SYNGE

E. M. Syngé's Etchings

expert advice has always been at the disposal of every student of etching. In 1898 his dogged efforts at self-improvement were rewarded by election to the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and though his opportunity of studying the difficult process of etching had not been very great he had executed over a hundred plates. I believe that he saw a notice in a shop, "Etching taught here," and took lessons there, and bought tools and practised at home. His first successful studies were made on a holiday in Holland, and in 1899 he drew a prize in the doubtful lottery of the Academy, and found his *Forge at Samaden* in the Black and White Room. Shortly afterwards he exhibited at the Salon, and later on in Rome, Dublin, and elsewhere.

In 1901, when the so-called amateur period of some ten years had been sufficiently successful for the abandonment of land agency for ever, Syngé went to Paris, where he hired a studio, consulted Carolus-Duran, and illustrated a book written by his sister. Rome followed, with work

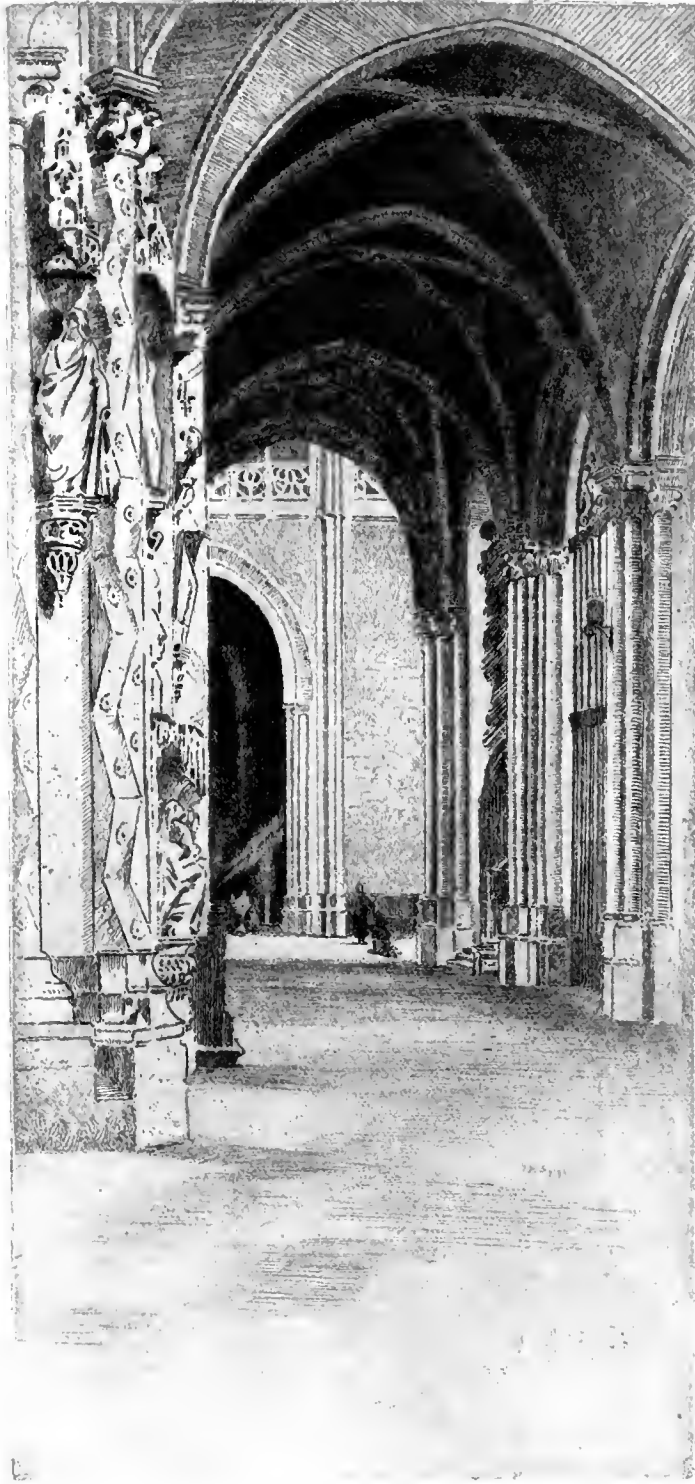
under Sabatté, and independent studies at Assisi, Venice, Pont-Aven, and other places, and afterwards he visited Spain, where some of his best and most important plates were executed. *Burgos Cathedral*, one of these, and *S. Francesco, Assisi*, illustrated here, are fair examples of his architectural subjects, some of which are remarkably well constructed, and show the industry and accuracy with which he tried to present what struck him as most capable of reproduction. He avoided the melodramatic, and left nothing to chance, and though with his training it might be thought that he could not compete on equal terms with the veterans of architectural drawing, he certainly reached a high standard by his serious thoughtfulness and indomitable industry, coupled with knowledge of the possibilities and limitations of etching.

The building in the background of *The Market-place, Tourettes*, is an example of the extraordinary care with which Syngé devoted himself to every detail of his plates, even when the scheme was, in general effect, of the slightest. Another print,



"THE MARKET-PLACE, TOURETTES"

BY E. M. SYNGÉ



*(By permission of Messrs. James
Connell and Sons)*

"BURGOS CATHEDRAL"
BY E. M. SYNGE

E. M. Syngé's Etchings

Edinburgh from Salisbury Crags, is well contrasted by its airy simplicity with the more pictorial *In the Cotswold Country*, and these and the *Poplars* (unfinished), diverse as they are, seem equally good examples of Syngé's work.

It is worthy of note that, at great expense of time and labour, he acquired the art of printing, and for years printed all his own proofs. His printing was really characteristic of his thoroughness and determination, and also of the sober, restrained aim of his work. What is called the theatrical in biting or printing did not tempt him, and one likes to remember that, even when he was busy, he could spare half a day to print for a friend. So far as I recollect, it was Charles Welch who taught him some of the mysteries of the craft, and he is, I suppose, the most successful printer in the world.

Though it has nothing to do with the intrinsic merits of his plates, which must eventually be judged by themselves alone, it is interesting as we look at them to reflect that a man who never had good health etched no fewer than two hundred and twenty-

three plates, in addition, of course, to the one hundred and fifty-seven which stood to his credit as the fruits of a land-agent's scanty leisure, and in addition to the charming water-colours with which this is not the right place to deal. It is impossible in the short space of an article like this to criticise so many plates, even in the most general way. It must suffice to say that he travelled much, worked with untiring patience, and produced beautiful work. *The Wheelwright's Shed* is one of the best of his compositions, and, besides the Spanish set, some of the Italian plates will be remembered by all who have seen them. The Rothenburg series, also, shows the practised hand and eye, and many others occur to me which cannot be mentioned in detail.

One more point seems to me remarkable. Syngé not only improved in style and execution as time went on, but by sheer force of will and hard work he constantly turned a doubtful plate into a good one. He never despaired. The true note of his life was a courageous hopefulness, based upon a truly heroic patience in most trying conditions.

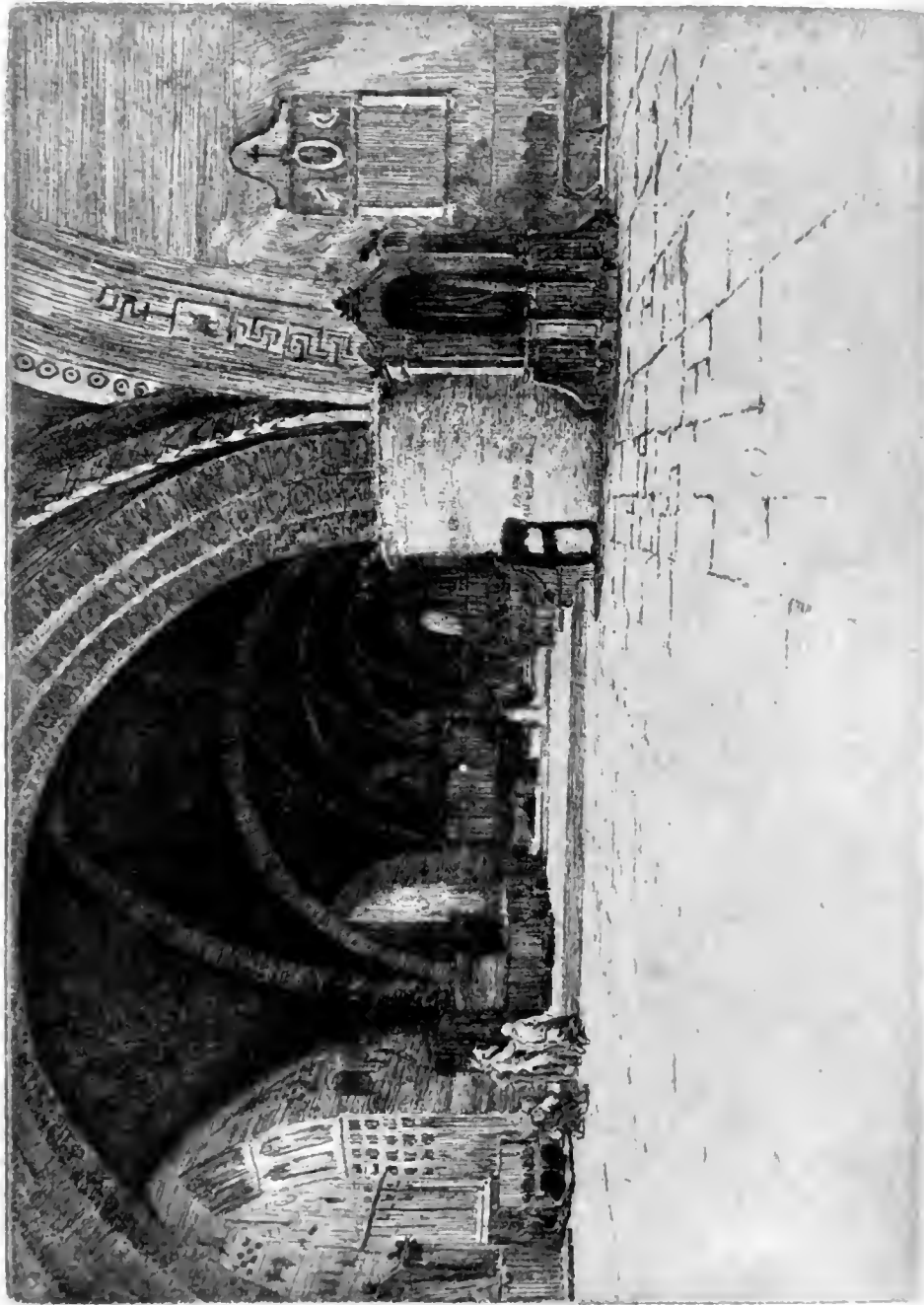


EDINBURGH FROM SALISBURY CRAGS.

BY E. M. SYNGÉ.



"POPLARS AND STREAM, LINGOSTIÈRE"
(UNFINISHED). BY E. M. SYNGE



"S. FRANCESCO, ASSISI"
BY E. M. SYNGE

Three Russian Painters

THREE RUSSIAN PAINTERS :
KONSTANTIN SOMOFF, IGOR
GRABAR, AND PHILIP MALIA-
VINE. BY VITTORIO PICA.

Russian Art, which only the firm will and enlightened far-sightedness of the intelligent tyrant, Peter the Great, succeeded in delivering from the monotonous and exclusive repetition of religious subjects and from the rigid Byzantine traditions which for centuries and centuries it had followed, nevertheless remained for one hundred and fifty years in bondage to French art, despite which, however, it produced some great artists, such in particular as the portrait-painters Levitzky and Borovikovsky.

The most important movement towards its emancipation from the suffocating and oppressive academic dominion, and also (though only in part) from foreign influence, was that which commenced in 1863 with the revolt of thirteen pupils of the Art Academy of St. Petersburg, founded in 1757 by the Empress Elisabeth. These artists resolutely refused to submit any longer to the exigencies of the annual competition ; so, com-

bining under the leadership of Ivan Kramskoi, they founded a young and belligerent society which toured its exhibitions from town to town, whence came the nickname bestowed upon them of "Peredvishniki," or "Wanderers."

These "Wanderers," whose ideals were frequently confused by inopportune political or social propagandist notions, were for about thirty years the dominant factor in the artistic world in Russia. The most original and most powerful of them is Ilya Répine, who has now passed his sixty-ninth year, and has achieved great triumphs both in his own country and abroad.

The men, however, who are considered, not without reason, to be the true initiators and the real representatives of Russian painting are Isaak Levitan, who died in 1900, before he reached the age of forty, Valentin Séroff, who died more recently, and Konstantin Korovine. Séroff, however, owed a great part of his fame to his robust virtuosity as a painter of portraits. These were, in fact, the artists who, following the example given at first in literature by Pushkin, Gogol, and Turgenieff, turned their attention towards their own country, with its vast desolate and colourless



"DANS LE VILLAGE"

BY KONSTANTIN SOMOFF

Three Russian Painters

plains, its turbid lakes and sparsely planted beech-woods, and its melancholy villages, and endeavoured to depict its character and that of the rustic population inhabiting it in paintings of grey tonality, monotonous in their uniformity, yet of powerful appeal in their emotional attributes.

The most characteristic artist and the least tinged with Occidentalism in the whole range of modern Russian painting is undoubtedly Mikhail Vrubel, who, unappreciated and derided by his compatriots during the best period of his career, was, not, perhaps, without some exaggeration, lauded as an inspired pioneer at the close of his life, when he had become blind and was confined in an asylum. Vrubel was gifted with a fertile and impetuous imagination, a strange mystic attraction towards

regions of the supernatural, and an admirable balance of decorative composition. Even in the midst of his most extravagant allegorical conceptions his work is always delicate and vivacious in turn. While he has not had followers in his mysticism, he has at any rate found among the younger generation imitators and disciples of his decorative fantasies, and of these the most interesting are Paul Kousnetsoff, Nikolai Millioti, and Tatiana Lugovsky.

A decorator more brilliant than Vrubel, more finished, more restrained, but at the same time more superficial, though of great suggestive talent, is Alexander Golovine, who, as Korovine and Bakst have done lately, has specialised in scene-painting, and has invested his designs with a profoundly



"LA DAME EN BLEU"

BY KONSTANTIN SOMOV



"PORTRAIT DE JEUNE FILLE"
BY KONSTANTIN SOMOFF

Three Russian Painters

individual note which has obtained for him much success in the principal theatres of Russia.

Amongst Russian painters of pronounced national characteristics we must not omit Alexei Riabushkine, who died in 1905, and achieved great fame in portraying the national Muscovite costumes of olden days, while depicting also with uncommon psychological penetration the peasants and artisans of the present day. Nor, in speaking of this nationalist element in Russian art, must we forget the landscape-painter Konstantin Bogayevsky, the landscape and figure painter K. Yuon, and the young Nikolai Kerich, who has presented the old Slav legends in panels of pronouncedly decorative character, of harmonious tonality, restrained colouring, of summary and conventionalised draughtsmanship, and of a fantastic inventiveness which is in some measure reminiscent of the Finnish artist Axel Gallen. Philip Maliavine I will reserve till later, but mention must be made here of Boris Kustodiev, who has revealed himself as a true and powerful master of portraiture. There remains nothing further for me to add to complete this summary of present-day Russian art except to mention the two groups of young painters who, in contradistinction to those already referred to, represent in Russia the absolutely cosmopolitan tendency.

In contrast, or perhaps as an antidote, to the realism of Levitan, Korovine, and Séroff and the romanticism of Vrubel, all of whom have turned to the past or to the present, and who have been constantly occupied with direct observation of realities or concerned with fantastic exaggeration of the imaginative characteristics of Russia and of its people, we have the small group of "Intellectuals" or "Decadents," almost all of them primarily draughtsmen, water colourists, and illus-

trators, and only secondarily painters in oils, who gathered round Serge Daghileff and attached themselves to the illustrated review "Mir Isskustva" (The World of Art), of which he was the director. These men, all of whom live and work in St. Petersburg, while the aforementioned nationalist tendencies have hitherto flourished in Moscow, proclaim themselves with courageous sincerity to be of cosmopolitan aspirations and seek for inspiration in the gallant world of the seventeenth century, in the fashionable elegance of 1830 and of the second French Empire, as well as in ancient Italian or Greek epochs, which we find more or less arbitrarily transfigured according to the whim of the artist. Precious, refined, and of a literary trait in their researches after lightness of suggestion and of decoration, they appear to be closely akin in inspiration to the most delicate *fêtes*



"SEIGLE DE MAKS"

BY IGOR GRABAR



“RAYON DE SOLEIL”
BY IGOR GRABAR

Three Russian Painters

galantes of the poet Paul Verlaine. They approach, now deliberately, now unconsciously, to the Englishman Aubrey Beardsley and the German Th. Th. Heine. To this group belong, among others, Alexandre Benois, Mstislav Dobuzhinsky, Eugène Lanceray, Léon Bakst, and in a measure we may also include Viktor Mussatoff, who died in 1905 when barely thirty years of age, after having captured by a single exhibition the complete appreciation of the Parisian public.

The most characteristic, the most significant, and the most representative among these artists is, however, Konstantin Somoff, and it is therefore of him and of his varied and seductive works that I would now speak to the readers of *THE STUDIO*. Son of the art critic and chief curator of the Hermitage Museum, Konstantin Somoff was born in St. Petersburg on November 18, 1869. After having pursued the usual classical studies he entered the Academy of Fine Arts in the autumn of 1888, prompted by his pronounced sympathies towards an artistic career. But if while studying there he acquired some of the rudiments of the technique of painting, so poor was the teaching that the seven long years which he passed at the school must be counted as time lost for Somoff, having regard to the direction in which his taste was developing and his inborn æsthetic talent. He could not attain the longed-for personal vision nor find his own path in the field of art until in 1895 and 1896 he came under the direct and beneficent influence of a small and select coterie of enthusiastic artists, painters, *littérateurs*, and musicians, all disdainful in their scholarly refinement of any form of vulgarity, and all only too ready to welcome anything that savoured of a cultured eclecticism.

Somoff left the Academy without completing his course there, and went to Paris, where he spent the winter of 1897, and whither he re-

turned the following winter. This decided his future, and brought his particular individuality as a painter to complete maturity. He worked alone with great fervour, drawing his inspiration from the most delicate and exquisite, and often most fantastic, æsthetic manifestations—from the languid music of the eighteenth century, from the gorgeous architecture of Versailles, from the imaginative recitals of the Arabian Nights or the weirdly humorous tales of Hoffmann, from the nebulous paintings of the Far East or the morbidly elegant drawings of Beardsley. Under these influences, the plant of art flourished suddenly and luxuriously in Somoff and revealed its growth in an abundant production of different works in pencil, water-colour, pastel, or in oils, of an accentuated individuality of character which, while it formed the chief attraction and the special interest in these pictures, could not do otherwise than call forth at first the disapprobation of the established critics and the protests of the great mass of the public.

Of rather aristocratic character and somewhat misanthropic tendencies, Konstantin Somoff, like other modern artists of the pen and brush, delights



"LA TABLE EN DÉSORDRE"

BY IGOR GRABAR

Three Russian Painters



"UNE VIEILLE"

BY PHILIP MALIAVINE

to seek refuge in bygone times. The epoch he most often chooses is the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the society he loves to depict as being most suited to his temperament is that of the Court of Louis XV or Louis XVI. The languishing grace, the mellifluous elegance, the licentious extravagance of the gallants of the period, and the piquant wit which the menacing influence of the bloody catastrophe of the Revolution veils with sadness for us who can look back across the centuries, the dames also in their high *poudré* coiffures and flowery hooped gowns, with their satellites in laced coats and swords and *tricornes*, stimulated the imagination of the young Russian artist, and he takes profound pleasure, and is able furthermore to infect the sympathetic beholder with the same enthusiasm, in depicting them in their rich and gay costumes,

against the picturesque background of the formal gardens of the period.

Somoff has, however, sometimes condescended to depict types and costumes of a less remote age, though always sufficiently far removed from those of the present day. The romantic exaltation, the melancholy passion, and the sentimental vapourings, not to mention the elegant clothes, of the contemporaries of Werther, of René, and of Jacopo Ortis, with their ostentatious intolerance of the banalities of everyday life and the common-sense ways of practical men—these, too, have attracted the painter's attention and laid siege to his sympathies. In a series of very tasteful compositions painted in oil, tempera, or pastel he has presented to us the poets and the diminutive dames with their sad and fatalist lovers of the early part of the last century, drawing them usually in pairs in languishing attitudes in the shadow of overhanging trees yellow with autumn, or reclining on the bank of some lake whose limpid waters reflect the cloudy sky.

The sympathy of the public was at first alienated from these works of Somoff because of a certain wilful simplification drawing and rather daring chromatic effects which aroused the ire of the critics. Then also he showed a tendency to forsake—in his female figures especially—the traditional characteristics of plastic beauty in favour of that beauty of expression which is apparent rather in imperfect contour and irregularities of feature.

The works of which I have spoken are indubitably those in which the personality of Somoff has manifested itself in its most original and most interesting manner, but we must not forget that his art is not limited to these subjects. His various landscapes, treated with largeness and sobriety, reveal him as a robust painter of nature, while numerous portraits of men, women, and children, varied in technique, in composition and size, testify to his abilities in searching out and depicting the physical aspect and psychic character of a human creature. A large number of black-and-white drawings and sketches in colour afford additional proof of his elegance as a delicate and refined designer of book decorations. Nor must I omit to mention some delightful porcelain figures designed and coloured after the fashion of the exquisite pieces of the eighteenth century, and executed

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with all the care and great skill of the Imperial Porcelain Manufactory at St. Petersburg.

Side by side with the group of young painters and draughtsmen whose inspiration is derived from the past, there has arisen in Russia during the last ten years or so another group, not less interesting in its audacious anti-academicism, which loves to depict nature in her most bizarre, uncommon, and vivid aspects, with a technique somewhat like that of the French, Belgian, and German impressionists and neo-impressionists.

The most typical representative of this group, by reason of his subtle acuteness of vision, his sapient technique, and his artistic knowledge, is without doubt Igor Grabar. Born in 1871, he entered the Imperial Academy of Art at St. Petersburg in 1894, having previously taken his degree as Doctor of Law. It was the year in

which, under the direction of Répine, the Academy seemed destined to undergo a radical reconstruction. He here had as fellow-students Somoff and Maliavine, but when, as it soon did, the Academy sank back into its former stagnant condition, he left it without completing his studies, just as all the best men, such as Levitan, Vroubel, Séroff, Maliavine, Moussatoff, and Somoff, had done or were about to do later on. Leaving Russia, Grabar wandered throughout the length and breadth of Europe, only to find on finally returning to his fatherland that he had lost his artistic bearings. He therefore decided to settle in Paris and then pay a visit to Munich. The work of the Impressionists at the Exhibition of 1900 in Paris defined the artistic future of the young Russian, who had already been influenced by Japanese paintings and prints of the so-called "common" school.

Returning at length to Russia, he went to live in a village near Moscow, where he studied with great assiduity, painting continuously men and things *en plein air* and striving to depict them with the proper atmospheric effect. In this manner Grabar's art attained its completion, and in spite of adverse criticism he achieved both at home and abroad more than one decided victory. In particular he occupied himself with problems of snow-painting. In a series of exceedingly admirable pictures he has depicted the snow with the delicacy of touch of a Claude Monet or a Camille Pissarro, of a Hiroshige or other great artist of the Far East. He has rendered not only its soft downy whiteness, but also that rare and delicate susceptibility to reflections of many hues which produces infinite variations in its aspect. When we remember the surprise which works like the *Matinée fraîche* by Grabar aroused among the public at large and the irate protests which this particular work called forth, one is forced to the conclusion that the majority of people look at nature without really seeing it, or, to be more exact, only perceive it through an accustomed conventionalism which has been slowly imposed by traditions of artistic vision. The dead uniform whitewash which triumphs in the winter landscapes of Christmas cards in England, suggesting



"PAUSANNE RUSSE."

BY PHILIP MALIAVINE

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“PAYSANNE RUSSE”

BY PHILIP MALIAVINE

rather the effect of cotton-wool on the dark green of the conventional Christmas trees—this is what gives to the majority their familiar idea of snow, and which rouses the enthusiasm of even the fairly enlightened among the public when it is reproduced on the canvas by the adept art of one of the popular painters of perverted realism.

This explains the fierce and sustained hostility towards all who have dared to present the luminous scenes of nature as a vision more precise and exact but very different from that dictated by the representative tradition which has for many years held sway. Therefore a genial master of impressionism such as was Claude Monet, or an inspired disciple such as Igor Grabar, deserves to be held in esteem and admiration for his artistic fearlessness and also to be regarded with gratitude for educating and perfecting our visual sensibility.

Igor Grabar has affirmed himself as an artist of uncommon skill and rare ability in the painting of snow scenes, for which he has evinced a special predilection.

In order, however, to avoid the danger of becoming monotonous by self-repetition he has had the good sense to present such effects in their most varied forms and to place in his pictures now and again some female peasant figure, as he has done, for instance, with infinite grace and elegant artistry in the painting *Neige de Mars*.

Another type of work in which Grabar excels is the painting of still-life. Sufficient proof of this may be found in various brilliant works of exquisite and delicate execution, such as *La table en désordre*, of which, as indeed of all his paintings, a black-and-white reproduction gives only a very imperfect idea.

During a journey which he made to the north of Russia and along the banks of the Dvina and its tributaries Grabar depicted in a series of water-colour drawings and in a decorative panel of more sober colouring than usual and of more finished design the varied scenes along the course of the river and the characteristic low-roofed and massive houses and cottages which abound on its banks. There is a serious atmosphere in the design of these drawings which places them in a category apart from the other works of the young painter, and shows also in Grabar a tendency towards

decorative art which has gone on developing and intensifying, especially during the last few years, up to the point of almost leading one to predict a further evolution of his talent. Already in certain of his more recent works it would seem as though his intention were to present not merely a small bit of nature as it appears to an artistic temperament, but to paint more in the decorative manner and according to the traditions of the old masters of landscape—traditions which would, however, be modified throughout by the modern technique, so that the naturalistic tendencies and the impressionist discoveries of light and colour effects may be added to the great decorative style of our time. At the same time I think the ever-increasing development of his artistic individualism, placing a restraint upon this complex impetus to his talent, will always

Kay Nielsen's Drawings

keep the ideals of Igor Grabar very noble, if always intangible.

There is still another young artist, born in the province of Samara on October 11, 1869, who cannot be classified as belonging to one or other of the above-mentioned groups of revolutionary artists, but who nevertheless, more than any other, has aroused by his anti-traditionalist campaign the indignation of the academic class both at home and abroad, and who has been roundly abused by some, whilst being enthusiastically hailed as an artist of distinction by others. This is Philip Maliavine, whose most important work, *Le Rire*, hangs in the Galleria d'Arte Moderna in Venice.

It was in the Art Exhibition at St. Petersburg in 1899 that this work first appeared with the simple title of *Paysannes en rouge*, and certainly never was such a forceful and original work sent to a competition for a travelling studentship. Those robust *paysannes*, with their hearty and contagious laughter, seemed as it were to have invaded those torpid halls and, together with the spirit of their portrayer, Maliavine, to have scorned the stagnant art of that Academy. The professors were scandalised beyond measure at the work of this son of nature, whose crime also it was to be descended himself from a peasant family and who, worse still, had served for a part of his life with a brotherhood in a monastery before dedicating himself to art, and they not only refused to award him a travelling scholarship, but would have also banished the picture from the exhibition had not Répine himself opposed this hostile treatment of his pupil. This work, when exhibited under the shorter and more expressive title of *Le Rire* in the International Exhibition of Paris in 1900, had a most triumphant success, and was adjudged worthy of a diploma of honour.

As is often the case after an early triumph which renders the artist indolent and the public exceedingly exigent, Maliavine for some years did not produce anything which would bear comparison with this first work. In 1906, however, he exhibited in Paris some figures, rather larger than life-size, of Russian peasants in their national costume of bright colours, depicted with nervous yet frank ability and of extreme plasticity. Here, to the great delight of our eyes, he showed that same beauty of touch which marked his early triumph, but which is at the same time a danger, since it might be the means of tempting him away from the sober study of the truth and of leading him to the development of a mannerism.

THE DRAWINGS OF KAY NIELSEN. BY MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

It has become a truism to urge the impossibility of "placing" an artist, of estimating him at his proper worth during the short term of his natural life. Nor is the reason far to seek. There is the personal equation. The man's attractions as a man, his mentality, his very *ego*, all go to obscure the issue, and help to make or mar his reputation amongst his contemporaries. Take the case, for example, of Aubrey Beardsley. A genius technically of the highest rank, the Beardsley mandate seemed to wane with his frail and ailing body. The term degenerate, that accusation of possessing a "warped and sinister outlook," gave a bias. What was perverse and *macabre* in his tempera-



"THE CHASM"

BY KAY NIELSEN



(By permission of Messrs.
Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I HAVE HAD SUCH A TERRIBLE DREAM."
ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY OF "ROSANIE"
("IN POWDER AND CRINOLINE.") BY KAY NIELSEN.



Kay Nielsen's Drawings

ment (traits perhaps unduly developed in the illustrations to "The Rape of the Lock") went far to alienate the British public. There was a moment when he seemed to be sought for only by the curious in book-shops difficult of access, his great gifts seeming to be ignored or to be acknowledged by only the more far-seeing critics of the Continent. Naturally the loss was ours. For if, as is continually urged, black-and-white art has languished in the twentieth century, it is not difficult to see to whom the blame must be applied. For the Fates—whom the Greeks rightly regarded as malevolent hags—decreed that the finest living master of black and white should be summarily placed out of court, should be anathema to the compact majority.

That such a verdict could survive was manifestly impossible. We have too few masters of any art to permanently ignore them. Moreover, as pen-and-ink drawings occupy the place that engravings and woodcuts filled in the days of our grandfathers, it was on the face of things little likely that the Beardsley tradition should be suffered to die. The torch, indeed, had been kept alight by others than ourselves. Hence the curious significance and widespread influence of the Aubrey Beardsley school on the Continent. For look where we may, the inspiration, the trick of looking at life from the exotic, the *A Rebours* standpoint, is the same. Have not Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Denmark all succumbed to the overpowering influence of the Beardsley formula? Go into any modern picture gallery at random, and we find Léon Baskt, Alistair, and one of the latest of new recruits, Kay Nielsen, all bearing witness to the master in their several and special manners.

Now I know little or nothing of the personal history of Mr. Kay Nielsen—the subject of this article. Young and curly, impulsive and pessimistic, his history is probably yet to make. Rumour, however, has it that with no mean attractions of outward person, the young Dane is indebted to his mother—a famous actress—for his talent. There is a high sense of drama in his outlook. Can anyone studying the sorrow of Pierrot in "The Book of Death" series fail to be struck by the drawing called *Solitude*? Technically it is all a pen-and-ink should be. The blacks are superb, while with rare felicity the sketch conveys its tragic meaning with a curious economy of line.

First seen at the Dowdeswell Galleries in New Bond Street in July 1912 when Mr. Kay Nielsen's initial one-man show was inaugurated, the illustrations to "The Book of Death" were made one



"THE FLYING TRUNK": AN ILLUSTRATION TO HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY KAY NIELSEN
(By courtesy of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell, Ltd.)

Kay Nielsen's Drawings

of the principal features of the exhibition. They were certainly not the least arresting and poignant of the drawings. The theme, no doubt, as well as the sincerity of the artist's mood, largely accounted for their popularity. Pierrot loves a young and lovely maiden, as every Pierrot should, but a sharp foreboding—some imminent presage of disaster—is ever present to the lovers. The first drawing, entitled *Omen*, the third, *Inevitable*, the fourth, *Left*, and the fifth, called *The Chasm*, perhaps sufficiently explain the story. For our light o' love is separated from his *innamorata* by death, and in his despair seeks destruction in the deep dark tomb of the beloved. *The Chasm*, in fact, shows the desperate lover flinging roses into the sepulchre as he prepares to take the fatal plunge into the darkness below. *Intermezzo* follows, and in *The Vision* and *Yearning* we see Pierrot struggling to regain the beloved one—not now in her mere bodily beauty and effulgent youth, but in the finer essence of the spirit. Of *Solitude* we have already spoken. *The End*, the last of the series, is inevitable.

No less an interpreter of the incomparable genius of Heinrich Heine, Mr. Kay Nielsen has at moments the same light-hearted cynical smile, the same sense of the inevitable, the same fantastic environment. For if he has the master poet's sense of tears he has also something of his irony.

Take the drawing illustrating the verse:

The angels they call it the joys of Heaven,
The devils they call it Hell's torment even,
And mortals they call it loving!

The scene depicts a pair of lovers embracing with all ardent protests of constancy, while a leering devil squirms and an angel prays in a very fervour of pious ecstasy. No angel, alas! attends the lovers of another famous poem by Heine:

There was an aged monarch,
His heart was sad, his head was grey.
This sad and aged monarch
A young wife wed one day.

There was a handsome page, too,
Fair was his hair, and light his mien.
The silken train he carried
Was the train of the self-same queen

Dost know the ancient ballad?
It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad.
They both of them must perish,
For too much love they had.

Needless to say, Mr. Kay Nielsen's version of the "ancient ballad" is vivid and picturesque. Yet in his interpretation the young Dane and the stricken poet—the poet of the mattress grave—are altogether at one. A third drawing, seen at the Dowdeswell Galleries in 1912, has something of the same theme for a subject. It is spoilt by having rather too obvious a moral tacked on to it. In a wholly decorative setting the two lovers meet in the flowering fields, but even as we perceive their rapturous transports, we are made to shudder at the grim and grinning skull which lies partly concealed at their feet among the herbage. Has Kay Nielsen an affinity with Rops, the Belgian etcher and draughtsman, as is alleged by no less an authority than Sir Claude Phillips? Probably in some of his moods. Not that the young Dane is entirely



"SOLITUDE"

BY KAY NIELSEN



By permission of Miss
Hobby & Spanghton

"PRINCESS MINON-MINETTE RIDES OUT
IN THE WORLD TO FIND PRINCE SOUCI"
ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY OF "MINON-MINETTE"
("IN POWDER AND CRINOLINE") BY KAY NIELSEN.



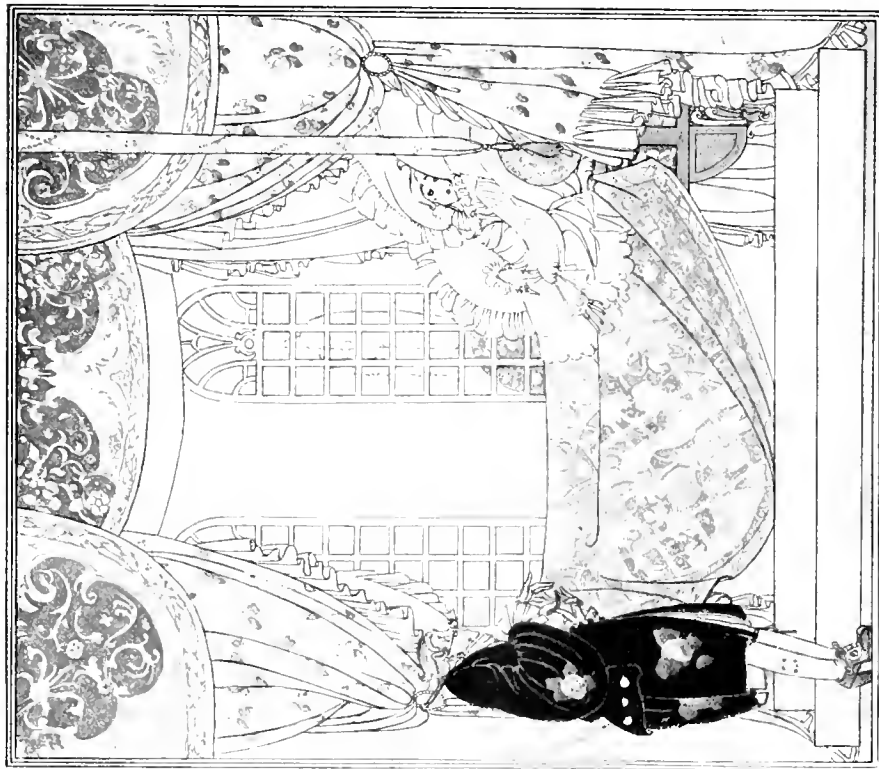


ILLUSTRATION TO "MIGNON MINETTE"

BY KAY NIELSEN
(By courtesy of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton and Messrs. Ernest Benn & Phillips)

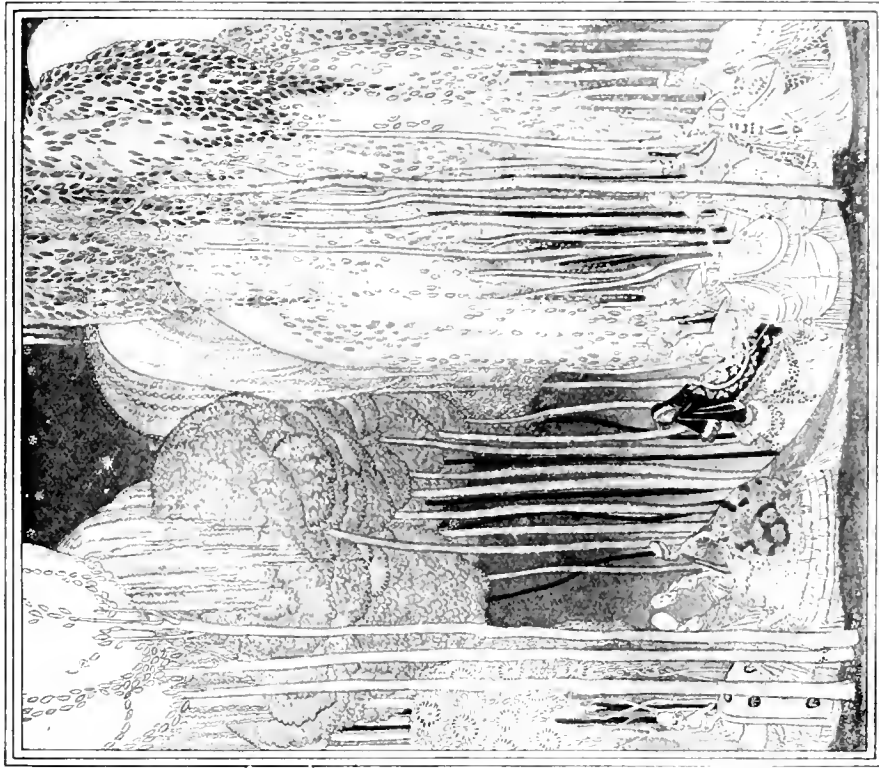
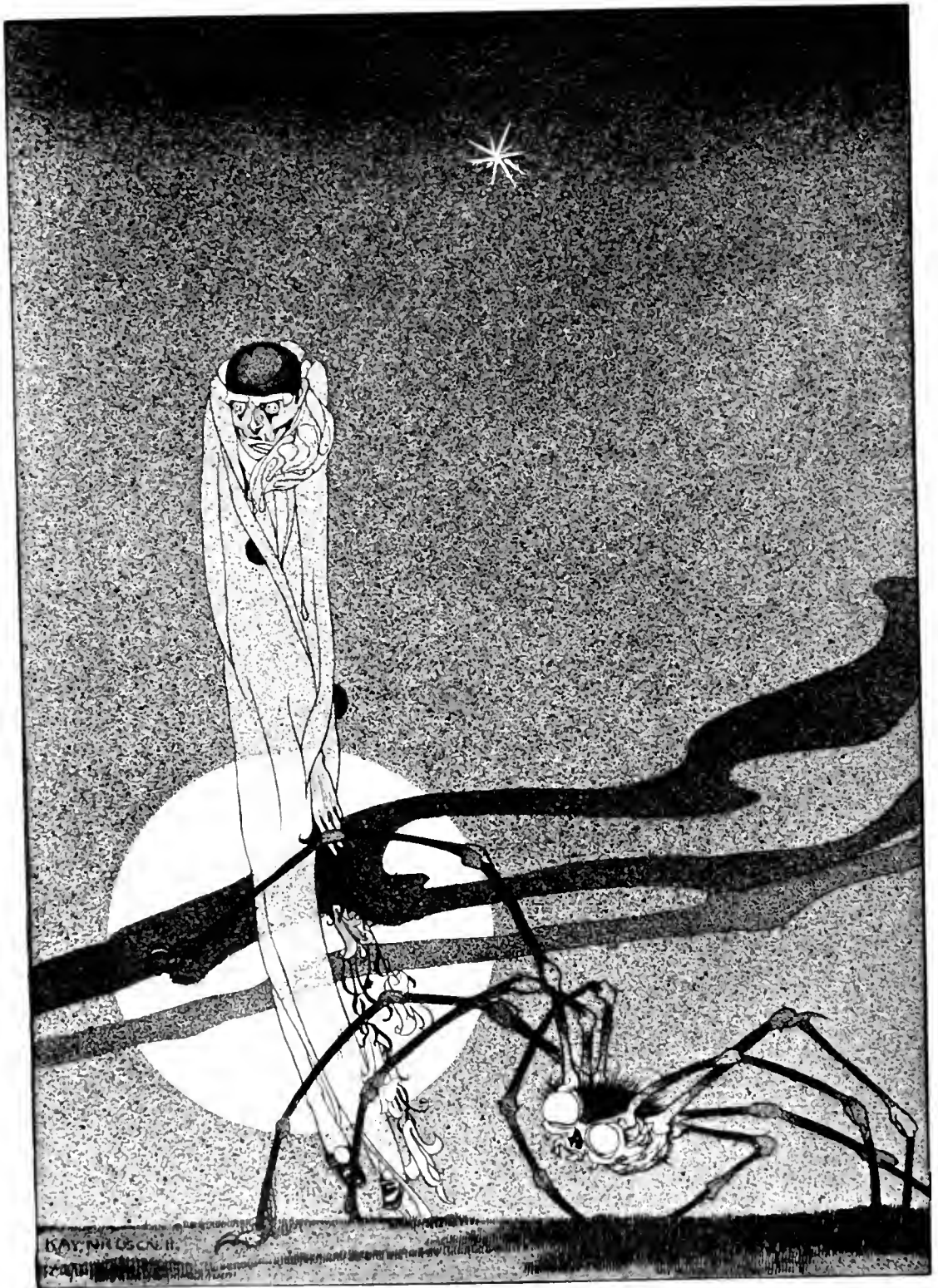


ILLUSTRATION TO "THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES"

BY KAY NIELSEN



SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT
BY KAY NIELSEN

(By permission of the artist, Danish artist
and Designer, Kay Nielsen)

Kay Nielsen's Drawings

perverse and morbid. He can enter into the spirit of Hans Andersen. A drawing such as *The Flying Trunk* shows that the young artist can emancipate himself wholly from the Beardsley tradition. In it he exhibits a nice sense of whimsicality and *espèglerie*, while *The Story of a Mother* is not without its potent charm. Charm, by the way, is the adjective which best describes such illustrations as *The Twelve Dancing Princesses*, *Minon Minette*, and *Felicia listening to the Hen's Story* in the little tale called "The Pot of Pinks" in Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's recent volume called "In Powder and Crinoline," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The original drawings for these illustrations are to be seen this autumn at the Leicester Galleries, and should go far to prove that happy as Mr. Kay Nielsen is as a black-and-white artist he can be equally felicitous when he attempts to interpret his thoughts in colour.

In speaking of Mr. Kay Nielsen's colour we

enter into the second phase of his career, and see him now manifestly indebted to the great Chinese colourists for inspiration. He could go to no better masters. In truth, while the art of all young men is derivative—and Mr. Kay Nielsen's precocious talent was bound to be eminently so—he is manifestly showing as he progresses a fancy so delicate, an outlook so original, that no charge of plagiarism can be brought against him. Thus if he assimilated and made his own Beardsley's method of spatter and stipple as he did much of his sense of line, it is clear the new-comer knows the uses of a jumping-off board. It is safe to say that he will attain to complete self-expression and originality when he has acquired the use of his tools.

In his colour designs he is delicate and suggestive rather than forceful. So much Mr. Nielsen's second exhibition of works at the Leicester Galleries will prove to the public this autumn. Very lovely in its faint blues and greens with tones of russet-red is

the illustration to *Minon Minette*. The dramatic gesture of the lady, the fine sweep of the flowery skirts, the correct modelling of the white horse—all are dainty yet finely considered. Properly subdued to the scheme of a purely decorative theme is the illustration to the story of *Rosanie*; yet here again the Beardsley tradition rears its head. In *The Man who never laughed* the artist has struck a pretty vein of his own and one he would do well to cultivate. Inimitable as a study of character is this glimpse of the Early Victorian *coulisse*. The *louche*, bleary-eyed waiter fingering his money is a study in himself, and suggests that Mr. Kay Nielsen might give us, if he were so minded, another and vastly entertaining Early Victorian "Rake's Progress." Will he try? His success would be a foregone conclusion.



"FELICIA LISTENING TO THE HEN'S STORY": ILLUSTRATION TO "THE POT OF PINKS." BY KAY NIELSEN
(By courtesy of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton and Messrs. Ernest Brown & Phillips)

The Château of Rosenborg

THE CHÂTEAU OF ROSEN-
BORG, COPENHAGEN, AND ITS
COLLECTIONS. BY GEORG
BRÖCHNER. (*Second Article.*)

In a former issue (July) I dealt with the château itself and some of its very handsome apartments: in this and subsequent articles I now propose to render some descriptive accounts of the manifold treasures it contains, of which a number unquestionably are entirely unique both as regards superb craftsmanship,

three centuries, presents a singular and distinct character, somewhat exclusive no doubt, but on the other hand enhanced by class and historical as well as pronounced artistic interest.

The miniatures which in course of time have found their way to Rosenborg amount in number to the very imposing aggregate of about five hundred. Even if some of these may be deficient in merit, the majority constitute a collection of unquestionable international interest and importance apart from their historical associations, and a number of the world's most famous miniature painters during the last three hundred years will be found represented among them. Unkind things are nowadays often uttered and written about kings and princes, but lovers of the beautiful in the arts, and perhaps even more in the crafts, should feel some gratitude towards these exalted personages, for to them we are indebted for collections like the one now under review.

A short survey of some of the more notable amongst the miniature painters represented in the Rosenborg collection may not be considered out of place. I say collection, but as a matter of fact the miniatures have not been looked upon or treated as a distinct and definite collection: they have, more or less, shared the fate of other Rosenborg treasures, and have been arranged or kept in attachment to other relics of the royal personages with whom they, one way or another, were or had become connected. No special heed appears to have been



"KING CHARLES II." BY PAUL PRIEUR, 1669

intrinsic beauty, and monetary value, from the collector's point of view. One simply marvels at the subtle ingenuity, at the inventive powers, at the incredible patience revealed in scores upon scores of objects in this collection, and at the utter disregard for costliness of material in which many of the craftsmen of old were enabled to indulge. Surely our own time can never attempt to vie with past ages in this field of the crafts, from sheer lack of sincerity in and reverence for the work, if for no other reason. Moreover, a royal court was then wont more than now to attract those most skilful in the arts and crafts, and a number of the most famous craftsmen are represented in the Rosenborg collection.

This, as might be expected, also applies to the charming art of miniature painting. Miniature portraits always have been, and for the matter of that still are, exceedingly popular with royalty: and it almost goes without saying that this royal collection, by means of its unbroken growth through



"BARBARA VILLIERS, COUNTESS CASTLEMAINE, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND," BY PAUL PRIEUR, 1669

The Château of Rosenberg

paid to them as miniatures. Under these circumstances it can be no matter of surprise that some uncertainty has existed as to both the identity of the persons portrayed and the names of the artists.

Thanks, however, to the able and assiduous investigations of Mr. E. F. S. Lund, of the National Museum of Denmark, much light has now been thrown upon this charming and fascinating subject. Mr. Lund has embodied the results of his exhaustive labours in a handsome and elaborate work (which so far has only appeared in Danish) and I



"KING CHARLES I." BY C. HORNEMAN

take this opportunity for expressing my appreciation of the invaluable assistance he has rendered me.

Some of the most famous English painters of miniatures are represented at Rosenberg, where will also be found portraits of kings and queens of England. Formerly kings, those of Denmark amongst them, not only had their specially appointed court miniature painters (as they now have their photographers), but they were also wont to despatch famous miniature painters to foreign courts for the purpose of portraying other kings and queens. Thus King Frederick III of Denmark sent the well-known French enamellist Prieur to London in 1669 to paint a miniature of King Charles II, which, as well as that of Lady Castlemaine painted on the same occasion, is reproduced here. The following year Prieur had to go to Poland in order to paint the king of that ill-fated country. Altogether miniature painting must have played an important part in international courtesies and intercourse at the time. At Rosenberg there are also

some charming examples of the work of Prieur's famous contemporary Jean Petitot (born in Geneva in the year 1607), who, like other great artists of his time, betook himself to England, where he resided for some time and was knighted by Charles I. He afterwards became court painter to Louis XIV.

During the reign of Christian IV, the builder of Rosenberg, there was much intercourse between the Danish and English courts, Queen Anne (consort of James I) being the sister of the Danish king, and the year of her death, 1619, a number of English miniatures were brought to the Danish court. As the king wrote in his diary (this gold-mine for research) on October 2, 1619: "One came from England with some portraits, whom I presented with twenty-five Rose-nobles." King Christian several times visited his sister in England, on one occasion taking her entirely by surprise, having arrived unannounced and ridden incognito from Yarmouth to London, and as Queen Anne shared his interest in matters appertaining to art, the two would naturally exchange presents consisting of *objets d'art*. On the other hand, the painter Franz Cheyn, who had worked for King Christian in Copenhagen, went to England, where both he and his children, amongst them his daughter Penelope, practised miniature painting.

Of Christian IV himself there are, naturally, several miniatures at Rosenberg. The one reproduced here is by Jacob van Doort (1616), who painted the king on divers occasions. Another



"QUEEN ANNE" (ENAMEL). BY C. BOIT, 1705

The Château of Rosenborg



"THE SCULPTOR BERTEL THORVALDSEN"
BY C. BORNEMAN

miniature of the king has now definitely been ascribed to the famous English artist Isaac Oliver (1611), Mr. Lund acquiescing in Dr. Williamson's view, although he is of opinion that certain traits might point to Van Doort himself having painted this miniature replica, slightly altered in some details, of his large portrait of the king. The miniature is encased in a capsule with gold edge and a red enamelled back bearing the initials of Christian IV with royal crown in gold. The miniature of his queen, Anna Catherine (1612), is in a more elaborately enamelled capsule. Dr. Williamson also authoritatively pronounces this to be the work of Oliver. These two portraits are painted on a clear, blue background, like portraits by Holbein and Hilliard, only Oliver attained to a higher degree of perfection than did Hilliard, whose pupil he was. By Van Doort there are other miniatures of Christian IV at Rosenborg, and whilst several portraits of the king cannot be traced to any known artist, Mr. Lund looks upon one as probably painted by Karel van Mandern, whilst another is after a portrait by this artist. The latter, apparently dating from 1643, is the earliest portrait in enamel in the collection. At that time enamel portraiture, so to speak, was still in its infancy, notwithstanding the fact that Petitot's famous enamel portrait of the Countess of Southampton dates from just about that year, and besides Petitot only a couple of other artists in England and France practised enamel portraiture at the time.

During the reign of Frederick III. another famous English miniature painter, Alexander Cooper,

Painted a number of miniatures of Danish (and more especially Swedish) royalties. He resided for a lengthy period first in Holland and afterwards in Sweden, where he became court painter, and in a register of the inhabitants of Stockholm in 1647 he is described as Abraham Alexander Cooper, Jew, portrait painter. The King of Sweden, however, owns a signed portrait by Cooper of Gustavus Adolphus, probably painted before 1632 (the year of the king's death). He was a favourite with this king's daughter, Queen Kristina, and was paid a very handsome sum towards gala garments on the occasion of her magnificent coronation in 1650. Cooper also became court painter to her successor, and he received a fixed sum (nominally £4 10s.) for each portrait.

In the year 1656 Cooper paid a visit to Denmark, where he painted the portrait of King Frederick III, here reproduced, and those of Queen Sophie Amalie and the royal children, among them the little Princess Vilhelmine Ernestine (also reproduced), all of which portraits are at Rosenborg in finely enamelled capsules. The cost of the capsule sometimes exceeded that of the portrait by fifty or as much as a hundred times. Cooper died in Stockholm in 1660, "alone, at his work, brush in hand."

Three years after Cooper's death the French enamellist Paul Prieur came into the employ of King Frederick III, for whom he painted a large



"THE COMPOSER CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK,"
BY C. BORNEMAN, AFTER DUPLESSIS

The Château of Rosenborg



"KING FREDERICK III OF DEN-
MARK." BY ALEXANDER COOPER
1656



"PRINCESS VILHELMINE ERNESTINE,
DAUGHTER OF FREDERICK III OF
DENMARK." BY ALEXANDER COOPER
1656



"QUEEN CAROLINE AMALIE,
CONSORT OF KING CHRISTIAN VIII
OF DENMARK." BY M. M. F. JASPER
1821



"KING CHRISTIAN IV OF DEN-
MARK." BY JACOB VAN DOORT
1616



"KING CHRISTIAN VIII OF DENMARK"
BY JOHANNES MOLLER

The Château of Rosenborg



"THE MINIATURIST CHRISTIAN HORNEMAN"
PAINTED BY HIMSELF

number of portraits, including those of the king and queen. He worked for the Danish court for a great many years, also after the death of Frederick III, painting, amongst others, numerous portraits of King Christian V. As already mentioned, he was sent to England in 1669, from which visit date the portraits of Charles II and Lady Castlemaine referred to above. Mr. Lund has succeeded in raising the veil which shrouded the origin of Prieur, but space will not allow me to enter upon this otherwise very interesting subject.

By Charles Boit, of French extraction, born in Stockholm and afterwards domiciled in England, where after diverse adversities he became a much-thought-of portrayer, the Rosenborg collection comprises, amongst others, a very handsome miniature in enamel of Queen Anne of England (1705), reproduced here: the low-cut robe is of orange colour with lace trimming, the mantle red and edged with ermine, the medallion of the Garter hanging from a blue ribbon. There is also a miniature of Queen Anne in oil on copper at Rosenborg.

Josias Barbette is another French artist (native of Strasburg) who during a lengthy period was miniature enamellist to the Danish court: having lived some forty years in Copenhagen he died there in the year 1731. Hiller painted a number of very decorative miniatures of and for King Frederick IV, several of which are remarkable also for the elaborateness of their frames.

Also from the reign of the following kings Rosenborg boasts a large number of miniature portraits of the kings as well as of the queens of

Frederick V and Christian VII (both of whom were English princesses), but in artistic merit they hardly vie with those already dealt with, nor has it in numerous cases been possible to identify with any certainty the respective artists in question.

By degrees a school of eminent Danish painters, miniature and otherwise, was formed, and they, in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, are very fully represented in the Rosenborg collection.

Amongst these Cornelius Höyer is perhaps best known outside Denmark; and his miniatures still enjoy a great reputation. In the year 1768 Höyer returned to Denmark from Paris, and he ranks high amongst the Danish miniaturists of his day. He was succeeded as court miniature painter by Christian Horneman. Horneman left Denmark in the year 1788 and remained abroad for sixteen years, principally residing in Germany and Italy. On his return he became a much-esteemed portrait painter, and Rosenborg possesses a separate Horneman collection of forty-seven miniatures. They are partly painted after works by older artists. His miniature self-portrait, reproduced here, is from a larger self-portrait in pastel. The portrait of Thorvaldsen is likewise painted from a larger pastel portrait (also by Horneman), whilst the miniatures of King Charles I of England and Gluck, the composer, also reproduced here, are respectively from Van Dyck's and Duplessis's well-known paintings.

The latest of the miniatures chosen for reproduction here are the portraits of King Christian VIII of Denmark and his queen, Caroline Amalie. The former is painted by Johannes Möller, a well-known Danish artist and miniature painter to the court. He had studied in Paris, where he distinguished himself and painted King Louis Philippe, and he also worked in other capitals, including London, St. Petersburg and Stockholm. The charming portrait of Queen Caroline Amalie, according to an autograph note on the back, was painted at Plombières in 1821 by a lady artist, M. M. F. Jaser.

By the death of Prince Hans of Glücksburg, the youngest brother of King Christian IX of Denmark, Rosenborg became possessed of his valuable and comprehensive collection of miniatures. My space will but allow of a cursory reference to this recent addition, which contains numerous eminent examples of the miniaturist's art; but I should in conclusion like to mention a charming portrait by Jens Juul of Queen Marie Sophie Frederikke, consort of King Frederick VI, which possesses all the subtle grace characteristic of this artist, and another of Prince Hans of Glücksburg by Rehling-Qvistgaard, which is much prized by the Danish Royal Family.

SOME RECENT EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

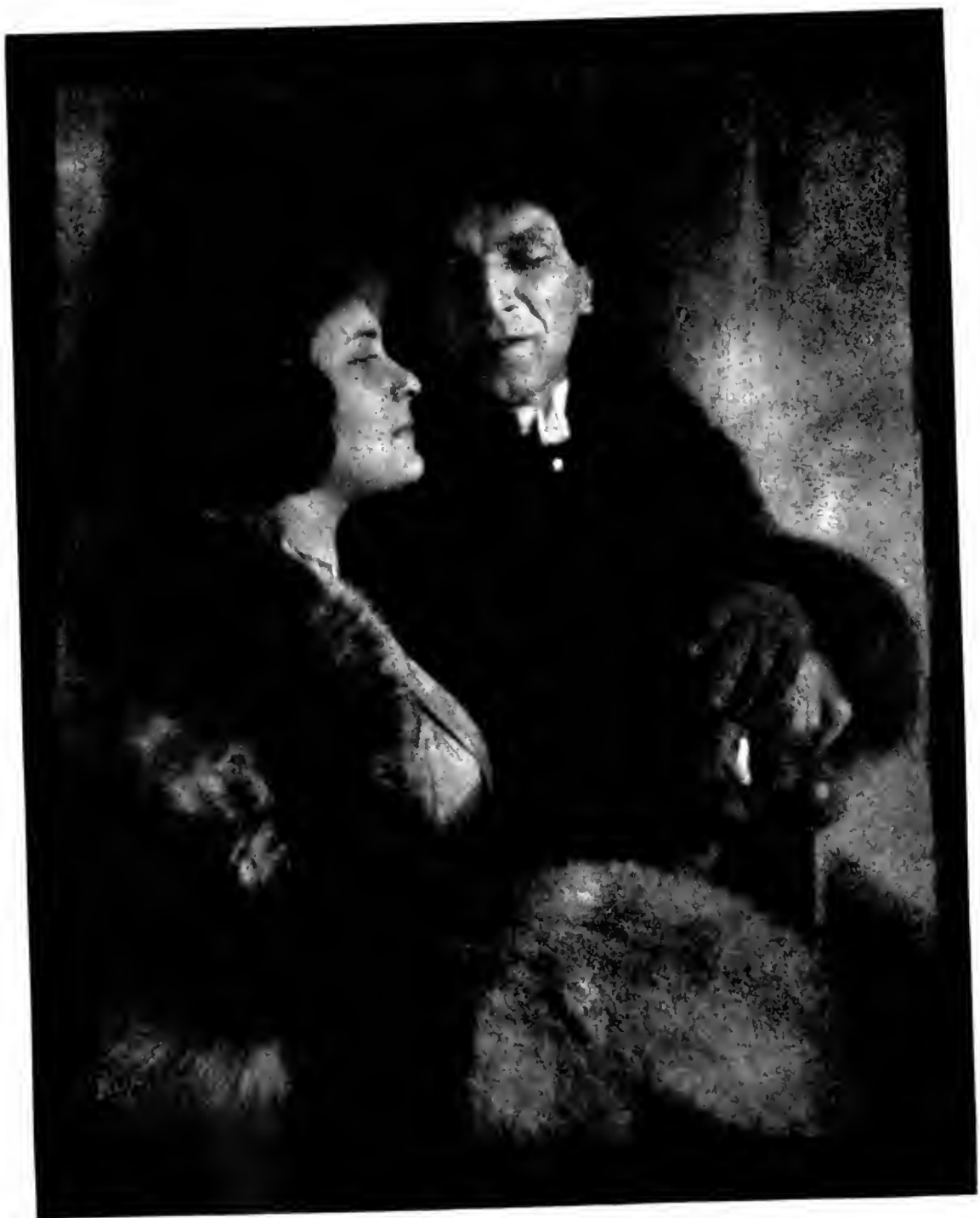
(As many of our readers are interested in the progress of artistic photography we give here reproductions of a few prints which have attracted our notice recently—chiefly at the London Salon of Photography—as showing some of the pictorial possibilities of the camera.)



“L'ÉCHARPE DE CACHEMIRE”

(London Salon of Photography)

BY GUIDO REY



TALKING BY RUGOLI
AND MINYA DUHRKOPF

(Continued on Page 107)



(London Salon of Photography)

"THE LETTER." BY
RICHARD POLAK



"THEBES," BY
H. Y. SIMMONS

(London Salon of Photography)



"THE FRUITERS' SHOP"
BY HAROLD A. CRAWFORD

(London Saloon of Photography)

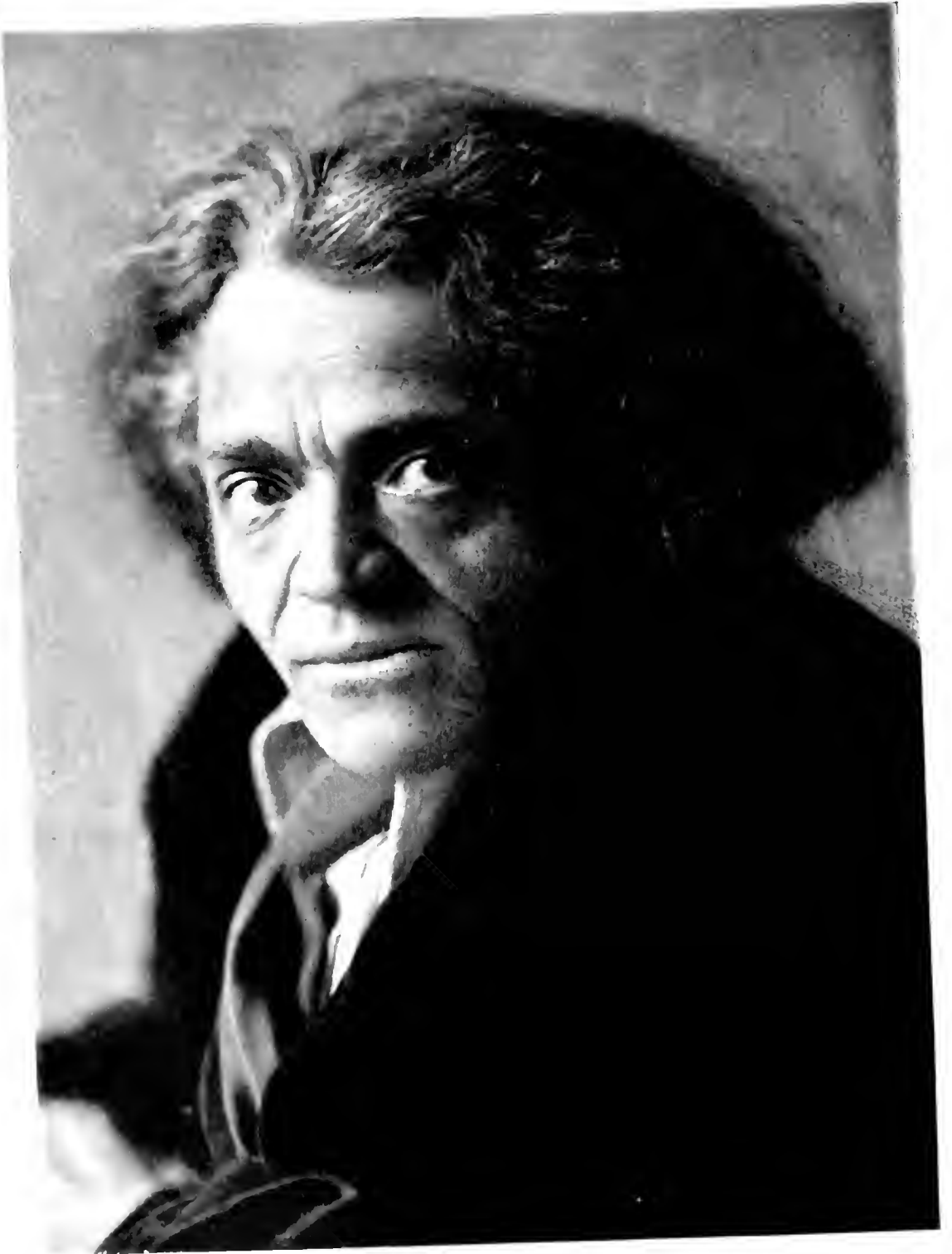


"MARYA DELVARD"
BY E. BIEBER



(London Salon of Photography)

"NATURE MORTE." BY
DRTIKOL, PRAGUE



OSCAR PETERSON
BY W. RANSFORD

Studio-Talk

STUDIO-TALK.

From Our Own Correspondents.

LONDON.—The loss which British art has sustained by the death of Sir Alfred East is certainly to be regarded as irreparable. Among the artists of our times he stood alone, not only as a man of unusual gifts but as the possessor of a remarkable and dominating personality which made its power felt in many directions, and the position he occupied he had made for himself by the sincerest devotion to high principles of artistic practice. In his art he followed a noble tradition—a tradition established by some of our greatest masters of landscape painting—and he strove with rare consistency to prove himself a worthy supporter of a splendid creed. An earnest student of nature, he avoided that tendency towards realistic trivialities which has affected so many of the modern painters of landscape, and he sought always for those finer qualities of decorative expression which give strength and significance to the pictorial representation of open-air subjects—for those qualities of design, colour arrangement, and

decorative sentiment which make a picture a personal thing rather than a mere record of more or less closely observed facts. Certainly it was his sincerity in the pursuit of his ideals that enabled him to take in a comparatively short career the place that for some years he held in the art world. Born in 1849, at Kettering, he had reached the age of five and twenty before he was able to commence the serious study of art, and it was nearly ten years later before he exhibited his first picture at Burlington House, yet for more than twenty years he has ranked as one of the chief artists of our school. It is distinctly discreditable to the Royal Academy that the official recognition of his powers was delayed until 1899, when he was elected an Associate, and that he had to wait another fourteen years—until July in the present year—for his promotion to the rank of Royal Academician, and that none of his works should ever have been acquired for the Chantrey Fund Collection. Other societies at home and abroad showed far more anxiety to do him the honour that was his due. In 1906 he was chosen to succeed Sir Wyke Bayliss as President of the Royal Society of British Artists,



“VENICE, THE DOGANA”

(Fine Art Society)

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY MOFFAT LINCOLN, R.I.



"SUNSHINE AFTER SHOWER" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY MOFFAT LINDSAY, R.L.

(One of Society)

Studio-Talk

and in 1910 he received the honour of knighthood. He died on September 28 last.

The exhibition of water-colours—chiefly Venetian subjects—by Mr. Moffat Lindner in the galleries of the Fine Art Society claims particular attention as a fascinating display of the capacities of an artist who has exceptional originality of outlook and a very high degree of technical confidence. His work is always worth studying for its brilliant directness of handling, its dainty charm of colour, and its luminous freshness of tone quality; and in these examples the better characteristics of his practice are shown with admirable effect. In his Venetian studies especially he is very happy in suggesting elusive subtleties of atmosphere and in conveying a telling suggestion of the chosen subject by means of the frankest possible devices of execution. He never fumbles, he is never in doubt, and he never weakens the strength of his statement by unnecessary elaboration: therefore his work carries the completest conviction and never fails to charm.

With every exhibition the Royal Institute of Oil Painters frees itself a little more from the bondage of old-fashioned conventionalisms in painting. The Institute is now beginning to attract to itself many younger painters with extremely modern views on the art of painting in oil, but it would not be fair to say that they alone provide the best element of the present exhibition. As a matter of fact the President, Sir J. D. Linton, who has not moved with the times, has few rivals in draughtsmanship and style. His work affords a rather delightful contrast

with pictures expressing quite other conceptions of what a picture should be. The Institute does well to keep, in the well-placed work of the older members, an historical background to the newer kinds of work it now wishes to include in its exhibitions. Pictures of interest from various points of view in the present one are Mr. Steven Spurrier's *Walk Up! Walk Up!* Miss Marion Dawson's *Carnival is passing*, Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson's *Souvenir du Bal*, Miss Ethel



"THE ROAD TO ELFLAND"

DECORATIVE PANEL BY JESSIE BAYES

Studio-Talk

Wright's *Pierrot and Dog*, Mr. Douglas Almond's *A Washing Pool—Pont-Aven*, Mr. Henry Bishop's *Shadow of the Mosque*, Miss I. L. Gloag's *The White Elephant*, Mr. W. Russell Flint's *A Young Lady as an Amazon*, Mr. Chas. D. Ward's *A Study*, Miss Hilda Fearon's *The Black and White Shawl*, Mr. Eric H. Kennington's *Coster Land*, Mr. George Bell's *The Beach at Petites-Dalles*, and Mr. W. B. E. Ranken's *Blue Cinerarias*.

We give here some interesting examples of recent work by Miss Jessie Bayes, from an exhibition which she held earlier in the present year at the Baillie Galleries, in Bruton Street. The charming panel *The Road to Elfland*, with the becoming frame designed for it by the artist, the drawing *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, and the bedstead, all show her to be an artist with a highly developed sense of decoration and a fertile imagination. The *modus operandi* pursued by her in the making of the bedstead may interest many of our readers. It has a foundation of very old seasoned cedar-wood, and the entire bed received a priming of six coats of gesso made of parchment size and whitening rubbed down smooth, first with sticks and water and then with emery-paper. For the top moulding hard gesso was used, the core of the figures being built up with cotton-wool steeped in gesso and modelled with a steel tool and afterwards overlaid with more gesso applied with a brush. The gilding has been done in the Florentine manner on Armenian bole, and all the gold is burnished. The panels at the foot of the pillars are painted over gold in oils: the subjects were suggested by the Song of Solomon, though only the centre panel, "I sleep but my heart waketh," is a direct illustration to the poem. In the carving of the pillars Miss Bayes was assisted by Miss Emmeline Bayes and Miss Figgis.

The exhibition of Spanish Old Masters at the Grafton Galleries in support of National Gallery funds and for the benefit of the Sociedad de Amigos del Arte Española is of extraordinary interest. The character of Spanish art has always been very individual, and in this character an essentially aristocratic race reflects itself. But the quality which is most evident in Spanish art is realism. It is this that makes it estimable to the modern world. And there is present in the realism of the Spaniards that which is absent in the realism of the Dutch, except in the case of Rembrandt: all the men and women, and even the children, in Spanish portraiture seem to possess an "inner life." It is this that, in spite of the many

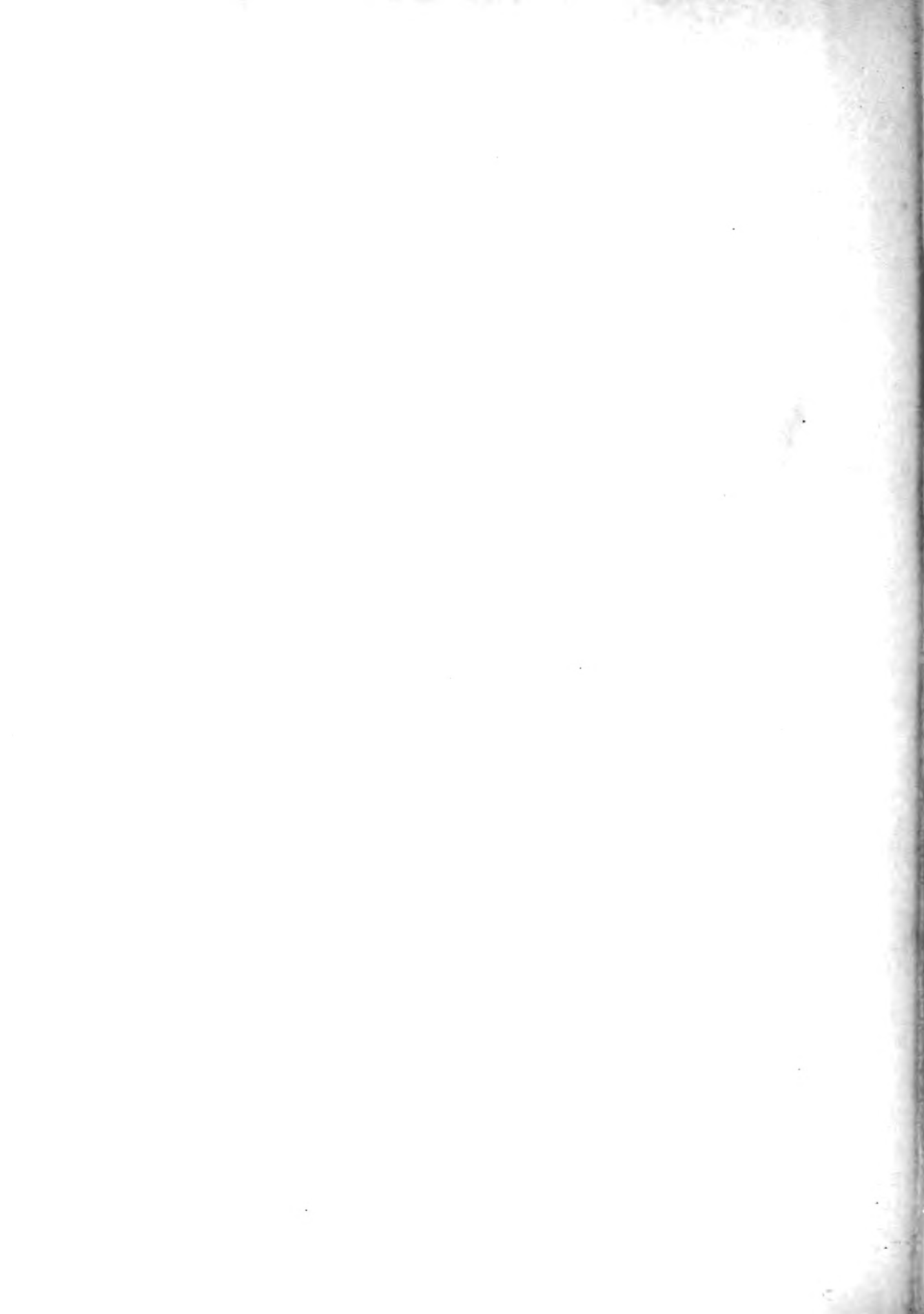
sombre characteristics of their style, lights up their work, and seems to shed lustre even upon the details of the often very artificial setting in which their portraits are composed. It is the quality that burns luminously in the art of Goya, and which remained in Spanish painting as long as it held its place in the foremost art of Europe.

The print department of the Victoria and Albert Museum has acquired Mr. Pennell's original drawing for his lithograph of the Woolworth Building, New York, together with the stone itself and a print from it as an example of the modern method of



"EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON." BY JESSIE BAYES.





Studio-Talk



"THE PILGRIM." A FIGURE SUPPORTING THE ROOD-BEAM IN URSWICK CHURCH, LANCASHIRE. DESIGNED AND CARVED IN OAK BY ALEC MILLER

artistic lithography. This lithograph (described by an oversight as a drawing) was reproduced in our August number.

The oak statue by Mr. Alec Miller which we illustrate on this page is one of the supporting figures for the rood-beam in Urswick Church, Lancashire, and represents a palmer or pilgrim of the thirteenth century. Mr. Miller has recently been engaged on other figures destined for the top of the rood-beam. The work has been executed in his workshop at the picturesque old market town of Chipping Campden in Gloucestershire,

where during the summer he takes charge of the sculpture class in the Summer School of Arts and Crafts organised by the local Higher Education Committee under the direction of Mr. C. R. Ashbee.

Mr. Nelson Dawson's jewel, also illustrated on this page, is of gold enriched with translucent enamel, pearls, and white sapphires, and is, we understand, destined for presentation to the wife of a Mayor as an ornament to be worn on occasions of civic ceremony.

The Senefelder Club, with a view to uniting more closely collectors, amateurs, and artists interested in artistic lithography, has decided to admit Lay Members, who for an annual subscription of one guinea will be entitled to a signed proof of a lithograph specially drawn by one of the artist members and not otherwise distributed, and will enjoy all the privileges of membership save the right to vote. Applications for lay membership should be made to Messrs. Goupil and Co., 25 Bedford Street, Strand.

The work of Mrs. Isobelle Dods-Withers is

missed from the International Society's exhibition this autumn for the first time for several years, but this artist concentrated all her forces in the exhibition she shared with her husband, Mr. Alfred Withers, at the Leicester Gallery last month: there her imaginative interpretation of landscape made, with Mr. Withers' more matter-of-fact but not less gifted painting, one of the most interesting exhibitions which have recently been held at this Gallery.

Some interesting possibilities in domestic decoration were illustrated in two rooms called the "Island and Starlit Nurseries," exhibited some few weeks ago at the headquarters of the Ryder Decorative Co., 81a Chester Square, and more recently at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. These rooms, designed and fitted up by Mr. H. Kemp Prossor and Mr. Geoffrey Holme, showed what agreeable results can be obtained by simple means when all the details of a decorative scheme are controlled by designers who have the right instinct for their work. In this case the collaboration of Mr. Prossor and Mr. Holme has been productive of something that is freshly unconventional without being extravagant and possesses that essential artistic quality, fitness for its purpose.



"LOVE-IN-A-MIST" PENDANT
BY NELSON DAWSON

Studio-Talk

On the whole the exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, at the Grosvenor Gallery, seems to be rather lacking in the vigour by which the earlier shows of this enterprising association were distinguished. There is in it a fair amount of eccentric and unusual work, but most of this is wanting in any freshness of outlook and represents merely the conventions which are being followed, not too intelligently, by certain groups of present-day artists; and of the contributions by men who do not depart so assertively from the beaten track, only a few can be said to be inspired by any very great strength of conviction. Still there is enough capable work in the show to make it worth the attention of students of art who are not simply seeking for startling surprises—there is a good deal which can be commended for soundness of craftsmanship and for individuality of manner, and there are many things which are quite satisfying as examples of serious effort. One of the most impressive pictures is Mr. Glyn Philpot's *Edipus and the Sphinx*, a powerful conception ably realised: but there is engrossing interest, too, in such canvases as Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *Inverloch*, Mr. W. Nicholson's ingenious technical experiment *Rue*, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's *The Farm*, Mr. G. F. Kelly's sincere and refined *Portrait of Mrs. Reeves*, M. Jacques Blanche's tenderly handled and unconventional portrait of his mother, and the delightful *Interior* by Mr. W. Orpen. Admirable, again, are the three water-colours by Mr. Oliver Hall, the pastel *Le Ballet* and the fan *Danseuses* by Degas, the powerfully direct *Kelso Abbey* by Mr. A. Streeton, the clever study *Two of them* by Mr. A. J. Munnings, the brilliant *Versailles* by Mr. A. Jamieson, and the amusing sketch *Picking Flowers* by Berthe Morisot. Among the other

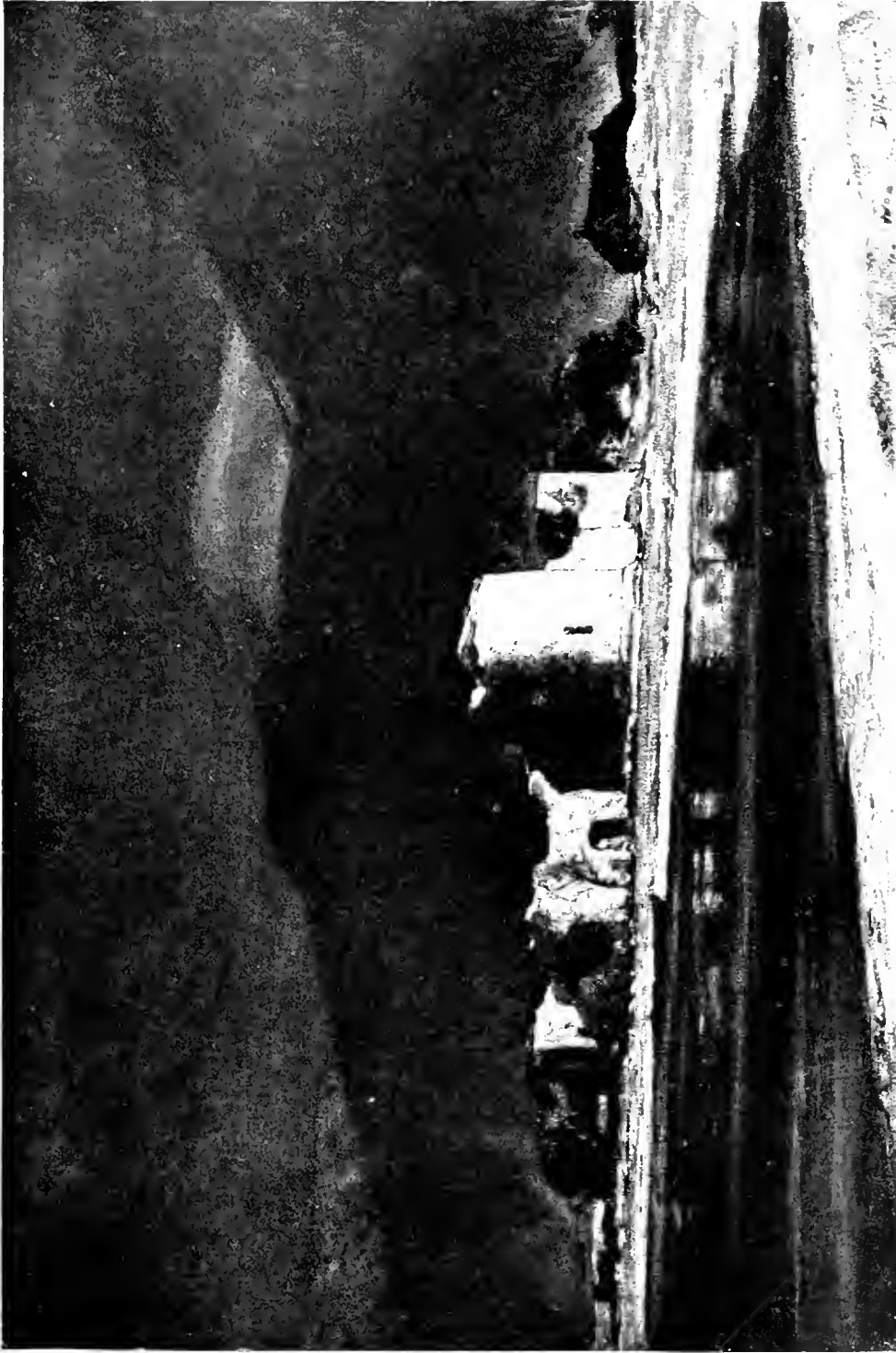
things which must not be overlooked are Mr. G. W. Lambert's portrait of *Mrs. Dodgson*, Mr. Henry Bishop's *Sirocco*, Mr. F. H. Newbery's *Ellaline* and *The Hearth*, Mr. W. Strang's water-colour *Creation of Eve*, Mr. A. S. Hartrick's *Studies of an Archaic Dance*, the pen and colour drawings by Miss A. Airy, and the group of lithographs by Mr. Pennell, who, fresh from his triumphs in portraying the monumental aspects of modern days in America, has been visiting the seats of ancient civilisation in Greece and recorded his impressions of its ruins.

The Fine Art Society has been holding an important exhibition of Mr. Gwelo Goodman's work. The landscapes of this artist reveal qualities which place them in the front rank of English landscape painting. Mr. Goodman has been particularly successful with Indian themes. He is a master in the management of tone, securing in every canvas successful atmospheric effect.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER"
(International Society)

BY JACQUES BLANCHE



*(International Society. By permission
of Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach)*

"INVERLOCHY." BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.



"THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF
JUPITER, ATHENS" FROM A LITHO-
GRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

(International Society)



"TEMPLE OF THESEUS FROM THE ACROPOLIS"
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL

Studio-Talk

GLASGOW.—The impression created by the fifty-second annual exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is instant and emphatic. The new galleries are well planned, sumptuously appointed, efficiently lit, and altogether form fit environment for the highest type of art. The hanging of the six hundred odd works has been universally approved, and could not have been excelled. On the hanging committee there served a supreme decorative artist, and one distinguished for his acute colour sense.

The exhibition is strong in portraiture and in figure studies; there are numerous interesting landscapes and seascapes; the still-life and interior representations are more than clever, and there are fine examples of plastic art. For the first time at Glasgow, too, there is shown a collection of the work of the new impressionists, but this has succeeded in raising a storm of criticism almost amounting to ridicule. It is to be regretted that

an otherwise completely satisfying exhibition should have been disturbed by a note of discord.

Pride of place is given to the huge royal group by Mr. John Lavery, lately on view at the Royal Academy in London. The "record" Raeburn, exquisitely mellowed by a century of time, is another point of interest; two dissimilar portraits by Sir James Guthrie are instinct with all the artistry and characterisation at the command of the President of the Scottish Academy; *Lady Reid*, by Alexander Roche, renews the sincere regret at the untimely interruption through ill-health of the work of this gifted artist; W. M. Petrie shows a bust portrait of a young woman, in tempera, quietly charming and effective; James Paterson sends a strong, vigorous, full-length portrait, with open-air environment; and Maurice Greiffenhagen's portrait of *Fra. H. Nevebery* is a frank and masterly piece of characterisation.

The Reading, by George Henry, A.R.A., is rich in tonal emphasis and luminous feeling, and the



SHEEPING, FIFE

By George Henry, A.R.A.

BY I. HAMILTON MACKENZIE, R.S.W.



“THE PASSING OF AUTUMN”

(Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts)

BY W. A. GIBSON

Corporation in this have secured a fine example of the gifted artist's style. *The Passing of Autumn*, by W. A. Gibson, also purchased for Glasgow's permanent collection, is a powerfully phrased moorland effect in far-away Ross-shire. These two important purchases are a dignified rebuke to the ill-mannered and irresponsible criticism levelled at the Corporation committee in their earnest efforts to bring within the reach of the people the finest examples of contemporary art.

The Bathers, an early work by William M'Taggart, full of that open-airness this distinguished Scottish landscapist had at command, will serve to call attention to the fact that in the city's permanent collection there is yet no example of his art. *The Benediction*, by R. Macaulay Stevenson, is full of that tender poetic feeling and shadowy atmosphere so characteristic of this artist's work: while *Spring in the Woodlands* is rich in all the qualities in which E. A. Hornel excels. Another contribution by a Glasgow artist is the big Dutch pastoral by J. Hamilton Mackenzie. This picture, which

has been added to the list of purchases for the Glasgow Corporation's permanent collection, is well composed, harmoniously phrased, the light and shadow cleverly handled, there is keen sense of distance, and the work is that of an artist who is intimately familiar with the characteristics of the Dutch sketching grounds. A. R. W. Allan contributes earnest pastoral studies, and Gertrude Coventry marks advance in her fishing-port transcriptions. In the water-colour section there are conspicuous examples of the incomparable art of Melville, of the genius of Joseph Crawhall, and of the power of Brangwyn, besides poetic renderings by A. K. Brown, animated colour subtleties by R. M. G. Coventry, and delicate interpretations by Katharine Cameron, R.S.W. J. T.

PARIS.—In the *profondeurs de la conscience alsacienne*, to borrow a familiar expression of Barrès, Zwiller has discovered resources of talent and of will such as have enabled him to raise himself to the level of that chosen band of artists of whom Alsace is justly proud—an

Studio-Talk

cite of thought, of intelligence, of an art which possesses its own traditions, which claims as its own that land where its ancestors have dwelt and where their ashes lie after death, where generation by generation have been gathered up those unconquerable resources which constitute the character of a race, its ideal, its faith in itself, its hope. If his admiration has reverted to Leonardo da Vinci for beauty of form, to Correggio for softness of flesh painting, to Titian for rich and sumptuous colouring, and to Holbein for strength of drawing, he may, nevertheless, himself be counted as a disciple of the great painter of Bernwiller. Like Hemmer, Zwiller has been led by his birth and inclinations to sound the depths of the Alsatian character; both painters have breathed and dreamed under the same skies; they have held enshrined in their hearts the same tender recollections, have felt the same hopes, while having each one his own ideal to be at length adapted and developed in harmony with his own especial faculties. Here we have an explanation of their artistic affinities. The career of this artist proceeds with sureness, and with tranquil faith in the future. The future will surely fulfil our expectations and it will then be recognised what unsuspected reserves of energy and talent are latent in the depths of the Alsatian conscience.

L. H.

BERLIN. — With the completion of the "Marchen-Brunnen," or Fairy-tale Fountain, at the entrance to the Friedrichshain Park, Berlin, a few weeks ago, a unique addition has been made to the amenities of the capital. It was an idea entirely in harmony with the social spirit of the times to erect a really artistic monument which should before all give joy

to multitudes of poor children, and this consideration dictated the fixing of the site on the north-eastern outskirts of the city and also the choice of Stadt-Baurat Ludwig Hoffmann as designer-in-chief. The successor of Messel was the right man for such a task, as his principal works, the Virchow Hospital, the Home for Old Men at Buch near Berlin, as well as his public baths and schools, not only amply demonstrated his unusual capabilities as an architect, but also evinced a strong social note. The plans for the laying out of the fountain and its grounds have been maturing for something like sixteen years. Prof. Ignatius Taschner, was entrusted with the execution of the fairy-tale groups, Josef Rauch with the animals, and Prof. Georg Wrba with the border figures and those for the



"EATING FOOD," ONE OF THE GROUPS FORMING THE FAIRY-TALE FOUNTAIN IN THE FRIEDRICHSHAIN PARK, BERLIN. BY IGNATIUS TASCHNER

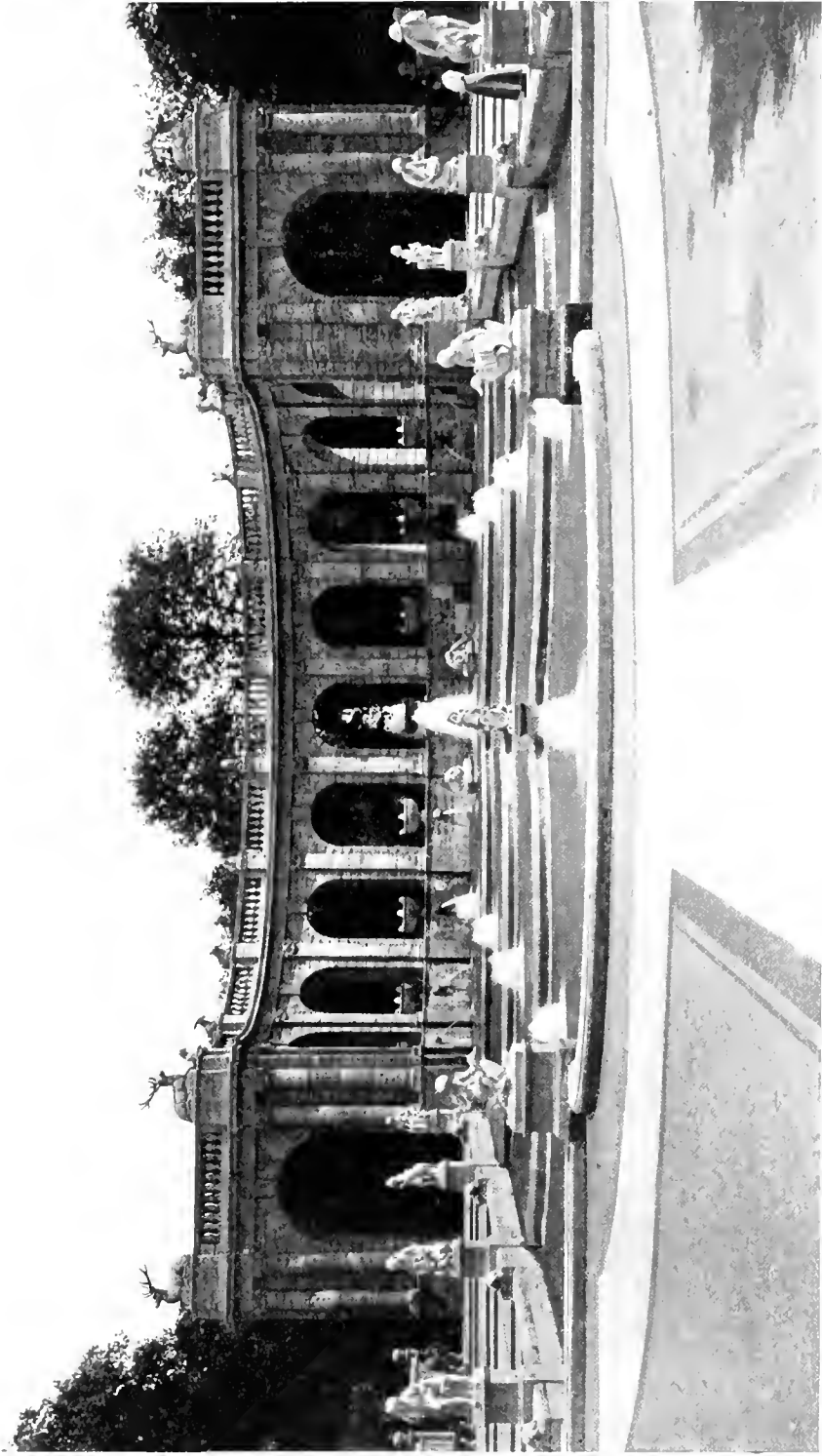
A ZWILLER.



"MÉLANCOLIE." BY A. ZWILLER



THE FRIEDRICHSHAIN FAIRY-TALE FOUNTAIN, BERLIN: THE SMALL
BASIN. DESIGNED BY STADT-BAURAT LUDWIG HOFFMANN



THE FRIEDRICHSHAIN FAIRY-TALE FOUNTAIN, BERLIN; THE LARGE BASIN. DESIGNED BY STADT-BAURAT LUDWIG IOFFMANN

Studio-Talk

smaller basin. It was the special wish of the Emperor that an excess of the romantic element should be avoided and that preference should be given to simple and natural groups which should make a direct appeal to the juvenile heart.

As a preliminary to the formulation of his design, Ludwig Hoffmann consulted the garden-architecture of a villa of the baroque period at Frascati, but as a modern architect he has exercised the utmost freedom in elaborating the scheme now completed, so that it is in no sense a replica of anything already existing. A narrow hedge-walk at the entrance leads to the large basin, where, as will be seen from the illustration, water gushes forth from a number of jets distributed at regular intervals, as well as from vases and lion-heads in the semicircular arched arcade of the background. At the rear of this is a circular opening surrounded by trees, and here is another basin with a fountain which throws up a mighty column of water. Labyrinthine walks lead from side-entrances into the central ground, which with its numberless figures and groups has been transformed into a joyous fairy-world, while in the side-walks are concealed fantastic and fearsome stone figures as a warning to naughty children. One of these represents a huge "Menschenfresser," a cannibal Titan who grasps a tender little infant in each of his huge hands, while borne on his head is a whole basketful of children who do not seem old enough to be guilty of any serious wrong. The introduction of these figures is perhaps open to question, but a humorous touch pervades all these sculptures, whether grim or benignant, and it is this which lends a peculiar charm to the whole creation, whilst the animal spectators on the balustrade of

the arcade look down with grave dignity on the wonderland at their feet. The fairy-tale groups of Prof. Tschner are particularly charming. The severe style of early classical art has determined their final shape, yet the delight in real human form is everywhere prevalent, and a warm-hearted and original artist with a bent for good-natured grotesquerie has extracted new interpretations from old subjects.

In the Werckmeister Salon a series of new cut-paper wall-panels by Lotte Nicklass left a pleasing impression. The Werckmeister Verlag has initiated the revival of this black-and-white art in Germany, and it is interesting to watch its various applications in modern arts and crafts. However fanciful the scissor-work of Lotte Nicklass may appear, it has grown out of direct eye-impressions,



CHILDREN'S GARDEN, FAIRY-TALE FOUNTAIN: ANIMAL FIGURE BY JOSLE RAUCH



"YOUTHFUL MIRTH" AND "ALMA MATER." CUT-
PAPER WALL DECORATIONS BY LOTTE NICKLASS

(By permission of Herkmeister's
Kunstverlag, Berlin)



DOLLS

DESIGNED AND MADE BY KATHE KRUSE

England—for in addition to being artistic they have certain utilitarian qualities in their favour—they are made of indestructible material and can be washed as often as necessary. The illustration shows a group of recent production.

T. R.

having been inspired by scenes from art-school festivities.

J. J.

Kathe Kruse's delightful dolls have been much appreciated in foreign countries—especially

of works exhibited is naturally small, but these, as a rule, are exceedingly well chosen, Austrian and German artists being the chief contributors. Among the former are members of all the different art societies from all parts of the Empire. Franz

VIENNA. — In summer one of the chief attractions of the delightful city of Salzburg is the Art Gallery located just a little way from its centre. The number



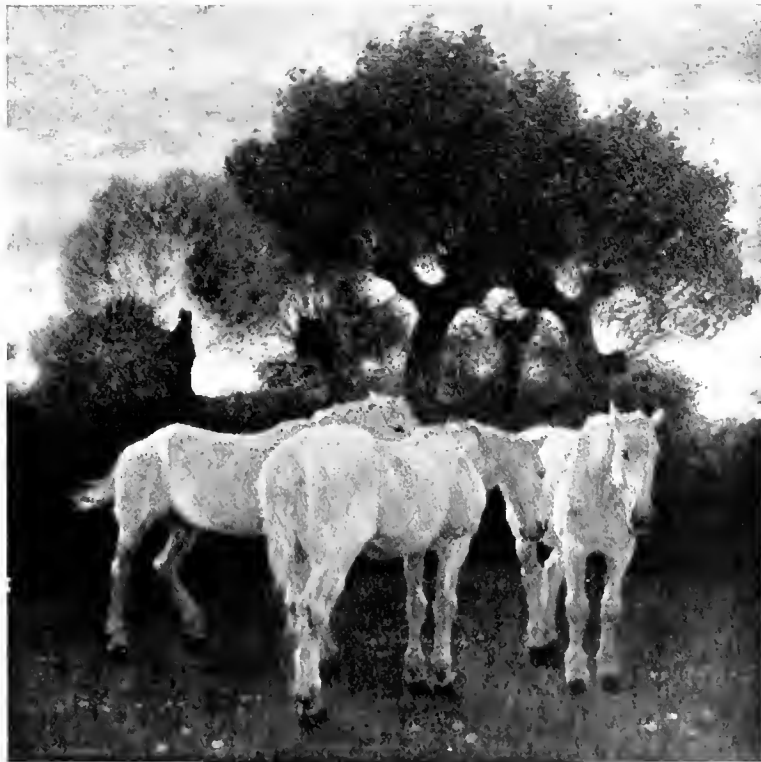


"STILLNESS IN THE FOREST"

BY ADOLF HELMBERGER

von Pausinger, the well-known painter of mountain wilds and big game, sent to the recent exhibition some fine specimens of his art. Heinrich Rauchinger was represented by two excellent portraits. Adolf Helmberger, whose *Stillness in the Forest* is here reproduced, is a native of Salzburg, and a delightful painter of mountain scenery and atmosphere. Adolf Reibmayr, who has made his mark as a painter of animals, chiefly horses, was here represented by two praiseworthy works. Therese Schachner contributed some refined studies of flowers, Edward Zetsche some charming landscapes of the surroundings of Vienna, and Dr. Horatio Gaigher subtle renderings of colour in his *Guitar Player* and *The Flowery Shovel*. Among the German artists represented mention must be made of Hans

ings of odd and out-of-the-way corners of Salzburg), Otto Trauner, and Willy Tiedjen. A. S. L.



"THREE WHITE HORSES"

BY ALBERT REIBMAYR

Best, an artist of fine sentiment. His picture of a cottage interior, here reproduced, is a refined rendering of an every-day theme, admirably and sympathetically handled. Richard Fehdmer, Emmy Lischke, Clemens Nielsen, Prof. Carl Marr, Charles Vetter, August Lüdecke, Johann Holz, Otto Thiele, and Tini Rupprecht were all adequately represented. Among the sculptors special mention must be made of Franz Zelezny's busts of *Wagner* and *Franz Stelzhamer*, executed in oak. In the graphic section the chief contributors were Frank Brangwyn, Hans Nowack (delightful gouache draw-

Studio-Talk

TORONTO, CANADA.—The collection of pictures at this year's National Canadian Exhibition at Toronto, whilst not including any world-famous paintings, maintains the high level for general excellence which marks these annual displays. The galleries of the Fine Arts Palace are filled with canvases from the United Kingdom, United States, Germany, and, of course, Canada. To British art-lovers the British, United States, and German contributions are, probably, more or less well known; but the Canadian pictures are novelties and their makers are, to them, mostly new men. Much excellent work, however, is being done here in the open and in the studio—examples of which adorn the exhibition galleries. In the selection of pictures, a new departure was witnessed this year. In lieu of asking every artist or amateur to send in contributions for judgment, visits were paid to most of the studios, and the best canvases have been chosen without fear or favour.

Notable canvases are *Ice Harvest* by Maurice Cullen of Montreal, *A Prairie Mail* by C. W. Jefferys of Toronto, and *A Florentine* by Laura Muntz of Montreal. Mr. Cullen is unrivalled in Canada for his effects of snow and winter atmosphere. This canvas in particular is effective by reason of the clever technique which marks the vapoury background. The ox-drawn ice-sleigh is a novelty for British eyes. Mr. Jefferys is, *par excellence*, the painter of the prairies, where the silent drama of nature is enacted with the simplest details—sky, grass, scrub, and flowers. Everything is resolved into a homogeneous colour-scheme of blues and browns, sage greens and yellows. *A Prairie Mail* is the best thing Mr. Jefferys has done. Miss Laura Muntz's speciality is children, whom she paints with all their naiveté. This *Florentine* shown here is a fair maiden from the Tuscan hills per chance. Her gown is black velvet, with green-gold trimming. The background is a dazzling bit of Italian lakeland.

Three other painters who stand out prominently among the Canadian painters this year are A. Suzor Coté of Montreal, John Russell of Hamilton, and Horatio Walker of Quebec. Mr. Coté's *Old French-Canadian Pioneer* is a striking portrait-study of an old inhabitant of the Province of Quebec. Whilst the pose and animation are quite natural the technique of light and texture is cleverly studied. The strong sunshine, striking the old gentleman from behind, tints hair, nose, and shoulder with golden light. Mr. Coté is also very excellent in landscape and marine subjects; he has a vivid sense of colour and a wise habit of expression. Mr. Russell, hitherto almost an unknown man, has three portraits in the exhibition all marked by strong brush-work and sympathetic finish. *Principal Miller of Ridley College, Ontario*, shows the reticence and dignity of mellow age; *Mrs. A. H. C. Prector* exhibits the subtle vagaries of feminine



"A FLORENTINE."

BY LAURA MUNTZ, A.R.C.A.
(National Canadian Exhibition, Toronto)

Studio-Talk



"ICE HARVEST"

BY MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A.



"A PRAIRIE MAIL"

(National Canadian Exhibition, Toronto)

BY C. N. JEFFERYS, A.R.C.A.
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Studio-Talk

fashion in an uncommon pose; and *The Orchid*—a fancy portrait—proves that Mr. Russell is a poet-portraitist to boot. The last is a very attractive piece of work: the orchid-tinted gown of the lady, her orchid hat-feather, and the orchid bloom in her hand are well graded in tone and substance. Mr. Russell has a future before him. *Milking Time*, by Horatio Walker, suggests the influence of English, Dutch, and French cattle-painters. This canvas has the brilliant illumination of the Barbizon masters, the minute quaintness of the Lowlanders and the open-handed work of British artists. It is such a sunshiny canvas as is calculated to enliven the dullest gallery or the most dreary drawing-room. All Mr. Walker's work is marked by unconventionality; he is truthful and interesting. He is a true son of Canada and a delightful exponent of rustic life in the Dominion.

Other noteworthy pictures of the year are Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's *Where the Lights Quiver so Far into the River*—a late evening study of the purples and pearl-gold of the Thames near Cleopatra's Needle; Mr. W. H. Clapp's *Morning*—a pointilliste movement in meadowland, in gold and prismatic colours; Mr. R. F. Gagen's *Near High Tide*—a fine piece of Atlantic rock and splash work; Mr. J. K. Lawson's *Boston, Lincolnshire*, with all the subdued light and colour of the fens; Mrs. Mary H. Reid's still life *Study in Greys*; and Mr. Lauren Harris's *The Corner Store*—one of his best renderings of golden sunshine on the snow and vivid blue shadows, unique in Canada. The veteran Mr. Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A., of Montreal, has a clever portrait-study of himself when a dreamy and whimsical young man.

are attractive: Mr. G. A. Reid's *Mountain Top*, a view of wide rolling country through great pine stems in the chiaroscuro of a Canadian sunset; Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald's *Fine Weather, Georgian Bay*; Mr. U. Staple's *Brick Works, Don Valley*, a sunset effect of smoke and stacks; and Mr. H. S. Palmer's *Down the Valley*, an excellent study with all the beetroot, sunflower, and burnt-umber tints of the Canadian autumn. Lastly, but not least in estimation, there are Mrs. Elizabeth A. Knowles's miniatures. Some of these little pictures, the subjects of which are taken from rural life, are no more than the size of a postage stamp, but they are quite as fully painted as are the talented artist's oil-paintings in large.

The Canadian pictures of the year are noticeable for high tone in conception, skillfulness in arrangement, and carefulness in execution, whilst they are peculiarly Canadian in character. The painters of



"YOUNG ENGLAND"

(See Melbourne Studio-Talk)

BY H. S. POWER

Art School Notes



"MISS CHRISTINE SILVER TAKING A CALL"
BY GEORGE J. COATES

to-day have laid well and truly national foundations upon which their sons and daughters will build effectively. The scenic beauty of the land and the busy enterprise of the people are incentives to good work by brush and palette. J. E. S.

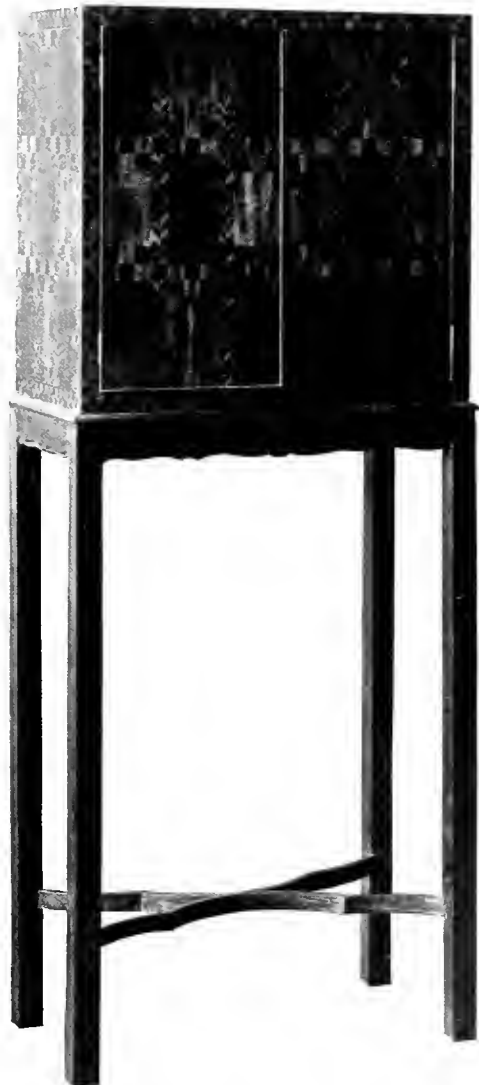
MELBOURNE.—Mr. H. S. Power, a returned Australian painter who has "made good" in England and Scotland with his pictures of hunting and sporting incidents, recently held a successful exhibition at the Guild Hall here. This artist is gifted with a fine sense of movement and colour, and his pictures awakened the keenest interest among art-loving Australians generally. *The Exmoor Stag Hunt, Young England, Toil*, and many others testified to his keen love for nature and the character of animals generally.

Another exhibition of much interest was that held by Mr. George Coates and Miss Dora Meeson, two Australians well known as exhibitors at the

London and Paris exhibitions, but who, nevertheless, had all their grounding in art in Australia. Mr. Coates's work, mostly figure, is excellent, his handling of textures and skilful posing being much admired. Some of his Salon and Royal Academy triumphs were exhibited. His wife (Dora Meeson-Coates) is best in landscape work, though she also has done some good figure work. J. S.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—The London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts entered on its sixth winter session in its present palatial quarters at the close of September with a varied and well co-ordinated



INLAID MUSIC CABINET
BY W. ALLEN
(L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts)

Art School Notes

programme of studies. The school has a highly capable principal in Mr. F. V. Burridge, the well-known etcher, who before coming to London last year was head of the Mount Street School in Liverpool, and the list of teachers and lecturers includes the names of many who are well known in the fields of art and architecture. The instruction is carried on both in the daytime and in the evening, and falls into seven main groups or schools

architecture and building crafts, including architectural wood-carving and stone-carving; cabinet work and furniture, among the subjects being ivory-carving (Mr. R. Garbe); silversmith's work and allied crafts; book production, in which numerous subjects are included, such as bookbinding (Mr. A. de Sauty), tool-cutting, typography, black-and-white illustration, wood-engraving, poster-designing, writing and illumination (Mr. Graily Hewitt and Mr. H. L. Christie), lithography (Mr. F. Ernest Jackson), etching and mezzotint (Mr. Luke Taylor), &c.; drawing, design, and modelling; decorative needlework, stained-glasswork, mosaic and decorative painting. The equipment of the school is all that

could be desired, and students who wish to specialise in a particular calling have therefore every facility for acquiring a thorough training. The various handicraft classes are restricted to those engaged in the trade, and the fees charged to such are merely nominal. Exhibitions of work executed by students during the previous session are held at the beginning of a new session. We give some illustrations of exhibits which figured in that with which the present session was inaugurated. Though some of the departments were represented by comparatively few items, the general quality of the work was excellent and marked a distinct advance on that shown a year ago. The display was particularly strong in the section of book production comprising the subjects enumerated above, and it was interesting to find among the students of lithography an artist who enjoys a high repute as a painter in oils and water-colours. We refer, of course, to Mr. Walter West, R.W.S., who, as may be inferred from the accompanying reproduction of one of the prints he exhibited, has found his new medium a congenial one.



WESTERLY VIEW OF THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY W. RIDGWAY

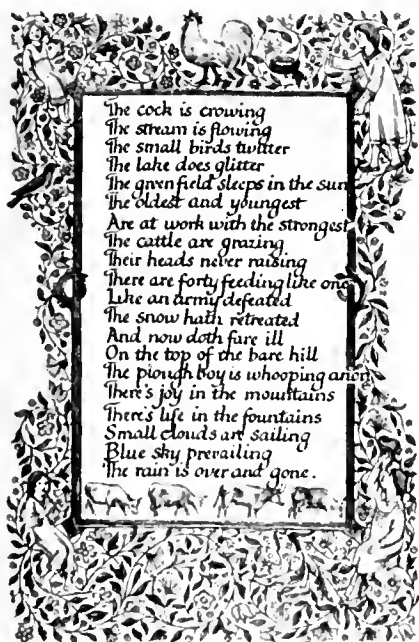


*(L.C.C. Central School of
Arts and Crafts)*

"IN THE FIRELIGHT." LITHOGRAPHIC
STUDY BY J. WALTER WEST



"AT THE CIRCUS." A LITHOGRAPH IN COLOURS BY W. G. MACHELL AFTER A DESIGN BY MAUD KLEIN



"MARCH." AN ILLUMINATED PAGE OF LETTERING BY MRS. M. S. KUCK

AS THE DAY
LENGTHENS
THE YEAR
STRENGTHENS.

Strengthen young year!
Grow strong and handsome,
gallant and winsome,
Comely and dear.

Gray days shall hold you,
sweet days shall fold you,
Till there shall come
The wild flowers dancing,
the tulips glancing
The swallows home.

PAGE FROM A BOOK OF SPRING SONGS. LETTERED BY MISS LILIAN FROST; ILLUMINATED BY MISS ISABEL POCOCK

(I.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts)

Reviews and Notices



PLASTER DESIGN FOR CORBEL BY A. BÜTTNER
(L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts)

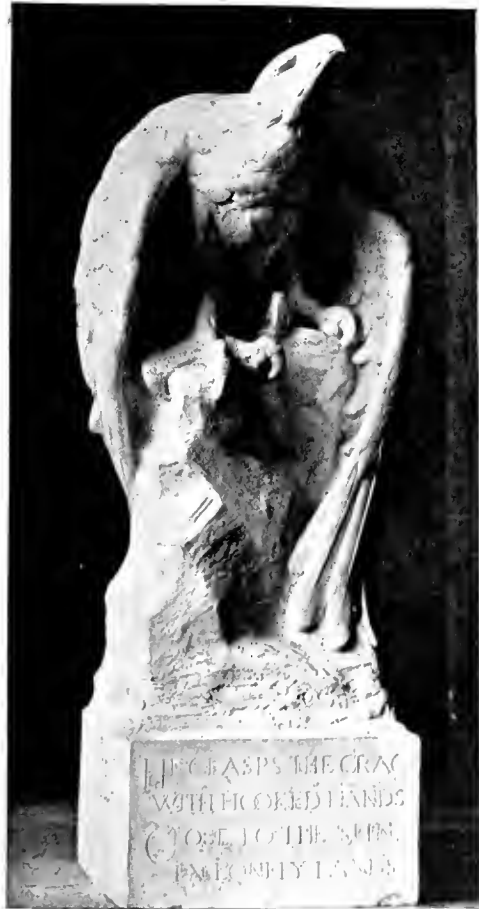
The authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum are anxious that students of the arts and crafts should derive as much benefit as possible from close study of the objects in the collections, and for some time special facilities for such study have been afforded. A further step in this direction has been taken by the institution of a series of free evening lectures on the technical processes connected with three branches of the textile art—Plain and Ornamental Weaving (Mr. Luther Hooper); Printed Fabrics (Mr. C. T. Lindsay); and Embroidery Stitches (Miss Louisa Pesel). The practical value of such lectures, illustrated as they were by lantern slides and actual specimens from the museum collection, cannot be over-estimated, and it is to be hoped that the Board of Education will not only extend the scope of such lectures but make them a regular feature of the museum administration. A course of lectures, for instance, on the furniture of various epochs would prove popular not only among craftsmen but also among the general public, whose ignorance is amply demonstrated by the vast quantity of spurious “antiques” now in existence.

The Board of Education has also provisionally appointed an official guide to conduct parties of visitors, not exceeding twenty in number, round the

museum twice daily at noon and 3 P.M. The guide's services may be obtained at other times by special arrangement, and in all cases no charge is made for his services and no gratuities are to be offered. The arrangement is to continue till March 31.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Leonardo da Vinci. By DR. JENS THUIS. (London: Herbert Jenkins.) 42/- net.—As is pointed out by Dr. Thuis in his deeply interesting monograph, which has been admirably translated by Jessie Muir, it is only comparatively recently that the priceless manuscripts left by Leonardo da Vinci have been rendered accessible to the student. Widely scattered in public and private libraries in many different countries and written in a mirror-script exceptionally difficult to decipher, they remained a closed book until they were translated and edited by a few earnest scholars, whose names and the



PLASTER EAGLE. MODELLED BY T. W. PARFITT
(L.C.C. Central School)

Reviews and Notices



POTTERY

(L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts)

BY G. SPURGE

work they have done are given in one of the appendices to this volume. Their researches are now constantly supplemented by the society known as the *Raccolta Vinciani* of Milan, founded in 1904 for the purpose of collecting everything in any way connected with Leonardo, his writings and his contemporaries, so that the difficulty at the present day is that of selection rather than of paucity of material. Dr. Thiis has not only made an exhaustive study of the original writings of the great master and the literature founded on them, but he has personally examined all the paintings and drawings he criticises, bringing to bear on them an insight into characteristics of style as valuable as it is rare. As the result of his searching analysis of the works long attributed to Leonardo he finds himself compelled to reject more than half of those accepted a generation ago as authentic. Of the forty-two drawings in the Uffizi, for instance, he says he is able to acknowledge only seven as genuine, but in these seven he finds "the balance, the force, and the grace in the construction of the figures, and feels the electric current from the creative genius that vibrates in the spring and nervous sinuosities of the lines," which are to him "a revelation of the young Leonardo's genius, his temperament, manner of handling, method of working, technique and delineating media." In his present volume, the German critic considers only the Florentine period of da Vinci's career, when he was under the influence of Verrocchio, before the journey to Milan and the production of *The Last Supper*. In his concluding chapter, however, he dwells on the genesis of that consummate creation, noting its strange connection with the earlier *Adoration of the Magi*, and declaring that the artistic idea of the former is to be found among the preliminary studies for the group of warriors in the latter. The volume is abundantly illustrated,

and the reproductions, especially of the numerous drawings, are irreproachable.

The Meaning of Art.
By PAUL GAULTIER. (London: G. Allen and Co., Ltd.) 5s. net.—As a serious study of a very wide subject this book can be commended to the attention of all students of art. It is treated thoughtfully and judiciously, without fanatical enthusiasms; and

it is free from those affectations of abstruse suggestion which spoil much that has been already written on the subject. The author has evidently clear convictions which he has not hesitated to state frankly and intelligibly: and the straightforwardness of his style helps to make convincing his statement of his case. The sections into which the book is divided—"What is Art," "What a Work of Art Teaches," "The Morality of Art," "The



PLASTER DESIGN FOR A DOOR-KNOCKER
BY A. F. A. WING
(L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts)

Reviews and Notices

Social Rôle of Art," and "The Criticism of Art"—cover the ground adequately and allow of the subject being dealt with from different aspects. Each one is well considered and each one is argued with ability; no one who reads the book, whether he agrees with the writer's conclusions or not, would deny his sincerity.

Die Radierungen und Steindrucke von Käthe Kollwitz. Ein beschreibendes Verzeichniss von JOHANNES SIEVERS. (Dresden: Herrmann Holst.)—Käthe Kollwitz, whose *œuvre* as an etcher and lithographer from the year 1890 (when she was twenty-three) down to 1912 is set forth in this descriptive catalogue, enjoys a high repute in Germany both among connoisseurs and collectors of prints and among critics. The number of works described and illustrated is 122, and of these nearly a score are self-portraits executed at various stages of the artist's career, so that the volume forms a record of herself as well as of her work. As for the rest, they reveal a curious penchant for portraying the "seamy side" of life—and death too, is the theme of not a few—but at the same time they certainly bear witness to an executive ability of no mean order, which is especially evident in the two series or cycles of etchings representing episodes in the War of the Peasants and the Rising of the Weavers. The savage fury of these mobs of desperate men and women is in strong contrast to the sullen passivity of other proletarian types portrayed by the artist. There is, of course, a pronounced social note in the artist's work, as there is in that of many other German artists at the present day, some of whom, like Frau Kollwitz, have no qualms about portraying the most unsavoury aspects of human life. There is, indeed, one etching in this catalogue which by its very name cannot but excite repugnance, and there are others which, whatever their merits from a technical point of view, leave on us anything but an agreeable impression.

An Artist in Italy. Written and painted by WALTER TYNDALE, R.I. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 20s. net.—If hardly so satisfying as the companion volume "An Artist in Egypt," Mr. Walter Tyndale's latest book, "An Artist in Italy," has much to commend it. The twenty-six plates in colour, though mostly dealing with a theme which, from an artist's point of view, is somewhat hackneyed, are sympathetically treated, while the letterpress is bright and interesting. The author modestly says in his preface that the volume is little more than a painter's record of the places he visited while in search of material for his professional work. We would not wish it otherwise.

Glorified guide-books to Italy can be had by the score; the impressions of an artist like Mr. Tyndale, with his keen powers of observation and picturesque yet convincing style of writing, are not so easily accessible, and their appearance calls for no apology from the author. The present volume deals mostly with Venice and the hill-towns of Tuscany, the chapters on Siena forming perhaps the most enjoyable part of the book. The description of the "Palio" of Siena, one of the most remarkable and best known of the *fiesta* of ancient religious origin, is particularly interesting.

Famous Paintings selected from the World's Great Galleries. (London: Cassell and Co., Ltd.) 2 vols., 12s. net each.—Mr. G. K. Chesterton introduces these volumes of coloured reproductions with a plea for the republication of "old and good pictures as a real part of that grossly neglected thing—public education." With the omission of the first two words here quoted, we entirely concur in this recommendation. We hope Mr. Chesterton is not one of those who cannot see any merit in a picture unless it is old. However, if the pictures here reproduced, numbering fifty in each volume, are good, they are not all old, for not a few living or recently deceased artists of note are represented along with various of the great old masters. Each reproduction is accompanied by a descriptive note, and as the selection includes many works of great interest from various standpoints, the two volumes are pretty sure to prove popular.

A Soldier's Diary, South Africa, 1899-1901. Written and illustrated by MURRAY COSBY JACKSON. (London: Max Goschen, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.—The author, who served with distinction as a non-commissioned officer in South Africa, wrote this account of his own personal experiences during the war for the benefit of his family circle. It pretends in no way to be a history of the events of the campaign, and is here presented just as it was compiled by Sergt. Jackson. His pages form most interesting reading and are full of humorous—and often very grim—anecdotes of his own and his comrades' experiences in the field. Altogether this is a very entertaining human document and one which throws a most interesting sidelight on the South African War. The author's illustrations are admirably graphic, though as he does not pretend to be an artist it would not be fair to criticise them as drawings.

Sketches from Nature. By JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A. (London: Cassell and Co.) 6s. net.—This is an extremely attractive book of sketches in water-colour and pencil made in travelling by the late

Reviews and Notices

Academician. To artists it will be interesting for the revelation of refined skill in pencil-draughtsmanship. The late artist failed to preserve in his paintings the highly artistic qualities, the expressive touch and appreciation of tone which the delightful drawings in pencil show.

Guillaume Charlier. Par SANDER PIERRON. (Brussels: G. Van Oest et Cie.)—Generally speaking the contemporary school of sculpture in Belgium is a very interesting one, and the work of the artist who forms the subject of this latest volume in the "Collection des Artistes Belges contemporains," in particular is well worth a study. Unquestionably Meunier is the dominant figure in modern Belgian sculpture, but in the case of Charlier it is interesting to note that while his artistic outlook has been somewhat similar his development was entirely independent. A number of excellent illustrations accompany the text.

Subsoil. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (London: Hurst and Blackett.) 6s. net.—The author, well known as a novelist, is also familiar, though perchance to a smaller circle, as an art critic. In "Subsoil" he seems to combine the dual rôle, and interwoven with a story which is hardly as convincing as have been some of his other novels we find him dealing with some aspects of the unrest in art generally at the present day. Whether he wishes to be here the novelist or the art critic one cannot feel quite sure, but the "mixture" is undeniably interesting.

Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyâm. Illustrated in colour by RENÉ BULL. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net; edition de luxe, 42s. net.—Publishers have evidently found that the public are not tired yet of Omar Khayyâm in gift-book form. The cover of this volume is of a beautiful though highly elaborated character, and Mr. René Bull's colour drawings are full of inventiveness and charm of colour and design. Mounted simply on their cream paper they would have been wholly delightful, but here the effect has been marred by an unnecessary bordering of excessive gold ornamentation. The black and white—or rather green and white—embellishment of the letterpress is not a success. Whether from the effect of this green ink, or from the style of the decoration of the page and the lettering itself, the letterpress pages are commonplace and detract from, instead of comporting with, the exquisite pattern work and inspiring style of the coloured drawings.

The Old Curiosity Shop. Illustrated in colour by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net; edition de luxe, 42s. net.—Mr.

Frank Reynolds, who is a most scholarly draughtsman and attractive colourist, whole-heartedly adopts all the Dickens conventions. His treatment of his subject may be said to have every quality but originality. But your true lover of Dickens is above everything conservative, and probably nothing could recommend this pleasantly embellished book to them so much as its staunch adherence to the types which the earlier Dickens illustrators created.

Vanity Fair. By W. M. THACKERAY. Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net; edition de luxe, 42s. net.—In this case, as in the case of Dickens, one does not look for any marked departure from precedent, and indeed as the various characters have to appear in the costumes and environment of a certain epoch, the illustrator has definite limitations imposed upon him. Mr. Baumer's illustrations are, however, instinct with vitality and charm, and it is clear that he has striven to interpret his author conscientiously.

The Jackdaw of Rheims. By THOS. INGOLDSBY. Illustrated by CHARLES FOLKARD. (London: Gay and Hancock.) 10s. 6d. net.—Mr. Folkard has an undoubted gift for illustration, though we hardly think colour is the chief element in his artistic endowment. We are judging, of course, by the coloured illustrations to this ever-attractive legend of Thomas Ingoldsby; here the colour is rarely pleasing and at times decidedly unpleasant. It may be, of course, that they have suffered in the printing-press, like many of the coloured illustrations one sees nowadays. In some of his illustrations of three or four years ago. Mr. Folkard showed somewhat too plainly the influence of Mr. Rackham, but though we are still reminded of that influence here, it is far less obvious: the drawings show a humorous inventiveness of his own, and among them are some which also disclose a new technique, being apparently executed in part by the aid of what is called "poker work." The text pages contain numerous black-and-white drawings which do the artist credit.

The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's. Authorised Version. Illustrated after the drawings by W. RUSSELL FLINT. (London: P. Lee Warner.) Cloth, 6s. net; parchment, 12s. 6d. net.—This is a reprint in smaller format of the first Riccardi Press edition published four years ago. The binding, with its sinuous scroll in gold, is adapted from a Persian manuscript in the British Museum. The reproductions of Mr. Russell Flint's charming drawings are fully mounted, but in some cases the rich mellow colour characteristic of the artist's water-colour drawings has not, we think, had full justice done to it.

Reviews and Notices

My Dog. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Illustrated by CECIL ALDIN. (London: Geo. Allen and Co.) 3s. 6d. net.—Mr. Cecil Aldin's work is popular and deservedly so, for in his drawings there are qualities of humour and of sympathetic understanding that are most attractive. This excellent translation by Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos of Maeterlinck's charming little essay "Sur la Mort d'un Petit Chien" from "Le Double Jardin," is accompanied by six reproductions of water-colour drawings of a little bull-dog pup that show all the artist's accustomed ability.

The Children's Blue Bird. By GEORGETTE LEBLANC (Mme. Maurice Maeterlinck). With illustrations by ALBERT ROTHENSTEIN. (London: Methuen.) 5s. net.—If we study Mr. Albert Rothenstein's pictures in this book simply as pictures, we cannot fail to find in the best of them a considerable art in attaining the old-world feeling of picture-books illustrated with great vividness. Mr. Rothenstein strikes a note of colour fantasy far removed from the commonplace, like the tale of the Blue Bird itself. But the tale breathes reverence and enchantment, and if anything could dispel these qualities, we think it would be Mr. Rothenstein's work, for its effect rests entirely with a clever fantastic distribution of colour. In the region of caricature his mockery of the contours of life, animate and inanimate, may be exhilarating because it is artful and novel, and amusingly clever in its way, as well as anything but tame; but for us as an interpretation of "The Blue Bird," it expels that story's gracious, happy charm.

The Fairy Book. Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE. (London: Macmillan.) 15s. net.—The sub-title of "The Fairy Book" is "The Best Popular Fairy Stories, selected and rendered anew by the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'" Mr. Warwick Goble's pictures are thoroughly typical of the high standard reached in the best colour illustration of to-day, and we are sure that this volume will find favour with the best critics of such books as these, namely, the children who receive them as presents. We ourselves should have preferred more original interpretations of the stories, but the young are conservative and dislike to see their old favourites in new clothes. The cover of the book is delightful.

The Walpole Society has issued to its subscribers its second annual volume, containing papers on various topics of much interest accompanied by a large number of plates in photogravure, colour, and ordinary half-tone, the printing of which reflects the highest credit on the Oxford University Press. In

view of the fact that the society was founded for the purpose of encouraging the study of British Art, it is a little curious to find one-third of the volume allotted to a paper on a painter who, though he lived and worked in England for many years, was an alien by birth and training. This is the painter whose monogram HE is found on numerous portraits of royal and other notable personages who, lived about the middle of the sixteenth century. Mr. Lionel Cust, as the result of much research, is able to establish the identity of this limner of society in those days. It appears that he came from the Netherlands, and that his full name was Hans or Haunce Eworth, but many variations of the name are given from contemporary documents. The portraits he painted, though they cannot be claimed as products of British art, are nevertheless of considerable interest as paintings as well as historically. The second paper concerns the de Critz family of painters who came to England from Antwerp, and were also successful in securing the patronage of the Court. In the latter half of the volume the topics discussed are more strictly British. Mr. E. F. Strange gives an account of the fine rood-screen of Cawston Church in Norfolk with its painted panels and carved figures, which the evidence he adduces shows to have been the work of English artists and craftsmen; and again an English origin is asserted by Mr. Kendrick with a good show of reason for the Hatfield tapestries of The Seasons. Mr. W. G. Strickland reviews the work of Hugh Douglas Hamilton, a portrait painter of the eighteenth century who practised first in Dublin and then in London. M. A. Dubuisson writes in French on the influence of Bonington and the English School of landscape painting in France, which began to make itself definitely felt in 1824 when a group of seven English painters exhibited at the Paris Salon. The volume closes with a paper by Mr. A. J. Finberg on "Some of the Doubtful Drawings in the Turner Bequest at the National Gallery," accompanied by reproductions of numerous drawings which he has been able to assign to their rightful authors, Thomas Girtin, de Louthembourg, and Dayes, the attributions being corroborated by other drawings by these artists, which are reproduced by way of comparison.

Miss Gladys Wynne has written for Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's "Shown to the Children" Series a little book on architecture (2s. 6d. net) in which, with the aid of numerous illustrations, she tells in a vivacious conversational way, well suited to juvenile comprehension, the chief facts concerning the development of European architecture.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE : ON FACING BOTH WAYS.

"Do you chance to have read a book called 'Thorley Weir,' by E. F. Benson?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "If you have not, let me commend it to your attention; the story has a moral."

"Oh, yes, I have read it," laughed the Art Critic. "Did you think the villain of the piece was drawn from me? I can assure you that the portrait is not the least like me."

"What is the book about?" broke in the Young Painter. "I have not seen it."

"It is just an ordinary love story," replied the Man with the Red Tie, "but the hero is a young artist of spectacular ability and the villain is a critic: the whole plot turns upon the relations between these two."

"But what a type of critic is he!" cried the Critic. "You should explain that though he is nominally a critic and a writer on Art for various papers, he is really a dealer, and that he makes a fortune by exploiting young artists to his own advantage and by decidedly tricky dealings in Old Masters."

"Good Lord! That is a commonplace type enough to write a story about," said the Young Painter. "Most modern critics are dealers in disguise—and usually in a very thin disguise too. Those that are not actually dealers themselves are in with the regular dealers and regularly share their profits."

"The type is a common one, I admit," sighed the Critic, "but there are exceptions to the rule. I may be a bit old-fashioned, but I can say without fear of contradiction that I have never myself diverged into Art dealings."

"Is that due to want of inclination or lack of opportunity?" sneered the Man with the Red Tie. "Or is it merely a pose?"

"It is due to a quite sincere belief that the functions of the critic and the dealer are opposed to one another," returned the Critic. "I do not see how the two can be associated without a very serious deterioration of the critic's character. If the critic adopts the dealer's necessarily material point of view his own mental attitude must inevitably degenerate. He ought to be an idealist, not a shrewd commercial man."

"Yet I suppose every dealer ought to be a bit of a critic," argued the Young Painter.

"A bit of a critic! Yes," agreed the Critic. "That is true in this sense, that the dealer must be

able to appreciate fully the difference between good Art and bad, and that to exercise this appreciation he must possess the critical faculty. But what is much more important to him is that he should know infallibly what sort of Art will sell and what sort of Art he can make saleable. He must not hesitate to handle bad Art if the public want to buy it, and if he can see his way to make a sufficiently large profit out of it. His eye must always be on the Art market."

"And the critic, I suppose, must never be so indiscreet as to allow himself to become conscious that there is such a thing as an Art market at all," laughed the Man with the Red Tie.

"Precisely, that just sums it up," answered the Critic. "The existence of an Art market cannot, of course, be concealed from the critic, but the only consciousness of it that he may show should appear solely in his desire to influence the market always to demand the best. In other words, he must advocate the best, whether it happens to appeal to the public or not, and he must strive perpetually and sincerely to teach the Art lover to discriminate carefully between what is good and bad in Art."

"May he not back his opinion by buying and selling what is good?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "Must his advocacy of the things in which he honestly and sincerely believes always be disinterested?"

"If it is not disinterested his criticism becomes merely the advertisement of the tradesman who is puffing his wares," said the Critic. "The critic cannot face both ways and keep one eye on great Art principles and the other on the main chance. Such a strain on his visual organs must result in moral astigmatism, and human nature being what it is, the twist will generally be in the direction of his personal profit."

"It seems to me that the astigmatism of the modern critic has developed into a regular squint," laughed the Young Painter.

"Let us be charitable and call it a defect in vision," replied the Critic. "But, all the same, it is a defect I would like to see cured. So long as the critics give way to the temptation to make a bit for themselves out of what they know about Art, so long as they buy and sell either on their own or in co-operation with the avowed Art dealers, there can be no pure and helpful Art criticism. No man can write without bias if he has a direct monetary interest in the things about which he is writing; and I am afraid this bias is very apparent at the present time."

THE LAY FIGURE.

A New Mural Panel by Mr. Brangwyn

A NEW MURAL PANEL BY
MR. FRANK BRANGWYN,
A.R.A.

THE latest of the now lengthy series of mural decorations painted by Mr. Frank Brangwyn is a large panel recently placed in the new Court House at Cleveland in the State of Ohio and having for its subject an historical event to which all members of the Anglo-Saxon race in every part of the globe look back as perhaps the most significant in the evolution of the race—*King John Signing the Great Charter at Runnymede*. The panel is of monumental proportions, the length from side to side being no less than fifty feet, while the height from the base line to the top is fifteen feet. These proportions made it impracticable to reproduce the finished panel satisfactorily in colour on the small scale required by the pages of this magazine; hence it has been deemed best to give a black-and-white reproduction only of the panel as now placed in

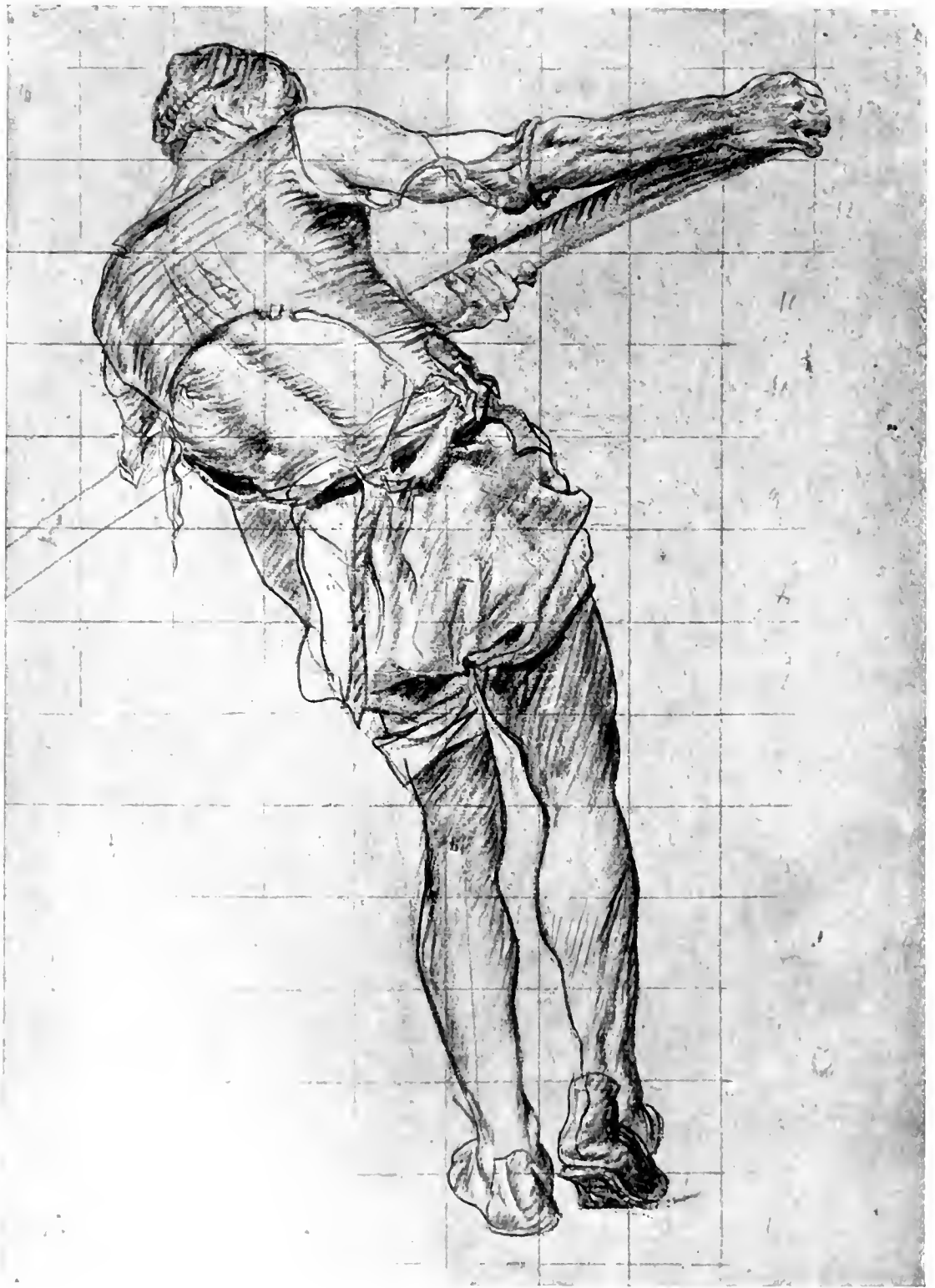
position in the Cleveland Court House, and as a substitute for a colour reproduction of it Mr. Brangwyn has kindly placed at our disposal two of his preliminary sketches which, though fairly large, have served admirably for the purpose of polychrome reproduction. It will be observed that the second of these two sketches corresponds very closely to the large panel as regards the general design, and the colour-scheme also presents no marked divergence, the keynote in both being the bright red cloak of the figure in close proximity to King John.

The execution of this large panel occupied Mr. Brangwyn fully if not quite two years, and the whole of the work was carried through without any collaboration on the part of assistants. His chalk studies of the various figures composing this historic gathering have an interest apart from the finished result, and we are glad therefore to be able to include a typical selection from them among our illustrations.



STUDY FOR THE CLEVELAND COURT HOUSE PANEL.

BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



STUDY FOR CLEVELAND COURT HOUSE
PANEL BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



STUDY FOR CLEVELAND COURT HOUSE
PANEL. BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



STUDY FOR CLEVELAND COURT HOUSE
PANEL. BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



“KING JOHN SIGNING THE GREAT CHARTER AT
RUNNYMEDE.” THE PANEL AS FINALLY PAINTED
FOR THE NEW COURT-HOUSE AT CLEVELAND,
OHIO. BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



STUDY FOR CLEVELAND COURT HOUSE
PANEL BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"KING JOHN SIGNING THE GREAT CHARTER AT RUNNYMEDE." SKETCH IN OILS FOR MURAL PANEL IN THE NEW COURT-HOUSE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



Beppe Ciardi

AN ITALIAN PAINTER: BEPPE CIARDI. BY L. BROSCH.

BEPPE CIARDI, the subject of this article, belongs incontestably to the very front rank of contemporary Italian landscape painters — and animal painters as well, for in that class of subject also he has few if any rivals. His collection of representative works which formed one of the *mostre individuali* at the Tenth International Art Exhibition of the City of Venice last year created a lasting impression by the strength of colour, the vigorous draughtsmanship, and the virile sentiment revealed therein.

Like his sister Emma, whose work is familiar to the readers of this magazine, Beppe Ciardi owes not a little to his father, Guglielmo Ciardi, more particularly as regards technique, with which both he and his sister became acquainted in early years under paternal supervision, but also in regard to individuality of perception, which the father always strove to encourage. The

two have, however, in their subsequent careers followed widely divergent paths. Emma is the poetess of those dreamy rococo gardens where the *beau monde* and its gilded youth were wont to pass their time in leisure and love-making. Beppe, on the other hand, is a realist who unflinchingly essays to interpret Nature in all sincerity, and asks only that her message shall be plain and without affectation of any sort. When the writer first made acquaintance with his work in an exhibition of sketches some fifteen years ago he was impressed by the capability shown in it, and especially by the intelligent and thoughtful way in which the artist had worked out his themes. His interpretation of sunshine and simple child-life was admirable and quite free from artificiality, and his broad, "fat" handling of his pigment imparted an enjoyable freshness to his work. The young artist was accustomed to look at Nature even in those days with a free and expansive vision, and though with the passing of the years he has gained greater assurance and seated himself more firmly in the



"THE MOUNTEBANKS"

BY BEPPE CIARDI

Beppe Ciardi

saddle, his progress towards his ultimate goal has been steady and unflinching, without any of that temerity or indecision which so often proves an obstacle to the painter of weaker fibre. To-day we see him in the full tide of his manhood, able to look back upon a rich harvest of successful accomplishment.

Beppe Ciardi is a native of Venice, where he was born in the year 1875, and, as already indicated above, he began to paint at an early age. In fact he was barely ten years old when, in the atelier of his father, Guglielmo Ciardi, he first took brush in hand, and he might soon have developed into a prodigy, as sometimes happens in the case of offshoots from an artistic stock. But the father, a man of an uncommonly energetic, determined nature, absolutely refused to allow anything of that sort. Perhaps this distinguished landscape painter of the old school was thinking of the early and not altogether smooth stages of his own career, or what among artists is called the "thorny path": at all events his son Beppe had to go through the regular

school training, finishing off at the University. That his studies in natural science failed to quench his love for art is of course self-evident, and as a matter of fact when he was a University student the spare time left to him from his studies was employed in painting. Subsequently he joined the Academy in Venice and diligently practised drawing from the nude and heads under the eminent painter, Prof. Ettore Tito. Here, without lapsing into an imitative manner, he acquired a certain technical foundation for his later figure pictures. A good example of these is *I Saltimbanchi*, showing a troupe of mountebanks giving an exhibition of their feats of skill on one of the piazzas of Venice, the dark mass of spectators forming an effective background to the performers, while the effect of warm sunlight has been achieved without any undue forcing of the shadows. This work—which, with others now reproduced, figured in his collective exhibition at Venice last year—has been referred to by a well-known critic as "veramente l'opera memorabile d'un maestro."



"THE LITTLE MOTHER"

BY BEPPE CIARDI



“THE HAY WAIN”
BY BEPPE CLARDI

Beppe Ciardi

Beppe Ciardi almost invariably paints with a well-loaded brush, and applies his colour with energetic strokes, never condescending to such old tricks as leaving the ground showing or glazing thinly over a white canvas. The modern methods of the pointillists, too, are very rarely or never adopted by him, but he paints quite simply just as he sees, unaffectedly and straightforwardly without the slightest prejudice in the matter of technique—an advantage he no doubt owes in some measure to his father. His aim and vision are concentrated on the work before him in its entirety, and as a rule he has the good fortune to find that the details fit into their proper place spontaneously. An instinct for the rhythmical distribution of masses, for sparkling colour and for harmony of line is characteristic of him: and that which above all distinguishes his work is its fidelity to actuality, its veracious rendering of what has been accurately observed.

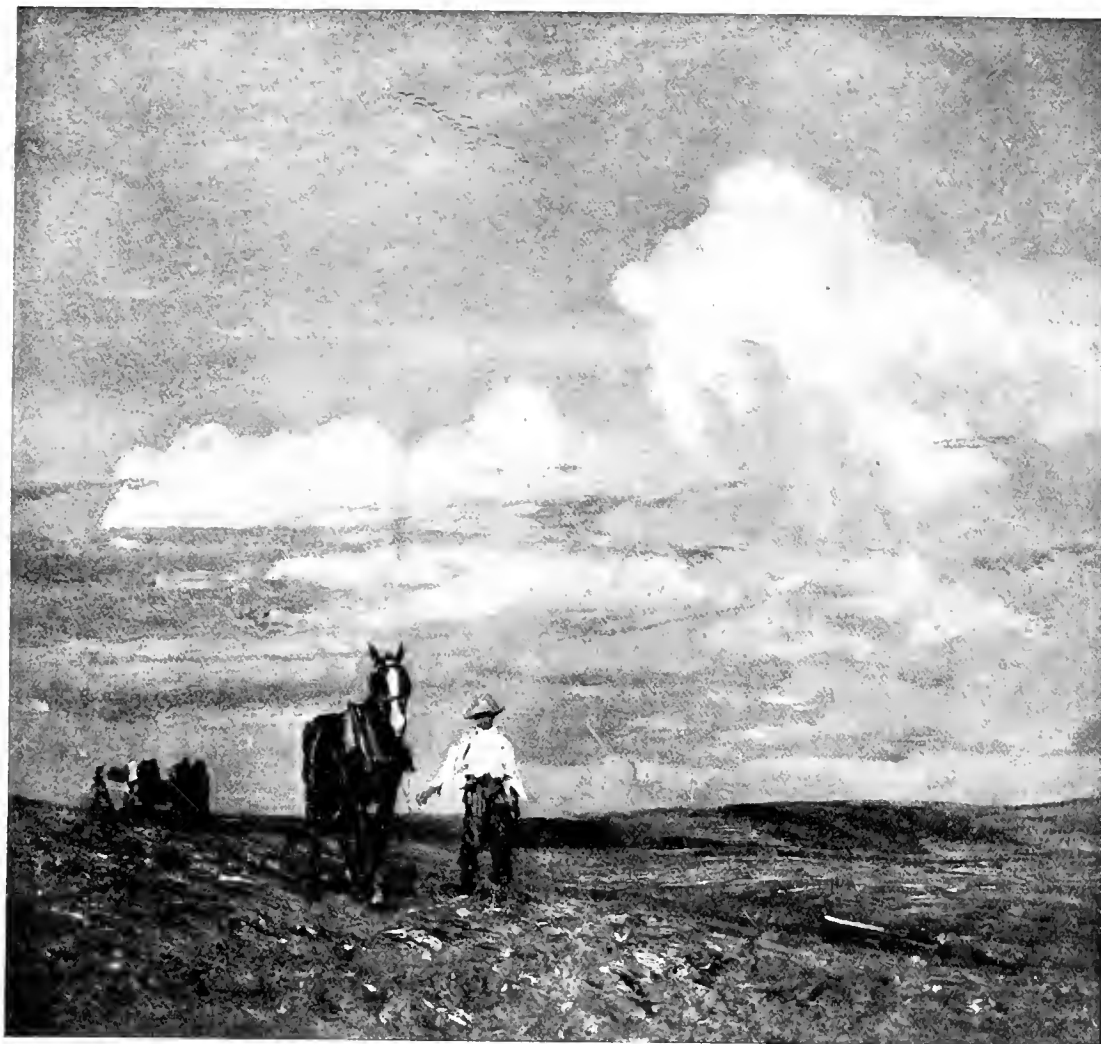
A special predilection of this artist is for strong contrasts of light and shade, particularly when painting human subjects and animals. Significant in

this respect are his pictures and sketches of little girls in the open, two of which are shown in the accompanying illustrations. Ciardi is certainly an excellent and sympathetic painter of children: he paints them wherever he finds them, on the sand-dunes or lagoons, in the meadows and fields, sometimes alone or in twos and threes, at other times in merry groups, as in *Giro Tondo*, where clasping one another's hands in a ring they are playing at one of those games which children of all countries delight in. The children depicted by the artist are mostly sturdy, mirthful beings with fair or raven-black hair; they are full of life and movement, and often there is a touch of roguishness in their faces. But though Ciardi shows a decided partiality for painting juvenile humanity, his figure subjects comprise grown-ups as well. I recall particularly a life-sized picture of a Venetian woman with a somewhat sad look—a work of fine tonality and one which derives a peculiar charm from the masterful suggestion of an autumn landscape amid which the painter has placed the figure. And another noteworthy performance of the same kind



"A MENACING SKY"
186

BY BEPPE CIARDI



"ASCENDING CLOUDS"
BY BEPPE CIARDI



"THE CHILDREN'S RING"
BY BEPPE GIARDI



"HAY HARVEST"
BY BEPPE CLARDI

Beppe Ciardi

is a study of a shepherdess in a landscape suffused with the golden tones of twilight.

Numerous as Ciardi's figure pictures are, I am inclined to think that the painter feels freer and more at home—more "himself" in fact—when he takes his place before his easel in the open air—perhaps in the midst of a broad, verdant meadow, with the infinite expanse of Italy's blue sky above him and far away from any sound save the rustling of leaves and the distant tinkling of sheep-bells. Although our artist is inclined to loneliness he is not among those who seek the solitude of the high mountains with their bare rocky crags, for the life he loves most of all is one of idyllic peace and brightness. But when storm-clouds roll up across the clear sky and with tempestuous rapidity gather overhead in black, threatening masses, then he feels himself at one with the death-bringing elements, and we get such a picture as *Cielo minaccioso*, in which we see a white horse standing like a spectre in the foreground of a spacious landscape against a background of threatening sky, a theme which is repeated with slight variations in the picture which derives its title from the white horse, *Il Cavallo bianco*; while in numerous other pictures, somewhat similar atmospheric conditions have been recorded in a no less masterly way.

In Ciardi's dramatic realisation of Nature's aspects one discerns a certain distant affinity with the great Dutch masters, Cuyp and Van Borssom. He is fond of the broad vista, and in many of his pictures a great placid calm reigns over the whole. Wide stretches of green pasture lose themselves in the hazy distance, while often cattle of one or other kind occupy the foreground, and are observed and felt as part and parcel of the

landscape. The painting of the air has become so to speak a vital necessity with him, and rarely do we find him leaving off abruptly just above the line of sight, as many landscape painters do from reasons which do not require to be stated. On the contrary, as the critic quoted above has remarked, his landscapes often consist, to the extent of three quarters, of azure sky and cloud and the distant horizon. Ciardi is entirely a child of reality, wholly absorbed in the material thing and seized with a determination to capture the air which wafts over fields and men and animals. And unquestionably we are quite justified in regarding him as one of the foremost animal painters in Italy at the present day.

This article would not be complete were no mention made of Ciardi as a painter of the lagoons with which from the days of his childhood he has



"SKETCH"

BY BEPPE CIARDI



"THE WHITE HORSE"
BY BEPPE CIARDI



"EASTER NIGHT"

BY BEPPE CIARDI

been on intimate terms. It is somewhat remarkable that so many Venetian painters should have taken to landscape when, having regard to their maritime environment, one would have supposed them predestined to be painters of the sea. Beppe Ciardi is a true son of Venice, and has always remained faithful to his native city. He does not, of course, paint those local "views" of Venice which are produced to meet the requirements of foreign visitors, nor those elegant, rosy-cheeked Venetian women and girls favoured by the art dealer—he is quite willing to leave that sort of thing to others. And so when he paints the lagoons it is not those with which the tourist is familiar that appeal to him, but he prefers lagoons which are not so well known—those extending from Altino past Torcello right close to Venice. He is wont to rove about over these lagoons in all directions, using for conveyance a flat bottomed boat like those built at Burano, which are the only kind adapted for these shallow waters. Not one of the many islands is unknown to him—San Francesco del Deserto, San Erasmo, Mazono, Vignole, or whatever else their names may be, the radiant Spring Islands of Venice which sooner or later are

doomed to disappear—all have inspired Ciardi with motives for fascinating pictures. Such works as *L'Isola del Silenzio* and *L'Isola della Follia* are poetic in their tonality; there is no trace of uncertainty or hesitation, and the whole vista has been observed and rendered with a rare clarity of perception. The latter of these pictures possesses a note of tragic mystery, and recalls Maeterlinck's subtle description of this "Isle of Madness."

It should be remarked in conclusion that the Venetian has always been somewhat shy of the water, and his fame as a mariner is often overrated. An old proverb current in these parts speaks of the sea as a betrayer—*il mare è*

traditore; and this attitude perhaps explains why, although Venice is a maritime city, no Venetian has yet developed into a real marine painter.

The qualities which characterise Beppe Ciardi's *œuvre* are sound and honest workmanship and a wholesome sentiment at once broad and deep. In it we find no eccentric experimenting, no exaggerated gestures, but capable execution and genuine sincerity of purpose: and bearing in mind that he has not yet reached middle life and that he possesses a remarkable fund of energy, we may confidently expect many good things from him in years to come.

Among recent additions to the permanent collection of the Tate Gallery is Mr. William Orpen's picture *The Mirror*, which was presented by Mrs. Coutts-Michie through the National Art Collections Fund. Several of Mr. Borough Johnson's drawings recently on exhibition at Mr. Paterson's Galleries have been acquired by the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum; and the French Government has purchased Mr. Hughes-Stanton's *Lumière sur les dunes, Pas de Calais*, exhibited in the Paris Salon during the past summer.

“SEVEN HAPPY DAYS”

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS
BY JESSIE M. KING
WITH QUOTATIONS FROM
JOHN DAVIDSON & OTHERS

NEW YEAR'S
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
STUDIO
M C M X I V



THE WOODLANDS

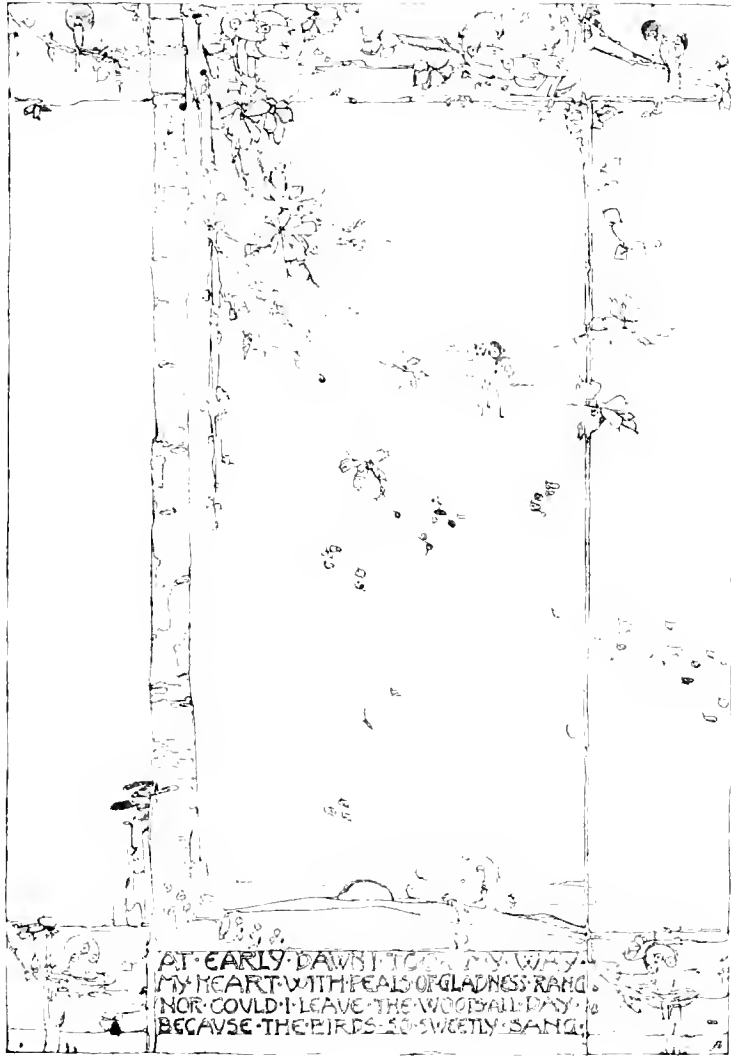
ON

THE AIR A HARP OF MYRIAD CHORDS



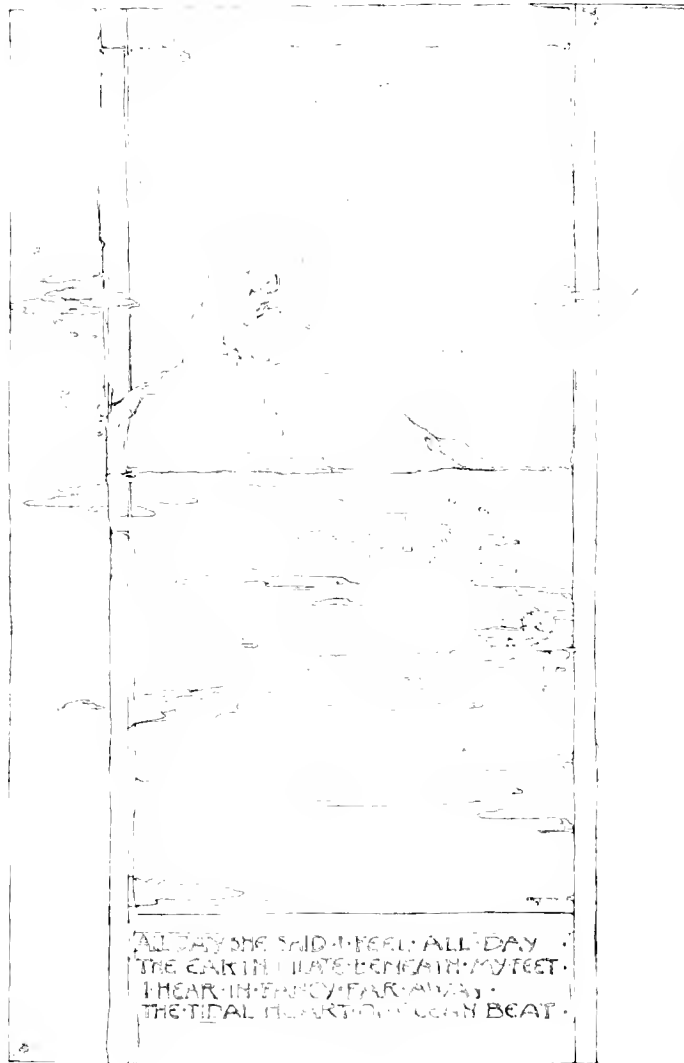
INTENTLY MURMURED OVERHEAD
MY HEART GREW GREAT WITH UNSUNG
WORDS - I FOLLOWED WHERE THE MUSIC LED





AT EARLY DAWN I TOOK MY WAY
MY HEART WITH FEELS OF GLADNESS RANG
NOR COULD I LEAVE THE WOODS ALL DAY
BECAUSE THE BIRDS SO SWEETLY SANG

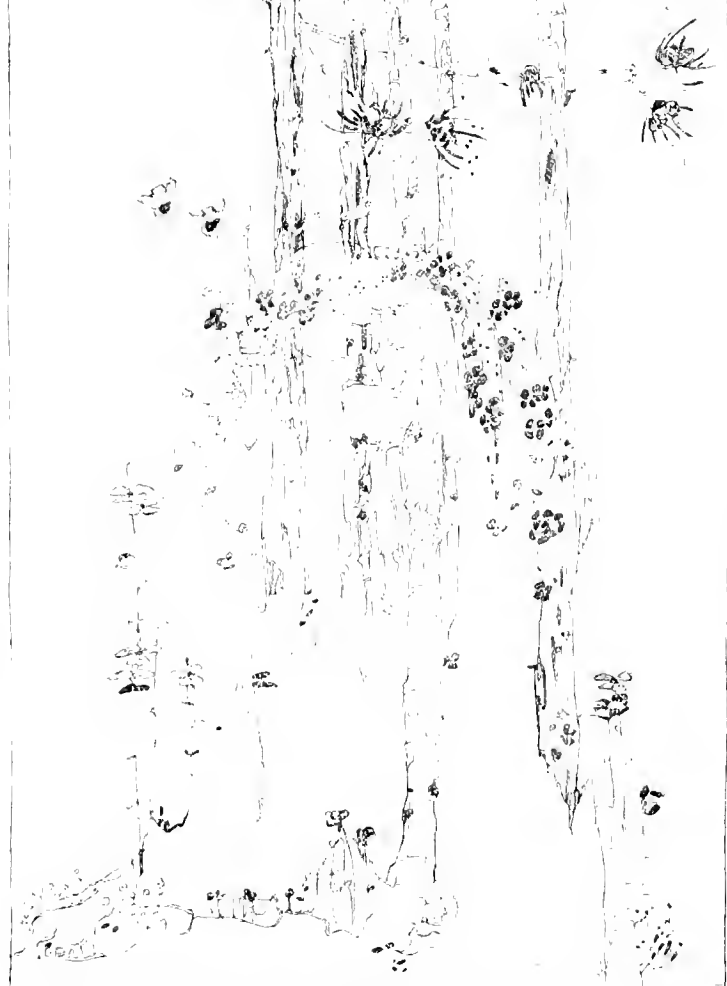




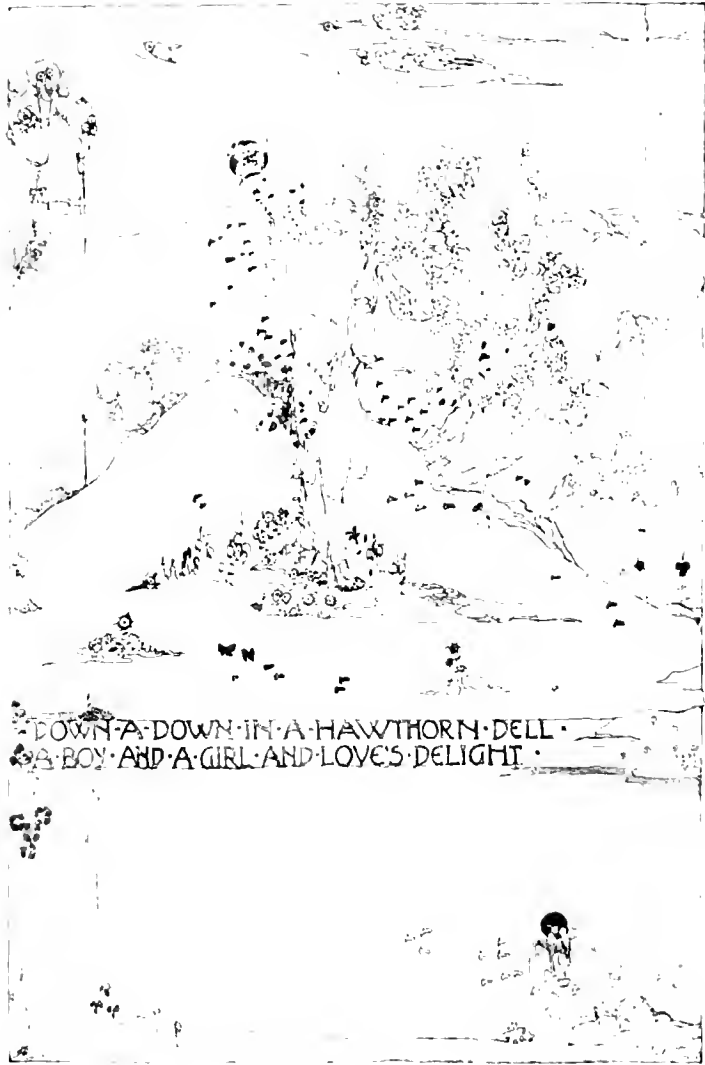
ALL DAY SHE SAID I FEEL ALL DAY
THE EARTH IS BEING BENEATH MY FEET
I HEAR IN HEAVEN FAR AWAY
THE TIDAL HEART OF THE OCEAN BEAT



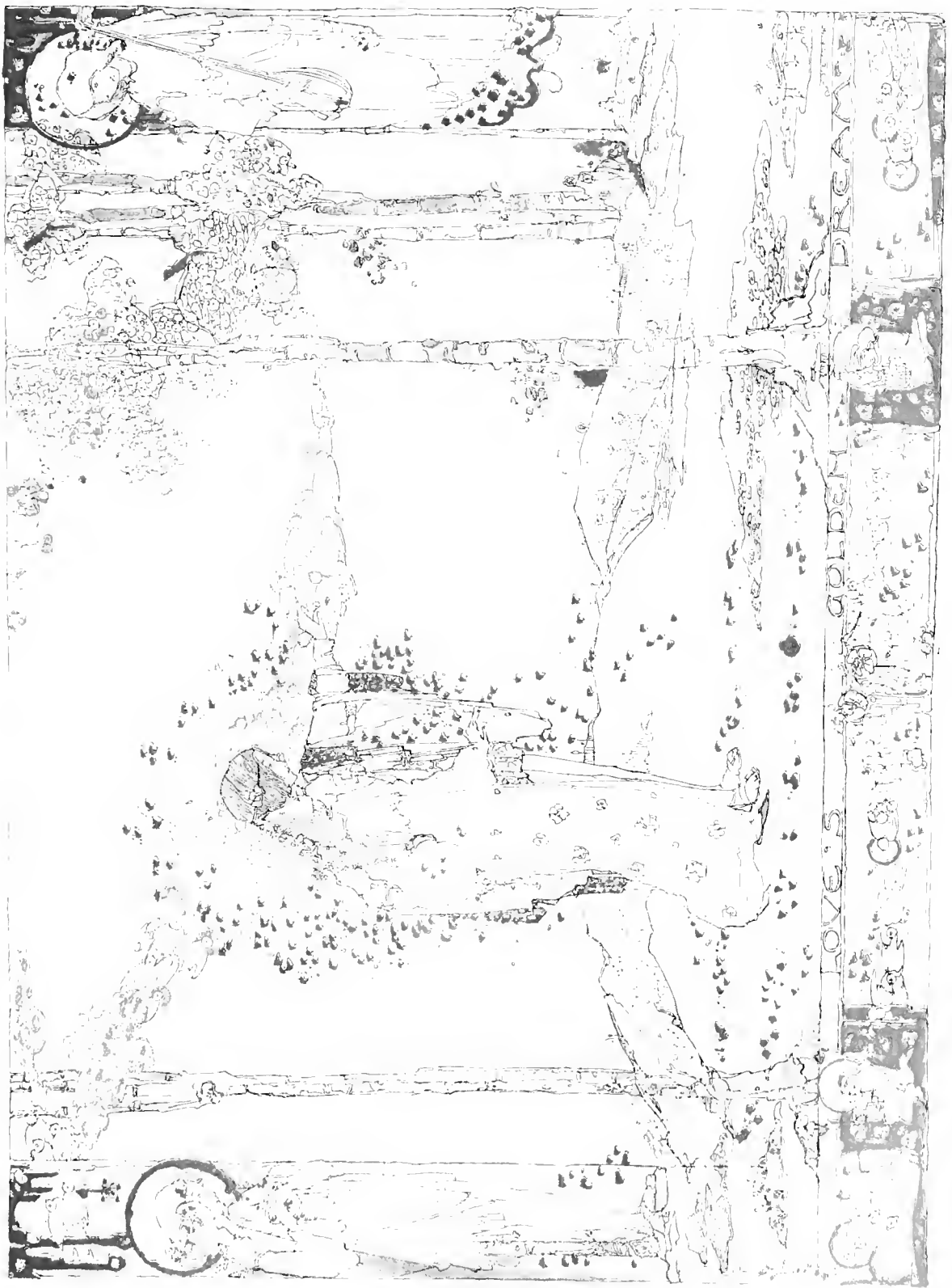
WHERE NESTS ARE WARMER, A MYSTERY BROODS



IN THE HEART OF THE WORLD AND THE HEART OF THE WOODS



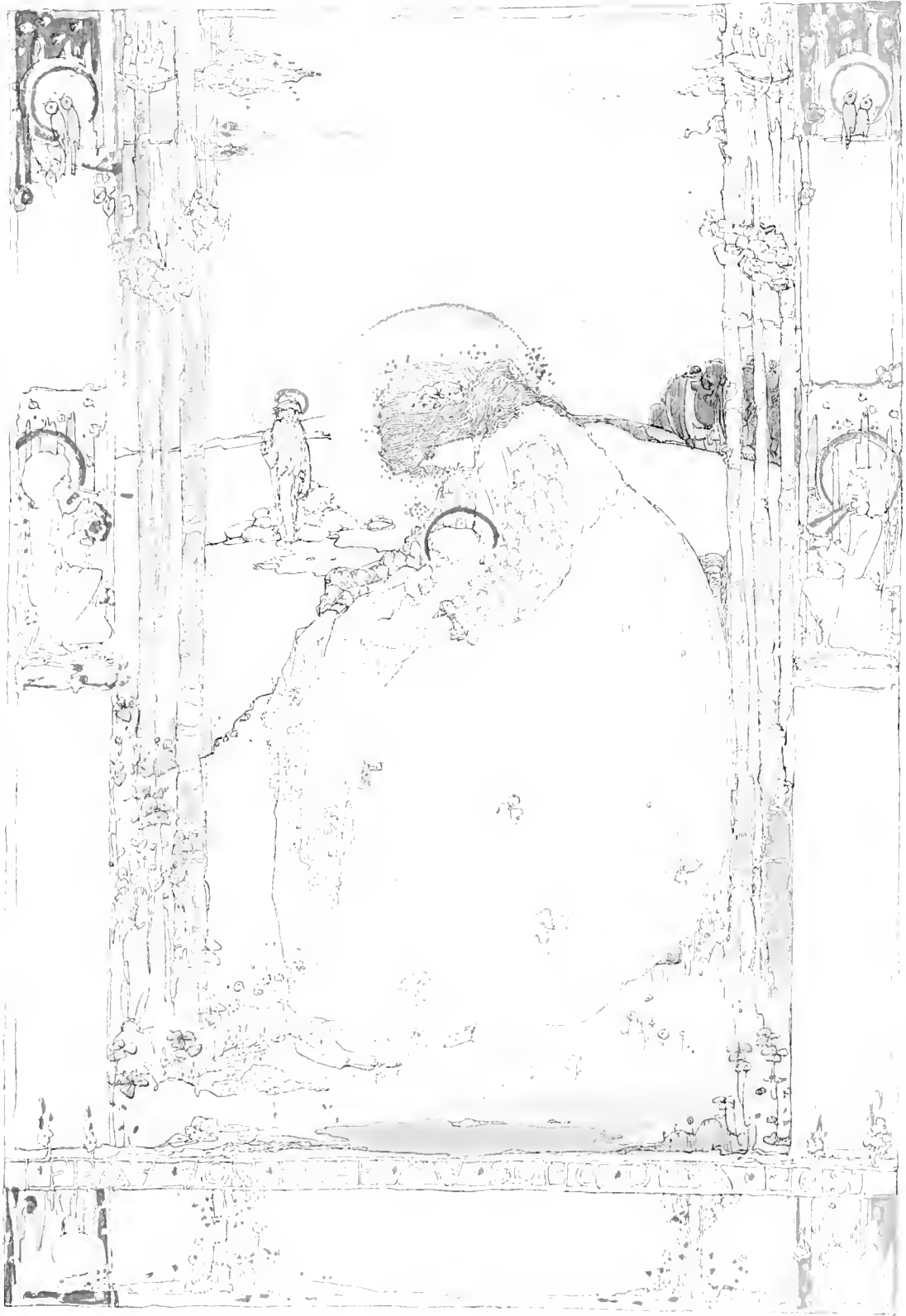
DOWN A-DOWN IN A HAWTHORN DELL
A BOY AND A GIRL AND LOVE'S DELIGHT

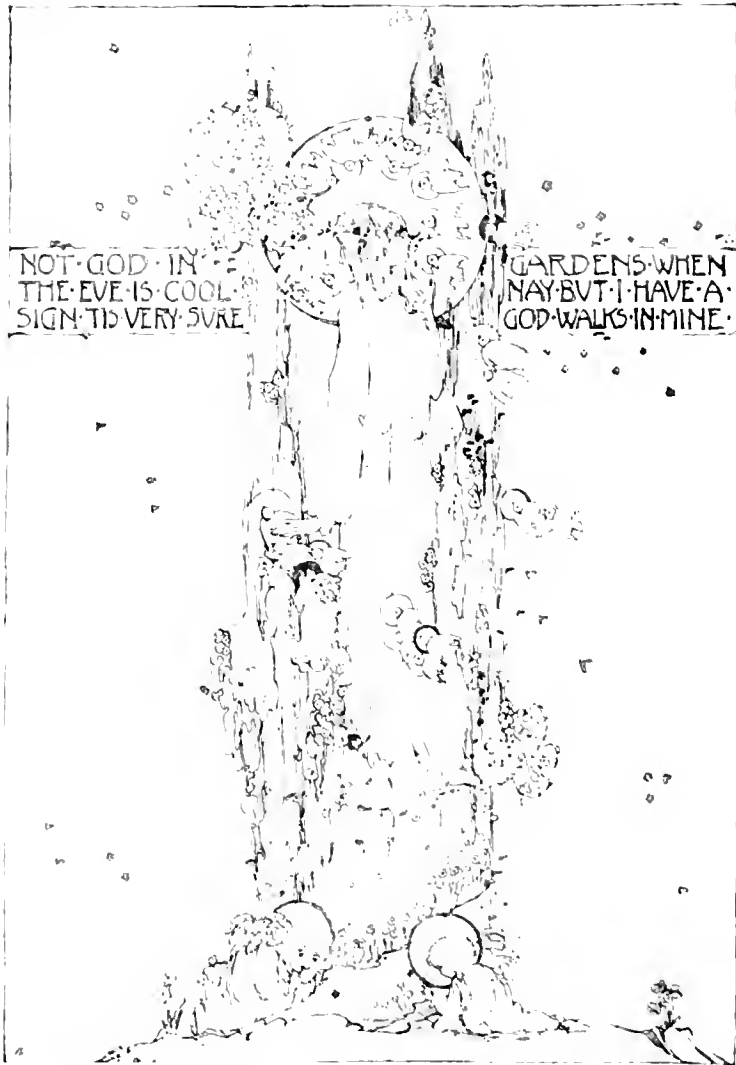


SLEEP BABY SLEEP THY FATHER GUARDS HIS TREE!



THY MOTHER ROCKS THE DREAMLAND TREE
DOWN FALLS A LITTLE DREAM FOR THEE!





NOT GOD IN
THE EVE IS COOL
SIGN TIS VERY SURE

GARDENS WHEN
NAY BUT I HAVE A
GOD WALKS IN MINE



THE GARDEN



THE BEST PIPER BEST NEW
CAROL OF THE MOON PIPER PIPER
PLAY YOUR BEST MELT THE
END INTO YOUR... TUNE

Reminiscences of Corot

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF COROT. BY ALBERT DUBUISSON.

I BECAME acquainted with Corot during the last years of the reign of Napoleon III; the painter was then already well advanced in years, and I was barely a young man. His death occurred while I was still a student, and consequently I did not profit as much as I should have desired from his presence and his good counsel. But the impression that I, in common with all who knew him, was left with was a profound one, and it is always with the keenest pleasure and an interest which has increased as I have grown older that I recall the most minute details of our meetings. Since those days I have often chanced to speak of Corot to other artists, to collectors, to critics and picture dealers, and sometimes, though nowadays, alas! not so often as in past years, my interlocutor will stop me to exclaim, "Ah! you knew père Corot? so did I!" Immediately our faces light up, our eyes brighten, and at once a communion, a bond of

sympathy, establishes itself between us. Without referring to it in words we feel that we have shared together the most rare privilege of having lived in the times of one of those great artists of exceptional character and remarkable personality, whom no one will see again; and feeling ourselves thus favoured by this good fortune we cannot but be conscious, when face to face with those who speak of Corot but who never saw him, of that "If you had known him . . .!" in which is expressed so much more of regret than may be appreciated or divined from the written word.

My father, a great lover of pictures, who had already met Corot several times at the houses of friends, invited him to spend some days at a country place surrounded by delightful grounds which he owned at Brunoy in the neighbourhood of Paris. This was in the spring of 1868. I was then at school in the capital, but on holidays I used to take the earliest train home so as to be with my people as quickly as possible. I remember one morning as I entered the park catching

sight of Corot down one of the paths, standing in his white blouse and talking to my father, ramming the tobacco into his pipe as he chatted away. I cannot say whether, as his contemporaries have asserted, he had in his youth a somewhat commonplace appearance, but I can hardly believe that they could have looked at him properly. His countenance when he was starting to paint must have lit up and taken on quite another character. At the time of which I write he possessed a superb head which could not fail to inspire respect and admiration. It is true that it offered no very



FROM A SKETCH MADE BY COROT ON THE BACK OF A DISH WHEN VISITING M. DUBUISSON'S UNCLE

characteristic features, nor evinced any pronounced traits, but his eyes were astounding in their vivacity and intelligence: under his fine head of white hair, framing them like the mane of an old lion, they looked out at you with such an expression of kindness and dignity that you felt no doubt of being in the presence of a personage of distinction, and no one ever felt inclined to adopt the least familiarity towards him. His mouth was large and very mobile, the chin square and energetic. Always clean shaven, his complexion had that fresh colour of a full-blooded man who passes much of his life in the open air; holding himself upright, with movements easy and brisk, without any weakness or infirmity, his health as yet practically unimpaired and his energy seemingly inexhaustible, he represented, as it was said of Alexandre Dumas, one of the forces of nature, and astonished all who approached him.

I went forward to meet him, timid and nervous, for since my childhood I had heard talk of him amongst artists, and I knew their almost fanatical

Reminiscences of Corot

admiration and enthusiasm for Corot. My father presented me as one of his sons, and Corot, with his customary kindness and indulgence, asked what I was doing, and tried to draw out my particular tastes. While talking and puffing away at his pipe he kept throwing from time to time a glance at his study. Suddenly he rushed forward to his palette and snatched up his brushes, crying, "Ah! the brigand! the scoundrel! he shan't escape me a second time. I've got him!" And, seating himself quickly before his easel, he squeezed out a tube of white and started to model on his canvas a big white sunlit cloud that was just appearing above the mass of green and foliage that formed part of his picture. "We are just like crafty fishermen," he added as he made rapid strokes with the brush, "we have to seize the propitious moment to make the fish fall into our net—for we too, we have nets and a mesh in which to snare him as he goes by." Some moments later the cloud was fixed upon the canvas, imparting an extraordinary life and charm to his picture. "Now that we are at rest again, having worked well," he said, "we can go on with the old pipe and talk a bit." He rose and regarded his work with satisfaction, so much so that he swung round merrily and danced about singing the while the air from the *Muette de Portici*:

pêcheur, parle bas,
Le roi des mers ne t'échappera pas!

This fine old man, so gay and so alert, was then seventy-two years old. That year the spring remained very cold; the foliage was very backward and one had not the usual sensation of having left winter behind. Nevertheless, despite the rigour of the season, Corot insisted upon finishing his picture. He spent in all eight mornings at it, shivering sometimes with numbed fingers, but forgetful of everything save his work. All that we could prevail upon him to do to mitigate the discomforts of the weather, was to put his feet upon some boards so as to avoid the dampness of the ground. He was so happy to find himself once more face to face with nature, after passing the winter months

indoors in the studio, that he would listen to no counsels of prudence and reason.

He left us after about ten days, having during that time completed two important pictures, which he carried very far, made sketches and projects for drawings of all kinds, and prepared several compositions which he proposed to complete the following winter in his studio: a considerable quantity of work, all of which he executed with gaiety, exuberance of spirits and enthusiasm.

Some years later, in the spring of 1873, Corot came back to Brunoy and was again unfortunate in the weather, for it rained during the greater part of his visit. His activity, however, was as great as ever. When unable to paint out of doors, under the shelter of our umbrellas held over his canvas, a large one, as a protective shield, in the manner of the "tortoise" of the ancient Romans, he sketched in certain compositions under cover in the house. One never saw him without either his brushes or a piece of charcoal in his hand. When evening came one would have expected him to feel tired by work so sustained, but he never seemed in the least fatigued. His gaiety and his spirits seemed inexhaustible. After the evening meal he would often ask for some paper, no matter of what kind, white or coloured, or even packing paper if no other was forthcoming, then, taking charcoal or pencil and chatting and telling stories all the time, he would abandon himself to the pleasures of improvisation, creating, as it were by enchantment, Elysian landscapes of amazing fantasy which he delighted to present to those gathered around him. Nothing



A STUDY OF THE HOUSE AND PARK AT BRUNOY MADE BY COROT DURING A VISIT TO MONS. DURISSON'S FATHER

Reminiscences of Corot

came amiss so long as he could satisfy his craving to draw. As he used to say, at certain times painting flowed from his fingers.

After lunch one day at the house of one of my uncles, as his palette, still charged with colour, was lying by him, he painted two charming compositions on the backs of a plate and dish. On another occasion he decorated a box and another time the back of a hand-glass. Wherever he went it delighted him to leave some delicate souvenir of his visit in the form of a study, a drawing, a composition painted on the walls, or sometimes a portrait. His hosts of several weeks or of a day, friends, farm people or poor folk who let him a room or a bed almost invariably received one of these pre-

precious gifts on his departure. It was a necessity with him to give pleasure, to bring happiness, and to see smiling faces around him. Once at Rouen, at one of my uncles, he stopped painting to enjoy a smoke. Finding he had no matches, he asked around for some, pretending a feverish desire to borrow a box and exclaiming in fun, "My kingdom for a match!" One of my cousins had a box which he offered to Corot, who, after lighting up, put it in his pocket. By the end of the sitting his pipe had gone out and been relit many times and the box was practically empty. "I'll keep it," said Corot, "we'll make an exchange," and setting to work again he sketched a cascade among some mountains on a little panel which was handy and christened it "Souvenir de Tivoli" and presented it to my cousin. One soon discovered that it was good to be among his creditors.

I remember also that one morning at Brunoy when the weather was wet we did not see him come down from his room at his customary hour—about half-past six—and thought that possibly the dear

old man, seeing that he could not work out of doors, had stayed in bed and fallen asleep again. Suddenly we heard him singing in his room. Since he was up we might venture to go and wish him good morning. Great was our astonishment to find him already at work! But how! Noticing above the



FROM A SKETCH MADE BY COROT ON THE BACK OF A PLATE DURING A VISIT TO MONS. DUBUISSON'S UNCLE

mirror over the fire-place, a single panel of wood without any ornamentation, Corot had been seized with the idea of decorating it in his own way. To reach it he had dragged a table near and on this had placed a chair, on to the top of which he had managed to hoist himself, and there he was perched, forgetful of his seventy-seven years and as happy as a god to be able to indulge his favourite passion for mural decoration.

His favourite passion! He said in almost these very words as he finished this panel: "They never would call upon old papa Corot to decorate the large spaces in their public buildings. How I should have loved to cover the walls with my landscapes! however, they didn't think me fit to paint anything but little pictures! Ah! if they had only entrusted me with the decoration of hospital wards or even of prisons! My country-sides and my woods would have brought consolation and fewer sad thoughts to the poor unfortunates therein confined."

The generous sentiments, the kind-heartedness of Corot, ever spontaneous and to the fore, asked nothing better than to manifest themselves at every opportunity. Here for instance is a little scene of which I was a witness during the winter of 1868. My father went to pay a visit to Corot in his studio in the rue Paradis-Poissonnière and it was my good fortune to accompany him on this occasion. This studio, most simple in its appointments, contained nothing but the furniture indispensable to the artist for his work and his rest, though it is true there were

Reminiscences of Corot



FROM AN OVERMANTEL PANEL PAINTED BY COROT DURING A VISIT TO BRUNOY

all the master's studies hung upon the walls to turn it into an apartment of incomparable beauty. Corot, seated at one of his easels, was working away with his usual ardour. It had been agreed that he would this day hand over to my father a little study of the Valley of the Seine at Rouen, to which he was much attached, for he did not part easily with his old studies, the evidences and companions of his long struggle and his enormous labours of forty years. But he knew he would give pleasure to my father, who had lived at Rouen, and for this he could refuse nothing. They began to talk together of the old town where Corot had spent a part of his youth, of his wanderings during the summer months and of other matters. My father was about to take his leave when there came a knock at the door of the studio. "Come in," cried the artist. There entered a dealer in pictures who was come to ask Corot for a new landscape, for he had none left in his gallery and his clients were worrying him. Corot, kind as usual, but anxious to get back to work, promised him the picture he asked for, and sent him away pretty quickly. My father advanced to bid him adieu. "Don't hurry away," said Corot, "you don't interfere with my work at all; have a look round at my drawings and while you do so I'll get on with my picture. When I have to rest we can continue our chat about Rouen."

Only too happy to accept the invitation my father stayed and we set to work to examine one after another all the masterpieces gathered on the walls. Only a few minutes had passed when there came another knock. This time Corot frowned. "Come in" he called, but in less gentle tones and with a little impatience in his voice. It was a gentleman from the country who came to beg his co-operation at a local exhibition. The master did not wait to be pressed but promised to send one of his latest works and made a note of the date of the exhibition

in his memorandum book. His visitor departed enchanted. "All the same," said Corot, "one of these days I shall have really to bar my door against all who have not apprised me of their coming and asked for an appointment. These everlasting callers and their demands wear me out and prevent me from working. It is intolerable!"

He returned to his easel giving touches of the brush to all parts of the canvas, now with haste and feverish rapidity, now with extreme care and exactitude. At the moment when he was most absorbed there came yet another knock. Corot's face reddened with an expression of the most lively annoyance. "What is it now?" he cried, turning rapidly towards the door. "Come in! who are you? What do you come and disturb me for? What is it you want?" These rapid questions, jerked out with an accent of undisguised irritation, were addressed to the new arrival, a good fellow whose face showed considerable dismay at such a reception. "I came, Monsieur Corot," he stammered out, ". . . I wanted to ask you . . . it's about an accident. A workman engaged on the building has just had a fall. His condition is very grave, they have just taken him off to the hospital. We know the poor chap, he's a workman who leaves behind him a wife and four children. We are getting up a subscription among the lodgers in the building for the unfortunate family. I thought that you would perhaps like to join in with us. . . ."

While the visitor was speaking Corot's expressive face betrayed all manner of emotions. One could see he regretted having received him so roughly, that he had, in fact, almost been rude to him, and one could also see how the news of the accident and the sad calamity that had befallen these poor people had excited his pity and a desire to come to their assistance: he seemed quite overcome. "The poor fellow!" he exclaimed, "the unfortunate family! a wife and four children! I am quite with you, my dear

Reminiscences of Corot

sir, we must do everything that is possible to help them. Now how can I be of use to you—I who only know how to amuse myself with painting trees and streams? They must be assured their food and shelter and they'll need money. Here! you see that little bureau," and he pointed to a piece of furniture, "do you mind going to the first drawer? Good! Now take out what you think necessary, and I beg you not to use too great discretion. You have plenty of time, my back is turned and I won't look. You can't think how glad I am to be allowed to share in your kind efforts on their behalf."

The while he spoke he got back to his easel and went on working at his canvas without taking the slightest notice of what was going on behind him. The visitor had opened the drawer and remained for a moment thunderstruck, for he beheld there bank-notes and gold in profusion. It was here that Corot threw all the money that came to him from the sale of his pictures pell-mell, without counting it, or even worrying about the large sums that he flung into it. I do not know what the gentleman took—gold pieces or notes, but he went off radiant and overcome with profuse thanks. "You'll bring me news of these poor things, won't you," said

Corot as he showed him out, "and don't forget the old papa, for you may have need of him." Then he turned back to my father with his face beaming: "There is a warning from the good God: here was I turning into an old egotist, forgetting that before the pleasures of painting there are misery and unhappiness to be assuaged."

How many instances of this kind were there not in the life of this noble artist? His generous heart always followed the first impulse, the good: that which should be despised according to Talleyrand, a man whom Corot would never have understood and whom he would have pitied. He never sought to protect himself against the invasion of the numerous requests for help which from the day upon which he became famous never ceased to arrive from all sides. His family would have wished to put him on his guard against what they called his weaknesses and his imprudence. They would have preferred to see him take greater precautions, to have placed the large sums he received in a safe place. They sought to prove to him that he was for ever allowing himself to be imposed upon. "Never mind! never mind!" he would say, "I would rather myself be duped than dupe



"SOUVENIR DE VILLE D'AVRAY"

(Presented by the artist to Mme. Dubuisson)

BY J. B. C. COROT

Reminiscences of Corot



"VALLEY OF THE SEINE AT ROUEN"

(Presented by the artist to M. Dubuisson père)

BY J. B. C. COROT

others": and he remained unchanged in his confidingness and his impatience to be doing good. Nothing gave him greater joy than to be able to relieve some one's distress, unobtrusively, without being either seen or known. Reference has frequently been made to his long collaboration in charitable works with Sister Maria of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, who said: "in the common room of our sisterhood we have the portrait of M. Corot beside the image of Christ."

Corot's kindly actions towards other artists, towards Daumier and the family of Millet, for instance, are well known, as also is the exquisite delicacy with which he invariably performed these acts of generosity. He was always ready and on the spot when there was any question of coming to the assistance of one of his confrères. Should a dealer beg of him one of his latest pictures (towards the end he was much pestered by them) he would say, "All right, then, this picture shall be for you, only—on one condition, that you buy also at the same time these two here by my young friend Lépine at 300 francs each." The unfortunate Lépine, a painter of great talent, never sold a picture, and was burdened with a family and lived consequently in misery. Only too happy to secure the painting by Corot on which he reckoned to make a hundred per cent. profit, the dealer would agree to the other transaction, and so poor Lépine got at one and the same time the necessary daily bread and the satisfaction of living by his art. Who can say how many other painters Corot did not aid in this roundabout way, leaving with them the illusion of having achieved success with public and dealers, and thus restoring to them their confidence in themselves in their difficult struggles?

This warm-heartedness, this delicate sympathy so strongly developed as it came in touch with the hard lot and misery of so many human beings, did not, however, in Corot's case take a sentimental or melancholy form. His kindness was always stirring, and his natural gaiety was never lacking. His imagination, ever alert and aided by an astounding memory, gave always a wealth of picturesque imagery to his conversation, and endued with much charm all his anecdotes of his life as an artist. His speech was full of naïf and delicate reflections, always very personal in character. His vivacity and humour, his eloquent gestures, the inflexions of his voice and the mobility of his features in the course of conversation lead one to suppose indeed that he might have been as great an actor as he was a painter.

Lack of space in an article so restricted as this prevents my dwelling at greater length upon the souvenirs I have retained of this great artist, but there is one remark that I must make before I close. There have been published many of Corot's reflections, observations and conversations on art in general, collected from his note-books or in the course of his chats with his pupils or his friends. These lose much of their savour by being thus read because they affect in their written form something professional and dogmatic, such as was the very antithesis of Corot's customary manner of speaking. Never was there a person less pontifical than he. He loved independence too well to seek ever to impose his principles upon others. All his ideas on this subject are summed up in these few words written in a letter to his friend Dutilleux: "bonne peinture, bien consciencieuse, et fichons nous de tout."

A. DUBUISSON.

Craig-y-Parc, South Wales

CRAIG-Y-PARC: A HOUSE AND GARDEN IN SOUTH WALES DESIGNED BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.

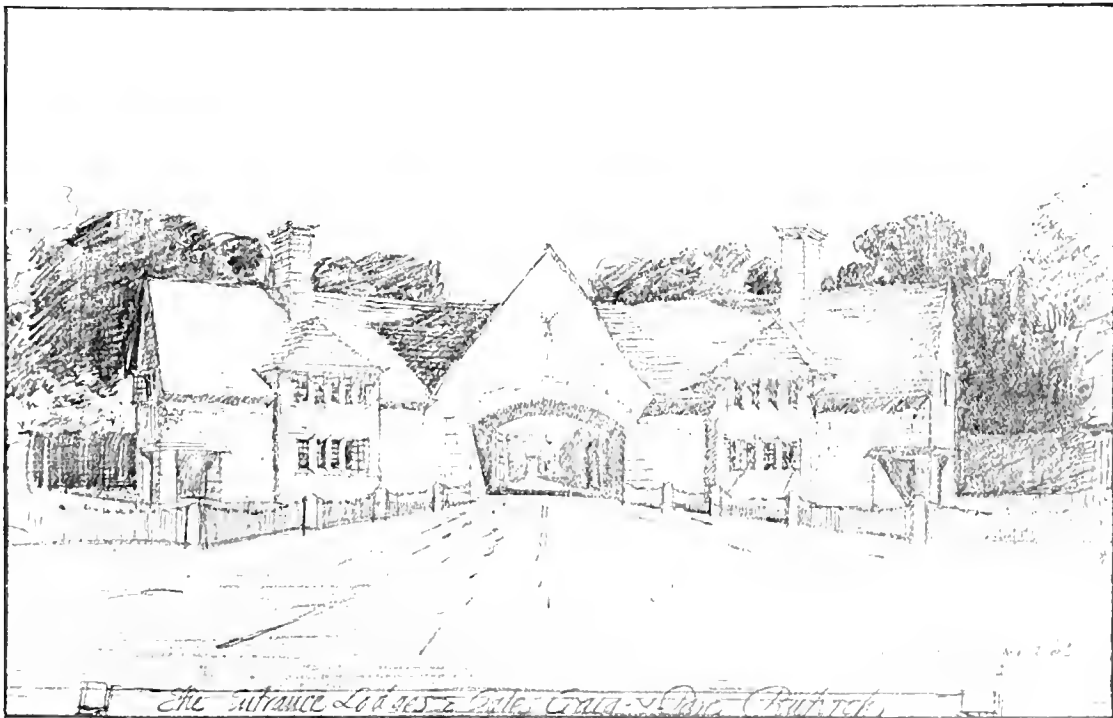
THE set of pencil sketches and plan of Craig-y-Parc, Pentyrch, near Cardiff, here reproduced, were made for Mr. Thomas Evans in order to give a general preliminary idea of the arrangement of the house and garden on the site and of the character of the internal decoration of the principal rooms. Modifications in detail have been made in the completed design, but the essential features have been retained of both the house and garden plan.

The governing idea of the house plan is the arrangement of the principal living-rooms around a cloister placed between the projecting wings of the dining and drawing rooms and on the central axis of the scheme. The cloister garth has its walks complete on the east, south, and west sides; on the north side the hall is connected directly with the garth by a large bay window, forming the north walk. The east and west walks have been made of sufficient width to form covered rooms for meals in the open air. In this position they are therefore both well sheltered from the weather and

in direct communication with the principal living-rooms. The cloister so placed forms a pleasant connecting link with the garden, being in itself a feature half of the garden and half of the house, and, moreover, serves the useful purpose of merging the one into the other, the first step in the gradation of the whole design from the architectural lines of the house to the countryside.

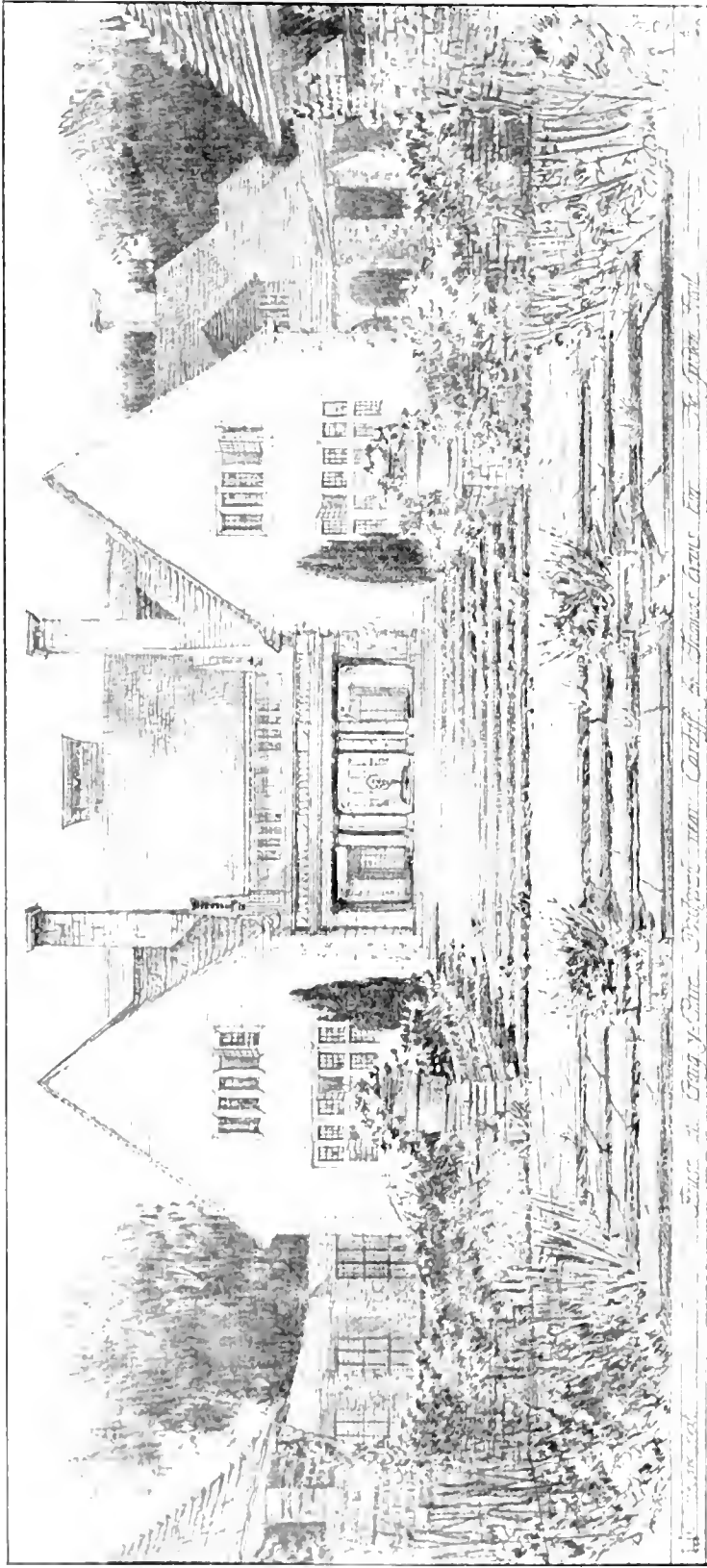
In modern house design little advantage has been taken of the cloister form of plan, yet it is surely one of the most beautiful ever evolved. So far as house planning is concerned it is quite true that the cloister, *atrium* or *patio* form is most usually associated with brighter climates than ours, yet it is nevertheless capable of being adapted in many ways to modern northern requirements, and made to serve purposes both of practical and picturesque value.

The general disposition of the whole design of Craig-y-Parc has been naturally dictated by the site and its surroundings, which are of quite unusual picturesque interest and beauty; it is surrounded by fine views of valleys and distant hills. On the north is the Garth, one of the famous landmarks of Glamorganshire, and towards the south-east glimpses are obtained of the Bristol Channel. A plateau most happily forms the north-east



CRAIG-Y-PARC, NEAR CARDIFF: ENTRANCE LODGES

C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



CRAIG-Y-PARC, SOUTH WALES:
GARDEN FRONT. C. E. MALLOW,
F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

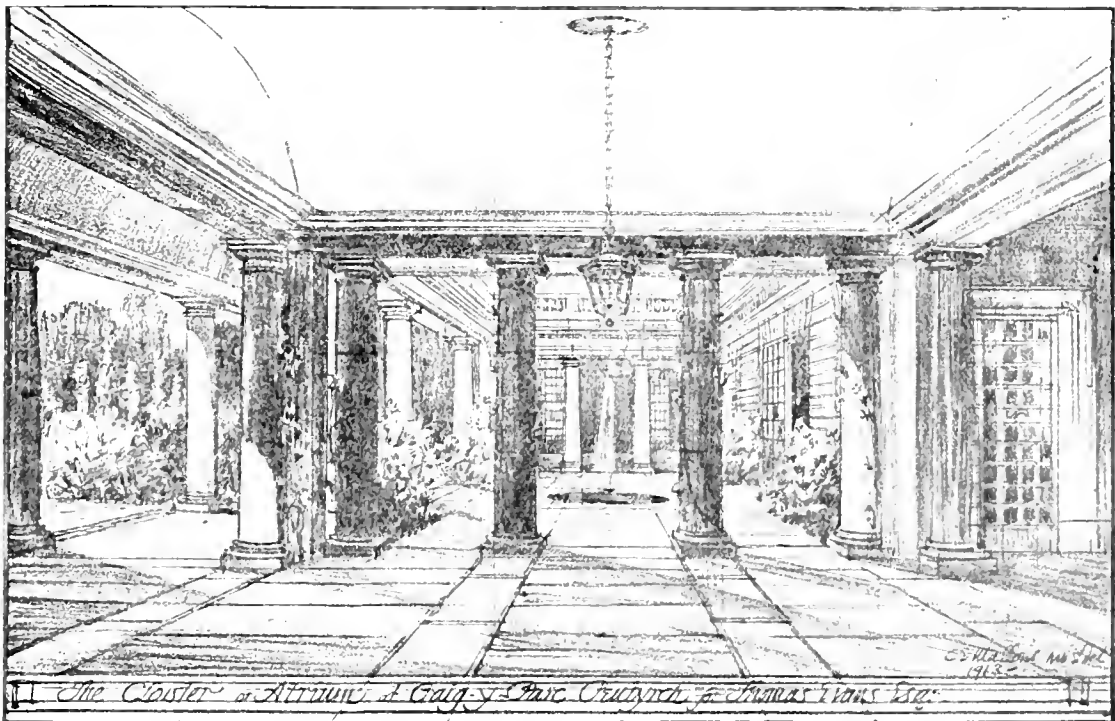
Craig-y-Parc, South Wales

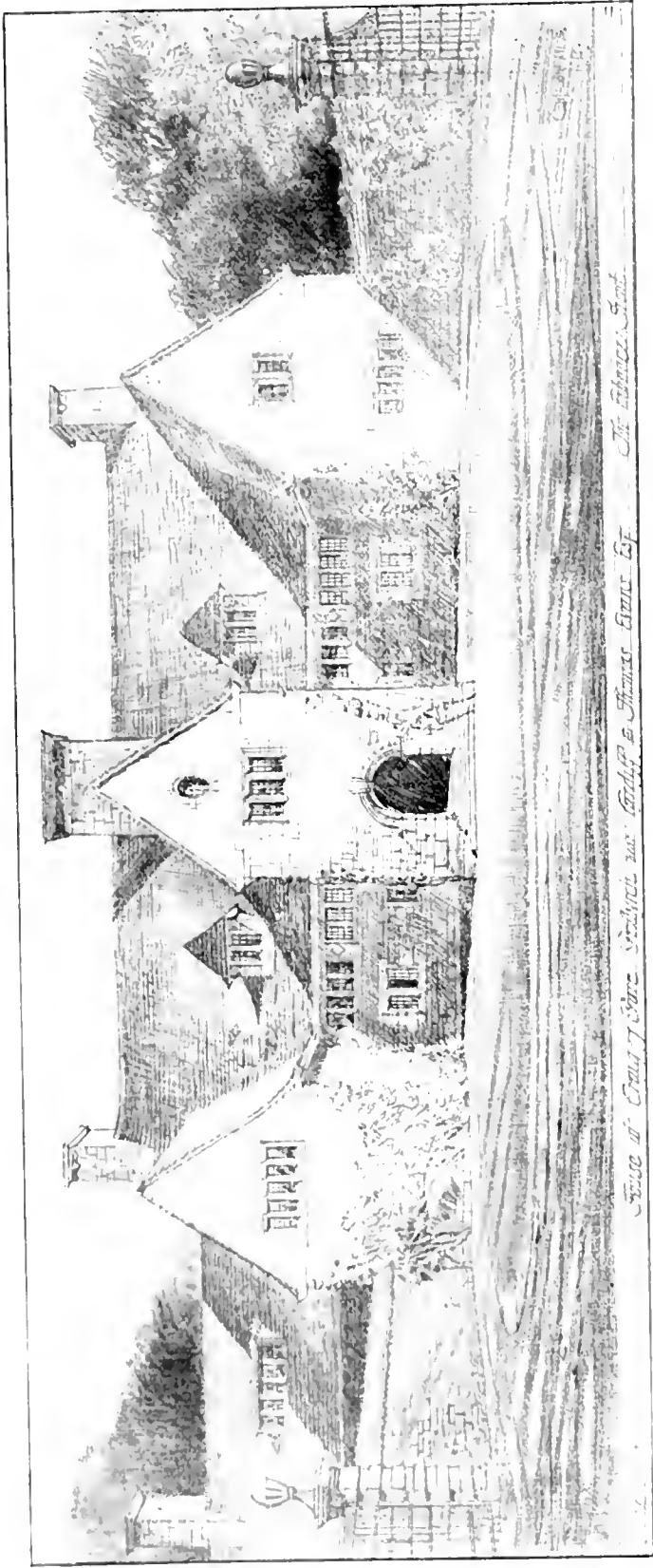
angle of the site, and on this is to be placed the house and its adjoining buildings, the entrance lodges, stables, &c., with kitchen garden and orchards to the west and east of the approach.

From this plateau the ground falls to the south, at first gently, but at a distance of about 200 feet from the garden front more rapidly, while beyond the southern end of the tennis lawn the fall is very great until at the southern boundary of the site there is a total depth of over 100 feet from the plateau above. Advantage has been taken of this to form the gardens in a series of four levels, the first of which is occupied by the terrace immediately in front of the cloister, the second by the croquet lawn, the third by rock gardens, which will intervene between the croquet lawn and the fourth level—the tennis lawn. Beyond the southern end of the tennis lawn, wild and water-gardens with woodland walks are planned, which will form a series of pleasant gradations from the formal lines of the tennis-court to the natural scenery beyond. Between the upper terrace level and the croquet lawn there is a fall of 14 feet, which gives an opportunity of arranging two narrower terraces, approached from landings on the central stairway: the latter will be the width of the cloister and planned in three flights of broad low steps. From

the first landing wide paths, bordered with flowers, lead to garden stores placed under the gazebos at the extreme east and west ends of the two terraces. The gazebos will be approached from the level of the upper terrace and from the pergolas which form the east and west boundaries of the terraces.

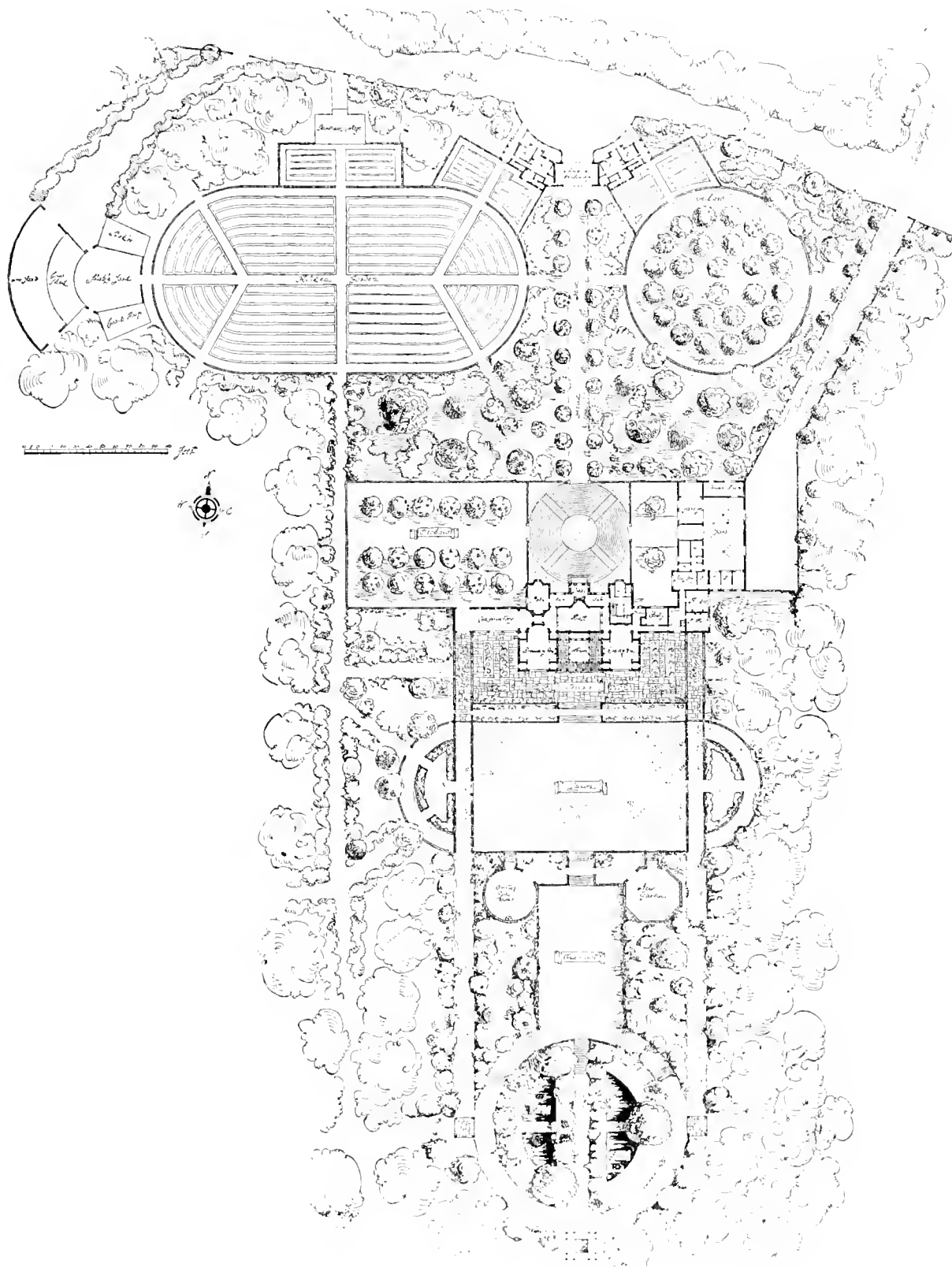
The difficulties of the planning of the gardens were increased by the contour of the ground on the east side where it rises steeply from the west. In order to arrange the level of both lawns to the greatest advantage it was found necessary to cut deeply into the side of the hill through practically the whole of this portion. But these difficulties have been turned to advantage, as there is hard and durable stone within four feet of the surface, which provides excellent quarries for the buildings and enables the whole of the external walling of the house and terraces to be done at but little more than the cost of brick and rough-cast. Moreover, by the exercise of care and thought in the shaping of the quarries after use, a great gain is added to the amenities of the garden as well as the provision of splendid shelter to the lawns and rock gardens from the north-east winds. There is also an additional gain from the same reason at the junction of the two lawns, where an unusual opportunity occurs for the making of a real rock garden.



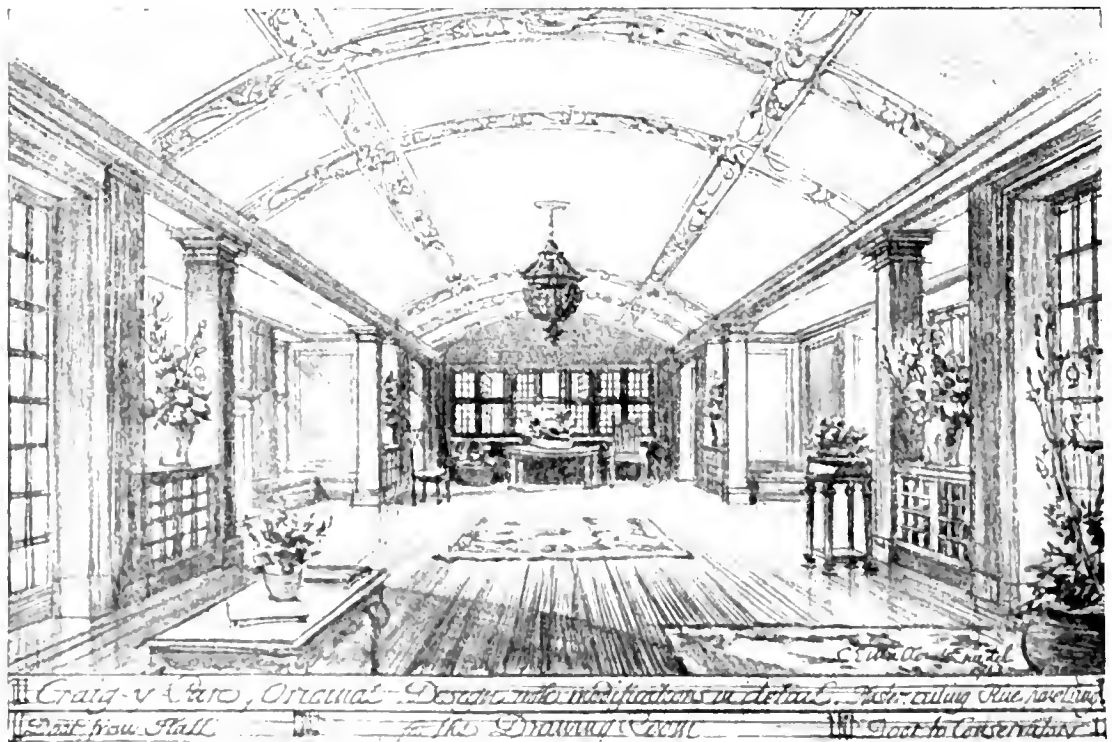
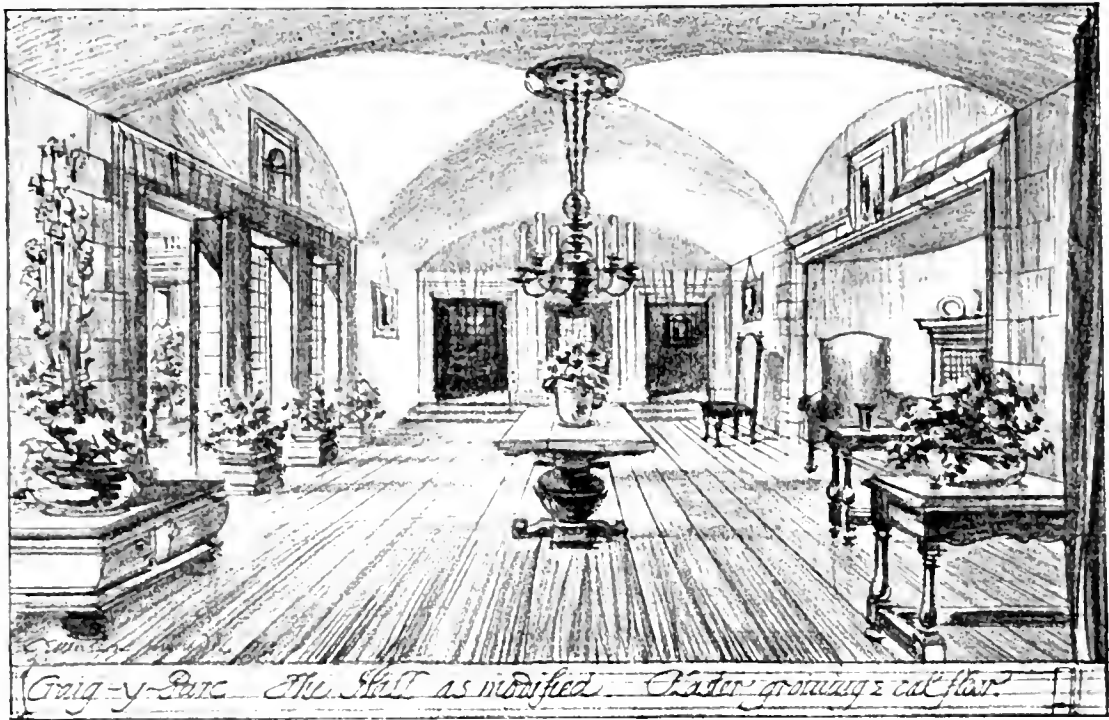


View of Craig Y Parc. Architects Messrs. G. & J. Malloys, Architects, London.

CRAIG-Y-PARC: THE ENTRANCE FRONT
C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



GROUND PLAN OF CRAIG-Y-PARC
C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



CRAIG-Y-PARC, SOUTH WALES: DESIGNS FOR HALL AND DRAWING-ROOM. BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A. ARCHITECT

Studio-Talk

On the west side of the future rock garden is a most interesting feature of the site, a circular mound which Mr. Lewis, the well-known Welsh antiquary, thinks is of Neolithic origin. The ramparts and ditch are practically intact. This roundel of course will not be interfered with in any way. It will be retained in its present condition and, as the plan shows, will form a prominent feature of the garden scheme.

As just described, the house will be faced with stone quarried on the site, with the very hard granite-like Pontypridd stone for the quoins and other moulded stonework, which, including the work in the cloisters, will be of the simplest character throughout. The roof is to be covered with old graded stone slates. All the interior woodwork will be of hard wood, for the greater part English oak.

The accompanying plan shows the general arrangement and accommodation provided for the ground floor of the house. The staircase, which will be wide, and of solid English oak, is so planned that its main landing on the first floor is centrally connected with a wide north gallery of a total length of 60 feet. From this gallery and two others at either end all the principal bedrooms are approached, four

of which overlook the cloisters and have access to the upper part of it. A smaller staircase in the centre of the gallery gives access to the second floor, where additional bedroom and boxroom accommodation is obtained. The whole of the servants' bedrooms are planned over the kitchen part of the house, and are completely separated from the main portion by linen cupboards and stores.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON —This year's Goupil Gallery Salon is, if anything, more interesting than usual as a comprehensive display of work by artists of the younger school. It is full of things which deserve attention as original and ingenious efforts and which show an intention—sometimes a little extravagant it is true—to break away from conventional lines. One of the best canvases in the collection is *The Yellow Jersey* by Mr. W. Nicholson, who also shows some delightful paintings of still life; but there are, as well, such excellent pictures as Mr. Orpen's *Kit* and *On*



“A DAMP DAY, PHILADELPHIA”

(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1913)

WATER-COLOUR BY DELISLE BURNS

the Rocks, Mr. P. W. Steer's *The Lace Shawl*, Mr. Philip Connard's *By the River Tang*, and others not less notable by Mr. D. V. Cameron, Mr. Hughes-Stanton, and Mr. Arthur Streeton: and there are two small paintings by Mr. Charles Sims, *The Valley of Little Beginnings* and *Ianthe*, which charm by their daintiness of sentiment and beauty of technical expression. Other things which deserve to be particularly noted are Mr. Bellingham Smith's *Ruins, Teesdale*, Mr. James Pryde's *The Black Column*, Mr. Arnesby Brown's *The Pasture*, Mr. Raymond McIntyre's *Phyllis*, the exquisite fans by Mr. George Sheringham, the water-colours by Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. Romilly Fedden, Mr. A. H. Fullwood, Mr. John Copley, Mr. Davis Richter, Mr. Delisle Burns, and Mr. H. M. Livens, Prof. Moira's vigorous pastel *Goathorn China Clay Pit*, and the wonderful tinted drawing, *Sighting the Boat*, by Mr. Orpen, remarkable for its combination of delicacy and decision. There is, too, a series of small panels by Mr. Augustus John which are without doubt remarkably clever as designs though in some cases they are rather carelessly handled.

The Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours holds its own with some of the best of preceding years, though on this occasion it depends for its success more than ever upon members who have been elected in quite recent years, and upon works more approaching sketches in character than formerly. Mr. Lamorna Birch in his *Study of a Village near Étaples*, *The Approach to Étaples*, and *Shore-Evening—Montreuil*, Mr. Edwin Alexander in *The Guillimot Stacks*, Mrs. Laura Knights in her picture *The Bathing Pools*, Mr. Charles Sims in *Wild Weather*, and Mr. Hughes-Stanton in *Evening—Titchfield, Hants*, contribute the most interesting features of the exhibition. Besides his landscape

sketch just mentioned, Mr. Edwin Alexander shows three or four exquisite studies of hedge flowers. Mr. Charles Sims has also a second panel, *The Basket of Flowers*, which disappoints, however, by an unwonted touch of the commonplace in this delightful painter's work. Mr. George Clausen exhibits studies of skies which are most successful. Mr. A. S. Hartrick is also among those who exhibit greatly to the advantage of the Society: especially is *The Crofter's Daughter* to be remembered. Other works of importance are Mr. Herbert Alexander's *The Lily Pool at Tongswood*, which would have delighted the heart of John Ruskin in its refinement of finish, and Mr. Francis James's perfect little study, *Purple and Grey*.

The Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists included a good deal of work which deserves to be praised for its soundness and originality. The late Sir Alfred East was well represented by an exceedingly characteristic land-



"THE LEGEND OF THE NATIVITY" WATER-COLOUR BY JOHN COPLEY
(Goupil Gallery Sacon, 1913)



(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1913)

"KIT." OIL PAINTING BY
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"PHYLLIS." OIL PAINTING
BY RAYMOND MCINTYRE

(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1913)

Studio-Talk

scape, *Glowing October*—a picture finely designed and delightful in colour—and by a robust and expressive portrait of himself, painted for the Uffizi Gallery; and among the other canvases which have the fullest right to be remembered can be reckoned a dignified decorative landscape by Mr. Alfred Hartley: a magnificent colour arrangement, *The Glory of the Day*, by Mr. Foottet; *In Snowdonia*, by Mr. Westley Manning; *The Avenue*, by Mr. Burroughs-Fowler; and *The Foreland*, an extraordinarily vivid and powerful transcription of nature by Mr. Mease Lomas, an artist of marked originality and exceptional capacity. There were some good portraits by Mr. F. Whiting and Mr. R. G. Eves; and the most notable of the water-colours were Mr. Cecil King's *Sunday in Venice* and *Regent Street*, Mr. Hawksworth's *London River from Southwark Bridge*, Mr. Edwin Noble's *Steady* and *The Sheepwash*, Mr. C. G. Holme's ingenious design *The Bath*, Mr. J. S. Blunt's *Swanage Quay*, Mr. Murray Smith's *Penarth Head*, and Mr. Burroughs-Fowler's firmly handled *Stratford Lock*.

The New Society of Water-Colour Painters in its first exhibitions a few years since could not take a prominent place as an exhibiting society, but it has completely reformed itself, and this year has made a bid at the Alpine Club Gallery for wide recognition. Mr. R. G. Eves sent some of his water-colours, sweeping in style but delicate. Mr. J. R. K. Duff and Mr. W. J. M. Hawksworth contributed, and Mr. Catchpole was responsible for some very happy beach scenes in sunshine, whilst the intensely artistic method of Mr. Fred Mayor was to be seen in over half a dozen works. Messrs. D. Murray Smith, H. Davis Richter, and Romilly Fedden have come into the Society, and each sent many very representative paintings. Other contributors of reputation were Mr. Henry Fullwood, Mr. D. Douglas Fox-Pitt, Mr. Terrick Williams, and Mr. F. Whiting; but much of the honour must be given to Miss H. Gloag for her *Gardenias* and *Black and White*.

The exhibition of lithographs held by the



"GOATHORN CHINA CLAY PIT" (PASTEL)

(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1913)

BY PROF. GERALD MOIRA



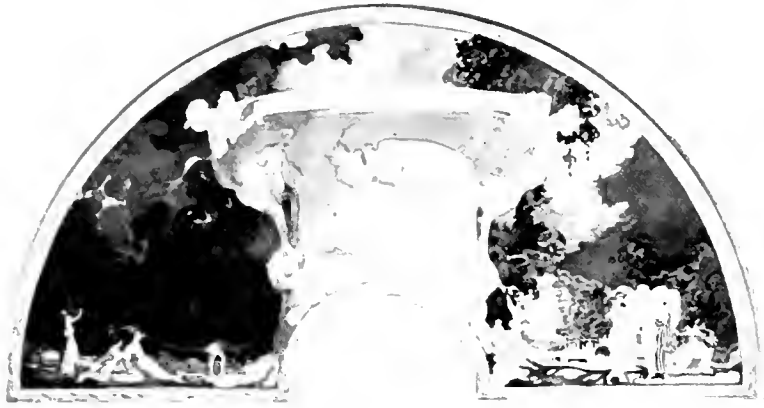
"THE CIRCUS"

WATER-COLOUR BY ROMILLY FEDDEN



"THE MARKET QUAY, LONDON"

WATER COLOUR BY H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.B.A.
(*Central Gallery Salon, 1913*)



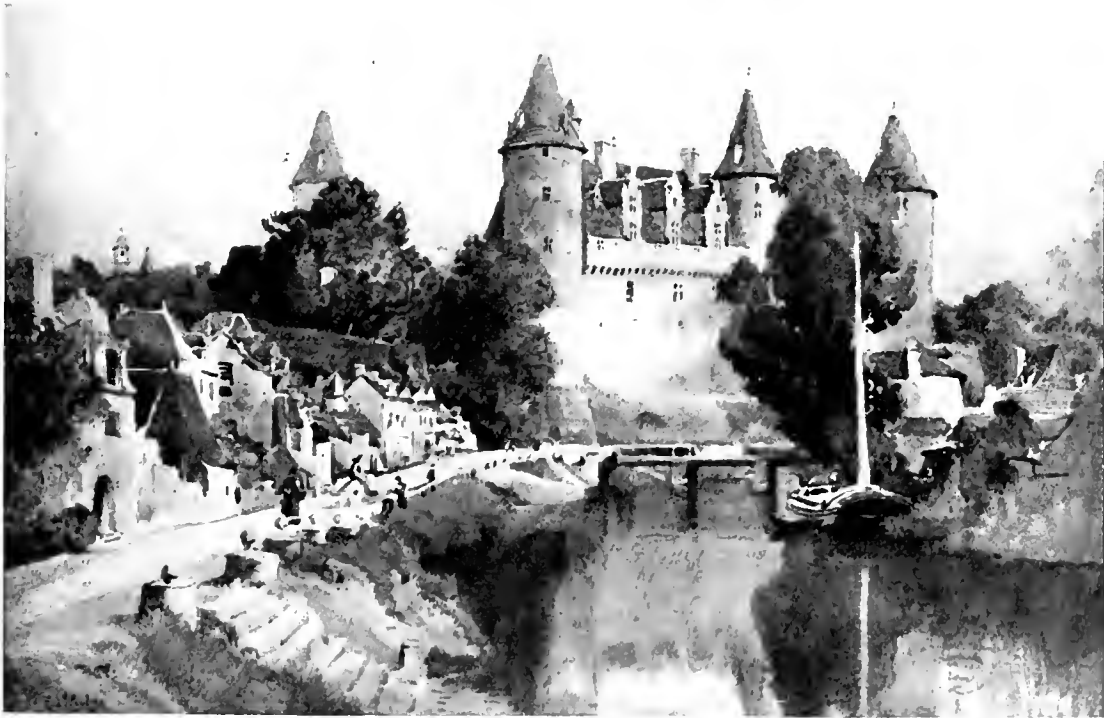
"THE VASE" (FAN) (Goupil Gallery Salon, 1913) BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

members of the Senefelder Club during October and November at the Manzi-Joyant Gallery, the fifth since the inauguration of the Club, transcended all preceding ones. Everything irrelevant to the main issue had been rigorously excluded. There were more lithographs on this occasion completely expressive of the qualities of the beautiful medium than in any former exhibition. Within its natural limitations the art can be practised in two ways. Some lithographers *draw* with the crayon, while others to all intents *paint* with it; the touch of

many of the artists in the recent exhibition was the painter's touch, and their effects were hardly at all concerned with quality of pure line. Yet it cannot be said that they were not displaying the true quality of lithography: indeed, in some cases appreciation of the soft broad touch which is one of the charms of the medium almost betrayed the artist into merely flourishing his fascinating instrument.

Mrs. Laura Knight's work stood out in the exhibition for its possession of all the essentials of fine lithography, and Mr. A. S. Hartick also was responsible for some of the best work shown.

At the Dudley Galleries there was recently on view a collection of water-colours by Miss E. J. Whyley which had a strength of handling and a decisiveness of manner far beyond what is usually found in the work of feminine artists. Miss Whyley paints broadly and effectively, and her draughtsmanship is



"THE BRETON STRONGHOLD OF THE DE KOHANS"
(Dudley Gallery)

WATER-COLOUR BY EVELYN J. WHYLEY



"PONT-EN-ROYANS"

(Dudley Gallery)

WATER-COLOUR BY EVELYN J. WHIVLEY

example of the work of an artist who has of late years produced much that is worthy of attention. Mr. Yates has made a considerable reputation as a painter of romantic landscapes marked by unusual charm of sentiment and distinguished by technical qualities of a high order; but he ranks also as a portrait painter of exceptional capacities, as a shrewdly observant interpreter of character who can give in his pictures something more than the merely superficial aspect of his sitter and whose portraits have a notable degree of vitality and power. In

commendably sound; in the architectural subjects, especially, which were included in the exhibition, she showed her power in this direction to great advantage. *A Peaceful Corner, Canterbury,* and *St. Benoît on the Loire*—both paintings of architecture—were in many ways the best things she exhibited; and among her landscapes *The Blue City, The Breton Stronghold of the De Rohans,* and *Pont-en-Royans* did her the fullest justice. In the same gallery were some good examples of artistic bookbinding by the Hon. Norah Hewitt, things admirable in taste and very soundly handled. They were especially commendable for their reticence and freedom from over-elaboration.

Mr. William C. Coles, a well-known exhibitor at the New English Art Club, has been holding a show of his water colours at the Dowdeswell Galleries. It is not difficult to trace in his art the continuity of the tradition of the old English water-colour school, and he displays a profound knowledge of cloud form and sky effect. The artist is happiest in grey and golden schemes in landscape, *The Valley of the Severn, An Old Quarry, The Cotswolds, Sunset near Pin Mill* being beautiful drawings in the true sense of the word.

Mr. Fred Yates's portrait of President Woodrow Wilson, reproduced opposite, is a characteristic



JEWELLED HANDLE OF KEY USED AT OPENING OF ROYAL WEST OF ENGLAND ACADEMY, BRISTOL



"PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON." FROM
A PASTEL DRAWING BY FRED YATES

Studio-Talk

this particular example, executed during a visit he paid to the United States some time ago, his certainty of draughtsmanship and decisive handling of executive essentials are admirably displayed and his suggestion of the personality of his subject is conveyed with remarkable significance.

At the Carfax Gallery Mr. Walter Bayes has been holding an exhibition of his paintings, and the artist's fine sense of colour made the whole effect of the exhibition extremely agreeable. Close examination of Mr. Bayes's work reveals the great amount of knowledge that accounts for the decorative satisfactoriness of every canvas of his. Open-air and sunlit effects are his chief attraction. His style is to some extent lacking in lightness and swiftness of character, and in these circumstances it is the more remarkable that he can secure so effectively the sense of movement and atmosphere necessary to the themes he chooses. More happily than most of his contemporaries, he combines decoration with impressionism.

Mr. Francis James exhibited water-colours at the Van Wisselingh Gallery last month, proving himself still an exceptionally able painter in water-colour and a great master in still-life. There is so much variety and inventiveness in his work that though he often returns to the same themes the spectator is only conscious of the artist's sustained enthusiasm and his resources in imagining new points of view from which to regard his favourite subjects.

BRISTOL.—With the rebuilding of the old Bristol Academy and the granting of a Royal Charter to the members, the Royal West of England Academy, representing all the art of the west, including the famous Cornish schools at Polperro, St. Ives, Newlyn, and Lamorna, is now holding its inaugural exhibition. It can safely be said that no provincial gallery has ever been able to hold such an important modern exhibition of pictures, so much of which has been drawn from the provinces which it represents. The West of England has great traditions, with its



"MORNING MIST"

(See *Studio-Talk*, opposite page)

BY CARL KAISER-EICHBERG



"HOMeward"

BY CARL KAYSER-EICHBERG

memories of Gainsborough, Barker of Bath, Müller, and also of Turner, who worked in the neighbourhood of Bristol for some time with enthusiasm; and the members of the Academy have come to recognise that their city is the natural and inevitable centre of the west, while the past policy of favouring only local art, in the most narrowly interpreted sense, at the expense of the wider prestige of their institution, has now been abandoned. Much of this has been due to the energy of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. W. Savory; but the former Hon. Secretary, Mr. Richard Tuckett, had paved the way with many years of work and contention with local prejudice in matters of art. The Bristol Academy has in Mr. Havard Thomas produced from its own schools one of the recognised great sculptors of to-day. In taking to itself the more inclusive title, with letters R.W.A. attached to membership, and with the vitality, modernity, and comprehensiveness of its first exhibition, it shows it recognises its essential mission as the chief art centre of the west. The reconstructed building is extremely successful in design,

making an impressive environment for the pictures. The Lady President, Miss Stancomb-Wills, Lord Winterstoke's relative and successor in the presidency, presided at the inauguration and the banquet which followed. The list of those present included many of the most representative names in modern English art and art criticism. We reproduce on page 228 the ornamental part of the key used on the occasion. T. M. W.

BERLIN. — The landscape painter and graphic artist Carl Kayser-Eichberg was one of the artists who were invited to exhibit in the select exhibition at Stuttgart this summer, and his *Morning Mist* affords fresh proof of his ever-growing talent. He is a pupil of Bracht, and his works combine decorative and emotional qualities so admirably that they have become real favourites. A serious striving to assimilate modern principles and a deep-rooted regard for tradition define his artistic character.

Studio-Talk

Among recent exhibitions at the Schulte Salon the posthumous display of Karl Haider's works at once aroused sympathy for an art which was practised with persistence and reserve. In portraits, landscapes, and genre subjects, this painter carried on the old German tradition manifested in Holbein and later in Defregger and Leibl. Hans Thoma again proved his authority as a landscapist in some large Black Forest pictures of superior merit. The wide sweep of his vision, his consummate search for realistic veracity and a sensitive recognition of emotional beauties have deservedly given him a unique position. He also showed himself to be a colourist of distinction and a capable painter of children. The winter and summer pictures of Max Clarenbach evoked sympathy by their quietude, but in spite of a fine study of air and light they imparted an impression of monotony. A reserved sense of colour was also a feature of the pictures of Wilhelm Hambüchen, whose large canvas *Near Düsseldorf*, favourably sums up the best gifts of this painter. Mohrbutter and Mosson excelled as flower-painters, and the impressionistic temperament which now strives for expressionism was discernible in a series of Italian pictures by Philipp Franck, who convinced of a strong colour-sense and solid draughts-

manship, though on the whole his energetic methods appeared more appropriate for the designer in applied arts. Joseph Oppenheimer's adhesion to modern methods was evinced in his portraits and excerpts from everyday life, but it was clear that his nervous verve was controlled by a refined taste. He strives for the richest gamut of pigment, and an endeavour to differentiate colour has now become his chief aim. The importance of this task cannot be overrated when it is a question of rendering effects of sunlight in the open air, but it must be practised with discretion in interior painting. Karl Strathmann aroused interest as a clever draughtsman and decorative composer whose figure-subjects and fantastic landscapes with their strong tonalities and embroideries of pointillistic colour present a curious mixture of pathos and caricature.

In the Cassirer Salon the renown of the animal painter Karl Steffek was revived by a display which demonstrated the refined and clever brushwork of this teacher of Max Liebermann and many others of our leading painters here. Some animal pictures, portraits, and landscapes of real distinction bore witness to the high standard of our art about the middle of last century. In Fritz Gurlitt's galleries,



NEAR DÜSSELDORF

(Schulte's Salon, Berlin)

BY WILHELM HAMBÜCHEN



"DON QUIXOTE"

(Schulte's Salon, Berlin)

BY KARL STRATHMANN

where the policy of presenting interesting old art side by side with the most modern is being continued, one has been able to enjoy Spitzweg and Trübner and to study the much disputed Max Pechstein in the dual rôle of sculptor and graphic artist. This artist's power of line and impressionistic grasp were again evident but failed to satisfy the demands of high art.

In the summer exhibitions of Berlin and Cassel this year the bronze animals of the sculptor Edmund Gomansky have again been much remarked. Contemporary German art can boast of prominent animal artists like Zügel, Tuailon, and Gaul, and Gomansky is decidedly coming to the front within this domain. He had already made a name by his interpretations of the human figure, and now his love for birds has led him to his new speciality. He keeps and watches pretty singers in his home and loves to study peculiar birds in the Zoo. Their decorative forms and extraordinary plumages fascinate his artist's eye, and their habits and character his psychological vision. He often corrects his sketches from life at the Natural

History Museum, and is only satisfied when racial characteristics as well as the smallest crest feather are true to nature. He has gained several prizes in competitions, and the Berlin Municipality, for whom he is now executing commissions, has bought his *Edelcranich* (Crested Crane), of which an illustration accompanies these notes. J. J.

Although Germany, like Great Britain, declines to participate officially in the forthcoming International Exposition to be held in San Francisco, steps are being taken by the Gesellschaft für Deutsche Kunst im Ausland, an organisation founded in 1907 for the express purpose of furthering the interests of German art in foreign countries, to ensure that the pictorial and plastic art of the Fatherland shall be adequately represented on this occasion. An exceptionally strong committee has been formed on which prominent artists representing the chief art-centres of the empire have consented to serve under the presidency of Herr von Pilgrim-Baltazzi. The Munich section includes Franz von Stuck, Prof. Carl von Marr, Richard Kaiser and Julius Schrag, among others. The

Studio-Talk



"CRESTED CRANE" (BRONZE)
BY EDMUND GOMANSKY

Berlin contingent comprises numerous well-known artists, such as Emil Orlik, Carl Langhammer, Carl Kayser-Eichberg, Leo von König, Max Slevogt, Louis Tuaillon, Hans Baluschek, and Lovis Corinth, and the eminent jurist, Justizrat Gerhard; while among the representatives of other centres are Gari Melehers, Ludwig von Hoffmann (Weimar), Eugen Bracht, Gustav Schönleber, Wilhelm Trubner, Robert Sterl, and Hans von Volkmann.

DARMSTADT.—Bernhard Hoetger occupies a leading place among the sculptors of Germany not only on account of the numerous works he has created in marble, bronze, and other materials, but also because of the various decorative objects in majolica which have added so much to his reputation. Like so many of his confrères, he was

a craftsman before becoming an arts-man, and is not only a master in the moulding of forms and of the material in which they are to be executed, but also in the designing of them. It was, in fact, his technical knowledge, as well as his rare gifts as an artist, which led the Grand Duke of Hesse to call him to Darmstadt as Professor. Hoetger won his first laurels in Paris, where he practised for seven years; but even before going there the young sculptor had gained recognition in Dresden, Berlin, Cologne, and other German towns for his realistic rendering of street types. He was then at the beginning of his career, and his artistic output has in the meantime assumed a very different character. At the Düsseldorf exhibition in 1903 two female busts which the sculptor exhibited revealed him in a new and quite original light as a decorative artist gifted with fine visionary power and remarkable individuality in the treatment of surfaces and the distribution of masses. Assyrian and ancient Egyptian sculpture have their place in his artistic development, but to these influences he has added his own personal note, so that his works have a place of their own in modern sculpture. He has lately devoted much of his skill to the manipulation of the material and the moulding of the designs for his majolica figures. These were first exhibited at the Sonderbund exhibition in Cologne last year, where they evoked much praise. In this



"DIANA" (MAJOLICA) BY BERNHARD HOETGER



"INVOCATION" BY
BERNHARD HOETGER



"EQUESTRIENNE" (MAJOLICA). BY BERNHARD HOETGER

branch of his work Hoetger has gone to the Chinese and Japanese for inspiration, but his methods are his own. Though moved by the greatest plastic artists of bygone days he has not let the great modern master Rodin go by unheeded, but in no sense is he a copyist. Hoetger is still young, and it will be pleasant to follow his future development, for this artist is in all things progressive. L.

MUNICH.—At this year's International Art Exhibition—the eleventh of its kind—the Austrian section was notable on account of the way in which the collection was organised. Preferring quality to quantity Austria was content to be represented by a few artists only, who thus had an ample

opportunity of displaying their individuality. The arrangement of the section was carried through by Prof. Jan Kotěra. The rooms containing it were grouped round a central hall which served to exhibit the works of four sculptors—Professors Hanak and Miller, both of Vienna, the talented young Bohemian sculptor Jan Stursa, of Prague, whose monumental statue *Eva* was bought by the Bavarian State for the Glyptothek, and the Polish artist Prof. Dunikowski of Cracow. The other rooms were given over to the Austrian painters. Here one encountered Gustav Klimt, an artist whose work has had a strong influence on some of the younger generation. The Viennese, Franz Rumpler, showed forty oil paintings, including some exquisite genre pieces. The genuine and honest feeling of a true artist was revealed in the collection of another Viennese painter, Ferdinand Andri: very remarkable being his large cartoons for wall-paintings of the Apostles. Max Švabinsky, of Prague, proved himself an excellent draughtsman in his etchings, and a portraitist *par excellence* whether in large family groups or single portraits. His delightful way of treating colour made every one of his pictures a real joy to look at. The other artists representing Austria were Jan Preissler, who showed his strong individuality and a remarkable talent for decoration in his pictures, Otto Laske, Karl Sterer, and Julian Falat. The works of all these artists were displayed under the best possible



AUSTRIAN SECTION AT MUNICH INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION. ROOM CONTAINING WORKS OF MAX ŠVABINSKY. ARRANGED BY PROF. JAN KOTĚRA



AUSTRIAN SECTION AT MUNICH INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION. ROOM CONTAINING WORKS BY FERD. ANDRI.
ARRANGED BY PROF. JAN KOTÉRA

conditions, and one could not fail to be struck by the good taste of the installation as a whole.

B. P. C.

By the death of Prof. Hans von Bartels, who died here on October 5, the German school of water-colour painting has lost one of its foremost representatives. His particular predilection was the painting of coast scenery and fisher-folk, and he travelled much in quest of subjects for his pictures. He visited England from time to time on the same errand and gained many friends and admirers of his work there. He was a frequent contributor to London exhibitions, notably those of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he was an honorary member. Prof. von Bartels was born at Hamburg on Christmas Day, 1856.

MILAN.—M. Renato Brozzi, whose work was awarded a prize recently at the Academy of Fine Arts here, is an artist hailing from Parma, and he has now for some years been successful in attracting

the attention of *amateurs* to his little bas-reliefs, plaquettes and medals. It seems therefore only right to bring to the notice of readers of THE STUDIO the productions of this young artist, who is continuing an art formerly much practised in the provinces of North Italy. In his native town M. Brozzi has had an opportunity of admiring the work of that eminent sculptor of Farnese monuments, Francesco Mochi, an artist, alas! almost unknown, who came under the influence of Bernini, and whose masterly work in bas-relief is, I venture to say, unequalled. M. Brozzi, then, has been able to carefully observe at his ease these Farnese bas-reliefs, and has not required to study the work of Alexandre Charpentier, although that illustrious French "plaquettist" might well have been his master. Brozzi is artistically akin to those Renaissance masters even in so far that this sculptor, of whose work we give a few illustrations, came originally out of an industrial workshop, as did the "*quattrocentisti*" who worked in the goldsmiths' shops.

Employed at first in the imitation of ancient



"HOMEWARD"

BRONZE PLAQUETTE BY RENATO BROZZI
(Gallery of Modern Art, Rome)

and the trees and herbage in the foreground—these, the familiar animals and fauna of our towns and country-sides, are the subjects that attract M. Brozzi. His works in this vein evince a serene and tender faculty which unquestionably makes for success—for a legitimate success into which enters nothing of that so-called permissible imitation of the antique which denotes a commercial spirit such as we do not desire to encourage.

A. M.

pieces, dishes and decorated salvers, working a *shalzo*, as we call it in Italy—that is to say, from the reverse side—M. Brozzi applied himself with all patience to this mode of craftsmanship, which calls for a consummate technical ability before any success may be attained. As a result of this, mayhap, come certain of the artist's works in which the anatomical accuracy seems to be nothing more than cold imitation and in which no inspiration is revealed. In contradistinction to the fierce irascibility and pride of those sculptured animal forms of which the Assyrian carvers have left such incomparable examples, we find M. Brozzi perpetuating, and that not without some trace of humour, the more docile and submissive traits of animals. Turkeys, fowls, ducks, pigs, donkeys, cattle, sheep, deer, depicted in their natural surroundings, composing little pictures with the far distant hills



"THE SHEEPFOLD"

BRONZE PLAQUETTE BY R. BROZZI



"FISHING"

BRONZE PLAQUETTE BY R. BROZZI



"HOW COLD!" BRONZE PLAQUETTE BY R. BROZZI
(Gallery of Modern Art, Rome)

TOKYO.—Among important exhibitions of Japanese paintings held recently may be mentioned that of the Nihon Gakai, which was founded in 1897 as an offshoot of the Bijutsu Kyokai (Art Association of Japan) for the purpose of preserving the worthy characteristics of Japanese painting. It has Viscount Suematsu as its president and is supported by such artists as Mochizuki Kimpo, a noted animal painter, and such landscape painters as Araki Tanrei, Moroboshi Raisho, Ikegami Shuho and Yamaoka Beika. Accompanying this are reproductions of three works included in the recent exhibition of the society.

The Nihon Bijutsu Kyokai above referred to is one of the oldest and most influential art societies in this country. It holds an exhibition of carvings, lacquered wares, metal work, enamels, etc., in the autumn and of paintings alone in the spring. While most of the pictures exhibited this year lacked depth and originality—defects by no means confined to this exhibition—they showed sincerity of purpose and faithfulness of execution in an endeavour to preserve the best qualities of the old

school. The striking feature of the exhibition was an excellent collection of screens and *kakemono* painted by an old master, Tawaraya Sotatsu, which included the pair of famous screens with a design of fans owned by the Imperial Household, and reproduced in these pages to illustrate my article on "Old Japanese Folding Screens."

The Bijutsu Kyokai recently lost one of its influential members by the death of Kumagai Naohiko, who had been a Court artist. Born on December 24, 1828, he took lessons in painting when he was fourteen years of age from Okamoto Shigehiko, and was called Suchiko. He was subsequently adopted by Kumagai Samon, a family in charge of the *mon*, or crests, for one of the feudal lords. As a vassal of the lord of Aki, Kumagai Naohiko took lessons



"CARP"

BY MALSUNAGA TENSHO
(Nihon Gakai)

Studio-Talk

in spear and horsemanship at Hiroshima. At the time of the Restoration, 1868, he threw aside his paint-brush to serve his lord, but soon resumed painting and kept it up to the end of his long life. His *gago* (*nom de plume*) was Tokuga, but he only used it on very rare occasions.

Prince Takehito Arisugawa, who passed away recently, was a great patron of art, and as honorary president of the Japan Art Association, he did much towards its encouragement. For the famous swordsmith, Sakurai Masaji, he built a forge in the compound of his villa at Maiko, where he spent the last years of his life. It was customary for the prince to present the best swords forged during each year to the Emperor and the

Crown Prince, and the master swordsmith always marvelled at the prince's excellent judgment in selecting the swords. An interesting incident brought the swordsmith to the prince's attention. It is said that one day when Princess Arisugawa visited his workshop in Tokyo, the swordsmith was far from being pleased, and rebuked the distinguished visitor, of course without knowing who she was, saying that ladies had no business to be at his place of work. Such behaviour was readily understood by the prince, who knew that master swordsmiths regarded their workshops as sacred, inasmuch as the "spirit of Samurai" is forged and the presence of a woman was considered sacrilege to the god Inari, who is believed to help the forging with a mysterious hammer. It was this incident, it is said, that led the prince to take an interest in him. H. J.



"MONKEYS AT PLAY" BY KONDŌ SUISEN
(*Nihon Gakai*.—Bought by the Empress of Japan)

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"LANDSCAPE"

BY MAKINO EISHŌ
(*Nihon Gakai*)



"BAMBOROUGH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND"

WOOD-ENGRAVING BY J. BARRIE ROBINSON

(See *Hull Art School Notes*, p. 242)

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—The sketching club at the Royal College of Art has many generous supporters who offer awards each year for the best work submitted in various departments of the arts and crafts; and the prize-givers at the competition and exhibition last month included Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., Sir L. A. Selby Bigge, and two of the most distinguished of South Kensington's old students, Mr. J. J. Shannon, R.A., and Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A. The exhibition, which was held in the Iron Buildings behind the Natural History Museum, contained some good work but was not, taken altogether, up to the standard of a few years ago. There was an overwhelming display of landscapes but the figure compositions were few and poor in quality, and the display of modelling was not as good as the high reputation of the College in this department would have led visitors to expect. The most interesting things in the exhibition were a set of brilliant little water-colour studies by Mr. H. Youngman, of the streets and monuments of Florence, Naples, and Rome. Some excellent work in pencil, sketches in Caen and other French towns by Mr. William Keesey, also deserve notice.

They gained the first prize for the best set of sketches in black and white, and Mr. Keesey also carried off the prize for etching, offered by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A. Professor Lethaby's prize for the best piece of workmanship, designed and wrought by the same student, in one of the artistic crafts, was awarded to Miss Helen Lamb for an embroidered bag. The remaining prize winners included Mr. H. Hendrie, Mr. H. F. David, Miss Doris Perkin, Mr. H. Dearden, Mr. W. J. Rowden, Mr. C. W. Wheeler, and Mr. M. C. Oliver.

Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., Mr. Harold Speed and Mr. Bertram Priestman were the judges in the competition known now as the "Gilbert-Garret," in which most of the sketching clubs attached to London art schools take part. The exhibition and competition took place in the Iron Buildings a few days after the Royal College of Art sketches had been shown, and the clubs represented included, besides the Royal College, the Gilbert-Garret, Grosvenor, Polytechnic (Regent Street), Byam Shaw and Vicat Cole, City and Guilds Institute, Birkbeck, London Art School, South-Western Polytechnic, and Crystal Palace. The Royal Academy, perhaps because this is one of the years in which the important biennial competitions are held at Burlington House, was for

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once unrepresented. The award of honour for the best collection of sketches, and four out of five first prizes, went to the Royal College of Art; and the other clubs strongly represented included the Grosvenor, the Byam Shaw and Vicat Cole, the London Art School, and the Gilbert-Garret. The first prize for figure composition (subject *A Holiday*) was awarded to Mr. W. J. Rowden (Royal College); but there was more promise in a curious low-toned painting of a woman and children seated in a meadow, shown by Mr. Bunt of the Byam Shaw and Vicat Cole School. First prizes in landscape, sculpture, and poster design were given respectively to Mr. H. Youngman, Mr. C. W. Wheeler, and Mr. A. W. Moore of the Royal College; and for animal painting to Mr. H. Hubner of the Gilbert-Garret for a study of Polar bears and icebergs.

W. T. W.

The Gilbert-Garret competition was founded at the St. Martin's School of Art in 1870. This school, probably the oldest public art school in London, then occupied the top floor of an elementary school in Endell Street, but now after nearly sixty years in these restricted quarters it finds itself in possession of more commodious and convenient premises in Charing Cross Road adjoining St. Mary's Church, which have been assigned to it by the London County Council. Here ample ac-

commodation is available for the increasing number of students attending the various day and evening classes and for the meetings of the Sketch Club which serves to bring together the past and present students of the school. Black-and-white drawing and designing for posters, advertisements, book-illustration, &c., are prominent features of the curriculum, which also includes—besides the usual art-school subjects—etching, art needlework, and architectural drawing. Mr. J. E. Allen, A.R.C.A., is the Principal, and he is assisted by a staff of twelve teachers.

HULL.—Mr. J. Barrie Robinson is one of a small band of workers at the Kingston-upon-Hull Municipal School of Art who have been attracted by the modern revival of the earlier reproductive arts, and in the accompanying illustrations some results of his experiments in the manner of the early wood-block printers are shown. Always a close student of nature, he of necessity at first interpreted her chiefly in her simpler moods, making the most of the technical advantages offered by the silhouette. With increased power of expression, however, greater subtleties of tone have ensued, as in the evening dock scene at Hull, and this development no doubt heralds a still wider range of expression, including colour. Mr. Robinson was very success-



"A HOME BY THE SEA, YORKSHIRE."

WOOD-ENGRAVING BY J. BARRIE ROBINSON



"EVENING, PRINCE'S DOCK, HULL." WOOD
ENGRAVING BY J. BARRIE ROBINSON.

Reviews and Notices

ful with his prints in the last National Competition, though he had only taken up wood-engraving a short time previously, and had only the spare time left over from his occupation as a school teacher to pursue his art studies. S. R.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Charles Conder. By FRANK GIBSON. (London: John Lane.) 21s. net.—Mr. Frank Gibson's essay on the life and work of Charles Conder has appeared just at the right moment—when, owing to the growth of movements expressed in violent terms of form and colour, the delicate twilight art of Conder is in danger of being for the moment undervalued. That artist was so perfectly the type of a great painter that his art reflected the mood of his time intimately, and in the valuable record of his achievement which the copious illustration of this volume affords, we are reminded that in this country the needle first pointed in the direction which things are now taking with the newest schools in the few pieces in oil which Conder executed just before his final illness. We remember the complete change that took place in his art after a visit to Spain towards the end of his life, and an exhibition held at the Leicester Gallery of larger work, containing such pictures as *The Blue Sofa*, illustrated in this volume. These would be much better understood to-day, in the light of recent developments, than they were in his own time. In many of those works it seemed to us, though on the large scale his imperfect training in draughtsmanship showed disastrously, there was the expression of a greater Conder than ever appeared in the delicate fantasies on silk for which he was so famous. In the later canvases he turned to actuality, and his realism was coloured by the highly imaginative mind which he possessed. On the bigger scale, too, the immense resources of his colour were revealed. As a colourist he will perhaps come to be recognised among the greatest of the English school. In temperament his work showed a marked affinity to that of Beardsley, and it is interesting in this connection to mention, what Mr. Gibson has omitted to record, that one of the most fascinating examples of the art of writing "words to pictures" was penned by Beardsley's sister Mabel to Conder's paintings in Mr. Herbert Vivian's ephemeral periodical, "The Rambler." Mr. Gibson's account of Conder's artistic development is singularly interesting. The biography is not exhaustive, but it is intimate and sympathetic, and in its equitable tone will

serve to perpetuate the memory of the artist better than any other style we can imagine. It leaves the reader with no false conception of Conder's unique position, as an artist embarrassed to a degree by limitations but with a distinction of mind and a power of giving it expression, through imaginative pattern and mystery of colour, for which we shall find no equivalent unless we look beyond the lesser names in the history of art. The book contains a catalogue of the artist's lithographs and etchings compiled by Mr. Campbell Dodgson of the British Museum, and one hundred and twenty-one illustrations, many of them in colour, making a volume of sufficient importance in appearance to represent the lifework of the short-lived individualist whom it commemorates.

Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France. Painted by LAURENCE B. SAINT. Described by HUGH ARNOLD. (London: A. and C. Black.) 25s. net.—*Ancient Painted Glass in England, 1170-1500.* By PHILIP NELSON, M.D., Ch.B., F.S.A. (London: Methuen.) 7s. 6d. net.—Although the titles of these two works suggest that they cover the same ground, at all events in so far as old English stained glass is concerned, the plan and scope of the two are in fact widely different. Dr. Nelson's volume, which belongs to the series of "Antiquary's Books," and except for the frontispiece contains only black-and-white illustrations, consists almost in its entirety of an inventory of all the painted glass now extant in churches, &c., throughout England which can be assigned to the period indicated in the title. This inventory, in which a county classification has been followed, has obviously been compiled with much care, and should prove of great value to students of English mediæval arts and crafts. It is clear from both these contributions to the subject that in the production of stained and painted glass (which, as Mr. Arnold remarks, is the description appropriate to the glass under consideration), for the embellishment of important buildings, such as cathedrals, churches, baronial halls and the like, a high degree of excellence was attained by English craftsmen, though it is equally clear that at the outset the chief stimulus came from France and more especially Chartres. The points of contact between the English and the French schools are dealt with by Mr. Arnold, whose work is restricted to a discussion of the characteristics in regard to design and technique of a series of typical windows of mediæval origin now existing. His text is accompanied by excellent illustrations in colour from drawings by Mr. Saint, who has succeeded in render-

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ing the qualities peculiar to stained glass very effectively, the examples depicted being from churches at Canterbury, York and Fairford in England, and Chartres, Poitiers, Rouen, and Le Mans in France.

Paris Nights and other Impressions of Places and People. By ARNOLD BENNETT. With illustrations by E. A. RICKARDS, F.R.I.B.A. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 12s. net.—On our way through this most interesting and entertaining volume of impressions we find Mr. Bennett, apropos of his having on one occasion successfully worked a system at the tables at Monte Carlo, recording his state of mind in the following words: "I was as happy as though I had shot a reviewer without being found out." Naturally it is with a feeling of profound relief that one finds oneself impelled quite conscientiously to pen those eulogies of this clever author's latest book, which even were the volume of much less interest, the quaking reviewer would be terrorised into writing! In these essays he gives us impressions of Paris, London, Italy, and other places and people, and his observation is shrewd but kindly and his criticisms though often scathing and trenchant are always sympathetic. His chapters on The British Home may be read with much amusement but they most decidedly "give to think." The eminent architect, whose drawings are reproduced, appears here in, to us, a new light. Mr. Rickards' pencil impressions are airy and graceful and his sketches though mostly very slight and free, are full of suggestion. They form an admirable accompaniment, or what, to borrow a term from another art, we should like to describe as a delightful *obligato*, to the author's excellent essays.

French Colour Prints of the XVIIIth Century. Introductory Essay by M. C. SALAMAN. (London: William Heinemann.) £2 2s. net.—Unlike the line engraving which had such an extensive vogue in France before the Revolution and through the facilities offered by modern processes of reproduction is now tolerably well known outside the land of its origin, the French colour-print of the same period and equal if not greater popularity during that peculiar phase of French history has until now remained practically unknown, except to a restricted circle of connoisseurs and collectors, outside France. Both species of print are, however, eagerly sought after by collectors, and at Christie's in London as well as at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris the competition for good impressions waxes very keen. Peculiar interest therefore attaches to this sumptuous volume in which Mr. Salaman has brought

together a typical series of fifty examples of these old colour-prints, the reproduction and presentation of which merit the highest praise. Those who have studied this phase of French art know, of course, that many of the prints which saw the light in the years preceding the great social upheaval were of such a character as to negate their publication in a work of this kind, and there may, indeed, be critics who will demur to the inclusion of two or three which appear towards the end of this series, such as Bonnet's *La Toilette* and *Le Bain* after Jollain, Regnault's *Le Bain* after Baudouin, and *Le Lever* by and after the same engraver, but "naughtily daring" as many of these pre-Revolution artists often were, to quote an apt phrase from Mr. Salaman's introduction, there is always a certain refinement in their revelations of the *vie intime* which enables us to condone much of their audacity, and so instead of being repelled we, with our stricter code of taste, are merely amused. In his entertaining and illuminating essay Mr. Salaman sketches the history of the French colour-print of the eighteenth century from the mezzotint process invented by the unfortunate Le Blon, who is represented by two examples, to the later stages when the aquatint process became general. This essay is, indeed, with its store of technical and historical information, a valuable part of what is in all respects a volume of great and permanent interest.

Fifty Caricatures. By MAX BEERBOHM. (London: William Heinemann.) 6s. net.—The majority of these caricatures have appeared, if we mistake not, at the recent exhibition of this artist's work, but even though the volume may not contain anything that is absolutely new all the admirers of Mr. Beerbohm's amazingly witty drawings must feel grateful to the publisher for thus collecting so many in this amusing volume. There are many caricaturists of various kinds, but there is no one who adds to the gifts of literary satire and keen and penetrating observation such a power of entirely satisfying artistic expression. However, Mr. Beerbohm stands in no need of eulogy for either his admirable draughtsmanship, or for the brilliance of his equally clever titles to the caricatures. To pick out any particular drawings for mention is difficult as all are so excellent, but in the one of Mr. Masfield we have a caricature of the poet and of a certain phase of his art most neatly expressed in a parody of three lines of Wordsworth, and in *Mr. Joseph Pennell thinking of the old'un*, and the delightful Balfour frieze or Mr. Roger Fry in a super-post-impressionistic vein Mr. Beerbohm's rapier thrusts are swift and unerring.

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Provincial Russia. Painted by F. DE HAENEN. Described by HUGH STEWART. (London: A. and C. Black.) 7s. 6d. net.—This is a companion volume to the two on St. Petersburg and Moscow respectively which belong to the same series of topographical books issued by Messrs. Black. It is of course obvious that a volume of considerably less than two hundred pages of fairly large type letterpress can give no more than a bird's eye view of so vast a region as that which is here dealt with—the whole of European Russia minus the two capitals, but so far as it goes it is admirably done; we note, however, several compositors' errors which have escaped observation, as *Tchoud* for *Tchoud*, *Door* for *Dvor*, *Tartan* for *Tartar* (Tatar is better), *intelligentia* for *intelligentsia*, *Zlatousk* for *Zlatoust*, *shupan* for *shupan*, and some others. There are sixteen coloured illustrations and about the same number in black and white, all of a realistic character in harmony with the purpose of the book.

Autumn and Winter. By W. BEACH THOMAS and A. K. COLLET. (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) 10s. 6d.—In these fascinating pages the authors have collected a bountiful harvest of nature lore regarding animal and plant life in the British Islands during the autumn and winter months of the year. The book is cast somewhat in the form of a nature calendar or diary of the months from September to February, and is illustrated by numerous admirable drawings in the text by Mr. Allen Seaby. The volume further contains twelve colour-plates after pictures by the late Sir Alfred East—four magnificent examples of whose beautiful landscape work are reproduced—Harry Becker, C. W. Furse, Buxton Knight, and Haldane Macfall. From its general title "The English Year," we surmise that a companion volume on Spring and Summer is to follow, and we look forward with interest to seeing such a work from the pen of these devoted students of Nature.

The Near East—Dalmatia, Greece, Constantinople. By ROBERT HICHEN. Illustrated by JULES GUÉRIN. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 25s. net.—The thick paper on which this book is printed—almost thick enough to be called card-board—is a drawback to what is in other respects a very enjoyable volume. Greece—and more particularly Athens with its surroundings—accounts for more than half the volume, and of the rest Constantinople has about two pages to one of Dalmatia—a very interesting country, worthy of being better known, where a Slav race has long flourished side by side with a Latin race and where traces abound of other races belonging to neither of

these types. By way of illustration the volume contains, in addition to numerous photographic views, a series of coloured plates after paintings by Jules Guérin, an artist with a remarkable feeling for colour and therefore the right man for recording the sumptuous chromatic effects which these regions explored by Mr. Hichen yield.

Alt-Westfalen. By ENGELBERT FREIHERR VON KERCKERINCK ZUR BORG and RICHARD KLAPHECK. (Stuttgart: Verlag Julius Hoffmann.) 30 marks.—The value of such a work as the present one lies in the fact that it reveals to us the architecture of a country which till now has been neglected by writers on this subject. This is probably due to the fact that Westphalia is generally regarded as a manufacturing region, but this book should effectively dispel this illusion. It deals in a comprehensive and scholarly manner with architectural development from the Renaissance to modern times, while the illustrations, which number more than 400, and are all exceedingly good, reveal to us many delightful relics from Münster, the old walled capital of Westphalia, where numerous fine mansions and other buildings dating from past centuries are still in existence. With its many castles, such as Nordkirchen, Saffenberg, Münster, Werwelsburg, to mention but a few of them, Westphalia offers a good sketching-ground for the artist, for besides its ancient buildings it can boast of some delightful scenery, and, moreover, it is practically a *terra incognita* among artists.

The Art of Silhouette. By DESMOND COKE. (London: Martin Secker.) 10s. 6d. net.—Mr. Desmond Coke has not set out to write a history of silhouette; for that, as he says in his preface, has already been done in Mrs. Nevill Jackson's admirable work. He leaves himself free to gossip interestingly and, despite the fact that he once heard silhouettes described as "them funeral things," amusingly as well, about these once so fashionable productions. Mr. Desmond Coke is gifted evidently with the true collector's spirit and has no inconsiderable knowledge of the art of silhouette as it was practised in its various forms, and his book affords interesting reading. There are a number of illustrations of different examples included in the volume, which has as end paper a charming coaching scene in silhouette by Maxwell Ayrton.

In Powder and Crinoline. Old Fairy Tales retold by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Illustrated by KAY NIELSEN. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net.; edition de luxe, 42s. net.—Readers of this magazine have quite recently had an opportunity of appraising the quality of Mr.

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Kay Nielsen's genius as a book illustrator, and it is therefore scarcely necessary for us to say anything here on that point. His contribution to this very attractive gift-book consists of four and twenty plates in colour, all mounted on grey paper, besides numerous decorative embellishments in the shape of chapter headings, tailpieces, &c., and it also appears that the book itself was the outcome of a suggestion of his. The book contains seven stories, and, as implied by the title-page, none of them are new, but they are probably most of them unfamiliar to the majority of English readers. "Minon-Minette," "Felicia," and "The Twelve Dancing Princesses" are from French sources: "Rosanie" is derived from Andrew Lang's "Red Fairy Book." These four represent the age of "Powder." Some difficulty was found in getting suitable stories appropriate to "Crinoline" days, but the three stories which do service in that connection make delightful reading. The last of them, "The Czarina's Violet," purports to record an actual occurrence in which Prince Bismarck played a part, but the romantic note in the incident has been adroitly turned to account.

Princess Badoura. A tale from the Arabian Nights retold by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 10s. 6d. net.—At this time of year we genuinely look forward to the production which is to represent the genius of Mr. Dulac in the season's publications. In the province of coloured book illustration at the present time there is hardly any one who possesses his refinement of conception and execution. Mr. Dulac seems to bear in mind always the final result, which will include the surface of the paper on which his work is printed. While some artists make a grievance of the polished surface, he makes the most of it to attain a certain effect, as of coloured porcelain, which assists the Oriental character of his tale; and he never disregards the claim for exquisite finish which every one who enjoys book illustration and embellishment find themselves making as essential to the condition under which such art must be studied. In such an illustration as *Camaralzaman finds the Talisman* the artist attains to a high achievement of colour pattern. In all the designs there is evidence of his own pleasure in making them. We can think of no work that has recently passed through our hands that we would recommend before this one to those who wish to introduce the rising generation to one of the great stories of the Arabian Nights in all the glamour which pertains to these tales of the East.

Mother Goose. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. (London: Heinemann.) 6s. net.—This book of old Nursery Rhymes with its fascinating and really artistic cover in imitation of a "sampler," its convenient size and bold type is in every respect an ideal one for the nursery. Whether Mr. Rackham is the ideal illustrator for such books is a question which the denizens of the nursery are perhaps the most competent to decide, but from the standpoint of the grown-up he certainly appears here at his best. On occasions he has been apt to spoil a beautiful drawing by the attempt to combine opaque masses of black ink with transparent colours, but when using his pen merely for purposes of outline, as he does fortunately in most of the instances in this book, no one is happier than Mr. Rackham: his drawing is impeccable, his invention inexhaustible, and a true sympathy with child-life and nature breathes throughout his work.

Quality Street. A Comedy in four Acts by J. M. BARRIE. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON. (London: Hodder and Stoughton). 15s. net, edition de luxe 42s. net.—"Quality Street" was produced ten years ago and, as every one knows, the plot is laid in the stirring times of the Napoleon Wars, when the destiny of many an individual was settled by the recruiting sergeant. It would have been difficult to find a better illustrator than Mr. Hugh Thomson to supply the pictorial accompaniment to the text of such a play. His sympathies are evidently with pre-Victorian periods and the drawings he contributes to this volume show that he has entered fully into the spirit of the play and has thoroughly familiarised himself with the characteristics of the Georgian era. The plates in colour number more than a score, and in addition there are numerous drawings in line only. They are all very charming, the former especially, the artist's discreet use of colour in conjunction with graceful line-work giving them a special appropriateness as book-illustrations.

The Happy Prince, and other Tales. By OSCAR WILDE. Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. (London: Duckworth and Co.) 12s. 6d. net.—To illustrate appropriately these beautiful allegories written, we believe, early in the author's literary career, an artist of delicate fancy is called for and in Mr. Charles Robinson we have the very man for the task. The drawings he has made for this edition are excellent, but in his colour work, beautiful though it is and much as we admire it, we do not feel that he has quite "found himself." It is in the numerous little drawings and decorations in pure line that adorn the text-pages that the

Reviews and Notices

artist is at his very best and his work of this kind is always instinct with a simplicity, a grace and charm that is peculiarly characteristic of his art.

The Wind in the Willows. By KENNETH GRAHAME. Illustrated by PAUL BRANSOM. (London: Methuen and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.—We count ourselves among the warmest admirers of Mr. Grahame's charming books and this perhaps makes one especially critical of any illustrations to them. The pictures here reproduced are we presume intended to form the special interest of this new edition of "The Wind in the Willows," but we are sorry to say we find them somewhat disappointing. Mr. Bransom is certainly a clever artist and his drawings are not without charm, but in illustrating this book he seems somehow to have failed. The author tells the story of some obviously "fairy tale" animals, but in depicting the various characters with so much fidelity to nature and with a disregard for all human characteristics and other appurtenances so minutely and quaintly described by the author, the artist seems to us to have entirely missed the spirit of this delightful romance.

Piedmont. By ESTELLA CANZIANI and ELEANOR ROHDE. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 21s. net.—Some few years ago we had the pleasure of noticing Miss Canziani's extremely interesting volume dealing with the costumes, traditions and songs of Savoy, and now in the companion volume before us she and her collaborator give an equally interesting account of their experiences and investigations in Piedmont, a region no less rich in legendary lore and still to a large extent faithful to its ancient traditions and usages. The narrative is obviously the result of intimate personal acquaintance with the people and places described and is told in fascinatingly simple language wholly free from affectation. The student of folk-music in particular will feel indebted to Miss Canziani for transcribing the words and music of many of the songs of the Piedmontese peasants and for several examples of their dance-music. The pictorial accompaniment to the letterpress consists of fifty illustrations in colour besides numerous line drawings by Miss Canziani and they supplement the text admirably by their veracious portrayal of peasant types and local scenery.

A Sea Anthology. Selected and illustrated by ALFRED RAWLINGS. (London: Gay and Hancock.) 3s. 6d. cloth: 6s. leather.—A small book of dainty water-colour sea-pieces reproduced as accompaniment to a selection of poems and prose passages from great sources. The cover is of dark green cloth with extremely attractive gold embellishment.

Among the daintiest books for the nursery that have come under our notice this season are the *Little Rhyme Books* published by Augener Ltd. each containing a selection of favourite rhymes accompanied by charming illustrations in colour by H. Willebeck Le Mair, a young lady with a remarkable talent for decorative composition. There are four of these little books, which are priced at 1s. net each, and all are very tastefully got up.

Messrs. Yamanaka and Co., the well-known importers of Japanese and Chinese works of art, are showing during the present month in their London galleries at 127 New Bond Street, an extremely interesting collection of Chinese bronze statuettes.

We have received from the Duchess of Sutherland's Cripples' Guild a beautifully illustrated brochure showing numerous examples of the silver and silver-plated articles of domestic use and ornament produced in the workshops started by the Duchess fourteen years ago at Trentham, Staffordshire, for the training of helpless cripples as craftsmen. The articles produced, which are all hand-wrought, are on sale at the Guild's London showrooms, 13 and 14 New Bond Street.

Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, of Kingsway, the European agents for the famous Waterman Fountain Pens and Koh-i-Noor Pencils, which they offer in many attractive styles and shapes suitable for presentation, are introducing two simple but useful devices for hanging pictures and other purposes. One is the Moore Push-Pin, which has a solid transparent glass head and a thin but strong steel point which can be pushed into wood and plaster without the use of a hammer and does not injure the wall, the head forming a firm and invisible support for small pictures. The other appliance is the Push-Less Hanger, consisting of a brass suspender held by a special nail inserted slantwise: it is made in two sizes—one for pictures up to 10 lbs. in weight, the other for anything up to 100 lbs.

In the Poster competition recently organised by the Three Arts Club over one hundred and twenty designs were received, and the prize of £100 was awarded to D. M. Hazlett, of Bournemouth, a design by Archibald Wells being also selected for the Club's Arabian Nights' Ball. There will probably be another competition next month, with first and second prizes.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

“WHAT a lot of talk there is just now about the housing of the rural population,” said the Man with the Red Tie. “It seems to have become of late one of the most absorbing questions of the moment.”

“Oh yes, but only as a matter of politics,” replied the Architect. “It is not a question, I am afraid, in which people with artistic inclinations are taking much interest.”

“I am not so sure about that,” broke in the Art Critic. “A great many people are much concerned about rural housing from the picturesque standpoint, and they are troubling a good deal about what they regard as the serious degeneration in rustic architecture. It is, I think, becoming a question of real importance to every one who is anxious to preserve the more attractive features of this and, indeed, all other countries.”

“Then you would agree with me, I expect, that the character and charm of rustic architecture are disappearing rapidly?” asked the Architect. “I feel it strongly myself, but I was beginning to be seriously afraid that every one else was absolutely indifferent.”

“Do you imagine that no one but you has any sense or power of observation?” laughed the Man with the Red Tie. “The tendency to exalt a very stupid type of utilitarianism into a sort of fetish and to treat all idea of the picturesque as if it were an actual impropriety seems to me to be one of the worst difficulties one has to face in all discussions of the rural housing problem.”

“And it is a difficulty that is likely to become more acute in the future,” agreed the Critic. “I quite admit that the picturesque cottage is dying out; the last nail, I fear, will be driven into its coffin when the Government, as seems likely, starts cottage building all over the country.”

“But don't you think the Government will give architects a chance?” asked the Architect. “It might do something to revive the earlier picturesque type.”

“It is much more likely to adopt a kind of sealed pattern and to stick up a quite unattractive regulation building in every district,” scoffed the Man with the Red Tie. “I do not hope much from any official department.”

“Yes, that is likely enough,” said the Critic, “especially as a good deal of the trouble we are talking about has arisen from the rigorous imposition of local by-laws authorised by Acts of Parlia-

ment. The sealed pattern is undoubtedly a danger because it will take no account of local conditions and will allow of no variation to suit particular exigencies. Half the charm of the old-time cottage was its automatic adaptation to local conditions; it fitted naturally and happily into its surroundings and became as a matter of course part of the landscape.”

“Ah, those by-laws!” sighed the Architect. “I was hoping that under an intelligently planned Government scheme they might be made less unreasonable, or at all events a little more elastic. They are undoubtedly, as a consequence of their want of adaptability, the cause of many of the evils which we are deploring.”

“And they will probably be made more rigorous and more inelastic if a very vigorous attempt is not promptly made to stir up public opinion to realise how much has been already lost and how much more is going to be lost in the near future,” declared the Critic. “The tendency here, and in other countries too, is to do things more and more by rule, to become steadily more commonplace and stereotyped, and to allow always less scope for the display of individual taste.”

“I suppose, after all, these much abused by-laws have done some good in practical ways,” suggested the Man with the Red Tie.

“Some good, no doubt,” admitted the Architect: “but their purpose is so absolutely utilitarian that they have stood sadly in the way of artistic progress. They have killed the old thatched cottage with its mud walls which was both comfortable and picturesque, and they have brought into existence a cheaply built brick box which is not really weather-proof or pleasant to live in and which is certainly appallingly ugly. They have created a uniform type of building which in no part of the country assorts in the least with the landscape, and which is too stereotyped in its plan to be decently adaptable to the needs of different kinds of tenants. Really, it is a question which I find extremely difficult to answer, whether the various building regulations by which we are so heavily weighted have not done in practical matters as much harm as they have in aesthetics.”

“And the pity of it is that all this harm has been done unnecessarily,” said the Critic. “A picturesque cottage which is comfortable to live in would appeal to the countryman—who is not wanting in taste—far more than the brick box which is now forced upon him. Why should he not have what he wants?”

THE LAY FIGURE.

A Romanticist Painter: W. Russell Flint

A ROMANTICIST PAINTER: W. RUSSELL FLINT.

AMONG the many faculties with which an artist should be endowed few can be accounted as of more importance than the power to invest his work with a consistent and significant atmosphere. This atmosphere should be the expression of his own personal taste and conviction, of that selective instinct which guides him in the choice and treatment of his material, and of that capacity for realising his impressions which is necessary to enable him to make intelligible to other people the attitude which he adopts in the practice of his art. If he cannot convey to others the sentiment by which he is inspired, his production must always remain unconvincing; it will be unpersuasive because it will not suggest that the artist himself has arrived at any definite conclusion about the aim and purpose of his effort.

There is, however, a very real difference between the creation of an atmosphere and the adoption of a convention. The one is a reflection of the artist's strength, the other of his weakness, because the atmosphere comes from the domination of intellectual and temperamental qualities, while the con-

vention is merely an evasion of thought and a substitution of mechanical mannerisms for independent and original activity. When the artist lapses into a convention he has ceased to use his intelligence, he has lost the faculty of observation, he has become simply a machine which turns out a sort of stock art pattern—a lifeless and soulless piece of mechanism incapable of any variation of movement and wanting in all power of adaptation.

But if in his practice he is influenced by his temperament and if he uses his intelligence to discover what is the direction in which the best results are possible to him, his work will never become conventional, and yet it will bear indisputably the stamp of his personality. The finer artist he is, the more personal it will be, and the more definite in its assertion of the impressions he has received and of the conclusions at which he has arrived. It is only the man of strong character and with the clearest belief in himself who can surround the whole of his production with the atmosphere of himself, and can make it always consistently express his intentions; it is only the artist with the firmest convictions who can take up any type of material and so shape and adapt it that, without any perversion of natural realities, it will illustrate



"CONVERSATION"

A Romanticist Painter: W. Russell Flint

adequately his aesthetic creed. By the way in which he can assert himself in his work the degree of his capacity is measured; the more plainly he proves it to be his, and his alone, the more evident is his right to be counted as a master of his craft.

It is because the work of Mr. Russell Flint satisfies these conditions to an unusual extent that he has a special claim upon the attention of all serious students of modern art. He is very definitely a painter with a temperament, an artist who looks at nature in a manner that is quite his own, and whose personal taste is amply apparent in every phase of his production. But, at the same time, he does not allow this display of his personal preferences to degenerate into a mannerism or to become simply a stereotyped trick which saves him from the exertion of thinking out new ways of expressing himself. He keeps his mind alive to fresh suggestions and allows the fullest scope to his receptivity; all that he does with the suggestions he receives is to bring them into agreement with the artistic convictions by which he is guided and to clothe them with the sentiment that seems to him to be appropriate.

When this sentiment is analysed it is seen to be

a kind of delicate romanticism: there is in everything that Mr. Russell Flint produces a romantic atmosphere which makes itself felt quite as much in the way he treats his material as in his choice of subject. His love of romance leads him often into the selection of motives from the life of past ages when people behaved picturesquely and veiled the commonplaces of existence with sumptuous pageantry; but it colours quite as obviously his view of the modern world. It enables him to realise scenes from the age of chivalry with all the charm and pictorial persuasiveness that must—as we like to think—have distinguished them; but it helps him, also, to prove that there are romantic possibilities even in the life of our own times, and that the artist who is keen to recognise these possibilities need not revert to the past to find scope for his fancy.

For instance, if such picturesque inventions as his well-conceived fantasies, *The Huntresses and the Knight*, *The Interruption*, and *The Mock Europa*, are compared with an evident subject from modern life, like *Conversation*, or with a scene like *Bathers on a Mediterranean Beach*, which might belong to any period, the fact that the atmosphere with which



"THE MOCK EUROPA"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL FLINT



"BATHERS ON A MEDITERRANEAN BEACH." FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

A Romanticist Painter: W. Russell Flint

they are invested comes from the artist and not from the material he has selected can be fully appreciated. His fantasies are convincing because he shows in them a regard for facts which relate quite as much to the present as the past, his records of modern realities are significant because he has seized upon the opportunities they afford him to invest facts with that charm of abstract beauty which is the foundation of true romance. But whether he is re-creating or recording it is always the romantic outlook upon which his mind is fixed, and it is always his mind that directs and controls the working of his hand.

It is the same in his landscapes; he never is satisfied to present a truth in a commonplace way. A serious student of nature he assuredly is—a shrewd observer who dissects and analyses with consummate care. But to the power of analysis he adds a remarkable capacity for reconstruction, and his dissection enables him to eliminate with certainty what is unnecessary and to build up with what remains a record of nature that is true enough in its general character, and yet is one that reflects indisputably his æsthetic instinct and his personal taste. His *Autumn's Fading Glory* is typical of

his methods in landscape painting; a subject that might easily have become too literal if treated by an artist deficient in the poetic sense, it has been made by Mr. Russell Flint the means of conveying a singularly clear impression not only of the spirit of nature but also of her tragic intensity.

This one picture, indeed, sums up nearly all the qualities which make his work in landscape so interesting and so satisfying. He has grasped in it just what was requisite to explain his motive and to tell his story, and to the main idea he has with admirable judgment subordinated all those minor details which would, if they had been obtruded, have obscured the meaning of the subject. So, too, in others like the *Amalfi*, the *Capri: Afternoon Sunlight*, and the *Marina Grande, Sorrento*, he has avoided that temptation to set down too much which always lies in wait for the painters who have not learned how to disregard trivialities and who do not perceive what a weakening of the first impression must result from an attempt to include in their record all that nature puts before them. In all these paintings he has allowed a singularly clear perception of the way in which the end he desired could be attained to govern the whole



“THE INTERRUPTION”

WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL FLINT

A Romanticist Painter: W. Russell Flint

progress of his work from its first inception to its final completion. He has started with a definite purpose in view and to the working out of this purpose he has devoted the whole of his attention—ignoring with commendable discretion everything that would not bring him directly to the right conclusion.

It is not unreasonable to assume that Mr. Russell Flint's unusual acuteness of artistic judgment is due, partly at all events, to the nature of his early upbringing, and that the rapidity of his mental development resulted directly from the associations of his youth. He was born in Edinburgh, in 1880, and his father, F. Wighton Flint, was an artist of exceptional technical ability and endowed with a keen appreciation of the charm and character of Highland scenery. With such a home influence it is quite intelligible that the lad not only learned the practical side of painting thoroughly but acquired also habits of observation and reflection which have been of infinite value to him in later life: upon the judicious training he received during his earliest years from a man of great capacity and wide experience he was able to build up the confident and intelligent accomplishment which makes him now such a prominent figure in the art of our time.

His first professional experience was gained at Edinburgh as a commercial designer and lithographer for a local printing firm, but while he was engaged on this work he spent his evenings in study at the Edinburgh School of Art. In 1900 he migrated to London, where for eighteen months he was employed as an illustrator for a medical publishing house doing things that it can well be imagined were not particularly pleasing to a man with poetic aspirations but after a while he found a more congenial occupation, and in 1904 com-

menced a four years' engagement on the regular staff of the "Illustrated London News." Since then he has been increasingly busy as an illustrator and has worked for a large number of journals and magazines, but latterly he has divided his time fairly equally between illustrative work in colour and picture painting. He is a member of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society, the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, the Art Workers' Guild, and other societies; he has gained a silver medal at the Salon for his water-colour illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur," and he has pictures in the collections of the King of Italy, and the Italian city of Udine, and in the Liverpool and Cardiff Galleries, so that he may fairly claim to have secured a larger measure of recognition than usually comes to an artist of his age.

Some consideration must be given to his technical methods because, naturally enough, the way in



WATER-COLOUR ILLUSTRATION TO CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES
BY W. RUSSELL FLINT

A Romanticist Painter: W. Russell Flint



"AMALFI"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL FLINT



"CAPI: AFTERNON SUNLIGHT"

WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL FLINT

A Romanticist Painter: W. Russell Flint

which he works helps very greatly to make intelligible the purpose and intention of his art. He is a particularly accomplished craftsman and in water-colour painting especially he has a certainty of method that makes the solution of even the most difficult of technical problems a matter of comparative ease. It is here that the effects of his admirable early training can be plainly recognised.

It is characteristic of Mr. Russell Flint's water-colour work that though the methods he uses are comparatively complex he is able to achieve in the final result an air of spontaneity and fresh directness that is entirely satisfying. He really builds up his picture gradually by alternately laying in broad and well-defined washes and scrubbing down what he has laid in so as to bring it into a proper condition for the next stage of development. At the last he puts in crisply and with clean decision sharp touches of colour which define the facts to which he wishes to give prominence, and these touches bring together the whole design and make it live. Of course this method demands a very clear conviction from the outset and a conviction, too, that must be kept unaltered through all the stages by which the picture is evolved; but then this power of visualising and retaining his first

impression is one that he has cultivated so well that there is little danger of his going astray.

What he is likely to do in the near future is an interesting subject for speculation; to an artist whose age is only thirty-three, and whose work is already of such unquestionable excellence, almost any degree of achievement would seem to be possible. Naturally, much depends upon the view he takes of his professional responsibilities, but in that matter he has proved himself to be too sincerely in earnest for any apprehension to be felt that he will relax his effort. He is now taking pains to enlarge his outlook and to gain new experiences—he has, for example, just spent nine months in a tour through Italy and Sicily, visiting a number of places and making a great variety of sketches. But so far there is no sign that he feels any inclination to modify that view of life and nature which has hitherto coloured so pleasantly the whole of his production. A romanticist he is by instinct and association, and a romanticist it is to be hoped he will remain to the end, because after all there is nothing like romance to give a seductive atmosphere to an artist's work and to keep him out of those pitfalls which beset the path of the mere materialist.

A. L. BALDRY.

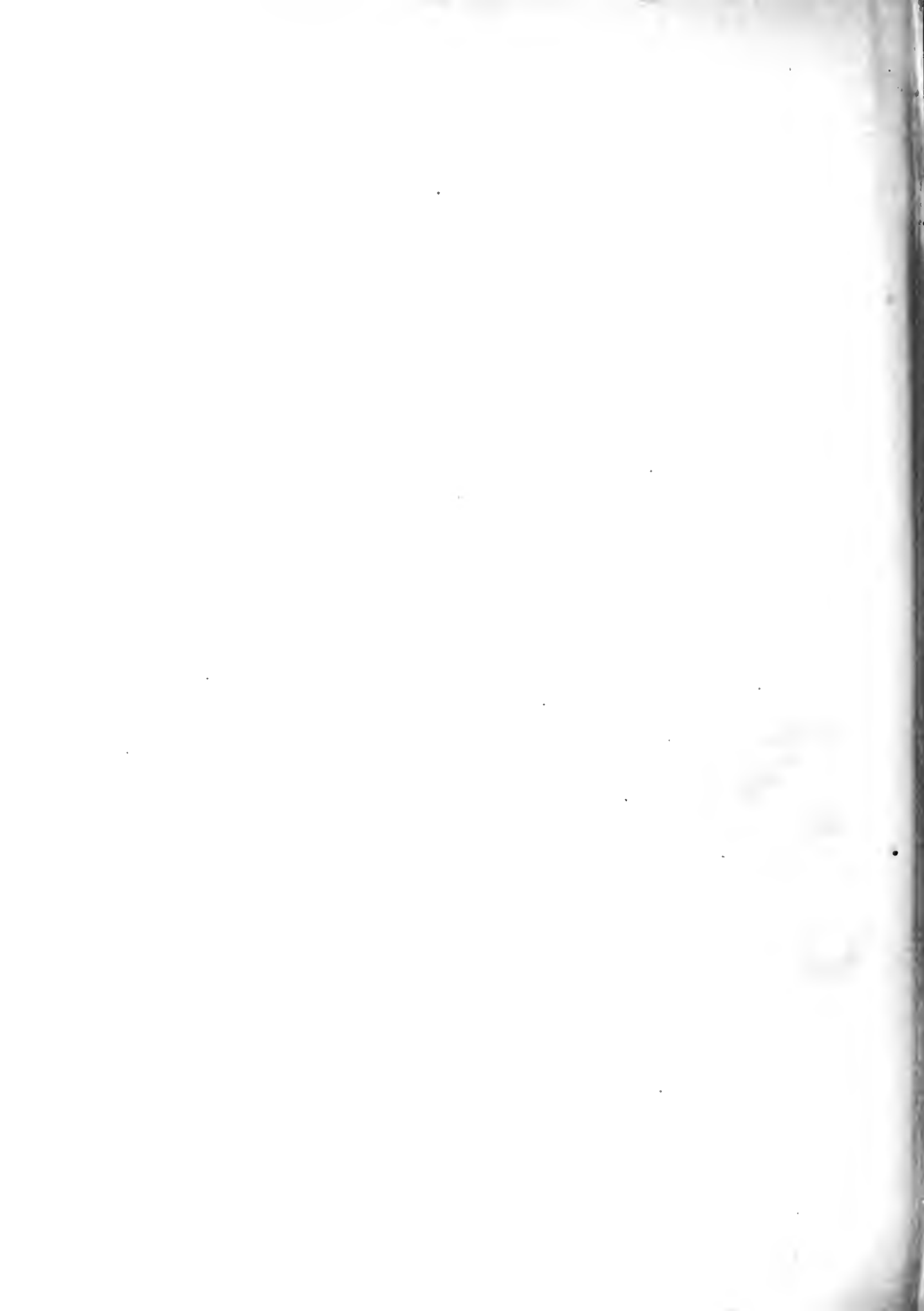


“A FOUNTAIN AT FRASCATI”

WATER-COLOUR BY W. RUSSELL FLINT



"AUTUMN'S FADING GLORY. FROM A
WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery

SOME EXAMPLES OF MODERN ENGLISH JEWELLERY.

OF the various forms in which the æsthetic sense manifests itself that of personal adornment is without doubt at once the most primitive and the most universal. Abundant evidence in support of this assertion is forthcoming in the records of exploration in Africa, Asia, and America, and in the narratives of travellers in every part of the world amongst all types of mankind. The articles which the savage uses for this purpose may be very far removed from what we understand as jewellery, but, simple as they may be, they have the same fascination for him as the precious jewels worn by noble and wealthy ladies in civilised countries; they may be nothing more than coloured glass beads, but as we know from travellers who can speak with authority on this point, they are a real joy to the unsophisticated heart of the child of nature—they are in fact his jewels—and let us not forget the meaning of the word, for does not “jewel” like its French cognate *joyau* come from the Italian *gioja* and the Latin *gaudium*, meaning joy? And then what an immense part these “joy” things play in modern civilised life! If we look around

us we shall find the custom of wearing some ornament or other almost universal; from the lowest to the highest, very few will be found who are absolutely devoid of some article which falls within the category of jewellery in its broadest signification.

To cater for this perennial and ubiquitous requirement of humanity a whole army of workers is employed in various of the great cities of Europe where the manufacture of jewellery is carried on as a highly organised branch of industry—London



SILVER PENDANT SET WITH BLISTER PEARLS, GREEN AGATE AND TURQUOISE. BY FRANCES RAMSAY



SILVER CROSS WITH GOLD SPIRALS SET WITH CABOCHON AMETHYSTS AND FINE BLISTER PEARLS. BY VIOLET RAMSAY

and Birmingham in England and Paris and Vienna on the Continent still remain the principal sources of the bulk of the jewellery which finds its way to myriads of shops in all quarters of the globe and thence to the millions who purchase and wear it. And in this industry like most others the tendency towards specialisation has been growing, and as may be readily surmised the use of machinery and mechanical appliances of various kinds is extensive, especially of course for the production of the cheaper grades. In the workshops

Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery

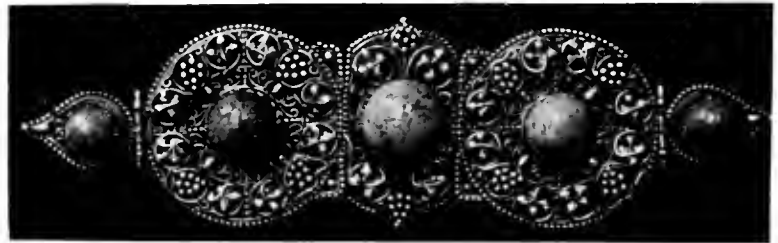


GOLD NECKLACE SET WITH AQUAMARINES AND SPINEL RUBY
BY C. M. KIRKMAN

of the output of the commercial workshop is, the conditions under which it is produced deprive it of the individuality possessed by the article that is wrought by hand, and indeed a truly artistic production can as a rule only ensue where designer and craftsman are one and the same person, cognisant as designer with the possibilities and limitations of the raw material out of which the object is to be fashioned, and as craftsman fully equipped with the technical skill enabling him to carry out the design with a freedom and spontaneity which will result in the absence of all that

and factories where it is produced on a large scale there is a sharp differentiation between designer and craftsman: the former is rarely anything more than a draughtsman who makes drawings to be carried out by artisans, while among the latter there is a considerable division of labour, one doing a special kind of work in which he is particularly skilful, while another devotes his whole attention to some other process in which he excels.

In this article, however, we are not concerned with jewellery produced under conditions such as these. It will, we think, be generally conceded that in every branch of craftsmanship it is the personal and individual note that constitutes its particular appeal, and this is especially the case with jewellery. Technically excellent as much



SILVER VINE LEAF CLASP SET WITH LAPIS LAZULI BY VIOLET RAMSAY
(The property of Mrs. Russell Barrington)



GOLD AND SILVER NECKLACE SET WITH DIAMONDS AND PERIDOTS
BY VIOLET RAMSAY
(The property of Mrs. Tait)

Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery

a most precarious and uncertain one. Still we think it undeniable that the public demand for work of this kind has increased of late years—in large



SILVER PENDANT

BY C. M. KIRKMAN

is rigid and stereotyped and to introduce those little variations however minute which lend a peculiar charm to the creations of the true artist-craftsman. It is remarkable, too, what beautiful work can be produced even where the craftsman has at his command comparatively simple tools and appliances but possesses an instinctive feeling for what is becoming and the requisite skill to put his ideas into shape, as for instance, the native working jeweller of Hindustan, who travels from place to place in much the same way as itinerant tinkers do in this country, carrying with him a small equipment of implements and executing orders at the houses of his patrons, or again the peasants of Italy of whose beautiful workmanship numerous examples were given in a recent Special Number of *THE STUDIO*.

As compared with the enormous output of the factories which supply the stores and shops of our towns the production of hand-wrought jewellery by independent workers such as that which is shown in the illustrations to this article, has not up to the present time assumed any considerable proportions: according to Mr. Rathbone, who touches on the economic aspect of the craft in an essay prefixed to the Catalogue of the British Arts and Crafts Section at the recent Ghent International Exhibition, the market for the produce of the artist-craftsman is



"THE ANGEL OF JUSTICE": OXIDISED SILVER BUCKLE SET WITH YELLOW FIRE OPAL. BY K. C. PRICE



GOLD PENDANT SET WITH OPALS AND SAPPHIRES. BY KATE M. EADIE

Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery



GOLD PENDANT SET WITH PEARLS AND BLUE AND PINK TOURMALINES. BY KATE M. EADIE

measure, no doubt, because of the improvement in the quality of the work executed by independent craftsmen and craftswomen, whose numbers have considerably increased in recent years owing to the better facilities now provided for acquiring an understanding of the technical methods incidental to the fabrication of jewellery and other ornaments of a similar character and purpose. A few years ago it was almost impossible for any one outside the trade to get the necessary workshop practice, and as a result the efforts of those who essayed to produce jewellery in the absence of this training often had an unmistakably amateurish appearance; but in recent years the institution of workshops with expert instructors at many of the art schools in the principal towns has enabled outsiders to adopt this fascinating craft. And in view of the facilities thus afforded it is of course not at all surprising that a

craft demanding such manual deftness as fine jewellery should have attracted numerous workers of the gentler sex, who to judge by the exhibits at the arts and crafts exhibitions held from time to time, now appear to form the majority among those engaged in the production of jewelled ornaments as

an artistic craft. A significant result of this extension of feminine activity is referred to by Mr. F. H. Newbery, the able director of the Glasgow School of Art, in a foreword contributed by him to Mr. Wylie Davidson's excellent handbook on "Educational Metalcraft." Now that the artist-craftsman has been joined by the artist-craftswoman,

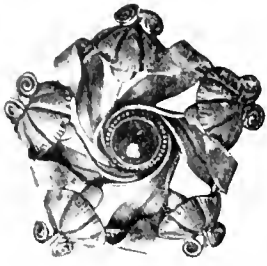


BELT CLASP SET WITH LAPIS LAZULI. BY KATE M. EADIE



SILVER PENDANT AND NECKLACE SET WITH PEARL BLISTERS, OPALS AND RUBIES. BY KATE M. EADIE

Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery



BROOCH IN OXIDISED SILVER
DESIGNED ON THE PINK SET
CARBUNCLE. BY R. C. PRICE

"the two have," he remarks, "proved such strong competitors to the trade houses for the custom of the public, that the manufacturer has been compelled, oftentimes in spite of himself, to cater for the new conditions of demand, a demand that has been brought about by giving to the artisan and to the general public alike, an education in art and some in-

struction in the possibilities of design as applied to material."

At the last exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society in



SILVER NECKLACE AND PENDANT SET WITH PEARL, BISTERS AND
TURQUOISE. BY KATE M. EADIE



GOLD PENDANT SET WITH OPALS
BY R. C. PRICE

(Presented to Mrs. Pethick Lawrence by
her mother and four sisters)

London, and again at the International Exhibition held at Ghent during the past summer and autumn, the display of jewellery produced by British artist craftsmen and craftsmen revealed a high standard of attainment. The collection at Ghent in particular was especially remarkable, and Mr. Rathbone is justified in characterising some of the exhibits as not unworthy to rank with the best craftwork of any age. The pity is, as he says, that though such periodical exhibitions are helpful in bringing these productions to the notice of the public they are altogether inadequate to attract that sustained encouragement which is so essential to the continued prosperity of the craft. The pages of THE STUDIO have, how-

Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery



BRACELET SET WITH AMETHYSTS, AND NECKLACE SET WITH TURQUOISE MATRIX
BY MARGARET J. AWDRY

craftsmanship they also possess that manipulative skill which comes from long and conscientious practice. The particulars accompanying the illustrations make further comment unnecessary. It will be noticed, of course, that some prominent workers in this field of activity are not represented—Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin, for instance. Their work, however, is to be the subject of a special notice in the near future, and the work of others from whom no material was available

ever, always been open to good craftsmanship of all kinds, and in now giving a small selection of recent work by artists whose productions are familiar to exhibition visitors we hope we are doing something to advance a cause which is thoroughly deserving of public support. We only regret that the limitations of photographic reproduction deprive these examples of so much of the charm derived from their harmony of colour and the play of light on the metal and the varied kinds of precious and semi-precious stones employed in the ornaments illustrated. Inadequate, however, as the ordinary half-tone process of reproduction is for displaying all the qualities of such work, the illustrations serve to show clearly enough that in the matter of design the artists represented are not lacking in inventiveness and a sense of that decorative fitness which is so essential to the creator of personal ornaments; and the details, moreover, are shown with sufficient clearness to prove that in regard to actual

when this article was prepared will also be dealt with when an opportunity arises.



SILVER BROOCHES—TWO SET WITH TURQUOISE MATRIX, ONE SET WITH ROUGH EMERALDS. BY MARGARET L. AWDRY



SILVER NECKLACE SET WITH CABOCHON TOPAZES AND MEXICAN OPALS, THE HANGING FRETTS SET WITH SMALL AMETHYSTS. BY MARGARET J. AWDRY

Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery



SILVER NECKLET AND PENDANT SET WITH A CEYLON STONE, CHRYSOPRASES AND WHITE AQUAMARINES. BY BERNARD CUZNER



PENDANT SET WITH CRYSTALS AND GARNET BY CHARLES H. HUGHES



SILVER MINIATURE FRAME ENAMELLED FOLIAGE SET WITH PEARLS. BY MABEL E. BENDALL



ENAMELLED GOLD PENDANT WITH FOUR PEARLS, WREATH AND BIRD REPOUSSÉ BY S. MADELEINE MARTINEAU



SILVER BRACELET SET WITH PEARLS, AGATES AND GARNET

BY MABEL E. BENDALL



GOLD BRACELET SET WITH OPALS

BY MABEL E. BENDALL

Some Examples of Modern English Jewellery



SILVER PENDANT SET WITH MOONSTONES
AND OLIVINES. BY DORA BROOKE-
CLARKE



"THE HOLY GRAIL"
PENDANT BY J. H. M. AND N. BONNOR



SILVER NECKLACE SET WITH MOONSTONES AND
SAPPHIRES. BY BERNARD CUZNER



SILVER PENDANT SET WITH CARBUNCLES, DARK
BLISTER PEARL, OBSIDIAN, AMETHYSTS AND TOPAZ
BY EDITH STEWART

An American Marine Painter: F. J. Waugh

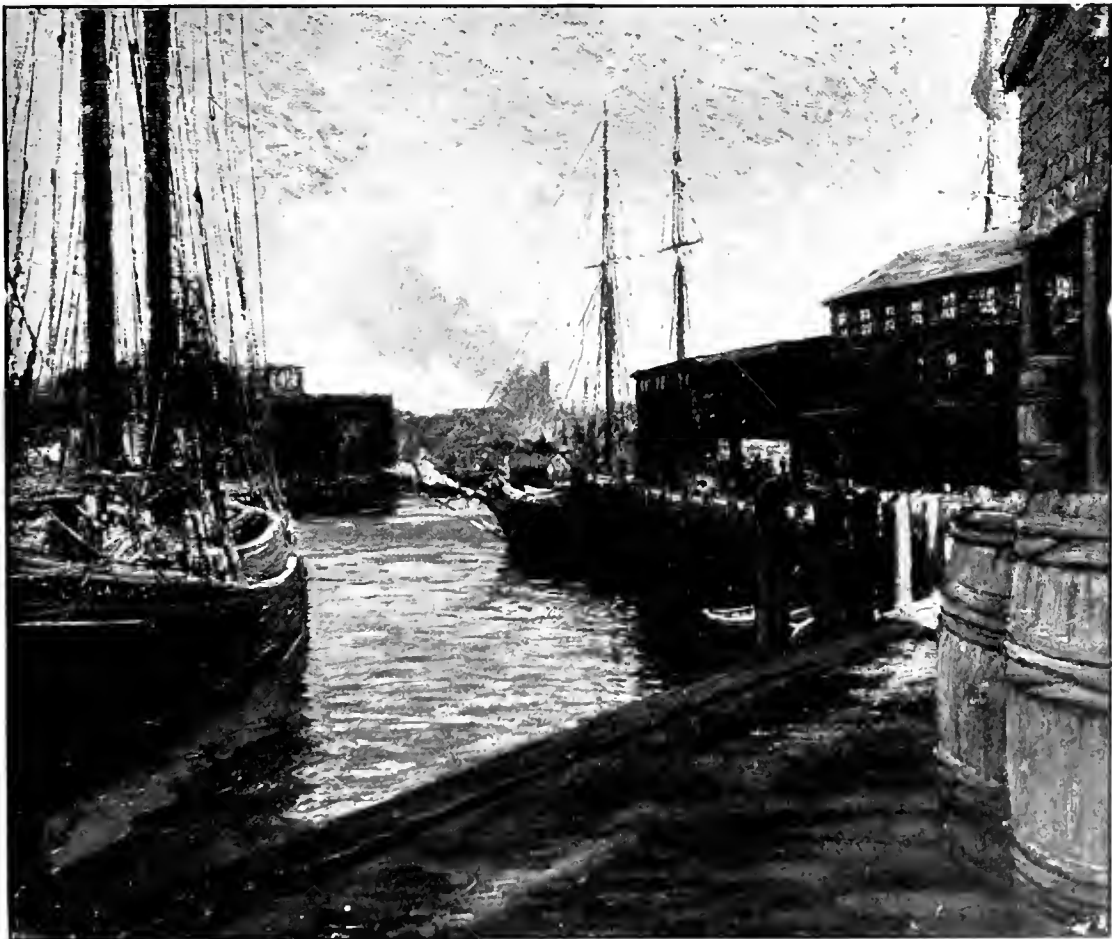
AN AMERICAN MARINE PAINTER:
FREDERICK J. WAUGH. BY
A. SEATON SCHMIDT.

THEODORE CHILD once said: "Puvis de Chavannes is a thinker who paints, Cazin may be described as a painter who thinks." The latter description can be applied to Frederick Waugh, who is not only a painter of exceptional merit, but a translator and interpreter of nature.

Born in 1863, he became an artist by inheritance, his father being at that time one of our most noted portrait-painters, while his mother was a miniaturist of much talent. As a youth he was shy and sensitive, a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions; few of his young comrades could appreciate his ambitions, while his elders considered a boy hopeless who disliked school and preferred to roam the woods, to study nature at first hand rather than from books. At that time there was

little promise of the mature artist. To quote his own words: "As a boy I preferred natural history and mechanics, but especially the 'out of doors' which I loved above all things. I was a regular boy's boy, and did not come into the region of art nor assimilate its atmosphere until I was about nineteen. I had been very much indulged as a youngster, being allowed to have pretty much my own way, and I fear that I caused my fond family a good deal of anxiety, as I had a bad habit of absenting myself in the woods for hours at a time, and returning with pockets and cap filled with snakes. I loved fishing, boating, tramping, and all kinds of boyish adventure."

At the age of nineteen he entered the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, where he met Eugenie Barr, an artist of much promise. She at once recognised his ability and encouraged him in his work, and when, later, she became his wife and realised more perfectly his great gifts, she gladly renounced her



"AFTERNOON IN HARBOUR COVE, GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS"

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

An American Marine Painter: F. J. Waugh

own painting that she might aid in his development by relieving him of every possible material care. Always his best critic, his highest inspiration, much that he has accomplished is owing to her unselfish devotion.

In those early days our schools and museums could not offer the opportunities of Europe, and after two years in the Philadelphia Academy he went abroad to travel and study the old masters. Later, he settled down for serious work in the Académie Julian under Bouguereau and Lefebvre. At the end of three months he happened to join a sketching party for a week's holiday at Gray (in Brittany). There he met the two Harrisons, John Lavery, Anshutz, and other strong painters. They all advised him not to return to Julian's and, in fact, to cut loose from schools altogether and work by himself, with nature alone for his guide. Following their advice he remained in Gray until recalled to America by the death of his father.

He now decided to settle in Philadelphia and

devote himself entirely to portrait-painting. His success was almost phenomenal, and he was soon surrounded by a brilliant clientèle.

But the "outdoors" was ever calling, and shortly after his marriage in 1892 he renounced his portrait work and went to live on the Island of Sark in the English Channel, under whose charm he had fallen during a summer holiday. Sark is one of the most isolated, most rugged of the Channel Islands; her great cliffs rise hundreds of feet from the sea, and against this wall of rock the waves beat and break, the fierce winds that sweep down from the north often lashing them to such fury that for weeks no boat can approach the island.

Mr. Waugh had always passionately loved the sea. Cut off from the outside world he here began that profound study of the colour and form of waves, of the great laws that control the waters, which has enabled him to give us those magnificent marines that have made him famous.

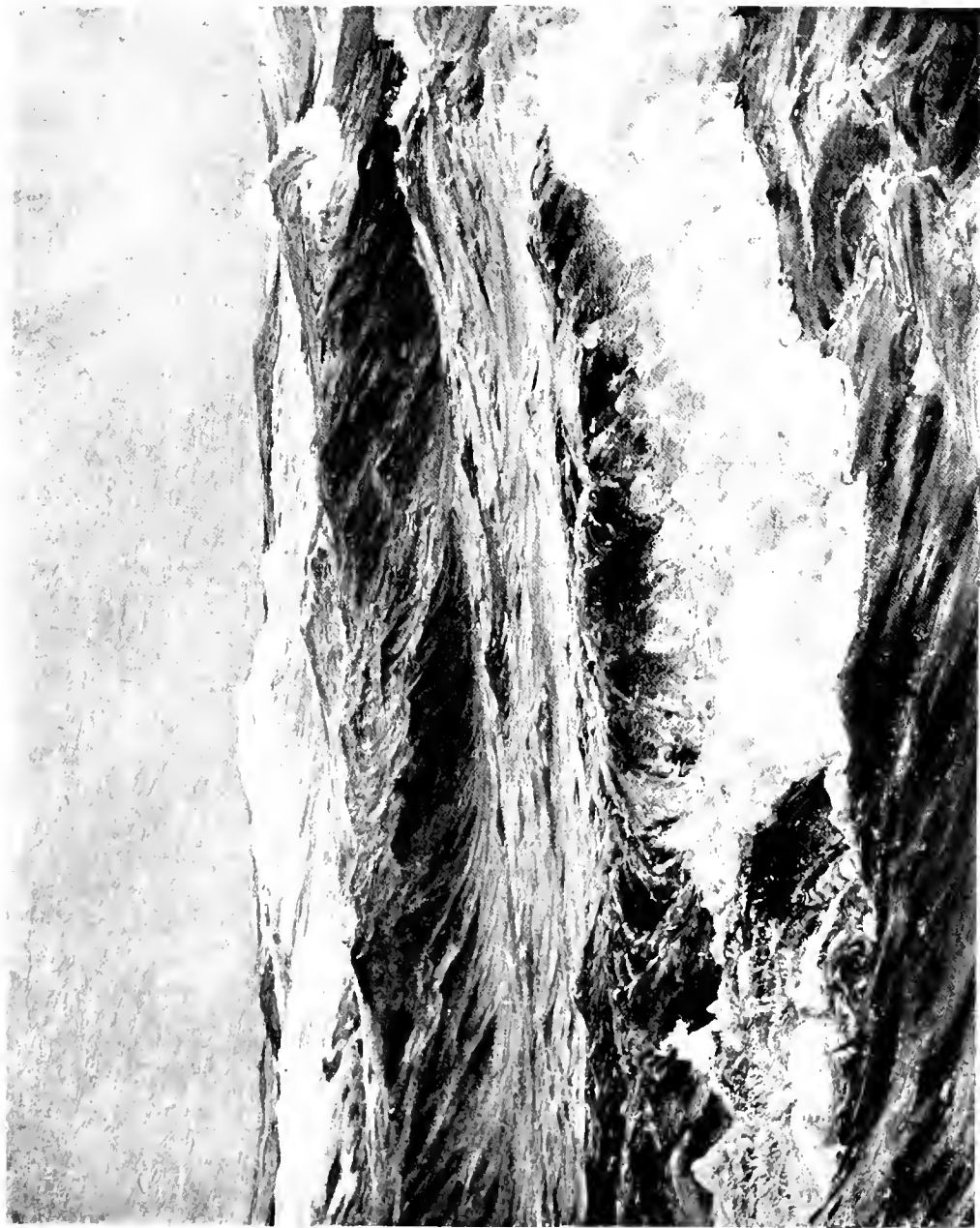
His early taste for mechanics now came to his



"THE GREAT DEEP"

(Owned by Mr. Adolphus Lewishon, New York City)

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH



*(Metropolitan Museum of Art,
New York City)*

“THE ROARING FORTIES”
BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

An American Marine Painter: F. J. Waugh

assistance. He constructed an iron easel that he could clamp to the rocks and an immense iron box that could not be blown away and in which he kept his canvases, pigments, and other needful materials. Thus equipped, he spent long months patiently studying every mood of the changing waters: watching, painting, day by day and hour by hour, until he knew them all by heart: knew just how the sea would lie smooth and still to the far horizon, with opalescent sunset clouds mirrored on its shining surface, the quiet waves breaking gently against the rocky cliffs, until a faint wind would stir the glistening waters: then the turquoise tints would tremble and break into spray with all the hues of the rainbow, the wind would rise, would plough great furrows in its green depths, would howl and shriek and pound the sea against the jagged coast, while the artist above, intoxicated with its furious grandeur, dashed the spray from his eyes and painted madly on, until the darkness of night closed out the glorious vision and only the booming of the breaking waters told him of the storm beneath.

On this desolate island his daughter was born, and the artist now frequently deserted the wild coast to work nearer home. He built a studio in the apple orchard surrounding their sheltered cottage, from which he could see and continue to study the power and majesty of the ocean.

From Sark he moved to Cornwall, just outside St. Ives, the birthplace of his son. Two years later family cares induced him to accept the position of war artist on the London weekly illustrated journal, "The Graphic." With his never-failing enthusiasm he threw himself heart and soul into this new work, making the most life-like and accurate drawings of the stirring events of the Boer War. He studied minutely the uniforms and accoutrements of each British regiment, and these years of careful yet rapid drawing count for much in his development. Instead of limiting his power, this rendering of detail greatly increased his knowledge of the human form, while the rapidity of handling which he acquired has proved invaluable in painting out of doors where the lights change so quickly.



"LITTLE HARBOUR, BAILEY ISLAND, MAINE."

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

An American Marine Painter: F. J. Waugh



"FRESH MORNING BREEZE"

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

During the five years that he held this position he never failed to send a marine or landscape to the Royal Academy, where his pictures were invariably sold before the close of the exhibition. At this time he was elected a member of the Bristol Academy (now called the Royal West of England Academy).

After fifteen years of absence from his own country he decided to take up his permanent residence in America, and it was on his home voyage that I first had the pleasure of meeting him.

My curiosity had been excited during a tremendous storm by seeing a tall, slender man lashed to the mast, painting steadily on, despite the blinding spray and wild lurching of the vessel. The storm lasted three days, yet he only forsook his post when the bugle sounded for dinner. Completely drenched, he would dash down to his cabin, and half an hour later quietly take his place in the dining saloon.

Artists who sketch the sea attract little attention on board ship, but a man who paints eight hours a day and makes no parade of it, is always interesting, and I was much pleased when we were introduced.

The boat was a slow one, and we were able to spend many evenings on deck discussing our favourite artists and schools of painting. I learned much of the sterling character of the man, his broad grasp of life and his deep appreciation of everything beautiful, whether in music, literature, or art. What attracted me most strongly was his devotion to his wife and children, his desire to help and to make happy all with whom he was brought in contact.

Soon after landing he exhibited some of his marines in New York and Philadelphia, where they attracted universal attention. To those who had known him only as a portraitist they came as a revelation of his genius, and he was at once placed among our great painters of the sea. Yet it was his masterly treatment of the human figure that won for him the Clark prize in the New York Academy three or four years ago.

The picture of *The Buccaneers* was suggested by a costume party at the Salamagundi Club, where the exquisite colour effects of old armour and pirate costumes appealed powerfully to Waugh's imagination. This picture shows the influence of his care-



"THE BUCCANEERS"

BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

ful work as illustrator for the London "Graphic." Yet, though the details are marvellously painted, they are wisely subordinated to the pirates themselves while the majestic waves lose nothing of their power by the juxtaposition of so many figures. The entire composition is handled in a daringly successful manner and reveals the singular versatility of this artist, who insists that the sea attracts him no more strongly than landscape or the human form. "I adore nature, and wherever I find beauty I wish to reproduce it." Happily, he possesses the vision of a poet and can pierce beneath the conventionalities to the beauty that underlies all life.

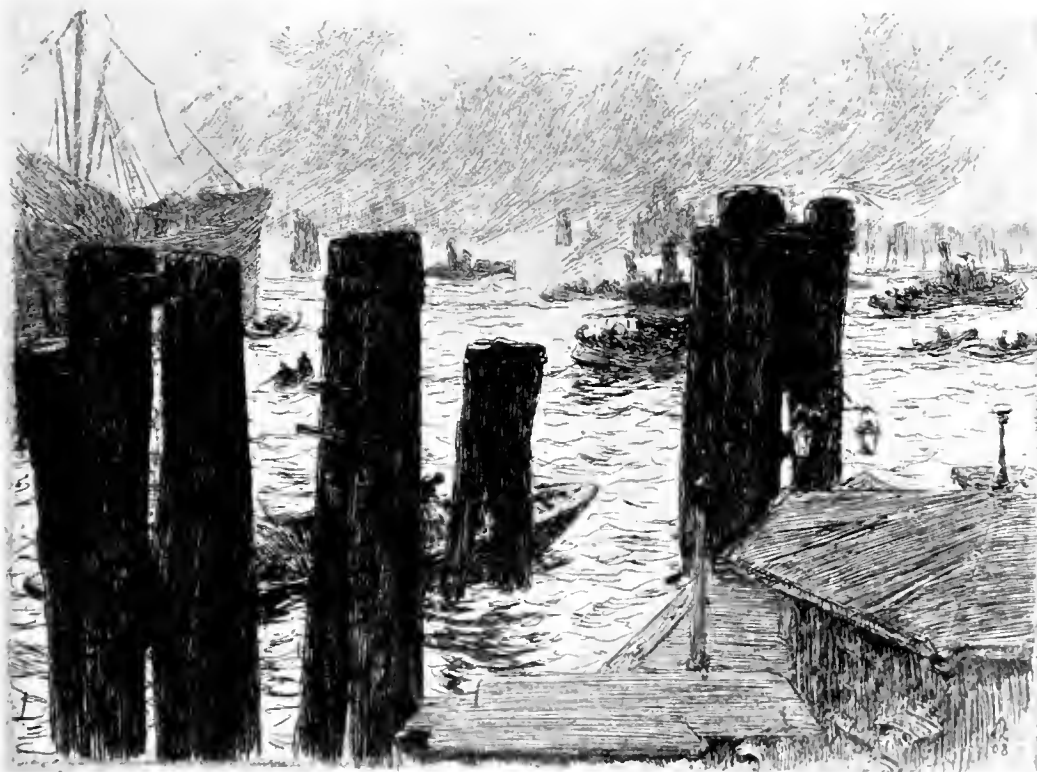
The old fish-wharves of Gloucester have been painted by every American artist, but rarely with the simplicity and dignity which lend such significance to Mr. Waugh's interpretation of these time-worn subjects. Absolutely true to life, they are in no sense photographic reproductions. If his pictures sometimes lack atmosphere this criticism cannot be made of his Gloucester pictures, which seem bathed in that mysterious ether that softens and makes lovely the homeliest outdoor subject. In spite of the interest attaching to the picturesque boats and wharves, we feel that it is the water itself which

is his chief attraction: the incoming sea whose singing is ever in his ears, whose ebb and flow make the joy and sorrow of the men and women living in the old fishing town of Cape Ann. Under whatever aspect he paints the sea his genius has power to communicate to us something of its brooding mystery, of making us share with him the glory and the wonder of the great waters.

Charles Curran says, in writing of Waugh's marines: "One of the most obvious facts in connection with his technique is that there is a definite, well-understood purpose in every touch. He has grasped the entire effect . . . and with bold strokes swept it in with a freedom only equalled by the sea itself. . . . This rare skill is the result of a dexterity born of long experience." This fact Mr. Waugh himself reiterated in a talk which he gave to students. "I spend part of each year studying the sea. I both paint it and watch it carefully, and the latter method of studying I am sure is invaluable. In that way I fix certain forms clearly in my memory and learn the why and how of the grand old ocean. Acquire the habit of constant observation . . . get at the heart of things. . . . If you really love Nature she will love you and teach you."

SIX ORIGINAL ETCHINGS BY WALTER ZEISING

(The artist whose etchings are here reproduced is a native of Saxony and was born in 1876. After studying drawing and painting in the Academies at Leipzig, Munich and Dresden he entered the atelier of Gotthard Kuehl, under whose influence he devoted himself to graphic art. He took up etching about ten years ago, acquiring the technique by self-study, and his plates now number more than a hundred. In 1907 he won a travelling studentship which enabled him to spend four years in Paris, where he executed numerous plates. The six etchings which we illustrate are reproduced by permission of the Emil Richter Hofkunsthdlgung, Dresden.)



"HAMBURG: WORKMEN'S STEAMERS RETURNING"

BY WALTER ZEISING

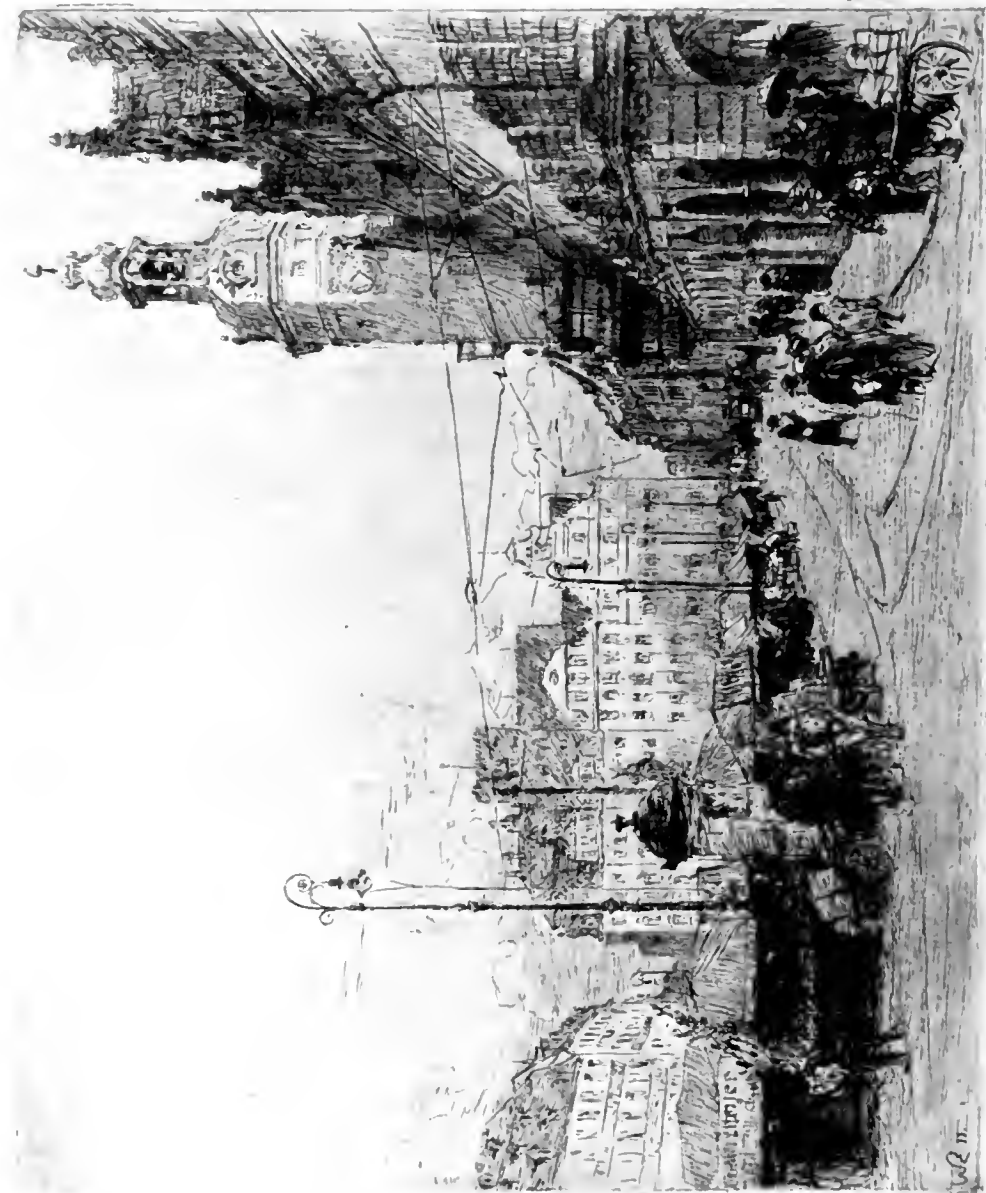


"JÜDENHOF, DRESDEN"
BY WALTER ZEISING

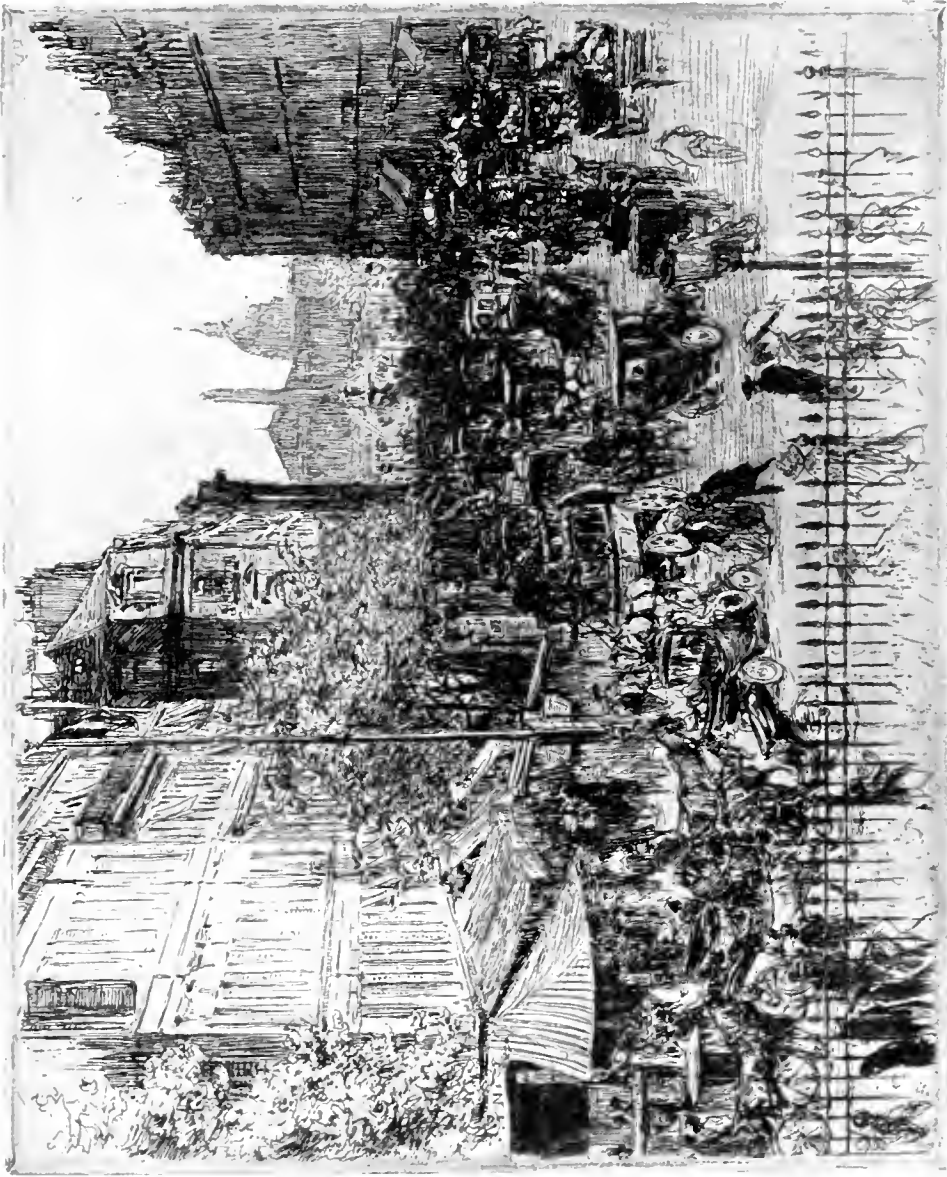


Hamburg - Wandsb.

"HERRLICHKEIT, HAMBURG"
BY WALTER ZEISING



"MARKET PLACE, LEIPZIG"
BY WALTER ZEISING



"RUE ROYALE, PARIS"
BY WALTER ZEISING



"PLACE ST. MICHEL, PARIS"
BY WALTER ZEISING

The Island of the Sirens

THE ISLAND OF THE SIRENS. BY FRANK HYDE.

A long procession files in slow array,
Aloft a silver image gleams like fire,
Borne shoulder-high amid a white-robed choir
The patron Saint moves on his festal way.

E. B.

CAPRI—what a magic word! How can I describe that almost idyllic time, when on landing from the old *barca di Scoppa*, "whose hold was laden like the Argosies of old, with fruit, grain, and wine," I was handed by one of a bevy of dark-eyed beauties a bunch of Narcissi, emblem of welcome to the "Island of the Sirens."

It was the *Festa di Coralina*. The coral boats with their quaintly carved prows, gaudily painted and gilded, were drawn up on the Marina; each boat garlanded with roses, and a bunch of *ginestra* tied to the mast. The old *marinari* with their wives and pretty daughters awaited the procession of priests, who were to give their benediction to the little flotilla of coral boats, about to face the dangers of a long journey to the African Coast.

What a scene!—the old-time costumes, the

slowly moving procession of richly robed priests winding through the kneeling figures of the sailors; the glorious sun shining on the flower-decked prows; the clouds of incense; the solemn chanting of that white-robed choir.

Leighton, Waterhouse, Poynter, John Sargent, and a legion of painters have found the charm of Capri irresistible; brilliant Prix de Rome men came here as a matter of tradition to paint their pictures; Chartran, Doucet, Sain, Détaille, painted some of their finest works in Capri.

It was at one of the charmingly picturesque houses of the *contadini* that Sargent and I once stayed, Pagano's being then full. We breakfasted every morning under a vine-covered pergola, where we could pick the grapes as we wanted them. The table, covered with a clean white cloth of coarse homespun, and laden with Capri delicacies, was flecked with patches of sunlight that filtered in through the leaves above; the sweet scent of orange-blossom filled the air, and now and again a tantalising aroma would reach us of the delicious coffee being roasted by the pretty waiting-girl in the garden below. Then, again, an evening scene comes back to me—the Tarantellas



MARINA GRANDE, CAPRI

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

The Island of the Sirens

on the flat roof of the house, and I well remember with what delight we watched the effect of the graceful figures, silhouetted against the fading twilight, and, for a background, Vesuvius with his dark purple mantle and crown of fire.

In those days we found no difficulty whatever in procuring splendid types as models. Especially was this so at Ana Capri, where the girls still retained the Oriental colouring and Saracenic features, legacies handed down from the time when that old Moorish pirate, Barbarossa, made his raids upon the island and carried off the women. Here on Monte Solaro this old brigand built his castle, and its ruins still remain. At my studio in the monastery of Santa Teresa, Sargent painted one of these magnificent types, a girl named Rosina, and subsequently made me a present of it.

There were no shops in those days, nor roads. Ana Capri was only reached by means of those famous steps that have so often been painted. There were only two or three hotels in the island: Pagano's, where the artists congregated, still bears evidence on its walls in the form of sketches of the many eminent men who have at one time and another made a sojourn there. I must not



DINING-ROOM AT PAGANO'S WITH WALLS DECORATED WITH SKETCHES BY FAMOUS ARTISTS



THE TOBACCO SHOP UNDER THE MOORISH ARCHES, CAPRI

omit Scoppa's Café, the resort of the English artists: also the tobacco shop, hidden away under the Moorish arches round the corner of the Piazza. As to the fruit, vegetables, and fish, it was spread out in large flat baskets, *spazone*, on the broad ascending steps of the ancient church. These steps were our meeting-place, where we discussed affairs of State, heard the latest scandal and arranged those impromptu picnics and dinners which were among the island's greatest charms. And how delightful it used to be in the early morning before the heat of the day made itself felt to wander over the mountain, climbing over boulders under whose shady recesses grow bunches of mauve cyclamen, maiden-hair fern, and bee-orchid. Flowers abound everywhere, masses of yellow *ginestra* making a conspicuous feature in the landscape. Try and imagine the scene as you rest awhile after your climb—the glorious sun rising from an opal sea, the whirl of the cicada amongst the olive trees, the drowsy hum of the large blue-black bees, the flashing emerald of the little lizards lying basking on the large cactus leaves, their throbbing sides and mischievous dark, beady eyes. From the summit of Solaro, facing the Gulf of Salerno, you look down a sheer precipice of nearly two thousand feet into a turquoise and emerald sea, and if you

The Island of the Sirens



MONTE SOLARO, CAPRI, SHOWING BARBAROSSA'S CASTLE ON THE SUMMIT 2000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

threads its way between the domed houses of the old town. One's gaze is attracted to the peasant girls in their old-time costumes: their wonderful classical faces, their rich nut-brown colouring and blue-black hair, done up in braids adorned with sprigs of flowering myrtle, or enveloped in sunfaded, yellow handkerchiefs. How we revelled in this blaze of colour!

In those days the artists married these Capri girls, and no wonder! They made excellent wives, for bear in mind it was a homely, simple life the artists led, and these dark-

are an artist you grow crazy with the longing to paint it, and when you try it is only to realise what a hopeless task it is to attempt to reproduce those tender peacock blues and greens, and the liquid gold of those reflections from the sunburnt rocks.

One of the most picturesque and at the same time impressive sights of Capri is the Feast of the Patron Saint of the town, San Costanzo, with its long winding procession of Fratelli and Figlie di Maria, the men wearing their white robes and silver medals, the young girls their white dresses and light blue veils, all carrying lighted candles. Picture to yourself the rich colouring of the priests' robes, the clouds of sweet-smelling incense, the banners, the exploding fireworks. The procession advances: high on the shoulders of the white-robed Fratelli is borne the silver image of their Saint, whose breast is aflame with precious stones; the canopy of crimson and gold is almost buried beneath the shower of golden *ginestra* and rose leaves thrown from the roofs as the chanting procession

eyed beauties were irresistibly fascinating in their native simplicity. They loved to pose for us, never forgetting to ask us to their marriage feasts and christenings: in return we gave Tarantellas in our studios, inviting the girls and their young men, the old folk lending their aid with tambourine and *corogoro*, a very primitive musical instrument. There was plenty of Capri wine too—huge *piretti*—with sweets and cakes for the little nut-brown, bare-legged kiddies.



PROCESSION OF THE FIGLIE DI MARIA, CAPRI

A House in a Wood

On your way to the Piccola Marina you pass old Spadaro's hut; he is out there busy drying his nets. This old fellow was both fisherman and model. Then on to the Piccola Fortina, an old disused fort. Here an artist friend of mine lived; there was only one large habitable room, which he had fitted up in the quaintest fashion as a studio. A wild, roving sort of fellow this artist, he wore sailor's dress and walked about like the natives, barefooted. The vaulted ceiling of this cave-like dwelling was utilised by him for hanging up his nets, and in a dark recess burnt a tiny lamp in front of a figure of the Virgin. Our friend married old Spadaro's daughter, and here in this Crusoe-like dwelling, surrounded by his monkeys and parrots, he lived and painted his pictures.

So great are the changes that have taken place on the island since the days of which I write, one could almost exclaim with the poet:

Great Pan is dead? Ah no! he lives. 'Tis we
Blind with the scales of centuries on our eyes,
Have lost belief and thus the power to see

E. B.

No! Great Pan is not dead. He lives, lives for those who still can hear his whispered music amongst the reeds from which he fashions his



CAPRI GIRLS IN THEIR OLD-TIME COSTUME

pipes, for the sweet song of the Siren never ceases to lure the artist and poet to the beautiful Island of Capri.

FRANK HYDE (Capri).

A HOUSE IN A WOOD. BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

IN the design of country houses nothing is perhaps so important as the nice relation of the building to its natural surroundings. Much of the charm of old houses lies precisely in this quality.

The old cottages and farm-houses of England, apart from their intrinsic beauties, delight us with their fitness to their place in the world. They are illuminating commentaries and marginal notes on the essential attributes of the particular domain they adorn. To appreciate the true inwardness of Sussex it is not enough to wander over the South Downs. There must be the village nestling in a hollow of the hills to summarise and complete the impression of their character. Nor would the barren uplands of the Cotswolds suffice us without the austere beauty of their pearly-grey buildings. And so through the length and breadth of the land we shall find that the old buildings are always modified in many subtle and beautiful ways, so that they seem to explain to us and to make articulate the dumb appeal of the country-side.



THE OLD FISHERMAN AND MODEL, SPADARO

A House in a Wood

In modern times we have changed and are still engaged in changing all that. From the office of the modern architect, plans of country dwellings are sent far afield, too often without discrimination as to local qualities; and the little artistic villa of the garden suburb with all its pretty cleverness of design has invaded and disfigured the most sacred solitudes—poisoning all the wells of beauty with its presence, and reducing all the varied and ever-changing beauties of the country to the level of a cheap and vulgar Cockney's paradise.

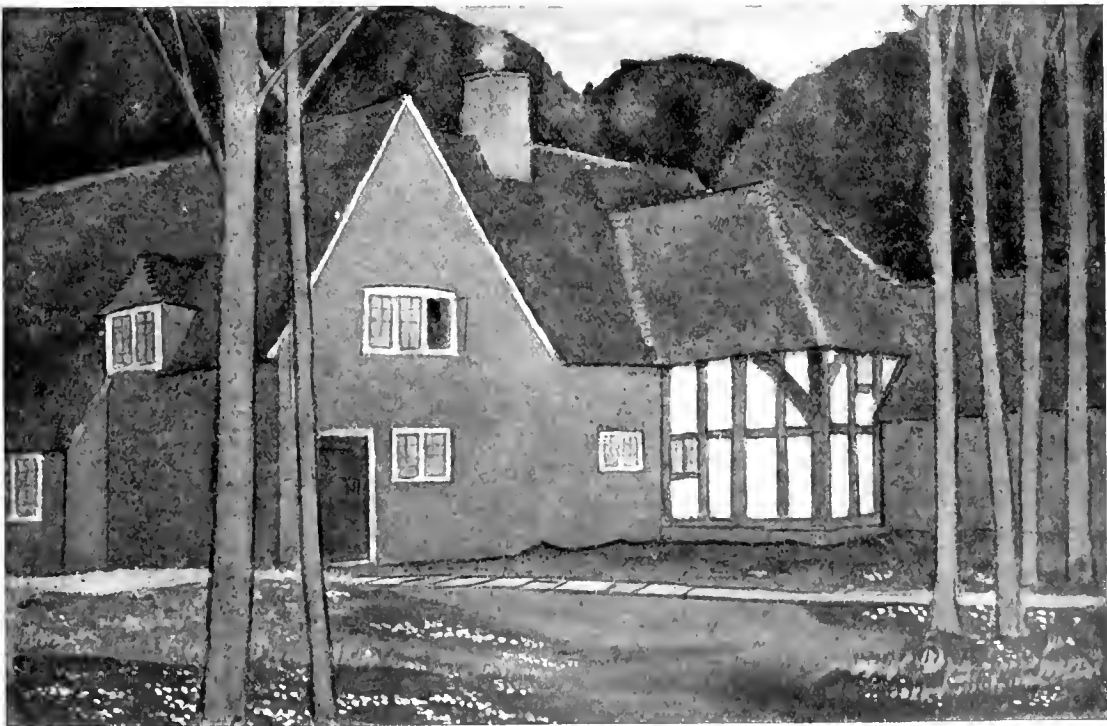
That is the remorseless and continuous process which is going on. The world seems to have become blind to beauty and art, except when it is properly defined and labelled as such in picture galleries and museums; and to protest against the destruction of all that is most precious to those who have eyes to see, is to speak as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, a wilderness of utilitarians, who seem to imagine a house can merely serve material needs instead of being a medium for the highest expression of the ideals of the soul.

I know of no form of art so powerful in its appeal or so insistent in its continuous influences as this forgotten and discredited building art; and I cannot believe that I am alone in this or peculiarly susceptible to the influences of buildings.

Pictures may enthrall us as we look at them, but they require a special effort of the mind. They do not meet us half-way. But a building wrought in the old ways surrounds and envelops us in an atmosphere of its own. It is almost human in its appeal and breathes out penetrating influences which it is impossible to evade or forget.

Consider the old village church as yet undecorated by the restorer's hand. There are surely many who are capable of feeling the sweet influences of its cool dim silences. The reverence and piety with which its stones were laid are there built into the very walls, and like a continuous music speak into our souls. Just as the "record" of the gramophone scored with apparently meaningless lines—a dead material thing—comes to life under the needle-point and gives us the living tones of some long dead voice, so these buildings reveal to the sensitive mind all those thoughts and aspirations of their natures which lie too deep for words.

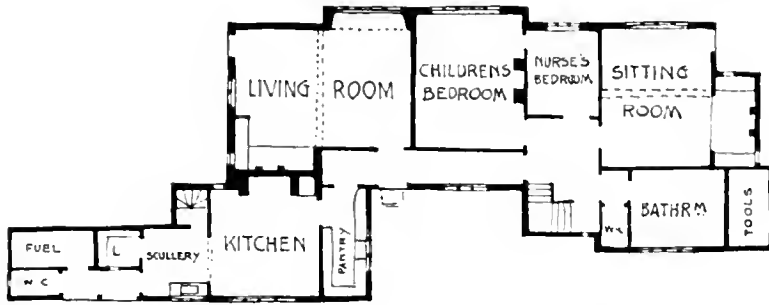
And then if we consider the other side of the picture, what shall be said of the influences of the modern artistic villa. It also speaks—but the tale it has to tell is a hateful one. It speaks to us only of base material things, and of all the insincerities and conventionalities of villadom. In



A HOUSE IN A WOOD: SOUTH-EAST CORNER

M. H. BAHTIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

A House in a Wood



GROUND PLAN OF A HOUSE IN A WOOD M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

its more ambitious developments it is frivolous, vain and pretentious, and, on a smaller scale, mean and sordid.

It is the modern practice to ignore absolutely the spiritual appeal of the home. When we speak of "improved housing" we think of baths, drainage and bay windows, and we approve rightly of garden spaces. But not in this way will buildings be realised to satisfy the soul. No clever planning, no contrivance, nor impish ingenuity will give us again what we have lost. Like children, we must again begin to delight in work for its own sake. Work must become play again, done with all the joy and delight we now reserve for games alone.

In the old days men thought nobly of the house, and the builders' art which found expression there, produced often by the simplest means a little world—a cosmos in miniature— which seemed to possess all the noble qualities of the world of nature. Compared to these old houses, the modern dwelling is often little more than a glorified pigs' trough, satisfying nothing but material needs and so little in harmony with nature that its presence is an inevitable blot on the landscape. It has, indeed, become a disfigurement to scenery, and we are apt to forget that buildings properly conceived and constructed are capable of giving just that human interest to a scene which

the imagination seems to demand.

In the accompanying illustrations of a small house recently built in a wood, an attempt has been made to show that materials may be chosen which are not in-harmonious with natural colouring, and that in the use of half-timber work, the lines of the trunks and branches of the tree may be

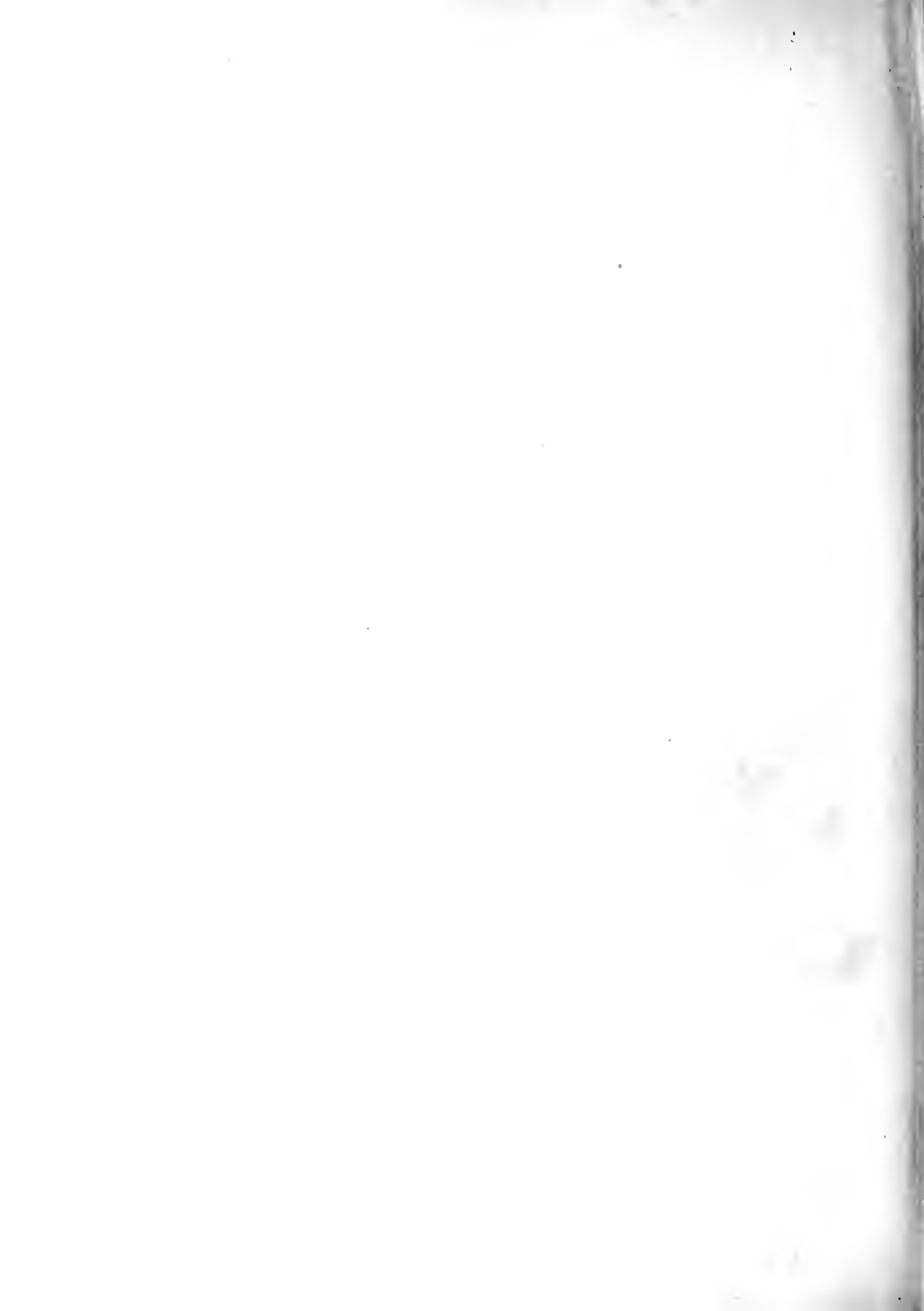
echoed in the building. A suggestion is also given of the carpet of leaves which surrounds the house adorned in due season by drifts of bluebells, primroses, and other wild flowers that may be naturalised there. The background which the varied tones of the leaves afford is a fine setting for flowers. The spring flowers are followed by a riot of foxgloves, and later the autumn provides a new carpet of brilliant and variegated colour. All this natural beauty is not to be too lightly set aside in favour of geranium beds and gravel paths, and it has the advantage that in a house occupied perhaps for only part of the year, no grooming and clipping are required. The gardener has here for once taken nature into partnership and when he is



A HOUSE IN A WOOD: FIREPLACE IN CHILDREN'S ROOM M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT



A HOUSE IN A WOOD: ENTRANCE
FRONT AND LIVING ROOM.
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT.



Sketching Notes in Tunis and Gabes

absent she continues and develops his scheme for him.

In the building of such a house as this it is important that the rigid lines and smooth surfaces of modern work should give way to earlier methods, so that the characteristic and varied textures and colourings which are found in the woodland should also find their expression in the house too. Built in this way a house begins to take the air of a natural product, and though in due time it may be partly clad with creepers, it stands in no need of palliation.

In the sketches of the interior illustrated some suggestion is given of the general treatment of the rooms where oak and plaster and the expression of structure replace superficial decoration. The plan of the house was devised to meet special requirements, comprising a suite of rooms for children.

In the furnishing of the house no attempt is made to realise the characteristics of any special period or to revive the fashions of the past. A study of past styles will reveal the fact that whilst the salient characteristics of each period are transitory, the essential qualities of proportion and workmanship are quite outside the domain of fashion and are right for all time. It seems then the

business of the modern designer to sift the grain from the chaff and, holding fast that which is good, to reproduce the principles and methods of workmanship of the old builders rather than the particular forms which characterised each period.

SKETCHING NOTES IN TUNIS AND GABES. BY W. HOLLAND LUPTON.

FOR a painter who would see the East with all its exuberance of life, brilliant colour, and sunshine, the land of Tunis has probably no equal. From the photographs by Mr. Lehnert here reproduced some idea may be gathered of the great variety of interest for the artist that is to be found there, and especially in South Tunisia. It has other advantages too. In comparison with Egypt it is much easier of access, being no more than about twenty-eight hours from Marseilles, and also easily accessible from Italy. The semi-tropical vegetation and the varied scenery of mountains, lakes, and desert compare favourably with Egypt. Then Tunis is not Europeanised like Algiers, and is more settled and a good deal safer than Morocco.



IN THE DESERT, TUNIS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. LEHNERT, TUNIS

Sketching Notes in Tunis and Gabes

The town of Tunis, where the visitor lands, contains an embarrassing wealth of paintable subjects. The street scenes are busy pictures of Oriental life, and every corner with its native types clamours for a sketch. There is every opportunity of working out of doors in winter, as it is nearly always fine, and the brilliant sunshine of the early mornings affords ideal conditions for sketching.

A walk through the *souks*, the covered-in native bazaars, all composed of narrow alleys, and covering acres and acres of ground, will be a revelation of Oriental life in its primitive simplicity. The craftsman works at his trade, squatting in his little den of a shop, and turns out strangely beautiful ware in leather, embroidery, and jewellery. Here is the favourite resort of artists, who delight in the Oriental picturesqueness of the scene, but the distraction of the noisy populace and the diffused glow of sunlight on whitewashed walls and columns, with bright spots of sunlight on the ground, coming through crevices in the roof, make it no easy matter to sketch.

The variety of native types is astonishing. Everywhere one encounters Arabs, Berbers, Moors, Bedouins, Jews and many another race, all dressed

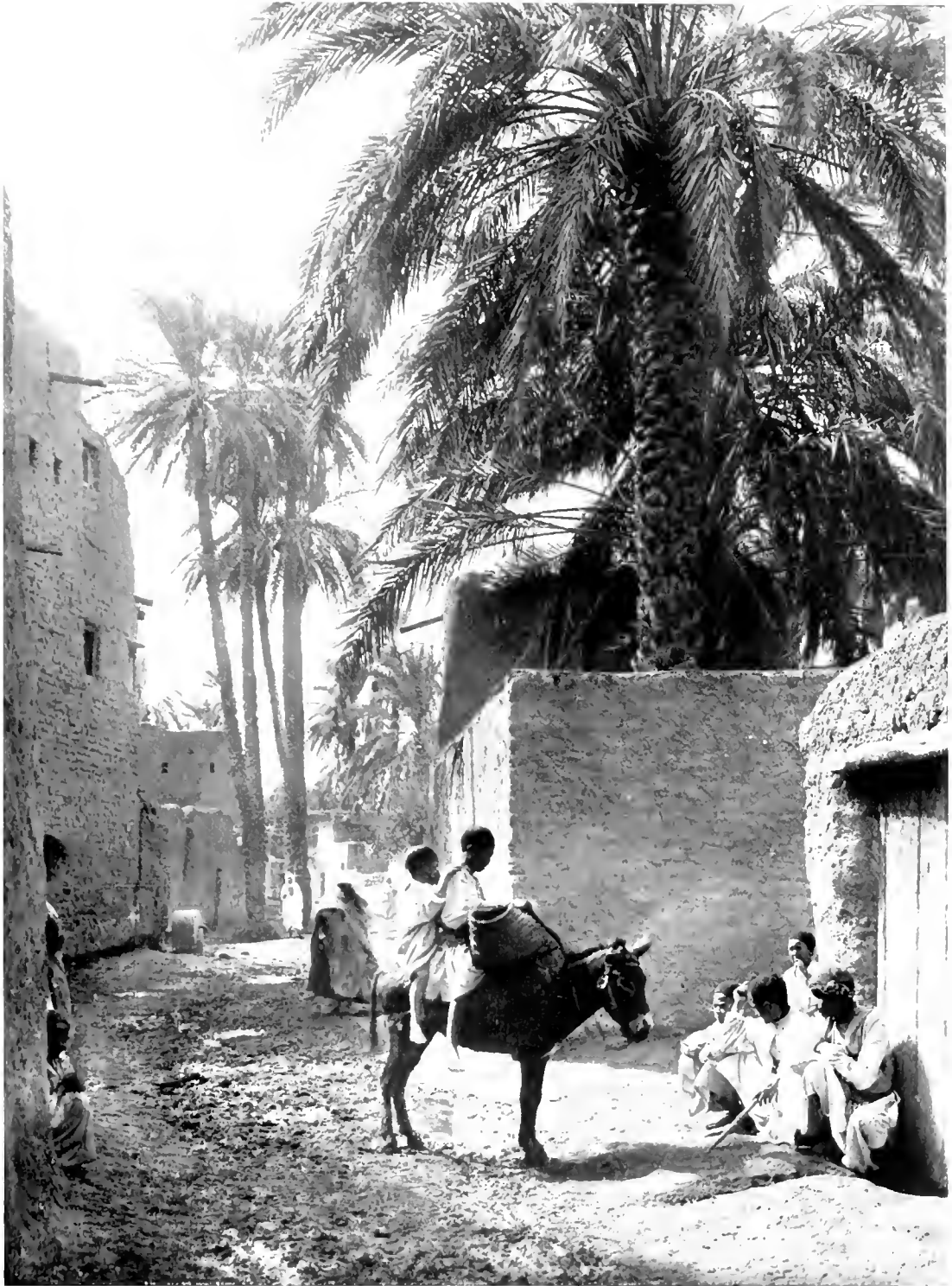
in flowing robes of brilliant colour. The negroes, too, are interesting, and of many different hues ranging from brownly black to a slaty blue. Then the fair-haired Berber, who represents the old aboriginal population of the Barbary States, is still the predominant type to-day in North Africa. Oftentimes, however, the race is intermixed with Greek or Roman, and this accounts for many of the very beautiful classic types that one sees.

The women of the country are scarcely seen at all in the town, and the few that venture out of doors are closely veiled, so that except as studies in drapery they do not interest the artist. The men, too, object to being drawn or painted. Of course in a street scene small figures are easily put in from passers-by or from memory, but the native has a marked aversion to being sketched or having his portrait taken. There is one class, however, that is a boon to the artist—the Bedouins, women and girls. They will pose for a few pence and some are extremely graceful, making excellent models. A French artist, Monsieur Pinchart, who has a studio in Tunis, sends some charming pictures of them to the Paris Salon every year. For outdoor sketching the artist accustomed to northern climes



A LANE IN THE OASIS OF GABES

PHOTO LEHNKE



(Photo Technic.)

A STREET IN GABES



ACROSS THE DESERT, TUNIS

(Photo Lchnert)



MARABOUT TOMB ON THE
EDGE OF AN OASIS

(Photo Lubert)

Sketching Notes in Tunis and Gabes

will find his palette needs revision, and that the lightest and brightest colours, such as the cadmiums and cobalts, white, garance, &c., can be almost exclusively used. Nature's subtone is here not a dull grey, but rather a warm light fawn.

Quite close to Tunis town are the ruins of ancient Carthage. Here the scenery is of surpassing loveliness, with the blue sea and distant mountains, and the Arab villages of Sidi Bou Said on a hill. But it is sound advice to the artist to tell him not to linger too long in Tunis and its surroundings, but to proceed soon to the south. Tunisia is a land of imposing mountains of that tawny African brown which the sunburnt earth takes on, of shallow lakes reflecting wonderful skies, and in the south, of the desert, the Sahara, unpeopled save by a chance caravan of camels and drivers straggling alone in the solitude. And in the middle of the desert are oases, which are the best thing Tunis can offer to the artist. In all there are about half a dozen of these, and the artist should choose between Tozeur and Gabes. Tozeur lies in the desert, but Gabes is an anomaly, an oasis near the sea. If he chooses Gabes he will not be disappointed. It is a fairyland of tropical gardens intersected by country lanes and streams, and of walled villages built up of Roman ruins. There are camels and palm trees, with a native Berber population unchanged in dress, ways, and habits since Roman times. Here is the perfect south, the northerner's dream realised.

In the villages are little market-places where camels kneel patiently waiting, and where pedlars go round hawking a palm wine which must on no account be tasted, as it is a deadly brew. Just outside the walled villages is the oasis proper, where the African soil that only needs moisture is astonishingly fertile. The palm tree is the staple, but there are also pomegranates, banana plants,

orange and lemon trees, with hedges of mud and cactus. In the country surrounding Gabes, too, many interesting excursions may be made. Here are the *matmata*, where the natives live in caves, and Djerba, too, the "Lotus Isle" of the ancient Greeks.

Mr. Lehnert's excellent photographs will give some idea of the types to be met. A thorough artist, he has devoted years to the making of a splendid collection illustrating the country and its people. In Tunisia especially the photographer has advantages over the painter. He can snapshot quickly, and has not to put up so long with the discomforts of fierce sunlight and dust. But whether as photographer or painter the artist will not regret his visit to this country, "where caravans move on in the shade of palm trees and winter all in bloom outvies the springtime of other lands."



A BEDOUIN MODEL

PHOTO LEHNERT

Sketching Notes in Tunis and Gabes



AN ARAB CAFÉ, AND FLOWER-SELLERS

PHOTOS LEHNERT



DATE GATHERING

PHOTO LEINERT



AN ARAB COURTYARD, TUNIS

PHOTO LEINERT

The New English Art Club

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

WHEN, in April 1886, the first exhibition of the New English Art Club was opened at the Marlborough Gallery, 53 Pall Mall, it may be questioned whether any of the artists who were concerned in the venture realised that they were commencing an important chapter in the history of British art. Indeed, at the outset the Club was nearly wrecked by the inability of some of the men who belonged to it to appreciate the nature of the responsibility they had undertaken or to perceive what was the policy which they ought to follow. But these preliminary difficulties were soon overcome and the society, once securely established, became a real power in the art world. It occupies to-day a position of great authority: it has a large following, and it exercises a dominating influence over certain tendencies and developments of the art of this country.

What brought the New English Art Club into existence was the conviction, strongly held by the younger artists a quarter of a century or so ago, that they were denied by the then existing art societies adequate opportunities for the public display of

work which was not strictly in accord with the accepted conventions of the moment. These younger artists were anxious to make a direct appeal for popular attention and it seemed to them that the best way to do this would be by means of an association which would be free from the restrictions of officialism and which would encourage independence of effort. So in the first exhibition there was a rather remarkable gathering together of paintings which represented nearly all the newest schools of practice—a collection which covered the widest possible ground and proved what a number of coming men there were who had the fullest right to consideration.

A list of the names of the exhibitors in this exhibition includes, indeed, a surprisingly large proportion of those which are to-day inscribed upon the membership rolls of the older art societies—such names, for instance, as Solomon J. Solomon, J. J. Shannon, F. Bramley, G. Clausen, A. Hacker, J. S. Sargent, A. Parsons, Stanhope Forbes, H. S. Tuke, T. C. Gotch, H. La Thangue, R. W. Allan, S. Melton Fisher, Edward Stott, W. Logsdail, James Clark, T. B. Kennington, with others like P. W. Steer and Fred. Brown, which are still on the New English Art Club list. Others equally notable



“DRWS ARDWDWY”

BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER

The New English Art Club

appeared in the catalogues of the succeeding exhibitions. J. Aumonier, Francis Bate, F. Brangwyn, Alfred East, Mark Fisher, A. Hartley, J. L. Henry, W. Llewellyn, A. D. Peppercorn, Leon Little, Adrian Stokes and Mrs. Stokes, Leslie Thomson, W. L. Wyllie, and J. Lavery, in 1887; Whistler, W. Sickert, B. Sickert, C. H. Shannon, Frank Short, J. Buxton Knight, F. E. James, and R. Anning Bell, in 1888; Moffat Lindner in 1889; and in 1890, James Guthrie, William Stott of Oldham, and Albert Moore.

As the New English Art Club began so it has continued; it has brought forward a large proportion of the best artists of our time, has helped them to make their reputations, and has passed them on to strengthen and vitalise other societies. In course of years, perhaps, it has lost a little of its earlier catholicity and has to some extent narrowed its scope—in the sense that it does not, as it did originally, view all schools of practice with equal tolerance. But it adheres consistently to its policy of encouraging the young and unknown artist, and it gives to the men with whose aims it is in sympathy, most helpful chances of proving what they have in them. For what it has done in the past British art owes it a real debt of gratitude; for what it is doing now, a large number of budding painters have every reason to be thankful, for they are being assisted by it to take whatever position in the world their own capacities entitle them to claim. No other society works on the same lines and no other can be said to have made so few departures from the general programme of operations which it mapped out at the commencement of its career.

And now the Club has reached its fiftieth exhibition, an event in its history which deserves to be recorded. For the first five years of its existence it held only one exhibition annually, but in 1891 it started a winter show in addition to its summer

one, and it has adhered to this custom ever since—and it has certainly never failed to secure sufficient support both from artists and the public to keep up excellently the quality of the exhibitions for which it has been responsible. The collection it is presenting now in the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists is a typical one, not altered at all in character with the idea of celebrating a special occasion, and it is well up to the average of those which the Club has organised in recent years. There is much in it that is of great importance, a certain amount that is interesting without being quite convincing, and some work, perhaps, that need not have been included; but as a whole the gathering does credit to the Club and thoroughly justifies the position it has taken up.

One of the best things in the show is Mr. W. Orpen's allegorical picture, *Sowing the Seed*, a decorative composition admirable in its originality, its charm of treatment, and its technical power; but of not less interest are Mr. P. W. Steer's



"AN ALLEGORY"

BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

The New English Art Club



"THE BERNESE OBERLAND"

WATER-COLOUR BY C. M. GERE

delightful atmospheric studies, *Sunset*, and *The Breakwater*, Mr. W. W. Russell's finely designed landscape, *The Dorset Coast*, and excellently understood figure painting, *Lamplight*, Mr. A. McEvoy's

soundly characterised *Portrait of Professor James Ward*, Mr. H. A. Budd's vigorous composition, *Holiday Makers*, and Mr. Collins Baker's *Dries Ardodwy*, all of which can be counted as features



"CIMA TOSA"

WATER-COLOUR BY C. M. GERE

The New English Art Club

of the exhibition. Notably important, again, are the portrait study, *Robin*, by Mr. A. E. John, Mr. J. E. Southall's *San Gemignano* and *Ponte Vecchio*, Mr. C. M. Gere's delicately precise landscapes, *A Tyrol Village* and *Pastures at Bossico*, Mr. Mark Fisher's *Sheep on the Roadside* and *An Essex Homestead*, Miss A. Fanner's *Early Morning, Capetown*, Mr. Francis Dodd's decorative picture, *The Mother* and *The Green Hill, Dentdale*, by Mr. C. J. Holmes.

In the rooms devoted to water-colours and drawings there is much, besides, to arrest attention. The masterly water-colours by Mr. A. W. Rich—especially *The Lock, Rickmansworth* and *Near Shardeloes Park*—Mr. F. E. James, and Mr. W. W. Russell; the exquisite tinted drawings, *The Bather*, *The Edge of the Cliff* and *After Bathing* by Mr. Orpen, the brilliant pastels by Mr. H. Tonks, and the powerful black-and-white drawing, *Head of an Architect*, by Mr. A. E. John are all most memorable, and there are others like Mr. Gere's *Cima Tosa* and *Bernese Oberland*, Mr. L. Pissarro's *Rye*

from the Harbour and *Winchelsea from Cadboro' Hill*, Mr. A. Rothenstein's *Ronda*, Miss H. R. Lock's *Shipping: Rye*, and the cartoons for wall decorations by Mrs. Sargent Florence, which are thoroughly acceptable as examples of well-directed effort. There is plenty of variety in the collection, variety both of outlook and accomplishment; and to a very large proportion of the contributors there cannot be denied the sincerest commendation for the independence and seriousness of their effort. They show that they are fully in sympathy with the traditions of the New English Art Club and are quite as anxious to make its fiftieth exhibition distinguished, as the founders of the society were to give authority and significance to its first show.

The Trustees of the Canadian National Gallery at Ottawa have purchased Mr. Arnesby Brown's landscape, *In Suffolk*, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy last summer and subsequently at Manchester. This beautiful picture was reproduced in our issue of June last.



"WINCHELSEA FROM CADBORO' HILL"

WATER-COLOUR BY LUCIEN PISSARRO



"EARLY MORNING, CAPE TOWN"

(*New English Art Club, see p. 304*)

BY ALICE LANNER

STUDIO-TALK.

From Our Own Correspondents.

LONDON.—At a general assembly of the Royal Academy of Arts, held on November 19, Mr. Alfred Edward Briscoe Drury, A.R.A., was elected a Royal Academician, and Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton was made an Associate. A few days previously the Academy lost one of its architect members by the death of Mr. John Belcher. The retirement of Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A., from the office of President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour was notified early last month, when Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., who has been associated with the Society since 1899, was elected to fill his place. In the same week Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. was elected to fill the post of President of the Royal Society of British Artists made vacant by the death of Sir Alfred East.

The second National Loan Exhibition now being held at the Grosvenor Gallery, and entitled "Woman and Child in Art," will devote its profits to the purchase of works by contemporary British artists for the nation. As Mr. Robert Ross writes

in the preface to the catalogue, this will go far to bridge that quite imaginary gulf that is supposed to separate the tradition of the dead from the tradition of the living. The exhibition is not without romantic features, notably in this respect being the large painting by Isaac Oliver (usually known by his art in miniature) brought from a castle in Glamorgan, where it has remained practically unknown. It is an English work which many feel should some day be in our National Gallery. The *Portrait of a Lady* by Hogarth is another work of interest brought to light, and the portrait of *Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond*, the most natural of all Gainsborough's full-length pictures, rivals present-day impressionism in its effect of brilliant lighting. The *Elizabeth Valois* by Antonio Moro; *The Children of Lord Melbourne* by Reynolds; *Mary Gainsborough* by Gainsborough; the Andrea del Sarto; the Luini; the Raphael—one of the two famous paintings of the Madonna and Child in the Desborough Collection; Titian's *Madonna and Child*, lent by Lady Mond and destined to pass by her will to the National Gallery; Pieter de Hooch's *The Golf Players*, so curiously anticipatory of modern methods; a Frans Hals; works of Sir Peter Lely, and works of the French school from the

Studio-Talk

eighteenth century to Ingres the master-draughtsman, are among the riches of the exhibition; finally Degas, disciple of Ingres, provides a link with the present day and with the moderns whose interests the exhibition is organised to serve. Opportunity for studying the practice of the old masters is afforded in one or two most interesting unfinished canvases, notably Gainsborough's *Mary Gainsborough*: and consolation may perhaps be derived by some artist of to-day from the fact that the picture of Lord Melbourne's children, now accepted as one of the greatest of Reynolds's works, was returned by the noble who commissioned it because it failed to satisfy him, and was bought from the executors of the painter for the collection of Earl Cowper, in which it remained.

We give on this page illustrations of some nursery tiles from a series designed by that versatile artist, Mr. John Hassall, for Mr. Hugh Walford, of Birmingham. The motifs are, as will be seen, derived from our old nursery rhymes.

The Dowdeswell Galleries have been exhibiting humorous and other drawings by Vera Willoughby. This artist has very unusual power as a designer, and an intense, if not always pleasant, imagination; an inexhaustible fund of invention comes to her aid in handling her humorous designs, but the element of humour seems less spontaneous than that of fancy. Her decorative skill, however, is such that it places her work on a high plane in the field of illustration.

The lithographs by Mons. A. Belleruche at the same galleries were delightful in the province of portraiture, for the touch of the artist is most sympathetic and skilful: it is only in the "subject picture" that he falls away, failing to maintain the same reticence and directness of treatment.

An air of invigorating freshness pervaded the little Twenty-One Gallery in the Adelphi, hard by the Strand, when the landscape work of Mr. D. Atherton Smith was shown there during the early days of dull November. Though a resident of Paris for some years, where one gets a glimpse of his work from time to time in the various exhibitions, Mr. Smith is a Glasgow artist, but his art reveals no trace of his early associations with that grey city. In its excellent frame-setting and individual execution each of his thirty odd canvases shown appealed by its spontaneous vitality and light, and of especial charm were the *Landscape, Switzerland, The Beach, and The White Yacht*, all three uncommonly attractive on account of their simplicity of composition and colour. Among his larger exhibits, his breezy *Jour de Mistral* and *Corner of the Market-place*, with its clean sparkling paint and movement, were particularly notable. Not the least attractive amongst the smaller works were the two sketches we reproduce in colour, *A Glimpse of the Adriatic Lido*, and *Vue de Beg-meil Finistere*.

The pictures and sketches in the Near and Far East by Mr. H. S. Hopwood, shown in a recent

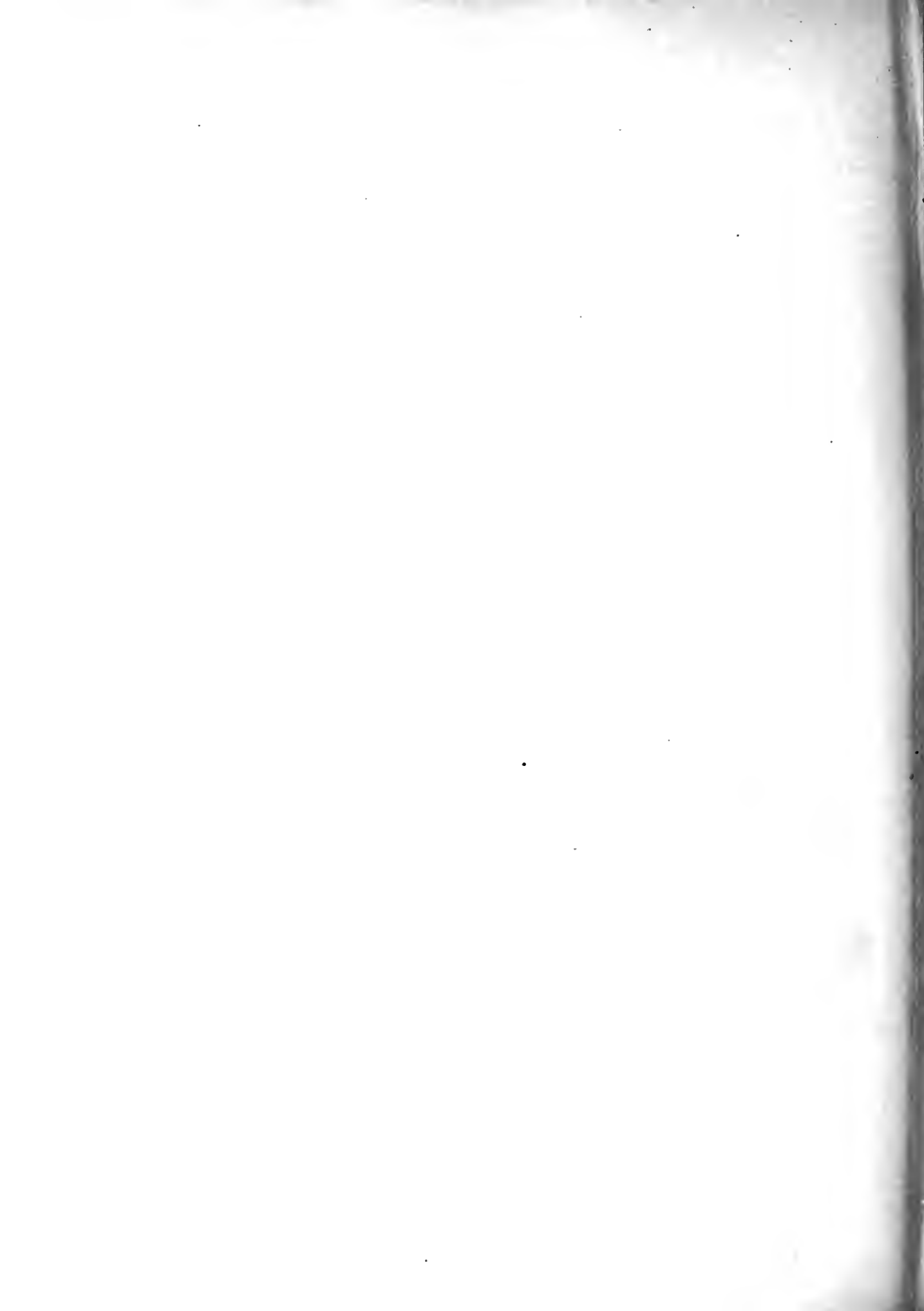


DESIGNS FOR NURSERY TILES

DESIGNED BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.



"A GLIMPSE OF THE ADRIATIC LIDO, AND
"VUE DE BEG-MEIL, FINISTÈRE."
OIL SKETCHES BY D. ATHERTON SMITH.





PORTION OF FRIEZE ROUND THE "ARMADA" ROOM AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY NORMAN S. CARR

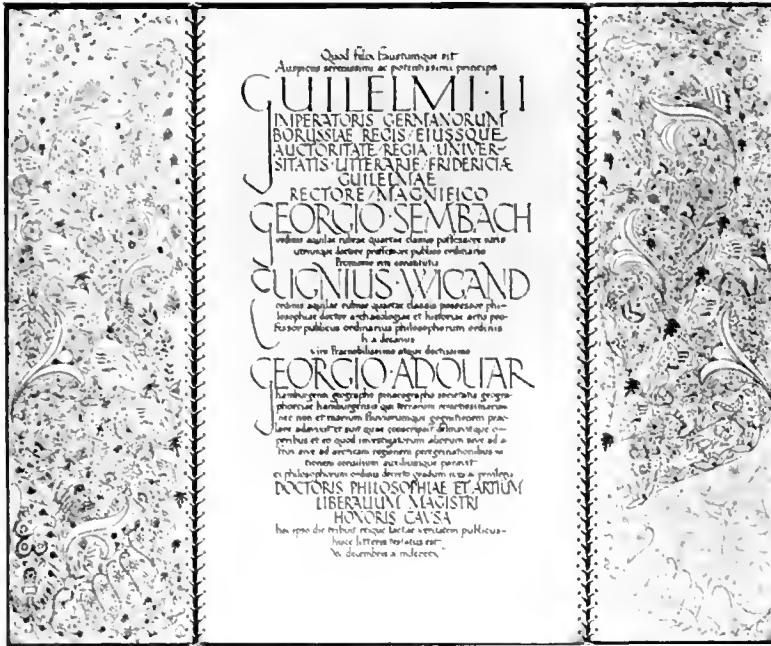
exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries, represented this well-known member of the Old Water-Colour Society as a painter in oils. The chief charm of the small panels of which the exhibition was composed lay with colour and with the pleasant spontaneous style which the painter has taught his admirers to expect in the slighter medium at the Water-Colour Society's exhibitions.

We reproduce one panel of a scheme of decoration carried out by Mr. Norman S. Carr in the "Armada" room, which is one of the features of the new extension to the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square. The frieze, which is fifty-four inches high and is executed in oils, consists of pictures of the old-time Spanish galleons, gay with bright pennons and pompous with their bellying sails, and is a decorative achievement upon which the artist may be congratulated. The largest panel shows the Invincible Armada advancing in the famous half-moon formation, while the others, among them the one we reproduce, show the rival fleets hotly engaged. Though working in a style familiar through the productions of Mr. Morton Nance and the late Mr. W. J. Neatby, a number of whose decorations are to be seen in the original wing of the Imperial Hotel, Mr. Carr has an individuality of his own and, as one who takes a keen interest in yachting and sailing, has brought to this task an expert knowledge of the subject. Mr. Carr did not undergo any art school training, but was intimately associated with Mr. Neatby for about twelve years. While working at the Royal Doulton Potteries Mr. Carr executed decorative panels in ceramics and

a variety of tile work. He has also illustrated a number of nautical books and articles in yachting papers. Three decorations more are in the Hall of the Imperial Hotel and he is engaged upon two others. He has just completed a large panel of *The "Victory" at Trafalgar*, twenty feet long, for a building at Portsmouth.

The Fine Art Society have been holding an exhibition of the photographs taken by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting with Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition. It is perhaps in photography so matter-of-fact that the virtue of the camera as an artistic medium most reveals itself. A large part of what is beautiful in art rests with the revelation of what is beautiful in nature. This was shown in the delicate—almost photographic—realism of Dutch art. And one can well believe that Van de Velde would have delighted in such a photograph as Mr. Ponting's *The Terra Nova Icebound in the Pack*, in which, if we did not know that the rhythmic folds of the sails and the graceful lines of the rigged ship were not emphasised, we might well believe them to be so, and by an artist cunning in the emphasis of the salient features of his composition.

The examples of lettering which we reproduce were culled from an unusually interesting and instructive exhibition held at the South London Art Gallery in Peckham Road throughout the month of October and early part of November. The purpose of the exhibition, in the organisation of which Mr. Percy J. Smith, lecturer in lettering and allied subjects at the Camberwell School of



DOCTOR DIPLOMA (UNFINISHED). WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED BY HUGO MEYER
(Exhibition of Lettering, South London Art Gallery)

Arts and Crafts, took a leading part, was to show examples of good lettering rightly used, and if exception might be taken to certain of the exhibits, as not answering to this condition, the aim of the promoters was realised in the bulk of the five hundred odd items gathered together from many sources. Numerous examples of written texts, both with and without the addition of illumination or other decorative devices were shown, but in conformity with the object the organisers had in view a large proportion of the exhibits consisted of early and modern printed books, title-pages and other examples of general printing, an important contingent of these being lent for the occasion by the governors of the St. Bride Foundation

Institute, while a no less interesting group of printed books came from Germany and Austria and represented some of the best work now being done in the province of *Buchkunst*, of particular note being the productions of various publishing houses and type-foundries which have availed themselves of the services of prominent artists for the designing of type and book decorations. In connection with these German exhibits it was interesting to note the increasing use of roman type, the superiority of which, and more particularly the "lower-case" forms, for the

TOLE IMPROPERIEN

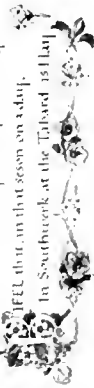
<p>Popule meus quid feci tibi aut in quo contristavi te responde mihi. Quia eduxi te de terra Ae gypti: parasti crucem Salvatoris tuo cliam Volk was t. et. Ich dir I Betruht Ich dich, antwort mir. Agyptens kedentris. Ich dich, so dich dich, wist Karescho antwort Quia eduxi te per desertum qua diaginta annis, et manna eduxi te et introducti te in terram satis bonam parasti Crucem Salvatoris. Gentil Hier war Ich verzaht Ich Ich rechtte dir das Damm dar Das Land des Segens ant Ich dich Und dich gibst Du die Karam quid tibi debui facere tibi, et non feci? Ego quidem plantavi te vincam meam speciosissimam et tu facta es mihi nimis ama ra. Accro namque scitum meam potasti: et lancea perforasti Latus Salvatoris tui. in wohl ratur bestrebt Ich mich Damen in Weinberg wählt Ich dich Und dich gibst, soll und Essig dir Duch dich, des Retteses, dahn go propter te Crucem coram gyptum cum primogenitis suis et tu me flagellatum tradidisti me Cassel meum. Stes te tunc Agyptus tui geb. r. m. S. H. I. Ich stes te su nu wegen dahn Und dich, quise. Ich dich, tui go eduxi te de Agypto demiso Mira, none in mare rubrum et tu tradidisti principibus sacerdotum nich schatz Ich dich, Agyptus dich. Ich haro in dahn wast tui, ut und dich, ret. At ... A. S. A. D. H. O. P. A. C. T. O. R.</p>		<p>AGIOS OTHGOS AGIOS ISCHYROS AGIOS ATHADATOS ELEGISONTAS go ante te aperui mare et tu aperuisti Luceas Latus meum Ego ante te praevixi in columna nubis et tu me dixisti ad pro torium Palati. Zur flucht mach Ich dich, M. d. d. d. d. Duch dich, rast meine Pius. M. d. d. d. Als Wolken aus ging Ich dich, ver Und dich, fuhst dich, tu, m. d. d. d. go te pvi manna per desertum et tu me eduxisti, slyps et flagel lus Ego te potavi, aqua salutis de petra et tu me potasti felle et acetis. Ich dich, te meo Wue. Ich dich, so Und dich, du schlagst, r. p. d. d. d. Und dich, Ich dich, antwort, nun Und dich, gibst, dich, r. m. d. d. d. go propter te Crucem coram reges percussisti: et tu percussisti me, induc me caput meum Ego eduxi tibi sceptrum regale: et tu dedisti capitum meo spinam coronam Ich dich, schuld, Ich dich, d. d. d. d. Dich, kolben schlage, dahn, m. d. d. d. zum Konigs, soll Ich dich, d. d. Dich, Demenke, Ich dich, d. d. d. go te exaltavi magna virtute et tu me suspendisti in pa tulo crucis. Ich dich, dir, d. d. d. d. d. d. d. Dich, schlag, Ich dich, d. d. d. d. Crucem tuam adoramus Domi ne: et sanctam resurrectionem tuam laudamus et glorificamus: ecce enim propter lignum ve nit quidum in unum pro mundo Uenit Ihu, verchem, w. o. f. h. r. l. e. In Austerdama, Iubel, w. o. f. h. r. l. e. Es ist, si, vom Kainestamme, Ihu d. d. d. d. d. d. d. d. d. d. d. d. d. d.</p>
<p>HEILIGER GOTIC HEILIGER STARKER HEILIGER UN... RSH RBLICHER GOTIC ERBARDE DICH UNER</p>		

THE "IMPROPERIEN" (REPROCESSED). LATIN AND GERMAN TEXT WRITTEN IN
BLACK, RED AND GOLD BY E. ALBERS, DUSSELDORF; WOODCUT BY SAME
(Exhibition of Lettering, South London Art Gallery)

HERE BEGINNETH THE BOOK OF THE TALES
OF CAUNTERBURY THE PROLOG
THAN THAT APRILLE
GUILTH HIS SHOURESSOTE
THE DROGLITE OF DARGHE
HATH PERGED TO THE ROUTE
AND RATHED EVERY
VEYN IN SCURHICOR.



Whiche is thus considered to the flour:
Colhus Zephus tek, with his sweete breath
Inspired hath an every holt and heeth
The ronic coppers, and the sping some
And made loodes waken melodye.
That sternal the night with open ye.
So preth hem nature in her coverges
Than lenger tek to soon on pilgimages
And pilgivers tek to soken straunge stroudes
To leve halves counte in sondry londes;
And specially from every shires ende
Of Engeland to Caunterbury they wende.
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seke
THEEL that in that zoon on a day
In Southwerk at the Tabard is Haly



PROLOGUE TO CHAUCER'S CANTEBURY TALES, WRITTEN AND
GILDED BY GRAYLY BEWTH; ILLUMINATED BY LOUISE LESSORE

(Exhibition of Lettering, South London Art Gallery)

FATHER

which art in Heaven
Hallowed be thy Name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done in
earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our
daily bread & forgive
us our trespasses as
we forgive them that
trespass against us, &
lead us not into tempta-
tion, but deliver us
from evil: For thine is
the kingdom, and the
power, and the glory
for ever & ever. AMEN

FATHER NOSTER, WRITTEN AND
GILDED BY EDWARD ASHENDEN
OF TUTNEY SCHOOL OF ART,
UNDER DIRECTION OF PERCY
SMITH

AUCASSIN & NICOLETTE
Caged and captive, why, ah why?
Aucassin, young lord, prithee,
Your sweetheart, am I not she?
Ay, methinks you hate not me.
For your sake I'm prisoner,
In this vaulted bed-chamber,
Where my life's a weary one.
But by God, sweet Marj's son,
Long herein I will not stay
— Can I find way! —



Here they speak, with delicate
NICOLETTE WAS IN PRIS-
on, as you have harkened &
heard, in the chamber. The
cry and the noise ran through all the

A PAGE FROM "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE," WRITTEN BY
A. GWYNNE JONES

PATER · NOSTER
 qui · es · in · coelis
 sanctificetur · nomen
 tuum. Adveniat · reg-
 num · tuum. Fiat · vo-
 luntas · tua · sicut · est
 in · coelo · et · in · terra
 Panem · nostrum · quo-
 tidianum · da · nobis
 hodie. Et · dimitte
 nobis · debita · nostra
 sicut · et · nos · dimit-
 timus · debitoribus
 nostris. Et · ne · nos · in-
 ducas · in · tentationem.
 Sed · libera · nos · a
 malo. Amen

PATER NOSTER. WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED BY
 B. WOODALL, DUDLEY SCHOOL OF ART

I AM
WHEN I BEGAN

OUT OF ME THE YEARS ROLL:
 OUT OF ME GOD AND MAN:
 I AM EQUAL AND WHOLE:
 GOD CHANGES, AND MAN, AND THE FORM
 OF THEM BODILY: I AM THE SOUL.

BEFORE EVER LAND WAS,
 BEFORE EVER THE SEA,
 OR SOFT HAIR OF THE GRASS,
 OR FAIR LIMBS OF THE TREE,
 OR THE FLESH-COLOURED FRUIT OF MY
 BRANCHES, I WAS, & THY SOUL WAS IN ME.

FIRST LIFE ON MY SOURCES
 FIRST DRIFTED AND SWAM:

TEXT WRITTEN AND GILDED BY A. GAWYNE
 JONES

(Exhibition of Lettering, South London Art Gallery)

LOVE
 suffereth long, and is
 kind: love envieth not:
 love vaunteth not it:
 self, is not puffed up,
 doth not behave itself
 unseemly, seeketh not
 its own, is not provoked,
 taketh not account of
 evil: rejoiceth not in un-
 righteousness, but re-
 joiceth with the truth:
 beareth all things, hop-
 eth, all things, hopeth
 all things, endureth
 all things.
BUT NOW ABIDEETH
 FAITH; HOPE; LOVE,
 THESE THREE; AND
 THE GREATEST OF
 THESE IS LOVE.

TEXT WRITTEN, GILDED AND ILLUMINATED BY PERCY
 SMITH (PROPERTY OF MR. HERBERT BATSFORD)

CROSSING THE BAR

**SUNSET AND
EVENING
STAR**
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no
moaning of the bar.
When I put out to sea

But such a tide as moving
seems asleep.
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from
out the boardless deep
Turns again home.

**GULLING
AND EVENING
BELL**
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness
of farewell
When I embark:

For tho' from out this bourne
of Gune and Place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my Pilot face
to face
When I have crossed the bar

Alfred Tennyson

TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR." WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED BY LOTTIE BRAXTON HICKS
(Exhibition of Lettering, South London Art Gallery)

the open air, and it is the Malvern country that has provided him with the subjects of most of his important pictures. This constant work direct with Nature, although serving to accumulate a wealth of accurate observation, would have tended, perhaps, to the prejudice of the best artistic results had it not been for a corrective coming from the contemporary school of decorative landscape work. It is, perhaps, to the personal and artistic influence of the late Sir Alfred East that one may trace the more consciously decorative feeling that has marked much of his later work, and the eight years he

general purposes of life was demonstrated beyond question by the exhibition as a whole. A few examples of Greek typography were included, but we observed no specimens of printing from Russia and other Slav countries where the Cyrillic alphabet or a modification of it is in use, though here, too, a movement has been on foot during recent years for effecting a much needed improvement. Lettering plays such an immense part in our lives that one cannot but hope that this exhibition at the South London Art Gallery—said to be the first of the kind ever held in Great Britain—will be followed by others in due course.

Mr. Harry W. Adams, R.B.A., belongs to the "open air" school in more than the technical sense. For almost twenty years he has practically lived in

spent at the Worcester Royal Porcelain Works as decorative artist, after leaving school, may also count for something in this direction. In 1895-6

**Psalm
XC**
**THOU HAST
BEEN OUR
REFUGE:
FROM ONE
GENERATION
TO ANOTHER.**
Before the mountains were brought—
forth or ever the earth and the world
were made: thou art God from ever—
lasting and world without end.
Thou turnest man to destruction: a-
gain thou saiest: Come again ye child-
ren of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight are
but as yesterday: seeing that is past
a watch in the night.
As soon as thou scatterest them they
are even as a sleep: and hide away

suddenly like the grass. **Psalm
XC**
In the morning it is green and groweth
up: but in the evening it is cut
down, dried up, and withered.
For we consume away in thy displea-
sure: and are dead at thy wrathful
indignation.
Thou hast set our iniquities before
thee: and our secret sins in the light
of thy countenance.
For when thou art angry, all our days
are gone: we bring our years to an
end, as it were a tale that is told.
The days of our age are threescore
years and ten: and though men be
so strong that they come to fourscore
years: yet is their strength then but
labour and sorrow: so soon passeth
it away and we are gone.
But who regardeth the power of thy
wrath: for even thereafter is a man
fearful: so is thy displeasure.
So teach us to number our days: that

PSALM XC. WRITTEN BY MABEL SMITH, GILDED BY GRAYLI HEWITT,
ILLUMINATED BY LOUISE IESSORE
(Exhibition of Lettering, South London Art Gallery)



"THE VALLEY SENTINELS." OIL
PAINTING BY H. W. ADAMS, R.B.A.

Studio-Talk

he went to Paris and worked at Julian's, the latter year seeing his first picture on the line at the Royal Academy. Four years later his snow-picture, *Winter's Sleep*, was purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and is now in the Tate Gallery. It is somewhat similar in method to the one here produced, *The Valley Sentinels*, which was exhibited on the line at the Royal Academy. This picture is particularly characteristic, as it was as a snow painter that Mr. Adams first achieved distinction, and he has since followed up these themes in a lengthy study in Switzerland. Another picture, markedly typical of the qualities which characterise the artist's work, is one purchased by the Worcester Corporation for their Art Gallery, *Winter in the Malvern Hills*.

Mr. George Sheringham's recent exhibition, at the Ryder Gallery, of a series of panels painted on silk, based on motives from "The Mabinogion," showed decisively how his remarkable decorative capacities are developing and maturing. In these examples there had been added to the dainty exquisiteness of design by which his work has

always been distinguished, a largeness of feeling and a breadth of effect which must be accounted to have widened very appreciably the scope of his art. He showed in them, too, higher qualities of imagination than he has ever displayed before and an even surer grasp of great decorative essentials. In the fans and smaller decorative paintings which he exhibited with these panels the same enlarging of his outlook and development of his powers of expression were apparent: from the first he has ranked as an artist of exceptional gifts, but year by year he is making more sure his position among the most accomplished of the painters who have devoted themselves to the working out of subtle problems of design and to the imaginative treatment of decoration.

PARIS.—Gouache, that admirable medium which the eighteenth-century masters carried to so high a degree of perfection, seems to have been greatly neglected by contemporary artists. Many, it is true, work in gouache, but very few there are who appreciate all the resources of this wonderful technique. M.



"LE CHEVRIER" (GOUACHE)

BY R. GIROUST

Studio-Talk

Giroust, two of whose superbly executed drawings in body-colour we reproduce, has made a patient study of the art of gouache, and arrived at complete comprehension of all the *finesses* of the medium. In his hands it is not, as with so many artists, a kind of haphazard style producing this or that unexpected effect; it is a *métier* mastered with care and carried to perfection.

To his impeccable technique Giroust adds most individual gifts of execution and composition. His landscapes are as dexterous as those of the eighteenth century, but at the same time they are resolutely modern in feeling; and some indeed are instinct with an exquisite charm. In *Le Chevrier*, recently purchased by the State, the artist depicts a mountainous landscape with a sky treated in a masterly fashion, in which all the values compose themselves into an infinitely seductive vision. The work entitled *Les Cygnes* was exhibited recently at Marcel Bernheim's galleries. The transparent waters, the old ruined bridge and the silhouette of a castle form a delicious *ensemble*.

An interesting and picturesque Breton artist, M. Mathurin Méheut, has been showing recently at

the Musée des Arts Décoratifs a whole series of sketches, water-colours and drawings, all inspired by the fauna and flora of the ocean. This series of very important and very varied works demonstrated above all what a fertile field of inspiration is available to the artist decorator in the sea with its infinite variety of natural forms. The vigorous drawings in black and white and the brilliantly coloured water-colours showed us that we have in M. Mathurin Méheut not only an artist of very personal talent but also a savant who, while depicting with most scientific accuracy these curious forms of organic life, has been able to discover in them entirely novel decorative motifs.

M. Chabanian is also a painter of the sea, and he excels in rendering its varied aspects at different hours of the day: he delights at times to animate his sands and his waves with the figures of lively little folk who, under Ostend skies, introduce a joyous note of colour into the grey waves. A whole series of still-life pieces admirably rendered in schemes of delicate tonality added still further to the charm of a recent exhibition of M. Chabanian's work in the rue La Boétie.



"LES CYGNES" (GOUACHE)

BY R. GIROUST



"MOOR LANDSCAPE"

BY KARL HAIDER

Quite different is the ideal of M. Charles Jouas, that fine and conscientious artist who invited us to inspect at Chaîne and Simonson's Galleries the fruits of several years assiduous labour. Cathedrals such as Nôtre Dame and the old corners of Paris—these are the themes that enchant this devoted worker. Since the opening of his exhibition the Musée Carnavalet has acquired some of his beautiful water-colours in which the artist has evoked the strangest and quaintest aspects of Old Paris. Besides these he has depicted the infinitely varied and poetic aspects of the parks of Versailles, of the Cathedral of Chartres, of that of Rouen, and finally of the Abbaye du Mont S. Michel. This exhibition, the result of twenty years' persistent work will suffice to make the work of this finished artist known and appreciated by the general public and to set the seal upon a talent so different from that of the majority of his contemporaries.

At the Georges Petit Galleries recently there was held the tenth Salon de la Gravure Originale en Couleurs, where one found, as usual, the names of those who founded this society and have contributed to its prosperity. The most celebrated of these

names is that of J. F. Raffaelli who prefaces gladly the catalogue of this exhibition with a review of the progress made not only by the artists but also in the education of public taste. "From an inquiry made among the publishers we learn," so writes M. Raffaëlli, "that during this period of ten years the sale of these prints has passed the gratifying figure of four millions." MM. Henri Jourdain, Pierre Labrousse, Luigi, Henri Meunier and Ulmann were in evidence as usual with those delightful landscapes we are familiar with. Mons. Raffaelli himself only showed three little views of a country village, but all bore the stamp of his characteristic mastery. The old-time landscapes of Gaston de Latenay with their intense poesy called to mind those most rare *sanguines* of the great artists of the eighteenth century. H. F.

BERLIN.—The exhibition of the late Karl Haider's works at the Schulte galleries was referred to in my notes last month, and it remains to supplement the brief remarks then made by some examples of his work as a portrait and figure painter and as a landscapist, in both of which capacities he worthily upheld the



LADY WITH A ROSE
BY KARL HAIDER

Studio-Talk

old German traditions. The deceased painter was born in 1846 at Munich, and remained attached to the Bavarian capital throughout his life. Two years ago he received from the Prince Regent the St. Michael Order of Merit of the Fourth Class.

The members of the Berlin Secession who have remained loyal to the last president, Paul Cassirer, filled all the rooms of the Secession building with an Autumn exhibition. Former leaders of the society such as Liebermann, Corinth and Slevogt withdrew from the jury, and their places were filled by younger men such as Beckmann, Brockhusen, Pechstein, Rösler and Kolbe, with Wolfgang Gurlitt as business manager. The character of the exhibits showed the encouragement of technical experiments, so that seekers after all sorts of expression were presented to publicity, and thus rather too many raw dishes were served. Even the large fresco designs by Edward Munch which filled the central hall, failed to convince of a mature art and laid bare in extensive frames poverty of invention and thinness of colour. Picasso was to be studied in various departures from his own tenets; deep-felt social instincts and dreamy moods were visualised in a high style of draughtsmanship, but the total impression of this artistic personality remained one of dissatisfaction owing to its contradictoriness. W. Rösler's tendency towards expressive simplification has not yet led this landscapist to satisfactory results, but the same endeavour assisted Moritz Melzer to the achievement of strong fresco effects in his religious subjects. Erbslöh again attained dignity of form and colour in his statuesque female nudes, and Pechstein showed himself fiercely energetic. The etcher Hans Meid proved interesting also as

a painter by the decorative effectiveness of his work, and Beckmann and Hofer by a quite personal display of colour. Brockhusen's ambitions were wasted on religious subjects and enormous still-life paintings which only served to expose his pedantry. Pleasing works were shown by Fritz Rhein and E. R. Weiss, while the young painter Claus Richter with his whimsicality and precision of statement again evoked astonishment as a direct descendant of Altdorfer and Breughel. The triumph of the show was a powerful relief representing two nude riders on horseback and a bull by Prof. Tuillon, which taught that greatness in art can only be attained by humble submission to nature and freest sway over it.

The Künstlerhaus, which is now placed under the direction of the well-known etcher, Hermann Hirzel, honoured Martin Brandenburg with a



SELF-PORTRAIT

BY KARL HAIDER



"WHIRLING SAND." BY
MARTIN BRANDENBURG

Studio-Talk

comprehensive exhibition in November. To stand before this painter's works almost seemed like intruding into the privacy of a world-evading spirit. The sad aspects of life have taken possession of his soul and these, mingled with the fantastic visions of a passionate dreamer, have created a strange and quite personal art. Brandenburg has laboured unceasingly to perfect his technique, and his work testifies to his ability as a draughtsman as well as a colourist. The minutest forms are rendered with precision, and prismatic values help to interpret suggestive force and mystic moods. The poet peoples nature with pantheistic forms, for which his hand is sometimes too heavy and his taste too earth-bound. His naturalism, however, serves him well when his aim is simple landscape rendition. J. J.

Universal regret is felt at the death of Carlos Grethe, who succumbed to an attack of appendicitis at Nieuwport in Belgium on October 24. The deceased artist, who had not yet reached his fiftieth year, was a marine painter of exceptional merit, and his death, following so soon on that of Prof. Hans von Bartels, who also excelled in kindred subjects, is a serious loss to German art, for though he was born in Uruguay, by far the greater part of his life from infancy onwards was passed in Germany. At the age of sixteen he entered the Karlsruhe Academy, which he rejoined subsequently after an interval in Paris, and later he became a teacher there, afterwards becoming a professor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Stuttgart. Numerous works of his have been acquired by public collections, and he was



Hajógyárban a kőművesek munkája

Conrad Gyula
1908

Conrad Gyula

Studio-Talk

the recipient of many medals and diplomas. Prof. Grethe was also distinguished as an artist lithographer of rare talent. An article on his work by Prof. Singer appeared in vol. xxxi of this magazine.

BUDAPEST.—At a recent exhibition of the graphic work of Gyula Conrad opportunity was given to observe how great an advance this Hungarian artist has made. He is not unknown to readers of *THE STUDIO*, for reproductions of his etchings have from time to time appeared in its pages, and his exceptional talent as a graphic artist has been generally recognised, the chief collections on the Continent having acquired examples of his work. Conrad is a keen observer, and an artist with a fine imagination; he does not aim at being prolific but

studies thoughtfully and always endeavours to give to the world only the very best in him. There is a certain suggestiveness in his work which makes it particularly attractive, an atmospheric subtlety which combined with strength and character makes it both striking and interesting. Conrad's art is always sympathetic, there is the freshness of youth in it, and he expresses clearly and forcibly that which he means to convey to the observer; there is in his utterance no trace of that vagueness which so often mars an otherwise sympathetic composition.

A. S. L.

MILAN.—Two years have elapsed since the first exhibition of the Lombard "Acquarellisti" was held in the rooms of the Società Permanente at Milan. Two of the leading figures of that opening exhi-





Twilight on the Posilipo

Gyula Conrad

"TWILIGHT ON THE POSILIPO"
ETCHING BY GYULA CONRAD

Studio-Talk

biton, the President and Vice-President—Paolo Sala and Filippo Carcano—are still to the front in the work of the society, and both are well represented in its third exhibition along with others who figured in those first days, such as Bettinelli, Beltrame, Luigi Rossi, and the indefatigable secretary of the society, Renzo Weiss. The society has, in fact, never gone back from its first opening. In the year succeeding it showed to great advantage in the Venice Exhibition, as well as in the annual exhibition of the society itself at Milan in the autumn of 1912. And it is satisfactory to note that the exhibition which opened on November 15 last, in the Palazzo Cova at Milan, has in the number of exhibits, the quality of the work, and the public appreciation, proved one of the most successful.

Before dealing with this exhibition, I think it right to allude to the loss which the society has lately suffered in the lamented death of Sir Alfred East, who was one of its early members and who exhibited at the two previous exhibitions. Sir Alfred took the greatest interest in the progress of the society, and I know personally—from a letter

recently received from the president—how keenly that interest and sympathy were appreciated, so that in alluding as I have done to his loss, I feel sure I am only echoing the expressed feelings of those members of the society who enjoyed the friendship and admired both the art and the personality of their English *confrère*.

I have mentioned that in the present exhibition Paolo Sala and Filippo Carcano still lead the way. One secret of Carcano's art is his mastery of atmosphere—a quality which finds expression in his sea-piece (*Mare*) of the present exhibition and—though, perhaps to a less extent—in his *After Tennis* (*Dopo il Tennis*). The president has not forgotten his London visit, of which his water-colour of the Thames, already reproduced in these pages, and an admirable study of the Strand, are souvenirs. His *Sull' Isola dei Pescatori* is a scene, most vigorous in design, from that lovely island on Lago Maggiore which for many years he made his home: we reproduce both this and his admirable group, *Women of Arignon*. Paolo Sala in his technique holds strictly to pure water-colour, admitting none of



"ON THE FISHERMEN'S ISLAND (ISOLA DEI PESCATORI)"

(L'Associazione degli Aquarellisti, Milan)

BY PAOLO SALA



(Associazione degli Acquarellisti, Milan)

"WOMEN OF AVIGNON"
BY PAOLO SALA

Studio-Talk

those tricks of tempera and gouache that are coming so largely into use among painters in Italy.

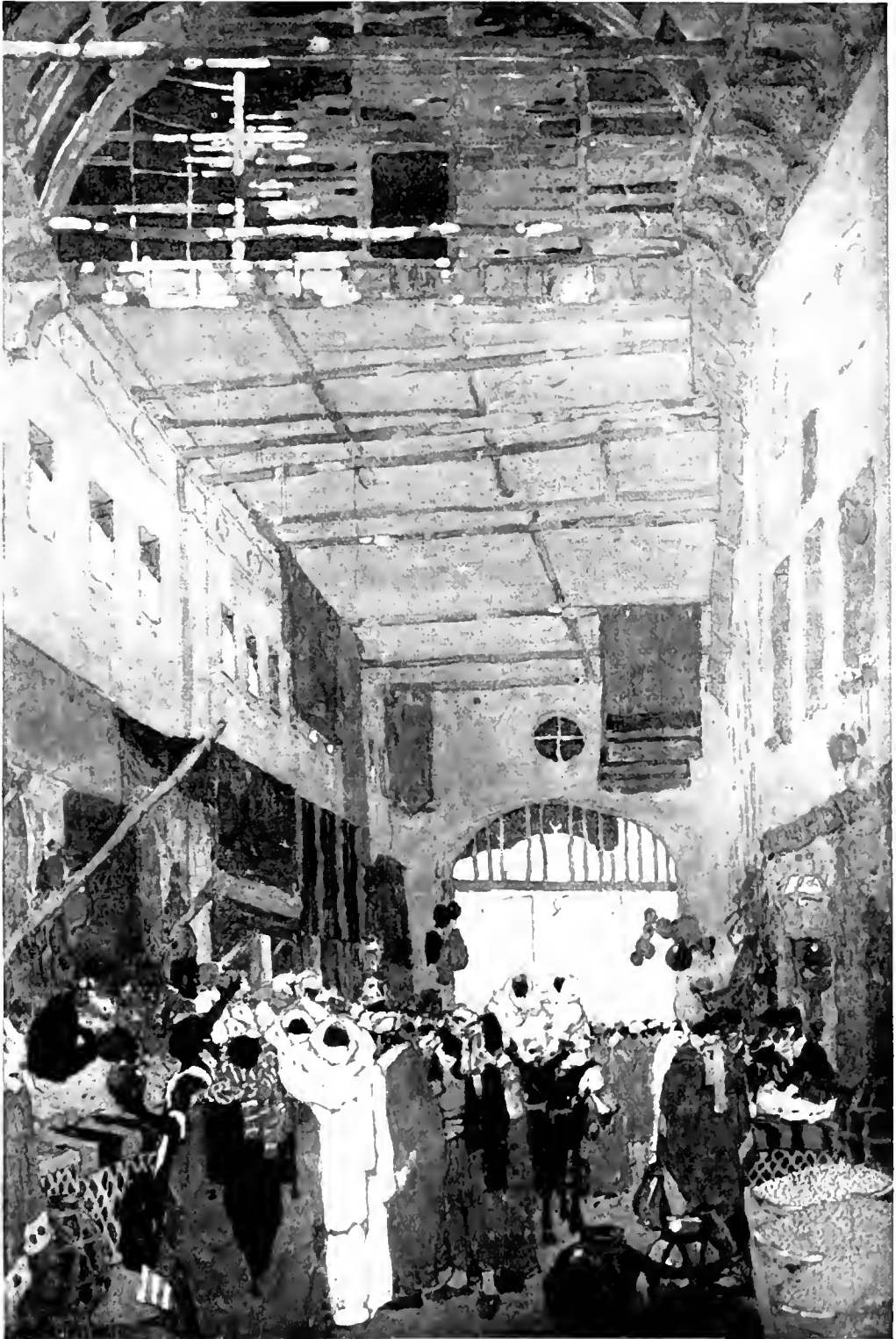
Admitting this point of view—absolutely sound in my own opinion—one must also admit that an element of variety and attraction is imparted to the present exhibition by those brilliant studies of the shores of Bordighera by Pompeo Mariani, who attains the brilliancy of his effects by the admixture with his water-colours of tempera, pastel, and, I believe, even crayon. Another attraction this year is Auguste Sezanne, who sends from Venice a delightful painting of the pigeons of St. Mark (*Colombi di S. Marco*): while from Venice Tezzos contributes two paintings of interest. Three artists who have all been firm adherents of the society, are well represented, Achille Beltrame, Mario Bettinelli, and Mascarini all showing work which is progressive. Both Riccardo and Guiseppe Galli appear here, the latter showing greater assurance and ease in the medium than at previous exhibitions: and among our illustrations is a *Procession* by Giovanni Greppi. Emilio Gola's landscapes are sincere and powerful, and Emilio Borsa with his *Four Seasons*,

Egidio Riva, Antonio Piatti, Ferrari, and Riccardo Salvatore (*Twilight in Sardinia*) are well represented. Sig. Renzo Weiss's five water-colours advance the position he had already acquired as an aquarellist of ability and promise.

Two English ladies exhibit this year: Mrs. Price-King, who was for many years a resident of Milan, and who has sent to the Palazzo Cova her charming *Suonatrice* (Violin Player); and Mrs. Averil Burleigh, whose work is already familiar to readers of this magazine, and whose two water-colours there reproduced, *The Merchant* and *The Feast*, have—as I hear from a friend in Milan—delighted the public “from their elegance of design, and because they render the sentiment of mediæval life with such delicate poetry of feeling.” S. B.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Eleventh Annual Exhibition of Water Colours, Black and Whites, Pastels and Drawings in any medium under the joint management of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the





(Philadelphia Water-Colour Exhibition)

"THE SWEETMEAT BAZAAR
DAMASCUS." BY JULES GUÉRIN

Studio-Talk

Philadelphia Water Colour Club, was held in the galleries of the Academy during November and the first half of December. The exhibition was larger than usual, there being 720 works exposed, or about 125 more than on the previous occasion. Though the standard of excellence was no higher, there was more variety in the quality of the work shown, and while more latitude in the field of artistic experiment was discernible, very little was to be seen in the way of insurgent defiance of the conventionalities. The pictures shown were not all painted by Americans, however, but this did not make the exhibition any the less interesting.

A work from the hand of the lamented Gaston La Touche entitled *The Disciples at Emmaus* had the position of honour in the largest room, a work effective in lighting, subtle in colour-scheme, and possessing all the qualities we expect to see in his work. This was flanked, as pendants, by two others from the same source, viz. *Nativity* and *Moonlight*, both characteristic of the master. M. Emile René Ménard exhibited a beautiful work entitled *The Bathers*, apparently another version of his painting with the same title shown in the last Paris Salon and very enticing in the mysterious warm glow of twilight. M. Charles Cottet was represented by twelve different works, inspired mainly from the life of the Brittany peasant. Particularly interesting was his *Women of Brittany around a Bier*. Mr. Alexander Robinson exhibited a group of eight paintings in opaque colour, delightful as specimens of splendid facility, refined tonality, and effective colouring.

Miss Florence Esté showed five works, carefully thought out and very broadly painted, with due

regard to tone and values, especially her *Our Lady of Jeys*. Miss Alice Schille was represented by eight water-colours painted mostly in pure wash and quite free and sketchy in handling, typical examples being *Old Houses* and *The Garden of Night*. Mr. David B. Milne also exhibited a group of works in pure water-colour, as did Miss Anne Goldthwaite in figure subjects, *A Pink Ribbon* and *A Wall-flower*. Some very curious drawings of birds by Mr. Charles Emile Heil deserve especial mention. Mr. Fred Wagner showed a group of very attractive little sketches, impressions of nature that were quite comprehensible and brilliant with colour. Mr. C. H. Woodbury sent two very interesting representations of the open sea, one entitled *The Tramp Steamer*, the other *Tropical Sea*. A beauti-



"THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS"

BY GASTON LA TOUCHE



(Philadelphia Water-Colour Exhibition)

"THE BATHERS," BY
E. RENÉ MÉNARD



"THE DRAG"

(Philadelphia Water-Colour Exhibition)

BY GEORGE HALLOWELL

fully poetic landscape painted by Mr. W. C. Emerson in gouache and entitled *Enchantment* should be especially mentioned. Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper's *Court of the Cathedral, Lisieux*, Mr. Taber Sears's *Gateway to York Cathedral*, Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge's group of six landscapes, Mr. Andrew T. Schwarz's *October*, Mr. Geo. Elmer Brown's *The Mill Wheel*, Miss Clara M. Madeira's *Bird House*, Mr. George Walter Dawson's *Yellow Harrison Roses*, are all works that stood out as excellent, each in a different way adding to the interest of the whole collection.

The American illustrators were well represented, many of them being in the competition for the Beck Prize. Mrs. Elizabeth Shippen Green Elliot, Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith, Mrs. Charlotte Harding Brown, Mr. Thornton Oakley, and Mr. Jules Guérin exhibited works that had been reproduced for the purpose of publication. Mr. Joseph Pennell exhibited a number of works in black and white, noticeable among them being a series of views of well-known localities in Washington hitherto undiscovered by artists.

Mr. John Singer Sargent was represented by a capital portrait drawing, name not given, and among three drawings by Miss Cecilia Beaux was a very spirited portrait of *Dr. Hadley of Yale*. Miss Violet Oakley showed a series of studies in red chalk for the medallions of a stained-glass window, illustrating Dante's *Divine Comedy*, for the house of Robert J. Collier, also a number of other studies in colour and in chalk, made in preparation for the decoration of the State Capitol of Pennsylvania.

E. C.

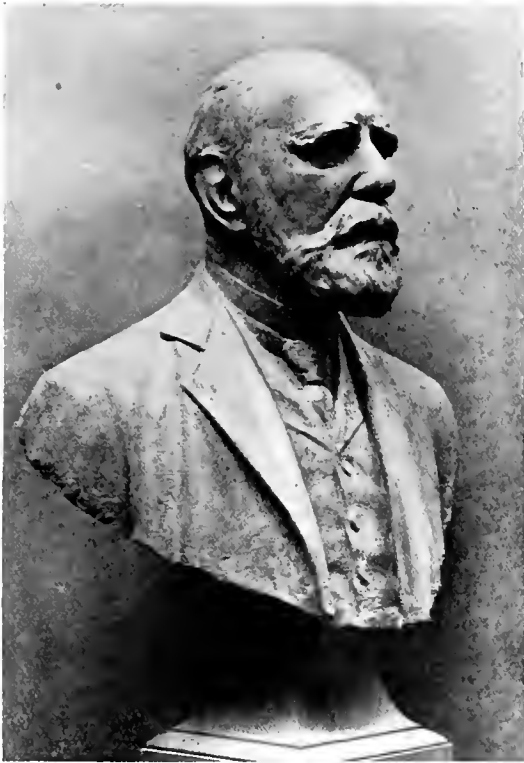
MONTREAL.—Arrangements have been made for a series of excellent exhibitions at the new gallery of the Art Association of Montreal this season. In November, the work of Mr. Frederick Lessore,

a young English sculptor of more than usual ability and power, was shown, the examples comprising forty-eight portraits and figure-subjects in marble and terra-cotta, and a number of drawings. Among the portraits, the busts of Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne and Matthew Maris have attracted chief attention, by reason perhaps of the personalities of the originals; nevertheless, the artist's chief distinction is his quite unusual powers of characterisation, and his remarkable rendering of textures. Mr. Lessore has been commissioned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to undertake a large standing figure of Lord Mount Stephen, which will in



"THE LORD MOUNT STEPHEN"

BUST BY FREDERICK LESSORE



"THE LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL." BUST BY FREDERICK LESSORE

due course be installed in the terminal station at Montreal. H. M. L.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—Except in sculpture the work shown last month at the Royal Academy prize distribution was disappointing. The honours in painting were carried off not by the medallists of the year but by Miss Williams, the winner of the gold medal of 1911, whose work executed during her travelling studentship elicited high praise from the President. The subject in the competition decided last month for the gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 was *The Pool of Bethesda*, and it was taken by Mr. G. L. Brockhurst with a composition which, though carefully worked out, displayed no great qualities of painting and was certainly no better than two at least of the other illustrations of the subject. The same subject was set thirty-five years ago, when Mr. H. H. La Thangue, R.A., carried off the medal. It is capable of considerable diversity of treatment, but strangely enough in last month's competition only one student introduced the angel into his picture. The prize for the best

design for the decoration of a portion of a public building brought forth a weak set of drawings, and the first award was withheld. The Turner medal and prize of £50 for landscape were not awarded and the competing works for the Creswick prize (*A Pebbly Brook*) were probably the poorest ever seen in this competition. The prize painting, by Miss G. E. Bury, had, however, the virtue of being a good illustration of the subject. One of the best things shown among the prize works was the cartoon *A Suppliant* by Miss H. M. Hechle, which was well drawn, and expressive in spite of the fact that the face of the suppliant was hidden. Good also were the four drawings from the life by Mr. V. N. Rainbird, which had more individuality than most of the work usually seen in Academy competitions. Mr. Gilbert Ledward won the gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 for composition in sculpture (*Diana and Endymion*) with a group that was excellent alike in design and modelling. Mr. D. J. Chisholm gained the gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 in architecture with a good design for "A Town Hall for an Important City." W. T. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Hans Holbein the Younger. By ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN. (London: Geo. Allen and Co.) 2 vols. £3 3s. 6d. net. Mr. Chamberlain has spared no pains to bring our knowledge of Holbein up to date. His book takes advantage of the many revisions of judgment on the painter's work recently made but not incorporated in any standard work. The connection between the art of Velasquez, of Rembrandt, or even of the Italian primitives, and the ideals pursued in various schools of modern painting is so obvious that the research into their art and the history of their times has been exhaustive, but there is no such obvious connection between the conception of art that inspired Holbein and that which inspires art to-day. Interest in Holbein's portraiture has never flagged, but, as far as the wider public are concerned, Holbein's other masterpieces do not hold the important place in the imagination of the Anglo-Saxon public which is given to the more famous works of painters of other European schools. His penetrating study of character has aroused modern enthusiasm, but for all the resources of his powerful imagination and profound genius for design Holbein has seemed to fail us on the side of mere emotion, confusing dramatic qualities in composition with the more mystical ones of religious feeling. Besides his extensive research into the questions relating to Holbein attributions

Reviews and Notices

and his thorough analysis of Holbein's masterpieces Mr. Chamberlain does not overlook the history of the painter's period. He reminds us of the long time that Holbein was at work in England before he received royal recognition, a fact contrary to the popular notion of the discriminating patron which Henry VIII has been supposed to be. The author asserts that among the numerous portraits of Henry VIII to be met with in so many of the great houses of this country as well as in several European museums, and in almost all cases attributed to Holbein, only three can be ascribed to him with certainty. The two volumes are very profusely illustrated.

Chantilly in History and Art. By LOUISE M. RICHTER. (London: John Murray.) 21s. net.—In this well arranged and excellently written book Mrs. Richter has divided the subject into two parts. In the first ten chapters she relates the interesting and most eventful history of the Château from its earliest days, through its occupancy by the famous Montmorencys, and later its long association with the great house of Condé. When at the outbreak of the Revolution the Condés left France, Chantilly was devastated and used as a prison, and finally the Grand Château was razed to the ground. Under Napoleon Chantilly became State property, but at the collapse of the Empire the family again took possession and the mansion was restored. When, on the abdication of Louis Philippe in 1848, the Duc d'Aumale, who then owned Chantilly, left France and settled at Twickenham, most of the art treasures of Chantilly were transported thither, but when the sentence of banishment was pronounced upon all claimants to the throne of France, the Duke replied by announcing his intention, long premeditated, of leaving Chantilly with its forest, parks and lakes and all its art treasures to France. Now as the Musée Condé it contains the great store of rare and beautiful works of art collected by its former owners and by that distinguished collector the Duc d'Aumale in particular, and it is to a description of these treasures that Mrs. Richter devotes the second half of her book. Space does not allow of mention in detail of the priceless and unique objects which this magnificent museum contains. That masterpiece of Pol de Limbourg and his brothers, the "Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry," the fine collection of forty miniatures by Fouquet, and the superb portraits by Jean and François Clouet and his followers may, however, be just mentioned as some of the gems of the museum. We should not refer to a slip on page 152, where a work by Détaillé is referred to as

by Détaillé were it not that in the index this mistake is persisted in and aggravated by a reference to the Destailleur album at Chantilly under the same misnomer. With its many admirable illustrations in collotype and half-tone, its bibliography and the copious and useful index, the volume is of great value and absorbing interest.

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Fitzgerald's version, with drawings by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. (London: Methuen.) 15s. net.—After the now customary orgy of colour books, good, bad, and indifferent, which the festive season calls forth, it is not an unwelcome change to find before us a volume in which, with a single exception, only black and white drawings appear, and especially where the artist is one whose draughtsmanship is so masterly as Mr. Sullivan's. During the past few years many editions of Omar have appeared with illustrations in colour by various European illustrators, and some have certainly proved very attractive, but for the most part these drawings have lacked any deeper significance. Mr. Sullivan's drawings, on the other hand, are the fruit of a serious and long-continued study of the Persian poet's philosophy of life as interpreted by Fitzgerald, and they impress one as the work of a thinker as well as an artist. Apart from the frontispiece, there are seventy-five in all—one to each quatrain, and all, as we gather, were executed several years ago, but save some half-dozen or so they now appear for the first time. "To endeavour, however slightly, to sum up, or to 'throw light upon' seventy-five verses of no matter what import, in terms of drawing, is," as the artist remarks in his "Epilogia pro opere suo," "obviously somewhat of a task," and he frankly admits that he has allowed himself great licence in the fulfilment of it. He has, in fact, made but little attempt to introduce any definitely Oriental "colour" into his drawings, and some of them are quite incongruous with Eastern life, notably those accompanying quatrains XVI and LXXI, where what might be the exterior and interior of a London tavern are figured. But it is just this licence which combined with superb draughtsmanship gives such unique interest to the drawings and constitutes them as a whole a veritable *chef d'œuvre*.

Stitches from Eastern Embroideries. By LOUISA F. PESEL. (Bradford: Percy Lund, Humphries & Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—In a portfolio published a few months ago by the same firm, Miss Pesel gave a series of diagrams exhibiting numerous varieties of stitchery found in English embroideries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries belonging to

Reviews and Notices

the Victoria and Albert Museum. This useful compendium is now supplemented by an equally useful and interesting set of diagrams, prepared with great care and contained in a dainty portfolio, showing the multifarious stitches used in embroideries emanating from countries bordering on the Mediterranean and other regions of the Near East contiguous thereto, as well as Persia. Some of the stitches are, of course, akin to those met with in European work, but there are others which are peculiar to the localities where the embroidery was executed, such as the "overcast Bokhara stitch," the "Cretan feather stitch," &c. Miss Pesel has rendered a real service to needleworkers by demonstrating so clearly the technique employed by those of other countries and our own in past times.

Forty-three Drawings. By ALASTAIR. With a note of exclamation by ROBERT ROSS. (London: Lane.) 42s. net.—Alastair's art is witty, dainty and fantastic. The Beardsley school has acquired a distinct place in the last few years, but no artist of the school has had quite so much of the vitality of the master as Alastair. There are disciples of Beardsley both masculine and feminine; on the feminine side probably Miss Annie French preserves the spirit of Beardsley's conventions most successfully, while among men they seem safest with the new-comer Alastair. This artist perceives, as did his master, that realism is an essential of beauty, and he works within the limitations he has accepted as if in them he possessed the freedom of the whole world, and since exquisiteness of craft is always found to be practised within strict limitations we suffer no disappointment in looking for it in this volume. Alastair again, like his master, can successfully conceal from our first glance the sinister implication of some of his designs. His draughtsmanship, however, is much more ephemeral in character than was Beardsley's, and far less masculine in touch, and there is constant repetition, showing a narrow range, but the vitality of the work is such that this book of drawings is not one to be lightly pushed aside.

Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures. (London: Heinemann.) 15s.—This book is quite characteristic of the versatility and humour of its gifted maker. It contains between forty and fifty of his most elaborate tinted drawings, and nothing that is not ingenious and skilful to an extraordinary degree. Many of the plates show the most admirable side of the artist's work. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine anything more delightful in illustration than *On the Beach*, *The Broad Walk*, *Cupid's Alley*, *Butterflies*—the style in them is perfect.

The Tale of Lohengrin. After the drama of Richard Wagner by T. W. ROLLESTON. Presented by WILLY POGÁNY. (London: G. G. Harrap and Co.) 15s. net.—The drawings decorative and illustrative made by Mr. Pogány for this volume exhibit all the exuberance of fantasy which has characterised most of the work he has done. Save for a few illustrations in colour which, having been reproduced by the colour-block process, have been printed *hors texte* on white paper and mounted, the entire contents are printed on a thick grey paper, apparently by what is known as the "litho-offset" process. The drawings in colour which are presented in this way look dull and somewhat lifeless in immediate juxtaposition with those reproduced by the block process; but those which are printed in black lose little if anything by this method of reproduction.

Dress Design: An account of Costume for Artists and Dressmakers. By TALBOT HUGHES. (London: John Hogg.) 7s. 6d. net.—The publishers have issued this volume in continuation of their admirable aim of providing in their "Artistic Craft Series of Technical Handbooks" trustworthy text-books of workshop practice and of good design. Mr. Talbot Hughes, whose own fine collection of costumes has been recently acquired by the firm of Harrods for presentation to the Victoria and Albert Museum, can write with authority upon this fascinating subject. His historical survey of dress and fashions in Great Britain from earliest times up to the Victorian Era, is fully illustrated by numbers of line drawings made by the author and thirty-five pages of collotype reproductions of photographs of costumes, shown for the most part, as is surely the only really satisfactory way, upon the person. A number of patterns drawn to scale and reproduced at the end of the volume add practical and technical value to this useful handbook.

More About Collecting. By Sir JAMES YOXALL, M.P. (London: Stanley Paul.) 5s. net.—Once more Sir James Yoxall has laid the beginner and amateur in collecting under an obligation by the production of this new book on a subject about which he can write so authoritatively. In an easy and somewhat rambling style he pleasantly discusses almost all the varied ramifications of the curio-hunter's quest. Here is great store of hints for the tyro and much that the more experienced collector may read with advantage. The volume contains a number of illustrations which have, however, only occasionally intimate relation with the text, and the index is hardly as comprehensive as it might be.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE PICTORIAL MOTIVE.

"Must a picture always tell a story?" asked the Man with the Red Tie.

"Certainly not," returned the Young Painter.

"Story-telling is not by any means the mission of painting."

"But surely a picture ought to have a subject," objected the Art Critic. "It would scarcely be entitled to count as a work of art if it had not some motive."

"Of course a picture must have a motive," cried the Young Painter; "but motive is not the same as subject: let us make the right distinction between them."

"A distinction without a difference!" laughed the Critic. "The motive by which the picture is inspired is its subject, call it what you like: and the picture which has no subject is not a picture at all."

"We will grant that," agreed the Man with the Red Tie: "but is it necessary that this subject should be a record of something the painter has seen?"

"Certainly it is necessary," replied the Critic, "a picture is a record of the impression made upon the mind of the painter through his vision, and therefore it is a record of something he has seen. The way in which he presents his subject depends upon the way in which he sees it, but unless he has seen it first he cannot present it with any sort of conviction."

"You are leaving out entirely the intellectual side of art," protested the Young Painter. "Cannot a painter think his motive invent it, I mean. Must it always be suggested to him?"

"I thought you objected to story-telling," said the Man with the Red Tie. "If a man invents his subject what is he doing except telling a story, an amusing little tale which he has made up in his own mind?"

"He is doing nothing of the sort!" exclaimed the Young Painter. "He is expressing an emotion—something that he feels. It seems to me to be a much greater thing to do than merely to reproduce a visual impression. The man who paints what he sees is simply setting down a commonplace, something that every one else can see: but the man who paints his emotions gives us a revelation of his own mind and his own temperament."

"And he gives us more often than not a picture that is intelligible to no one but himself," laughed

the Critic. "He tells a story that seems to us to have no point because we do not know whether or not he has anything in his mind. What is the use of a work of art which is so intimate a piece of self-revelation that only the artist can explain what it means?"

"At any rate it is more personal and temperamental than any other kind of art work could ever be," declared the Young Painter.

"You can have too much even of a good thing," jeered the Man with the Red Tie.

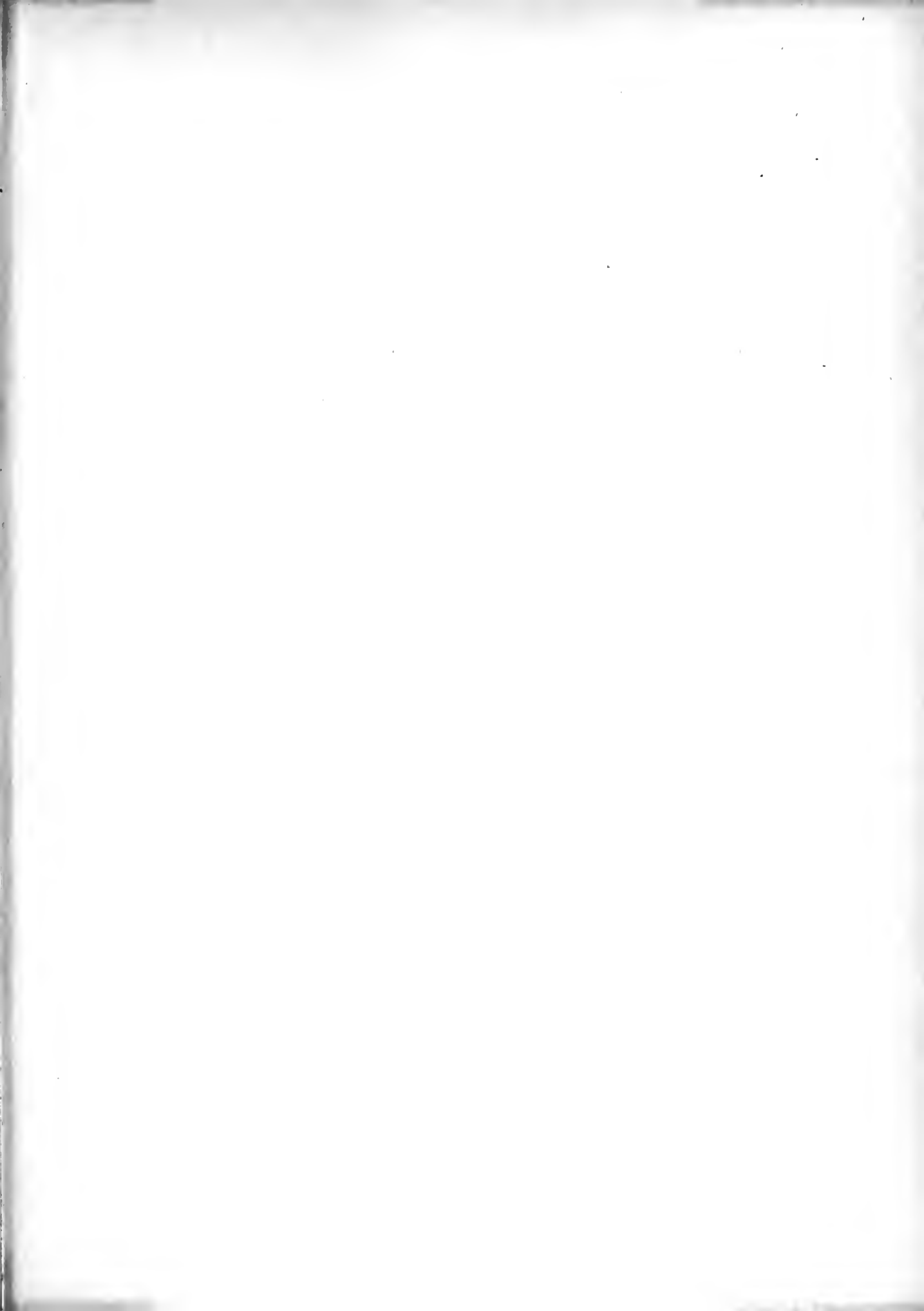
"Oh yes, and too much temperament is almost worse than too little," agreed the Critic. "The artist who is unintelligible is a wasted force: he may be a Heaven-sent genius, but if no one can understand him he is useless to mankind. Now the man who can see what every one else could see if they knew how to look for it is, through the medium of his art, an educator of vast possibilities. He teaches people not only what to see but how to see it."

"Must art, then, always be imitative, always second-hand in inspiration, always concerned with a visual motive?" asked the Young Painter.

"Art has always been imitative ever since art existed," returned the Critic: "and a tradition sanctified by the observance of thousands of years is not likely to be superseded now. It is an instinct of the human race to demand that the motive of a picture should be in one way or another the representation of nature: it is the instinct of the artist to demand that this representation should be as perfect and expressive as possible—in other words that it should reflect in the most definite way his temperamental attitude towards nature. The subject comes from nature: the way in which it is treated is the outcome of the artist's personality."

"Then every picture does tell a story," said the Man with the Red Tie.

"Undeniably it does, in the sense that it tells us how some aspect of nature has impressed the artist and how his temperament has guided him in the choice and handling of his subject," declared the Critic. "In the choice of the subject he shows what is the degree of his taste, in his treatment of it what is the extent of his capacity, in the feeling with which he has invested it what sort of emotion it has aroused in him. The picture, in fact, becomes a work of reference from which we can learn all that we want to know about him. The story has a vivid interest when the motive is a worthy one and the artist has turned to the right account the opportunities it offers him." THE LAY FIGURE.





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